ANOTHER MASSENET OPERA

"GRISELIDIS" IS PRODUCED AT THE MANHATTAN.

It Is a Mediæval Story With Music of Genuine Charm—Mary Garden as a Persecuted Wife—Dufranne Appears in His Original Part of the Marquis.

"Grisélidis," a lyric tale in three acts and a prologue, book by Armand Sylvestre and Eugene Morand, music by Jules Massenet, was performed at the Manhattan Opera House last night for the first time in this country. The work was produced at the Opéra Comique, Paris, November 20, 1901. The libretto is adapted from a "mystery" written by the same authors and made known at the Comédie Française on May 15, 1891. The rôle of the *Devil* in this drama was enacted by Coquelin, the younger, and the *Grisélidis* was Mlle. Bartet.

In the operatic version the original *Grisélidis* was Lucienne Breval and the *Marquis* was Dufranne, while Huberdeau, who last night impersonated the *Devil*, was the *Gondebaud*. The critics found much fault with the manner in which the dramatists had treated the old legend, but the opera was a success. On November 23, 1901, it attracted to the Opéra Comique the largest receipts known in the history of the house to that time, namely, 9,538 francs. In the following year the opera was sung thirty-seven times.

In Provence in the fourteenth century dwelt the *Marquis Saluzzo*, the shepherd *Alain* and the shepherdess *Grisélidis*. *Alain* loved her, but when the eyes of the *Marquis* fell upon her his heart went out of him and he laid himself and his domain at her feet. She instantly perceived that it was heaven's will that she should be a marquise, and she went to the castle and was married to the *Marquis*. All this we learn from a very poetically conceived and delicately fashioned prologue.

Years pass and there is a child, *Loys*. But now trouble comes. The *Marquis* must go to the wars against the accursed Saracens. The prior of the castle warns him that when husbands are away wives will play, for the devil will tempt. The *Marquis* defies the *Devil*, who forthwith alights upon the window sill with a polite "Monsieigneur, me voila." The *Marquis* hands over his wedding ring, so that the *Devil* may have authority, and bids him do his worst. Husband and wife part and the first act ends.

The second act is enacted in a lovely garden which gives upon the sea. The *Devil* alone rejoices in that his wife is away, for behold, though in heaven there is no marriage nor giving in marriage, it appears that in the other place there is. The *Devil's* wife, *Fiamina*, springs out of the earth, and quite inevitably there is a duet. It seems that the *Devil's* wife is a devilish wife, and the two are fond of destroying married lives.

They tell *Grisélidis* that the *Marquis* has sent *Fiamina* to be head of the house, and to their chargin she submits. Then the *Devil* gets into the limelight and summons ballet spirits to help him weave a spell. (See "La Damnation de Faust," by Hector Berlioz.) The shepherd *Alain* comes and makes love to *Grisélidis*. She rather likes it, but her child—the eternal infant of drama—appears in time to save her. So the *Devil* flies away with the boy.

In the last act *Grisélidis* prays to St. Agnes, who has a shrine in the wall, but the *Devil* has removed the saint. The fiend tells *Grisélidis* that a pirate has her son and will give him back for a kiss. *Grisélidis* wavers, but is at home when the *Marquis*, having killed the Saracens, returns, and the pair soon come to an understanding.

The industrious *Devil* taunts them with the loss of the boy. The *Marquis* prepares to go in search, but his weapons magically disappear. Then he and his wife kneel before the niche of St. Agnes. Their combined prayers beat the *Devil*. A great fiery sword comes for the *Marquis*. More prayer. Much thunder and lightning. The niche opens and discloses St. Agnes with the child at her feet.

Massenet has treated all this in his accustomed atmospheric manner. His score seems clear cut in outline and musically tangible, and it is on the whole admirably sympathetic with the mediæval story. The recitative is flexible, often vigorous, and melodious in tendency, while the pure arioso passages hold themselves well within the character of the play and have much charm in themselves.

Sometimes the melody leans toward the idiom of early Provençal song, while again, especially in the pious appeals of the husband and wife, it assumes a slightly ecclesiastic tone, yet without ever entering the ancient realm of chant. The orchestration is not without emphasized and lovely solo effcts, such as the viola accompaniment to a solo of *Grisélidis* in the second act, but for the most part the composer enmeshes the vocal parts in an airy web of general orchestration, made with consumate skill and refinement.

In the setting of the *Devil* and his wife the composer has hit a vein of dainty irony which is of such delicate texture that only extraordinary art on the part of the singers can make it float successfully across the barrier of the footlights. Here the instrumentation naturally employs its sharpest tints, yet there is not a suspicion of cheapness or vulgarity and, it must be added, of adequate pungency.

The general form of the score comprises set pieces, airs, duets, &c., which are united by phrases melodious rather than in the fashion of stereotyped recitative. These phrases have significance and shape, and melt easily into true arioso, which is sometimes beautifully tender, as in the instances of the *Marquis's* "Traiter en prisonière Grisélidis" in the first act, and the heroine's "La mer et sur les flots toujours" in the second. The two or three brief choral passages, very effective musically, are sung off the stage.

Nowhere in the opera is the effect of the style more satisfying than in the prologue, which is an exquisite combination of picture, action and music. More in the manner of conventional operatic writing, yet just escaping it by the grace of its phraseology, is the duet for the *Marquis* and *Grisélidis* in the first act prior to the husband's departure. In the air of *Alain* in the prologue and in his duet with *Grisélidis* in the garden scene there is no little sweep of melodic utterance and a breath of real passion.

But on the whole the most seductive charm of this score will be found in its refinement, its clear Old World atmosphere and its polished tenderness. It displays most excellently Massenet's measure of theatrical possibilities and his management of his own resources. What it seems most to lack is the musical embodiment of the very real suffering that is indicated by the incidents of the drama. It will be heard with admiration but infrequent emotion.

As a lyric legend it impressed itself upon the audience as filled with subtle illusion and offering a strong appeal to the senses. But perhaps it were wiser to spare it the cruelty of keen analytical examination. Massenet writes for the theatre and for the habit of mind of the theatrical audience. In doing this he is a master and has a spell to keep a large public at his feet. "Grisélidis" is a fitting successor to "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame."

Mr. Hammerstein offered his friends a very good performance of the work. The possibilities of the score were by no means exhausted, but the play was made comprehensible and poetically influential. Its moods were generally well preserved, except when Mr. Dufranne as the *Marquis* underrated the acoustic of the house in his forte singing and put upon his music a rude edge which does not belong to it. But aside from that his impersonation was masterly, and its tenderer accents were the most beautiful utterance we have had from this capable artist.

Miss Garden's *Grisélidis* was beautiful to the eye, and it was acted with her usual fine skill. It must be added that she has found another part into which the idiosyncrasies of her singing settle by no means uncomfortably. In the second act there was more than a shadowy suggestion of her *Mélisande*, but her *Grisélidis* is a clearly drawn portrait. It is not a difficult one for an experienced actress to draw, and Miss Garden's dearest friends will not deny that she has had theatrical experience.

Mr. Huberdeau was a black devil with prominent red ribs and many dangling things suggestive of tails. His impersonation of the rôle, like the devil's permanent abode, was paved with good intentions. He knew the traditions and he interpreted the rôle on correct lines, but his sum total of results was only moderate. A wider gamut of vocal color, a more generous range of expression, a larger skill in graphic delineation than he possesses are requisite to an adequate embodiment of this mincing Mephistopheles of a "mystery."

Mme. Walter-Villa, tolerable as *Fiamina*, Mme. Duchesne as *Hertrade*, Mr. Villa as the *Prior* and Mr. Scott as *Gondebaud* were the less important members of the cast. Mr. Dalmores had a comparatively short but musically very important rôle as *Alain*, and he was quite equal to its demands. He has sung nothing this season with more freedom of tone or more earnestness of style.

The scenic garb of the opera was admirable. The setting of the prologue harmonized in color and atmosphere perfectly with the music. The garden was a genuine bit of scenic expression, quite as effective in its way as the memorable garden of "Pélleas et Mélisande." The castle hall had solidity and dignity of style and richness of color and the costumes were all characteristic.

The orchestra played well, but not always with as much continence or refinement of tone as could have been wished. Mr. de la Fuente conducted with much good judgment. There was a large and demonstrative audience.

"LOHENGRIN" AGAIN.

Wagner's Opera Repeated With Mme. Osborn-Hannah as a New Elsa.

The black type bulletins announcing Mme. Nordica's indisposition were displayed again in the Metropolitan Opera House lobby last night, coupled with the news that Mme. Jane Osborn-Hannah would take her place as *Elsa* in "Lohengrin." To those who have associated this rôle with the important period in Mme. Nordica's career, some fifteen years ago, when she was led into the spacious regions of the Wagner music drama, the absence of the famous soprano was a disappointment, for she was wont to make *Elsa* a potent figure instead of the pallid young person usually presented.

Mme. Osborn-Hannah, who made her New York operatic début recently as *Elizabeth* in "Tannhäuser," sang and acted with a readiness and familiarity suggesting previous rehearsal of the part with her colleagues on the stage and with Mr. Hertz, who conducted. Her conception of the character was conventional and she showed acquaintance with the routine without indicating that her study had developed any deep insight or aroused her to a display of histrionic initiative. What she did, however, was within accepted tradition. Mme. Osborn-Hannah's voice proved well suited to much of Elsa's music. While the full significance of the dramatic climaxes was not realized there was an agreeable smoothness in her delivery of such passages as *Elsa's* song from the balcony over the heads of the plotting *Ortrud* and *Telramund*. In the scene with *Lohengrin* in the third act she sang with intelligence and many of her phrases were uttered with agreeable tone, though her work here was of uneven merit.

Miss Florence Wickham's *Ortrud* began in discouragingly impotent fashion, and the torrential appeal to *Wotan* and *Freya* was not impressive, but the contralto's voice gained as the evening advanced, and her phrases near the close of the second act had more volume and carrying power.

Walter Soomer's return to the Metropolitan was signalized by his appearance as *Telramund* last evening, and his personation was admirable in its dramatic puissance and its vocal quality. In other respects last night's doings were a repetition of what had been done before this season. Mr. Hinckley's *King Henry* was sonorous and the *Lohengrin* of Carl Jörn had its good moments, though these were fewer than should be expected from this tenor. Mr. Witherspoon was the *Herald* and Mr. Hertz's management of the orchestra and chorus was excellent. The audience was of good size and was discreet in its applause.

Mme. Homer Will Sing To-morrow Night

Announcement is made at the Metropolitan Opera House that Louise Homer has recovered from her attack of grip and will positively sing the rôle of *Orfeo* to-morrow night. Hermann Jadlowker, the young Russian tenor, arrived yesterday morning on the Kronprinz Wilhelm, accompanied by his wife. He will make his début on Saturday evening as *Faust*. The *Mephistopheles* will be sung by Andrea de Segurola and not by Mr. Didur, as announced.

Fourth Term for Marshal Haubert.

United States Marshal Charles J. Haubert of Brooklyn received many congratulations yesterday over his renomination to his $4,000 a year job by President Taft. This will be his fourth term in the office. He has long been the Republican leader in the Nineteenth Assembly district and a battery which figures prominently in all national campaigns bears his name.

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MILLER IN 'THE FAITH HEALER'

POETRY SURPASSES DRAMA IN PROF. MOODY'S PLAY.

Fine Dignity and Imagination in the Producer's Portrayal of a Fanatic Who Lifts Up a Woman Before Going On to His Own Great Work of Redemption.

Henry Miller made a dignified reentry upon the local stage last evening, presenting himself for that purpose in a play called "The Faith Healer," by William Vaughn Moody, author of "The Great Divide," one of the best and most successful plays written by an American within the last decade.

"The Faith Healer" was first presented to the public toward the latter part of last season, Mr. Miller selecting the middle West, inclusive of Chicago, for its first exhibition. Since then Mr. Miller has been to London to show the British "The Servant in the House" and "The Great Divide" and has only recently returned. Otherwise "The Faith Healer" would have been shown in New York before now.

Some comment was made in this newspaper with reference to Mr. Moody's latest play at the time it was seen in the West. It was at that time suggested that the subject chosen by Mr. Moody was a perilous one for exposition through any medium so tangible as the stage. Nor does a view of the play itself give any reason to revise this suggestion. But before any comment upon the subject matter of the play can be intelligible a brief outline of the story is necessary.

The central figure of "The Faith Healer" is a miracle worker out of the deserts of the far West. He is one of those that dream dreams and see visions. He is a sort of modern John the Baptist, his the voice crying in the wilderness. In materialistic parlance he is a fanatic who believes that he can heal the sick, make the blind to see, the halt to stand upright and the very dead to rise.

Into a little Western family he comes, fleeing from the throng of believers because he is convinced that "his hour is not yet come." Here he finds a crippled woman, who under his ministration is made to walk again. Here the throng of believers ultimately follow him. Here too he finds a woman—the first woman upon whom he has ever looked with the eyes of sex. And when the power of the flesh lays hold upon him the power of the spirit departs. Departs, too, his faith in himself and in his mission.

The woman has been what the world calls bad. She confesses her wickedness to the healer, whereupon his spirit descends into the depths with hers and makes it whole. It is yet a new miracle—one of the soul this time, and with it the old power, the old confidence in his mission returns. Again the crippled woman stands and walks. And the baby that died—does it not live live again? Perhaps. He goes out, aflame with almost apostolic inspiration, to face the crowd of believers. At last his hour has come!

But has it? That is the question that every person who sees the play will ask himself. And every questioner will, after a moment's thought, in all probability reply in the negative. For this is a highly material age and the most material country of the age. To the vast majority of us such a man as *Ulrich Michaelis*, the faith healer, is and must be nothing more or less than a self-deceived person, a fanatic, the victim of delusion, only the more pathetic because so profoundly sincere. One wonders as the curtain falls what happens when *Michaelis* is at last face to face with the throng of believers calling upon him to heal the sick and make the blind to see—and all by the power of faith.

No. Mr. Moody has not dramatized Christian Science or the Emmanuel movement. But he seems to be trying to say that the real miracles are those that are worked in our own souls and that from sources such as these auto-miracles consequences the most tremendous and of infinite variety may flow. This is sound doctrine. It is the doctrine of Ibsen, whose dramas play themselves out upon the obscure stage of the human mind. It is the doctrine of every great moral teacher. Apparently it is the doctrine of William Vaughn Moody, poet.

There are several moving moments in Mr. Moody's play and in them the perfect poise and dignity of Mr. Miller's acting appear at their best. A number of passages deserve to be called literature and they could scarcely fall into better hands for delivery than in Mr. Miller's. Such a passage is that in which the faith healer tells how he first saw the vision and heard the voice that sent him on his mission. Here the prophetic spirit seemed for a moment to descend upon the actor and for a moment there was glory in the air. Another such moment came when the throng of believers is heard advancing outside, singing:

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine.

Throughout the play, indeed, Mr. Miller contrived to invest the character of the faith healer with a pathetic dignity and to irradiate it with the touch of real imagination. His reading of the many beautiful lines was as beautiful as they and was heard by a house for the moment hushed and awed by things that were of the spirit.

The play itself suffers somewhat from the monotony of its construction. It is hard to see how this could have been avoided. It is a difficult task to bring the intangible down to earth. The chief character itself is a rather monotonous one. Fanatics are men of one idea. Monotony is inherent in the breed, and things spoken of, if ever so beautifully, are not as dramatic as things done.

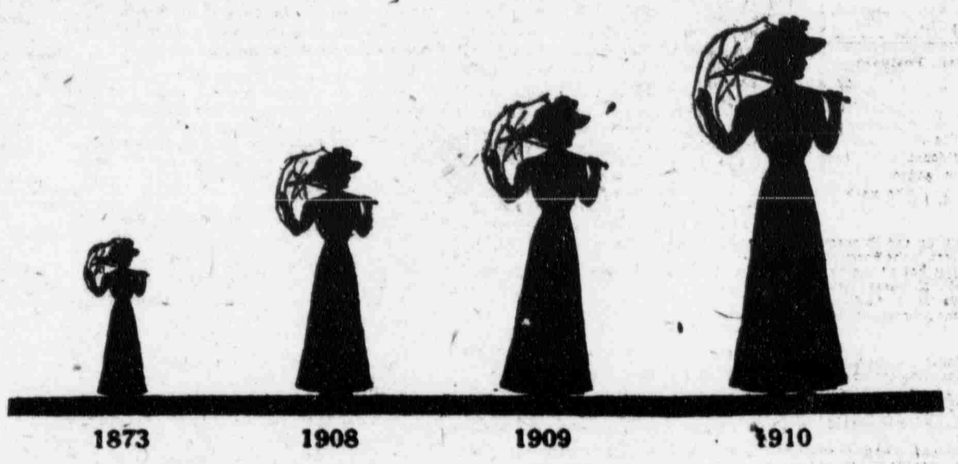
The play was perfectly stage managed. The single set was realistic in the extreme, all the way from the early morning farmhouse breakfast with its odor of steaming coffee that filled the house to a fire that really blazed up when fuel was added.

The supporting company was adequate without being in any way remarkable. Robert McWade gave a capable impersonation of an old negro whose confidence in a personal devil was unshakable. Jessie Bonstelle was impressive and wooden by turns as the woman in whose soul the miracle was worked. Mabel Bert was the crippled woman who walked. Harold Russell impersonated a materialistic farmer whose gods were Spencer and Darwin. Laura Hope Crews was the mother of the baby that (perhaps) was made alive from the dead. Theodore Friebus was seen as a highly cynical and materialistic doctor and Gladys Hulette was an unusually excellent stage child.

The audience was exceedingly cordial and called Mr. Miller before the curtain again and again, refusing to let him go until he had made a brief speech of thanks. There is poetry in this poet's play, but not much drama.

Laces for the Metropolitan Museum.

The will of Henrietta Seligman, mother of Henry and Albert J. Seligman, leaves her valuable collection of laces to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and gives $5,000 to various charities.



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NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Edith Wynne Matthison in Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice" at New Theatre.

Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, the English actress who recently arrived in New York after appearing in London in "The Great Divide" and "The Servant in the House," has been engaged as a member of the New Theatre company. The theatre soon will produce "Sister Beatrice," by Maurice Maeterlinck, with Miss Matthison in one of the rôles.

Miss Matthison, who in private life is Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy, is the daughter of Henry Matthison and the niece of Edith Wynne and the late Arthur Matthison, dramatist and actor. She made her first professional appearance at Blackpool in 1896, and was later engaged to play *Mercy Merrick* in "The New Magdalen." She has since appeared in several Shakespearian parts, including *Juliet*, *Rosalind*, *Ophelia*, *Portia*, *Beatrice*, *Viola*, *Queen Katharine* and *Oberon*. She has also played in old English comedies. She appeared in "Everyman" at St. George's Hall, and later appeared in the same play in America. In 1904 and 1905 she toured with Irving, playing *Portia*, *Rosalind and Iolanthe*. In 1906 she created the chief part in Prof Murray's translation of "The Electra." Her last American appearances were in "The Servant in the House" and "The Winterfeast," both of which were written by her husband.

Henry E. Dixey will be seen at Weber's Theatre to-night in "Mr Buttles," a comedy in three acts by Frederic Arnold Kummer. The production is made under the management of Joseph M. Weber. In "Mr. Buttles" Mr. Dixey plays the rôle of an experienced butler on the country estate of an Earl. Among the twenty-one players are Jeffreys Lewis, Minnette Barrett, Evelyn Carter Carrington, Helen Orr Daly, Catharine Calhoun, Frank Goldsmith, Cyril Chadwick, Charles Carey and Scott Cooper.

Liebler & Co. announce that it has been found impossible to open their new play, "Alias Jimmy Valentine," at Wallack's until Friday night. Joseph Tuohy was taken fill with throat trouble Tuesday, and as his part was intimately associated with that of H. B. Warner, the star, the opening was postponed. Earl Brown will take Mr. Tuohy's place.

Miss Marguerite Clark will appear in "The Wishing Ring," by Owen Davis, at Daly's Theatre this afternoon. The play is founded on a short story by Dorothea Deakin. Miss Clark and Robert Dempster played in "The Wishing Ring" earlier in the season on tour, but the other members of the company have had only five days in which to rehearse for the special matinée.

Owing to the demand for seats for Sunday evening performances at the American Music Hall an extra performance will be given in the American Winter Garden upstairs. After finishing their turns below the performers will ascend and repeat them with the same costumes and scenery.

Lionel Barrymore is to enter vaudeville with McKee Rankin and Phyllis Rankin in a one act play, "The Jailbird." He will appear at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre the week beginning January 31.

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THE SEAGOERS.

Some Listen to Lectures as They Sail From These Well Lectured Shores.

The White Star liner Abrahic, which sails to-day on a cruise to the Mediterranean, stopping on the way at Funchal, Madeira, has aboard 550 excursionists, who will be entertained on the trip by lectures by Dr. William Allen Knight of Boston, Dr. John Bancroft Devins and Dr. Henry M. Tyndall of this city and Dr. J. O. Knott of Virginia. Among the passengers are twenty clergymen, a dozen editors and other professional men.

Sailing by the French liner La Lorraine, for Havre:

Prof. and Mrs. M. D. Berlitz, the Count d'Autroche, Mrs. L. A. Carter, Nikola Kaumanns, agricultural attaché to the German Embassy; George Seligman, W. Clarence Martin and Ralph Dewey.

Passengers by the North German Lloyd liner Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm, for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen:

Harry E. Converse, Milton L. Ernst, Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Fleischmann, George O. Howe, Mrs. H. W. Perkins, Mrs. Albert H. Storer and Mrs. George Cimsted.

Sailing by the Lamport and Holt liner Verdi, for South America:

Gen. E. C. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Reeves, A. W. Burr, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. White, Dr. and Mrs. F. Renaud, Mr. and Mrs. G. Herbert Smith and J. W. Roach.

Dr Gannett President of Geographic Society.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—The National Geographic Society to-night elected Dr Henry Gannett president of the organization in succession to Prof. Willis L. Moore, who declined reelection. Dr. Gannett is the official geographer of the Government.

Mrs. Stowe's Grandson Gets a P. S. Board Job.

Lyman Beecher Stowe, a grandson of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has been appointed secretary to William McCarroll, a member of the Public Service Commission. Mr. Stowe is a son of the Rev. Edward Stowe, long the pastor of the Windsor Avenue Congregational Church in Hartford, Conn., and was graduated from Harvard in 1904

Hood—Nickerson.

BURLINGTON, Ia., Jan. 19.—Mrs. George A. Nickerson of Dedham, Mass., widow of George A. Nickerson, one of New England's wealthiest men, was married here to-day to Capt. Horace Lambert Alexander Hood, brother of Viscount Hood of Great Britain.

The bridegroom is an officer on the British battleship Commonwealth. The Rev. R. G. Jones, Episcopalian, of Burlington, who married the bride's parents, performed the ceremony at the home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Ransom, in the presence of only the family's intimate friends.

Capt. Hood and party arrived here on Monday and the fact that the wedding was to take place was kept secret. The couple left for St. Louis and the Southwest on the private car Oceanic. They will live in England. Part of the bride's fortune came from her father, the late A. E. Touzalin, former president of the Santa Fé and Burlington and Northern railroads. She is 36 and has three children. The bridegroom is 40. They first met in Washington two years ago.

De Acosta—De Zaldo.

Ricardo M. de Acosta, son of Mrs. Ricardo de Acosta, and Miss Marie de Zaldo, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic de Zaldo of this city, were married at 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon in St. Leo's Catholic Church, East Twenty-eighth street, by Mgr. Michael J. Lavelle of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Miss de Zaldo was attended by her two sisters, the Misses Alice and Mercedes de Zaldo, and Miss Mercedes de Acosta, a sister of the bridegroom. Vance S. Manson was the best man. The ushers were John de Zaldo, Henry J. de Acosta, Robert S. Manning, Alexander Keogh, J. Townsend Burden, Jr., Thomas S. Clarke, Jr., and Emmet Harris. A reception followed the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents, 7 West Forty-seventh street.

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