

day he was met by a poor man who asked for money, and as the great composer had no money he told him to wait until he returned, and going to the coffee-house he wrote a beautiful minuet extempore, which he gave to the man to take to the music dealer, and the money which it brought he gave him as a present. Music is said to be the type of a strong and noble life, and we have an instance of it in Mozart.

Of Gounod's *Faust* we are told that the piece was sold to Choudens for 6,000 francs, and upon Choudens meeting the composer sometime after, he said to him, "Would you wear such a head covering?" for Gounod's hat was old and very shabby. "Yes," replied the composer, "it is *Faust's* hat." Twenty-five years later they met again; it was shortly after Choudens had paid Gounod 100,000 francs for his *Tribute de Zamora*! Choudens' hat was shapeless with age and very greasy. "Ah," said Gounod, "you a millionaire and would wear such a thing on your head." "Yes, to be sure," answered Choudens; "this is the *Tribute de Zamora* hat."

La Gazza Ladra of Rossini was composed in great haste in a little room in the Palazzo di Barbaja. The manager was waiting impatiently for the piece, as it was to be performed the following evening, and the composer being very dilatory wrote it on the very day that it was to be performed at the Scala Theatre. He was imprisoned by the manager, who compelled him to finish it. As each sheet was done it was thrown out of a window to the copyist, who stood waiting below ready to receive it. During that time he was fed upon macaroni; as he had not much time to indulge in eating, he was compelled to live upon simple fare.

Liszt played in such a manner that he astonished the Italian Opera at Paris by his performance of the solo in an orchestral piece. When the moment came for them to strike in, one and all forgot to do so—remaining silent—stilled with amazement.

In listening to the Preludes of Chopin, we can understand the Polish poet Mickiewicz sitting in silent rapture, so entranced was he with the music, that when the servant rushed into the room to say the house was on fire, Chopin and the other occupants of the room left in haste, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames: on returning to the salon they found the poet where they had left him, unconscious of everything, rapt in the music which had so inspired him. Chopin's Preludes were written in an old monastery in Majorca, part of which was dilapidated, but the rooms in good order. The monastery was surrounded by rich vegetation, palms, aloes, olives, almond and orange trees. "His compositions at this time," wrote George Sand, "were some of the finest of his well-known Preludes, which may easily be conceived of, as suggested by the strange mingling of contrasting impressions. Several of these preludes represent the visions that haunted him of deceased monks, the sounds of funeral chants; others are soft and melancholy; these came to him in his hours of health and sunshine, at the sound of children, laughter beneath the window, the distant thrum of guitars, the song of birds and at the sight of the pale little roses in bloom among the snow."

Eugene Delacroix, writing from Nahant, says: "Every moment there comes in through the window open on the garden, puffs of music from Chopin working always on one side which mingles with the song of the nightingales, and the scent of roses." Men-

delssohn was inspired with the love of music before he had reached his sixth year, and began his work at an age when most boys would have sought companionship and amusement in other ways."

Will music ever end, will the note die, or the voice be stilled at last? No; the artist will never pass away, neither will the music be hushed, or the voice silenced. The song of melody will live on, sounding in the ear, ringing in the heart and echoing in the soul of man to all eternity.

E. YATES FARMER.

THE GHOST OF THE "MENDOZA."

"Yes, fear is a sensation as indescribable as it is deplorable, but commoner than one cares to admit," said the captain.

"I'm not talking to men who don't know me," he continued, "and I think I'm not immodest when I say that I've stood my ground in some nasty situations. But I have a distinct recollection of being completely mastered by, not mere fear, but terror itself. The experience to which I refer, I do not take pleasure in recounting, for reasons that will appear.

"I had lain sick with coast fever for several weeks at Belize on the Honduras coast; but by the last of July I had pretty well recovered, and was getting very tired of idling in a Central American seaport, so I took passage in a fruit steamer for Key West, hoping to find there some English vessel in need of an officer.

"Arrived at my destination, which at that time was a lawless community composed of the rougher elements of different nationalities, I was discouraged to learn that no employment of the nature I expected was obtainable. Worse than that, not a single English or American seaman of my acquaintance could I find; and I was in a very unprosperous state financially.

"At the rather mean lodging-house in the neighborhood of the wharves, where I was forced to stay, there was a constant rush to the bar of seafaring men of all colors and descriptions.

"Among the drinkers who crowded the tap-room, I had observed, several times pouring out for himself large tumblers of brandy, a sea-captain, whose magnificent physical proportions were worthy of more than a passing notice. He was a Spaniard, I knew, by his accent and also by his splendid features, which were of a marked Iberian type.

"What drew my attention to him most, however, was the wild, uncertain expression of the man's face. He would, time and again, turn abruptly, as though expecting some disagreeable surprise; but each time only to apologize to his neighbor for his blunt manner.

"The man's looks impressed me with a vague alarm; for, being still weak from sickness, my imagination was beyond control. I used to be given to forming strong impressions from appearances. The face of the stranger hinted some horrible mystery—another weakness of mine—and, as though participator in an unpleasant secret, I shared the uncomfortable feeling of the guilty party.

"That very evening, as luck would have it, I found myself alone with this unpromising stranger.

"Crossing the hall to the public room in which I was seated, the Spaniard entered, and, preoccupied, he did not note my presence till he had walked to the fur-

ther side of the apartment. Turning then suddenly, he demanded in a startled tone: 'Who are you?'

"The question was addressed to me in Spanish, a language with which I was fairly familiar; and its impertinence was such as might have justified my ignoring it. It was hardly uttered, however, before the stranger began an apology for his rudeness.

"I think I stammered some acknowledgement, but at the same time I went on to answer the brusque demand.

"I told my apologetic interrogator in as good Spanish as I could muster, just what my circumstances were. The fact was, my condition could not be worse; and I felt a relief in imparting my wretchedness to another.

"Unaccountably to me, my tale had an interest for him; for, directly, a vivid expression of pleasure dispelled the troubled look from his countenance, and he listened eagerly to my dull narrative of distress.

"It occurred to me that maybe mere politeness accounted for this seeming interest in my affairs, and I was the readier to accept this as an explanation when he went on, unsolicited, to tell me in return his own story.

"He had, he said, been in port some weeks; his ship was now laden, ready to sail for Europe; but he was anxious to leave her to go to New Orleans, where he might get a ship trading in southern waters.

"To my surprise—equally to my delight—he closed by offering me the command of his ship—if I would take her.

"The proposal, notwithstanding the Spaniard's explanation, seemed to conceal a mystery; for his reasons for resigning his command seemed to me only pretence.

"Still, a person in my situation could not be found fault with for closing with the offer. It was an opportunity beyond anything I had expected.

"The arrangements for the exchange of captains was proceeded with at once, and effected without much difficulty. The owners were notified, and before long I was in command of the barque *Mendoza*, bound for Cadiz.

"In conversation with my predecessor of the *Mendoza*, the man's countenance and demeanour grew quieter and more expressive of confidence. Indeed, he seemed so undemonstrative in his manner and so kind, that I regretted my first impressions of him.

"Occasionally, though, in a moment of forgetfulness, he would give a sudden start such as I had often remarked before our meeting; but he would invariably accompany such involuntary action with a shrug of the shoulders or a forced smile of deprecation.

"Our business was at last all settled. I was to sail next day. Vegeza—that was the Spaniard's name—showed frequently recurring symptoms of uneasiness, and his disquietude was not without an indefinable response within myself.

"Certainly the whole transaction—the giving up of the vessel to a perfect stranger—did appear unusual. I knew almost nothing of either ship or owners, with the exception of their names, and of the fact that the *Mendoza* was an old and rather ill-conditioned barque which I should be glad to be rid of, if ever I arrived safely with her at Cadiz.

"However, I assumed charge of the vessel and her foreign crew, in spite of my misgivings.

"Vegeza was still drinking. I watched