

The
Christmas
News

A Visit to Two Famous Tombs

MENDELSSOHN AND CHOPIN

Dec. 18
1909

Journal of a Salt Lake's Pilgrimage



EMMA LUCY GATES OF THE ROYAL OPERA, BERLIN.

The foremost event of the year in musical circles was the appearance of the Utah singer, Miss Emma Lucy Gates, at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, and her engagement by the management of that house for a term of years, beginning Sept. 1, 1909. She expects to spend her summer vacation in Salt Lake in 1910.

(Readers of The News will recall a series of letters which appeared in this paper early in the present year, under the title which heads this article. They were written by the musical and dramatic editor of The News, then on a tour of Europe, and the topics now described were intended to form one of the series, but in consequence of the illness of the editor, and were only recently recovered. They will be found to have, however, an interest which renders their publication at this time as fitting as though they had appeared in their regular order.)

BERLIN, April.—We gave ourselves but a week in Germany's beautiful capital, when we first laid out our dates for central Europe, but our attractions have proved too numerous, and our best laid plans have "gang aft agley"—wherever that may be.

Berlin is indeed a constant marvel to the tourist; her growth, her cleanliness, her order, her military air, her historical associations, her galleries, and to us more than all else, her musical atmosphere—have combined to keep us in a condition of blended excitement and ecstasy.

We have already sent home a detailed account of how we met the Utah colony, and the Utah students registered here, as well as our memorable experience in witnessing the first two performances in which the Salt Lake singer, Emma Lucy Gates, took part at the Royal Opera house, performances which led to her engagement for a term of years as a member of that exclusive organization. After the stress of her rehearsals and public appearances was over, we had an opportunity of "visiting" with Miss Gates, and endless was the round of rides, excursions, entertainments, and shopping excursions which she and the pilgrims indulged in together. One of these deserves more than passing mention, because it sprang from a big musical affair in which we had been greatly interested just before leaving home—the rendition of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" by the Salt Lake Choral society, under McClellan, on the

hundredth anniversary of the great composer's birth. Miss Gates, an old time pupil and a life long friend of McClellan, was greatly interested to learn of musical work at home, and the conversation passing from that topic to Mendelssohn himself, the young singer suggested that his burial place was in one of the Berlin cemeteries, and proposed that we should all pay it a visit.

Next day therefore, guided by Tom Giles (a Salt Lake music student now at work with Godovsky, and who will one day be heard of at home) we set out per electric car for the composer's resting place in Old Trinity church yard. It was a beautiful spring day, just such a one, we imagine, as might have inspired his immortal "Spring Song" and we soon alight outside the high iron fence which encloses the vast burial place. Every foot of ground is occupied, and we judge they must have ceased making interments here years ago, for the head stones stand close together in long rows, with but little room between them. After a walk of five minutes down the quiet lanes, we pause before a little group of headstones, enclosed within an iron railing; several are of marble in the form of crosses, and upon all these is seen the family name of the composer, "Bartholdy," his own, plainly inscribed, "Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy," with the birth date Feb. 3, 1809, and the death date Nov. 4, 1847, stands about the center, the earth covered with sod.

We had decided that our visit to his tomb should be marked by a little private ceremony of our own—the indulgence of a fad, some would call it, paying a tribute, it seemed to us, so we purchased a wreath of flowers from the florist at the gate. Ranging ourselves around the grave, a little girl of our party, laid the wreath upon the sod; Miss Gates standing at the headstone, warbled softly the undying strains of the "Spring Song" and as she did so, another member

whose body was laid away in the earth here in Paris 60 years ago.

We felt an interest in the great Polish musician, aside from a life-long admiration of his works, because when we left America in February, a warm controversy was waging as to the proper date to be observed as his centennial, one set claiming that he was born March 1, 1809, another February 22, 1810. Our hope was that the inscription on his tombstone might settle the disputed point.

So, taking the Paris underground railroad and traveling for half an hour or more towards the outskirts of the city, we came to the famous old cemetery of Pere La Chaise, renowned as the burial place of hundreds of the heroes and heroines of French history; it is surrounded by a brick wall, along which were ranged the long files of the Red Republicans, or Communists, who were executed there as rebels in the bloody days of 1871, just after the Prussians had withdrawn from Paris. Their bodies were interred inside, but we did not tarry to look at their graves, as the musicians group lay far inside the vast city of tombs, and having only a map of the cemetery, it meant a long search to find it.

We came upon it at last, on the side of a small hillock, in the center of a wilderness of big and little headstones, the insignificant and the grand inharmoniously blended. The great burial place seemed older and dingier, less cared for than that at Berlin where Mendelssohn lay, and neither of them is to be compared with the noble, picturesque and roomy home of the dead in Vienna, where not long since we stood in the center of the wonderful group of tombs, which marks the resting place of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Brahms, Suppe and Strauss. In the care she bestows upon the tombs of her departed great, Austria surely exceeds any country we visited on the continent.

Only disappointment awaits us, when we search for the birth date on Chopin's tomb. The spot is

Chopin whose Centennial is in Doubt.

MADAM CORELLI.

Another pleasant experience in Berlin, owed to our visit with Miss Gates, was the meeting with the famous teacher, Madame Corelli, to whose energy, perseverance and wide acquaintance in influential quarters, Miss Gates owes her engagement at the Royal Opera house. Madame Corelli maintains handsome quarters on Nuremberger Strasse, and is busy from early morning till late at night with pupils from all over the new and the old world. How she found time with her multitudinous duties, to conduct the negotiations which led up to her pupils' successful debut, coaching her in singing, dialogue, German accent, accompanying her to rehearsals, and finally passing on all the red tape details which had to be observed before the contract—an awe inspiring document that looked like a copy of the Edict of Nantes—only those who know her can imagine. But she took Miss Gates into her own household, where she has ever since remained, and was at once teacher, mother, guide, philosopher, and friend to the Utah girl.

Madame Corelli is a handsome, dark-eyed woman, with the manner that suggests she has been accustomed to do things, and big things at that. Her appearance is surprisingly youthful, considering that she laughingly confesses to having sung in "Pinafore" with Richard Mansfield in America nearly thirty years ago. She is the only daughter of the celebrated Hermann the Great (the original not his later imitator) and the not less well known Rosa Callig, who at the age of 15, was Royal Imperial Court opera singer in Vienna. It is not to be marvelled at, therefore, the daughter of such parents should be a "wonder child," nor that at an early age she won the friendship, interest and attention of such great men as Rubinstein, Rossini, Thomas and Strauss, appearing with all those masters, either as student or as co-artist. Madame Corelli's musical education was acquired in Vienna, Paris and London. At the age of 16 she won the Rubinstein prize, a grand piano, in a contest which she entered. At 17 she became a pupil at the Paris conservatory, which was then under the direction of Ambrose Thomas, the composer of "Mignon," and also studied singing in the class of Mme. Viardot Garcia. After several successful years concertizing in Vienna and Paris she went to America, where she organized her own opera company, acting both as prima donna and manager. She travelled twelve years through the United States, Mexico, South America, Australia and New Zealand, and is well remembered, not only as a successful singer and actress, but as an excellent operatic manager.

For 16 years past she has been settled in Berlin where she has successfully taught her wonderful Italian method of singing, which has made her and her studio famous. A list of her pupils would include the names of many of the famous artists of Europe and America at the present time, the latest instance being the successful debutante, Miss Gates, of our own state.

AT THE TOMB OF CHOPIN.

Paris, May.—Six weeks have elapsed since we were last in the gay capital, and a record of our dash through Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria and Switzerland, has been recorded already in the pages of The News. Now on our way to London, Liverpool, New York and HOME, we actually find ourselves with a morning to spare. We have put in hours at the Louvre, viewed Paris from the top of the Eiffel tower, lingered about the tomb of Napoleon, revelled in the halls and galleries of Versailles, automobilized and promenaded again and again through the Champs Elysee and the Bois de Boulogne, visited the shops elbowed the teeming population in the Latin Quarter, and hit the other "high places" of interest in Parisian life. So this morning we decide to indulge another musical fancy, and visit the grave of the immortal Chopin, the "Lord Byron of music," the "soul of the piano," as Rubinstein called him,



Miss Gates Singing at Mendelssohn's Tomb



Madame Corelli The Famous Berlin Teacher

marked by a beautiful statue of a weeping figure somewhat smaller than life size, holding a lyre in its hand. On the stone base is inscribed "Frederic Chopin, Died Oct. 17, 1849," but no mention of his birth so doubtless the uncertainty surrounding the date was as prevalent when he died as it is now. Some kindly hand had laid a wreath of fresh violets at the foot of the statue, and its fragrance filled the air around, as we stood and silently thought of the gifted one whose bones were crumbling a few feet below, of his sad life, his romantic attachment for the authoress George Sand, then the idol of the French, of his struggles and his early death. At his funeral Berlioz said "he has been dying all his life." Not far away lie the remains of another brilliant genius, Bellini, who was buried there in 1835, at the early age of 33. On the marble shaft which marks the spot, are engraved the names of his operas "Norma," "Puritani," and "La Sonnambula." Many Italians believe that Bellini, who came from Sicily to Paris, was poisoned there by jealous rivals. Two other musicians whose remains lie close to those of Chopin are Adrian Boileau, born 1775, died 1834, and Cherubini, born 1752, died 1842. So he lies in death as he was in life, surrounded by those who loved him and never wearied of paying tribute to his genius.

We inquired in vain at Pere La Chaise for the tomb of Gounod, composer of "Faust," but learned that he was buried in the cemetery at Montmartre, some distance away, and unfortunately time would not allow us to make the trip to that place.

*Since this was written, the best of authorities, some of whom set an earnest inquiry afoot in Warsaw, near to which city Chopin first saw the light, have agreed that the correct date is February 22, 1810, so that his centennial will be everywhere celebrated next year, on the natal day of our own Washington.

Chopin left Warsaw when only 20 years of age, but he was so adored there that three farewell concerts were given him. He had great success as a concertist in Vienna and Berlin, but finally settled in Paris, where he became the friend of Bellini, Cherubini, Berlioz and Meyerbeer. Mendelssohn attended his concerts and was thrilled by his genius as a composer and a performer. He was a loyal son of Poland, and it is said that the news of the capture of Warsaw by the Russians, inspired the melancholy Etude in C Minor, Op. 10, No. 12.

"Jim" Hardie Lies in a Liverpool Churchyard.

Career of a Popular Actor Recalled by Arrival of His Son.

IN a corner of Anfield Cemetery in Liverpool, England, stands a simple headstone, bearing an inscription which more than one Utah traveler has paused before, and read with melancholy interest. It is:

James M. Hardie, died, Liverpool, England, Jan. 23rd, 1904.

Not many of the present generation of theater goers in Salt Lake, are aware of the strong place that "Jim" Hardie filled in our theatrical life 40 years ago. While he was not a member of the original dramatic organization which opened the theater March 8, 1862, he was one of the "youngsters" who joined the company some time afterward, and whose talents brought him rapidly to the front. Before many years he was playing important roles, and often the leading juvenile parts, alternating with David McKenzie, and later essaying the "heavy" and tragic roles.

How highly Mr. Hardie was regarded at the theater is shown by the fact that during his final year there, in 1869, he was given two benefits, the first one on March 4th, when "Wallace, the Hero of Scotland" was the play. Mr. Hardie appearing as Wallace, and Miss Annie Lockhart as Helen Mar. The second was his farewell benefit, when Edwin Forrest's great play "Jack Cade" was presented, Dec. 16, with Mr. Hardie in the title role. Kate Denin as the wife, and David McKenzie as Lacey. Others who took part were J. S. Lindsay, John C. Graham, Al Thorne and Lizzie Platt. Mr. McKenzie and the last named are the only survivors. Although "Jack Cade" was a play of five acts it was followed by the farce "Jennie Lind at Last" in which Mr. Hardie and Miss Denin played, while between the play and the farce Miss Denin sang two songs, "Call me thine own" and "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," and she and Phil Margets sang the duets "Old



J. M. HARDIE As Jack Osborne, in "On the Frontier."

Many interesting incidents and anecdotes of the later life of Mr. Hardie are narrated by his son Mr. Eugene E. Hardie, who has lately arrived from England, and is now in business here. Young Mr. Hardie acted as his father's business manager in England for a number of years and had a considerable experience in the dramatic profession there. He first left Salt Lake in 1895, but has now returned for good and all, being convinced, he says, that there is no place better than the one where his father started out in life and achieved his earliest success. His wife has occasionally appeared on the Salt Lake stage under the name of Kathleen Hardie, and has had several offers to travel, but prefers to remain with her husband and baby here.

King Cole" and "Breakdown."

Soon after he left Salt Lake, and for some time played with Edwin Booth, appearing as Iago to the great actor's Othello. Other plays in which he made a name were "The Child of the State," and "Romany Rye." His later years were spent in England at the head of the Hardie-Von Leer company. He presented dramas representing frontier life in America with great success all through the English provinces.

Mr. Hardie was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, November 13th, 1844. He came to Utah in one of the famous hand cart companies reaching here in 1853 with his mother who brought her little family of six children. She is well remembered as the pioneer nurse and lady physician, who ushered more than one prominent Salt Lake of today into this existence. The late John Hardie, a well-known Salt Lake citizen was his brother, the late Mrs. Le Grande Young, Mrs. Phyllis Lynch, and Mrs. Agnes Ferguson, both now living in Salt Lake, were his sisters, and another brother Alex, still lives in Australia. "Jim" Hardie married Miss Josephine Bunnell, by whom he had several children, who with their mother still reside in Salt Lake City.