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JACQUES WAS A MAN.

A DRAMA DURING DIFFICULTY.

(San Francisco Examiner.)

I saw Campanini on the street yesterday and I thought to say hello a sweet old sentiment some years ago on the stage of that grand opera house in San Francisco. He was then directing a company of Italian singers. I was one of the women-trodden geniuses who were engaged to sing in the chorus or to play small parts. Great artists stood around shouting his directions, and what a rare collection they were! Antonio Galassi of the mighty voice and frame of giddiness; Bonetti, Ballini, the tenor; Repetto, the prima donna; Grex, the conductor from Los Boats, and others whose names I forget, and last and very least, myself, who sang one and twenty lines in a performance. When I hear the growls of "comic opera" in this city, it makes me wish for the time when I was dead broke in "Pinafore" and privileged to listen to the voices of great artists.

Down the stage near the right-hand box sat my friend and admirer, the Jacques Meister — another Bonetti—famous artist. He was absorbed in the music, which he followed from a worn copy of Jacques. He was forgetting his hunger in Donizetti's wondrous strains, for I believe he had not tasted food that day and it was then well on in the afternoon. As I looked at Jacques somehow I felt far earlier for him than I did for myself. His clothes were threadbare, his coat frayed out from the holes in his shoes, and his face was very sad and white. But now there fell a strange, sweet expression upon it—an expression of a great peace. It struck me at the time that perhaps Donizetti's spirit spoke soothingly to him in the music, for Donizetti had also suffered.

Jacques was a strange sort of fellow; he had come over the seas from San Francisco on a common sailor, whereto he one knew or cared. Of course I cared, but I had seen enough not to ask questions. He was a thorough musician and well educated in every way. I think there was Russian blood in him, for he had that inpalpable trow that goes with Russians of high caste; besides he was a Hughlet. His face was of the strangest I have ever seen, and his eyes were blue and piercing. Decidedly he was a man who would be an ugly in the roughest mining camp in the world, for, added to the look in his eyes, he possessed a frame that was tough as a whiteoak. (Rattling either longhorns or kills a man.) But, however, there he sat, absorbed in the score, and oblivious to everything but the music.

Campanini had given the part of Lisa to Carlotti Natali. She had just finished her education in Milan and was visiting San Francisco with her father. Her voice was superb and she showed great art in using it, but she was very nervous. I suppose it wasn't exactly a common sailor, whereto to be