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## MISS MARIE KREBS.

NOTHING, as a rule, so disappoints expectation as the maturer development of so-called "infant phenomena."

Miss Marie Krebs, whose portrait we give on this page, is a brilliant exception to the rule. With her, musical ability is hereditary on both sides of the house; for her mother, Madame Krebs-Michalesi, was known and admired as one of the best *contralti* of the German operatic stage, and her father equally celebrated as a composer of great taste and feeling, and long the orchestral leader of the Dresden Court Theater and Opera House. Naturally the little girl drew in music along with milk, oxygen and other natural and infantile nutriment. Almost before she could talk, she could play the pianoforte; and under the careful instruction of her delighted parents made such progress, that at the age of eleven she gave a public concert in Dresden, before an exacting and critical public, performing, *from memory*, selections from Bach, Weber, Liszt, and Schumann to the general astonishment and admiration of her hearers.

Since then her musical career has been an unbroken series of successes. From Germany she passed, in 1864, to England, where she played nearly two hundred times at Frederic Gye's Covent Garden concerts; and, in 1867 made a concert tour with Carlotta Patti and other eminent artists in France and Italy. On the expiration of this engagement, she appeared in Paris during the great International Exhibition. In the course of these her artistic wanderings she not only stored up golden opinions—with accompanying coupons—but acquired an uncommonly accurate and fluent use of English, French and Italian, plus a large and liberal knowledge of the world; so that Miss Krebs is not merely eloquent with her fingers, but a charming and graceful conversationist as well, and entirely at her ease in any country and in any *salon* of cultivated Europe or America.

As an artist, Miss Krebs has some marked and exceptional characteristics—industry, memory, and conscientiousness; but thoroughness first of all. Her *technique* is superb, and her mastery of mechanical difficulty amazing in so young a performer. The honest, clear, direct and genuine character of her playing, and her hearty devotion to the best school of classical composition, have been the delight of our musical purists. It has been occasionally charged that her playing showed some lack of that passion and sentiment which may naturally lie beyond the experience of a girl of twenty. If this be so, it may safely be predicted that life—the relentless—will wake the slumbering chords and stir the well-spring of deeper emotion and richer experience without which the æsthetic efficiency is always more or less incomplete. But, in sorrow or in joy, every music-lover will wish this talented young artist God-speed, and rejoice to hear that there is every chance of her remaining as a permanent element in the musical life and activity of our country.

## FROM IRELAND TO ITALY.

T. M. COAN.

FAIL not, O American nobleman bound for Europe, to look at Ireland on the way. My companion in travel and I did so, alighting at Queenstown; my old chum, whom I shall call Ananias, because he never tells a lie. The Panjandrum and other vain persons, landed with us. I suppose they expected to do the British empire thoroughly. But we wished to look at green Erin first of all, before exploring the Scotch Highlands, the mazes of London streets, or the great galleries and cathedrals of the continent. Such lovely pictures as those of romantic Killarney are a fit introduction to the beauty—more varied and splendid, yet not more dear in memory—that awaits you in countries of a more elaborate civilization.

These landscapes seemed, indeed, doubly beautiful to us, newly arrived from the sea, with Atlantic brine still smarting in our eyes, and the tipsy roll of the steamer still perplexing our feet. Netted over with intricate lines of hedge and fence, bare of trees, and crowned at their summits with somber furze, the brown hills seemed less smiling than we had expected to find them in mid-April; yet they attract with the mastering charm of strangeness. One's heart bounds

on first catching sight of their outlines in the horizon; for it is a moment long expected, long deferred. "Now, at last, I see Europe!" you exclaim, and feel that the new inheritance of that instant is a treasure for all the future.

But Ireland, as you draw near the coast, looks strangely unfamiliar to you who have so lately left New York, and bear freshly in mind the features of that Celtic metropolis. No wooded heights, no thickets or ragged ground appear. The country is clean-shaven as a priest's chin. All is tillage, pasture, or garden. The mountains, shorn of their ancient locks, seem like huge tamed animals sleeping in the Spring sunshine.

Queenstown, a city set upon a hill-side, somewhat as Albany adorns the Hudson River bank, you enter first; but you speedily leave it for Cork, and Cork, with its red-cheeked lasses and its swarming life, you soon exchange for Blarney and the famous castle of the kissing-stone. But be content with enjoying the groves of that still retreat. Do not compromise yourself, like the rest of the world, by kissing the "Blarney-stone." When next you gracefully flatter the *Dulcinea del Toboso*, would you not wish to assure that fair maiden that you had never saluted the rock of insincerity?



MISS MARIE KREBS.

On an April afternoon we came to Killarney. Nature was in a lovely mood. A quiet light lay upon the landscape; the grasses covered the fields with soft tints, like stains of pigment upon the painter's palette, blending their sunny greens with yellow and amber hues that were never harsh, however bright. The profuse and glowing bloom of the furze appeared upon every bank; it seemed an absolutely smiling color—the intimation of an inanimate joy. Countless daisies covered the levels of lawn and pasture, and herds of sleek cattle moved luxuriously along that starry carpet, their tawny, glossy hides seeming to glow with the colors of the-sunlight they had absorbed. The bare hills of Killarney rose in the distance, covered with a chequer-work of fences up to the heather-cap upon their summits. How infinitely *old* they seemed—how worn by forces that have hardly rounded, as yet, a single spur of Mount Washington, or smoothed down an angle of the Alleghanies! The outlines of these ancient hills represent the warfare of ten thousand centuries—the struggle of the forces of upheaval and of granitic strength with lightning, wind, and hail—with the vast elemental forces of the upper air. But this had been a day of truce in the mountains; they were left to the milder dynamics of Spring air and warmth; and the sunlight waved over heather and green grass, that were dashed rarely with flights of shadow from the passing cloud.

When we arrived in the village, Ananias and I re-

ceived an overflowing homage. We were escorted from the station, as in triumphant state, by a cortège of devoted vassals, all clamorous to lighten the burdens of our nobility by bearing—for a consideration—our satchels. They were avid, greedy, tumultuous; we went like King Brian Boroihme among his kerns. The Spring current of travel had not yet set in fully; and these villagers, who subsist in great part upon their Summer guests, are, at this season, as ravenous as ravens themselves, or as bears just out of Winter quarters. The hibernation of Hibernians induces wonderful voracity in the Spring. Each newly-arrived traveler alights among them as a morsel drops among famished dogs. Ananias was for defending ourselves; but I counseled resignation.

Getting free, by some good providence, from these keen-set vassals, we found an inn, and barricaded ourselves. We sat down to dinner, serene as old Daniel; but we heard the beasts of prey whining without, and so tarried long behind the oak. Finding that we did not emerge, our pursuers began to lose heart. One by one they sadly left us—guides, beggars, runners, and sellers of curiosities, and from the barred gate of our

"Eden, took their solitary way."

When at last we undid our barriers, these attendant sprites had vanished, like "a cloud of locusts, warping on the eastern wind." All but one had gone; and to him we resigned ourselves, for guidance to the Lakes of Killarney.

He was a plump, jolly little man, with a funny gleam in his eye, and a queer roll in his gait. He looked as if he had often emigrated to America, and returned under the combined influences of Jersey whiskey and of American institutions. His coat displayed as many colors as Joseph's; he had the faithfulness of Abraham, the humility of Isaac, and the mendacity of Jacob. His name, however, was Patrick Murphy. He bore a shillalah, and was an "eloquent man with his tongue."

"This is Lord Ross's estate," he began, as we took the road that leads from the suburbs of the town into a lovely country. "And it's here that he shoots a thousand grouse and no ind of partridges and woodcocks every saison; and his gamekeeper lives in that bit of a lodge yon'. But it's sorry a bit of a burd a poor fellow gets hereabouts—faith, it isn't long since there was a man transported from here because he picked up a brace of quail that flew in the way of powder and shot; an' if it's from New York you are, may be you'll know Michael Sheehan, who lives there, and can tell yqu all about it."

But we disclaimed acquaintance with Michael Sheehan, of New York, and were fain to let Patrick's tongue do all the talking. Like Coleridge, he was great on monologue, but had no conception of dialogue. "Roll on, thou shining river!" said we; and Patrick told us more about Lord Ross, his family, his income, habits, estate, character, and religion,

than I could put on paper in a month of Sundays. Meanwhile we came in sight of the Castle of Killarney, situated upon the lower lake of three that bear this famous name. The beautiful ruin is reflected so perfectly in the sheet of water that lies before it that, in the photograph of the scene, you cannot distinguish the substance from the shadow. I bought one of these pictures for the instruction of my friends in realistic art; for it represents the tower and its image in the style of certain landscapes by Turner, which look equally well either side up.

We climbed to the top of the old castle; and, imitating it, made reflections.

"Titus," said my friend—he called me Titus because, like the emperor, I had lost a day—"see how this granite is slowly dissolving under the wear of centuries! How useless it is to pile up great walls in the hope that they will stand! Attacked by the slow corrosion of Time, they crumble away not less surely, though more slowly, than battlements built in sand. They even assume the same rounded outlines that the rising tide imparts, with its first touch, to the fortifications raised by children upon the seashore. The end of sand and of granite is the same. A cathedral melts away only a little less rapidly than a Summer cloud. Slow Nature will have his way at last, and pull down everything—even the mountains and the stars; and then slow Nature will go to work and deliberately build them up again." *Sic ait Ananias.*