KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

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VIOLINS.

THE question "whether a violin can be made nowadays equal in all respects to those of former times made by the great masters of violin making," is a much mooted one. Volumes have been written about this subject, and yet it is still as much a matter of discussion as it has been for the past fifty years or more. Many there are who assert with confidence that it cannot be done, that it is a "lost art;" others that "time and use" alone make a violin really good. "Varnish" is held by some to be the all important item, and by others, again, it all lies in the "wood used," and so on. Thousands of theories have been advanced, *pro* and *con*, many of which are in part true, but the great majority are absurd, not to say senseless. In order to candidly discuss this question, which is of the greatest interest to all musicians and those musically inclined, it is absolutely necessary to get rid of that great bugbear to all candid reasoning and honest judgment—prejudice. Many will not argue reasonably on this subject. If perchance you happen to tell one of these persons that his violin, a cherished old instrument, is weak in tone, and when forced to bring out its greatest power, it goes back on the player altogether, he will laugh at you, or else get angry and say, "How can that be? Is not that a genuine old instrument?" (It may be he has an old copy of Stradivarius made by a good maker) thus making age alone the only requisite of a good violin. In fact these persons will not admit what they must know, that the value of a violin does not depend on any one quality, but rather on many, as we will attempt to show further on. The acknowledged greatest masters of violin making of ancient times were the Amati family of Cremona, Italy, who lived and worked over a period from about 1550 to 1685, Joseph Guarnerius (Cremona) 1683 to 1745, and Antonius Stradivarius (the greatest of all), from about 1644 to 1737. The purchase of a genuine old violin made by any of the above famous old makers, is now practically out of the question, especially to one of moderate means, as they command enormous prices, and it is but once in a great while that one can be bought at any price. There are many "old copies" on the market, some of which are fine instruments, but many have been utterly ruined by incompetent repairers. These instruments fell into the hands of men who thought to improve them by thinning the wood (the old makers used to make their violins quite heavy in wood), the result, instead of improving them, being to render the tone dry, dull and thin, and less powerful. It was then sought to improve them by veneering wood on in the place of that removed, with but little if any success. In speaking of incompetent repairers it might not be amiss to say that a violin was recently placed in the writer's hands, which had just been returned to the owner by an "alleged repairer" of Cleveland. The violin was a good one, but had become unglued slightly on the top, and could have been repaired properly in five minutes. However, the violin had been taken apart, the back was scraped so thin that two holes showed through. The belly was also scraped very thin. The "bass bar" was taken entirely out, the violin put together and sent home, with a large bill for repairs (?) attached. Of course, the violin was nearly ruined, and by reason of the bass bar being left out, had no tone whatever. It is well to be careful in the choice of a repairer if one has a fine violin to be looked after. But the question we started to discuss—whether a violin can be made now, the equal in all respects of the genuine old Italians, leads us to ask, "What constitutes a perfect violin?" We answer: A violin, to be perfect, must have as the great essential a powerful yet sweet and mellow tone. It must be equal in tone on all four strings, in all the different positions, and in all keys. It must respond readily to the lightest touch of the bow, and also be capable of being forced to the loudest tones without giving back the harsh, rasping sound so often heard. It also should have great carrying power. The choice of the proper wood and varnish, the exact construction in all its parts, necessary to give the qualities stated above, is the problem which the successful violin maker has to solve. This was successfully done by the great masters of violin making already spoken of. The violins of Stradivarius especially were constructed on the strictest scientific principles, and were of the finest quality when they left the maker's hands. The very fact of these instruments' being preserved so carefully over a period of from 150 to 200 years is prima facie evidence that they were good instruments to start with. The idea that a violin must be very old to be fit for an artist to play on is being fast overthrown. Some of the greatest living violinists are now using modern made violins. It is true a new violin must have a certain amount of use before all its good qualities will show themselves. A bad violin of faulty construction will never become good by age or any amount of playing upon it. The same horrid, piercing, nerve-grating tone will remain for all time. Again, unevenness in the tones, one tone coming out free and clear, while others are weak and smothered, will never be bettered by use. Age and use, with a good violin, add only a certain mellowness to the tone, while great age certainly does detract much from the power of the instrument, the constant vibration of the wood for centuries, weakens the fibers, and consequently injures the strength of the tone to a certain extent. This loss of power is sometimes thought to be a gain in sweetness. Again the ordinary vicissitudes attending a violin make repairs necessary from time to time, and, as a rule, the older the violin the more repairs have been made upon it. Of course there are exceptions, and these violins are so much the better for not having needed repairs, for all the glue used in repairing, and which is extra to that originally used, acts, especially in damp or steamy weather, as a clog or damper to the tone. The writer had the good fortune to become the possessor of a genuine Guarnerius violin judged by Boston and New York experts to be a very valuable instrument. However, this instrument is a good illustration of what extended repairs will do for a really excellent violin. In clear, dry weather it has a most exquisite tone, sweet and smooth, and with the exception of great power has all the qualities the most fastidious player could ask for, but on damp days, when the atmosphere is steamy, the most wonderful change comes over this violin, and instead of the clear, sweet, sympathetic tones, a coarse and piercing quality, often very unpleasant, is the result. It is for this reason that orchestral players as a rule prefer new violins to old ones, the new being much less susceptible to atmospheric changes. It is to our credit that this country has artistic violin makers whose instruments are winning renown both here and in Europe, and are being used by a number of the finest artists, and who unqualifiedly pronounce them the equals of the old Italians. An amateur of this place recently purchased a new violin made by August Gemünder, of New York city, which is constructed strictly on the old Italian principles, and which for mellowness and sweet, sympathetic quality of tone is a real gem. It is as clear toned as a bell—every tone equal on all strings and in all keys. The varnish is beautiful and the workmanship artistic in every particular. It responds readily to the slightest touch of the bow, and is as good a violin as any artist could reasonably ask for. At a recent trial of this violin with several acknowledged fine old instruments, to compare their respective merits, the following interesting facts were developed. Each violin was numbered. The same selections were played by the same performer on all the violins in turn. The judges, who were placed so they could not in any way see the instruments, were told the number of it as it was played and marked each according to a scale of ten for power, sweetness and equality of tones, in every one of which points the August Gemünder violin received the highest number of marks. This was an eminently fair test, and any prejudice the judges might have in favor of old violins was done away with and the instruments stood on their merits only. From such proof as the above, and much more which might be adduced, and from the testimony of many well known artists, it is safe to conclude that violin making is not a "lost art," and that there are violin makers who are now turning out artistically made violins the equal in every respect of the famous Cremonas.—AHP., *in the Cleveland Leader*.

THE FIRST NEGRO MINSTRELS.

IN 1838, "Hey Jim Along, Jim Along Josie," was sung by John Smith, or "Negro Jack" as he was called. Smith was afterwards identified with circus companies, and died a few years ago in Melbourne. He was the originator of the double song and dance business. Coleman, Frank Brower and Dan Emmet did some song and dance work at the Franklin Theatre in New York in 1841. John B. Gough sang some negro songs at the same place of amusement.

In 1842 the first band of minstrels was formed and gave a benefit performance at the Bowery. They then effected a complete organization and opened at the Chatham Theatre. The artists were Frank Brower as bones; Billy Whitlock, banjoist; Dan Emmett, fiddle; and Dick Pelham, tambourine. They appeared between the play and farce at the Park Theatre a few nights and then went to England, but the tour was a failure.

From this crude beginning sprang all the bands of later days. A circus agent, James Dumbleton, caught the idea and organized a band consisting of Gill, Pelham, White, Harrington, Stanwood and others. They were called "The Ethiopian Minstrels," and created a *furore* when they went to England. They were the first to give a first part; that is to appear in full dress as it is done at the present time.

Christy then came to the front and maintained the palm for many years. The Christy minstrels were organized in Buffalo, N. Y., by E. P. Christy. Dick Hooley, Earl Pierce, and George Christy, whose real name was Harrington, were members. In 1843-4 they made the rounds of the cities, but wisely located in New York. E. P. Christy made a fortune of 400,000 dollars, but went insane for fear the war would sweep away his property, and killed himself. George Christy, after making a large amount of money, died in poverty. John Diamond was the first white boy who ever danced a jig with a black face. P. T. Barnum picked him up and made a great deal of money with him. Diamond, however, was a rascal, and was sent to prison for theft, and finally died a drunkard. A negro boy, Juba, from South Carolina, was the greatest jig dancer that ever appeared before the public.

Charles E. White is the oldest living performer who has made burnt cork a specialty. Dan Gardner was a famous "negro" performer and a favorite clown. His daughter married Edwin Adams.

The first man who ever played on the banjo in public was Joe Sweeney, and his banjo was a gourd with four strings. In 1843, there was a show running in Pratt street, Baltimore; admittance, 12½ cents; children, half price. Edwin Booth sustained the bone end, John Sleeper Clark banged the tambourine, and Matt O'Brien was the middle-man. Booth played solos on the banjo. Clark is now a popular comedian and manager in London, and O'Brien is general superintendent of the Southern Express.—*Alta California*.

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COMPLAINTS have been received at this office that one H. C. Dubois, representing himself as agent for KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW and *Brainard's Musical World* is "working" Missouri towns along the line of the C. & A. R. R. We have no such agent and no such person has sent us any subscriptions to date. His receipts are so worded that we have no legal hold on him, and all we can do is to brand him as an impostor and warn the public against his schemes, hoping that some of his victims will prosecute him and give him his just deserts.

CONCERT PROGRAMMES.

WE frequently receive inquiries in reference to proposed musical entertainments, as to which of two or three programmes submitted will be the best. We usually answer such queries as best we may, guided by what knowledge of the surroundings our correspondents' letters afford. But if it be no easy matter to prepare a really good programme with the knowledge of both audience and performers, it is an almost impossible task when that knowledge is wanting. We propose here a few common-sense suggestions upon this topic.

The character of a programme must depend largely, of course, upon the end in view—whether it be to please, to educate, or to astonish. According as one or the other of these purposes is uppermost, the programme will have to be modified. As a rule, the concert programme which combines all these elements will be most successful, since an average concert audience may be said to be made up of those who wish to be entertained, those who desire to be "improved," and those who expect to be startled by some ground and lofty tumbling of a musical sort.

The first thing to be considered in the preparation of a concert programme is the ability of the performers. And here the fact should never be lost sight of that a simple thing well done is better than a difficult one indifferently or badly performed. In the former case, the audience are not only pleased, but, seeing what is attempted accomplished, they naturally give the performers credit for ability to accomplish more; while in the latter, seeing failure in what is undertaken, they will as naturally make that the measure of their judgment, and label "*failure*" performer and performance. Amateurs are too much inclined to attempt more than they can do—to put themselves in a position where comparison with finished artists is inevitable and inevitably disastrous. When that disposition is manifested, unpleasant as the duty may be, the manager of the entertainment should be gently autocratic, and so arrange his programme that the different participants shall be allotted only such parts as they can render satisfactorily.

In the next place, the degree of musical culture of the probable audience is to be considered, and the best they can appreciate (if within the powers of the performers) should be given them. We do not say the absolute best, for, independently of the difference of opinion which might exist as to what that term would embrace, the best might be so far beyond the comprehension of the listeners as to be to them an unknown language. We have seen professional musicians go into ecstasies over a "fine programme," which was simply stupid. What sense is there in playing to a mixed audience, however intellectual otherwise, a long programme of selections which even professional musicians have had to study and carefully analyze before they could really enjoy them? As a rule, one "learned" or "intellectual" composition is quite enough—it is not unfrequently too much—in an ordinary concert programme. Some will say we are talking treason, but we believe we are simply talking common sense.

Upon the other hand, it is still more important to avoid giving selections below the standard of the audience, as is often done. We have seen on concert programmes numbers which belonged properly to a second-class minstrel show. Such things are, of course, always out of place on programmes that make the least pretension to respectability.

Variety must next be attended to—and here a nice discrimination is needed, not only to select proper numbers, but to arrange them in such order that they shall be mutually helpful. There may sometimes be reasons for bringing into juxtaposition productions of a contradictory character, but, as a rule, it will be found that glaring contrasts are unpleasant, and that a gradual shading from one style of composition to another will be best.

Finally, the length of the programme must be considered. Musical programmes, especially those of school exhibitions, are usually too long. Surfeit, especially a surfeit of sweet things, is nauseating, and it is better both for performers and audience that the latter should feel like lingering for another selection than that they should impatiently consult their watches and reckon the probable length of the remaining numbers half an hour or more before the close of the entertainment, which then becomes a bore.

CHURCH MUSIC.

AN able clergyman, reading an essay upon the subject of Church Music, not long since, before a large meeting of his fellows, makes the following points:

Worship, including singing, in order to be acceptable to God, must be sincere. The singing of hymns to *simple* tunes, especially by the whole congregation, fosters the sincerity of the singers, and, therefore, should be encouraged; and it is then right that persons not known to be sincere should, by the church authorities, be allowed and encouraged to sing. "Grace at any moment may be enkindled in those so rightly instructed are singing, and many a soul, while singing, under the conditions which invite sincerity, has come to Christ."

It is not wrong for the church authorities to arrange for solo singing, but the soloist becomes a leader in worship, somewhat like the pastor in preaching and praying, and the church has no right to advance any man to that position, unless it has a reasonable assurance that a simple Christian sincerity leads him forward. As often as singers are advanced into a separate performance because of their artistic ability, rather than because of their zeal, a wrong is committed, even though the results should be good, and intended to be good both by themselves and by those who employ them.

Furthermore, "When, in the nature of the case, the singing must be self-conscious and artistic, it does not at all make it sincere to have it performed by a professed or even by a sincere Christian. Christians, no more than ordinary men, can be abstracted or unabstracted at any moment."

Sincerity is not to be looked for under certain conditions, prominent among which may be mentioned cases "When new and difficult music is distributed into parts to four singers. The singer in a quartette is in a vise. Five persons have agreed what they will do; five persons must live up to the engagement, or there is a notable flaw in the performance; even the singer who is unsolicitous about his own part, is still solicitous about the rest. The performance by a quartette is the most artificial and strained form of utterance known on earth, as different from the simple, devout utterance of a singer in a congregation as walking a rope is from walking a road. Such singing, indeed, admits an abundance of artificial expression, but it simply precludes personal emotion."

Finally, according to the learned essayist, "Of this form of church action there is no precedent, particularly in all the inspired history of God's religion and worship. The true "Service of Song," from which the modern performance of mere art assumed to name itself, was rendered only by chosen men and women, of a chosen and consecrated tribe, within God's church. That a confessed stranger to God's religion should of himself furnish a form and foundation, before which God's people sit so dumb, has been a thing simply impossible and undreamed of among intelligent and spiritual worshipers until these modern days."

The essay, although it provoked some opposition, seems to have been generally approved by the ministers present.

While it doubtless contains much that is true and commendable, it seems to us that it also has much of inconsistency and inaccuracy. The importance of the subject, from a musical standpoint, not any desire to cross swords upon religious questions with any one, leads us here to briefly review some of the principal points made by the essayist.

In the first place, it is evidently inconsistent to establish one rule of action in the choir and another in the pews. If sincerity is to determine who shall sing in the choir, sincerity must determine who shall sing in the pews. But the essayist would have all persons not "known to be sincere" encouraged to sing in the congregation, but forbidden to do so in the choir. Either the test is not a proper one, or the reverend doctor does not apply it properly. He is too radical, or not radical enough. We make bold to suggest, in this connection, that if the worship of song should be sincere, that of prayer should be even more so. Does the doctor hold that no one should pray until and unless he has become a practicing Christian? Upon that principle, is he not doing wrong when he teaches his children to say the Lord's Prayer and *requires* them to repeat it, without having first ascertained their sincerity in so doing?

In the next place, to say that a solo singer occupies a position of leadership in worship, in the same sense as a minister does, is a manifest fallacy. The minister, in teaching or praying, professes to be speaking his own thoughts and feelings; he chooses not only his matter, but also his manner. The singer, upon the contrary, is hardly a free moral agent in his singing; he is a mere reader of a selection previously made for him, and a reader bound, not only by the words, but even by the intonation, accent, etc., chosen for him by the composer. Would the reading of the Scriptures, properly and reverently, either in public or private, by one who was not a practicing Christian, be sacrilegious? If not, why should the singing of Scripture or of Scriptural sentiment be such?

In his reasoning upon this subject, the essayist seems to have assumed that certain sorts or styles of music are more sincere than others. This seems to us a strange idea. Sincerity can only be predicated of the actions, thoughts and feelings of intelligent, moral beings. Sincerity can no more reside

in a piece of music than in a piece of wood. If it be said that here we have made the gentleman say more than he intended, we will reply that he, at any rate, implies very pointedly that some sorts or styles of music are much better adapted than others to express the sincerity of the worshiper. This statement is not less absurd than the former. What is sincerity? A certain psychical relation (that of truthfulness) existing between the sentiment of a moral being and the outward expression of it. Now, the wildest musical maniacs, those who would pretend to describe an elephant by musical strains, have never claimed that music could express psychical or metaphysical relations. Music, as an art, is principally concerned with the expression of emotions; hence, when it is wedded to words, it may be appropriate or inappropriate to the sentiment which those words express, and that is all. There can be no inherent sincerity, nor any inherent power of expressing sincerity, in the homeliest of backwoods tunes any more than in the grandest inspirations of musical genius.

As to quartette singing, we fail to see why four-part music distributed to four singers is strained and unnatural, while four-part music distributed to four hundred singers is natural and commendable. There may, however, be theological reasons for it with which we are unacquainted, and, therefore, are incompetent to discuss.

At the risk of going outside of our prescribed limits, we would respectfully suggest to the learned divine that the illustration with which he attempts to prove, or, at least, to point his assertion that there is no precedent in all the inspired history of God's religion of this form of church action, namely, that "The *service of song* was rendered only by chosen men and women of a chosen and consecrated tribe within God's church," is an unfortunate one for his position. We will not say anything here of "the tribes in God's church," nor discuss the question whether or not the Jewish nation and "God's church" therein were co-extensive; but we do say very boldly that if the sincerity the essayist wishes in the modern church singer is only the sincerity which was required of the Levite—a presumption of belief arising from birth, and nothing more—there is no need of making so much fuss about it, for he will find that the vast majority of those who compose those abominable quartettes "fill the bill" perfectly.

We would not be understood as underrating the importance of sincerity in worship, nor even as saying that, other things being equal, it is not much better that the members of the choir of a Christian church should be sincere, devout members, not only of *some* Christian church, but of the denomination and even of the individual church for which they sing. This we not only concede, but, for many reasons, insist upon; although, as we have said, we do not think that the desirableness of that state of things should be considered as making any other conditions not only undesirable, but morally wrong and sacrilegious.

As to the character of the music which churches should use, our position is substantially this:

Music can be used in public religious services only for two objects: either to convey to the assemblage thoughts and feelings more vividly than they could be conveyed by words alone, or to enable the congregation to express their own thoughts and feelings more forcibly than they could otherwise. In other words, music is a language which, in order to subserve its proper ends, must be understood by the mass of the audience. Whenever, therefore, the music used in a church is of such a character that only the few can understand it, there can be no doubt that a mistake has been made, and that music has really been diverted from its proper function in the church service. If Joseph Cook were to deliver one of his lectures on biology to an average backwoods congregation, able and instructive as it might be intrinsically, it would mean nothing to his hearers, simply because they could not understand it. Upon the other hand, it is none the less true that the incorrect speech, the assumed wisdom, the odd and startling interpretations of difficult Bible texts of the average backwoods preacher would be a bore, if they were not a farce, for the cultured audience who would hang breathlessly upon the lips of a close, analytical reasoner. As we conceive it, in this respect, music differs in nowise from speech. That which can be understood by the uncultured is that which should be used by and for them; using always, of course, the best which they can understand; while, for the musically cultured, a higher order of music would necessarily be employed. Now, we do believe that, in many cases, choirs as well as preachers overshoot the mental level of their audiences. Indeed, judging by the remarks of the essayist we have been speaking of, we should say that choirs sometimes overshoot not only the pews but also the pulpit. In that case, they doubtless should lower their aim a little, unless, forsooth, they shoot for the noise and not for the effect.

As to congregational singing, far from being opposed to it, we think it is altogether too much neglected; for worship, although it may be rendered collectively, cannot be a collective affair. It is, in its nature, necessarily individual. Now, the only active part which the individuals of an audience can take in the public worship of most Protestant churches is in the singing. This point, which at present we can only suggest, forms, we think, the real basis of the desirableness and effectiveness of good congregational singing. But congregational and choir music have each their proper functions, in which they are not antagonistic, but rather co-operative and interdependent forces.

THE VOICE.

THE voice, said the late Dr. Dio Lewis, is not, like the stature, determined for us; and while each human voice has a distinctive character which we recognize in an old friend after his features have outgrown our recollection, it is so susceptible of improvement that we may say no function more quickly responds to the touch of the teacher. A teacher of elocution can make large contributions to the equipment of his pupil. But no special training has had so many incompetent professors. Thus far, as usual with new professions, theories have come to plague the teacher. To illustrate this evil, some teachers of elocution have called attention away from simple, direct voice-training to a curious theory about the diaphragm. Prof. Guillmette, in his otherwise excellent work, tells us in a paragraph which he prints in capital letters, obviously because he regards it as the pivot of his system, that "The diaphragm is the great muscle of voice; that to cultivate the diaphragm is to cultivate the voice." This nonsense runs through the whole work. The fact is, the diaphragm has nothing whatever to do with the voice. Under no circumstances can it act while we are making voice. I told Prof. Guillmette, the last time I met him, that I would give him $1,000 if he would even speak his own name while his diaphragm was in action, and that we would submit his achievement to any well-known physiologist.

The diaphragm is in the form of an arch with its swell upward, and as muscles have but one mode of action—contraction—when the diaphragm contracts, or shortens itself, it draws the upward projecting fullness of the arch downward, and the air rushes into the chest. When the lungs are filled, the diaphragm ceases to act, then the abdominal muscular walls contract, force the diaphragm upward and expel the air from the lungs. There is no mystery about it. If you simply stand erect you cannot help expelling the air from your lungs correctly, and thus produce your voice in a natural and perfect way. The tone itself is always produced in the throat. It sounds queer to hear people talk of chest-tones, for I suppose the phrase "chest-tone" means that a certain tone is produced in the chest. No tone is produced below the throat. What the teacher means in speaking of chest-tone really comes under the head of key. When the key is lowered and considerable force is employed, the result known as chest-tone is produced; but every particle of the tone is produced in the throat, though various contrivances above the vocal chords modify tones. The vocal chord is the only mechanism in man which can produce tone.

You should generally speak deliberately and on a low key. In this way you may secure that variety and flexibility which are so effective in elocution. If your ordinary tone is on a high key, your delivery will be monotonous and strained. If you speak deliberately and on a rather low key, you and your hearers will be able to grasp the thousand and one modulations of voice which with a low key are so easy, and which constitute so conspicuous a feature in effective oratory.

Let me lay down a few rules of elocution. These rules are not the result of experience as a teacher or pupil of elocution, but of observation and long familiarity with the anatomy and physiology of the vocal apparatus.

Rule 1. Stand erect. Rule 2. Use a low key. Rule 3. Speak deliberately. Rule 4. Articulate distinctly. These four rules would hardly fill a volume, but they are the essential elements of elocution.

BALLAD SINGING.

THE art of ballad singing is too generally considered a trivial accomplishment that makes no demand on the intellectual faculties of the performer, whereas it really is most exacting in its requirements. The artistic interpretation of a ballad certainly may not be dependent on power, flexibility, or compass of voice; but it involves perfect enunciation, intelligent phrasing, refined expression, and a cultivated taste on the part of the exponent. A certain amount of dramatic instinct, a sympathetic voice, and a ready appreciation of the sentiment of the words are also necessary, in order to convey to the mind of the hearer the conception of the composer. The simplicity of construction is in itself, also, a stumbling block to many, who find no opportunity for the exercise of declamatory ability or the employment of outside artifices, in order to produce effect. In fact, the proper rendering of a ballad affords an apt illustration of the *ars est celare artem* principle—a circumstance that should never be lost sight of.

In cases where the pathetic character of the words appeals strongly to the feelings, any singer of ordinary intelligence will intuitively be influenced thereby; and his task is thus half accomplished, if the music to which the verses are wedded be not absolutely emotionless. But, as not infrequently happens, if the words are trivial and maudlin in sentiment, or the music be at variance with the spirit of the verses, the skill of the singer is most severely tested. Yet many great artists have proved that under these circumstances it is possible to touch the heart and win the admiration of even a musician by the exercise of their rare gifts, thereby investing commonplace ideas with attributes that render them actually acceptable.

The fact that some ballads appeal more directly to the individuality of a singer than others—in other words, they seem to awaken a responsive feeling—renders it desirable that such songs should always be selected, as they give birth to a spontaneous and sympathetic appreciation that enables the singer to succeed with them.

This matter of selection is one, however, that needs the exercise of circumspection, as general appropriateness must be carefully considered in the matter of words. The transposition of a ballad to bring it within the compass of a voice for which it was never intended by the composer, is to be deprecated.

This fault is not confined solely to ballad singers. For instance, how often do soprano vocalists attempt Gounod's "*Quand tu chantes,*" Blumenthal's "My Queen," and other equally unsuitable songs, regardless of the prolific *répertoire* of those specially designed for them! To revert once more to the claims of the ballad, it may be truly said that they are by no means beneath the notice of the musician of taste and feeling, and their legitimate interpretation involves a preparatory process that cannot be otherwise than valuable to every vocalist. The study of the art of ballad singing is indeed calculated to stimulate the growth of a pure taste and artistic sensibility, while tending to check the excessive display of mere technical acquirements. Of course there are ballads *and* ballads, and, unfortunately, a very large number are unworthy of attention; but the supply of really meritorious compositions is amply sufficient to satisfy the requirements of those who are capable of appreciating them.—*Musical Herald.*

THE "MOONLIGHT" SONATA.

OF all Beethoven's masterpieces, there is probably none that is more frequently played or more generally enjoyed than the *Sonata una quasi fantasia*, or Sonata in C sharp minor (No. 2 of *op. 27*) to which the absurd name of "Moonlight" sonata has been given in England and Germany, because, says Grove, a certain critic claimed that its *Trio* suggested to him a boat ride by moonlight on Lake Lucerne. If Beethoven really had any particular scene or state of feelings in mind when he wrote this work, he has left us without any other indication thereof than what may be gathered from its dedication to the young Countess Julia Guicciardi. Marx calls attention to the fact that on Nov. 16, 1801, Beethoven, writing to his friend Wegeler, speaks of "A lovely, charming maiden, who loves me and whom I love," adding, "Since two years I have again had some happy moments, and, for the first time, I feel that marriage could make one happy. But, alas! she is not of my station—and besides I could certainly not marry just now," etc. Marx continues: "He had understood the truth; she should, she could never be his own, as he betrays in his letter to Wegeler he had dreamed in many a happy hour. Only longing and love lived on in his faithful heart, a secret flame in the light-destroying glow of his unappeased desires. Then the soul-life of the artist shall find a spiritual, not a physical, accomplishment. This, Beethoven says himself in his own musical language in this sonata, whose original edition was dedicated to "*Madamigella Giulietta di Guiccardi*." His happy dream had lasted two or three years. Now came the presentiment that the dream would vanish and never become a reality; in those tones the parting is present to the mind of the lover, even before it occurs. * * *

The composer has called this a Fantasia-Sonata, for it has the extension, the combination and the weight of a sonata, but not the well known, common form of this class of compositions. It begins with the *Adagio*, which is followed by the connecting part, which was earlier called *Minuet* and later *Scherzo*, though sometimes left unnamed; then comes the *Finale*. From the received standpoint, one must say that the first movement, the *Allegro*, is waiting. But this *Allegro* was not to be composed; it was his own past, busy, changeful life. It would perhaps have related the first entrancing meeting with her he loved, or told of a certain Countess who could love a musician, though she dare not marry him, on account of the distorted relations and notions of society. What did the unfortunate fellow now care for all this, compelled, as he was, to bow and shed his life-blood beneath the never-dying viper's sting of renunciation? What could he have said about that that she did not know, or that would have been worth telling at this time?

Thus he sings, his weary fingers gliding over the keys, the soft, soft song of love resigned. It is the leave-taking from all hope of a thirsty soul that lacks for words, from whose sorrowful bosom the anxious breath can scarce find an exit, for whom the pulsation of rythm scarcely awakes, pauses and reaches out, like the long, parting glance of one who resigns all that is dear to him. Then life glides with phantom-like steps down into the depths, where no balm can be found for such woe. How nobly, quietly, and undisturbed by any overwhelming storm of passion, flows forth this song of complaint! No conflict against earthly power rages in this soul, which cannot wish what virtue will not allow. Thus runs the song, ever true to itself and even, from the warm C sharp minor into the consolingly bright E major, which must forthwith return into its own sad minor. Then the thought pictured by the bass hastens into the depths, so threatening that the too full breast almost bursts. Then, in the painfully seething F sharp minor, the song begins anew. Ever with the one thought, his changeless, unswerving eye, looks into the eyes of the sufferer, and the depths only echo the sound of this plaint—and all longing, however high and far it may look forth, sinks back into the plaint and dies in the depths which echo the farewell with a voice as from the grave.

That was the song of resignation. The separation follows: "Oh, think of me—I think of thee! Farewell, farewell!" (this is the second part, called *Allegretto*) quickly broken off and weeping on to the end—forever. What a picture of past, soul-entrancing moments; what shadows of a dark future, hover over the soul of the abdicator in the *Trio*—Who shall explain?

And now he must live on, he storms hither and thither, and rages and complains—and all the blows, all the thunders of Fate shall not bow the head of the anointed. This is what the C sharp minor sonata says to those who understand its language."

Ernst von Elterlein (*Beethoven's Clavier-Sonaten*) adopts, in the main, Marx' views of this sonata as to everything but the *Trio*. Concerning this, he says: "This (Marx' explanation) is doubtless an ingenious interpretation of this part of the sonata,

BEETHOVEN. [After Jaeger.]

which Liszt, looking forward to the following thundering *Finale*, calls 'a blossom between two abysses.' I must, however, openly confess that to me this *Allegretto* always seems out of place in this connection, both because of the style in which it is written and of its prevailing humor. Is this really Beethoven's own, original style? Does not the minuet, in the style of Haydn and Mozart, come clearly to the surface in this movement? This movement always puts me in a mood, which seems like the result of an entirely different condition of feeling. I am suddenly thrown out of the poetical magic of the *Adagio*, out of a deeper soul-region into a somewhat light, unstable and easy-going world, and I feel myself almost offended. I may be deceived, and hence will not endeavor to spoil any one's enjoyment of this *Allegretto*, but, for me, it is, in this place, a riddle which Marx has not solved."

Thus talk the learned commentators upon Beethoven's sonatas. A humbler pen wrote a story of Beethoven's having heard a blind maiden play one of his compositions, one moonlight night, entering the house unasked and improvising the sonata now known as the "Moonlight Sonata," and the story, a year or so ago, went the rounds of the musical press of this country (this paper excepted). It may be sacrilegious for the editor to state his belief that the tales of the critics concerning this composition, like that of the novelist, are "fairy stories," and would make old Beethoven smile (or perhaps rage, for he had a most violent temper) if he could hear them. Most probably he wrote this sonata because he wanted to write a sonata. He was then in love with Countess Guicciardi—neither his first nor his last love, though perhaps the deepest he ever felt—and thinking this work one of his best (a judgment in which posterity has coincided) he dedicated it to her. And this is very probably all the truth there is in all we have quoted. If our readers think otherwise, so much the better, for a halo of romance is a great help to musical enjoyment for very many persons.

In this connection, we have concluded to reinsert two portraits of Beethoven, first published by us four years ago. The large picture is a very good reproduction of a portrait by C. Jaeger, and one which we have reason to believe has been idealized into a sort of leonine beauty, which Beethoven's contemporaries do not represent him as possessing. The smaller one (see next page) is after a sketch by Lyser, which Beethoven's friends called a striking likeness. It has the look of rough independence and *bonaparte* which were his well-known characteristics, the appearance of a man who is energetic, busy, and quite careless of appearances.

EXAGGERATED EXPRESSION.

NOTHING is more inartistic than affectation, more especially when it takes the form of exaggerated expression, as it so frequently does. It is, however, becoming so common a fault, says the *Musical World*, that teachers would do well to point out to their pupils the importance of thoroughly familiarizing themselves with the varied characteristics of each leading school of composition; for by such means alone can a satisfactory "reading" of a standard work be insured.

The æsthetic movement, which has recently spread over the world of art like a monstrous tidal wave, has given an impetus to the romantic school, as opposed to the severe classicality of the earlier composers; and this has certainly tended in more than one instance to produce unsatisfactory results. The adoption of the *tempo rubato*, and startling effects of tonal contrast, may be necessary in the case of many compositions of the period, in order to conceal the lack of innate musical worth; but such methods applied to the works of Bach, and others of his school, utterly pervert their meaning. Yet it is no exaggeration to affirm that solo pianists of the highest pretensions do not hesitate thus to desecrate the memory of this giant of the past.

Even in dealing with the compositions of Chopin, which may be regarded as the nearest perfect approach to modern imaginative school, maudlin sentimentality too often takes the place of real poetic refinement. Musical effeminacy should be strenuously discouraged, as nothing is so fatal to the highest interests of the most noble of the arts. It is true, that versatility is by no means a universal gift; but a comprehension of the distinguishing traits of each of the accepted schools of art can be gained by an educational process, and the acquirement of such knowledge will, at all events, enable the student to avoid many of the glaring inconsistencies that too often disfigure the interpretation of classical compositions.

The performer should ever bear in mind that he is simply the vehicle by means of which the composer is brought *en rapport* with his audience; and, if he desires to be recognized as an artist, he must be faithful to the trust reposed in him, and seek to merge entirely his own individuality in that of the author.

By such means, he will incur but little risk of falling a victim to the besetting sin of the present musical age,—exaggerated expression.

BEETHOVEN.
(After Lyser.)

AMERICAN NEGRO HYMNS.

THE salient feature of negro life on the Southern plantations which first strikes the visitor is the music. The negro sings at his work and in his play, when he is happy and when he is miserable. The African is indeed the most musical in an elementary, rudimental way, of all the races of men. Whether this musical talent is one that will bear culture and survive the tests of scientific development remains to be proven. The great lyrical gift of the negro at present is manifested in the religious direction, in the department of hymnology. Much has been written on this subject, and it would seem that there is little new to be discovered. A writer in the valley of the lower Mississippi contributes some items which may find a place in the general history of the subject yet to be compiled. He traces most of the negro hymns to their original in the tune books of the Baptist and Methodist churches, but he is inclined to attribute a considerable portion of them to the negroes themselves.

How these tunes have reached their present form is a mystery. Perhaps they began years ago as compositions of more cultivated minds and by addition or subtraction of notes have lost all their primitive sounds. This theory at any rate, accounts for the words, for often a negro hymn opens with a stanza or two which would not have discredited Watts. Then, as it proceeds, it drops into the grotesque metaphors, the dialectical quaintness, and droll phrasing which prove it of plantation origin. As these later stanzas have been grafted one by one on the early structure of the hymn, the original lines—which appeal less strongly to negro feeling than those of his own composition—have been dropped, until the whole hymn has been reconstructed into one of pure negro quality. There is, however, still another set of hymns, the words of which the plantation negro himself composed entirely at the beginning. They are usually short-metered poetical descriptions of familiar Bible incident, some of them of incredible length and bristling with anachronisms. The blacks call this class of hymns "figurated" from the Bible, and I have heard one which was descriptive of the battle of Christian and Apollyon, and consequently "figurated" from Bunyan. No word, by the way, is a sweeter morsel on the negro tongue than this original verb, to "figurate." It has the rotund and sonorous quality which the negro loves, and is used in a dozen senses, some of them quite contradictory of the others.

How absurdly some of these "figurated" hymns deal with the Scriptural record a single specimen stanza from a very common negro composition here will illustrate:

In de days of de great tribulashun,
On a big desert island de Philistines put John,
But de ravens dey feed him till de dawn come roun'
Den he gib a big jump and flew up from de groun'
O come down, come down, John.

If anything can add to the anachronisms and kindred absurdities of the foregoing, it will be the explanation that the John referred to is supposed by the negroes to be John the Baptist.

The precision in time of a negro congregation is absolutely marvelous for so untrained a body. Every note is hit with exquisite accuracy, and in their antiphonal hymns, when the men sing a line and the women respond, the intervals are perfect. Though their tunes are very simple, and range through but a few notes, the wonderful flexibility of some of their voices produces almost the result on the ear of scientific singing; and no trained white choir can begin to produce the general effect of these negro hymns rendered by the men and women who have sung them from childhood. The rich voices of the famous jubilee singers are blended here with two peculiar tones that I have never heard elsewhere—one a kind of nasal elevation of the voice as the male singer utters a most singular "rasp" through his nostril, the other a female note pitched so high that it is more like steel scratching a slate than a human voice.

Very few of these hymns ever deal with anything but imagery and Scriptural pictures. But now and then is found one with a moral tone, like the following, aimed at the religious backslider:

Some join de church to put on pretents,
Until de day of grace is spent;
Sunday come its Christian grace,
Monday come dey lose der faith.
De debbil gets dem, they roll up de sleeve,
Der religion comes on,t and 'gin to leave,
Ole man Adam has nebber been out,
When guilt condemns dem dey git up and out.

Still another class of hymns blends the secular and religious sentiment. A trifling and utterly nonsensical set of lines is closed with some religious exclamation which appears to be the only sanction for the use of the queer medley in worship:

Big ole black man hidin' 'hind de log,
Finger on de trigger, eye upon de hog.
Shiloh! Shiloh!

A better illustration is the following:

Good-bye, eberybody;
I don't care what yer call me,
Yer may call me long tongue liar,
But I'se going to Zion. Halleloo!

The proclivity of the negro for railroad metaphor, which I have heretofore spoken of in one of these letters, is disclosed also in their hymns:

There is a road which Christ hab made,
With heavenly trestles the rails is laid;
I'm going on dat line. Halleloo!

Some of these hymns are spun out to enormous length, particularly those set to a popular melody. I have often heard a single hymn sung rapidly without repitition of a stanza for half an hour. One composition has a stanza for each letter of the alphabet:

B for Babylon, dat wicked place,
She was 'stroyed in forty days.

And so on through all the letters of the alphabet. Of course, John the Baptist is a prominent subject in hymnology; and one religious song with a grand swinging melody stands, perhaps, first in merit and popularity as well as length. It is called the "John de Baptist Song," and is worth quotation of several stanzas:

His name was John de Baptist,
And out of de water he sprung
When Jesus come to tell him
To fetch his people home.

CHORUS:

Den run along on to Jesus,
Den run along on to God,
Den run along on to Jesus,
And get your sure reward.

Some say dis John de Baptist,
Was nuffin' but a Jew,
But de Holy Bible tolls us
Dat John was a preacher, too.

I'se waitin' all de night long,
I'se waitin' all de day,
I'se waitin' all de night long
To hear one sinner pray.

Den, please, God, save our country,
Our church and pastor, too,
Our elders and our deacons,
And all our Baptist crew.

Moses and the prophets of the Old Testament are also favorite characters:

O Moses! Moses!
Don't get lost;
Stretch out yer rod,
And come across.
Daniel! Daniel!
Get out de fire,
Kill dem lions,
And go up higher.

One of the most melodious of the negro songs is made doubly effective by responsive singing, the women chanting the "O Lord! Yes," and the males rendering the alternate lines, while both sexes join in the chorus:

As I was a walkin' out one day,
O Lord! Yes.
I saw dem grapes a hangin' high,
O Lord! Yes.
I plucked dem grapes and sucked de juice,
O Lord! Yes.
De juice was sweet as honey meat,
O Lord! Yes.

CHORUS.

See me here, believe me; see me here;
All 'round de altar, see me here.
Jew kill my Saviour
One day 'fore I know;
Bury him in sepulcree,
One day 'fore I know.

One hymn that glows throughout with fervid negro imagery opens:

When de star from de elemunts is fallin'
And de sun and de moon dip in blood,
Sinnah! sinnah! Where will ye stan?
But I see my Jesus comin'
Wid a rainbow on his shoulder.

According to white authority here, the religious song first published years ago by Mr. Harris, the "Uncle Remus" of the Atlanta *Constitution*, and entitled "Uncle Remus' Revival Hymn," is largely derived from actual lines sung by the negroes and cleverly united. It differs from all the other negro hymns I have heard in having variations of the chorus. As perhaps the best negro hymn ever printed, two or three of its characteristic stanzas, given roughly from memory, may fitly close these selections:

O, whar will ye be when de great day comes,
Wid de tootin' of de trumpets an' de rollin' of de drums?
Full many a poor sinner will be cotched out late
An' fin' no latch to de golden gate.

CHORUS.

Den come along, sinnaa, if yer comin';
Ole Satan is loose and a bummin';
Sin is sharp as a bamboo brier;
O, Lord, fetch de mourners up higher.

O, de song of salvation is a mighty sweet song,
An' de paradise wind blow swift and blow strong,
An' Abram's buzzom 'tis deep an' 'tis wide,
An' right dere's de spot dat de darkey ought to hide.

CHORUS.

Den don't be a stoppin' an' a lookin,'
It yer fool wid ole Satan ye'll get took in,
Ye'll hang o'er de brink and get shook in;
So don't be a stoppin' an' a lookin'.

Hymn-books are, of course, dispensed with by a congregation of whom not one in twenty can read; and, if the hymn is unfamiliar, the officiating elder or his assistant intones two lines at a time, and the hymn is thus sung by sections. The deacons and sub-deacons, however, almost always con the hymn-books assiduously, turning the leaves in rapid succession, but the white employer of these deacons who make such a show of erudition will tell you that scarcely one of them can read a word.

PATTI was married again yesterday. This was the wedding hymn:

Llanwer wynwes hen gwontawe
A cherddorol dan;
A chyd floeddwin croesaw idds
Fanon hoff y gan.

Literally translated this beautiful anthem signifies:

Patti cake, Patti cake,
Marry me again,
I take the cake at marrying;
Take me, I pray—Amen!

—*Exchange.*

FROM Milan comes the news of the successful production at the Teatro Carcano of an original and fascinating three-act opera, *Flora Mirabilis*, the libretto from the pen of Fernando Fontana, and the score by a young Greek composer, Spiro Samara—a pupil of Délibes—who so far was only known by his opera, *Midje*. The plot is poetical and fantastic, but full of deep human interest and significance. Lidia, the heroine is a pure, proud maiden, who vows to live free from the shackles of love—*libera e fiera*. Her coldness has already caused the death of her lover, Vil Frido, when the magic charm suddenly inspires her with a wild passion for the warrior Valdo, who does not return her affection. Ere long Vil Frido is avenged and Lidia goes mad, but in the end Valdo's heart is touched and he bursts into a marvelous love song, which restores the unhappy heroine to her reason. Signor Samara's musical setting to this strange story is marked by unusual melodic inspiration and clever orchestration, in which it is easy to trace the influence of the French master, together with that of Wagner and Rubinstein.

OUR MUSIC.

"'MOONLIGHT' SONATA,".................. *Beethoven.*

We have elsewhere given a more extensive notice of this well-known work. This is a reproduction, in the main, of von Buelow's edition, whose notes have been put into intelligible English. (The usual translations need a translator). Where other great musicians differ in a reading from von Buelow the fact has been indicated—a feature existing in no other edition extant. The publishers claim for this edition that it is the most complete ever published. It is one of the numbers of "Kunkel's Royal Edition of Standard Piano Works."

"SLUMBER SONG,"........................... *Kroeger.*

Like all of Mr. Kroeger's songs, this is written in a musicianly manner. It is not difficult and yet admits of considerable study on the part of those who wish to render it properly.

"MENUET CÉLÈBRE,"...................... *Boccherini.*

This "celebrated minuet" needs no introduction at our hands. It is also one of the numbers of the "Royal Edition" and has all the excellencies: accuracy of text, phrasing, fingering, etc., etc., that have made this edition the favorite with the better class of musicians and music teachers throughout the land.

"SPINNERLIED,"......................... *Hollaender.*

Spinsters of the younger sort—perhaps they would rather be called spinners—spinners with the spinning wheel, that is, not with the silent distaff or the clatter of modern mills, seem to be favorites with piano writers; at least there is no lack of Spinning Songs. This is one of the best examples of this class of compositions extant, and as such has been added to the rapidly growing list of the "Royal Edition."

The pieces in this issue cost, in sheet form:

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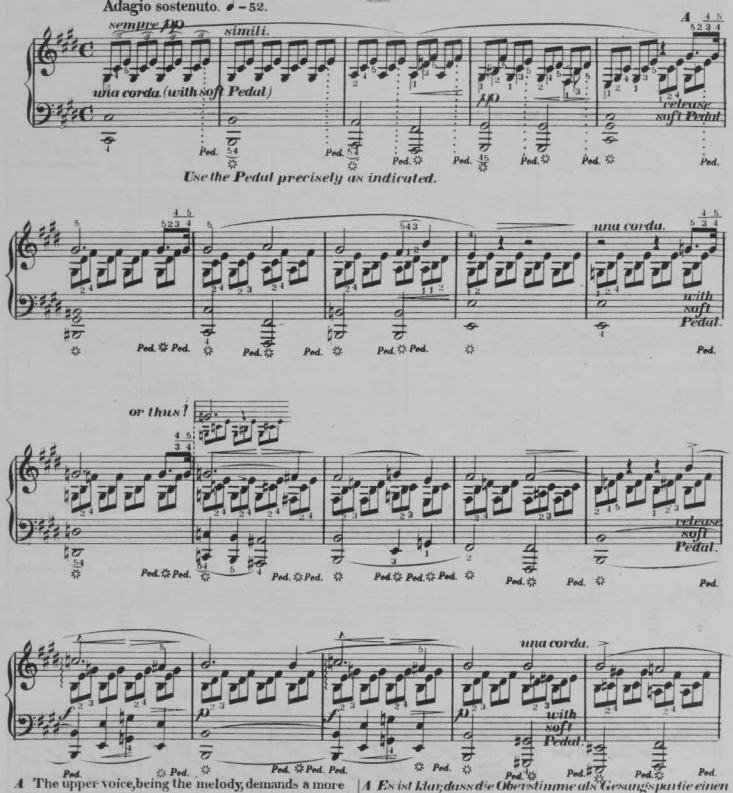
SONATA QUASI UNA FANTASIA.

(Op. 27 № 2 Cis moll.)

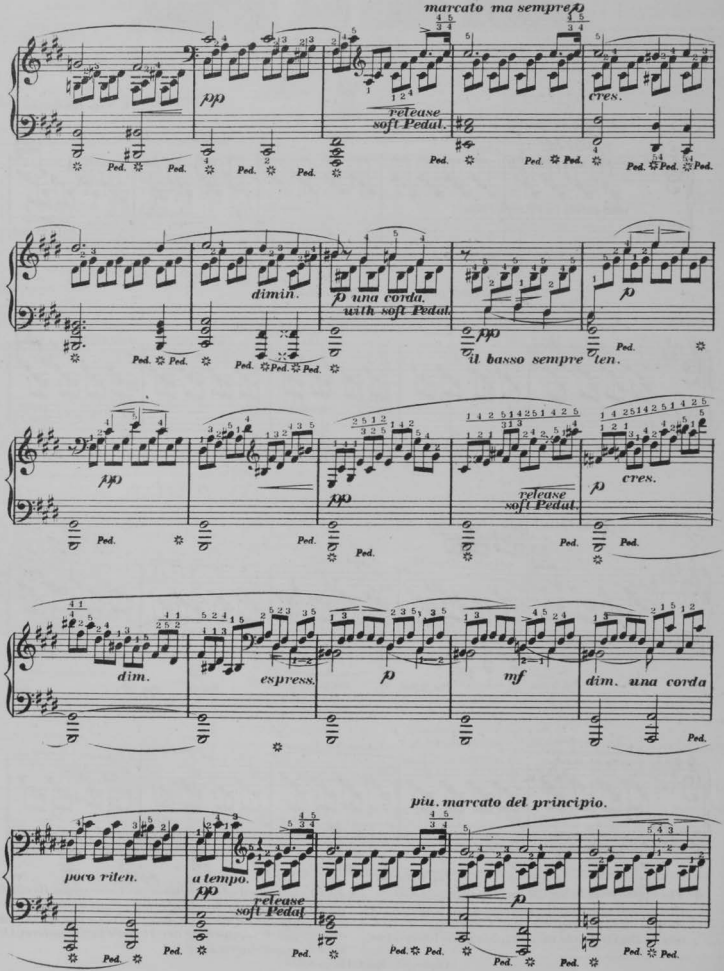
I

L. van Beethoven.



A The upper voice, being the melody, demands a more energetic touch than the accompanying triplet figure, so as to avoid the impression of a doubling of the melody by the first note of the triplets in the lower octave.

A *Es ist klar, dass die Oberstimme als Gesangspartie einen nachdrücklicheren Anschlag erheischt, als die begleitende Triolenfigur und die erste Note der letzteren nie den Eindruck einer Verdoppelung der Melodie in der unteren Oktave hervorbringen darf.*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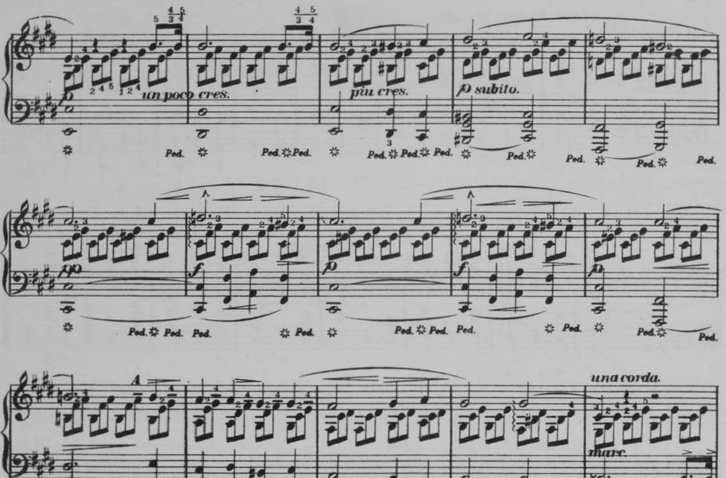
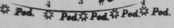
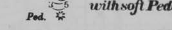
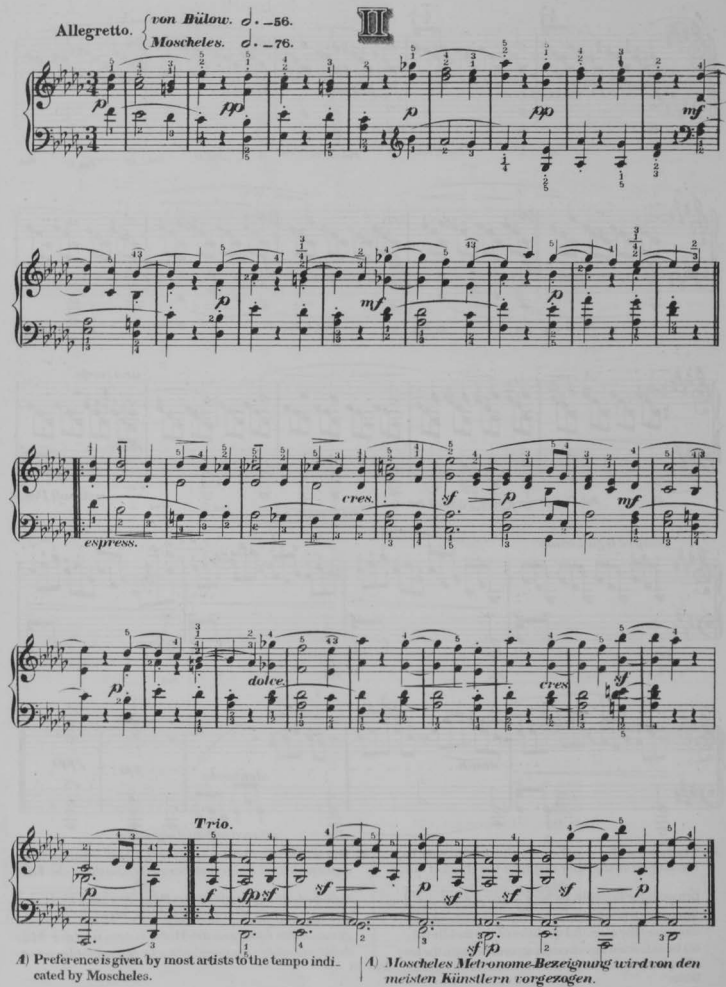
il basso sempre len.
p
pp
pp
release
soft Pedal.
p
cres.
dim.
espress.
p
mf
dim. una corda
più. marcato del principio.
poco riten.
a tempo.
pp
release
soft Pedal
p
Ped.



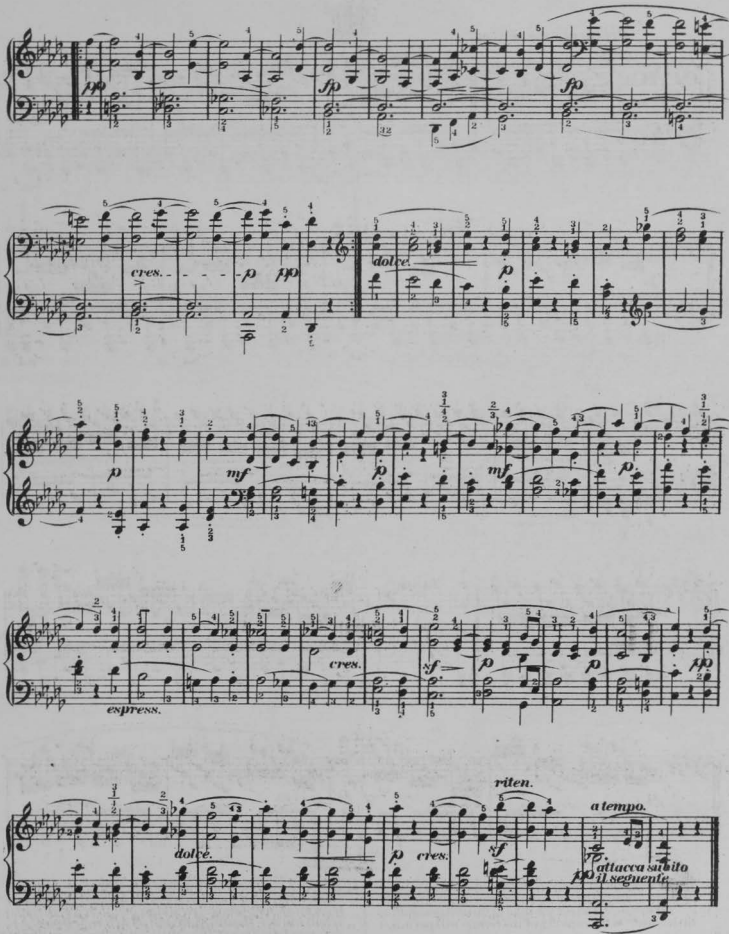
A) **The notes with a small stroke above them may be dwelt upon so that they may have the effect of suspensions, for example:**  **Moreover, it is recommended that, throughout this movement, the essential qualities of the middle voices be extracted therefrom, in accordance with the laws of euphony and of the proper succession of the modulations.**

A) ***Die mit einem kleinen Querstrich bezeichneten Noten eignen sich zu längerem Verweilen, so dass sie Vorhaltsbedeutung empfangen, z.B.***  ***wie überhaupt eine Ausbeutung der Mittelstimmen gemäss den Gesetzen des Wohlklanges und der Modulationenfolge im ganzen Stücke anempfohlen wird.***



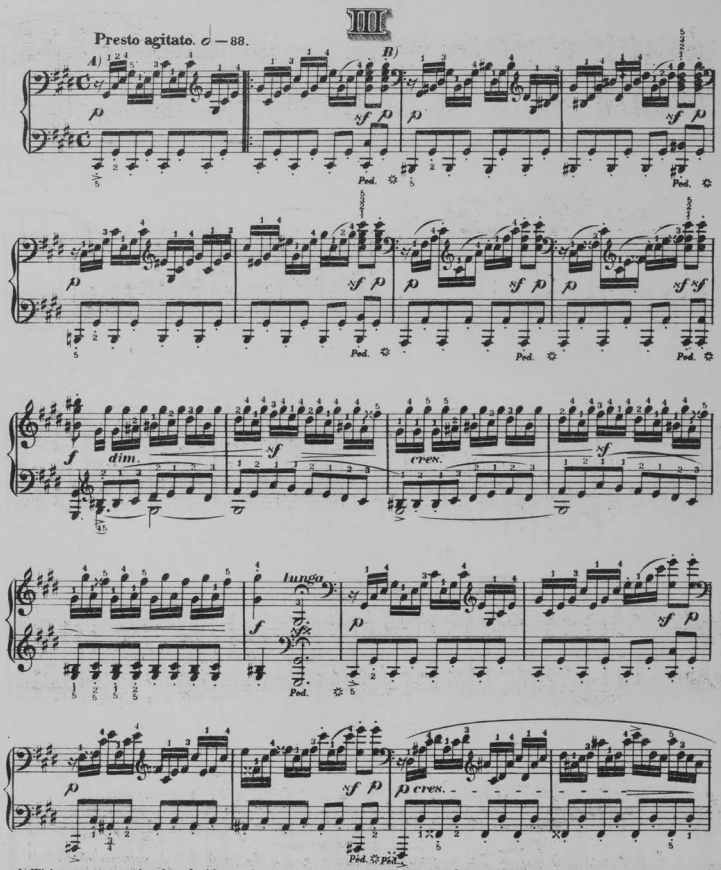
A) Preference is given by most artists to the tempo indicated by Moscheles.

A) *Moscheles Metronome-Bezeignung wird von den meisten Künstlern vorgezogen.*



The immediate following of the Finale is just as indispensable for the general effect as in the first two movements.

Unmittelbarer Anschluss des Finale ist für die Gesammtwirkung ebenso unerlässlich als bei den ersten beiden Sätzen.

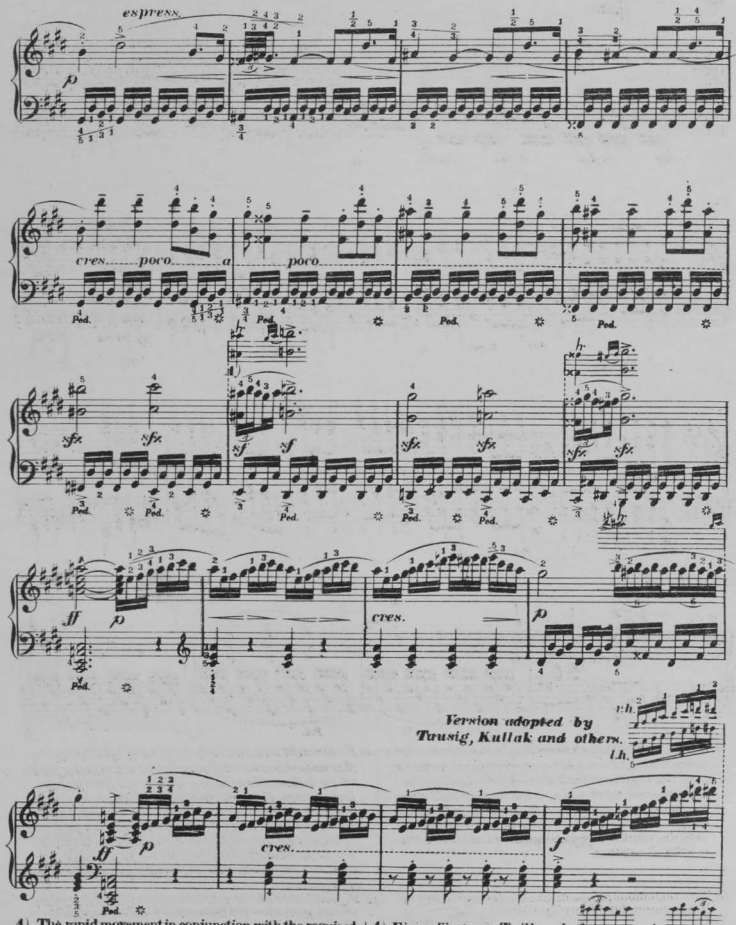


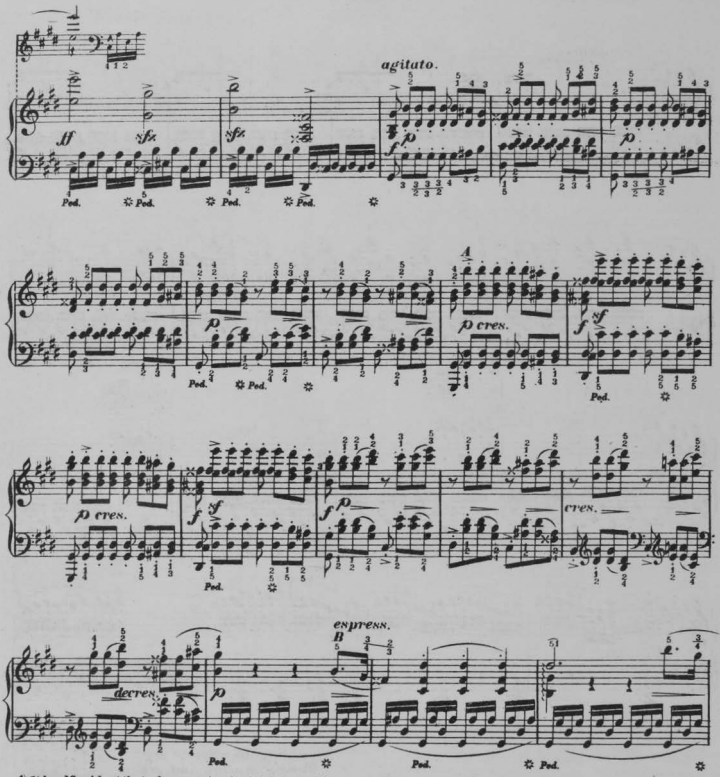
A) This passage must be played with a zephyr-like softness up to the crash of the chord on the fourth quarter of the second measure, and, for the sake of distinctness, with as little *legato* as the rapidity of the *tempo* will permit.

B) The second stroke has only the significance of an echo, the repercussion of the first. The same does not hold in bar eight where it serves to connect the first and second strains.

A) Dieser Lauf muss bis zu dem jähen Schlage auf dem vierten Viertel des zweiten Taktes beinahe geisterhaft leise in gleichmässigstem piano gespielt werden und schon um der Deutlichkeit willen so wenig legato, als es irgend die grosse Raschheit des Zeitmasses gestattet.

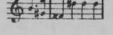
B) Der zweite Schlag hat nur die Bedeutung des Wiederhalls, der Repercussion des ersten. Anders verhält es sich in Takt 8 wegen der Ueberleitung zu Neuem.


espress.
cres. poco a poco.
Ped.
Version adopted by
Tausig, Kullak and others.
l.h.
cres.
A) The rapid movement in conjunction with the required strength scarcely admits of a longer shake than:
or
A) Einen längeren Triller als: oder gestattet die Bewegung im Verein mit der erheischten Kraft schwer.



A) It is self evident that a hammering in strict time of these passionate eighths would be incorrect in an aesthetic sense. The rhythmic significance (due to syncopation) of the second eighth demands that the first half of the bar be slightly retarded and the last half correspondingly accelerated. In this way strict time is preserved as to the whole while due consideration is had to the psychical agitation.

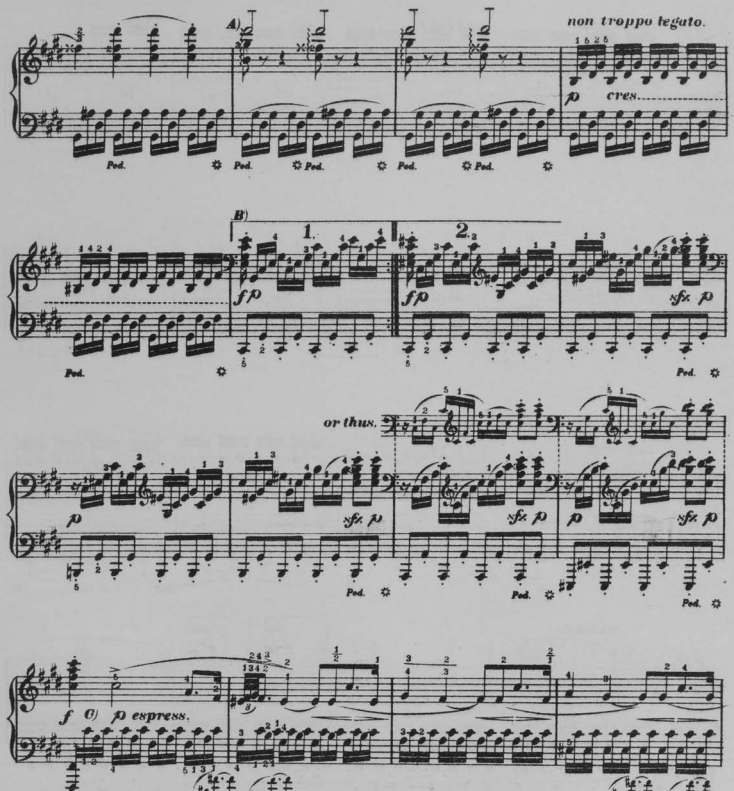
B) This melodious phrase demanding a very feeling interpretation should be played thus:



A) Es versteht sich von selbst, dass ein taktmässiges Herunterhämmern dieser leidenschaftlichen Achtel im ästhetischem Sinne inkorrekt sein würde. Indem man die erste Hälfte des Taktes, wozu namentlich die besondere rhythmische Bedeutung des zweiten Achtels auffordert, gewichtiger (somit freier) spielt, und die zweite Hälfte ein wenig beschleunigt, wird sowohl die Takteinheit als solche gewahrt, als auch der psychischen Erregtheit die gebührende Rücksicht gewährt.

B) Eigentlich ist die, einen überaus innigen Vortrag fordernde melodische Phrase wohl so zu verstehn:

also langathmiger, als sie notirt ist.



A) The literal execution is:

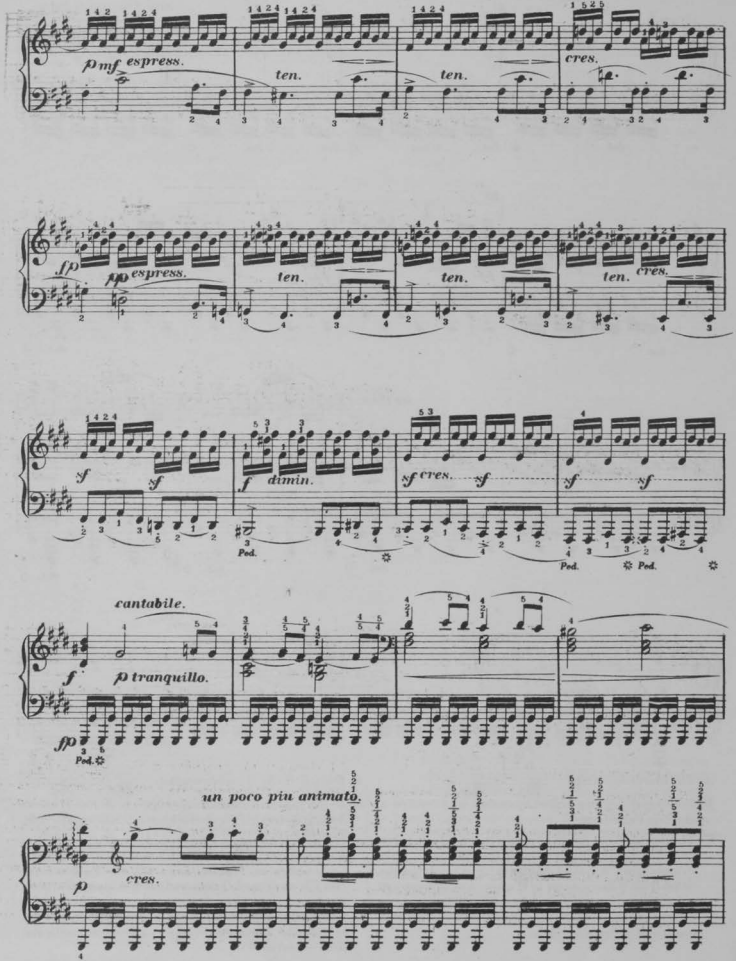
B) In the repetition prescribed by custom we perceive a chilling tautology.

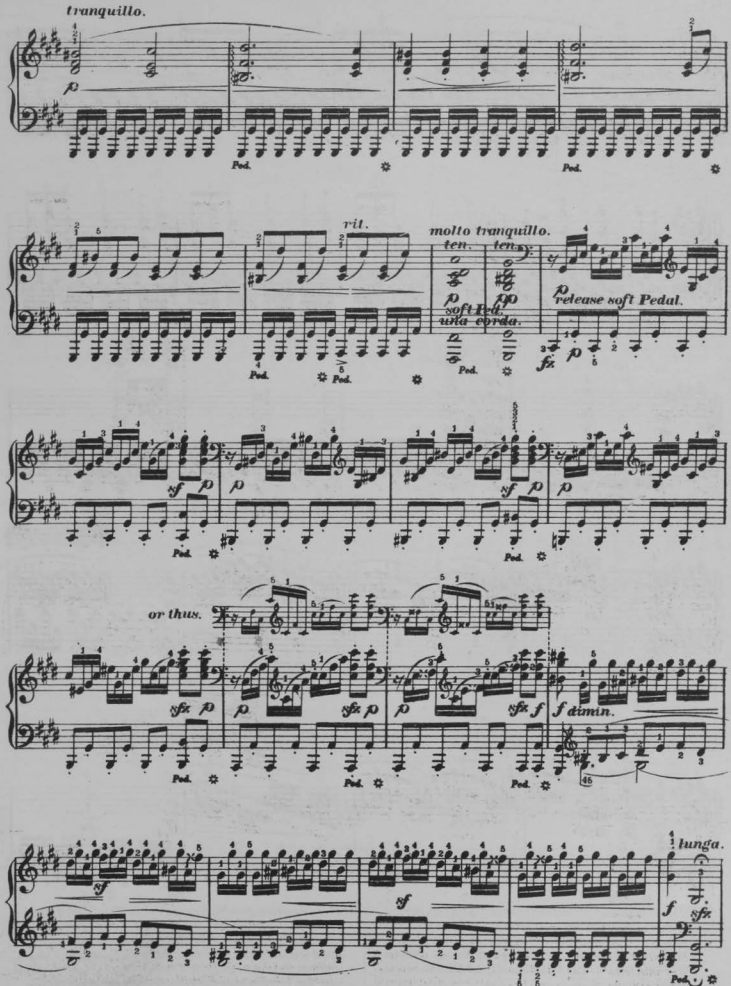
C) The moving passage is to be played here, as also four bars later throughout without accent in the right hand. Only in more important modulations as for example the transition from F sharp minor to G major and back can individual characteristic intervals be made a little more prominent. A change of the passage into an uncertain *Tremolo* is, of course, forbidden.

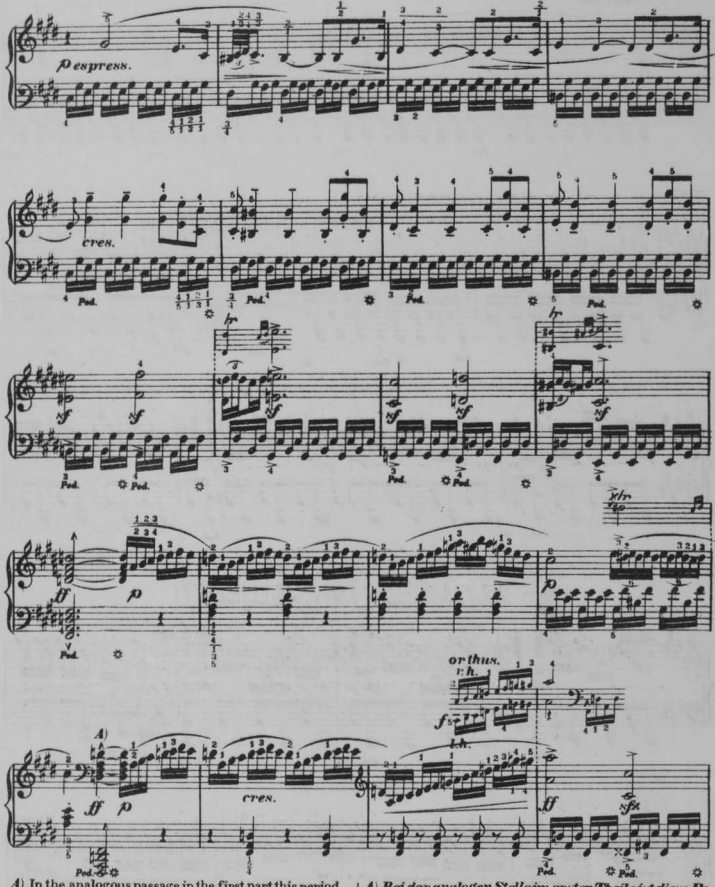
A) *Die wörtliche Ausführung ist:*

B) *In der gewohnheitsmässig vorgeschriebenen Wiederholung des ersten Theils erblicken wir einen kältende Tautologie.*

C) *Die Bewegungsfigur ist hier, wie vier Takte später, in der rechten Hand durchaus accentlos zu spielen, nur bei wichtigeren Modulationen z. B. der Ausweichung von Fis moll nach G dur und zurück können einzelne charakteristische Intervalle ein wenig hervorgehoben werden. Eine Verwandlung der Figur in ein unbestimmtes Tremolo verbietet sich andererseits natürlich von selbst.*

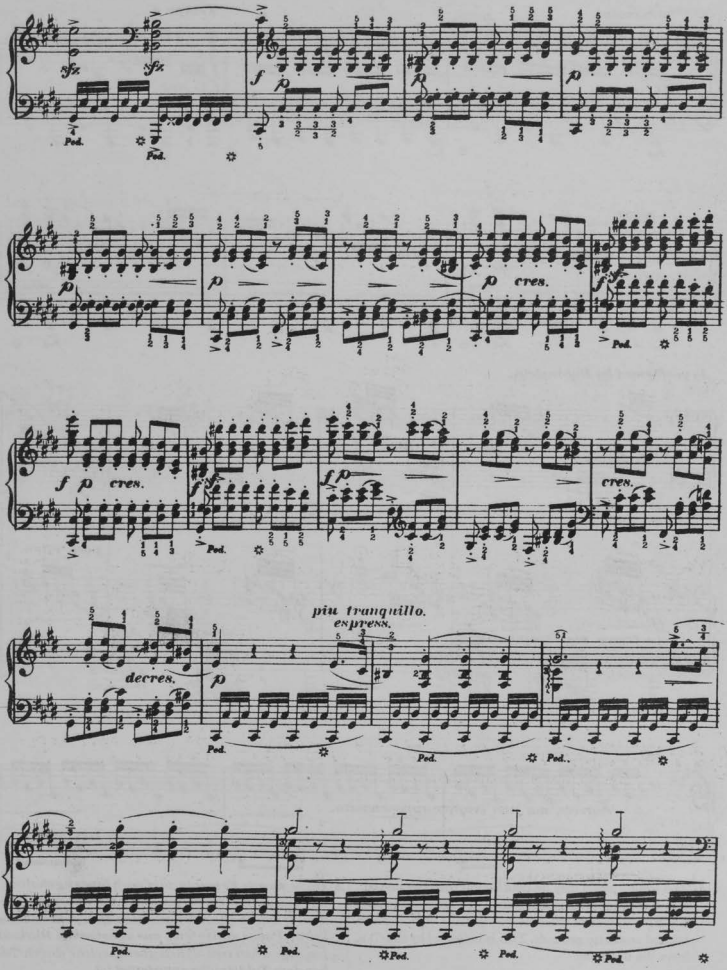

p mf espress.
ten.
ten.
cres.
fp
pp espress.
ten.
ten.
ten.
cres.
sf
sf
f dimin.
sf cres.
sf
sf
sf
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
cantabile.
f
p tranquillo.
fp
Ped.
un poco piu animato.
p
cres.

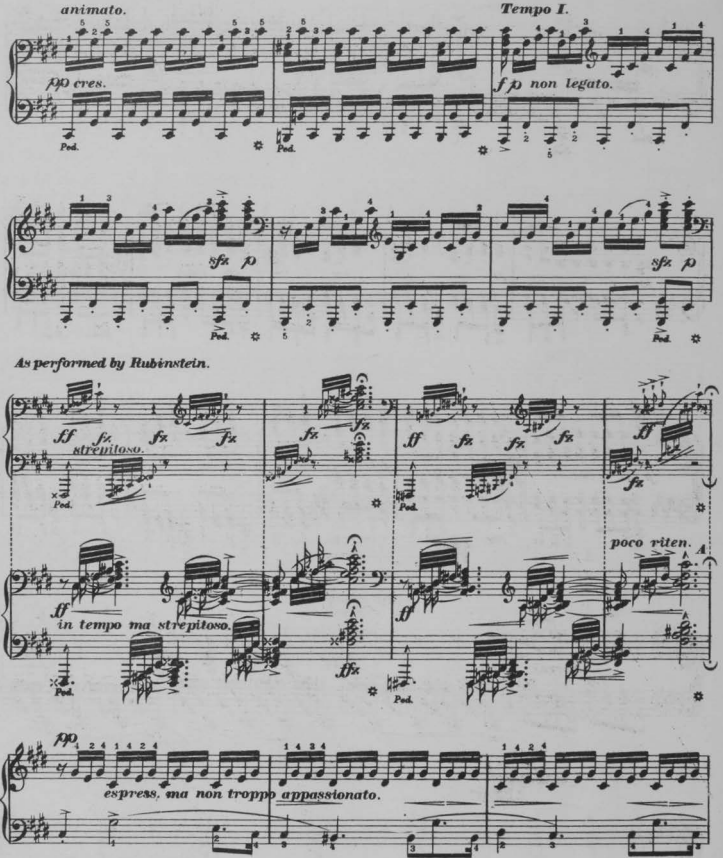

tranquillo.
rit.
molto tranquillo.
ten.
ten.
soft Ped.
una corda.
release soft Pedal.
or thus.
f dimin.
lunga.
Ped.



A) In the analogous passage in the first part this period consists of 4 bars, while here of only 3. There is no reason why the one or other should be altered in favor of a symmetrical pattern. Both are good and a shorter, more concise form is aesthetically justified in repetitions.

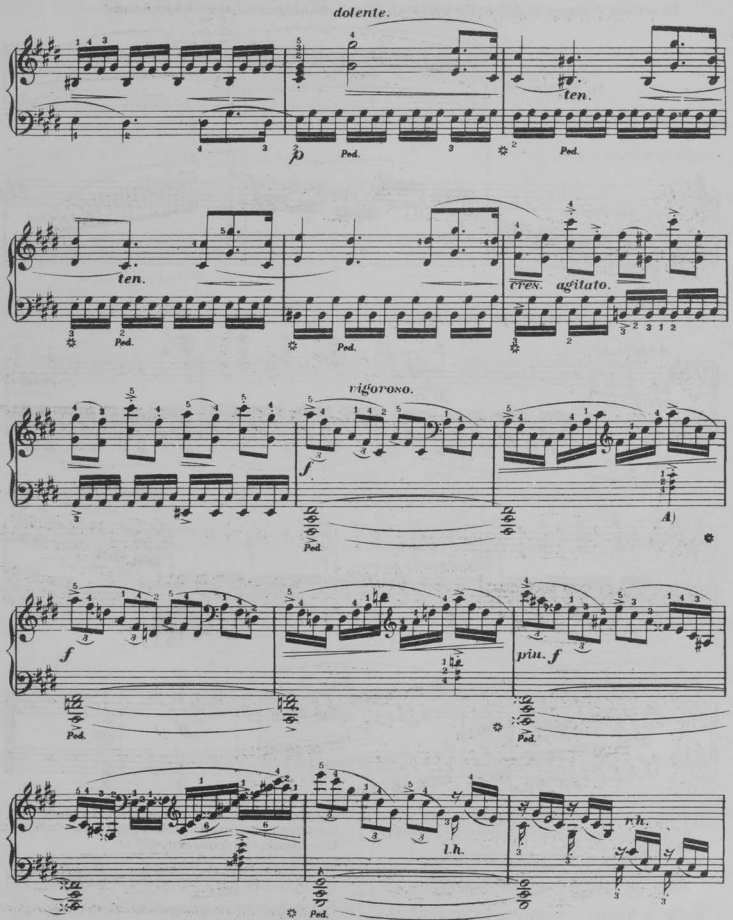
A) Bei der analogen Stelle im ersten Theile ist diese Periode viertaktig während sie hier nur drei Takte einnimmt. Es liegt kein Grund vor, dass Eine oder Andere zu Gunsten gleichmässigen Zuschnittes abzuändern. Beides ist gut, und knappere, concisere Gestaltung bei Wiederholungen ästhetisch gerechtfertigt.


sfz.
sfz.
f
p
Ped.
cres.
f p cres.
decres.
più tranquillo.
espress.



A) The second pause may be held longer than the preceding. A slight rest must also take place before the repetition of the second chief motive, and this on both acoustic and aesthetic grounds. This is indicated by the 𝄐 above the bar line.

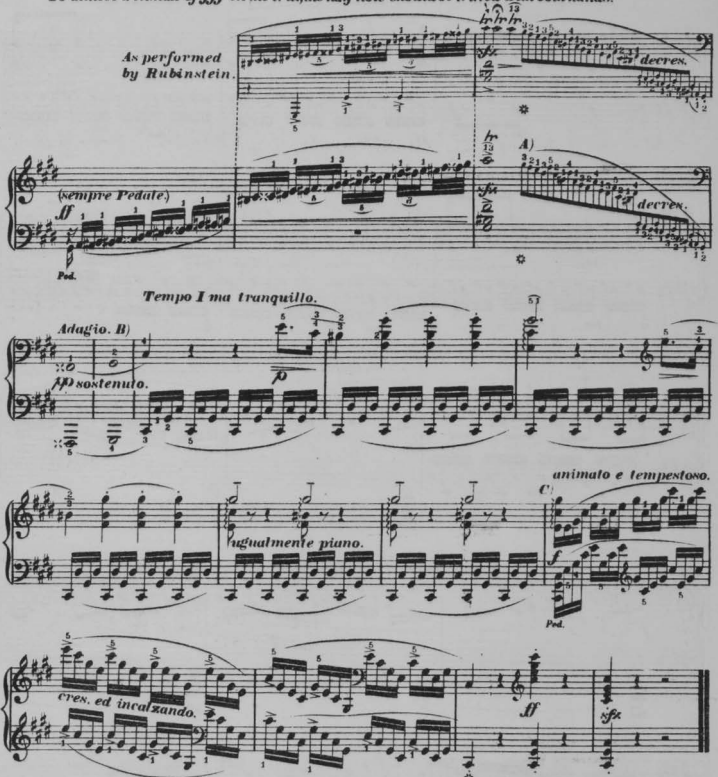
A) Diese zweite Fermate darf noch länger gehalten werden als die vorhergehende. Ferner muss vor dem Wiederbeginn des zweiten Hauptmotivs eine kurze Pause eintreten, aus akustischen Rücksichten, abgesehen von ästhetischen, welche durch 𝄐 über dem Taktstriche angedeutet ist.



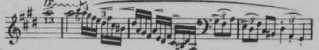
A) There is no impiety in strengthening the accent placed on the fourth quarter by adding chords to the left hand; according to the analogy of D minor Sonate Op. 31. № 2. (first movement) it is not even contrary to the letter of the composer.

A) *In der Verstärkung eines nach Anlogie der D moll Sonate Op. 31. № 2. (erster Satz) dem vierten Viertel ertheilten Accentes durch Accordgriffe der linken Hand liegt keine Impietät, auch nicht gegen den Buchstaben des Tondichters.*

To achieve a climax of fff on the trill, the half note should be trilled with both hands.



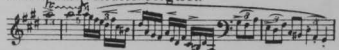
A) The Editor executes this cadence rhythmically in the following manner by which the necessary *Ritardando* follows as of course.



B) Adagio: twice as slow as the *Presto* movement, but not more.

C) A *Crescendo* must be avoided in the preceding bars. The *forte* must come in very suddenly. In this manner we once again obtain a miniature picture of the chief motives: the deep melancholy of the *Adagio*, the wild despair of the *Finale*.

A) Der Herausgeber führt diese Cadenz rhythmisch folgendermassen aus, wodurch sich das nothwendige Ritardando von selbst ergiebt.

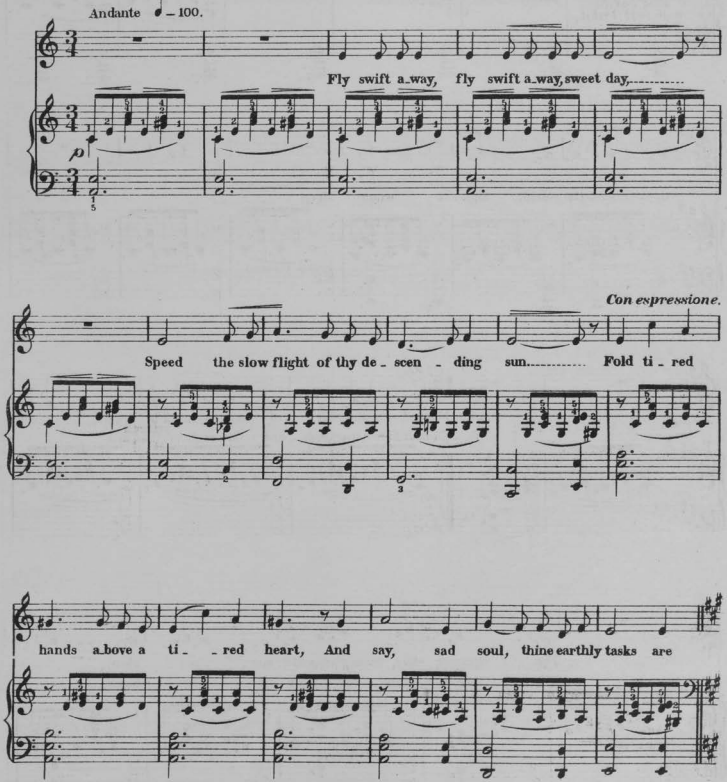


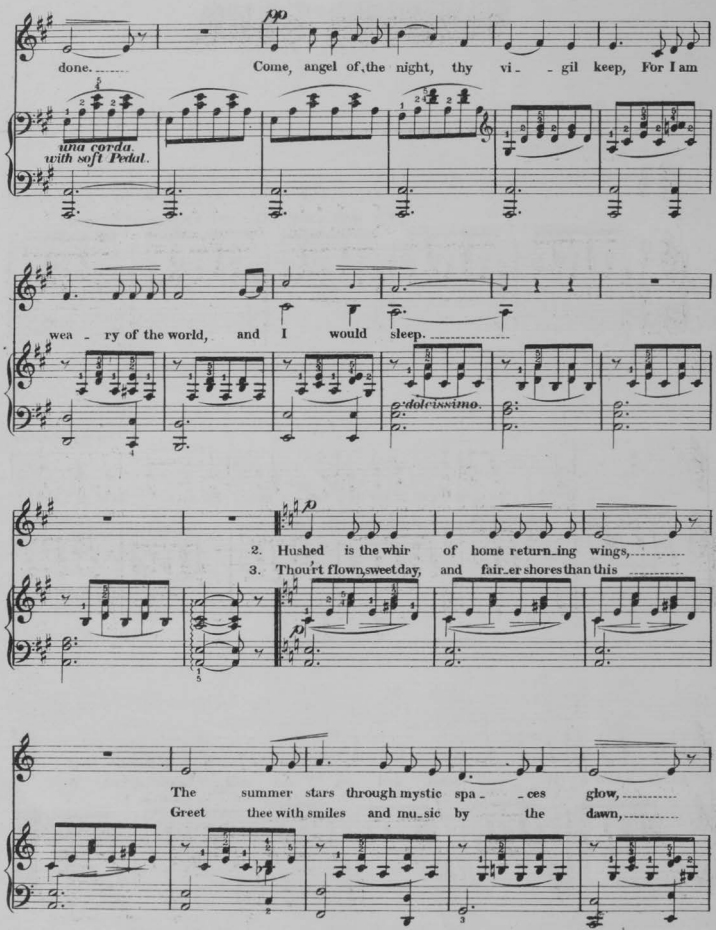
B) Adagio: doppelt so langsam als die Presto bewegung, nicht langsamer.

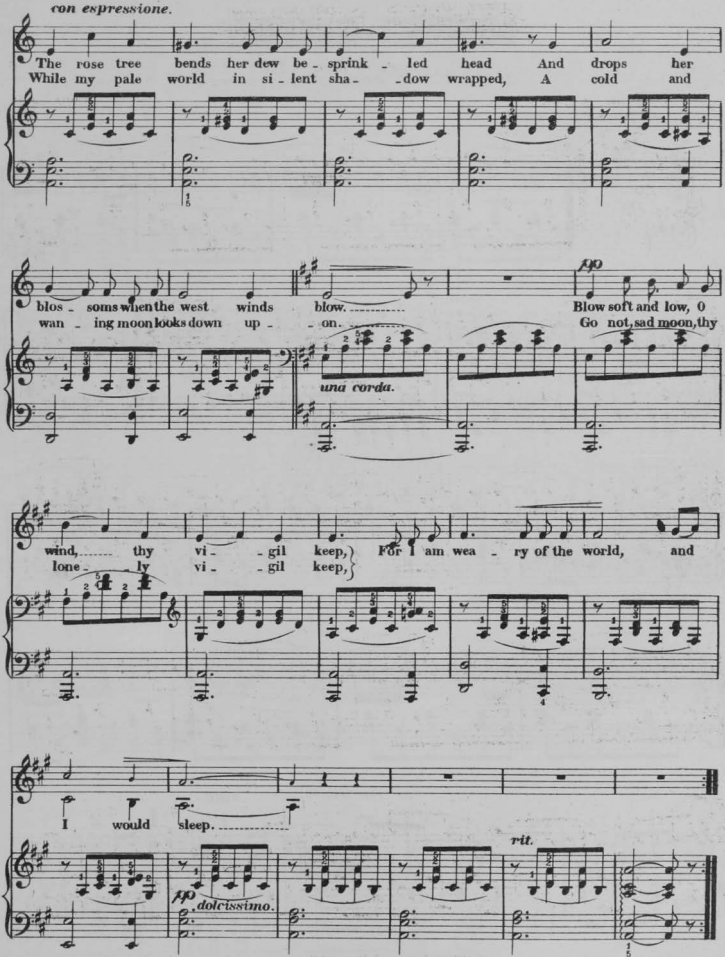
C) Man vermeide ein Crescendo in den vorhergehende Takten. Das Forte muss jählplötzlich eintreten, wodurch wir im Kleinen noch einmal das Bild der Hauptsätze erlangen. die tiefe Schwermuth des Adagio, die wilde Verzweiflung des Finale.

SLUMBER SONG.

Poem by L. A. Mc. Gaffey. Music by E. R. Kroeger.




done.
Come, angel of the night, thy vi - gil keep, For I am
una corda.
with soft Pedal.
wea - ry of the world, and I would sleep.
dolcissimo.
2. Hushed is the whir of home return-ing wings,
3. Thou'rt flown, sweet day, and fair-er shores than this
The summer stars through mystic spa - ces glow,
Greet thee with smiles and mu-sic by the dawn,

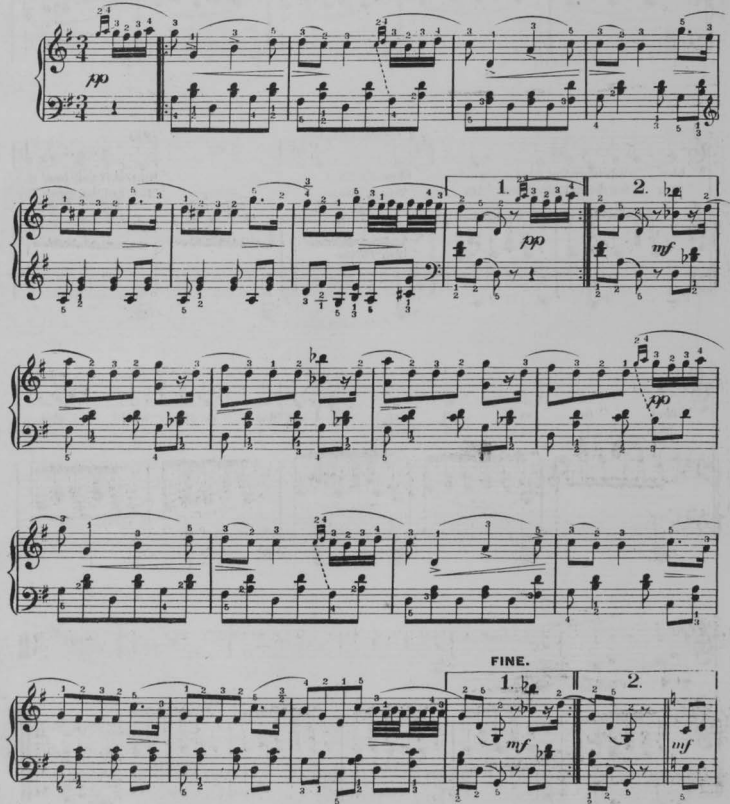

con espressione.
The rose tree bends her dew be - sprink - led head And drops her
While my pale world in si - lent sha - - dow wrapped, A cold and
blos - soms when the west winds blow.
wan - ing moon looks down up - - on.
una corda.
pp
Blow soft and low, 0
Go not, sad moon, thy
wind, thy vi - - gil keep, For I am wea - ry of the world, and
lone - ly vi - - gil keep,
I would sleep.
pp dolcissimo.
rit.

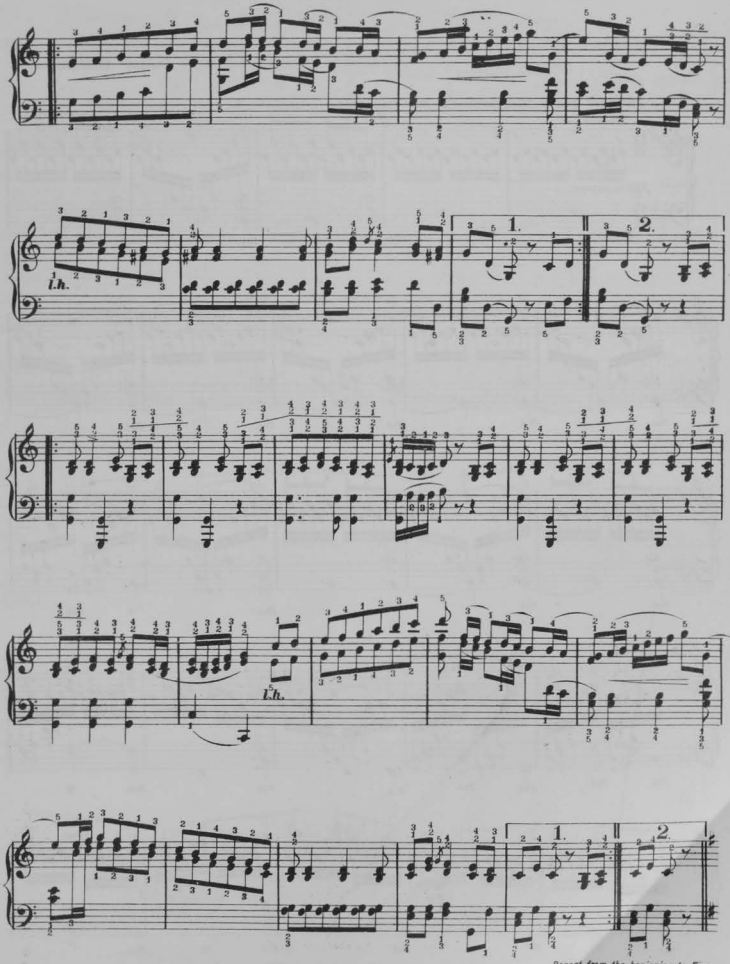
MENUET CÉLÈBRE.

(de Boccherini.)

Carl Sidus. Op. 121.

Moderato. ♩ = 88.

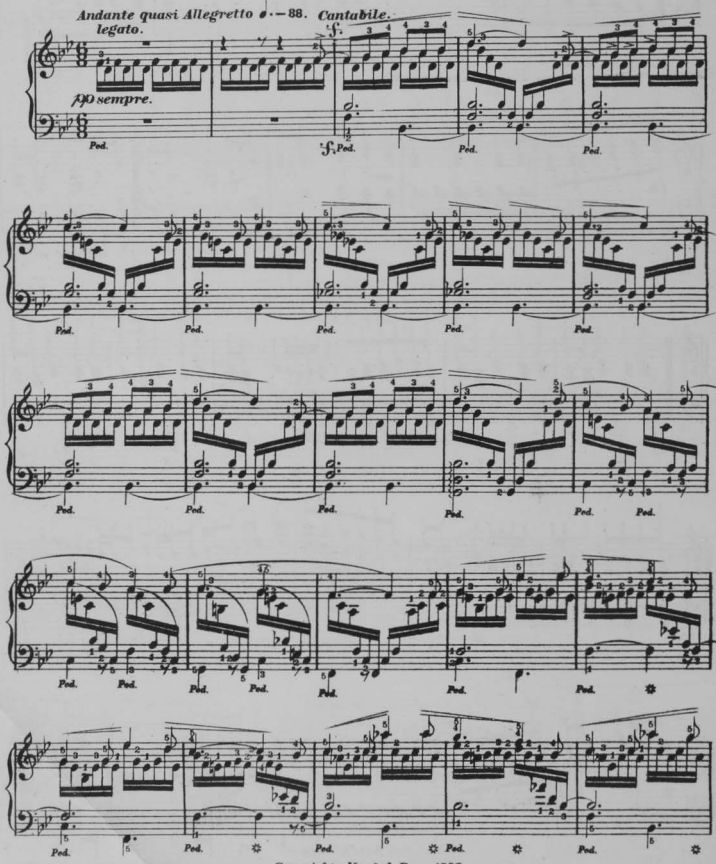


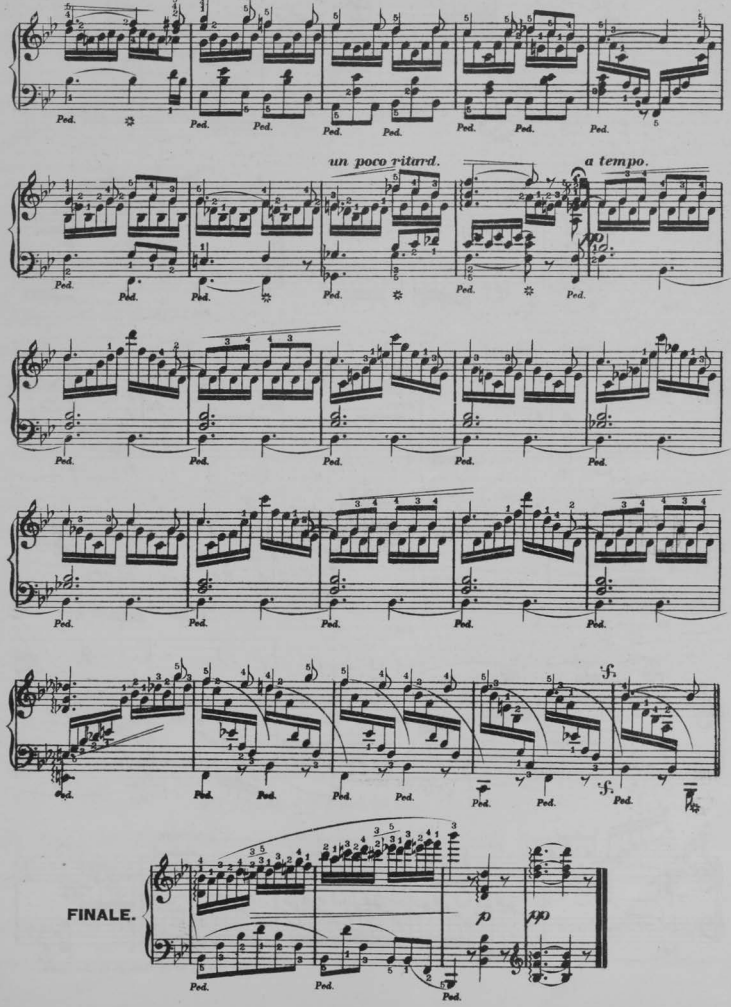


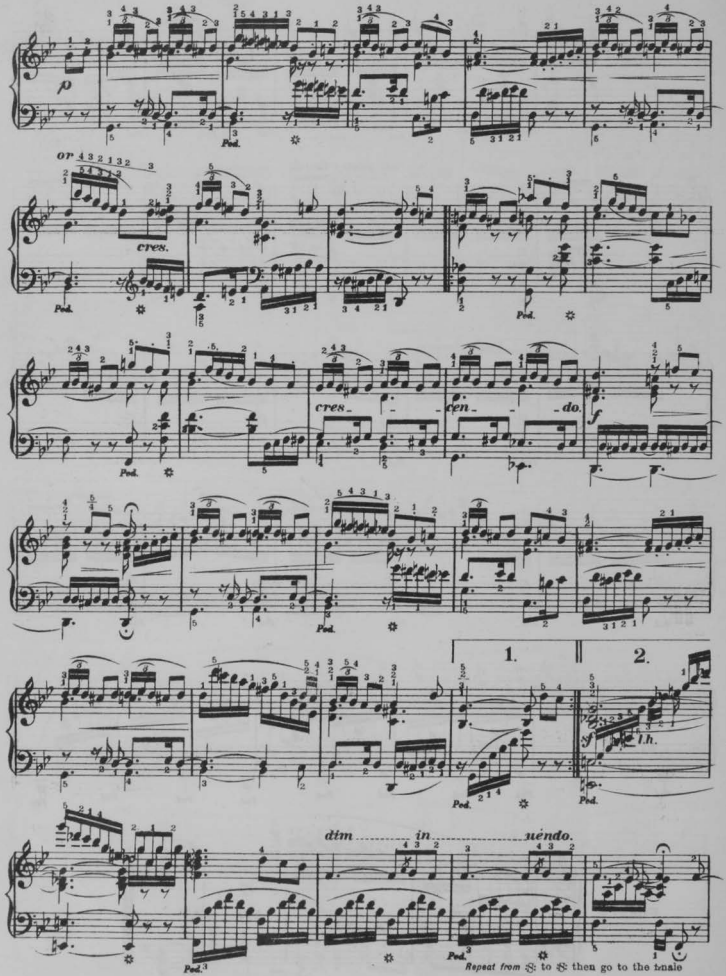
Repeat from the beginning to Fine.

SPINNERLIED.

Gustav Hollaender.




un poco ritard.
a tempo.
FINALE.


p
cres.
cres. cen. do.
f
1.
2.
l.h.
dim. in. uéndo.
Repeat from 𝄋 to 𝄋 then go to the finale

TRADE NOTES.

MESSRS. J. & C. FISCHER write us: "Business since the late labor troubles, in the piano trade has been very fair, considering the season of the year; and prospects look good for a large fall trade, if things are not again disturbed. Uprights in mahogany and walnut are being ordered about as freely as rosewood, which shows the growing taste of the people for more enduring woods.

IF YOU WANT to know what musicians think of the new Grovesteen and Fuller Pianos, writes Geo. W. Carter, General Manager of the company. Read what a well known Boston authority says about them:

BOSTON, April 12, 1886.

FRIEND CARTER:—I have seen your new piano style 7, made by the "*Grovesteen & Fuller Piano Co.*" They are well made instruments. You may send me one for my use at "My Home." Also one to "Madam Ninesset," Boston, Mass. I find them very agreeable in action to the touch, and a fine volume of tone which is superior to many others I have used.

Truly yours, JOS A. WILLS.
Room 40, Lawrence Building, 149 A Tremont St.

AUGUSTUS BAUS & CO., have issued the following circular to the trade:

"AUGUSTUS BAUS & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF SUPERIOR PIANO FORTES, 58 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET.

NEW YORK, June 17, 1886.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS:—We regret to announce to you the destruction of our factory, 251 East 23d Street, by fire, yesterday afternoon. The building and stock therein was entirely consumed, and hence necessitates our asking your kind indulgence in the fulfilment of your valued orders.

We are negotiating for a new building, and shall start up with as little loss of time as possible, and as we have our Case factory, 406 & 408 East 30th Street, well stocked with cases, we expect to be ready to fill your orders in about a month or six weeks. We beg to remain, very truly yours.

AUGUSTUS BAUS & CO.

BAUS & CO. have the sympathy of the entire trade, and what is better still their confidence. It is only a question of a few weeks, doubtless before the firm's projected new factory will be in full operation.

HERZ IN SAN FRANCISCO, A. D. 1849.

HERZ was, in 1849, at San Francisco, then far from being the great city it now is, when I one day was waited on by a deputation of *amateurs*. They came to beg me to play at a little place to which the name of Venezia had been given. It was not *Venezia la Bella*; on the contrary. But I had no right to be fastidious in a country in course of formation. I may add that I was promised the receipts in gold dust, after the true Californian fashion. So I accepted the invitation. On arriving from Sacramento at Venezia, in the evening of the concert, I found the building filled with an audience such as I had never seen before, and shall probably never see again. There was not a woman in the room (perhaps there was not one in all Venezia). On the other hand, there was a motley pit of men of all colors and all nations, white, black, yellow, and red; Europeans, Africans, Malagachians, Indians, and Chinese, wholly or half clad in materials of every hue and kind, the red flannel of the inhabitants of the "placer" predominating, however. I advanced boldly on the platform prepared for me. I was greeted with long, sharp whistles, enhanced by vigorous kicking on the floor, that being the way—I do not know if it is now changed—of applauding artists held in very high esteem. Bowing before the flattering storm of whistling and glory-bestowing kicks, I was going to sit down at the piano. What was my amazement, after looking about for it everywhere, to perceive that the piano had been forgotten! There are, perhaps, cooks skillful enough to make hare-*ragout* without hare; but I never knew a pianist who could play the piano without a piano. The public saw my embarrassment, and soon understood the cause. Immense roars of laughter resounded from all parts. A facetious gentleman, a Yankee, said to me in English: "Well, sing us something, as you have no piano." At this unexpected but good-humored request, the Chinese, Malagachians, negroes, red-skins, and skins more or less white, writhed with delight on the benches, and all repeated it in chorus. In five or six different languages, and each in his own way, all cried out: "Yes, yes; sing, sing!" I kept my presence of mind. When the mad excitement had calmed down somewhat, I addressed my audience and said: "Is there not among the honorable gentlemen, who have done me the honor of coming to hear me play the piano, any one who knows a person who would lend me such an instrument?" A miner in a red shirt stood up and said: "There is a piano in the house of a Portuguese on the hill, four miles off. I know him. He is a good chap, and if a few fellows with a will choose to come along with me, in two hours the piano will be here." These words excited an amount of enthusiasm difficult to describe, and twenty *amateurs* offered to go and fetch the Portuguese's piano, which would have to be carried on their backs. Ten of them set out with the friend of the Portuguese. The public and I chatted in a friendly way about all kinds of things while we were awaiting the arrival of the piano. At last it appeared, carried by the *amateurs*, who were received with a warmth which I leave to the imagination of the reader. It was placed on the platform. But, alas, what a thing it was! An old English instrument of six octaves, three of which were useless. What was to be done? Determined to bear up against my bad fortune, I sat down, with a smile on my lips, before the aught but veritable ruin. I did my best, availing myself of all that was available. Never in my professional career have I achieved such another brilliant success.—HENRI HERZ.

GOETHE AND BEETHOVEN.

IT is really a remarkable fact that in his memoirs Goethe does not once mention Beethoven's name. The only occasion of reference being made to the master is in a letter addressed to Zelter, director of the Berlin Sing-Academie, for whom Goethe felt esteem, a fact which only his want of appreciation of music explains. Here is what he wrote to Zelter from Carlsbad, under date of the 2d September, 1812, that is to say, a few days after the adventure we have narrated:

"At Teplitz I made the acquaintance of Beethoven; his talent astonished me prodigiously; unfortunately, he is an untamable being. He considers the world a detestable invention. His point of view is perhaps just, but it is not calculated to render life more tolerable to himself and those with whom he associates. We must, however, excuse and pity him, for he is completely losing his hearing, a misfortune more prejudicial to him as affecting his relations to society than even to his art. Already very laconic by disposition, he will become still more so through this calamity."

Yet this untamable being, this clown, this boor, could occasionally draw in his claws, as evidenced by the following charming note to a ten-year-old *virtuosa*, who had written to express her admiration and begging his acceptance of a pocket-book she had embroidered for him:

"My good and dear Emily, my dainty little friend, you have been kept waiting for the answer to your letter. A host of things to be done and my continuous indisposition must be my excuse; my presence, moreover, here, at Teplitz, whither I came to set my shattered health right again, proves sufficiently that I am not using a mean evasion.

"Do not tear their laurel wreath from Handel, Haydn and Mozart, to offer it to me, my dear child; they are a thousand times more worthy of it than I am. As for your pocket-book, I shall preserve it with other tokens of esteem which I have not yet sufficiently deserved.

"Continue to work; do not be content with studying music superficially, but endeavor to penetrate into its secrets. It is worth the effort, for it is art and science alone which can raise us to what is divine.

"If you form a wish which I can satisfy, my dear Emily, apply frankly to me; a true artist does not disdain the humble. As he knows, art is infinite and has no limits; in the darkness surrounding him, he feels only too well the enormous distance separating him from his goal. Consequently, while others admire him, he himself grieves and mourns at not being able to reach those sublime regions where, from afar, he beholds the bright sunshine which it is the dream of his genius to conquer.

"Of course, I would gladly come and see you, for I prefer begging the hospitality of your modest house than that of many an opulent noble, whose heart frequently conceals naught but poverty. If ever I come to H——, you may rely on my taking refuge with your family. In my eyes, men possess no superiority but such as virtue assures them. I love to be among good, honest folk, for then I am happy."

What would Goethe have said, had he known the above? Would he not have been obliged to confess that the wild beast whom he had beheld springing fiercely about could, if necessary, be very gentle? As for me, when I see Beethoven adopt so kindly a tone, and soften down the thunders of his voice to the most delicate harmony, I fancy I hear *Bottom* claiming the most contrary parts in the cast of "Pyramus and Thisbe." "Let me play the lion, too; I will roar that it will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar that I will make the *Duke* say, 'Let him roar again; let him roar again.'" Whereto *Quince* replies: "And you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all." "I grant you, friends," rejoins *Bottom*, "if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale."

AT the sixty-first annual Festival of the Lower Rhine, held at Cologne last month, the following were the principal works which obtained a hearing:—Handel's "Belshazzar," Bach's Cantata, "Ein feste Burg," Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in E flat, Brahm's New Symphony, portions of a Te Deum by Willner, and fragments from Wagner's "Parsifal." The performances were conducted by Dr. Franz Wuliner, the worthy successor at Cologne of the late Ferdinand Hiller. There was the usual numerous attendance from all parts of Germany and other countries.

FISH CHARMED BY MUSIC.

FISH Commissioner Bartlett, of Illinois, has long been under the impression that fish, though they have no perceptible ears, have the faculty of feeling—that is, the sense of touch—so strongly developed as to be able not only to feel noises, but to distinguish by the difference in vibrations of the sound-waves the difference between mere chaotic noise and rhythmic music. It was while reading the story of Orpheus and Eurydice that Colonel Bartlett formed this theory, for, as he said to himself, and reasonably, too, why should the fish of the sea come up to hear Orpheus' lyre, though they had never been known to come up to hear the greater sound of battles fought on the seashore or on the sea? For many years Colonel Bartlett has been quietly making experiments, and he is now so far advanced in knowledge of the subject as to be able to say without fear of contradiction that no music is more thoroughly appreciated by fish than that of the human voice, nor are the louder tones so attractive to the finny tribes as the lower and sweeter ones. For the benefit of a reporter who recently visited Quincy for the purpose of making inquiry into this subject, Colonel Bartlett invited Mr. W., a singer of great renown, to accompany them in a boat early in the morning before the noises of the day had begun.

"Now," said Colonel Bartlett, handing to the reporter the tube of his aquascope—the wonderful instrument through which the commissioner views submarine scenes—"now, as Mr. W. sings, you watch the actions of the fish."

Mr. W. sang a portion of that delightful old song "Genevieve," and as the low tones of his melodious voice floated down upon the water tiny wavelets could be seen (so powerful is the aquascope) rippling in rhythmic distances towards the bottom of the bay, and as these waves passed over and among the bass, pickerel, pike, crappies, etc., which were moving about in the water the fish paused as if in listening attitudes, and after remaining each a few seconds in utter motionlessness, slowly and carefully turned first upon their sides, then broadly on their backs, and thus remained as long as the singing continued. Colonel Bartlett explains this, saying that the under side of a fish, being soft and without the bony scales which protect the back, is more sensitive to the sound waves. After the Commissioner's theory had been very clearly demonstrated he was asked what practical benefit could arise from all his study in this direction.

"That ought to be apparent," said Col. Bartlett. "First, it demonstrates to the fisherman that if he would catch fish he must be careful that there are no rhythmic sounds within hearing of them. Above all he must not sing. Nor should he cast his hooks in the neighborhood of any mill or machine shop wherein the noise of the engines or machinery is rhythmical, for, as you have seen, when the fish are enjoying the music they will not bite. There is an old saying that swearing men catch no fish. Whoever discovered that might have gone on and developed my theory if he had stopped to think that it is their musical flow makes them attractive to the acute sense of fish."

PROGRESS OF MODERN FRENCH MUSIC IN AMERICA.

WE modestly take it for granted, says the *American Art Journal*, that, in matters of art at least, New York represents the United States. Moreover, and so long as we have not a definite art of our own, New York, we should say, represents Europe. The general tendency of music and the signs of the times yonder can best be predicted from our doings here. The materials furnished in Europe are sifted in our cosmopolitan city. The numbers given in Paris, London, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Milan are added here. From the sum exhibited by our calculators, the result of artistic activity in Europe becomes as clear as fact, as incontrovertible as truth itself; and they, on the other side of the Atlantic, really learn from us who are the winners among them in the race for fame. From the history of music in New York within a few years, and particularly from the experience of the season just elapsed, our readers will admit with us, what to us has been evident for some time—that French music is fast gaining a supremacy. It has forced itself on the programmes of last year, in spite of national antipathies and school prejudices, and it should indeed be said to the credit of Germans, in whose hands are pretty exclusively held all musical enter-

prises in New York, that the frequent presentation of French works to the public is due to the candid recognition on their part of the fact which we mention. Our conductors apparently share the opinion recently expressed by Von Bülow, that art has no country and belongs to the world at large. This is a praiseworthy liberality calculated to divest monopolism of its worst features.

Is the success of French music to-day one of those temporary advantages that the weaker may gain in any fight, the flickering luminousness of the dying light, the last floating of the drowning body? Is it accidental and due to extraneous causes which, once removed, all will be over; or has French music a natural growth of its own, whose excellent fruitage is but the legitimate result of a healthy development? French music has always been characterized by *originality* and *dramatic expression*. That originality was less affected by Italian influence than the music of any other nation, Mozart and Haydn first, and later Meyerbeer, showing stronger Italian traces than Monsigny, Gretry, Berton, Boïeldieu, Auber or Halévy. The decided *dramatic expression* of French music has, on the contrary, been imitated advantageously by all foreigners. Rossini would never have written *William Tell* had it not been for the French stage, and without the French stage Meyerbeer might never have abandoned his first Italian manner, and given to the world the masterpieces which will immortalize his name. No reflecting mind will deny that, even in the case of Wagner, sojourn in Paris and through familiarity with the scenic splendors and mechanical contrivances of the French opera had much to do with the conception of his *musical drama*, in which scenery and stage effects have more than their full share. As to Wagner's music, the effect of which has been felt through the whole world, in France as well as elsewhere, it must be remembered that Berlioz preceded him. Only Berlioz did not carry his theories on the stage. But indirectly the French imitators of Wagner are still the disciples of their great countryman, whose priority and eminence in the revolution, which has brought about the so-called music of the future, should not be ignored and cannot be contested.

Eight or nine years ago, Mr. Christiani, of Hamburg, went from New York to Leipzig, to study instrumentation. We heard him say, on his return, that there, in the German Athens, it was universally conceded that the best, most systematic and complete school of composition in the world was the French Conservatory. "We only wonder," he said, "how it is that, with the knowledge which they must have, French musicians do not write more seriously." To which it might have been answered that, original though it was, opera bouffe was certainly a very poor form of originality, but probably the only one fit for a nation enervated by years of rotten imperialism, when it had been impossible for luxurious inactivity to find any form of dramatic expression, just as it was to pass that, under an all-silencing militarism, silly fun and lackadaisical sentimentality were to be the only resources left, nine years later, to the majority of German composers. Solidly rooted in a searching scientific aptitude that the French have always shown in all fields of knowledge, and to which they owe their superior school of composition, French music has, besides, in its essential and unswerving originality, and more than all, in its power of musical expression, the best requisites for unlimited progress, and for genuine success, both among the masses and with musicians.

We are glad, moreover, to see by our exchanges than an extraordinary movement in the right direction is taking place in Italy. This we do not infer from statistics telling us that in the last nine years 600 new operas were produced there, an average of thirty-six yearly. It would prove, at least, that interest in music is not on the wane. But that it has already improved in character, we know through Verdi, Boito, Ponchielli. That it will not be confined to a few composers, and is fast pervading the public, which, after all, establishes the demand for better goods, we can not have a doubt, when we read of the success of Wagner's operas throughout Italy. *Rienzi, Tannhauser, Lohengrin, The Flying Dutchman, The Master Singers* have been given to the delight of large audiences, and to the great profit of opera managers. Italian critics are converted to the new style; they are enthusiastic. All these are undoubtedly most encouraging signs. Indeed, some of us may yet see the time when to Italy, the land of song, will belong the honor of presenting in a beautiful shape Wagner's theories purified of their ugly eccentricities. We hope that Verdi's *Iago*, which is definitely to be produced next January in Milan, will partly realize our dream.

To one of the editors of the *Gaulois* Verdi said lately: "My work is almost finished. The libretto of my friend Boito is a wonderful adaptation of Shakespeare's drama. Contrary to my habits of the past, I have written this opera according to my ideas and inspiration, with no reference to the artists who are to interpret the principal rôles. Another particularity, there will be no divertissement, no ballet. This would have interrupted the movement of the drama, and I did not hesitate in breaking with the tradition. The orchestra and choruses have important parts; but I gave great attention to the stage, which will have its full development." Does not this read like an exposition of Wagner's system? We are anxious to see how far Verdi carried out his programme, and whether *Iago* will prove an advance on *Aida*.

However it may be, and with the signs before us, we may have faith in the regeneration of Italian art. By the way, we can realize how powerful must have been the Berlioz-Wagner musical revolution, which produced in Verdi the phenomenon of a double man, so to speak, who once the most famous exponent of music at its worst stage of degeneracy, could be converted as by magic into the harbinger of the new era in his own country. Croakers and ill-wishers to the contrary, we believe that the Latin races, to which art owes already so much, are yet to benefit it. France is taking care of herself and smoothly sailing in the right track. There is no reason why, with their serious record of the past, the descendents of Marcello, Durante, Peroglese and Cherubini would not accept the conditions of intellectuality introduced of late years in music. If they sinned, and they did sin, it was through the excess of qualities too exclusively indulged. Passionate warmth and exuberant emotion, the very rocks on which they wrecked, are in themselves artistic possessions of the highest value. Once disciplined to the soberer modern requisites, Italians will soon resume their position in the musical world. Should Wagner's operas be doomed to mould forever forgotten in the archives of public libraries, he will be blessed by future generations, if not as the greatest composer, certainly as the greatest opera reformer and benefactor that ever lived.

SAINT-SAENS' NEW SYMPHONY.

THE new C-minor Symphony, written by Saint-Saëns for the London Philharmonic was produced at the fifth concert of that society on Wednesday evening, May 26th, under the direction of the author. Of the work and its performance the *London Sunday Times*, says:

This, it may at once be said, is not a work to be judged after a solitary hearing. M. Saint-Saëns is perhaps the most advanced of the the modern school of composers, and his latest effort also exemplifies the latest stage of his development. It is certainly unlike any symphony that has yet been written. Beethoven, in his ninth and last symphony, and in his Choral Fantasia, introduced vocal effects into nominally instrumental works; but M. Saint-Saëns has eschewed the human voice in favor of the two instruments of his predilection, namely, the organ and piano-forte, both of which are included in the score of his new work. In the matter of form, again, he has departed from recognized precedent. He declares, in the brief analytical remarks supplied by himself for the present performance, that his symphony, although divided into two movements, nevertheless contains in principle the traditional four. It may contain them in principle, but it hardly does in fact. The theme, the striking, agitated principal subject of the first movement pervades more or less the entire work and helps to lend it, I must confess, the character of a vast rhapsody or fantasia, rather than a symphony. Leaving this question for the moment to acknowledge the masterly skill and resource displayed by the French composer in his manipulation of the orchestra, I would point out that the trifling extent to which he has made use of the piano (heard in the second movement only) renders this innovation of slight import. On the other hand, the entry of organ in the adagio, after a period of "storm and stress," gives an effect at once strange and beautiful. It accompanies with soft chords a suave, dignified theme given out by the violins, violas and celli, and decidedly furnishes the most impressive movement in a work which must be pronounced amazingly clever and powerful in treatment, whatever its merits as a symphony—if, indeed, a symphony it be, according to the universally accepted meaning of that term. M. Saint-Saëns had reason to be gratified both with the performance and the reception of his work.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

THE new theatre at Carlsbad, built at a cost of 400,000 gulden, was opened with Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro.*

DURING the forthcoming Bayreuth performances the theatre will be illuminated by the electric light.

DR. HANS VON BULOW will conduct a series of important orchestral Concerts at Hamburg during next season.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON will commence what is announced to be her last European tour in October next.

A NEW theatre is being built on the Boulevard Victor Hugo at Nice, which will be devoted to the lyrical drama.

THREE thousand light sopranos are inscribed on the books of a La Scala manager, waiting for a chance to be heard.

A COMMEMORATIVE tablet has been placed against the house, at Coblenz, where Henriette Sontag, the world famed singer, was born.

AT Naples a new two-act opera by the Maëstro Scarano was recently performed with moderate success, bearing the title of "*Lui! Lei!*" (He? Her?).

UNDER the nom *de theatre* of Montiano, a former deputy of the Spanish Cortes has made his very successful *debut* at Madrid, in the leading tenor part of "Lucretia Borgia."

IT is stated that the members of the Russian National Opera of Moscow will give a series of representations of operatic works by Russian composers in the capitals of Europe during next winter.

THE Russian composer, M. Pierre Tschaikowsky, is just now in the French capital, where it is expected he will give a series of concerts, including the performance of some of his most important works.

MISS AUGUSTA HOLMES, the well known Irish composer residing in Paris, is just now engaged upon a musical drama entitled "Erin." The lady has already written a symphonic work which she has named "Irelande."

LISZT'S seventy-sixth birthday is to be celebrated in October next, by the newly-founded Liszt-Society of Leipzig by festive performances extending over several days and including a dramatic representation of "St. Elizabeth."

"THE Marriage of the Monk" is the title of a new opera by Herr Klugardt, which will be brought out at the Berlin Opera. Herr Felix Mosse, of Carlsruhe, is said to be engaged upon an operatic work founded upon the same subject.

MESSRS. BREITKOPF & HARTEL have published a second volume of Herr Oesterlein's "*Katalog einer Richard Wagner Bibliothek,*" containing references to all books, pamphlets, etc., which have appeared concerning the Bayreuth master and his works up to the year 1881.

MR. CLARENCE EDDY and his wife, MRS. Sarah Hershey Eddy, announce to their patrons and friends that after the present season the Hershey School of Musical Art will be discontinued in order that they may be able to devote their entire time to private teaching.

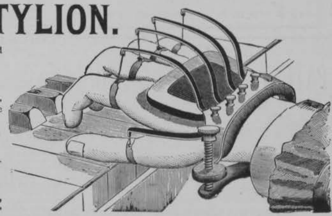
PROFESSOR WILHELMJ, the eminent violinist, has returned to his residence near Wiesbaden, after a most successful concert tour in the East, in the course of which he has repeatedly played before the Sultan, at Constantinople, who has conferred a decoration upon the artist.

A NEW opera by Heinrich Hofmann, "Donna Diana," is to be the first novelty at the Royal Opera of Berlin next season "Junker Heinz," the successful new opera by Herr C. von Perfall (recently brought out at Munich), is likewise in course of preparation at the same Royal establishment.

THE following works are to be produced during next season by the Berlin Sing-Akademie—viz., Handel's "Samson," Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," "Christmas Oratorio," Ascension and Whitsun Cantatas, Haydn's "Creation," Kiel's "Requiem," and Blumner's "Fall of Jerusalem."

THE London *World*, writing, as it declares, upon authority concerning Verdi's latest work, says: "The libretto of Othello has been written by Boito after Shakespeare, but the first act is left out, and the arrival at Cyprus, Act II., is the beginning of the opera. The opera will be given next year at La Scala of Milan, with two Frenchmen in the cast (Talazac and Maurel). Where and with whom it will be given in Paris is not decided. At Milan they have decided to place a commemoration tablet on the house No. 5 of the Via Andegari, where Verdi lived when he originally came from Busseto, and composed his Nabucco, the first great success of his life. Moreover, the street Delle Case Rotte will be rechristened Via Verdi."

THE following are the dates of the Bayreuth performances: Friday, 23d July, "Parsifal;" Sunday, 25, "Tristan and Isolde;" Monday, 26, "Parsifal;" Thursday, 29, "Tristan and Isolde;" Friday, 30, "Parsifal;" Sunday, 1st August, "Tristan and Isolde;" Monday, 2d, "Parsifal;" Thursday, 5, "Tristan and Isolde;" Friday, 6, "Parsifal;" Monday, 9, "Tristan and Isolde;" Tuesday, 10, "Parsifal;" Thursday, 12, Tristan and Isolde;" Friday, 13, "Parsifal;" Sunday, 15, "Tristan and Isolde;" Monday, 16, "Parsifal;" Thursday, 19, "Tristan and Isolde;" Friday, 20, "Parsifal." The representations begin at four o'clock and end about ten o'clock. The price of one place is $5. After the representation, night trains will go in all directions. The committee at Bayreuth receive subscriptions and will procure lodgings for any subscriber who desires it.



MME. JULIE RIVE-KING, the great pianist, closed her five months' tour at Lockport, N. Y., on June 7, when she played to an audience of 1,800 people. Mme. King will open next season at Chickering Hall, and have the assistance of a grand orchestra.

M. GOUNOD, at the request of the directors of the Paris Grand Opera, will most likely write a new operatic work to be brought out in connection with the projected International Exhibition at Paris, in 1889. The story of "*Heloise et Abelard*" is mentioned as the probable subject of the libretto.

EDMUND C. STANTON has already secured the following artists for next season's German opera at the Metropolitan Opera-House: Frau Schroeder-Haufstangl, of the Frankfort Opera-House; Fraeulein Alice Martin and Dr. Barth, of the Dresden Opera-House; Herr Zobel, tenor of the Landes Theatre, Prague.

AT the Imperial Opera of Vienna the following works, either novelties or newly mounted will be produced during next season—viz.: "Marfa" by Hager, "*Le Cid*," by Massenet, Goldmark's "Merlin," Lortzing's "*Waffenschmied*" and "*Wildschutz*," Weber's "Euryanther," and Wagner's "*Nibelungen*" Tetralogy.

ACCORDING to a statement contained in the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt*, Beethoven's entire music appertaining to the occasional piece "*Zur Weihe des Hauses*" (of which the overture only has hitherto been known) has just been discovered at Vienna, together with a number of unpublished compositions by Franz Schubert.

UNDER the title of "*Georges Bizet et son œuvre*," an interesting and elaborate volume on the subject of the composer of "Carmen" has just been published at Paris, from the pen of M. Ernest Guiraud. Another valuable French publication recently issued is entitled "*La Voix et le Chant, traite pratique*," by M. J. Faure, the eminent baritone.

LOVERS of Spohr's music will be glad to hear that a hitherto unpublished composition of that master—viz.: a spirited "Festmarsch," has just been issued by Herr Paul Voigt, of Cassel, in an arrangement for pianoforte. The march was composed some sixty years since in honor of the marriage of Princess Marie of Hesse with the Duke of Saxe-Menningen.

THE news comes from Rome of Pope Leo XIII. having decided to admit no new soprano and contralto singers, of the type hitherto employed, to the choir of the Sixtine Chapel, whose ranks are in future to be recruited by boys and female voices. It may not be generally known that the *castrati*, though abolished at the Papal chapel in 1797, under Pius VI., were reinstated by his successor. It was time the world heard the last of this miserable abuse.

AT Rouen Cathedral a new oratorio by M. Charles Lenepveu, entitled "Jeanne d'Arc," was performed on the 1st ult., in connection with a festival held in honor of the French heroine, under the auspices of the Archbishop. The orchestra and chorus numbered 400, M. Alexandre Guilmant, the eminent organist, presiding at that instrument. The work created a most favourable impression and is spoken of very highly in French journals.

A NOVELTY in the line of concerts was given in a chapel at Concord, N. H., the other evening. A screen painted to represent a scene in a flower garden stood on the platform. Before it were potted plants in great profusion. On the scene were painted flowers of heroic size. In the center of each was an opening skillfully covered by a movable covering. Behind these flowers stood singers, male and female, whose faces appeared in the flowers when floral solos, duets, quartets, etc., were sung. The singing flowers were the rose, dahlia, sunflower, daffodil, pansy, lily, tulip, daisy and butter-cup, and there was also a man in the moon.

ACCORDING to Herr Ferdinand Gumbert's statistical notes, there have been 255 operatic performances at the Berlin Royal Opera during last season (August, 1885, to June, 1886), no less than thirty of which were devoted to Nessler's "Trompeter von Sakkingen," thirteen to Bizes's "Carmen," and eight to Jonciére's "Chevalier Jean." Wagner was represented by forty-three performances, Mozart by thirteen, Meyerbeer by twelve, Weber by eight, Beethoven and Gluck by seven, Gounod by two, and Spohr only by one. Among the novelties produced during the period in question, the most important were Wagner's "Siegfried," and the above "Chevalier Jean" (as "Johann von Lothringen"), by Jonciéres.

THE firm of Gilhofer and Ranschburg, of Vienna, are offering for sale two exceedingly rare and interesting musical works by Hans Gerle, of Nuremburg—viz.: "*Musica Teusch, auf die Instrument der grossen und Kleinin Geygen, auch Lautten, welcher massen die mit grundt und art irer Composicion auss dem Gesang in die Tabulatur zu ordnen und zu setzen ist, sampt verborgener application und Kunst*," etc.,—published at Nuremberg in 1532, (the earliest lute instruction book known to exist in the German language); and a collection of Psalms, Motetts and Songs by German, Italian, and French masters, arranged in Lute Tablature by the same author, and dated 1533. Of the former work only one other copy is extant (in the Royal Library of Berlin); the second work is said to be absolutely unique. Hans Gerle belongs to a family of celebrated lute makers who flourished at Nuremberg in the latter half of the fifteen and in the sixteenth centuries. It is needless to point out the value of these works from a musico-historical point of view, but the prices asked for them by the above firm—viz.: 3,000 and 3,600 florins respectively—appear to us altogether prohibitive.—*Musical Times.*

IN the course of a recent speech, Sir G. A. Macfarren pointed out in timely words that the Puritans advanced the cause of music in this country. So far, he said, from thwarting the musical character of the people, they (*i. e.*, the Roundheads) caused a counteraction. It was in the time of the Commonwealth that native musical competitions had their rise, and that native melodies were first published. The first opera was given by special license of Cromwell, and in this opera a lady singer appeared on the stage. This last assertion is curious, in face of the decided antipathy of the Puritans to anything in the shape of a stage play. Our defects in the musical way began, the learned professor truly observed, with the accession of the House of Hanover and the introduction of Italian opera, which latter gave the nation the appearance of a sterility in composers. Nor have the present Royal family, in his opinion, freed themselves from the preference for foreign artists. He, however, takes a hopeful view of the future of English music, in which everybody will probably agree with him.

COMICAL CHORDS.

FIRST STRANGER—"Slow, isn't it?"
Second Stranger—"Yes, very."
First Stranger—"Let's go home."
Second Stranger—"I can't, I'm the host."

THE ladies of the choir are interested in him-know[illegible]dge-y.

THAT sweet serenader, the frog, is an emblem of hope; he is eternally springing.

"THE pitch is too high," as the music teacher said who fell out of a third story window.

HUSBAND—"That fence wants painting badly. I think I'll do it myself."
Wife—"Yes, do it yourself if you think it wants to be done badly."

"I'VE a commission to paint the portrait of Mrs. Shoddy." Friend—"In oil?" Artist—"Certainly. She paints herself in water colors."

IT was rather heart rending, after he had sung his best, too, to have those hateful types up and call him "the terror of the choir."

AN ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches around. An ordinary man's arm is thirty inches long. How admirable are thy works, O, Nature!"

"I am afraid the bed is not long enough for you," said the landlord to a seven-foot guest. "Never mind," he replied, "I'll add two more feet to it when I get in."

AN exchange says: "A Texas editor was knocked down and robbed of two dollars." But exchange should give more particulars. To whom did the money belong?

"WHY," asked a Sunday-school teacher of a little boy, "did Jacob marry the two daughters of Laban?" "I dunno, except perhaps he was satisfied with one mother-in-law."

PROFESSOR—"Can any one tell us the origin of the expression "Go to?" Embryo Minister—"Perhaps there was something more to it once, and they left it off because it didn't sound well."

SENIOR asks professor a very profound question, Professor: "Mr. W——, a fool can ask a question that ten wise men could not answer." Senior: "Then I suppose that's why so many of us flunk."

BROWN being once annoyed by a poor fiddler "Straining harsh discords" under his window, sent him a dime, with a request that he would play elsewhere as one scraper at the door was enough.

A PAINTING of the Prodigal Son, on exhibition in one of the Paris galleries, is designated as follows: "The Prodigal in watching the hogs, thinks of his parents." "Rather rough on his parents," says Guibollard.

A LADY playing on the piano-forte, on being called upon for a dead march, asked a celebrated professor of music what she play, to which he replied, "Any march that you play will be a dead one, for you're sure to murder it."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher asked a pupil how many sacraments there were. "There ain't any more left." "Why, what do you mean?" "Well, I hear that our sick neighbor received the last sacrament yesterday, and there can't be any left over."

A NEAR-SIGHTED amateur recently tried to charm his sweetheart by warbling Schubert's "*Meine Ruh ist hin,*"—"My rest is gone." Not being fully conversant with the language, he thrilled out "*Meine Kuh ist hin,*"—"My cow is dead." This belongs to the cattle-hog of polyglot jokes.

"YES," remarked a musical critic, recently from Kansas, "the fiddlin' was bully; but I tell you when that fat chap with the big mustache laid hold of that bass fiddle and went for them low notes in the violin cellar, I just felt as if a buzz-saw was a playin' 'Yankee-Doodle' on my backbone."

AT a choral performance many years ago in an Edinburgh theatre, a Scotchman had been placed in the "flies" to sing the echo to a certain production. When in "Hail Smiling Morn," the chorus sang in stentorian tones "Flies away," there was a sudden pause, and clear and distinct came back the echo from above, "Flees awa!"

WEIGL, an Austrian composer, had written a quartette which the Emperor Francis felt called upon to lead, only that he played his part all through without taking the slightest notice of accidentals until the composer, nearly on his knees, advanced and most reverently said: "Would your Majesty grant my humble prayer for a most gracious F sharp?"

STUTTERERS are compelled to take life easily, whether they will or no. Two men thus afflicted were at work at a forge. The iron was red-hot and placed on the anvil, when the first one said: "John, s-s-s-s-s-str-str-str-strike it hard." The other answered: "Jim, wh-wh-where shall I hit it?" "No m-m-matter now, it's g-g-g-g-got-to-co-cold," was the reply, and the bar was put in the forge again.

"JOHN," inquired the counsel for the witness, casting a facetious glance at the jury: "when you Chinamen take your celestial oath in court, what is done with the chicken after its head is cut off?"
"Some lawyee glet him," replied the witness.—*New York Sun.*

A FATHER'S PRIDE:—A colored man who is pretty well off has had his son educated for the ministry. Last Sunday the Galveston Blue-Light Colored Tabernacle was crowded to hear the young man preach his first sermon. It was a splendid effort, and the father of the young exhorter was as happy as a clam in thirty feet of water. The day after he was asked by a friend how he liked his son's sermon. "How does I like it! Why dat ar boy preaches like de berry debbil himself."

ORDINARY printing type enables us not only to speak to the intellect of our readers, it enables us to vie, from a distance it is true, with the draftsman. As a proof, see these expressive faces:

Gay. Morose. Indifference. Wonder-struck.

A ST. LOUIS musician, copying from the "Frog Opera," has written "Hog Opera," and has dedicated it to Cincinnati. He thought to please the city, but managed to make both it and Chicago mad—Cincinnati, because it affects to place music above hogs, and Chicago, because the people have more hogs there than any other city in the world, and consequently they rightly think that everything hoggish should be attributed to them.

IMPRESSARIO—"Which opera will you select for your début, Tenor—'*Trovatore*, act 1st."
Imp.—"What! only one act?"
Ten.—"I only know the first act."
Imp.—"Well, how in the devil will you get thro' the opera?"
Ten.—"Oh, that's all right; the public never lets me sing more than one act—brother sings the rest."
Imp.—"Oh!"

"BOB INGERSOLL recently was talking with an old colored woman in Washington upon religious matters.
"'Do you really believe, Aunty,'" said he, "'that people are made out of dust?'"
"'Yes, sah; de Bible says dey is, an' so I b'lieves it.'"
"'But what is done in wet weather, when there is nothing but mud?'"
"'Den I s'pects dey make indfuls an' sich truck.'"—*Puck.*

"MAMMA, are we all made of dust?"
"Yes, my son."
"I was born in January, wasn't I?"
"Yes, little boy."
"But there ain't any dust in January. The ground is all frozen in January, ain't it?"
"For heaven's sake, Johnny, don't ask so many foolish questions."
"But I am made of dust, ain't I?"
"Yes, of course."
"Why don't I get muddy inside when I drink water?"
"O, Lord, child, do give me a rest!"—*Texas Siftings.*