KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

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CHARLES DIBDIN AND TRAFALGAR.

EXAGGERATION is to be avoided and, perhaps it would be an exaggeration to say that the flavor of a popular song is the most evanescent of all flavors. But surely no autumn swallow flying south is swifter than the ballad of a day in its journey to oblivion. For a moment it is with us, and then it is gone like the coin between the conjurer's fingers. Nothing could remind one more forcibly of this strange briskness of leave-taking than the "sense of lunar remoteness," as Mr. Howells has it, with which one strives to remember who in the world Charles Dibdin was. Charles Dibdin, at the end of the last century, was thought the lyric poet *par excellence* of England. He was the author of sea-songs, which seemed to turn all London into a fore-castle, so universally were they sung. Vauxhall rang with odes to yard-arms and bounding billows, and every other concert hall in the city seemed to have salt breeze blowing through it. From White Chapel to Hyde Park, one could hear the surf booming, and even the street-boys cultivated a rolling gait suggestive of the slanting deck of a man-of-war. All this was due to the sea-songs of Dibdin, and now it is an intellectual *tour de force* to "place him." Where could an ingenious moralist find a better example of the transitoriness of fame?

After all, one need not mourn over the coffined quiet of ancient ditties. No taste has developed so rapidly, in modern times, as the musical. The fact is, it is impossible to sing the old songs, and to listen to them is refined or unrefined torture—frequently the latter. At this day the famous songs of Dibdin are no exception to the rule. He was even more unfortunate than his immediate successor to the lyric crown, for Moore, though taunted by Hazlitt with writing the poetry of the toilette and of the bath, and with having "mistaken the poetic for the cosmetic art," is credited with at least one immortal song, the "Last Rose of Summer." Dibdin is practically forgotten, but some effects of his long career as an Eighteenth century Gilbert and Sullivan were of no slight importance. These may be briefly noted below.

When very young, Dibdin began to write his songs and like most very young men of that time, he began with Strephon, Phyllis, Corydon, Cælia and other pastoral lay-figures already becoming shelf-worn. He celebrated their loves and jealousies in the "Shepherd's Artifice," a little drama first produced in Covent Garden theatre. Shortly after this successful bow to the public, young Dibdin became acquainted with Garrick and transferred his labors to Drury-lane. Garrick at this time was in the full maturity of his fame. Hannah Moore called him the "House of Lords to dramatic poets," and there was indeed no higher tribunal. To be in the charmed circle with such a man was a piece of good fortune which any struggling ballad-writer might have coveted; but Dibdin with the recklessness of boyhood, managed to quarrel with his patron, and was set adrift. Garrick's friendship might have saved him from the concert-hall life which became his portion, and might have elevated him for a time to the position of a true literary man. Dr. Samuel Johnson, the absolute monarch of those days, although, according to Macaulay, he just knew the bell of St. Clement's from the organ, could have been propitiated. Boswell was also in a conciliatory mood, for he once wrote a song entitled the "Matrimonial Thought," and permitted the "very ingenious Mr. Dibdin" to set it to music. The only explanation seems to be that Dibdin was quite unlike Garrick.

At any rate Dibdin left Drury Lane and after a trip to India, where he became a wandering minstrel, and possibly did some missionary work along musical lines, he began his musical lectures or "Entertainments," in an auction-room on King street. At first, little attention was attracted, but the public soon grew interested. Dibdin then removed to a theatre he had rented in the Strand, and which he called the *Sans Souci* where his professional career reached a climax. It was his custom to sing his own songs accompanying himself upon a hybrid instrument which combined the qualities of organ and harpsichord. Fortunately, this instrument never became dangerously popular. Between his songs he told short anecdotes about prominent men and women, and recounted the *bons mots* of the day. Every one went to the "Entertainment Sans Souci," and after a five years sojourn in the Strand, Dibdin built a rather dismal little theatre in Leicester Place, and called it the "Sans Souci" after his house in the heart of the city. This was in 1796.

In 1804 Dibdin began to lecture upon the theory of music. It was however common talk that he was ignorant of harmony. From the day he left the Strand his popularity waned, he found himself in straitened circumstances, and needed the assistance which the Government gave him. This came in the form of a pension which, however, was revoked in 1806, when the Whigs came into power—a political transaction very distasteful to some. Wilson puts himself on record in "Noctes Ambrosianæ"—"There was something base and groveling in the ruffianly treatment Dibdin experienced from the gang which got in power in 1806. They could not forgive him for having, in his glorious songs, stirred the spirit of Britain against their friends the Jacobins, and accordingly, in his old age, the filthy fellows deprived him of his pension."

"Christopher North," however, was a Scotchman, and by no means a Whig. Perhaps he is too severe. There was certainly a difference of opinion as to the influence of Dibdin's writings upon the British tars. Even if he had never sung of "Tom Bowling," "Tom Tackle," "Tom Transom," "Old Cunwell the Pilot," "Tom Truelove" and a host of others, many thought that the battle of the Nile and Trafalgar might have resulted no differently. His songs were not so popular on board ship as upon land. "Black-eyed Susan," Cowper's "Loss of the Royal George" and the ever new "Bay of Biscay-Oh" were dearer to the seaman's heart than any of Dibdin's ocean ballads It used to be reported that Nelson's squadron went into battle to the strains of a Dibdin melody, but that it is quite unproved. The great influence of his work was not upon the old sea-dogs themselves, but upon lubberly landsmen who, after all, had much to do in deciding the popularity of the war. With Londoners he was irresistible, but in the Mediterranean it was a question.

The Blackwood reviewer who said that if one should deprive Dibdin of his *grog*, his *log*—his *nan*, his *can*—his *sigh* and his *die*, his muse became unmanageable, was unfair to him. He had a knack at rhyming, and was by no means a man of one idea. His songs treat of all imaginable subjects from the delights of Knight-errantry to the barrel-organ, and are in the main skillfully put together. Like all musicians, he sometimes broke meaning upon the wheel of melody, but in general, he observed the proprieties. He was no poet. He lacked the delicate touch and the refinement; when he tried to be pathetic he overdid the matter, and when he aimed at humor he was more often coarse than otherwise. In all of his twelve hundred songs there are faults of rhythm, taste, or aptness; but at the same time there is scarcely one which is wholly bad. He had a great influence upon the British navy—if not directly, then indirectly. In the gun-room the sailors might laugh to scorn his ignorance of naval technicalities; but, in the city, Dibdin was idealizing the ocean life, and was making it seem a noble one to many young men who afterwards became staunch defenders of the "wooden walls." Trafalgar marked the culmination of British naval glory and in his

> Come, messmates rejoice! For old England, so glorious a victory never was seen:

he might honestly have incorporated the merest *soupçon* of self-gratulation.

CONWAY MCMILLAN, in *The Current*.

THE WILL OF JENNY LIND.

PROBATE has been granted of the will, dated May 15, 1886, with a codicil made August 29, 1887, of Madame Jenny Maria Lind-Goldschmidt, who died on November 2 last, aged 67 years, at Collwall, Herefordshire. She bequeaths to the King of Sweden her painting, "The Inundation"; to Mrs. Victor Benecke the portrait of Mendelssohn; to her grandson, Victor Francis Maude, the cabinet of books given to her by the Fire Companies of New York, and to the Royal Museum at Stockholm, the gold, silver, and bronze medals struck in her honor, and the gold medal with diamond crown and a giraffe, graciously presented to her by King Oscar the Second, to be worn with the ribbon of Zeraphine. She devises the freehold estate of Wynd's Point, purchased from the "private fund" of $100,000 American, settled on her on her marriage, to her husband, Otto Goldschmidt, and bequeaths from the said private fund, now about £13,610, annuities of Swedish kroner, £1,300 to Josephina Ahmansson, £150 to Frau Victor Perman, £200 to Amelia Perman, £100 to Louisa Stromberg, and £300 to Louisa Celsing; an annuity of £80 to her maid, Sophia Kedzie; a legacy of 50,000 (Swedish kroner) to the University of Upsala, to be called "The Eric Guslof Gezler Stipend," for the maintenance of poor students at the University; 50,000 (kroner) to the University of Lund, to be called "the Bishop Isaias Tegner stipend," for the maintenance of poor students intending to enter the Protestant Church, and the residue of the said private fund to such hospital in Stockholm, wholly or principally devoted to the treatment of the diseases of children, as the trustees may choose. Subject to the life-interest of her husband, the testatrix appoints the "common fund" settled on her marriage, and consisting of the remainder of her then property, as to one-third each in trust for her sons Walter Otto and Ernest Svend David Goldschmidt, and her daughter, Jenny Maria Katharine, the wife of Raymond William de Latham Maude, and she recites that she had previously settled on each £5,000 from her moiety of a so-called "joint fund" derived from joint earnings of her husband and herself, which, although his by law, were at his desire settled as to one moiety, or not less than £15,000, to her appointment. The executors are the said Otto Goldschmidt, Edward Wingfield and Richard Du Cane, and the value of the personalty is declared at £40-610 14s. 8d.

WE read in the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt:* "The recent performance at the Vatican chapel of a Mass by Palestrina, in connection with the Papal Jubilee celebration, has served to demonstrate the decided decline of the once so justly famous choir, the intonation being faulty, and the attack, too, leaving much to be desired. This falling off has been noticeable ever since the death of Baini, the choirmaster under Gregory XVI. and Pius IX."

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MUSIC AND COOKERY.

IT was at the "William Tell" performance of the French Opera Company. The curtain had gone down to give the stage hands an opportunity to arrange the scenery for the final act, and while others were going out "to see a man," the editor improved the time in trying to find a subject suitable for an editorial. Topic after topic was taken up and, for one reason or another, almost as quickly rejected. The editor at last gave up in disgust and betook himself to envying the political editor whose subjects are ready-made for him by the events of the day. Suddenly, he became aware that a rather portly personage, in the garb of a *chef de cuisine*, had seated himself upon a vacant seat just on his left. Struck by the oddity of the dress in such a place, the editor was about to speak to the new-comer upon the subject, when the latter, with rather provoking familiarity, laid his right hand upon the editorial left shoulder and said:—My dear Sir, you are wrong!

——Wrong in what? What do you mean?

——Are you not the editor of KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW?

——Yes Sir, but what of that?

——Well, Mr. Editor, I'm an assiduous reader of your paper, and I am happy to say your head is usually level but on one thing you are way off, Sir.

——What is that, pray?

——Why. in your denial of the existence of distinct nationality in music.

——My dear Sir, you did not quite understand my editorial, I fear. What I said was that——

——Never mind what you said, I know it as well as you do—perhaps better. Let me tell you, Sir, I have been a head cook in many countries and there is just as much difference between the music of divers lands as there is in their favorite dishes. Not only that, but the character of the music of each is determined, not, as would be philosophers, who are really superficial while pretending to be deep, would make it appear, by the mere climatic or other physical characteristics of the respective localities, nor even by the ancestry of the inhabitants, but solely by the character of their culinary preferences.

——Ah, (said the editor, quite amused) you consider music as a branch of the *cuisine* of the world, it seems.

——Entirely so. You may smile as much as you will, but the fact is patent and easily demonstrable. Indeed, even theoretically, one ought to arrive at this conclusion. The entire matter of the brain passes away in a few years—some say months or even weeks—and the new brain matter is supplied by what? The food we eat, of course. Now, you cannot unwind from a ball of yarn what you have not wound into it, evolution, in short, can only be of what has been previously involved. Therefore the music evolved from the composer's brain must originally have been involved, existent, though perhaps in latent form, in the material of which the brain is made up, in other words in the food ingurgitated.

——You seem to be a philosoper of the materialistic school.

——No, Sir, I am only an observant head cook. I was employed for awhile by Prof. Haeckel in Germany and later by Prof. Huxley in England. But let us pass to facts. Take the music of the French school. It has just enough seasoning to make it suit the dainty. It is, so to speak, done to a turn—neither too much nor too little. Other nations may prefer their own, but next to that they take the French. It is just like the French cooking in its character. It appeals to those of refined tastes everywhere and——

——You are a Frenchman, I see!

——Well, yes, or rather a French cosmopolite.

——Now you take the Italians. They live on preserved fruit, confectionery and all that sort of sweet stuff, and their music is just as sweet and just as cloying. On the other hand, there are your Spaniard and your Spanish American with their devilish, hell's broth of *chili con carne* and other red pepper abominations, and their music is just red pepper set to rhythm. The Switzer's melodies are but the musical expression of his milk and cheese diet and——

——Quite ingenious indeed, but you leave out German music, the richest of all probably.

——Well, if you had not interrupted me, I should not have omitted it. German music is *Sauer Kraut und Speck*, *Lentils* and sausage, *Dampfnudeln*, etc.—all nutritious things, to be relished by strong stomachs—but one has to form a taste for it, you see. And then there's English music. It's English cooking over again. Here and there some plain, nutritious roast beef, but in the main indigestible plum-pudding; and Irish music is all potatoes and whiskey and the music of——

——Well, what about America?

——Interrupting again! But I'll answer your question by another. How can you expect to have good music created from bad digestion? Can hot soda biscuits be sublimated into an opera? Can hominy, mush and "sow-belly" or baked beans be the foundation of a symphony? Can the abomination of fried cakes be etherialized into a Marseillaise or a Rackockzy March? No Sir, there will be no lasting improvement in music in this country until there has been a genuine reform in the mode of preparing your victuals. Rossini, whose glorious work you have been listening to, was a capital cook. Beethoven had the instincts of the cook, though hardly enough experience to make much of a success in that line. In fact, all the great composers have been great eaters and lovers of good eating.

——But how about Schubert, who composed some of his finest songs on an empty stomach and——?

——Interrupting again! Now, as to Schubert, even if he was sometimes hungry, he only enjoyed the better a square meal afterwards. And you can ask any hotel keeper who has ever kept an opera troupe and he will tell you that they have tremendous appetites. You see, the music is the result of the eating. I am disengaged just now, and if you will give me a salary of only three thousand a year, I'll become your assistant. We shall establish a culinary department in your famous REVIEW and we shall regenerate American music by regenerating American cookery. What say you?

Bang, bang, bang! The signal for raising the curtain. The orchestra struck up just as the editor turned to answer his unknown friend. He was gone, and the editor's neighbor on the right maliciously asked whether he had had a good nap.

THE Paris *Ménestrel* of a recent date gives a list of twenty works by French composers that were given in one single week of the month of February on different German stages. Upon the other hand, both in France and in Italy the works of modern German composers are being brought out with increasing frequency. This is as it should be. The idea that all the really good music is being produced by only one set of composers is one which is now nowhere held, outside of the United States, where a certain promiscuous crowd of more or less crack-brained writers upon musical topics would Germanize everything. The truly educated musicians of Germany are far less bigoted. They are ready to listen to the works of other nations and quick to applaud their excellencies. The best German composers of the day are ever ready to make use of the music of even the common people of other lands as themes in their own creations. A free and unprejudiced interchange of musical thought cannot be otherwise than conducive to the advancement of musical excellence. And, by the way, the fact that the works of composers of different nationalities are so readily grasped and relished by the musical people of other nations goes to show that it is in no sense of the word a foreign language the people are listening to when they listen to foreign works—another proof of not only the universality but the unity of music. America, we think, is in favor of the spirit shown in music by the Germans of Germany and not of that exhibited by too large a proportion of the Germans of America, and the sooner our musical leaders understand this fact the sooner we will record permanent successes with American opera troupes, American orchestras, etc., instead of the failures upon failures which so largely make up the history of music in this country.

LITTLE Josef Hoffmann's father seems to be really determined to withdraw his son from the concert platform and to persist in his disregard of his moral and legal obligations to Mr. Abbey. It now seems that the senior Hoffman has accepted the offer of $50,000 made by some philanthropic crank for the further musical education of Joseph on condition that the latter's public performances should cease. As the elder Hoffmann will probably continue to be his son's principal tutor, he will doubtless absorb most of this fund. This he will receive at home, and, of course, is better for him than the same amount obtained by traveling in foreign lands with his gifted boy. There is another side to the question, however, which may have escaped the attention of the unknown philanthropist, but will hardly escape that of Mr. Abbey. If the philanthropist induced Hoffmann to break his contract with Abbey and to conceal his effects against any possible attachment by the latter, what is to prevent Abbey, as soon as the identity of the philanthropist is established, from recovering from him full compensation for the damages caused him by the joint act of himself and Hoffmann? Courts have an uncouth, unphilanthropic, way of insisting that people shall be just before they are liberal.

JOSEF de RIBERA.

(Concluded, from last issue.)

RIBERA followed the advice of his protector and friend, and set out for Naples where he gave special study to the works of Correggio. The result was that he created a school to which he gave his own name, a style in which the methods of Caravago and Correggio are blended with what his own genius supplied, which means that he succeeded in being often at once gloomy and luminous—often black, with unexpected glitter and brightness. On the faces of his martyrs we see pain contract the muscles and imprint wrinkles that seem to have been made with an iron claw; the flesh palpitates under the instrument of torture. In one place it appears bleeding and full of life, in another, pale, nerveless, and motionless, as though already dead. The limbs are twisted as though under the pressure of some horrible agony. Everything speaks of torture and suffering. But in the expression of the features, in the gesture and, above all, in the glance of the sufferer, the martyr is recognized. Behind the countenance, convulsed by the agonies of death, the soul that aspires to heaven is seen; if the flesh does writhe, one understands that the spirit is in ecstasy. In a word, in his religious works, there pass before our eyes two distinct scenes: on the one hand it is the body, abandoned to torture, which bleeds and writhes under the pincers and red-hot tongs, and on the other there is suggested an enraptured and beaming soul, which is ready to fly away to the gate of heaven where it perceives God smiling upon it. His southern imagination and the variety of his talents lent itself in addition to styles very different from that which we have just described. The equestrian portrait of Don John of Austria is considered his master-piece, and among his most noted works are his St. Jerome, St. Bruno, Descent from the Cross and The Martyrdom of St. January.

Ten years have elapsed, we have said, since Ribera was entertained at San Pietro and he has come back from Naples to Rome at the request of Pope Paul V.

One morning, the great artist left his palace, mounted on one of his country's jennets, and, followed by a lackey, also well mounted, who carried his portfolio and the instruments necessary for his work, since he was on his way to the papal villa Giulio, where he was painting frescoes, now destroyed. He went down the Corso, but in the *piazza del popolo* he was stopped by a jam of the common people, who were crowding around a dozen *miqueletti* and a black robed man, who were taking to the gallows a poor wretch, condemned to be hung.

The prisoner was a tall young man twenty-four or twenty-five years old; he was very pale, nor did he appear greatly flattered or pleased with the noise made over him, nor by the feeling he excited. Yet he walked rather unconcernedly along, amid the jeers and curses of the crowd.

With that prodigious memory of form, which painters have, Ribera recognized in him immediately, notwithstanding the changes which ten years had made in the appearance of the child of bygone days, Nino, the eldest son of Giuseppe and the good Marta, he whom the hand of the grandfather had so tenderly caressed on that memorable evening.

The worthy boy, in obedience to a sentiment of filial piety, whose grandeur the judges seemed not to have appreciated, had followed the perilous profession of his father, but, less skillful or more unlucky than Giuseppe, he had let himself be taken, and now, without making allowance for the circumstances which had guided him in the choice of his profession they were about to cut him short by hanging him high.

As soon as he recognized him, Ribera turned his horse's head, and lifting his whip and crying "make way!", to disperse the crowd which blocked his path, he dashed at full speed down the Corso. He passed San Angelo bridge like a shot, turned to the right before the castle, and still on the galop, reached the gate of the Vatican. He threw the reins to a footman, and rushed up the great white marble stairway beyond which are the apartments of His Holiness. In this gallery, a sentinel tried to stop him, and asked him where he was going at that gait; Ribera dashed him aside and went on without a word. In the ante-chamber to the study of Paul V, an officer also tried to stop him, saying that just then the Holy Father was in consultation with three cardinals. The painter pushed aside the officer as he had the soldier, and rushed headlong into the study of His Holiness; for, at the Vatican, *maestri* like Ribera enjoyed immunities and privileges which were refused even to princes.

Five minutes later he came down the stairway, jumped into the saddle, and, under whip and spur, flew back over the road he had taken to come to the pontifical palace. A parchment bearing the seal of the Holy See protruded partly from his doublet.

Fifteen minutes later, he arrived at the place of execution.

As he approached, he judged from the silence of the crowd around the gallows, that he was yet in time to save the criminal, but every minute might be the last; therefore, he unfolded the parchment and waved it above his head with his left hand while with his right he plied his whip upon the backs of those who stood in his way, crying all the time, "A Pardon! A Pardon!" When, at last, he got to the gibbet, a *miqueletto* upon it was tying firmly to the arm of the patibulary structure a rope, the other end of which swayed gently to and fro over Nino's head, who was just now reciting all the prayers he had ever known, and even some he had never learned.

When the good folk whom Ribera had struck, and who were all ready to applaud the hanging of Nino, saw the parchment and understood that the prisoner was pardoned, they cried out: "Hurrah for Nino! Long life to Nino! Hurrah for His Holiness! Hurrah for Ribera!" And, by one of those movements, characteristic alike of popular and ocean waves, the gallows and the *miqueletto* upon it, were quickly upset.

Ribera having reached the man in black, who had charge of the prisoner, handed him the paper. The gloomy official bowed low and immediately set about unbinding the hands of poor Nino, who, unable to comprehend what had happened, looked from Ribera to the gallows and from the gallows to his companions with eyes dazed by surprise and joy.

"Oh! bandit," whispered to him the man in black, as he was untying the cords, "'tis a great piece of luck for you to be acquainted with the illustrious Lord Ribera!"

"But I don't know him at all," said Nino, still dumbfounded by his good fortune, "Where is this Lord?"

"What!" said the other, "do you not know the Lord Josef de Ribera, the painter and the friend of His Holiness!"

"No!" said Nino looking up timidly at the handsome gentleman who was smiling down upon him.

"Thou hast then forgotten," said Ribera. "the little beggar, whom the good Marta took into the house one stormy evening ten years ago?"

"Oh! no," Nino quickly, "I recollect that very well, but. . . .I. . . .don't understand....."

"It was I," said the painter throwing back his head with honest pride.

"You!!" exclaimed Nino, again as much surprised, as when he received his pardon.

"Yes," resumed Ribera, "I am the wretched little boy whom, formerly, your mother so generously protected, to whom she gave her son's clothes, whom she cared for, kissed and loved as her own child. Her charity has made us brothers, and that is why I have saved your life." He then gave him a heavy purse, told him where his palace was, that he might come to him, then mounted his horse and went on his way to the *villa Giulio* accompanied by the cheers and blessings of the crowd.

Nino also went his way, thanking God and Ribera, and raging against the executioner, the *miqueletti* and the people, and cursing, as Marcus Tullius Camillus did ancient Rome, the Rome of to-day where the poor folk of San Pietro were so shabbily treated, "for had it not been for the Lord Ribera ....!" And his thanks again commenced.

We need not describe the joy of Marta when she saw him; but she could never summon up courage enough to ever go to see the great painter.

CHAPTER IV.

Time passes, and each year, each day, so to speak, makes Ribera greater, more renowned and richer. God has given him that which, notwithstanding his genius, he could expect from no king—a wife whom he loves and respects, and two daughters, both remarkably beautiful. The oldest, Regina, has the beauty of a goddess. She is finished, majestic and proud, perhaps haughty. Her splendid hair rolls back like a coronet upon a brow truly imperial, her beauteous eyes are green as the ocean and deep as the sky, her purple lips stain, as it were, her skin, so white yet warm with that *morbidezza* of which Raphael Sanzio has left so magnificent a specimen in the portrait of the Fornarina. The common people called her the blossom of Vesuvius.

Her sister, Juanita, was no less lovely, but of another style, her eyes, like her hair, were black, but they were long, soft and tender like those of a gazelle; the transparent rose of the daughters of the north mingled upon her cheeks with the warm tints of the south; her lips, parted by frequent smiles, seemed to disclose pearls, her frequent gestures were always graceful, and finally, her voice had that joyous tone-quality so well expressed by the word "suavity." She was called by the people "The Rose of Naples."

Ribera, called Regina his Fame and Juanita his Heart. He loved them both tenderly but, (who knows?) the illustrious painter, the great artist, the proud Spaniard preferred perhaps, in his inmost soul, his Fame to his Heart, the splendid contours and magnificent figure of Regina to the graceful charms and more subdued beauty of Juanita.

One night there was a ball at Ribera's to celebrate the betrothal of Juanita and Lorenzo de Sandoval, the secretary of the Count de Moncade viceroy of Naples for His very Catholic majesty, the King of Spain.

The palace of Ribera in the Via Toledo shone in the darkness like one of those enchanted castles whose gorgeous splendors have been described to us by mother or nurse in the fairy tales with which they used to put us to sleep. Floods of light and music poured out of the open windows, filling the street with brilliancy, perfume and harmonious sounds. In the court-yard, full of carriages, horses were prancing and shaking the silver chains of their harness, and coachmen, lackeys and pages carried on a noisy conversation. In the street, for a long distance on each side of the palace, there was quite a crowd of lazzaroni, workmen and common people gazing at the sparkling front of the noble mansion, or listening with charmed ears to the music of the orchestra. In the house, under the ceilings, decorated with the paintings of the great master and of his best pupils, there came and went incessantly, from parlor to parlor under high arches and across galleries filled with flowers and artistic bric-a-brac, a crowd glittering with diamonds and bright eyes, with pearls and smiles, a crowd clad in velvets, silks, gold cloth, brocades, and lustrous satins. All the nobility of both Sicilies was there and no such company could have been found elsewhere than in the palace of a king or in that of Ribera. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning and the orchestra was playing the prelude to a dance; on all sides, couples were taking their places, some ladies dreamily leaning on the arms of their cavaliers, others yet, frolicsome and laughing, waited impatiently the signal for the start.

Ribera, whom chance had brought beside his wife, was secretly pressing her hand and showing her by a tender look their Juanita, radiant with happiness, and ready to throw herself with Lorenzo into the whirling crowd of dancers. At this moment he was touched on the shoulder. The master turned with the courteous smile which a man accustomed to receive much company always dons (and not seldom also lays aside) with his gala dress. But the expression of his countenance changed at once, when he saw the contracted features and burning eyes of the man who had just disturbed him in the enjoyment of one of the sweetest possible of feelings. This man was Don Estevan de Montes, one of his favorite pupils, back of whom was Salvator Rosa[1] whose distorted features showed at once anger and sympathy; both were understood to belong to that terrible *fozzioni de pittori*[2] which made it impossible for any other master to stay in Naples.

The painter, we have said, was struck by the change in his face and asked with anxiety: "What is the matter with you, Estevan?"

"Master," said the pupil, whose emotion was so great that he could hardly speak, "do you know where donna Regina is?"

Ribera looked gently around the room, and seeing her nowhere said: "In her room probably.... 'tis likely she is tired..... why do you ask?"

"No," stammered Estevan, "she is not in her room!" Then he whispered in the painter's ear: "She has fled with Don John!"

"The nephew of the king!"

"Yes, master! With Don John of Antioch."

1 The most celebrated pupil of Ribera. No painter has had a more adventurous life, or could better serve as the hero of a novel.

2 J. de Ribera is accused of having himself put the sword or the dagger into the hands of the fanatic worshippers of his genius, and of having bribed the color grinder of Dominican to mix ashes in the colors he ground. But that these are calumnies seems clearly proven; the cabal of the painters really existed, but without the support and in spite of Ribera, who had a style of his own and consequently feared no rivalry.

"You saw them yourself!"

"Yes, master!"

"And you did not kill him?"

"I should have liked to," said Estevan, with such a terrible expression of hate and jealousy, that there could be no doubt of his sincerity; for he loved Regina with all the warmth of his Spanish blood—and 'tis most generous. "But," continued he, "I was too far off; when I got into the court-yard, the carriage of the prince was going out; Salvator followed them, but lost sight of them in the darkness within a hundred yards."

"What road did they take, do you know?"

"I heard Don John cry out to his coachmen, "On to Terracina!"

The great artist, or rather the poor father, listened no longer, but rushed out. Ribera, then sixty-eight years old,[1] was still as impetuous and as energetic as in his youth; he jumped into the first carriage which he found in the court-yard; it belonged to the duchess de Mendoza, and throwing his purse to the coachman, cried: "A fortune for you, if we catch up with that last carriage.

"What road, my lord," asked the coachman hiding the purse in one of the large pockets of his coat, and pulling his team together.

"Road to Terracina," said he, "But start! for God's sake, start———I must catch that carriage!"

"If 'tis that of Prince John I much doubt if I can," said the whip, "for he has the finest travelers in the peninsula; however ....." and with this philosophical adverb he lashed his horses vigorously. The noble animals who had, perhaps, never before been so outraged, dashed away, neighing with pain, and were gone like a flash.

From that moment, Josef de Ribera was never again heard of. Issued from a storm, he disappeared on the evening of a fête, after having described, like a sun, his brilliant parabola in the heaven of art. Like the God of Day, he came out of darkness, shone his allotted time and then went down and disappeared amid floods of light.

* * *

Some months later, Don John, returned to Spain, was walking in the Prado, when a man, who could not be seized and was never known, stabbed him in the midst of his gentlemen in waiting. The end of Regina is also unknown, and Juanita married Sandoval only when a year had elapsed from the supposed death of Ribera. They then took up their residence in Rome, where the widow of the great painter lived several years longer, mourning perhaps less for the disappearance of her husband, than for the shame of her daughter.

COUNT A. DE VERVINS.

MUSIC IN ANCIENT TIMES.

THE LOVE of music seems to be inborn with mankind, though the discordant sounds that satisfied the barbaric ear would painfully agitate the tympanum accustomed to what we call melody; and while the pre-historic swain, blowing through a hollow bone, may have produced a tender feeling in the heart of some antediluvian maiden, the same "music" to-day would be regarded with dismay.

The making of musical instruments began almost with the human race, and we have relics of antiquity that show us how instruments were made to produce musical sounds at a period prior to the existence of any language of which we have record. The forms of many of the most ancient instruments are preserved to us in the sculptures and paintings of antiquity, and the tombs and temples of Egypt tell unerringly of the musical practices as well as other details of the domestic life of the builders of the pyramids. One of the tombs in the pyramid of Gizeh bears a representation of a flute concert, and, according to Lepsius, it dates from a period as early as 2000 B. C. The eight musicians are arranged in peculiar form. Three of them, one behind the other, are kneeling and holding their flutes in exactly the same position, and facing them are three others, also kneeling and holding their pipes like the others. A seventh sits with his back turned toward them, but like the rest he is also blowing his flute, while an eighth, who may be the leader of this primitive orchestra, holds his instrument in his hands, as if in the act of raising it to his lips. The division of the band suggests that they may be classed as *primo* and *secondo*, somewhat like the first and second violins in our modern orchestras.

An ancient Egyptian painting of about the same period as this quaint illustration of an antique band of flute-players, represents a lyre performed upon by a man who walks in procession with others, and with some animals unknown to the fauna of to-day. This interesting picture was discovered in a tomb on the eastern bank of the Nile.

There are various opinions in regard to the musical instruments of the Greeks, some claiming that they derived their system of music from the Egyptians, and others that it had its origin in Asia. The balance of opinion and testimony favors the latter argument, and particularly as regards stringed instruments, their Asiatic origin seems doubtless. A superb Greek vase in the museum at Munich bears an admirable representation of a harp, which, in general construction, resembles the Assyrian harps; the number of strings and location of the tuning pegs on the upper part of the sounding-board exactly correspond to those. The complete design on this vase represents the nine muses.

The lyres of the Greeks were various and tasteful, and properly belonged to a highly cultivated people. Their love of beauty is shown in the design of these lyres, and the same feeling no doubt induced their artists to introduce that more graceful instrument into their pictorial art, where we might more naturally expect to find illustrations of the harp, which is rarely represented in the paintings and sculptures of Greece. There is a dilapidated fragment of a Greek lyre in the British Museum. It is a part of the wooden frame, and about eighteen inches in length, but unfortunately too much decayed and broken to be of much value or interest.

A beautiful Roman mosaic of a girl playing upon a pipe was exhumed on the Via Appia in 1823, and is now in the British Museum. The form is the same as some of the Greek pipes, but the *holmos*, or mouth piece, is somewhat like that of the oboe of modern times.

Persons who have heard the wild, discordant sounds which the Chinese call music, would not be surprised to see the strange instruments which they sometimes use to produce them. There are numerous legends connected with the music, as well as with everything else of the Asiatics, and one of them is that their scale was obtained from a marvellous bird—a kind of Chinese phœnix—called founghoang, and another, that when Confucius first heard Chinese music, he was so enraptured that he could eat nothing for three months—an effect that would seriously interfere with the success of popular concerts were it caused by our music to-day. It was said, too, that Kouei, the Orpheus of the Chinese, could draw wild animals about him and hold them spell-bound by his performances on the "*king*," a kind of rude harmoniphon constructed of slabs of sonorous stone suspended from a bamboo stand and struck with a wooden mallet.

The love of music was strong among the Persians, and many of their instruments were elaborate and beautiful, though the development and outgrowth of rude beginnings. Carved upon a mighty rock called Tackt-i-Bostan, in the vicinity of the town of Kermanshah, is a representation of such an instrument as was used by the Persians in the sixth century, and it presents a striking contrast to the magnificent harp of later days. When the Arabs conquered Persia in the seventh century, they found the musical cultivation and the development of musical instruments far more advanced than in their own land, and readily adopted the Persian system and instruments, and there is little doubt that the earliest record we have of Arab music is really based on the more ancient music of the Persians.

With the Arabs as with the Chinese, great power is ascribed to their musical performances, and there are many legends illustrating it, one of which tells us that a celebrated performer, Al-Farabi, acquired in Spain such wonderful proficiency that his fame extended to Asia. The Caliph heard of the celebrated musician, and sent messengers to Spain with costly gifts to tempt Al-Farabi to the court of Bagdad. But the player feared that if he once reached the luxurious court of the Caliph he would be restrained from returning to the home he loved so much, and hesitated. At last, however, he resolved upon an expedient which might enable him to fascinate the Caliph without recognition.

He disguised himself in a mean dress, and appeared at court on foot just as the Caliph was being entertained with his daily concert. Al-Farabi, though unknown to every one, was permitted to exhibit his skill upon the lute, and had scarcely begun playing when the courtiers and all present were seized with violent laughter, which only subsided when the player changed his theme. Then all became sedate, some began to sigh, and in a short time all eyes were suffused with tears of sadness. Again the theme was changed, and the audience were excited to such a pitch of rage that there was danger of a tumult, which Al-Farabi seeing changed his mood to a more appeasing one. After this wonderful exhibition of his skill he performed in a somnolent vein and putting his hearers all fast to sleep, took his departure.—*Visitor.*

[1] Born Jan. 12, 1588, died 1656.

THE CLAVI-HARP.

THE clavi-harp is a new musical instrument invented by Mr. Dietz, of Brussels. Several attempts have been made before by inventors to produce the peculiarities of the harp tone by means of a keyboard like that of the pianoforte, attached to a harp, but not one has superseded the original instrument whose quality of sound was sought to be produced. Mr. Dietz has conquered this difficulty by the use of wire strings covered with silk; the instrument is, therefore, no more likely to get out of tune than an ordinary pianoforte. The new instrument is a combination of the harp and pianoforte.

It stands like the harp, as all the strings are exposed, and possesses a keyboard like the pianoforte. There are also two pedals, which not only augment the tone, but can be used to produce "harmonics," an effect of great use in the harp. For orchestral purposes, as well as for solos, it will be most valuable. Any pianist can play it at once, while those who study its peculiarities will be able to produce an extraordinary variety of beautiful effects. The sound is produced, from the keyboard, by means of artificial "fingers," which pluck the strings, an ingenious mechanical arrangement causing them to leave the strings immediately their work is done, and to regain their places ready for further action. They act with the rapidity of the hammers of a pianoforte, and enable the performer to produce every brilliant effect of which the harp is capable, and a great many more which the most expert player can only accomplish imperfectly, among which may be mentioned the chromatic scale, almost impossible upon the harp. The clavi-harp is light in structure, and can be easily carried from place to place. The shape and construction make it capable of receiving any amount of artistic decoration. It is distinctly a noteworthy invention and one with a great future before it.

VON BULOW CREATES A SENSATION.

A BERLIN correspondent gives an account of a sensational incident caused by the incomprehensible Hans von Bülow:

"The people are so accustomed to hear of remarkable things which Hans von Bülow does, that surprise is hardly expressed at instances of his eccentricity. He continues to throw kisses to the ladies, to declare from a public platform that his music cannot equal the silent tones of their eyes, to make misappropriate political speeches and to refuse to play a rival's compositions. But he seldom gives such a chance to admire his kindness of heart as he did a few evenings ago. It was at one of the famous Philharmonic concerts. The programme was half finished, when it was announced by the *Capellmeister* that the young violinist had been taken suddenly ill and would be unable to perform. He was the star of the occasion, having made a great sensation at the "Sing Academie" shortly before, and an unmistakable look of disappointment fell upon the faces of the audience. But it was of short duration.

"A man arose from one of the parquet chairs and started toward the stage. At first he was not recognized. But suddenly some one cried 'Bülow!' and his intention being guessed at once, the whole house burst into applause, mingled with cheers. He strode on, bowing, waving his hand, and pointing to his short round-about coat, and shrugging his shoulders as if to say that he was not in a dress suit, an action which, of course, redoubled the plaudits and cheers. He took his place at the piano, struck one chord, and silence reigned over the excited house. And then followed a performance of Beethoven such as only Bülow can give. And here, inspired by the reception with which his act had met, he surpassed himself. Ordinarily Herr Bülow is beyond criticism. But here, words of praise fail to do him justice. And when he had finished there was a moment's silence, followed by an applause, the like of which no one ever heard, and even Herr Bülow had never received."

ALPINE STORM

A SUMMER IDYL.

This composition may be called a tone picture of pastoral summer life. All is peace in the Alpine valley where the young shepherd tends his sheep. For the time being, however, he has left the responsibility of the care of his flock to his faithful and well-trained dogs, for his mind is now upon the lamb of another flock, Lisette, whose mother's cottage he can see in the distance. He thinks that even now he spies her in the meadow caressing her pet lamb, and he takes up his oboe in the hope that some faint echo of her

LISETTE.

favorite love song may reach her ears and tell her that Jacques is thinking of her. While he is playing this melody, the distant thunder of an approaching summer shower is heard, but, too much absorbed in his music or the thoughts of her who is its inspiration, he hears it not and continues to play. A louder rumble, however, recalls him to the present realities of life and the necessities of his fleecy charge, and, changing his tune, he gives his dogs the signal to drive the flock under shelter. Hardly is this done when the rain begins to fall and the storm's precursor, the wind, to hiss through the mountain pines. Soon the storm breaks in all its fury, the mountain torrents leap from rock to rock, the trees twist their arms as if in agony and bend before the Storm King as if asking mercy at his hands. Their prayer is heard. The Storm King departs; the sun breaks through the clouds; a million rain-drops sparkle like diamonds on each tree; the birds twitter to their mates in the branches; the young shepherd signals his flock to return to the pasture and resumes his song to his love in the distance, while the faint and fainter rumble of the thunder tells that the storm is now disappearing in the farness.

VIOLIN VILLAGES.

A NEWSPAPER writer tells something of the people who devote themselves to making violins in Markneukirchen, with its surrounding villages, Klingenthal, Fleissen, Rohrbach, and Graslitz, in Saxony, where there are about fifteen thousand people who do nothing but make violins. The inhabitants, from the little urchin to the old, gray-headed man, the small girl and the old grandmother, are all engaged in making some parts of the fiddle.

A good instrument consists of sixty-two different pieces. The older men make the finger-board ebony, and the string-holders of the screws. The small boys make themselves useful by looking after the glue-pot. A man with strong, steady hands and a clear eye puts the different pieces together, which is the most difficult task of all.

The women generally occupy themselves as polishers. This requires long practice, and a family having a daughter who is a good polisher is considered very fortunate.

Even a young man, when he goes a-wooing, inquires whether the young girl is a good polisher, and if she is, it certainly will increase his affection twofold. The polishing take a great deal of time, some violins being twenty and thirty time polished.

Every family has its peculiar style of polishing, and never varies from that. There is one who makes nothing but a deep wine color, another citron color, yet another an orange color, and so on.—*Youth's Companion.*

NEAPOLITAN GESTURES.

THE people of Naples are most proficient in the use of gesture. "What were you most struck with in England" asked a British subject of a Neapolitan. "With the total absence of all pantomimic action in conversation," replied he. To watch a lecturer addressing his audience without so much as lifting a finger in emphasis of his remarks, is the most laughable of sights to this lively Southern race.

Such admirable mimics are the Neapolitans, that they can even dispense with the use of proper names. A twist of the features, a strut, or other peculiarity of manner, and they have indicated an acquaintance without using his patronymic.

Two men on opposite sides of a street in Naples have been known to hold a protracted conversation by means of signs alone.

Number one pulls a face descriptive of some common acquaintance, and makes an interrogative motion.

Number two crosses his fingers like bars before his face, and winks significantly.

Number one signals, "Why?"

Number two closes his fingers with a peculiar motion of the hand, laughs and proceeds on his way. This being translated reads, "Where is so-and-so?"

"In prison."

"What has he been doing?"

"Stealing."

Familiarity with the language of signs saves a great deal of time and effort. For example, if, in any other city, you wish to invite a passing acquaintance to dinner, you must stop him, and go through a quantity of courteous formality. In Naples, you may simply rap your mouth, and intimate the hour by holding up the requisite number of fingers. A motion on his part informs you whether your friend will accept your hospitality. The following are some of the most common signs and gestures:

An outward wave of the hand signifies "adieu;" an inward, "come;" a downward, "stop." The thumb pointed backward says, "Look;" put to the lips with a slight toss of the head, it means drinking: passed across the forehead, as though wiping away perspiration, fatigue. The index finger drawn across the mouth denotes anger; across the clenched teeth, defiance; rapping the closed fingers against the lips, eating; passing the extended index and thumb in front of the mouth, hunger; twisting the end of the moustache, "Isn't it good to eat?" A backward wave of the hand beneath the chin, and a simultaneous toss of the head, "Not at any price!"

It is infinitely amusing to sit at the window and watch Neapolitans in the street. If their conversation is at all animated, one can easily follow it by the use of the eyes alone.

OUR MUSIC.

"DANSE FANTASTIQUE" ..... *C. A. Preyer.*

For the second time, this young author makes his bow before our readers. This publication will doubtless deepen the favorable impression made by the first. It might have been called a ballet movement, as it has the characteristics of a highly original ballet. This publication is dedicated by the author to our friend E. R. Kroeger. It is suited to pupils who have had about two years' practice.

"SOUVENIR DE VARSOVIE". ..... *J. Schulhoff.*

This composition has all the grace which has made Schulhoff's name renowned. It is one of the most celebrated mazurkas ever written, and while it is not intrinsically difficult it demands careful practice to bring out all its beauties.

"ALPINE STORM" (Summer Idyl).... *Charles Kunkel.*

Mr. Kunkel tells his own story of the storm elsewhere. We don't believe it at all, however. There are no Alps in St. Louis, but there is a base-ball park. To our mind, the opening melody represents the peaceful sentiment of joyful anticipation as we (the writer and Mr. Kunkel) enter Sportsman's Park to see the "Browns" wallop some other club. The game begins and for three innings the Browns pile up runs and the other fellows "goose-eggs." But a cloud appears in the west and the thunder begins to rumble ominously. As the rain begins to fall the umpire calls "time" (that is what Mr. K. calls the shepherd's signal to his dogs). Then comes the downpour. "Rain checks" and "No Game" are here express d by some of the chromatic progressions. Just as the fateful half hour is about to expire, however, the storm disappears. The crowd cheers, the umpire again calls play and the game winds up with a score of nine hundred to nothing in favor of our favorites. This description may not please the ladies as much as the other, but it will suit the "boys" much better, and as we know that Mr. Kunkel has seen many a game of base-ball and "nairy" an Alp, we insist it is likely to be the truest.

"ROYAL WALTZ"..... ..... *C. T. Sisson.*

Our readers may recollect that we stated a month or two ago that C. T. Sisson had been made so happy by his success in selling a big bill of Farrand and Votey organs to Bollman Bros. that he had been inspired to compose a new waltz. This is it, and in consideration of the fact that their organ had inspired Sisson's muse, Messrs. Farrand and Votey have ordered Five Thousand copies of this waltz, to be distributed through their principal agents. If you hear of Sisson's buying a yacht, you will know that the money comes from his royalties on this piece. Mr. Sisson has succeeded in writing a very melodious, easy waltz.

"AGAIN I HEAR MY MOTHER SING"..... *C. Bohm.*

This excellent ballad needs no introduction. It has been carefully revised for the *Royal Edition* of songs.

"THE ELM AND THE VINE"..... *H. J. Schonacker.*

Those who are already familiar with Mr. Schonacker's earlier songs will be glad to see him again appear as a composer in KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW. Mr. Schonacker has the rare gift of appropriate melody and an undeniable warmth of musical coloring. The beautiful words of Wm. Cullen Bryant have here received adequate musical expression, and we believe the song is destined to a deserved popularity upon the concert stage.

The pieces in this issue cost, in sheet form:

"DANSE FANTASTIQUE,".....	*Preyer,*	$ 60
"SOUVENIR DE VARSOVIE,".....	*Schulhoff,*	35
"ALPINE STORM,".....	*Kunkel,*	1 00
"ROYAL WALTZ,"	*Sisson,*	35
"AGAIN I HEAR MY MOTHER SING,".....	*Bohm,*	25
"THE ELM AND THE VINE,".....	*Schonacker,*	60
Total.....		$ 2 15

DANSE FANTASTIQUE.

C. A. Preyer Op. 8.

Allegretto grazioso ♩.=66

p

cresc.

crescendo.

rit.

dolce.

fp

sf

p

Ped.

8

mf

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

8

a tempo.

ff *dim.* *rit.* *p*

Ped. Ped.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

8

sf *p*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

cres.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

dimin.

Ped. Ped. Ped.

cantabile.

p

ten.

ten.

cres.

dim.

con fervore.

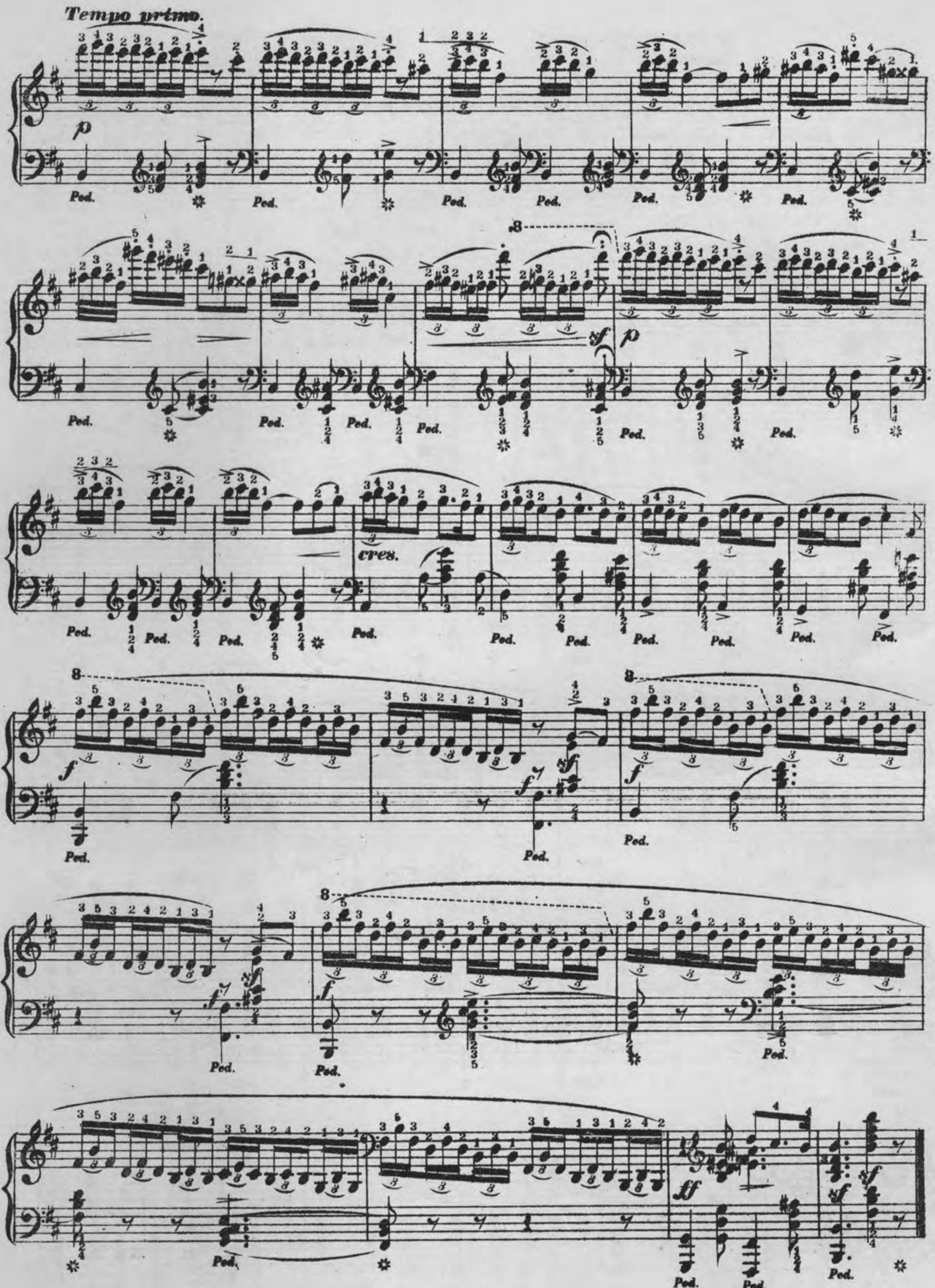
mf

sf

con espressione.

dim. *e* *rit.*

Ped.

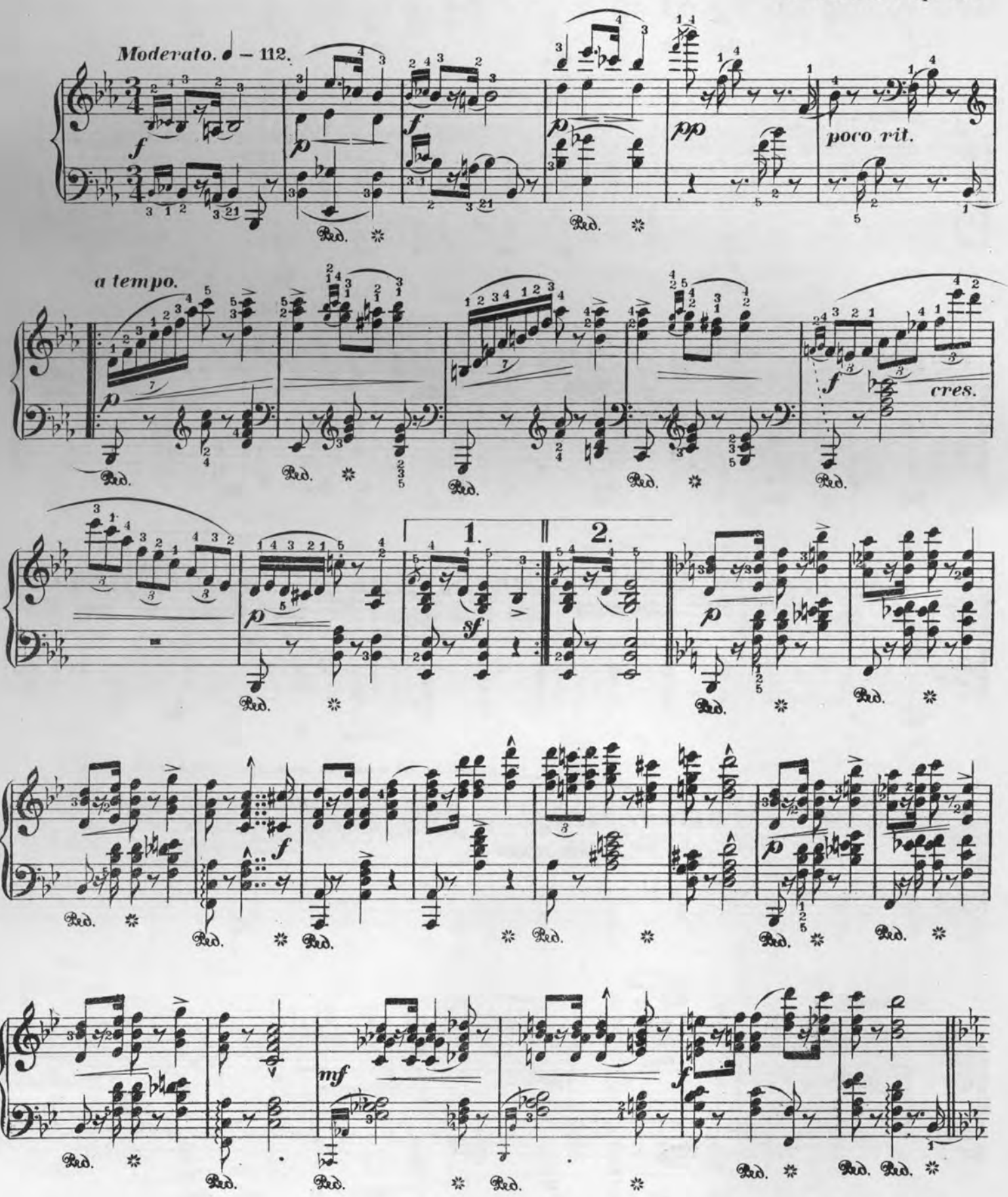

Tempo primo.
cres.
Ped.

SOUVENIR DE VARSOVIE.

(RECOLLECTIONS OF WARSAW.)

MAZURKA.

J. Schulhoff Op. 30.



cres.

dolce.

poco rit.

a tempo.

cres.

cantando.

cres.

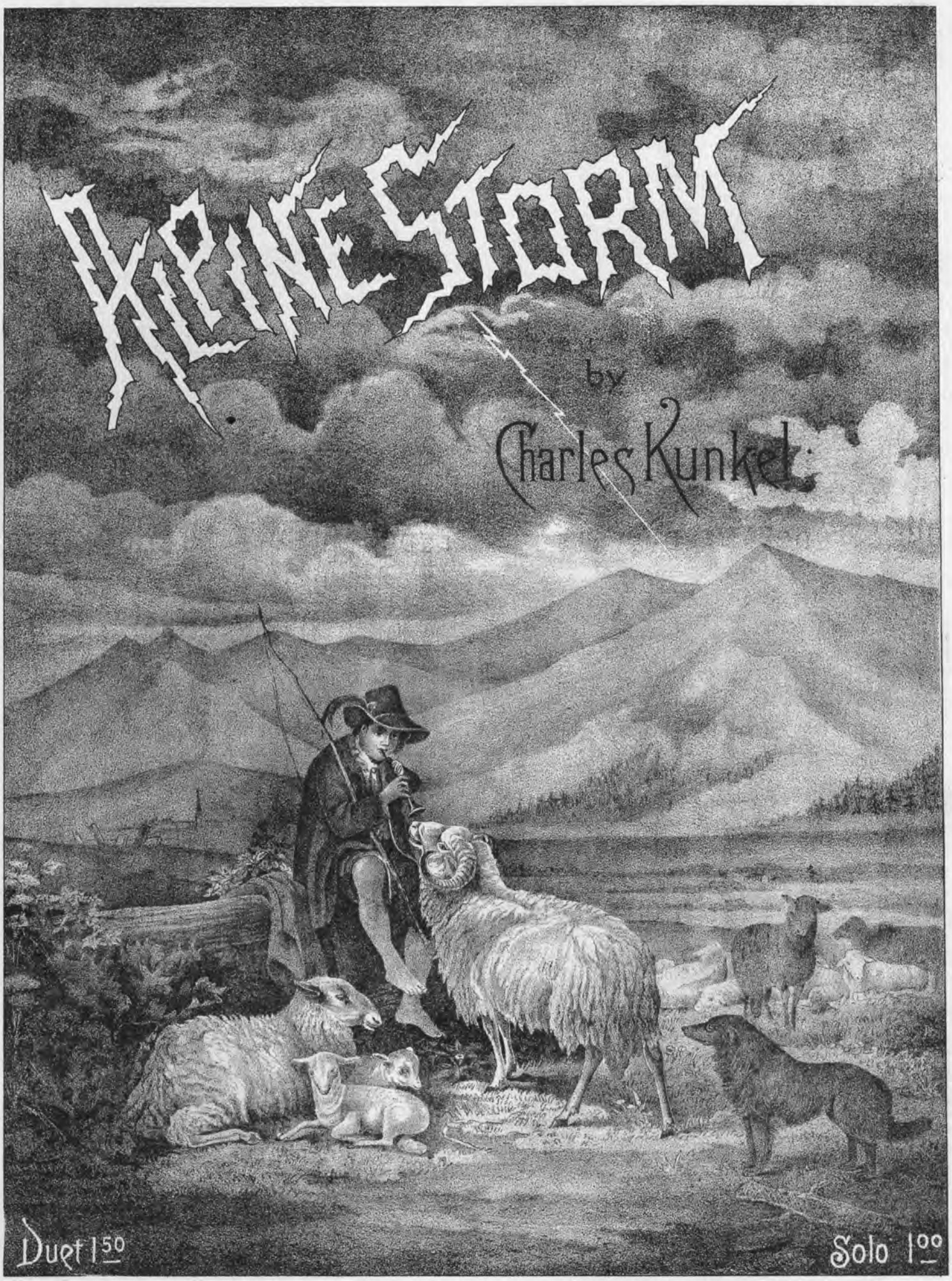
sf

dim.

p

Con brio.

To my Son Ludwig Beethoven Kunkel.



ALPINE STORM.

The young shepherd plays a love song upon his oboe.

Charles Kunkel. Op. 105.

Moderato. ♩= 144.

pp *una corda. (soft Pedal.)*

The thunder of a distant storm mingles with the pastoral melody.

tre corde (without soft Pedal.)

The thunder becomes more distinct.

mf

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

The shepherd gives a signal

una corda. tre corde. echo. una

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

to his dogs to bring the flock under shelter.

corda. tre corde. echo. una corda. trè corde.

Ped. Ped.

mf p una corda. ppp

Ped. Ped.

The rain begins to fall.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

8

mf *mf* *p*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

8

mf *f*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

The wind hisses among the mountain pines.

8

p *f tre corde.* *dim.*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

8

The storm comes on in full power.

p *f* *p* *f* *p*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Thunderbolt.

fff

Ped.

p

Ped. *Ped.*

f *p*

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*

f *p*

Ped. *Ped.*

8

sfz

Ped.

The storm King's lightning eyes flash and

sfz *ff sempre marcato.*

Ped.

the thunders of his voice roll and reverberate.

fff

Ped.

Thunderbolts.

fff

Ped.

8 8 8 8

ff *sfz* *sfz* *sfz*

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

8

sfz *ff*

Ped.

ff

Ped. *Ped*

ff

Ped.

sfz *sfz*

Ped. *Ped.*

The storm gradually passes away.

sfz sfz f dim.

Ped. Ped. Ped.

dim.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

p

Ped. Ped.

f f

Ped. Ped.

The sun appears, the birds twitter in the

Con anima

♩.=88.

ppp ppp f ppp

echo.

Ped. una corda. Ped. tre corde. Ped. una corda.

branches, the shepherd again calls his dogs and takes his sheep to pasture.

pp *f tre corde.* *una corda.* *echo.* *f tre corde.* *pp* *una corda.* *echo.*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Tempo I ♩ 144.

The shepherd resumes his love song, while

pp *f tre corde.* *una corda.* *echo.* *pp* *f tre corde.* *una corda.* *echo.* *mp* *tre corde.*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

the thunder gradually dies away in the distance.

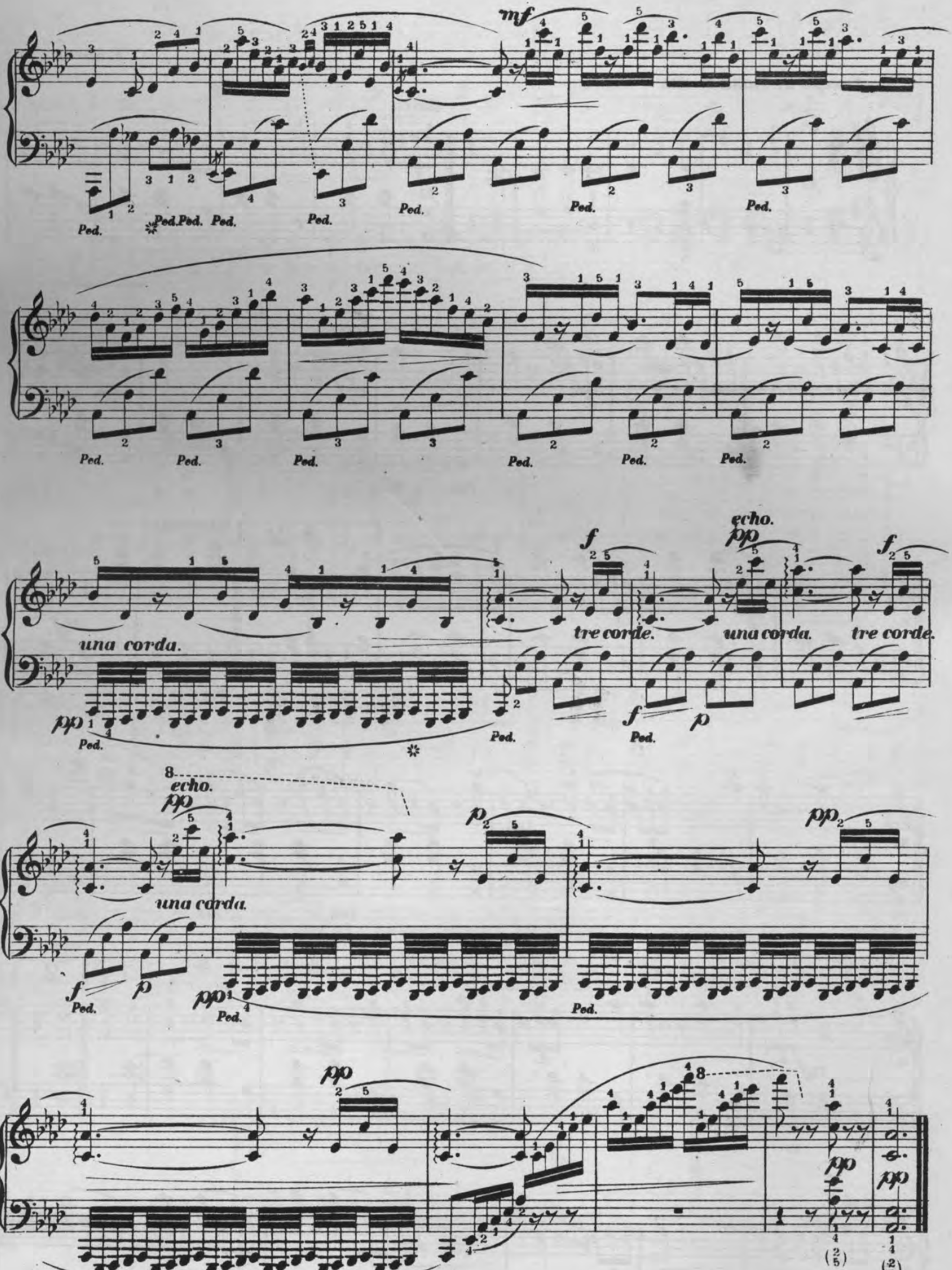
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

f *p*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

p

Ped. Ped. Ped.


mf
Ped.
una corda.
tre corde.
echo.
pp
f
p
una corda.
tre corde.
echo.
pp
una corda.
pp
8

ROYAL WALTZ.

C. T. Sisson.

Tempo di Valse ♩. 80.

dolce.

p

dolce.

Ped. ✲

1. 2.

Giocoso.

mf

Ped. ✲

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*

1. 2.

mf

✲

dolce.

p

dolce.

Ped. ✲

mf

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

f

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*

mf

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

f

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* ✲

dolce.

p

Ped. ✲

dolce.

f

Ped.

f

f

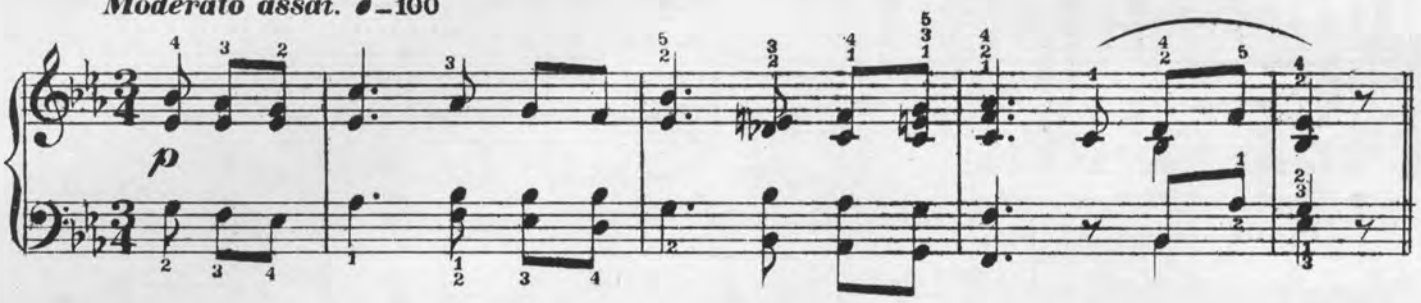
✲

AGAIN I HEAR MY MOTHER SING.

(WAS MIR ALS KIND DIE MUTTER SANG.)

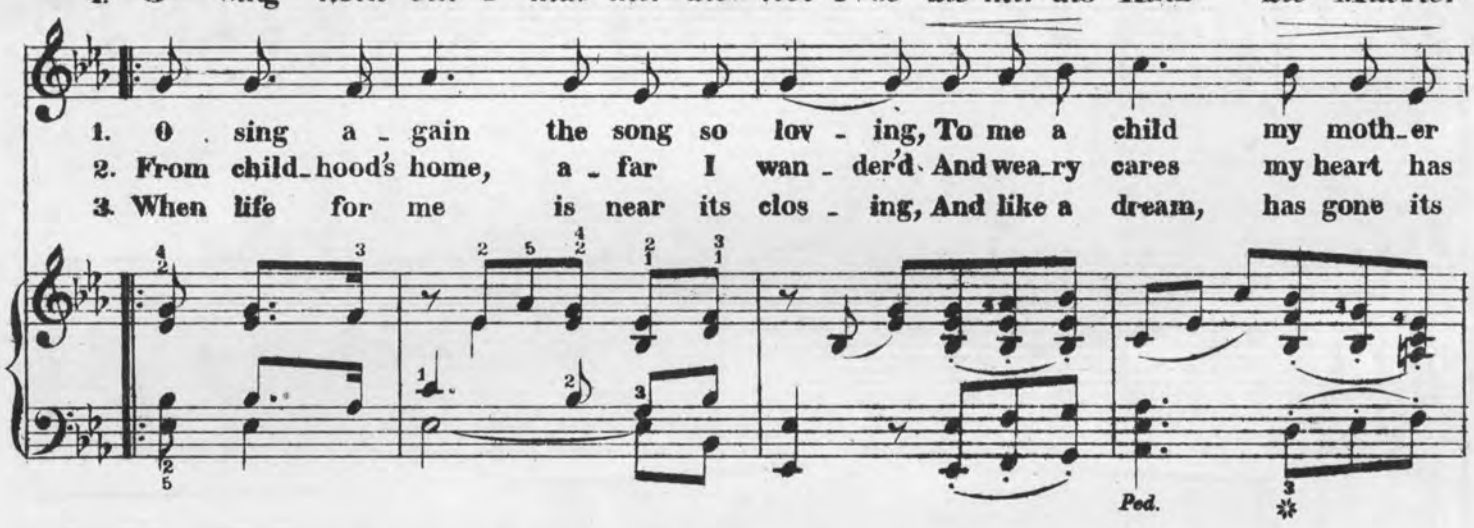
C. Bohm.

Moderato assai. ♩=100



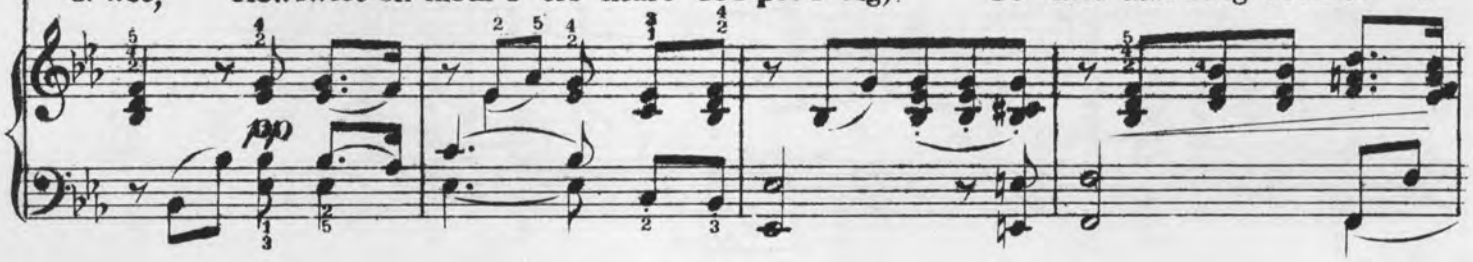
3. *Und will in mei - ner letz-ten Stun - de er-lö-schen mei - nes Le-bens*
2. *Vom Va - ter-haus an fer - ne Stran - de trieb mich das bit - ter bö - se*
1. *O sing noch ein - mal mir die Wei - se die mir als Kind die Mut-ter*

1. O sing a - gain the song so lov - ing, To me a child my moth-er
2. From child-hood's home, a - far I wan - der'd And wea-ry cares my heart has
3. When life for me is near its clos - ing, And like a dream, has gone its



3. *Stern, dann hört' ich wohl aus dei-nem Mun-de o Mut-ter je - ne Wei - se*
2. *Muss, doch klang mir aus dem Hei-math-lan - de oft wie-der je - ner Lie - bes-*
1. *sang, die mir so süss, so mild und lei - se bis in die tief-ste See - le*

1. sang! It was so sweet so mild and mov - ing, That thro' my in-most heart it
2. known, But o'er that voice my thoughts have pon-der'd; It dear - er fond - er still has
3. woe, How sweet on moth - er's heart re - pos - ing, To hear that song be - fore I



3. *gern.* *Dort o-ben in den Ster-nen-lan-de wo e-wig Frie-de*
2. *gruss.* *Und kränk-te mich der Menschen Tü-cke, mir raubt sie nicht mein*
1. *drang.* *In bö-ser Zeit in ban gen Stunden war sie mein be-ster*

p

1. rang! In lone-ly hours in pain and sad-ness, She was my true-est
2. grown! The world for me tho' dark with trou-ble, Still had some joy in
3. go! Ah! far a-bove the stars, soft shin-ing, Where ev-'ry joy doth

p

3. *lacht, da hör' ich je-nes Lie-bes Klang das mir als Kind die Mut-ter*
2. *Glück, wenn in der*
1. *Freund, wenn in der* *Brust das Lied er-klang war mir's als wenn die Mut-ter*

f tranquillo.

1. friend; When thro' my soul that strain doth ring, A-gain I hear my moth-er
2. store; When thro' my soul that strain did ring, A-gain I heard my moth-er
3. dwell, I there shall hear those ech-oes ring, A-gain I'll hear my moth-er

f tranquillo.

3. *sang, da hör' ich je-nes Lie-bes Klang, das mir als*
1. 2. *sang, wenn in der Brust das Lied er-klang, war mir's als*

f

1. sing! When thro' my soul that strain doth ring, A-gain I
2. sing! When thro' my soul that strain did ring, A-gain I
3. sing! I there shall hear those ech-oes ring, A-gain I'll

f

3. *Kind die Mut-ter sang.*
1. 2. *wenn die Mut-ter sang.*

rit.

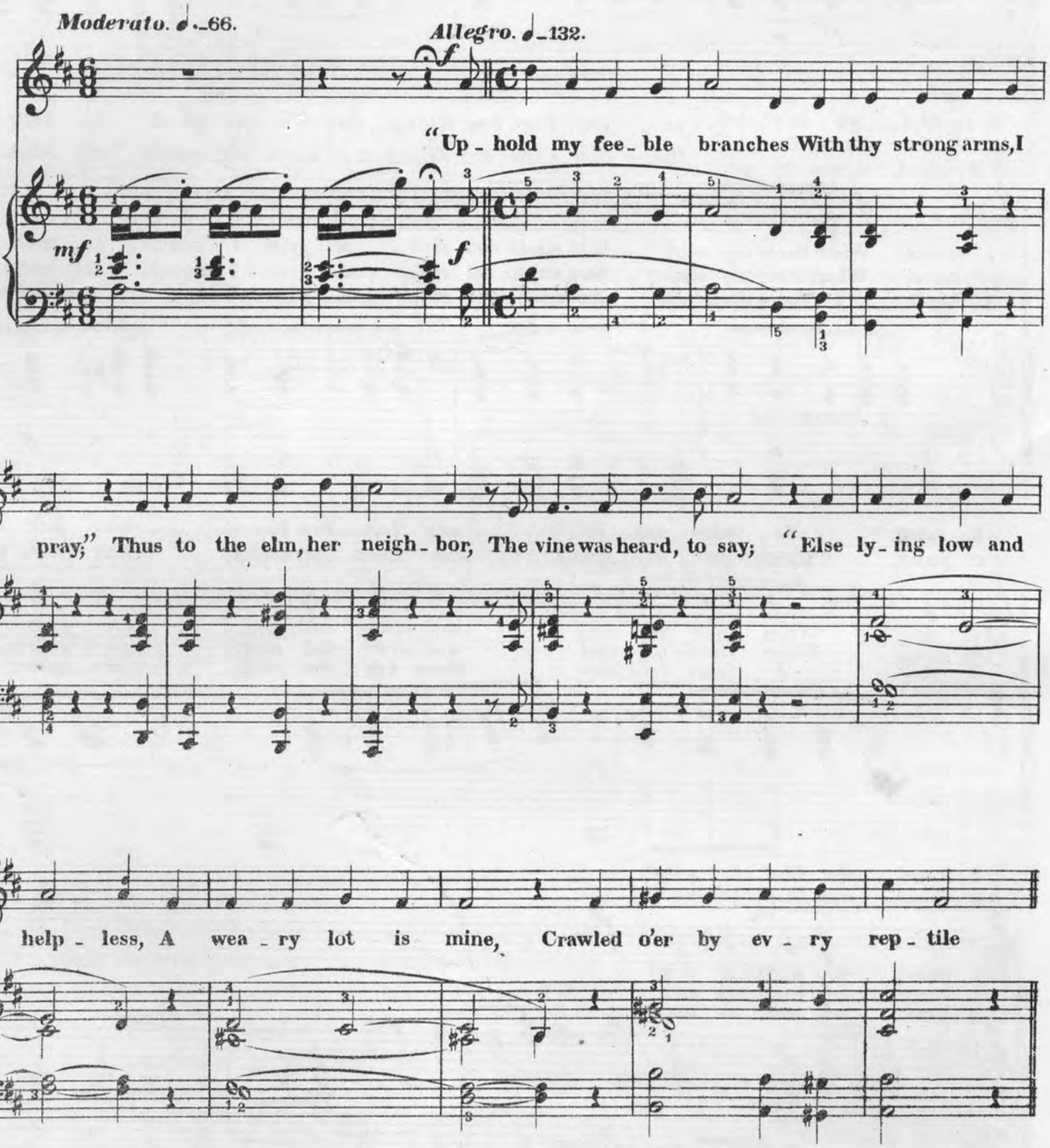
1. hear my moth-er sing!
2. heard my moth-er sing!
3. hear my moth-er sing!

a tempo.

rit. *p* *pp*

THE ELM AND THE VINE.

Music by H. J. Schonacker.



animato. *più lento.* *risoluto.*

And brows'd by hungry kine. The elm was moved to pi - ty Then spoke the generous tree: "My

rit.e dim.

hapless friend come hither And find support in me"

a tempo.

f *rit.e dim.*

Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲

Allegretto. ♩=120.

The kind - ly elm, re - ceiv-ing The

p

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

grace - ful vine's em-brace, Be-came with that a -

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

dornment The gar - dens pride and grace_

Be - came the cho - sen cov_ert In

which the wild birds sing, Be - came the love of

shepherds And glo - ry of the spring.....

Tempo di Valse ♩.=80.

f

The kind - ly elm, re - ceiv - - ing The grace - ful vine's em -

brace, ... Be - came with that a - dorn - - ment The

gar - den's pride and grace.

f

f

8

8

8

Tempo I. ♩.=66. *Allegro.* ♩=132.

f

Oh, beau-ti-ful ex-am-ple For youthful minds to heed! The

mf *f*

rit. *lento.*

good we do to oth-ers Shall nev-er miss its meed; The love of those whose sor-rows We

rit. *lento.*

animato.

lighten shall be ours, And o'er the path we walk in That love shall scatter flow'rs Oh, beau-ti-ful ex-

rit. largando.

am-ple For youthful minds to heed; The good we do to oth-ers Shall nev-er miss its meed.

f *ff* *ff*

Ped. Ped. ✲

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

Rough and ready the troopers ride,
Great, bearded men with swords by side;
They have ridden long and they have ridden hard,
They are travel-stained and battle-scarred;
The hard ground shakes with their martial tramp,
And coarse is the laugh of the men of the camp.

They reach a spot where a mother stands,
With a baby clapping its little hands,
Laughing aloud at the gallant sight
Of the mounted soldiers fresh from the fight.
The Captain laughs out: "I'll give you this,
A handful of gold, your baby to kiss."

Smiles the mother: "A kiss can't be sold,
But gladly he'll kiss a soldier bold."
He lifts up the babe with a manly grace,
And covers with kisses its smiling face,
Its rosy cheeks, and its dimpled charms,
And it crows with delight in the soldier's arms.

"Not all for the Captain," the soldiers call:
"The baby, we know, has a kiss for all.
To the soldiers breasts the baby is pressed
By the strong, rough men, and by turns caressed;
And louder it laughs, and the mother fair
Smiles with mute joy as the kisses they share.

"Just such a kiss," cries one trooper grim,
"When I left my boy I gave to him;"
"And just such a kiss on the parting day
I gave to my girl as asleep she lay;"
Such were the words of the soldiers brave;
And their eyes were moist as the kisses they gave.

—*Chicago Ledger.*

ST. MARTIN'S burial ground, in Pratt Street, Camden Town, after lying waste for many years, is to be opened as a recreation ground. In that place lie the remains of Charles Dibdin, his tomb smothered with brick-bats and other refuse, the name "Charles Dibdin, &c., died 1814," and the lines in "Tom Bowling"—

"His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft"

being almost undecipherable. In the same place lie the remains of John Davy, the composer of the "Bay of Biscay," and other songs still popular. Would it not be possible to raise some monuments worthy of the merits of these departed men of genius? Surely, in the case of Dibdin alone, it is not necessary to show a want of gratitude towards one whose patriotic efforts ought ever to command attention and admiration. Tributes of respect to men of genius gone to their rest, are the best encouragements to the living to emulate their acts and deeds.—*Musical Society.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, March 19, 1888.

[EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—Light opera companies have been raining down upon Boston during the past month, but as these do not generally require much analysis I can dismiss the subject with a few "glittering generalities." Possibly however, the first generality may not glitter to any alarming extent for I must say that the "Ideal Opera Company has

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen
Fallen from its high estate

and gives Zélie de Lussan in every opera with the sublime confidence that one swallow will make a summer in this case. *Per Contra* the McCaull opera company with Cotrelly, Manola, De Wolf Hopper, Mr. and Mrs. Digby Bell, Hubert Wilke, etc, has given as strong a performance of Boccaccio and Falka as it has been our good fortune to hear and see anywhere. From comic opera to Bach is a transition that the Boston critic is at any time prepared for, and if the latter was not quite as entertaining as Suppé, his work was considerably more elevating and better suited to Lenten meditations. I am glad to say that the Passion music was given in a condensed form, being abbreviated to two hours and a half of solid music. This is not a fault in my eyes, as there are many portions of the work which can be omitted without hurting its continuity, and I would much like to see many of the tenor recitatives, which merely made a connected chain of modulations for church use, abolished, or rather given to a good reader. It seems out of place to see the Evangelist arise every moment, have a chord given him from the piano, plaintively warble "He said, however," and then sit down again. The choruses were firm in attack, good in intonation and generally a credit to the Händel and Haydn Society, especially in the great chorales, and in the Turbæ, but the double choruses could have had a greater volume. The orchestral work in this was never better done in Boston than on this occasion, the numerous obligati being perfect. The soloists were adequate but with the exception of Mr. Prehn, not especially inspiring.

The Boylston Club recently gave us an oratorio of less severe cast: the recently-composed "Ruth" by Cowen. This work is too sensational to belong to the true oratorio school, but it is very attractive nevertheless. It has the fault of being a trifle too long; of continuing after its true climax is past. This climax is reached in the scene of the Harvest Festival which is full of quaint and original music. If Ruth and Boaz could only be wedded then and there the work would gain in dramatic effect even if less true to Scriptural narrative.

The Symphony orchestra have been giving us the usual excellent musical feasts weekly. Brahms' third Symphony was performed at the last concert. It impresses me as being the most compact, the most genial, and the most spontaneous of his symphonic works. The Wagner Symphony composed when he was between 18 and 20 years of age achieved a great success with the public here at its performance, but I cannot say that I grew very enthusiastic over it, except perhaps over its slow movement, while its finale seemed to me very labored and unattractive. Nevertheless it has force, fire, and originality all through, and deserves to be be kept upon the repertoire for its historical as well as its intrinsic interest.

The soloists have been Herr and Frau Kalisch (she that was a Lehmann) and Camilla Urso, and all of them made entire successes, the two first named singing with glorious enthusiasm in the true style of German dramatic art

The Kneisel quartette gave one of its ever-delightful chamber concerts during the month.

The *piece de resistance* was the Schumann piano quartette op. 47 with Adele aus der Ohe at the piano. This young lady on this occasion proved that she possessed something deeper than mere virtuosity: she played the long work from memory, and with a power and perfection of ensemble that must have inspired the string players as it certainly did the audience A couple of evenings after this the same quartette appeared in a very worthy concert with Mr. Louis Maas the pianist and composer, and here also, all parties concerned won an artistic success.

Mi s aus der Ohe recently played Liszt's Polonaise in E at the New England Conservatory of Music in magnificent style, showing that she is as great in bravura as in other schools of work. The students at this conservatory have had a constant succession of concerts lately at which such eminent members of its faculty as Messrs Faelten, Mahr, Maas, Bendix, Rotoli, De Seve and a host of others have appeared. One can scarcely over-estimate the value of the opportunity of thus constantly hearing good music. It creates a real musical atmosphere around the students and must have a good influence on the style of their work. Let us hope that it will make a very advanced style of music teachers in the near future.

COMES.

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

The Campanini Concert Company was a disappointment. Poor Gerster's voice is gone and Campanini's has not returned. The buffo (whose name escapes us) is only passable and the accompanist, Goré, is a buffo in his way, constantly burlesquing the accompaniment by exaggerated emphasis. Signoria Toricelli, the violinist Mme. Schalchi and Signor Galassi were really the only ones of the troupe whose work came up to the reasonable expectations of the public. There was considerable truth in the expression used by the base-

ball enthusiast who characterized the company as a "*Charley-horse* aggregation." Campanini is evidently aware of the fact, for his very short stays wherever he goes prove that he expects to draw one or two good audiences, and no more, on the strength of the past reputation of his artists.

One of the most enjoyable concerts ever given by the St. Louis Musical Union was the third of the present series. No orchestral novelties were presented, it is true, but the work of the orchestra was so excellent in every respect as to more than make up for the lack of newness in the compositions they so well interpreted. It seems, indeed as if the musicians who have been so outrageously snubbed by Mr. Methudy, as manager of the approaching *Saengerfest*, were determined to demonstrate the fact that the charge of incompetency brought against them, by him, to justify his action in refusing to engage any of them, has absolutely no basis of truth. Whether that was their purpose or not, certain it is that this concert served as a demonstration of the maliciousness and groundlessness of the statements of the President of the local *Saengerfest* committee.

Mrs. Blankius-Hodge sang her selections with good taste, feeling and artistic correctness. Her voice is a contralto of good tone, quality and moderate power.

Miss Maude Powell made her *debut* before a St. Louis audience. The result was not long in the balance. Miss Powell is a genuine artist and the fact was immediately patent to every one. There is so often a feeling, when a lady appears as a violinist, that allowance must be be made for the player's sex (a feeling based upon ordinary experience) that all were elated at discovering in Miss Powell one who needed no such odds. Her execution is masterly, and her tone, while not of the largest, is sufficient and perfectly pure. Miss Powell will be sure of a warm welcome whenever she returns to St. Louis. The programme follows:

1.—4th Symphony (Italian), Andante, Con moto moderato, Saltarello, *Mendelssohn*. Orchestra. 2—Vocal Solo, "The Journey is Long," *Coombs*. Mrs. Emma Blankius Hodge. 3.—Violin Solo, Introduction et Rondo Capriccioso, *St. Saens*. Miss Maude Powell. 4.—Invitation to Dance, *C. M. v. Weber*. Orchestra. 5.—Vocal Solo, "Fatima! Gift Sent from Heaven," With Cello obligato—Mr. L. Mayer, *C. M. Weber*. Mrs E. Blankus-Hodge 6.—Siegfried's Death and Funeral March, from the *Gætterdæmmerung*." *Wagner*. Orchestra. 7.—Violin Solo, *a*. Larghetto, *Nardini*, *b*. Caprice, *Ogarow*. Miss M. Powell. 8.—Ballet Music and Wedding March, from "Feramors," *Rubinstein*. 1. Dance of the Bayadères, 2. Torchlight Dance of the Brides of Cashmere, 3. Bayaderes' Dance, 4. Wedding March Orchestra.

By just as much as we were disagreeably disappointed by the Campanini troupe, were our expectations of the French Opera Troupe exceeded. There were, of course, blemishes in the performances. The chorus is not a collection of *houris* and the daily change of operas, unfamiliar as most of them were to the portion of the orchestra recruited from local musicians, resulted in an occasional unsteadiness in the orchestral work, but, after all allowance has been made, the fact remains that the operas given were most excellently interpreted. M. Berger, the *tenor robusto* is a great artist, with a magnificent voice—one of the best we have ever heard. M. Desnoyers, the *basso profundo*, unites to good histrionic abilities a very powerful voice with a marvelous and sympathetic quality of tone that we have never heard equaled, while M. Claverie, as a barytone, is nearly if not quite the equal of Galassi. Most of the other principals are quite as good as the leading artists of most operatic troupes. We must, however, take issue with the press of New Orleans, in its praises of the voice and method of the dramatic soprano, Mme. de Rinckly. She is out of place in so excellent a company. Her voice is so full of *tremolo* that it is a constant problem, what note she is singing. We understand that Mr. Maugé will return next fall to spend a month here, previous to his New Orleans season We hope to see most of his principals with him again, but we shall not be sorry to see a few new faces among his chorus and a fresher artist in the place of his *forte chanteuse*.

THE SOUL OF VALOR.

SOME one has termed music the soul of valor, and certainly history is rich in the record of battles won through its inspiration of energy. What is more familiar in anecdote than the change from rout to victorious assault when the young French soldier dashed to the head of his regiment and began singing the Marsellaise? In a moment the stirring song was being sung by the chorus of a thousand voices, and the French soldiery swept forward like the wave of an angry sea, beating down and overwhelming all before it. In our own land and times the war songs of the Republic have converted defeat into triumph when the word of command fell upon unheeding ears. When a grim old warrior, who had learned the trick of thrilling the human heart, heard that his weary and dispirited soldiers in advance were rebellious against the impending fight, he rode along the line ordering the bands to strike up their liveliest airs. Presently the inspiring strains of "We'll Rally' Round the Flag" were ringing from a dozen bands, the hearts of the soldiers throbbed to the patriotic measure, their voices caught up the words and flung them out with the will of courage and defiance, the ranks surged into the battle with the headlong tumult of enthusiasm, and the flag was borne on, on, until the dews of night fell upon it, when it waved over the abandoned field of the foe. The songs that have become known as the war songs of a country have grown up out of the necessities of the soul. The mind needs cheering on to its duty with most of us. Work for the mere love of work comes only with habit and rarely springs from native impulse. Toil is lightened with a song hummed to the time of the busy hands. The toil of the march is eased

by the joyous blasts of the bugle or the inspiriting strains of the band, not only because memories are awakened or unhappy thoughts soothed, but because the music seems to have an actual influence upon the physical organism, thrilling along the nerves and quickening the blood to action. It is not merely a sentimental inspiration, it is a positive physical influence, as any medical scientist may attest. It was not the words of the old songs half as much as it was the music associated with the words that quickened weak spirits into the hardihood of fearlessness. There is not a great deal in the words of "Rally' Round the Flag," "Just Before the Battle," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," "John Brown's Body," "Marching Through Georgia," but at the right time, sung by a hundred voices or played by a full band, any one of them has as much potency to stir the soul of man as a gloria from the trumpet of Gabriel. The war songs and the war music fought half the battles of the Union. The mite of a drummer boy, marching doughtily ahead, rattling his sticks to a quick-step or a charge, sets more vital force speeding along the line than the stentorian "Forward" of the general, and the company that could send into the smoke of battle the merry waves of the song that touched heart with valor was as serviceable to the cause as the cannonade of the battery roaring in the rear. The war songs have not been sung of late, but they have become memories that would sweep over an audience like the voice of old, recalling life, were they to be sung by strong voices with some of the old fire in them. A people with vigorous war songs fondly cherished is armed for defense. A nation so fortressed at heart need fear no foe without.—*Inter-Ocean.*

DR. RICHARD HOOKER ON CHURCH MUSIC.

ALL the wisdom of the world has not come out of the nineteenth century, even in regard to musical affairs. Our English ancestors, whatever may have been their shortcomings so far as secular music was concerned, can show a very respectable record of psalmody and the higher branches of devotional music. That the importance of good music in connection with worship was fully appreciated in "the good old days," is shown by the following quaintly worded extract from "The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," written by that famous divine, Dr. Richard Hooker, in the year 1591, near the time when the immortal Shakspeare, was approaching the zenith of his glory. Under the sub head "Church Music," Dr. Hooker says: "Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds or due proportionable disposition, such, notwithstanding, is the force, thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature, is, or hath in it harmony, a thing that delighteth all ages and beseemeth all states, a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy; as decent being added into actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action. The reason hereof is an admirable facility which music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turn and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject. Yea, so to imitate them that whether it resemble unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clean contrary, we are not more contentedly by the one confirmed than changed and led away by the other. In harmony the very image and character, even of virtue and vice, is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblances and brought by having them oft iterated into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony, than some nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another, we need no proof but our own experience, inasmuch as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness, of some more mollified and softened in mind; one kind apter to stay and settle with us, another to move and stir our affections; there is that draweth to a marvelous grave and sober mediocrity; there is also that carrieth, as it were, into ecstasies, filling the mind with a heavenly joy, and for the time in a manner severing it from the body, so that, although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty or manner, the very harmony of sounds being framed in due sort and carried from

the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is, by a native puissance and efficacy, greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled; apt as well to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is too eager. Sovereign against melancholy and despair, forcible to draw forth tears of devotion, if the mind be such as can yield them, able both to move and to moderate all affections. The prophet David, having therefore singular knowledge, not in poetry alone, but also in music, judged them both to be things most necessary for the house of God, left behind him to that purpose a number of divinely indited poems, and was further the author of adding unto poetry melody in public prayer, melody both vocal and instrumental, for the raising up of men's hearts and the sweetening of their affections toward God."

UNION WAR SONGS AND CONFEDERATE OFFICERS.

THE reading of Mr. Brander Matthews "Songs of the War," in the August number of the *Century*, vividly recalls to mind an incident of my own experience, which seems to me so apt an illustration of the effect of army songs upon men, that I venture to send it to you, as I remember it, after 22 years.

A day or two after Lee's surrender, in April, 1865, I left our ship at Dutch Gap, in the James River, for a run up to Richmond, where I was joined by the ship's surgeon, the paymaster and one of the junior officers. After "doing" Richmond pretty thoroughly we went in the evening to my rooms for dinner. Dinner being over and the events of the day recounted, the doctor, who was a fine player, opened the piano, saying, "Boys, we've got our old quartette here; let's have a sing." As the house opposite was occupied by paroled Confederate officers, no patriotic songs were sung. Soon the lady of the house handed me this note:

"Compliments of General —— and staff. Will the gentlemen kindly allow us to come over and hear them sing?" Of course we consented, and they came. As the general entered the room, I recognized instantly the face and figure of one who stood second only to Lee or Jackson in the whole Confederacy. After introductions and the usual exchange of civilities, we sang for them glees and college songs, until at last the general said:

"Excuse me, gentlemen, you sing delightfully, but what we want to hear is your army songs." Then we gave them the army songs with unction, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "John Brown's Body," "We're Coming, Father Abraham," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," through the whole catalogue to the "Star-Spangled Banner,"—to which many a foot beat time as if it had never stepped to any but the "music of the Union,"—and closed our concert with "Rally Round the Flag, Boys."

When the applause had subsided a tall, fine-looking fellow in a major's uniform exclaimed, "Gentlemen, if we'd had your songs we'd have licked you out of your boots! Who couldn't have marched or fought with such songs? While we had nothing, absolutely nothing, except a bastard 'Marseillaise,' the 'Bonny Blue Flag,' and 'Dixie,' which were nothing but jigs. 'Maryland, my Maryland' was a splendid song, but the true, old 'Lauriger Horatius' was about as inspiring as the 'Dead March in Saul,' while every one of the Yankee songs is full of marching and fighting spirit." Then, turning to the general, he said, "I shall never forget the first time I heard 'Rally Round the Flag.' 'Twas a nasty night during the 'Seven Days' Fight,' and if I remember rightly it was raining. I was on the picket, when, just before 'taps', some fellow on the other side struck up that song and others joined in the chorus until it seemed to me the whole Yankee army was singing. Tom B——, who was with me, sung out, 'Good heavens! Cap, what are those fellows made of, anyway? Here we've licked 'em six days running, and now on the eve of the seventh, they're singing, 'Rally Round the Flag.' I am not naturally superstitions, but I tell you that song sounded to me like the 'knell of doom,' and my heart went down into my boots; and though I've tried to do my duty, it has been an uphill fight with me ever since that night."

The little company of Union singers and Confederate auditors, after a pleasant and interesting interchange of stories of army experiences, then separated, and as the general shook hands at parting, he said to me, "Well, the time *may* come when we can all sing the 'Star-Spangled Banner' again." I have not seen him since.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

RICHARD WAGNER'S pre-Wagnerian opera (*sit venia verbo!*) "Die Feen," emanating from the earliest period of the master, will be produced for the first time on any stage, in May next, at the Munich Hof-Theater.

A MUSIC festival is being organized at Copenhagen, which will be devoted entirely to compositions by Scandinavian masters; those, *inter alia*, by Kuhlau, Gade, Grieg, Svendsen, Emil Hartmann, Lindblad, Josefson, and Kjerulf.

M. CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS has gone to Algiers for the benefit of his health, and has taken with him the libretto of his new opera "Benvenuto Cellini," destined to become the great novelty at the Paris Grand Opera during the approaching Exhibition year.

AN important and highly interesting collection of antique musical instruments, formerly in the possession of Herr Paul de Witt, of Leipsic, has just been purchased by the Prussian Government, and will be permanently exhibited at the Berlin Royal Academy of Music (Hochschule).

UNDER the title of "Het Proefschot" (The Trial-shot), Weber's evergreen "Freischütz" has just been performed for the first time with a Dutch version of the libretto, at Amsterdam, previous performances of the work in Holland having been either given in French or in the original German.

RUBINSTEIN'S "Biblical opera," "Sulamith," is shortly to be produced in concert-form at the Royal Opera of Berlin. This melodious and picturesque work was first produced in 1883, at the Hamburg Stadt-Theater, under the composer's direction, and has since been unaccountably neglected.

MISS NEALLY STEVENS, the distinguished pianist, has recently returned to Chicago from her concert tour. Wherever she has appeared she has received the highest enconiums from both press and people. Miss Stevens was a pupil of Liszt for two years and has many mementos of her beloved master.

IN the course of an interesting discourse on Beethoven, recently delivered by Herr Hanslick, in the Austrian capital, the eminent critic of the *Neue Freie Presse* played to his audience three, it is said, hitherto unknown dance-tunes emanating from the master's most mature period—viz., that in which the Ninth Symphony was written.

OUT of a total number of fifty-three new operas by German composers, submitted to the Royal Opera of Berlin during the past year, only four have been accepted for performance during the present season. These are: "Der Haideschacht," by Herr Holstein; "Turandot," by Herr Rehbaum; "Lorelei," by Herr E. Naumann; and "Irrungen," by Professor Lorenz.

DR. MACKENZIE of London, while sojourning in Italy recently, composed an overture to Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," which will probably be produced at one of the Richter concerts in London. The work illustrates various personages and scenes in the comedy, the life and humor of which it quaintly reflects.

PATTI has made her "last appearance" twenty-seven times, her "positively last appearance" nine times, has "permanently retired from the stage" seven times, has "retired to spend her days in her castle" three times, and is now getting ready to take another hack at the public and retire again.—*Pittsburg Sunday Traveler.*

A MUSIC festival extending over three days is to take place in June next, at Stuttgart, when the performances will include Handel's "Joshua," Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, and Wagner's "Parsifal" Prelude. Among the artists contributing solo performances are mentioned Johannes Brahms, Dr. Joachim, and Eugene d'Albert Dr. Faisst, of Stuttgart, will be the Conductor.

THE first performance at the Munich Hof-Theater of Verdi's "Otello" was a brilliant success. The theatre was crowded by an enthusiastic audience, and after the fourth act, which produced the greatest effect, the principal interpreters were recalled seven times—an occurrence altogether unprecedented here, except in Wagnerian opera. Herr Vogl gave the *title-role*, Herr Gura the *Iago*, and Frau Schöller the ill-starred heroine, the work generally having been placed on the stage in excellent style.

MESSRS. NEWBY AND EVANS, the enterprising manufacturers of pianos have found the demand for their pianos so great as to compel an increase of their manufacturing capacity. To that end they have had a new factory put up for their special use at 136th St. and Southern Boulevard, New York, into which they will soon move, when they will turn out from forty-five to fifty pianos per week. They make a good, honest piano which recommends itself. It is therefore a good one for dealers to handle.

IT is with sincere regret that we note the demise, at the age of 62, of Mrs. Amelia Louisa Freund, the mother of Jno. C. Freund of the *American Musician* and of Harry Freund of *Music and Drama*, better known to the musical reading public under her *nom de plume* of "Amelia Lewis." She was a prolific and fluent writer on musical and dramatic topics. Those who know her best say that she was besides a practical philanthropist, interested especially in the elevation of the poorer classes of women both in England (the land of her birth) and in this country. The fact that we have before this broken a lance or two with one of her sons, and may do so again, for aught we know, will not prevent our extending to both, in this their dark hour, the hand of sympathy.

THE ever genial Howard (R. S.) the well-known and active representative of Sohmer & Co., called at the REVIEW office recently. He was in a happy frame of mind, as successful men generally are.

THE invention of the organ is attributed to Archimedes, about 220 B. C. It was brought to Western Europe from the Greek Empire, and used in religious devotions in churches about A. D. 657.

THE concert recently given by Prof. Waldauer and the pupils of the Beethoven Conservatory was a triumph for this well-known musical educator and his able assistants. It is not claimed, of course, that the participating pupils were artists in the strict sense of the term, but the artistic finish and style of their work showed (what is far more important to the possible student) that they were under the tuition of artists. In this connection it may not be amiss to say that the Conservatory will again, as in former years, remain open throughout the summer—an opportunity which school-teachers and others too occupied during the winter for systematic study should not neglect.

M. DE LESSEPS is a many-sided, accomplished man, but he cannot sing. The children roar with laughter when he attempts to teach them a tune. They draw the line here and he laughingly relates that he overheard one of his chicks say to a companion: "Papa's voice is like that of a lunatic linnet." Without making any solid pretense to oratory pure and simple, he is a fluent and effective speaker in a general way. He makes what John Bright declares is a difficult achievement—a neat and amusing after-dinner speech. He is flowery and complimentary. Now and then he gets off a rasping *mot*, as, for instance, one night at a large meeting an adolescent Count of juvenile appearance was bold enough to oppose some measure De Lesseps had introduced. The monarch of the Suez rose and convulsed the meeting by saying with affected gravity: "Why, citizens, the whole question was settled at a time when yon young Count was in his perambulator."

A NEGRO MINSTREL.

THE *Boston Transcript* publishes the following pathetic story from a Washington correspondent:—

"The other day we were down between Havre de Grace and Baltimore, Maryland, and the train was moving, not rapidly, just fast enough to get us to the latter city before nightfall. A negro boy of perhaps ten years entered the car and sat almost upright on the end of a vacant seat, holding his banjo, and he commenced to play and sing. He had hardly finished the first verse of his song when a man, who looked as if he might be a cross between the devil and a hyena, with a countenance hard and homely enough to make a dent in an anvil by its reflection, snapped savagely out:

'Take up your slack jaw there, you infernal nigger.'

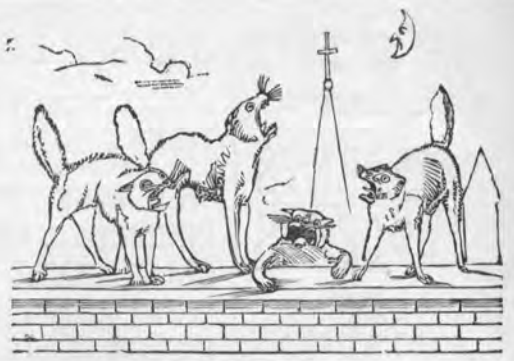
We noticed that a tear bedimmed the boy's eye, and he trembled till the rags of his clothing shook, but still he sang. He sang such songs as 'Swanee River,' 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginia,' 'Dixie,' and other old and favorite melodies. As he finisLed, he passed his hat, and then we were approaching a small station. He asked the conductor how long we stopped there, and the conductor said, 'Five minutes, Tommy, I hope you will make something.'

Tommy, eager to get to the little crowd as soon as possible, jumped off from the train as it was slowly moving. He slipped, went under the car wheels, and both legs were instantly severed from his body. He was picked up and laid on a cot in the depot. The doctor was summoned, and the conductor told how the manly little man was in that way meagrely supporting his invalid mother and infant sister, who lived in a cabin many miles away, and how he daily mailed what he earned to 'keep the little life till the coming of the morn.'

The train moved on, but many passengers remained, among others the brute who assailed the boy in the car. The doctor said that life was short, and Tommy pulled from the pocket of his tattered coat an envelope which his mother had addressed to herself for him, and faintly said, 'Won't somebody please wrote in dis to mudder and baby sister dat I is dead? Oh, what can dey do? Lor' bress um!"

All at once over forty dollars was handed and put in that envelope, and it was mailed. Then Tommy closed his eyes and the doctor said that he was gone. As they saw wasted the red current of his young life, both men and women wept bitter tears of grief, and the man who had unsheathed the dagger of his tongue in the cars and assassinated the smile of the waif wrung his hands in voiceless anguish. Over the abyss of hunger and pain this man had let loose the slimy dragon of selfish grumbling, growling passion. But Tommy opened his eyes and asked for his banjo. He tried to sing; he caught the tune so faintly yet so sweetly, 'Oft when I wake, 'tis sweet to feel I've been dreaming ob—home—and—ob—mud—der.'

All is over; no music now; Tommy has drifted out with the tide. There is a smile on his black face, now almost pale, and we hoped he was hearing the music of the angels and playing a golden harp in the fleecy clouds."



COMICAL CHORDS.

Cupid is always shooting, and forever making Mrs.

A parlor set—a young man and a young lady.

1888 looks like a dude and three plump girls walking abreast down Broad street.—*Philadelphia Call.*

There is a young lady in a girls' school in Georgia who goes by the nickname of "Postscript." Her real name is Adeline Moore.

Practicing on the cornet is like the practicing of a poor physician. It is perfectly destructive of the patience.—*Boston Transcript.*

"What's this, waiter?" asked George Gould of a waiter, on his recent trip to Florida.
"Railroad soup, sir."
"Queer name for soup."
"Yes, sir; stock's been watered so often, sir."

Two Bootblacks (simultaneously)—"Please, sir, shine your boots?"
Stranger hesitates.
Smaller Boy—"Let me shine 'em up, sir; for I have to support a poor little sick brother at home who is lame and can't see."
Bigger Boy—"Rats! I'm that poor little sick brother myself. He ain't got any brother, no how, and I kin see better than wot he kin. Shall I give you a shine?"—*Texas Siftings.*

Lucile—"Oh, Lionel, I love you more and more every da
Lionel—"Don't you only imagine you love me, Lucile, a tell the same story to every young man you meet?"
Lucile—"Oh, no, I do not; I love only dear you; an can make me happier than tongue can tell by permitt me to ask your father if I may have you for my husband."
Lionel—"That can never be, Lucile; I am promised another. But no matter what happens, I shall always be a brother to you."—*Harper's Bazar.*

MR. EDDY, the distinguished organist, desires to ha understood that his name is neither Hiram Clarence Edd C. Eddy nor H. Clarence Eddy "the initial 'H' having discarded Sept. 1884, in accordance with the laws of the of Illinois." We did not know the State of Illinois ha against the use of an initial H, but we shall obey the drop the H forever hereafter. By whatever name may go, Mr. Clarence Eddy remains an excellent organis