KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

Vol. XI. MAY, 1888. No. 5.

RUSSIAN MUSIC.*

EUROPE knows it but little, or rather knows it not. Russia is only beginning to take interest in it. "Coachmen's music," said the aristocracy when "The Life for the Czar" first appeared, and Grand Duke Michael sentenced his officers under arrest to sit through a performance of "Rousslane". Within the last fifty years this "coachman's music" has developed extraordinarily and the Russian school of music is to-day the most advanced, and perhaps the strongest, because it firmly pursues an ideal.

The younger sister of an original, ardently progressive literature, it has grown side by side with the latter, borrowing strength from its inspiration, joining in its aspirations, by turns wild and *naïve*, sombre and sentimental, but ever eager to learn. Karamsin in his "Letters of a Russian Traveler," Schiskoff in his "Treatise upon the new and the ancient Style," by ridiculing exaggerated emphasis and mere glitter in the arts, preserved Russia's poets and musicians from these faults. Their untiring proclamation of the superiority of the ancient Sclavonic over what had been borrowed from foreign lands, developed, little by little, that sentiment of nationalism which is fortunately in the ascendency now.

Then came poets of the first rank: Dmitrieff, Alexander Schacherokoï, Kriukorsky, Batjuschkoff, Pouschkine and Tourguenieff, whose purity of style and nobleness of thought helped the art ideals of the Russian musicians to soar to lofty heights.

It has been said that Russian composers lack in *originality*. The word is ill-chosen, *nationality* would have been nearer the truth. Even this judgment would be unfair in many cases. It implies a reproach which the modern school seems to be destined to cast away by means of its latest productions.

The Russian composers have made themselves familiar with the immense and copious works of Beethoven and Wagner. They were not long influenced by Italian art forms. They have learned almost exclusively out of that vast encyclopedia which is the joint work of Schumann, Mendelssohn, Berlioz and Liszt. That they show traces of these early studies should astonish no one. Young trees at first feel the influence of a foreign graft; it is only later that their fruits acquire the peculiar taste borrowed from the nature of the soil to which they owe their vitality.

One fact worthy of note is that the men who have contributed most to the development of Russian musical art, cultivated it late and did not devote their entire time to it. Serow was a philosophic linguist, a legal æsthetician, Borodine was a professor of chemistry, Rimski-Korsakow belongs to the imperial marine, Caesar Cui, professor of the art of fortification in the three academies of St. Petersburg, numbered among his pupils the heir presumpstive to the crown and Skobelew, the hero of the campaign of Akal-Teke; Tschaïkowsky, whose musical baggage is now considerable, began to work at music seriously only at the age of twenty, and is to-day hardly forty-eight.

Those remarkable artists, whose broad and deep melodies prove their own vigor, as powerful as Wagner in some of their symphonic compositions, more clear and elegant than he in the combinations and superpositions of themes, really prodigious in the variety of their rhythms and in the use of new scales, have, for the most part, not worked under the direction of a master. It is in solitude that they began their work, commenting themselves upon the works of genius which they admired and drawing therefrom the directions necessary to their own instruction. Endowed with a critical mind developed by elevated studies, inclined to æsthetical research, near neighbors of the Orient which unvails to their gaze the treasures of its melodies and modalities, they can, better than others, prepare new paths, and are better secured also against certain paths that lead nowhere, veritable *culs-de-sac* of art.

The works recently heard have proved how far superior the Russian school is to the present German school. When, after having heard the works of Tschaïkowsky, the French public shall have become familiar with the dramatic and symphonic repertory of Serow, Borsdine, Balakirew, Moussorjsky, Rimski-Korsakow, Liadow and Caesar Cui, the exaggerated reputation of Brahms, Raff and Goldmark will begin to grow dim. The shadow out of which ill-advised whim has brought them will again claim them as its own.

Since we have spoken Wagner's name, it seems proper to state how far his influence has told upon the musicians of Russia. They have accepted from him the necessities of polyphonic development in the lyric drama, but they do not make it play a leading role. The voices are never completely subordinated to the orchestra; they dominate. For Wagner's symphonic forms they have substituted more lyric forms. It is to the singer that the expression of the principal idea is confided. Again, although the complete accord of words and music is as much the precept of Russian school as it was that of Wagner, the former vigorously defends itself against the tiresome and monotonous recitative which the German reformer has so often used too much. Its recitative is melodic, and the declamation, without losing any of its correctness and weight, gains in a more distinctly musical interest.

As for the *Leitmotiv*, it is, as far as possible, avoided. Each personage has its characteristic stamp, but it appears in different themes, giving them a distinctive movement, and does not reside in a single one, more or less pleasant to the ear at first and wearisome afterward, in spite of the tonal, modal or instrumental transformations it undergoes. Let us note, finally, that the Wagnerian mythology has found no adept in Russia. Vigorously human, the children of this land search through nature rather than dreamland, disdaining that phantasmagorical domain whose galvanized puppets have so far provoked little else than nightmares and sick-headaches.

Some day we shall certainly take up again this subject, which we now barely touch upon. The coming exposition, with its concerts, which are now being organized, will furnish us the occasion for so doing. In view of the impression produced on the last two Sundays by the works of Tschaïkowsky it is easy even now to foresee the astonishment that will be produced by Russian music. Tschaïkowsky, strictly speaking, does not belong to the purely Sclavonic group. After having studied in the St. Petersburg Conservatory, he went to Germany where the new doctrines influenced him over much. In his works, one finds a little of all styles, of Mendelssohn's as well as of Schumann's and Wagner's. Berlioz and his methods of instrumentation are familiar to him. Tschaïkowsky has considerable erudition and a thorough knowledge of all the secrets of the trade. Through the languor and intense melancholy of his melodies, through the sonorous exuberance and fulness of the orchestra he is *original*, but he lacks *nationality*. In his works the German overcomes and absorbs the Sclavonic. The repetition of his entire themes and the exaggerated development of his codas, weary. More tumultuous than Saint-Saëns, to whom he has often been compared, but whose genial weight he lacks, as violent as Wagner in his *fortissimi*, he is not inferior to either in the *technique* of his art.

The hearing of his works has deeply interested, though somewhat wearied us. They lack conciseness, but they are free from any trace of mannerism. They are virile. Even the melancholy of the Russian master shows no weakness, it is meditation rather than despair.

Praised, petted in the private *soirées* given in his honor, Tschaïkowsky received an ovation at the Chatelet concerts, two programmes of which had been made up of his works by M. Colonne.

* * * * * * *

And now the ice is broken. The welcome given to Tschaïkowsky can leave no doubt in reference to the sentiments of the French musicians toward their Russian brethren. Others will come, more sincere champions, perhaps, of truly Sclavonic tendencies, such men as Borodine, Rimski-Korsakow, Cui, Balakirew, Liadow; all those representatives of the *Modern School*, whose strong and characteristic works have a right to the success which they will doubtless meet with among us.

* Translated for KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW from the French of A. Landely, in *L'Art Musical*.

THEIR SONG UNFINISHED.

MRS. GRANT, one of the ladies injured in the recent terrible railroad accident at Chatsworth, Ills., tells the following pathetic incident of the disaster. She was in the rear car with her husband. In the same car was a merry party of six persons traveling together. In order that they might sit together, Mr. and Mrs. Grant changed seats with a young man and his bride. Their courtesy saved their lives, for the young couple were both killed.

Then Mrs. Grant composed herself in her chair and covered her face with her handkerchief to go to sleep. Nearly everybody in the car was quiet but the jolly party of six. About this time the young bride was requested to sing "Nearer, my God to Thee." Something in the desire to sleep and rest recalled the sweet old song. The young woman sang, and all listened while the train sped on.

As the little gleam of fire appeared far down the track their voices swelled in:

"Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee."

The speed of the train increased down the grade. Again the song swelled:

"There let the way appear, steps unto heaven."

The way was already in sight;

"All that thou sendest me, in mercy given."

And then, with but a moment of life left for each of them, even when poor Ed McClintock's hand was giving its last desperate wrench to the throttle of his engine, the singers sang to their God, who seemed not to be holding them in the hollow of His hand;

"Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Enough! It was finished. The engine struck the frail bridge and it sank. The car containing the singers crushed like a bolt of Jove through the two cars in front of it, killing and grinding as a foot kills a worm. In the same instant another car crushed through it and the singers were dead.—*Peoria Transcript.*

Kunkel's Musical Review

KUNKEL BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

612 OLIVE STREET, ST. LOUIS.

I. D. FOULON, A.M., LL.B., - - EDITOR.

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year,	$2 00
Six Months,	1 25
Single Copy,	25

This includes postage on paper, to all points except St. Louis. St. Louis subscribers must add at the rate of 25 cents per year to their subscriptions when they wish to receive the REVIEW *by mail. This is due to the peculiarity of the postal laws, which prevent monthly publications' being sent at second-class rates in the place where they are published.*

Subscribers finding this notice marked will understand that their subscription expires with this number. The paper will be discontinued unless the subscription be renewed promptly.

HOW TO MAKE MUSICIANS.

IT is a noteworthy fact that among the most inattentive people to be found at musical performances, are to be found a large proportion of those who are themselves either singers or instrumentalists, people who have taken music lessons until they have become "fair amateurs" in the ordinary sense of the word. The trouble with these individuals is that they are not amateurs in the original sense of the term, they are not lovers of music properly speaking. They like music less for itself than for the opportunities it affords them for display, and when that opportunity is wanting their interest in the subject vanishes.

Upon the other hand, an average audience of intelligent people will be sure to number several individuals who can hardly sing the diatonic scale with certainty that they do it properly, and who would be at a loss to know how to play the simplest melody upon any instrument, who yet listen with sincere eagerness to the music which they say they do not understand but feel.

Paradoxical as the assertion may appear at first blush, it is clear that the latter class are really the better musicians. They at least have the foundation upon which the true understanding of music, the understanding, that is, of its inner meaning, must rest; while the former hardly realize that music has an inner meaning. The former are musical hypocrites, the latter, sincere, though ignorant worshipers at the shrine of the Art Divine.

The true musician, however, is the one who combines a sincere love of music with a good knowledge of its mysteries. The trouble with the class of amateurs we have referred to is not that they know so much that they have become *blasés* to its influence but that they have viewed it always as primarily a means of making a show, and have never got deeper into its mysteries than to master a few technical difficulties which have enabled them to commit, parrot-like, to memory, a more or less extensive stock of pieces.

That there is in every well-organized human being the innate germ of a love of music may be taken as a fact without discussion. That this germ has been blighted in the individuals we speak of is self-evident. Who is at fault in this matter? In the majority of instances, the teachers of these persons are to blame. The purpose has been from the first to make as much show in a given time as possible. As a result, the pupil has been rushed from exercise to exercise, from one composition to another with the view solely of increasing his technical resources.

The faculty of feeling music, like any other, grows by use, atrophies by disuse, and, in these cases, the mere acquirement of more or less technical, or more properly mechanical, skill, as a means of personal display, having been made the sole end, the capacity for feeling, i. e., understanding music's inner meaning has atrophied and died.

The great desideratum in music study now-a-days is the learning to separate music itself from the characters that represent it on paper, mere keyboard or vocal indications. To learn to listen to music and in so doing to place one's emotional nature in a receptive mood; to learn to analyze form not for the mere purpose of analysis but for that of subsequent more intelligent synthesis, and then to take the whole as the form of *something*, seeking ever to grasp, emotionally, what that something, that spiritual essence, is in each case, these are the things which will make musicians of the rising generation. Any other system—most of the systems extant, therefore—except in those cases where the germ of the love of music is so vigorous that it cannot be blighted by neglect, will result in the manufacture of more of the already too numerous music-bangers who think Beethoven "so nice," Chopin "so cute" and Strauss "perfectly lovely." From such nondescripts, Good Lord, deliver us!

ONE CAUSE OF THE SLOW PROGRESS OF MUSIC.—THE REMEDY.

WHY is it that the idea of making music a part of the regular curriculum of all our educational institutions makes such slow progress? The lack of knowledge on the part of the managers, the natural conservatism (to call it by no harsher name) of the average educator furnish but a partial answer, for the practical exclusion of music from regular courses of study continues in many cases where no charge of ignorance or undue lack of initiative cou'd fairly be imputed to those who shape these courses.

Instead of railing against the lack of appreciation of music exhibited by most educators and finding the sole cause thereof in the "gross materialism of the age," would it not be wise for the average musician to take an inward look and consider whether he is not himself the cause, the natural cause, of the prejudice of which he complains? When he says to the world of educated people "Make your children study music—it will do this and that for them," what more natural than that those addressed should turn to the speaker to see what music has done for him?

Now, the average music teacher knows nothing but music and sometimes very little of that. He takes no interest in politics, save to rail at "politicians" and knows no more about the government of his country than he does about that of the moon; literature he avoids as if it were pestilence; the book of nature lies wide open before him but he could not define the difference between geology and botany; the world of applied science and of manufacture, the marts of business are all about him, but though in them he is not of them; his conversation is music and some very small talk. In a word, outside of his specialty, he is the embodiment of helplessness, the personification of nonentity. Is it any wonder then, that the sensible man should turn aside from his encomiums of music as from the ravings of a crazy enthusiast?

Most assuredly, music is not to blame for this result. The person whom we have described, and whom we have all met many times, is not a zero, socially and intellectually, because of the art to which he devotes his feeble efforts, but in spite of it, for to it he owes what little culture and influence he possesses. Music has lifted him from the plane of the hod-carrier, but music alone cannot lift him to the level of intellectual leadership.

To point out the evil, in this case, is to suggest the remedy. The monkish days are past. He who would count for something now-a-days must be thorough in one thing at least and yet have broad views and universal sympathies. Great genius in any one direction may enable its possessor to escape the strict application of this rule, but we are now speaking of ordinary mortals, not of geniuses. Mere talk about music and its ennobling influence will count for naught, with those who are not already musical, until the votaries of music show this influence in themselves. Other professions have moved, have come into closer connection with each other and with the great, throbbing heart of the world of which they are a part. The profession of music has remained at a stand-still and musicians as a class are (according to each observer's standpoint) either a little more or a little less than human. "*Nil humanum a me alienum puto!*" said the Latin poet. Let the musical profession make this its motto; let no human interest be foreign to it; let them remember that the world moves and move with the world, and the world with which they will have put themselves in accord will harmoniously respond to their touch. Then music will become a power and will get, not as a beggar, but command as a Queen its rightful place in the schools of the land and among the powerful social influences of the present era.

THE article on "Russian music" which appears elsewhere in this issue, is the work of a competent and fair critic. Our readers know our views upon the question of nationality in music and will, therefore, not make the mistake of supposing that we indorse all Mr. Landely says upon this subject. The ignorance of Russian composers and Russian compositions is even greater in this country than in France and Germany. Indeed, we are all too prone to forget that though Russia has ignorant masses, it has a highly cultivated upper class, who are remarkably fond of music and from whom remarkable musicians have issued. Why should not some of our leading orchestras take up the idea which the French are going to adopt during the exposition of '89, and give American ears an opportunity to hear the best works of the modern Sclavonic composers? This is the era of internationalism in music. Let us hear what Russia has to say!

SUMMER is almost here, and when it comes there will come with it the song of the mosquito and that of the "Musical Normal" teacher. There is a great personal resemblance between these two. They are both forever buzzing in the same stupid way; they are both insignificant and yet annoying; both thrive best in the backwoods; both bleed those with whom they come in contact; one "cousins" his victim and the other cozens him; both prefer darkness to light; both have long bills, and both are nuisances. To complete the analogy, both ought to be crushed whenever it is possible and avoided when it is not.

IN its usual impotent style, *The Musical Courier* rails against the essays read at Music Teachers' Conventions upon the subject of the low standard of musical education in this country, and in the same breath thinks the remedy is to be found in some action (what action it prudently omits to state) to be taken by the M. T. N. A., also a music teachers' convention. Great and wise is Steinway's *Hurdy-Gurdy!*

THE STORY OF A MASTER-PIECE.

THIS happened in Florence and a long time ago. But, no matter! Time does not exist for those who have earned immortality. They are indeed, like others, subject to the general law, which wills that everything that breathes should be born only to die, but it is only one-half of them that dies, the other, the greater and nobler half, their genius, survives the ages, crystallized in the master-pieces which they leave behind them for the teaching of future generations, whom the sight of their beautiful works will inspire and the example of their lives encourage

This seems to me to be especially true of all those great artists who are called "*Masters.*"—They belong to no age nor country but to *mankind*, and so long as their magnificent works shall inspire us, whatever may have been the time or the land of their birth, they will be our contemporaries and fellow-countrymen, since they transmit to us the sentiment of the beautiful and the revelation of the sublime of which they have received the intuition from the source of all light, the Divinity.

To feel less interest in this story because the events it recalls took place in Italy and in the XV century, would therefore be as unjust as not to admire the sun because it rises in the East and has shone upon the world from more than 6,000 years.

***

"What! Jacopo not yet here, to-day!" exclaimed master Bartoluccio querulously as he entered, at about 8 o'clock, his shop where a score of apprentices, leaning over their workbenches worked, or pretended to work, very industriously.

When I say *apprentices*, it must not be supposed that all the workmen of the wealthiest and most celebrated goldsmith of Florence were only young people. In those days, all those who had not received the degree of *masters* in their trade or art were called *apprentices*, without regard to their age. For instance, Jacopo Ghiberti, concerning whom Bartoluccio was inquiring, was a man of forty years of age, married and the father of a family, who knew everything that an able workman should know, but had neither the genius nor the varied knowledge without which it was impossible to become a "*master*," particularly in Florence and at that time; for almost all the *masters* then there, whether in architecture, sculpture, printing, mosaic or goldsmithing have deserved from posterity the title or epithet of *great*.

However, all master Bartoluccio's apprentices were not as old as Jacopo; on the contrary, the majority were jolly fellows of from eighteen to twenty-five, who made of the master's house the gayest and noisest workshop in Florence;—but only when the master was away, for he had the well founded reputation of being both the ablest and the roughest-spoken goldsmith in Florence, if not in Italy!

It was for both of these reasons that Jacopo Ghiberti worked at home oftener than in the workshop of the master, who, knowing his honesty, did not hesitate to trust him with precious stones to set and the gold and silver needed in his work. Ghiberti preferred to work at home not only to escape from the scolding of the master, who thought he worked too slowly, and the noisy gayety of his young companions, whose mirth did not harmonize with his disposition and the sad preoccupations caused by his numerous family, for whose wants his salary did not always suffice; he had still another motive: Lorenzo, his eldest son, was a shy, pensive child, who had been a long time sickly. He was now well, but he had remained feeble and excessively sensitive, hence the father feared for him alike the fits of anger of the master and the rather too . . . . practical jokes of the jolly apprentices.—Upon the other hand, as the child had early exhibited great aptness for drawing as well as what his father called "good taste," Jacopo had taught him his trade and now that he found him as competent a workman as himself he had him assist in his work at home, without master Bartoluccio's having ever inquired how it happened that the work he did at home was executed three times more quickly than that he did in the shops.

After having cast his Olympian glance about him, to discover something upon which he might vent his wrath, master Bartoluccio, finding nothing to complain of in the attitude of his apprentices, for one was drawing attentively while another was burnishing affectionately or filing with enthusiasm, all seeming absorbed in their work, took up a hammer from Jacopo's deserted bench and, striking upon the unfortunate board, that could not help it and only groaned plaintively beneath the blow, he called: "Pietro!"

"Here I am, master!" answered an apprentice, rising hurriedly.

"Pietro, you rascal! where are you? Pietro!. . " repeated the goldsmith, growing angrier.

"Here, master, here!" said the young apprentice, standing in front of him.

"Are you deaf? I've called you three times!"

The apprentice, not thinking it prudent to protest, the master continued: "That lazy Jacopo ought to have returned *Ser* John Di Medici's cornelian three days ago, mounted for a seal; he's had it a fortnight and a good workman ought to have done the work in one week! Go to his home and tell him . . . . " Here he was interrupted by the coming of a valet, or *familiar* as they were then called, wearing the livery of the Medici, who was just coming after the seal in question.—Thinking it useless, probably, to tell him that the cornelian, which came, it was said, from Nero's treasury,[1] (a fact which largely increased its value) had left his house, master Bartoluccio sent Pietro back to his bench and said to the messenger of Medici that he would have the honor of personally bringing the cornelian to the palace of His Excellency.

The valet withdrew after having bowed very low to master Bartoluccio, for the worthy goldsmith was one of the notables of the city or Florence, which was even then less celebrated for the extent of its territory than for the number and greatness of the illustrious artists it had already produced.

The *familiar* had just left when the goldsmith noticed a woman, poorly clad, who was humbly standing by the door waiting until the master should condescend to see her.

Bartoluccio was quick-tempered and even brutal, it is said, but history has registered his name among the principal masters of his time and the annals say of him that, notwithstanding the roughness of his exterior, his heart was of the best.—Taking the woman for a beggar, he put his hand into his purse, but strode up to her as if he were going to beat her, and asked with his big voice, which always seemed angry: "What do you want?"

"Signor," she said, thinking it too familiar to call him "Master" "I come on behalf of Jacopo Ghiberti, my poor husband, who is very ill, to return this to you!" saying which she timidly handed Bartoluccio a little box, which he opened, and from which he drew Medici's precious cornelian.

For an instant he examined the jewel in silence, and the poor woman, who was anxiously trying to read upon his face what his impression was, found this instant very long!—Then he said suddenly:

"Who made this?"

"Why . . . my husband!" she said, stammering and dropping her eyes.

"You lie!" retorted Bartoluccio brutally.

A tear which trembled upon her eyelash glided down her cheek and she murmured: "You are right, Signor, Jacopo was too ill to work . . . he could not, Signor . . . and as he knew you were in a hurry . . . . "

"Well, who mounted this stone?" interrupted the goldsmith frowning.

The boy, Signor!" . . . .

"What boy?"

"Lorenzo!"

"Who is Lorenzo?"

"He is our son, Signor . . . And the poor child did his best! . . his father even said it was not . . . badly done . . . "

"Ah! he said it was not badly done! . . " said the master with an indescribable smile which increased the mother's uneasiness.

The seal in question represented a winged dragon emerging from a clump of fern leaves and holding the cornelian in his paws.—Now, one must have seen it, to be able to understand how much life and movement, matchless elegance of form and beauty of finish are united in this work, which even now compels the admiration of those who visit the Museum of Florence, where it is preserved.

After having again gazed at it for some minutes, Bartoluccio said to the poor woman, who was still very anxious: "How old is this . . . Lorenzo?"

"He will be eighteen years old on his patron saint's day, the sixteenth of June next."

"And who taught him to work?"

"His father, Signor!"—Bartoluccio shrugged his shoulders, then thrusting his hand into his purse he drew from it twenty florins which he gave to Lorenzo's mother.

"My husband told me it was only ten florins!" she ventured to say, hardly daring to look at the master.

"And I tell you it's twenty florins! . . because that's what I want to give . . . because the work is worth that . . . Do you think I am a fool, my good woman! . . "—Then, somewhat less harshly: "Bring me Lorenzo this very day; from to-morrow on, I want him to work here!"

Lorenzo's mother returned home, glad on the one hand of bringing twenty florins into her needy household and, upon the other, anxious and fearful for her son whose bashfulness, weakness and nervous sensitiveness thoroughly alarmed her loving mother-heart.

A long consultation was held at Jacopo's bedside between the father, the mother and Lorenzo, as a result of which it was decided that the young man should enter master Bartoluccio's shop:

Labor is a necessity for all, but especially for the poor, and now that the head of the family was confined to his bed by an illness that might be protracted, it was absolutely necessary that the eldest of his children should take his place, since he alone could do it.

When they reached the goldsmith's, they were ushered into a richly furnished dining room, where the master and his daughter were dining. Master Bartoluccio was a widower and had only this one child, a charming girl of some twelve years of age whom he must have worshipped, for he had for her attentions, nay outbursts of love that were truly *maternal*, the more touching as coming from a nature such as his, kind at bottom, perhaps, but yet violent and intense. These gushes of tenderness made a strange contrast with the master's severity in the shop.

He received Signora Ghiberti and her son cordially enough. Only once did he get somewhat angry; that was when, as she was leaving, Lorenzo's mother, clasping her hands and raising towards him her tearful eyes said: "Signor, do please be kind to my child! he is delicate you know . . . and then he has never been away from home . . . He will work well, I assure you; he is tractable, submissive . . . when you shall know him . . . "

"Come, now, do you take me for an Ogre!" he interrupted, and his big fist, falling heavily upon the table, made all the dishes rattle.

"Oh! you bad papa! you frightened me!" said the little girl, who, however did not seem much frightened.

The poor mother, whose heart was very heavy, carried the skirt of her dress to her face, so as to conceal her tears, fearing that they would further irritate the terrible master.—Just then she felt a little hand resting upon her arm and she heard a gentle voice saying: "Fear nothing, Signora Ghiberti, my father will be very kind to Lorenzo; he was saying awhile ago, before you came, that Lorenzo had made a master-piece, that he would become the Giotto of goldsmiths; that as soon as he should be old enough he would present him to the town-council and have him declared a *Master*; and many other things that prove that he loves him! . . "

She might have spoken more truly had she said "that he admires him!" but she was only twelve years old! it was her kind little heart that spoke then as well as when she added, in a lower tone, full of promises, "And then, I am here!"

The poor woman smiled through her tears at the dainty *signorita* and feelingly kissed the little hand that had continued to rest upon her arm during her little speech.

In this case, the child had not made a vain promise: for if God gave genius and glory to Lorenzo, if his contemporaries assured his fortune, it was Bartoluccio's daughter who made his life happy.

Five years had elapsed since Lorenzo had become one of master Bartoluccio's workmen, five happy years!—Assuredly, the master was not less irascible, but, thanks to the beneficent influence of Juanita or to his industry and talent, he seldom suffered from the goldsmith's fits of anger. As to the practical jokes which the mother's anxiety had feared, Bartoluccio had promptly put an end to them; besides, at the time of which I write, Lorenzo was twenty-three years old and had lost both the nervous sensitiveness which was only the result of a sickly childhood and the excessive shyness that was the natural consequence of his isolation at home; in short he had retained of his former weakness only an elegant delicacy which from his form had extended to his manners and had its influence upon master Bartoluccio himself.

At the time when occurred the events of which I am writing, that is to say at the beginning of the XVth century, Italy was the true home of all the arts: a fruitful rivalry, a noble emulation led all

(1) historical.

the cities to cause monuments to be erected or works to be created that should perpetuate the memory of their greatness or of their wealth.—The princes and republics who controlled the peninsula vied with each other in granting the greatest rewards and the most generous protection to the national artists whose master-pieces were to perpetuate forever their memory, or attract many strangers within the walls of their cities.

That is why, on the 20th of May 1400, Florence had put on its gala garb; all the shops were closed, all labor was suspended. At three o'clock there was to be a great procession, for there were then few public festivals without imposing religious ceremonies. On this day especially it was natural it should be so, for the occasion of the festivities was the reception of the greatest artists of Italy in the old Guelph city, which had opened a competition for the making of the bronze gates of St. John's baptistery.

At about ten o'clock in the morning, master Bartoluccio in his gala robes (for as a member of the city government he was to be present at the banquet which the city tendered to the illustrious guests it had summoned within the walls.) At about ten o'clock as I was saying, master Bartoluccio, already decked in his velvet cap and clad in his best silk *simara* informed his apprentices that they might have a holiday.—Ten minutes later the jolly fellows had deserted the shops; all but one, Lorenzo Ghiberti, who, an hour after the departure of the apprentices was still there, both elbows resting upon his work-bench, his head leaning upon his hands.

Who can tell what thoughts had just taken possession of him; through what succession of ideas he came to take a large sheet of parchment and to draw upon it with so much ardor and application that he did not note the flight of time? Sometimes, however, he stopped and remained as in a dream which nothing disturbed, for the shop was deserted and the street was silent, because the procession passed through another portion of the city and everybody was there. Then he would again take up his pencil and resume his work, which he interrupted only at dark, and then only long enough to light his lamp.

It was almost three A. M. when Bartoluccio returned with Juanita, who had gone with him to the *festa*, given by the city; for the beautiful child was then seventeen and her father who still adored her was as happy to procure her a pastime, as proud to have her seen and desirous of showing her all the great masters of Italy, whether in painting, architecture or sculpture, gathered together.

Seeing a light in the work-shop and being unable to understand how that happened, the master entered it, followed by his daughter, and saw Lorenzo who, yielding probably to fatigue, had fallen asleep before his work-bench. His lamp shone brightly upon a large drawing before which the goldsmith remained in mute contemplation; and Juanita, who also was looking, said: "It is very beautiful, is it not, father? . . "

"Yes," gravely answered Bartoluccio who was in the highest degree endowed with the sentiment of the beautiful, "it is more than beautiful, it is divine! . . "

These sentences, although spoken in an undertone had awakened Ghiberti who, finding himself in the shop, thought at first that he was dreaming; but he soon recollected everything, and when he saw his drawing in the master's hands he blushed, but when his eves met those of Juanita he blushed still more.

"What is that?" asked Bartoluccio, resuming his customary bearish manner.

"Nothing, master!" answered Lorenzo, rather embarrassed, "I did not wish to go out and . . . thinking of the reception . . . . the competition and the glory of the *masters* who are to take part in it, I thought . . . as a study . . . in order to afterwards compare my design with the beautiful works that will be furnished . . . . "

"Then," said Juanita in a tone of real disappointment, "you did not make this drawing for competition?"

"Oh!" said Ghiberti looking reproachfully at her (for he thought she spoke ironically) "do you think, *Signorita*, that I am vain and foolish enough to compete with such men as Donatello and Brunelleschi! . . "

"And why not!" she answered earnestly.

"This is no time for discussion," interrupted Bartoluccio, "it is three o'clock and high time to go to bed!"—And gently pushing Juanita toward the door of her apartment, he went out, taking the drawing with him, without addressing Lorenzo either by word or sign. Lorenzo, who loved Juanita, because she was beautiful and still more because she was good, followed her with his eyes until she disappeared and did not again think of his drawing until he found himself alone in the shop. He would have liked to keep it, because he was pretty well satisfied with it, but after all, he attached no great importance to it, and as he was very sleepy, he also went to bed.

It was past noon and master Bartoluccio had not yet put in an appearonce at the shop. This was quite unusual and hence the apprentices charitably concluded that he had feted the city's guests too enthusiastically, especially in what concerned the wines of France which, it was reported, the city had furnished lavishly.

The arrival of the goldsmith, coming from without, undeceived them and put an end to their jokes and kindly guesses.—He was quite red in the face, it is true, but this seemed rather the result of emotion than of the richness of the wines he might have drank the previous night. He crossed the shop at a rapid gait, went straight to Lorenzo and said: "Follow me, they are waiting for you at the City-hall to sign your drawing?"

"My drawing!" said Lorenzo, positively stupefied.

"Yes, your last night's drawing!" replied Bartoluccio; "I took it this morning to the city-council and you are admitted among the competitors. Come, hurry up! You don't intend to keep the whole council waiting for you, do you!"

"But," stammered Lorenzo, "I have no thought of competing with the greatest masters of Italy! . . "

"We'll see about that to-morrow;" said master Bartoluccio; and they went out, the goldsmith still bristling like a porcupine, Lorenzo bewildered, anxious, almost ashamed.

What shall I say to my readers that they have not already guessed?—The best is to close with a quotation from a contemporaneous author:

"The solemn announcement of the competition made throughout Italy attracted "says he," the ablest artists.—Seven of these were selected on the strength of their drawings to present models. They were: Filippo Brunelleschi, the celebrated architect of the Dome of the Cathedral of Florence; Donatello; Jacopo della Guercia, of Sienna; Nicolo Lamberti, of Arezzo; Francesco de Vallambrina; Simon de Colle, surnamed *de Bronzi*; and Lorenzo Ghiberti.

The republic granted one year's salary to each of them, on condition that they should, at the end of that time, present a finished bronze panel, of the size of those of which the gates of the Baptistery were to be composed.—On the day fixed for the examination, the most celebrated artists in Italy are again called together from among them thirty-four judges are selected and the seven models are exhibited to this tribunal in presence of the magistrates and of the public.—After the judges had discussed aloud the merits of each work, those of Ghiberti, Donatello and Brunelleschi were preferred, but they hesitated between the three.—Then Donatello and Brunelleschi stepped aside together, but they soon returned and Brunelleschi said: "Magistrates and fellow-citizens, we declare that, according to our own judgment, Ghiberti has surpassed us. Give him the preference, for our country shall thus get the greater glory; as for us, it would be more shameful to conceal our opinion than to proclaim it!"

This judgment, ratified by posterity, which recognizes in the gates of the Baptistery of St. John, the finest work in chiseled casting ever made, was also confirmed a century after the great artist and happy husband of Juanita had completed it, by Michael-Angelo, who exclaimed, after having carefully examined these celebrated gates: "They are worthy of being put at the entrance of Paradise!"

COUNT A. DE VERVINS.

A SPANISH GIPSY DANCE.

THE tall man with the overgrown guitar was known as the king of the Gipsies. The dance to-night was for his benefit. La Tonta was his daughter, and the best dancer in Spain. She did not dance often. He was sure I would not be disappointed. But the dance was about to begin.

A great clapping announced La Tonta as she entered quickly from a side door, and stood facing the mirror. To my surprise she was a tall, thin, badly-formed, ungraceful, and slatternly-looking Gipsy woman, by no means young.

She was attired in a long, yellow calico gown hanging loosely about her, much the worse for wear, and not overclean. She wore black kid slippers and white cotton stockings. She was dark, like all women of her race, and her eyes were large and luminous. Her mass of jet-black hair was caught in a twist behind, the whole decorated with blossoms of the tube-rose.

I looked at Matteo in surprise, but his expression was too earnest and his admiration too sincere. He evidently did not agree with me in my estimate of La Tonta. He laid his hand upon my knee and said, "Wait!"

At this instant, a stout gipsy in his shirt sleeves, who had been beating time with his cane, and who appeared to be master of ceremonies, cleared the floor, pressing everybody back against the wall.

La Tonta stood surveying herself in the mirror which hung over the mantel. She nodded to Matteo, and began rolling up her soiled calico sleeves quite to her shoulders, revealing a thin, and altogether unattractive pair of arms. She then stripped the cheap tinsel bracelets from her wrists, and hid them in her bosom.

As the music increased in volume, she shut her eyes and stretched out her long arms as a panther sometimes does; then lifted them above her head, and instantly they fell into the rhythm of the music. Her feet began to move, and a peculiar swaying motion started as if from her heels; ran up through her limbs, back and neck, undulated through her long arms and lost itself in her finger-tips.

This was repeated again and again, each movement increasing in intensity; her eyes flashing with a light rare even in a Spanish Gipsy. She stamped her feet; swayed her body backward and forward, almost touched the floor with her hair, and then suddenly rushed forward, appealing to you with her outstretched arms.

The music seemed to possess her like a spell. She became grace itself, her movements sylph-like—and, if you will believe it, positively beautiful. As the music quickened, her gestures became more violent; as it died away, you could hardly believe she moved—and she did not, except the slight shuffling of her feet, which kept up the spell within her.

The effect on the audience was startling. Men rose to their feet, bending forward and watching her every motion. The women clapped their hands, encouraging her with cries of "*Olle! olle! Brava, La Tonta!*" Suddenly the music ceased, and La Tonta stood perfectly still. Her eyes opened, her arms fell limp beside her, her back straightened, an she woke as if from a trance. Giving a quick glance around, she gathered her skirts in her hands, and limped rather than walked, through the hall and out into the side room, if anything more awkward than when she had entered.

F. H. SMITH.

THE ST LOUIS NATATORIUM.

THIS famous institution is now open for the season of 1888. Professor Clark, the manager, has had the entire establishment renovated and it is now by all odds the most perfect swimming-school in the United States. The principal instructors for this season will be the famous Capt. Jack Williams and G. Sundstrom the champion long distance swimmer of the world, whose aquatic feats have been the wonder of all. The management guarantee to teach any one to swim in twelve lessons—i. e. for the ridiculously low sum of $3.00. There will be numerous public exhibitions and tournaments during the season. The first of these will occur on May 15, when numerous prizes, which are now being manufactured by the Mermod-Jaccard Jewelry Company, ranging in value from $25, to $50, will be competed for. Persons wishing to enjoy the privileges offered should apply to the manager at the Natatorium 17th Pine Streets.

A VIOLIN, the body whereof consists entirely of clay, is just now being exhibited at the Berlin Industrial Museum, the maker being Herr Ludwig Rohrman, of Muskau. The instrument is said to possess a strong and full, albeit somewhat hard tone, as has been repeatedly demonstrated in the concert-room. There are two violins made of a similar material among the permanent exhibits at the Museum of Rouen, where they are regarded as great curiosities; there was also a violin made of porcelain included in the late Exhibition of Musical Instruments at the Albert Hall.

VICTOR EHLING.

THE picture which graces this page is that of Mr. Victor Ehling, pianist and teacher. Mr. Ehling was born at Budapest, Hungary, Sept. 14, 1852, but came to America with his parents in 1865. His studies in music were continued in this country under the tuition of his father, an able musician, until 1871, when he returned to Europe and studied at the Vienna conservatory under Prof. Dachs, the best player of Chopin and Schumann in Vienna, if not in the world. Mr. Ehling did not enter the conservatory as a tyro, for in 1872, he received the first prize in the competitive concert, for his playing of Rubinstein's D minor concerto, and in 1873 the first prize for his interpretation of Chopin's B minor sonata. Both of these honors were conferred by the unanimous votes of the judges.

Mr. Ehling then graduated with the highest honors and received the large medal from "*Die Gesellschaft der Musik-Freunde in Wien*," an organization of world-wide fame.

His services as a teacher of the piano were immediately in demand and he, not long afterwards, became one of the teachers in Horak's Musical Academy, the largest and most fashionable school of music in Vienna.

But there is an unaccountable charm in the turbid water of the Mississippi. Those who have once tasted it long for a draught of it, even while in foreign lands and by crystal fountains, and in 1883 Mr. Ehling, yielding doubtless to the peculiar magic that resides in the drink poured out by the Father of Waters, once more turned his back upon Vienna, with all its musical advantages, and returned to St. Louis. The friends of his former days had not forgotten that he had left them as an unusually meritorious pianist; they had heard of his many and great successes abroad and they were ready and eager to extend to him the hand of welcome. His appearance, shortly afterwards, at one of the concerts of the St. Louis Musical Union, gave them and the public at large the opportunity of judging how the promise of his earlier years had been kept. He received an ovation from both the musicians and the general public, which could not leave in doubt their opinion of his merits as a performer. Since 1885 he has been the pianist of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club (of St. Louis) and his conscientious and brilliant work in that capacity has too often been spoken of in these columns to make it necessary to do more than refer to it at present.

It is a notorious fact that *virtuosi* are generally unsatisfactory teachers of any but the brightest pupils, but Mr. Ehling enjoys the distinction of being an exception to the rule. His success as a teacher has been remarkable and that fact, together with the knowledge that he is a gentleman both in morals and manners, has caused his services to be eagerly sought after by the best people in St. Louis. Socially, as well as musically, Mr. Ehling's position is now an enviable one in "The Future Great City."

VICTOR EHLING.

In closing this sketch, we must say that if any errors of dates have crept into it, it is not our fault. Mr. Ehling's modesty has compelled us to seek elsewhere the information which he himself could best have given us. We have taken such care, however, that we feel sure that no very serious mistakes have been made.

EFFECTS OF MUSIC ON ANIMALS.

I HAVE been reading a very interesting essay upon the effects of music on animals. The writer shows how various animals, and even insects, are influenced by the concord (N. H.) of sweet sounds. I have noticed the same thing myself but thought nothing particularly about it until I stumbled on the aforementioned article.

We often see horses influenced by music. One of the most enjoyable and soul-thrilling run-aways that I ever experienced can be directly traced to the influence of music on a horse. It was on a fourth of July, and I was driving by a brass band, when I suddenly discovered that music had more influence on a horse than I had. He reared on his hind legs as though he had been reared to go that way; then he inaugurated an andante movement and you ought to have seen him ante down the street. I tried in vain to restrain his enthusiasm. I noticed, however, that he didn't keep step. He didn't keep anything—harness, buggy, driver, or anything else. He only kept on running. He beat time, though—beat any time that I ever saw him make before, and I had run him at the county fair. I would have kept that horse to run against time if he hadn't run against a lamp-post and ruined himself.

Horses are admirable musical performers themselves, sometimes. I have known a horse to go through the bars of an oat field and never missed an oat, although the owner missed a good many of his. Then what work horses can perform on the corn-et.

Dogs are singularly affected by music, too. I whistled after a strange dog once when I was a boy. I don't mean to say that the strange dog whistled and I whistled after him but I whistled to attract his attention. I wanted to make friends with him, for he was lying by the orchard where I wished to freight myself with apples. The dog raised his head, and as he caught the notes I uttered they seemed to awaken tender memories within his breast, for a plaintive look came into his eyes. Then he came bounding to me and embraced the calf of my leg in the most affectionate manner. He could hardly tear himself away, and wouldn't if a portion of the trowsers hadn't given away.

There is a power of music in an old tin-kettle when properly brought out. I saw one brought out the other day by some idle boys who attached it to a dog's tail, and I never saw a canine so moved in all my life.

Cats are strangely moved by the music of a violin. There is something about a fiddle that appeals to the innermost recesses of a cat, whether it is time of recess or not. In fact there can be no violins without doing violins to the cat. Even young kittens has been known to mew plaintively when a fiddle bow is drawn across the strings. It seems to vibrate a sympathetic chord within their own abdominal inclosure. This is something for a kitten to muse over whenever it mews.

Birds never brought up on music at all are brought down by the music of a shotgun. Many wild animals are charmed with music, which leads me to remark that I have heard music before now that nothing but a wild animal would be charmed with.

The female deer is allured by playing on the flute. I had a female dear, once, whom I attempted to allure in the same manner, but she said she had a sewing machine and could do her own fluting, which was ruffling to me.

The elephant has a great ear for music—almost big enough from a drum head. He likes a march if he isn't kept marching too long, and is fond of a gallop—on his back.—*Texas Siftings.*

REVIVIFIED BY THE OLD SONG.

RECENTLY a number of grim old soldiers stood together on a stone floor and sang "Marching Through Georgia." They all had gray hairs, and some of them were so old that the relentless hand of time had read their death warrant * to take effect at an early day, but when they sang that stirring old song they looked young again and they felt young again. Some of them were deplorably bad singers, having voices that sounded like a cornsheller in motion, but when old memories surged over them, and honest tears were in their eyes, and their souls went out on the pinions of the song, their voices sounded grand and beautiful. And so they stood there, some of them maimed and all of them old, and they sang. And the memories of the days of battle came back to them—the smoke and bloodshed, the booming of cannon, the wild neighing of horses, the pallid faces of the dead, the frenzy of despair, the enthusiasm of victory, and they sang, and clasped hands, and it seemed as though they were once more facing death as they faced death of old. They sang "Marching Through Georgia." Young men, who were born since the days of the war, stood by and listened, and a thrill went through them; but they could never know the enthusiasm that filled the hearts of the singers. And the voices of the soldiers rang louder and louder, until at the end of a verse was sung almost in a whisper; and then the singers were thinking of brave men who went to the war and never returned home again; of faces they knew were left ghastly pale when the moon rose, whiter than the moon itself. They thought of strong hands that grow weak and deathly in a moment, of strong voices that would never again join theirs, unless it be on the other side of the river. And so they sang very gently and tears stole down bronzed and rugged cheeks and their tune was listened to by the angels. Soon, very soon, the singers will be at rest themselves. They are old and many of them are feeble, and while they sing there are pains in their bodies they never knew before the days of the camp-fire and the dreary march. Soon they will be mustered out and their ears will be deaf to the muffled drum that sounds a sad requiem for them. The days of their sufferings and struggles are long gone by and they are all living now in an era of peace. But the smoke and the fire and the ringing cheer of victory drive away the trace of age when they sing "Marching through Georgia."—*Omaha Republican.*

JENNY LIND.

MR. BARNUM told a touching story of an incident that occurred when Jenny Lind was singing in Boston. "A poor working-girl," he said, "thrust $3 into the hands of the ticket-seller at the Boston Temple for a back seat at Jenny's concert. On receiving the ticket she said, 'There goes my wages for one week, but I must hear that good angel sing.' Jenny's secretary, her cousin, Max Hjortzberg, heard the remark, and immediately went to the green-room and laughingly told it to Jenny. I shall never forget how she jumped to her feet and exclaimed, 'Oh, this must not be! Poor girl; she shall not lose her money; it is wicked! Max, take this money'—handing him a $20 gold piece—'search out that dear creature and put it in her hands, with my love. God bless her!' Cousin Max found the girl, gave her the money and message, and witnessed a flood of grateful tears from the working-girl's eyes. If she is alive to-day she will remember it."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

*[We'd like to see that hand read.—Ed. K. M. R.]

OUR MUSIC.

"KAMMENOÏ-OSTROW" (*op.* 22) .....*Rubinstein.*

This is supposed to be a tone-portrait of Mlle. Anna de Friedebourg, whom the famous Russian pianist and composer met at the baths which give their name to the "album of portraits" from which this has been selected. If a painter were now asked to paint a portrait that should embody in form what is here given in tones, it is most probable that his picture would be far from resembling the fair Anna, but it seems to us he would paint a sort of St. Cecilia, but a St. Cecilia with some drops of Tartar blood in her veins, pure yet warm, refined but with a strain of native ruggedness. This is certainly a very beautiful, very poetic composition, and one that will dispose those of our readers who study it to believe that there is no exaggeration in the encomiums given to Russian music in the article upon that topic which appears elsewhere in this issue.

"SONATINA IN C & G MAJOR" (*op.* 55 No. 3)..*Kuhlau.*

This composition needs no introduction to the majority of our readers, at least in its original form. Some revisions have, however, been introduced, that greatly improve it for teaching purposes.

"LAUTERBACH MAIDEN".....*Loeffler.*

In preparing this for the *Royal Edition*, the author has somewhat modified the notation, without, however, making any substantial changes. The modifications spoken of, however, make the proper method of playing this piece much more obvious.

"BIRDS IN THE FOREST"..... .....*Kroeger.*

This delightful bit of bird-like music, is dedicated by the composer to Miss Neally Stevens, the charming Chicago pianist, who has expressed her high appreciation of it and who will use it in her concerts.

"BIRDS IN THE NIGHT".....*Sullivan.*

These are not the same birds Mr. Kroeger causes to warble, but they are none the less worthy of being heard.

"MARGARITA".....*Meyer-Hellmund.*

An excellent song in the German composer's best vein, published in superior style.

The music in this issue costs in sheet form:

"KAMMENOÏ-OSTROW," etc.....	*Rubinstein,*	.75
"SONATINA IN C AND G MAJOR,".....	*Kuhlau,*	.75
"LAUTERBACH MAIDEN,".....	*Loeffler,*	.50
"BIRDS IN THE FOREST,".....	*Kroeger,*	.60
"BIRDS IN THE NIGHT,"....	*Sullivan,*	.25
"MARGARITA,".....	*Meyer-Hellmund,*	.25
Total.....		$3.10

THERE seems to be no limit to the wonderful genius of Josef Hofmann, who so excited the wonder and admiration of musicians and all who heard him during the past season. His last evening in this country was spent at the residence of his countryman, Alex. Lambert, a well known pianist in New York, and Mme. Rivé-King played part of a phrase from a new sonata still in MS., breaking off in the middle, when young Hofmann took it up and finished it almost exactly as the composer had written it. He was delighted with the playing of Mrs. King, and told Miss Lambert he liked her better than Mme. Essipoff; that she had every requisite of a great pianist—power, delicacy, repose, fire, intelligence, poesy and a phenomenal technic.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

PRECOCITY IN MUSIC.

THE learned and ingenious Roger Ascham has left on record his opinion about precocity in general. He was well qualified to give one, his experience of youth being hardly less than his great shrewdness of perception. For that reason we commend it now to the reader's notice:—

"This I know, not only by reading books in my study, but also by experience of life abroad in the world, that those which be commonly the wisest, best learned, and best men also, when they were old, were never commonly the quickest of wit when they were young. Quick wits be apt to take, unapt to keep; soon hot and desirous of this and that, as soon cold and weary of the same again; more quick to enter speedily than able to pierce far, even like our sharp tools, whose edges be very soon turned. . . Contrariwise, a wit in youth that is not over dull, heavy, knottish, and lumpish, but hard, tough, though somewhat staffish—such a wit, I say, if it be at the first well-handled by the mother, and rightly smoothed and wrought by the schoolmaster, both for learning and the whole course of living, proveth always the best Hard wits be hard to receive, but sure to keep; painful without weariness, heedful without wavering, constant without newfangledness; bearing heavy things though not lightly, yet willingly; entering hard things, though not easily, yet deeply, and so come to that perfectness of learning in the end that quick wits seem in hope, but do not indeed ever attain unto. . . They be grave, steadfast, silent of tongue, secret of heart; not hasty in making, but constant in keeping any promise; not rash in uttering, but wary in considering every matter, and thereby not quick in speaking, but deep of judgment, whether they write or give counsel on weighty affairs. And these be men that become, in the end, both most happy for themselves and also most esteemed abroad in the world."

On the other hand, if the hard wit be preferable to the quick wit—or to put it plainly, the commonplace child be of better augury than the child of bright parts, it becomes a question whether the circumstances of the present day life are not multiplying and fostering the second rate article. Even the least careful observer must many times have recognized the fact that intellectual and emotional activities are developed at a much earlier age than was the case not so very long ago. How often do we hear it said in jest that there are no children now-a-days, only little men and women? The remark is intended to cause a smile, but has at the bottom of it a serious truth. Compared to the childhood of by-gone generations, that which we see around us represents a stage of general development which would considerably astonish our fathers, could they come to life again, and, in all likelihood, would fail utterly to obtain their approval. The cause of the change is in no measure a secret. We may look for it partly in improved methods of training, which have removed from children the deadening influence of routine tasks, the utility of which they cannot see, in the mastering of which there is no sense of gain, and consequently no pleasure. The child is educated more than formerly and instructed less. His faculties are stimulated and strengthened in preference to loading his memory with facts. He is encouraged to exercise a spirit of enquiry, instead of being told "that children should ask no questions," and prompted to take an interest in subjects once forbidden on pain of incurring penalties due to forwardness and presumption. The natural result is a higher and quicker intelligence, and a capacity of learning such as far exceeds the standard ordinarily applied to any given age. But we attach far more importance to the general conditions of modern life as an agent in quickening and developing the mind than to any improvements in education. A good *prima facie* reason for this appears when we contrast the conditions of modern life with those which prevailed a century, or even fifty years ago. Our grandfathers lived in a very small world, often particularly bounded by the horizon visible from their bed-room windows. Their life was leisurely, and chiefly concerned with the petty things around them, since the transactions of the great world had become what we should now call ancient history before news of them arrived. Little of a stimulating character excited their imagination, or quickened their thought, while a low standard of education rendered them incapable of appreciating much that otherwise might have roused their faculties. Almost the reverse of this now obtains. The speed of modern existence is

(Continued on page 193.)

KAMENNOI - OSTROW.

Album de Portraits.

№ 22. Mademoiselle Anna de Friedebourg.

New Edition revised by the Author. A. Rubinstein Op. 10.

Andante ♩ = 66.

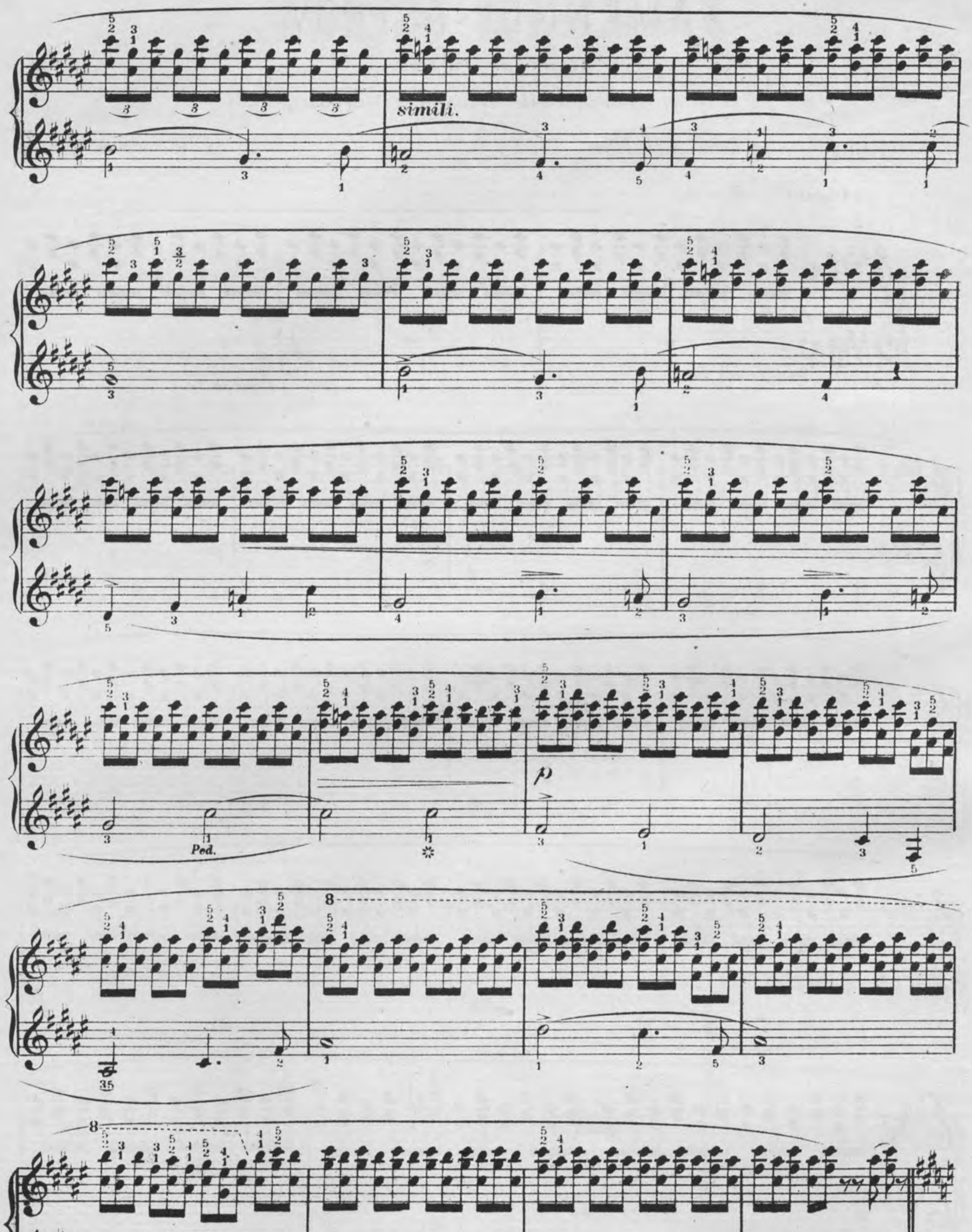
p

Pedale ad lib.

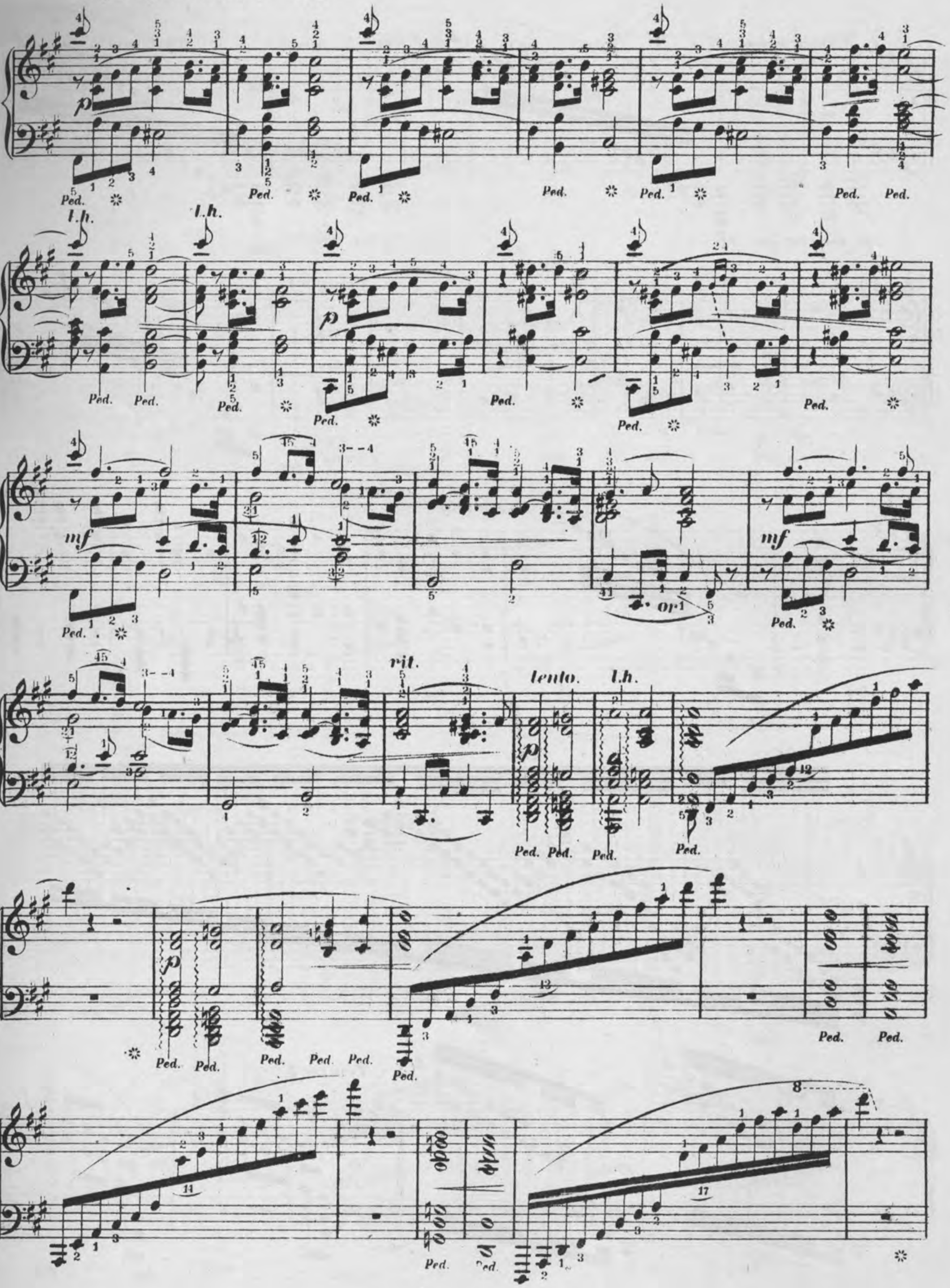
Cantabile.

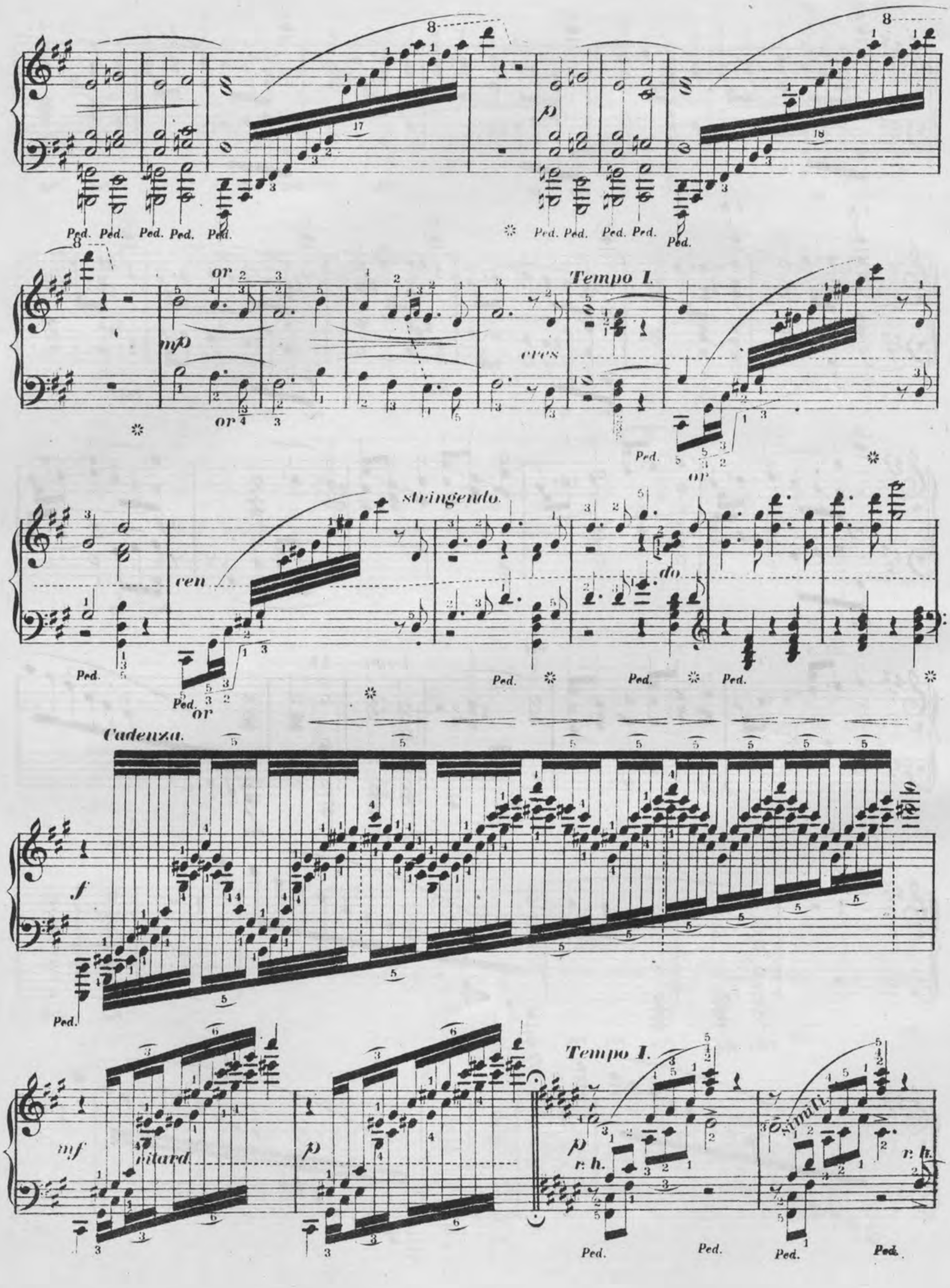
Ped.

Ped.


simili.
p
Ped.

Un poco piu mosso ♩ = 120.




Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
p
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
or
mp
or
cres
Tempo I.
Ped.
or
stringendo.
cen
do
Ped.
Ped. Ped. Ped.
or
Cadenza.
f
Ped.
mf
ritard.
p
Tempo I.
r. h.
simili.
r. h.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

r.h. Ped. r.h. Ped. r.h. Ped. r.h. Ped.

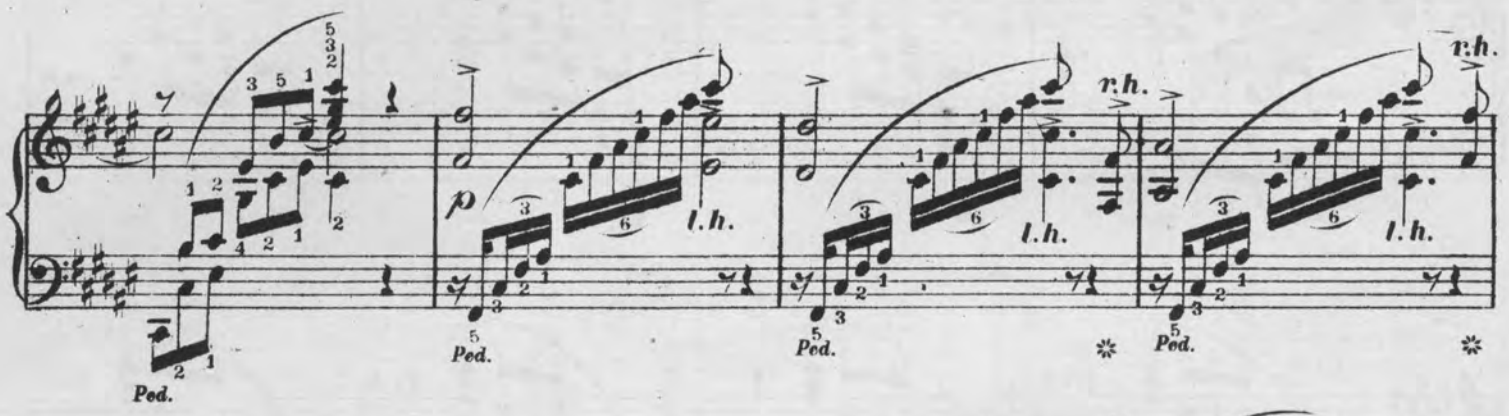
r.h. Ped. r.h. Ped. r.h. Ped. r.h. Ped.

r.h. Ped. r.h. Ped. r.h. Ped. r.h. Ped.

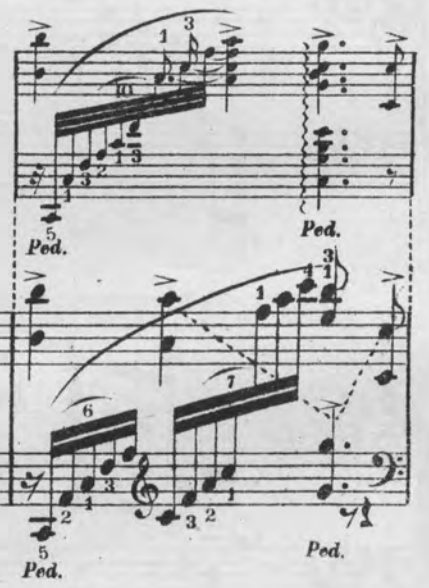
r.h. Ped. r.h. Ped. r.h. Ped. r.h. Ped.

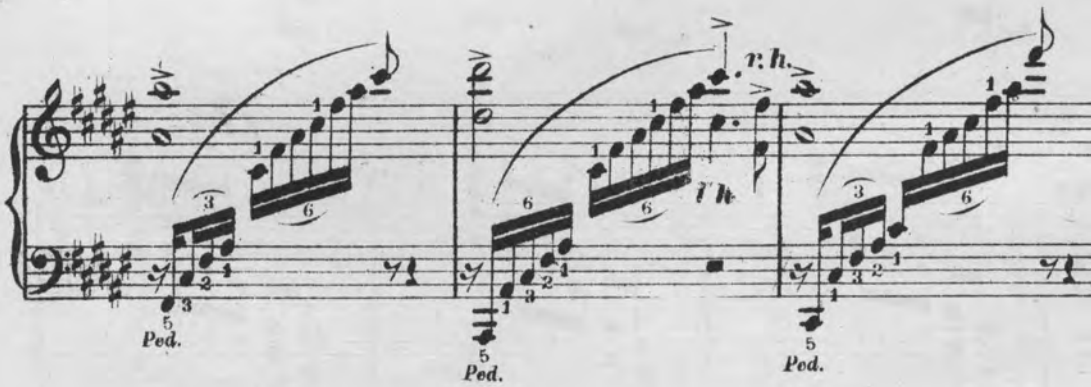
r.h. Ped. r.h. Ped. r.h. Ped. r.h. Ped.

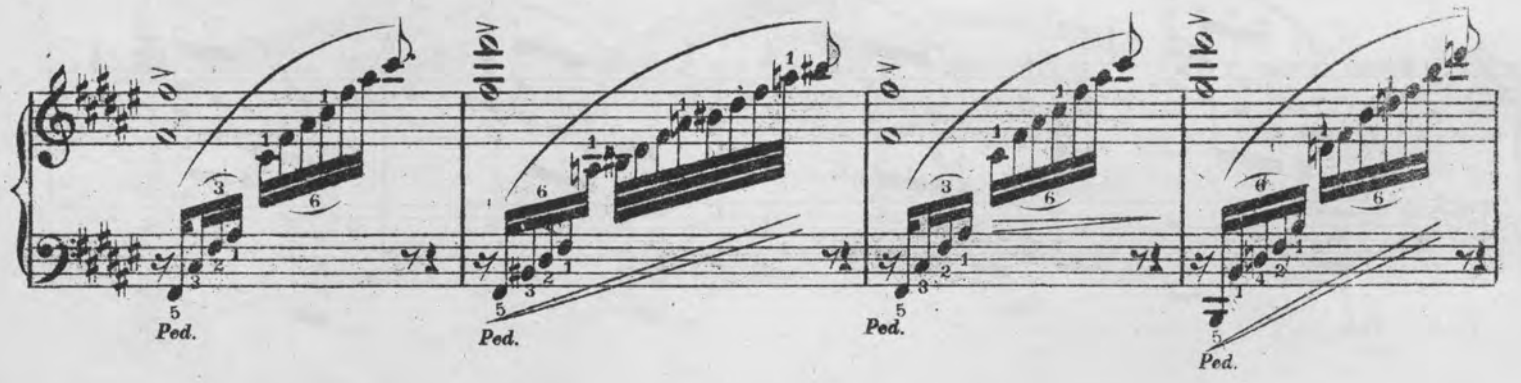

Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


Ped.
p
l.h.
Ped.
r.h.
l.h.
Ped.
r.h.
l.h.
Ped.

or thus.


Ped.
Ped.


Ped.
r.h.
l.h.
Ped.
Ped.


Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

or thus.

l.h.

l.h.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Piu mosso.

ritard.

Ped.

lento.

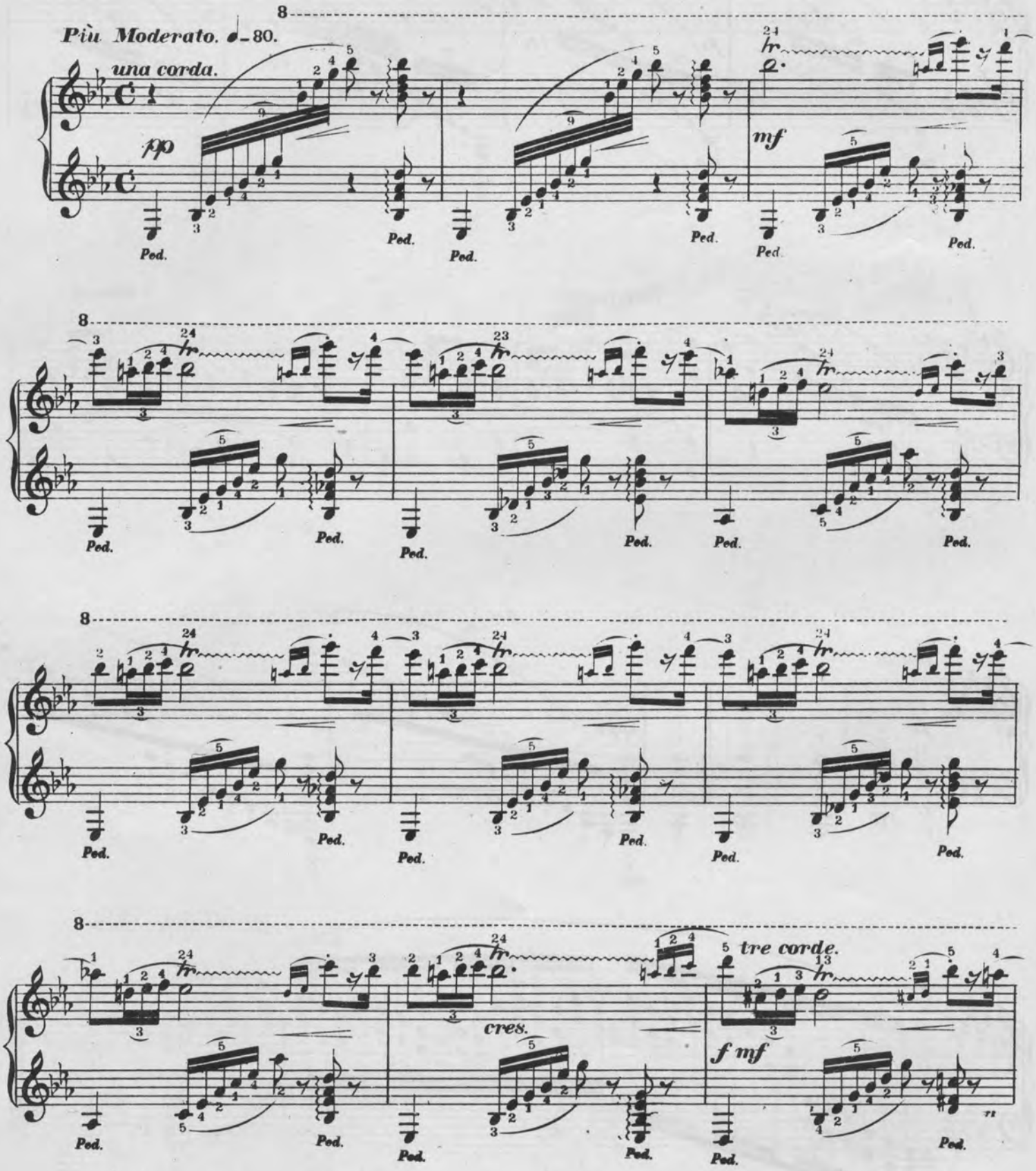
Ped.

BIRDS OF THE FOREST.

Op. 20. Nº 7.

Dedicated to Miss Neally Stevens.

E. R. Kroeger.



8

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

f

8

una corda.

pp

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

dim.

8

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

cres.

8

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

dimin.

8

sempre p

Ped. Ped.

rit.

8

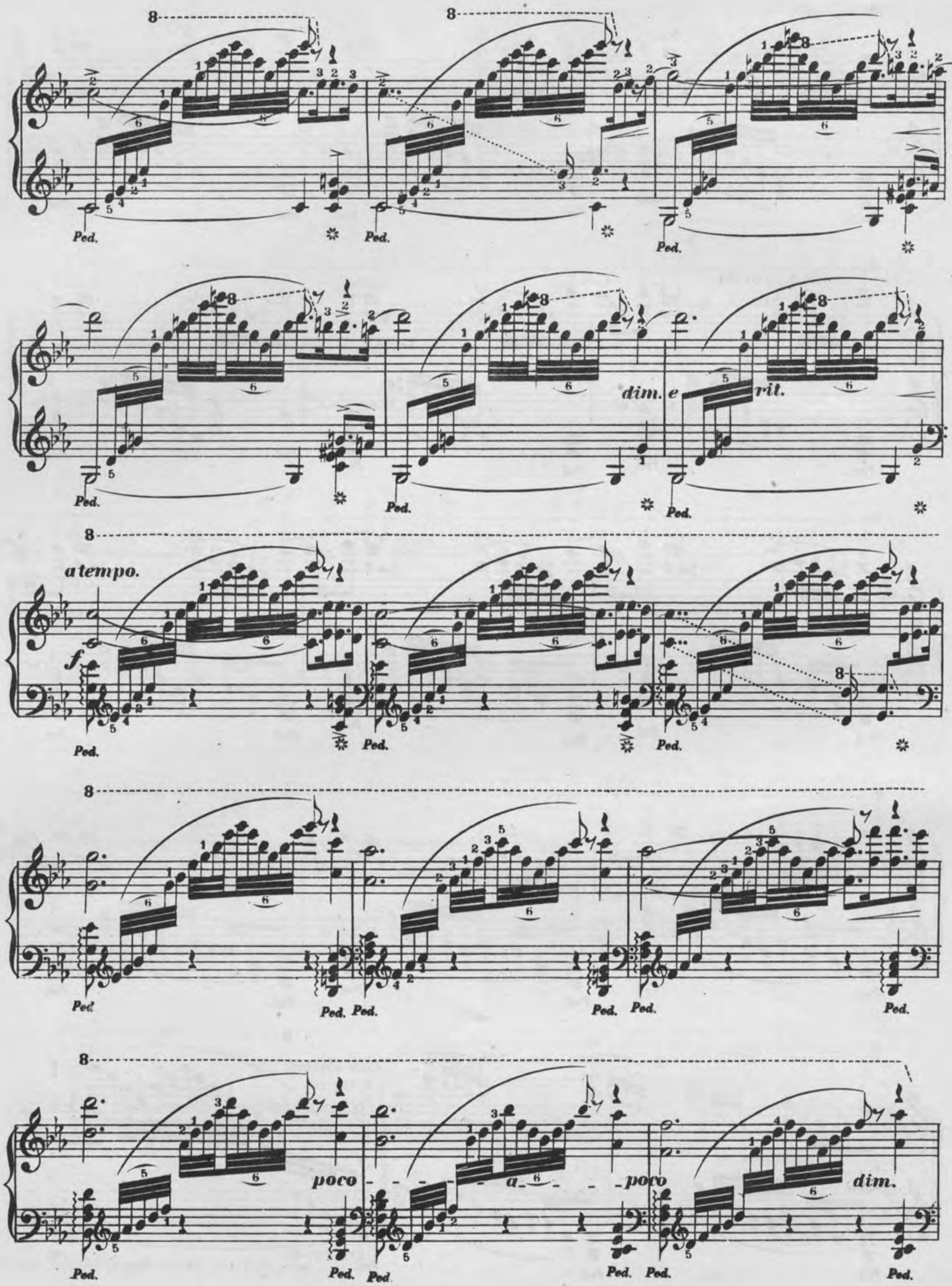
Con anima.
a tempo.

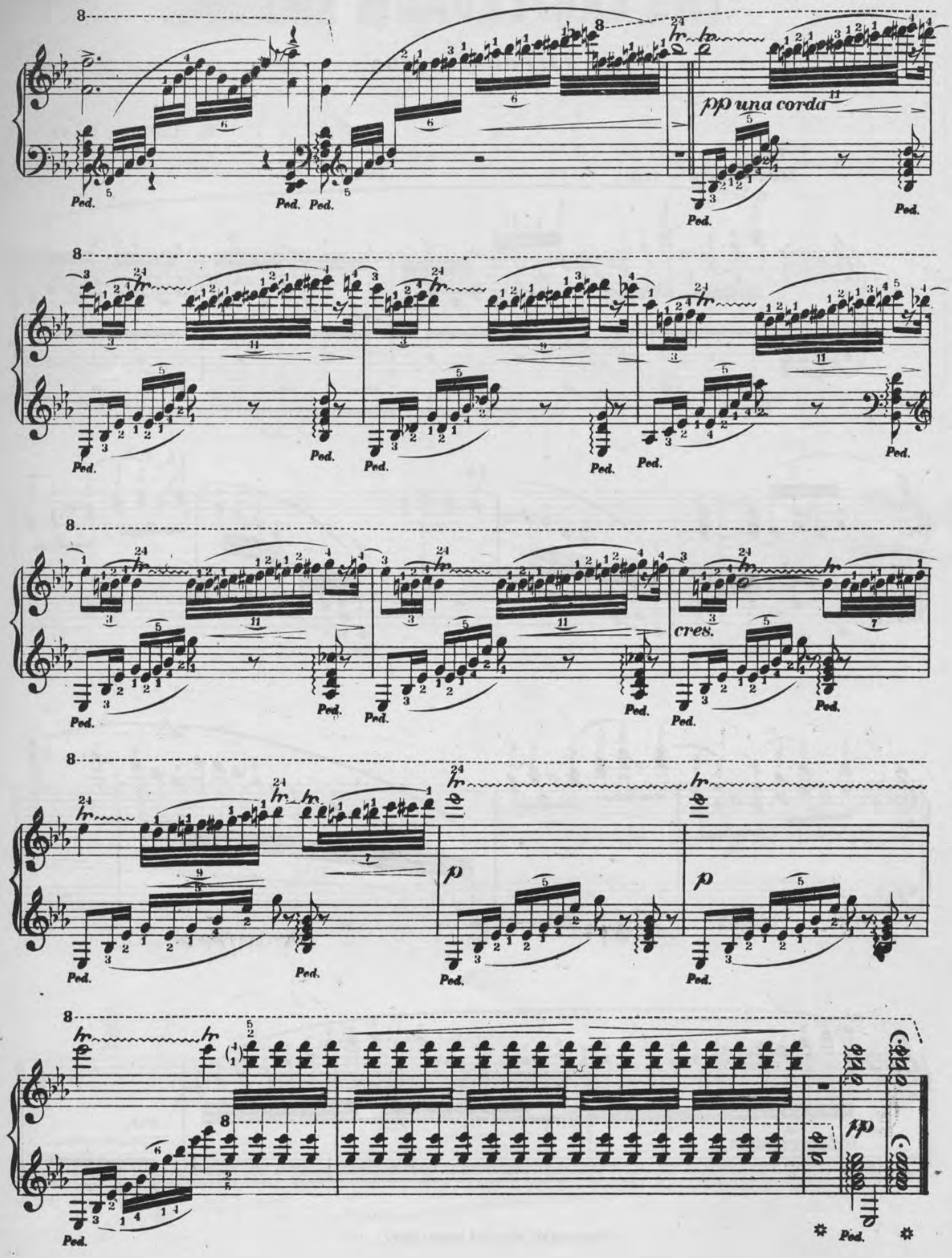
volante

f

Ped.

tre corde.

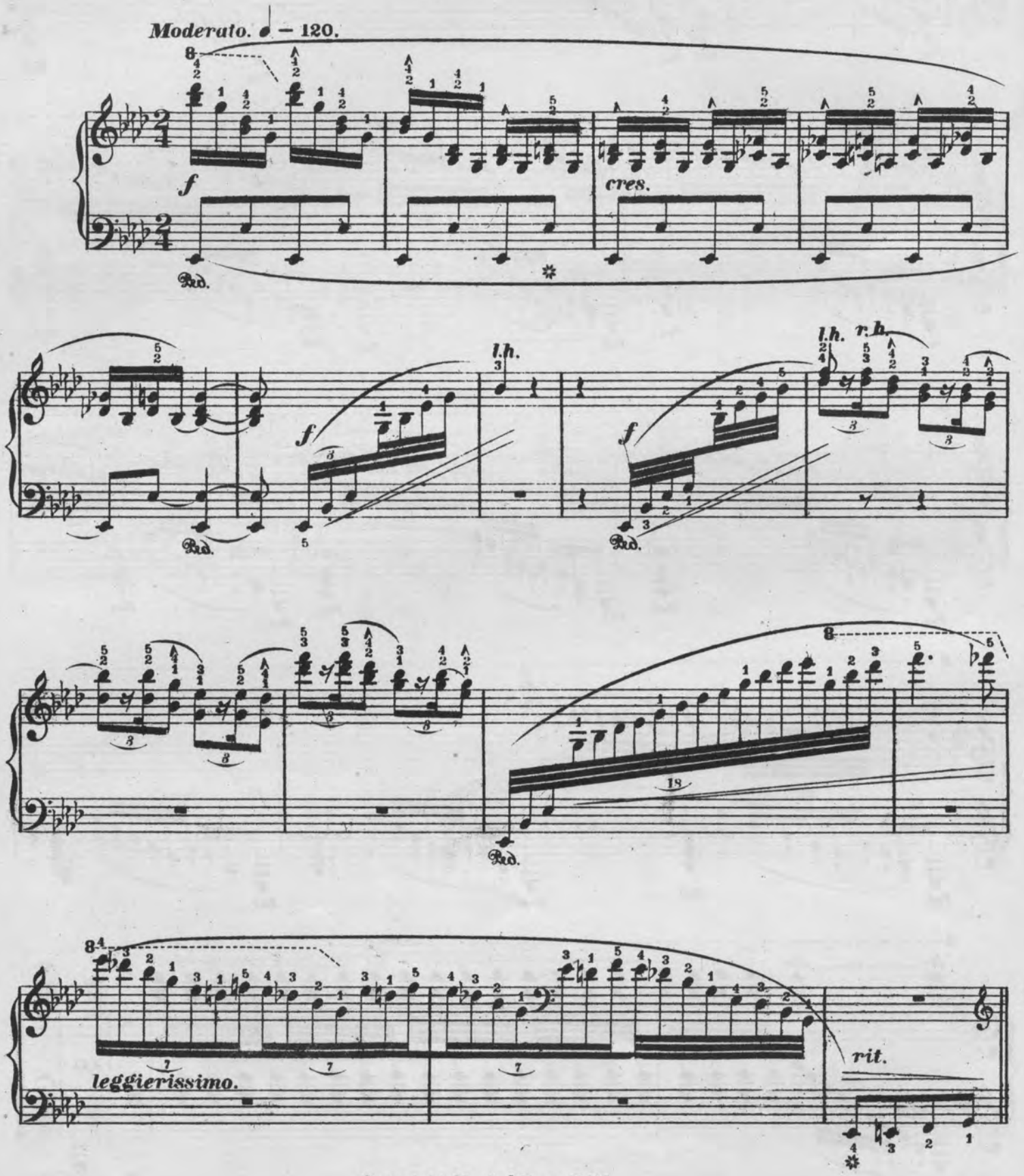

dim. e rit.
a tempo.
f
poco a poco dim.
Ped.


pp una corda
cres.
p
pp
Ped.

THE LAUTERBACH MAIDEN.

IMPROVISATION.

R. Löffler, Op. 41.



Allegretto. ♩. — 72.

p

mf

cres.

fz

1.

2.

mf

p

f

rolante.

f

p

f

cres.

1.

The second time pp

Con Bravura.

2.

f

sf

sf

sf

or thus

dim.

mf

8

8

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

mf *con anima.*

cres. poco accell. *rit.* *l.h.*

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

a tempo.

or

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

p poco rit.

a tempo.

cres. ed accell.

mf

Ped. Ped. Ped.

lento poco con anima.

ppp

f presto.

ff

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

BIRDS IN THE NIGHT.

Words by Lionel H. Lewin. Arthur S. Sullivan.

Andante, ma non troppo lento ♩=63.

mf dolce.

1. Birds in the night that soft-ly call, Winds in the night that strangely sigh,
2. Life may be sad for us that wake, Sleep lit-tle bird, and dream not why

1. Come to me, help me, one and all And murmur, murmur, murmur, murmur ba- - by's...
2. Soon is the sleep but God can break When an-gels.....whis-per, whisper an-gels whis - per

Ped. *Ped.*

1. lul-la-by, Lulla-by,..... Lul-la-by,..... Lul-la lúl-la lul-la lul-la; lul-la-
2. lul-la-by, Lul-la-by,..... Lul-la-by,..... Lul-la lul-la lul-la lul-la lul-la-

1–2 by, Lul - la - by ba - by, While the hours run, Fair may the day be.

p *rall.* *pp*

When night is done, Lul - la - by ba - by, While the hours run, Lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, Lul - la -

by, ... Lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, ...

ppp

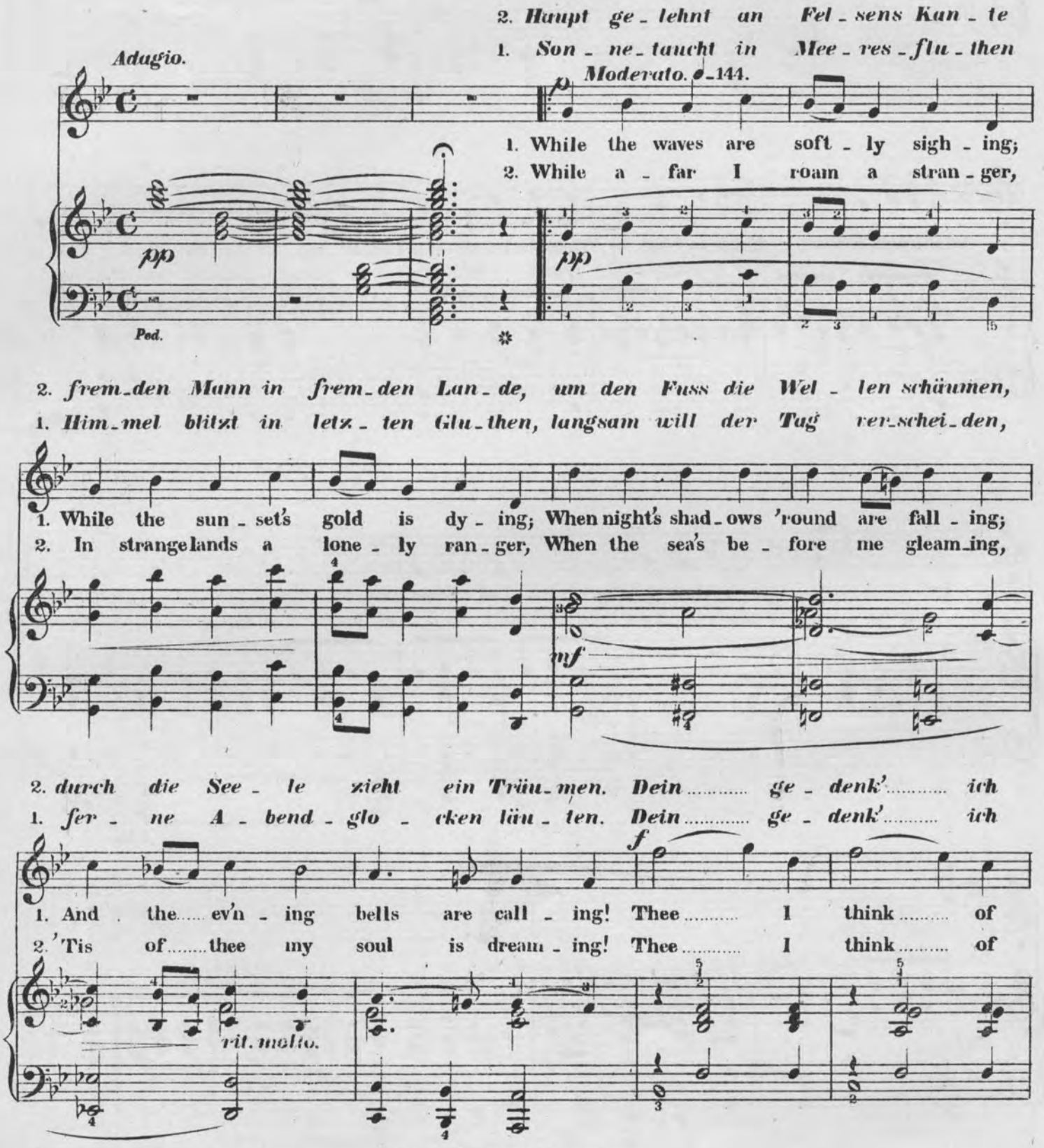
1. 2.

mf *p*

THEE I THINK OF MARGARITA.

(DEIN GEDENK' ICH, MARGARETHA.)

Erik Meyer Helmund.



Mar- - ga - re - tha Dein..... ge-denk' ich, Mar- - ga-
Mar- - ga - re - tha Dein..... ge-denk' ich, Mar- - ga-

Mar- - ga - ri - ta Thee..... I think of Mar- - ga-
Mar- - ga ri - ta Thee..... I think of Mar- - ga-

re - tha,
re - tha,

ri - ta!
ri - ta!

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*

Dein..... ge - denk' ich Mar-ga - re - - - tha!
Dein..... ge - denk' ich Mar-ga - re - - - tha!

Thee..... I think of Mar - ga - ri - - - ta!
Thee..... I think of Mar - ga - ri - - - ta!

Ped.

1. 2.

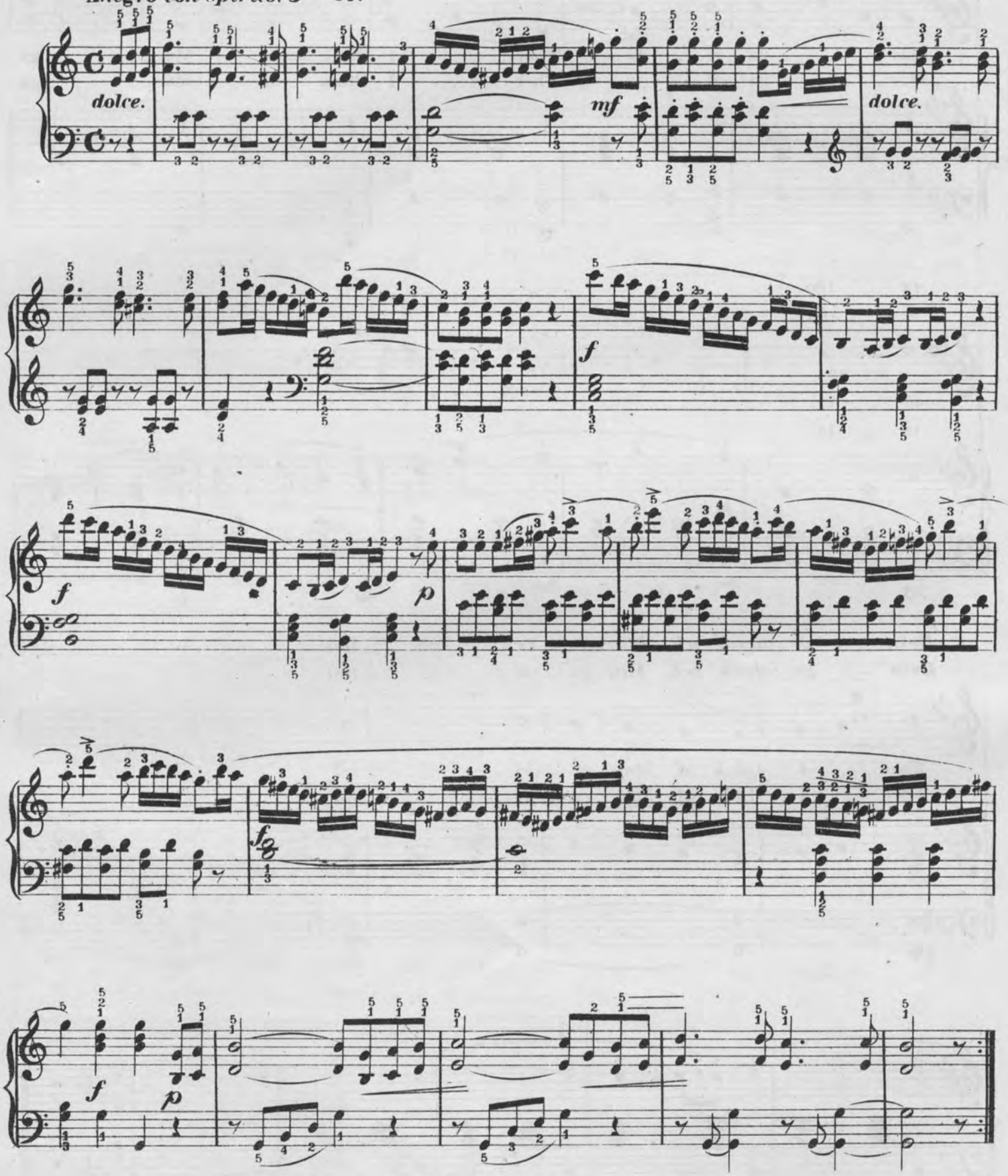
Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

SONATINE.

I.

Allegro con spirito. ♩ – 80.

Fr. Kuhlau Op. 55. Nº 3.



dolce.

cres.

sempre.

dimin.

p

f

f

p

f

f

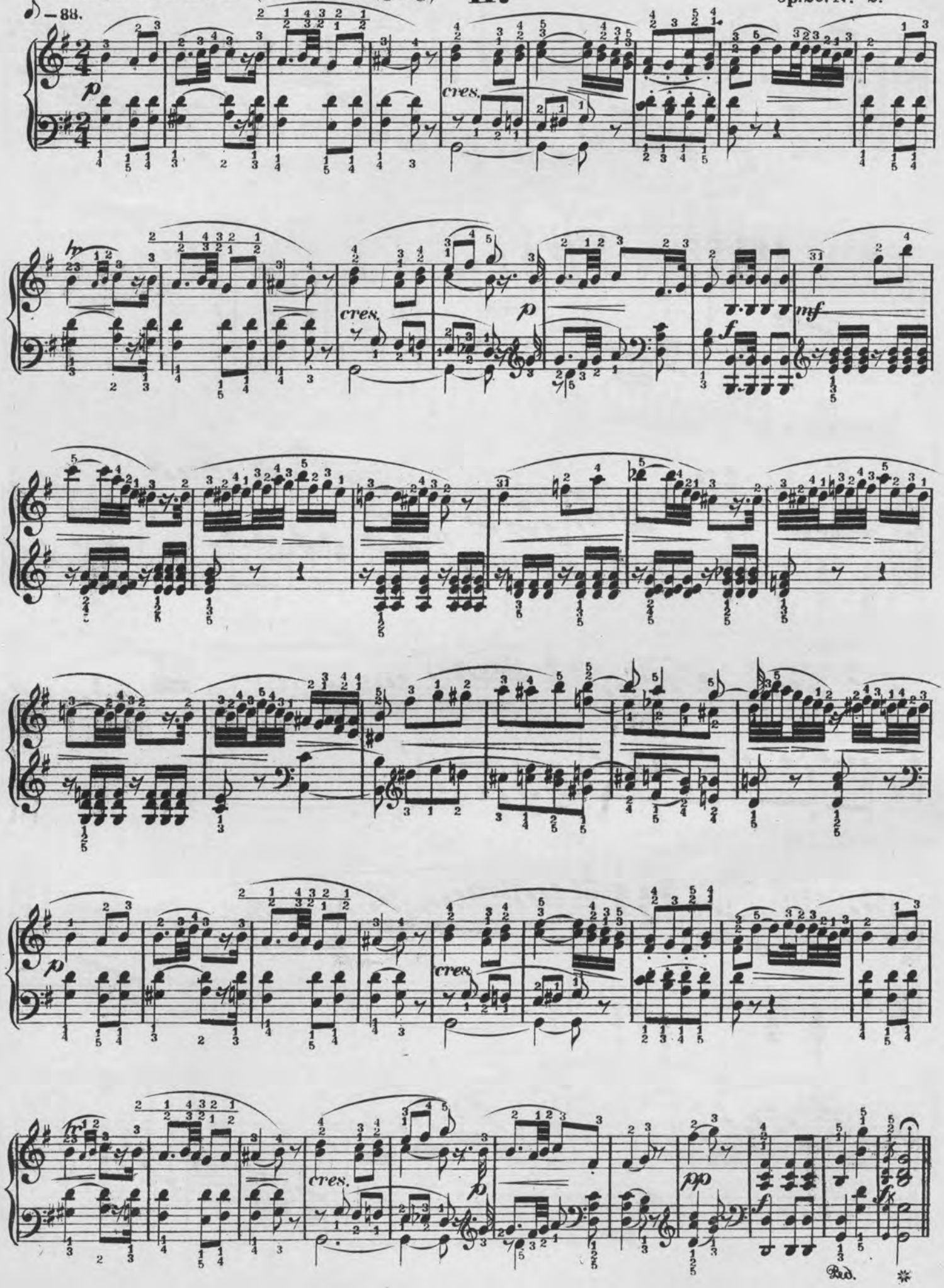
f

1.

2.

Adagio e sostenuto (*Slow and singing.*) **II.** Op. 20. Nº 2.

♪ = 88.



Allegretto grazioso. ♩ = 144.

III.

p

mf

f

p

p

f

mf

f

1.

p

2.

p

rit. a tempo.

smorz. pp p

mf

cres. f p

f dim. p

Repeat from beginning to 𝄋 then go to the Finale.

FINALE. f f f

(Continued from page 168.)

immense. The scope of its relationship embraces the world, the remotest part of which has been placed, so to speak, next door to the most retired observer. On all hands, human knowledge and power advance with giant strides. Our lives are passed in a region of marvels becoming ever more and more marvelous, and there is no cessation of the stimulating agencies that keep heart and brain in constant exercise. This naturally involves a condition of heavy pressure upon our faculties—a strain under which men and women are constantly breaking down, unable to "go the pace." As naturally it produces a sensitive and highly strung generation, ever breathing the breath of excitement and demanding more and more of it, as the victim of chloral requires stronger and stronger doses of his seductive drug. A volume might be written upon the results which such a state of things tends to cause; but that book would not be complete unless it took into account the law by which the characteristics of one generation are transmitted to the next and the next in increasing ratio. The quick wit, as Roger Ascham would call it, the early development, and the abounding sensitiveness of the present day will increase as time goes on, and our descendants are certain to be as far in advance of ourselves as we are ahead of those who preceded us. When the end of the twentieth century comes, what will the average child be like? what his standard of attainment? what the measure of his development? The answer to these questions we shall never know, but it is easy to believe that that which we now call precocity will then be a normal condition.

There are special reasons for anticipating an earlier and yet earlier development of musical precocity, since music so largely depends upon the sensitiveness and acuteness of feeling which the whole course of modern life tends to foster. It must also be taken into account that sympathy with music, existing to some extent or other even in those who apparently are unmoved by "concord of sweet sounds," is now stimulated by general education, by frequent opportunities of contact with the art, and even by the fashion which has elevated music to high rank in social esteem, and refuses to excuse ignorance or neglect of its claims. All these causes tend to the same result. The time cannot be far distant in which the possibility of undiscovered and undeveloped musical talent will have passed away. There may still exist "mute inglorious Miltons," the Cromwell destined never to wear a sword, the diggers and delvers whose hands "the rod of empire might have swayed"; but not the gifted obscure in music. Talent so fascinating, so readily manifested, so easily apprised as theirs, will be found out and brought forward in that golden age of the art to which we are rapidly advancing.

Under the conditions just stated it becomes of importance to enquire whether early and rapid development of musical gifts, and the multiplication of its instances, work good or harm. The question may, to many readers, seem absurd, and so, in the abstract, it is. From that point of view, we might as well ask whether the healthy growth of a child's body should be regarded as mischievous. It must be considered, however, that many people share a long-descended belief in the unnaturalness of "sharp children." They "like a child to be a child"—that is to say, a young animal of the human species, which eats and plays, and sometimes fights, and submits to training much as does a spaniel or a parrot. Then there is that dreadful word "precocity"—a term of ominous sound, no less terrifying to many worthy folk than "Mesopotamia" was comforting to the old lady of the story. The world is very much ruled by words and phrases, and when a gifted child, in whom the force of natural development is strong, comes to be called precocious a feeling gets abroad that there is something amiss. In point of fact, everything it perfectly right, according to the law of the child's constitution, and assuming, of course, that there has been no forcing of merely average powers, in which case the precocity is a sham, and does not concern these present remarks. Precocity, to strip the word of its terrors, simply means rapid mental and emotional growth, or ripeness before the usual time—which process, in each true instance, implies nothing more dreadful than uncommon kindness on the part of Nature.

The question of dealing with precocity stands in a very different category to the foregoing, and is the main point at issue, the more because the thing itself has acquired a bad name through the frequent unwisdom of its treatment. A perfectly honest and well-meaning, but most mistaken, sentiment often prompts those upon whom a gifted child has been bestowed to stimulate the action of its faculties beyond their natural movement, and make a show of it. They submit the child to influences in themselves foreign to its specialty—the excitement for example, of public appearance, the applause of sympathetic crowds, and such like—all of them dangerous as affecting an emotional constitution, which, in the case of a musical prodigy, must needs be highly strung. Then there are late hours, and many other circumstances abnormal to childhood, these acting upon the body, which in turn acts upon the mind with a tendency to mischief. Upon such matters we need not insist. Every reasonable person must admit the existence of a general law which sets its face against a stimulated and exhibited precociousness—a law not to be broken without risk of health and future fame.

But every rule has its exceptions, and in some cases no harm results from the showman's treatment of a wonder-child. Here it may be interesting to take a certain number of conspicuous examples about the facts of which no question can arise. The following are a fair sample of musical precociousness—Mozart, Mendelssohn, Filtsch, Crotch, Samuel Wesley, Liszt, and Schubert, of whom all but the last had more or less of the experience through which, at this moment, their successors, Josef Hofmann and Otto Hegner, are passing. Mozart died at 36, Mendelssohn at 39, Filtsch at 15, Crotch at 72, Wesley at 71, Liszt at 75, and Schubert at 31. In the matter of longevity, therefore, and as far as the data above given go, the wonder-child does not seem to be placed in a position of disadvantage, the average age of the seven deceased musicians being a little over 48. But even here those who listen carefully may distinguish a note of warning. Mendelssohn, whose extremely precocious brain was stimulated, and his delicate organization worked upon with a reckless disregard of consequences, fell a victim to cerebral paralysis, when, according to human calculation, he had lived little more than half his days. Mozart, completely worn out, perished still earlier, and Filtsch was a boy when death claimed him, as Moscheles warned the gifted lad would be the case. Out of the seven examples cited, no more than three reached the Psalmist's limit of life. But the whole seven are, so to speak, the successes of precocity against unhealthy treatment—the "fittest" who in years or fame survived the ordeal. How as to those who were unsuccessful, and either broke down utterly, or faded off into commonplace adults? We shall mention no names belonging to this category, but every observer of musical events for twenty or thirty years past can call to mind children who appeared on public platforms, were praised and flattered, attracted to themselves regards and hopes, and then, as time went on, subsided into ordinary professional life. It is interesting and saddening to go through volume after volume of musical magazines, marking the advent of youthful phenomena whose very existence is now forgotten, because the promise of their early years was not kept. Taking all evidence into account, the balance is clearly against the forcing and display of premature gifts and the result is entirely in accordance with the conclusions of reason, which clearly argues that, though early development may be a perfectly natural and healthy process, to submit its subject to conditions of life such as are inimical to ordinary childhood is a mistake and mischievous. According to common report, the case of Josef Hofmann supplies a striking illustration of the fact just stated. The boy's musical talents are no burden to him, but because they are his he has been compelled to live a life such as the strongest child could hardly endure with impunity. The result we all see in his withdrawal from public performances, which is none the less a measure of obvious precaution because, as some statements make out, the parents have been bribed to take it.

As a conclusion to the whole matter, the wonder-child should be treated with due regard for the general fact that it is dangerous to impose upon him the hardships and excitement of a public life, and also with careful consideration of his particular case. We may not, perhaps, expect any change in the conduct of those who profit by the exhibition of precocity, but the public can do something to check the abuse of great endowments by refusing to countenance unfair demands upon them. This phase of the question is, we admit, one of difficulty, but the issues at stake are, or, at any rate, may be, so important that it is worth while to see what can be done, in a manner fair and moderate, to safeguard the interests of art. Every precocious musical child is a gift to the world, and we are all interested in preserving it from waste and mismanagement.—*The Musical Times.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, April 19th, 1888.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—Lent ended with a splendid Easter performance of Händel's triumphant "Judas Maccabæus," a constantly attractive work even though written to order, and to celebrate an event in which one cannot altogether rejoice—the downfall of the loyal and heroic Jacobites. The Händel and Haydn Society sang it in good style, with lofty power in the choruses, and considerable decision in attack. The soloists were good and generally satisfactory. Madame Giulia Valda singing with much flexibility of voice, although occasionally with inaccurate intonation, Miss Winant being an excellent alto, Mr. Parker singing with all his conscientious care, yet with fire too in his heroic arias, and Mr. Heinrichs, spite of his impure and guttural English, making a most acceptable base. The *reprises* in the old-fashioned aria form must be shortened if modern ears are not to be bored by formalism and repetitions. Another sacred work of more funereal, yet not less attractive character was given in Boston April 10th and 11th, and both performances were magnificent. It was Mozart's Requiem, which was thus twice given, for the benefit of the Mozart monument fund of Vienna, and the concerts will possibly net nearly three thousand dollars for the memorial. I wish that poor Mozart could have had a little of this money during his lifetime. It might have prevented him falling a prey to the typhus fever which attacked a frame too enfeebled by the fight in keeping the wolf from the door to resist its power. The performances were given by a chorus of about 300 voices, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a fine quartette of soloists including Herr Kalisch and Lilli Lehmann-Kalisch. Mr. Gericke was the conductor, and although the chorus had but few rehearsals and was gathered together quite hastily, the result was surprisingly excellent, some of the effects of light and shade being beyond any choral work I have recently heard, while the fugues were as steady and as well balanced as heart could wish. Mr. Gericke could do as much for us in choral music as he has done in orchestral, if he could only stay here long enough.

At the Symphony concerts the most recent events have been the performance of Goldmark's Second Symphony, and Moszkowski's first Suite. The former is a fine work, but unequal. At least, however, it is in Symphonic form, which his first, so-called, symphony is not. Its first movement has a strict Allegro form, although the theme section is not repeated, going on at once to the development. This movement is the best of the work, although the scherzo is likely to become the most popular, having a chief theme not unlike a Berlioz Elfin dance, and a trio with a trumpet solo catchy enough for Coney Island. Moszkowski's suite was also very fine in its first movement, but after that was given over to much tinkling of bells and other musical confectionery, although the theme and variations constituting the third movement was very interesting.

The Campanini Operatic Concert Company has been here, with Gerster as prima donna. I wish that I could say that this great artist possessed the voice of former years. Alas! the delicacy and fragrance is departed from it. The trill is full of gasps, the tones are heavy and dull. Yet, once in awhile, the old fire came back, and she would sing a few phrases—sometimes even a complete song—with a beauty almost pathetic, and this leads me to the hope that the voice may yet return in its pristine beauty. Campanini seems to have recovered his voice, and Galassi—is the king of baritones!

I have been attending a series of lecture-recitals on the Wagner trilogy, that have been given by Mr. Walter J. Dam rosch. He is not yet as great as his father—Astyanax is not Hector—but he is growing and developing rapidly, and his explanations of the Trilogy were graphic and inspiring, being evidently imbued with a sincere enthusiasm.

Mr. Alfred Hollins, the blind pianist, has been making a worthy sensation here. I have never heard a blind artist play so boldly. He is a true musician, and needs no excuse or leniency on account of his infirmity. Why I, who not only have eyes but eye-glasses also, could not venture on such wrist and forearm action as he uses.

Of Chamber Concerts we have had the usual sufficiency. The best of them were two given by Mr. and Mrs. Max Vogrich, and one by the Kneisel Quartette. At the latter I first heard a novelty—by Beethoven!—the rarely-played Op. 87, a trio for two oboes and an English horn. The only instance where the composer used the English horn. Spite of the ingenious construction of the work and its thorough performance, the tone-color became monotonous before the close was reached; it could not avoid having too much nasality.

Mr. and Mrs Vogrich in addition to the concerts mentioned above, gave one at the New England Conservatory of Music, which was greatly enjoyed by the students who flock to these frequent informal yet artistic receptions with delight. Apropos of the Conservatory, Dr. Tourjee, the director of that phenomenal institution, has returned from the South with his health perfectly restored. At the last term reception he was congratulated by a host of friends and teachers on his recovery. It is possible that he may go to Europe with one of his own excursion parties in June. I shall also go with one, which starts June 30th, my objective point being Bayreuth and the Wagner Festival, of which you may expect descriptions during the summer, if nothing should go awry to mar the plans of

COMES.

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

The fourth concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, for the present season, presented the following programme:

1. QUARTETTE—Op. Posth. D Minor, *Schubert*, *a.* Andante, with variations; *b.* Scherzo; *c.* Presto. 2. QUARTETTE—"Ave Maria," *Abt*, the K. J. B. Ladies' Quartette: 1st Soprano, Mrs.

Douglas A. Phillips; 2d Soprano, Miss Alice E. Waite; 1st Alto. Miss Julia B. Kroeger; 2d Alto, Mrs. Laura Anderson. 3 PIANO SOLO—"Ballade, in G Minor," *Chopin*, Mr. Victor Ehling. 4. SOPRANO SOLO—"Ever of Thee," *Rubinstein*, Mrs. A. D Cunningham. 5. TRIO—Capriccia for Three Violins, *Hermann;* QUARTETTE—"Moment Musical," *Schubert.* (by request). 6. QUARTETTE—*a.* "Briar Rose," *Vierling; b.* "The Water Sprite," *Schumann.* 7. QUINTETTE—In C Minor, *Lachner*, *a.* Allegro; *b.* Andante; *c.* Minuetto; *d.* Allegro.

The "K. J. B. Ladies' Quartette" rendered their selections in a way to delight the audience, and to do great credit to themselves and to their leader, Mrs. Kate J. Brainard, (whose initials are the name of the quartette) the able and painstaking teacher of music at the Mary Institute. Mrs. Cunningham was in good voice and sang most excellently. Mr. Ehling's playing of the Chopin Ballade in G Minor was especially noteworthy. The conception was entirely his own, quite different from the ordinary or traditional interpretation, but so excellent and poetical withal as to leave one in doubt whether, after all, his was not the truest and best. Technically, it was perfectly played. His work in the final (Lachner) quintette was great. It is hardly fair, however, to the other artists who rendered this number with so much perfection, to select for special commendation one of their number, for all are deserving of high praise. The Messrs. Bollman certainly have every reason to be proud of the success of this series of concerts, and the St. Louis musi al public owe them a debt of gratitude for their work in their behalf.

"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes," sang King Solomon of old. Had he been at the last Musical Union concert (You know he was a good judge of music and particularly of singing!) he would doubtless have paraphrased his own words saying: "Take out the Fox, the little Fox that spoils the concert, for music is a t nder thing." Alas, he was not there and we had not his despotic power and so it came to pass that we were compelled to be a witness of one of the most asinine performances ever gone through upon a St. Louis stage. A certain Miss Della Fox, who has been singing small parts in operetta troupes for several years, was suddenly "discovered" by some enthusiastic manager, who forthwith heralded his discovery through the St. Louis press. She is a St Louis girl and therefore must be the coming Patti, of course. To make a long story short, a sort of "boom" was started for the girl by people who know as much about music as Hottentots; some of the subscribers of the Musical Union were prevailed upon to request Mr. Waldauer to permit her to appear at one of his concerts and Mr. Waldauer good-naturedly consented. The concert was turned into a testimonial affair—a testimonial to a young woman with a song-and-dance voice and song-and-dance manners, to the delight of a lot of ignoramuses who had been attracted thereby, but to the utter disgust of the truly musical. As will be seen by a reference to the programme, Mr. Anton's symphony-fantasia, "Souvenir de Pologne," was given for the first time. He himself conducted it. Mr. Anton is an old and worthy St. Louis musician. His work is one of real merit—learned in its workl g out, popular in its form—such a work, in fine, as, with any audience of ordinary intelligence ought to have secured to its author, at home, an ovation—but it was but scantily applauded, while Miss Fox's methodless, colorless rendering of Pattison's trashy waltz-song was vociferously applauded, and she was recalled, to inflict further torture. To say we were disgusted is to put it all too mildly—Choctaws should have known bet ter!

Leaving out of account the singing in question and the stupid presentation of a souvenir badge, etc., which followed the last song (?) the concert was enjoyable. Mrs. Thoms was the pianist of the evening. Her playing, which is delicate rather than forceful, was highly appreciated by those who were capable of judging. Her interpretations were evidently her own and quite as evidently intelligent ones. Mr. Kunkel's "Alpine Storm," arranged for orchestra, was apparently the most popular orchestral number. Its rea istic effects of thunder, wind and rain doubtless appealing to the imagination of many who could have no grasp of a purely symphonic work. The orchestra's work was in the main good, but an anti-musical wet-blanket had been thrown over their work also by the "monkey-business" of the Fox testimonial. The programme: 1.—Musical Humoresque, (By request), *E. Schertz.* Orchestra. 2.—Piano Concerto—(By Minor) Allegro and Scherzo, with Orchestra accompaniment, *Scharwenka* Mrs. Clara E. Thoms. 3.—Vocal Solo—Waltz, with Orchestra accompaniment, *Pattison.* Miss Della Fox. 4.—Souvenir de Pologne—Symphonic Fantasie, (*a*) Kosciuszko (in Mem oriam). (*b*) Combat—Victory. Introducing Poland's National Hymn, *P. G. Anton.* Orchestra. 5.—Piano Solo—Magic Fire Music, *Wagner-Brassin.* Mrs. Clara E. Thoms. 6.—Idyl—For String Quintette, *Grieg* 7.—Alpine Storm (A Summer Idyl) Opus 105 *Charles Kunkel.* Orchestra. 8.—Vocal Solo—Yesterday—Song, *Strelezki*, Miss Della Fox. 9.—Overture—Tannhäuser, *Wagner.* Orchestra.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE OF MUSIC.

IN worldly circles music is generally treated as an accomplishment, as a frivolous pastime. Here (at the Institute) where it is classed among the fine arts, it is in its right place. How does it happen that Musical Art is judged in such different ways? Why is it so often the victim of injustice? The reason is very simple; people have acquired the poor habit of believing that, where there are musical sounds, there is music necessarily. It might as well be said that there is literature wherever there is talking, painting wherever there is daubing. Many things pass for music which differ from it as much as a tradesman's sign differs from a master's drawing; and if everybody does not make at once that distinction, it is because it requires a previous education which is not spread enough as yet; because, if the hearing of music is sufficient in itself to experience agreeable or painful sensations, this is not sufficient to conceive a just idea of the nature of musical art. In order to go so high, one must add reading to hearing. He who does not know the

music fixed by writing, can have of musical art but an incomplete notion, limited to sensation. Philosophers, if they by chance treat music with kindness, speak of it as an art essentially vague and with no consistence; and, at our epoch, when everybody pretends to judge of everything, music is too often considered as an art of sensation. Because it shares with eloquence the magnificent privilege of exciting enthusiasm and transporting the crowds, it is supposed to dwell exclusively in nervous impressions. This, however, is but one of its sides.

It is almost strange to state that there was a time when that side of music, so predominating in our days, was completely neglected. In the 16th century, after a monk of genius had discovered a new scale which produced harmony, when after much groping, our admirable notation, one of the *chefs d'œuvre* of the human mind, was created, composers were so fascinated with the new-born art that they disdained melody and expression, appreciating only polyphonic combinations. Melody was confined to dancing tunes and popular songs. All the school, of which Palestrina is the illustrious chief, worked in that way, with harmonic resources which seem very small when compared with those which we command to-day. Many persons imagine that Palestrina was a great melodist because he was an Italian; it is an error. His music, as the music of all his school, is none the less beautiful, for it proceeds from a sure doctrine. Although it was not customary in those times to indicate the "tempi" and "shadings" of pieces (which causes a serious trouble at the execution) that music produces always a great effect whenever it is sung.

I shall not speak of the music of the ancients. It is often asked why we do not understand the music of the Orientals, and why they do not understand ours; there is no cause for surprise, for they are two different arts. The name of music should not be applied to both. That great art of antiquity and of the East is neither superior nor inferior to ours, in an absolute way; it is another art. So engraving, painting, sculpture and architecture, which are all derived from the art of drawing, are withal different arts which cannot be justly compared with one another.

The musical art of either the ancients or the Orientals is founded on the combination of melody and rhythm. To those two elements our art adds a third one, harmony, whose importance is capital. That element, quite new, cannot be healthily appreciated without the assistance of writing. What the illiterates of music call, not without contempt "accompaniments," or ironically "science," is the flesh and blood of musical art; it is simply its substance.

The music of the sixteenth century, we were saying, was beautiful, in spite of the almost complete exclusion of melody; but that exclusion could not last forever. Melody came back on the stage, rejuvenated, transfigured for the new musical forms which waited for it. Polyphony lost its preponderance. It could no longer be so with harmony; it pursued its evolution, and continues it under our eyes. However, it kept a little in the shade, leaving melody in full light.

The polyphonic school and the melodic school characterize the two beautiful epochs of musical art in Italy.

It was reserved for Germany to take again the torch from the hands of Italy, and to create works in which all the parts of art, harmony, rhythm, melody, exactly weighed, were to realize a perfect ensemble.

In the meanwhile what was France doing? She was neither harmonic nor melodic in the exclusive sense of those words, she was dramatic. While Italy, the country of the lyric drama, made the drama subservient to melody; while Germany, where instrumental music was taking a prodigious flight, allowed the drama to be invaded by the symphony, and being dazzled with her own light, came to lose the sense of the vocal style, France took hold of the lyric drama and, although inclining at times towards Italy, at other times towards Germany, kept her object in view, the lyric drama considered first of all as drama and subordinating the singing and symphony to the dramatic action. The greatest foreign composers, when they wrote for France, must have adopted this point of view, and everybody knows what they gained by it. Everybody knows that Gluck, Spontini, Rossini, Meyerbeer, without mentioning others, found in French taste a sure guide which led them to the supreme expression of their genius.

Musical France was not only dramatic, she was scientific. While Sebastian Bach was building his immense work, a sort of Gothic Cathedral whose colossal proportions and wonderful carvings con-

found the imagination, our great Rameau threw the foundations of a theory of harmony, and made extraordinary discoveries, by which he was the first one to profit in his works so bold and powerful. The share of France is then very beautiful, and it is very wrongly that she has been accused of never having been, in music, but imitator, or plagiarist. If she felt the influence of her neighbors, her own influence was immense, and the student of the story of art becomes aware that Germany was, much more than France tributary of Italy.

Germany in our days has reached the apogee of musical development. The beautiful epoch alluded to above has had the fate of all the beautiful epochs in art; it lasted but little. Polyphony has grown beyond measure under the influence of the recent development of instrumentation, which has, so to speak, the proportions of a new element introduced in art; while harmony enriched with new facts, came to add its magic to that of orchestral color. At the same time Germany seemed possessed with a growing contempt of melody, a phenomenon similar to the one which was produced in the sixteenth century in the school of Palestrina. What is going to pass? Will France, that never allows herself to be dragged into excesses, in music at least, have influence enough to put the brakes on the movement? Will she be overwhelmed? The success of the struggle will decide, perhaps, the musical future of the world.

If Germany triumphs, melody may, for some time occupy the last place. No cause there for rejoicing or mourning. The 16th century did without melody, having only the resources of vocal music and a few chords; so much better could it be dispensed with when harmony and instrumentation have taken in our time so great a development. But then it were necessary to have, as in the 16th century, a doctrine, and this, is what we have not. Practice has made more headway than theory. Each one goes at random and does what he pleases. Those alone who, being duty bound to read everything in order to keep informed of their art, could say what a degree of anarchy has sometimes been reached. Come a man of genius who may condense the scattered facts and elaborate a doctrine powerful enough to bend all the wills under its law, and we shall perhaps see renewed the phenomenon of the 16th century; then the phase of excessive polyphony will be probably followed by a reaction in the direction of simplicity. The history of art, in all its forms, is there to establish this.

It does not enter in the frame of this study to take the part of such or such forms of art, nor to decide between the diverse schools which share the domain of contemporary art, nor to protest against the passionate judgments so often passed in this or that sense.

Through these sharp and interesting polemics, a fact absolutely new is to be noticed; in our epoch musicians are expected first of all to display convictions. Heretofore they had only been asked to have talent.

It is pretended, on the authority of a few exceptions, that the public, in general, is refractory to art, and that any work that succeeds in pleasing the public, is the result of regretable concessions.

Well, it is probable that if the masters of the past have written so many oratorios, operas, masses and symphonies, it is because their works were not in contradiction with the public sentiment. Those masters were certainly artists of conviction, for the very reason that they were great artists; but conviction was understood by them differently from what it is to-day. Instead of placing it in the carrying out in practice of such or such theories, more or less attractive, they placed it in the observance of certain fundamental rules which writers nowadays are pleased, I should say make it a duty, to violate. Their audacities, which enriched art, were never in corrections. They endeavored first of all to be writers; on this point they did not compromise, and would have never consented to write a bad harmony, any more than our modern poets would consent to leave an imperfect rhyme in their verses. For the rest, between them and the public, was formed a *modus vivendi*, to which it were unjust to apply the word concession, for they were on both sides unconscious of it; and this is why such patriarchs as Bach and Haendel could write interminable roulades, pretty insipid asides, without ceasing a moment to be great musicians.

The art which we are cultivating has a long time to live. Its development takes shape from day to day; it is truly the great modern art in all the bloom of a triumphant youth, and if it seems to go just now through a crisis, it is but one of those summer storms inseparable from the fair season, after which a purer air is breathed under a brighter sun.—CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

THE French diapason normal has now been introduced in the military bands of the Republic of Chili.

THE article entitled "How the Marseillaise saved a Pianist's neck" in a recent number of the *American Musician* reads well. We thought so when we handed the manuscript to our printer previous to its being published in this paper months ago. The *Musician* often forgets to give proper credit to the different journals from which it borrows.

THE editor of KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW did not know he was editing the *Musical Journal* of Toronto, Canada, until he found one of his editorials (originally produced in the REVIEW,) printed word for word, in the April issue of the *Journal* as one of *its* editorials. Messrs. Timm, Moore & Co., will oblige us by sending us their check for our editorial services.

THE Paris Court of Appeal has reversed the judgment of three months' imprisonment passed upon M. Carvalho, the late Director of the Opéra Comique, on account of alleged culpable negligence in connection with the burning of that theatre. M. Carvalho, whose case excited universal sympathy, has been the recipient of numerous congratulations in consequence of the above decision.

A NEW comic opera called "Maréchal Farine," libretto by Cadillac and Julien Sorel, music by Albert Renaud, will be produced in Paris shortly. The scene is laid in Paris during the time of the bread riots in 1775. The Marshall Duc de Biron, to whom was entrusted the task of suppressing these riots, was in consequence dubbed by the people "Maréchal Farine," or Marshall Flour, and hence the title of the piece.

A NEW Symphony, by M. Vincent d' Indy, the ideas for which have been inspired by Schiller's "Wallenstein" Trilogy, was performed for the first time, and well received, at one of the recent Lamoureux Concerts of Paris. M. Vincent d' Indy has already shown his predilection for the great German poet, by the production, some two years since, of a Cantata, the libretto of which is a free version of Schiller's "Lay of the Bell."

HERR VICTOR NESSLER, the successful composer of "Der Trompeter von Säkkingen," is engaged upon a new opera, the plot of which is founded upon a picturesque chapter in the history of Strassburg in the sixteenth century. The libretto has been furnished by an Alsatian writer, the composer himself being a native of Alsace, and the production of the new work is looked forward to with much interest by a considerable section of the German musical public.

C. O. HILLSTROM & Co., propose to have their slice of the business pie—and they have good teeth and excellent digestion. This is what they write about what they are doing and will do:

"We have over 500,000 feet of walnut in logs on our grounds, with which we purpose to boom the organ trade this year greater than ever. Since the first of April we have sent out 123 organs, of which 22 went to England and 11 to Sweden. We are having the best trade we ever had."

WE noticed that Mr. A. A. Oldfield, the stenographer-lawyer-flutist had a new hat about the first of April. On inquiring why he had thus early donned Spring wear in a backward season, a friend of his explained that his promising young son, Lonnie, had played Rivé-King's "Home, Sweet Home" at an entertainment on March 27th and carried off such honors that Mr. Oldfield found his hat too small on leaving the hall and had to walk home bare-headed. The next day he invested in a "tile" three sizes larger—and it is a tight fit, they say.

THE Grand Organ, Mess Geo. Jardine & Son of New York are building for the "Church of the Messiah" of our city is to be erected in August, and will contain many novelties in tone and be worthy of the reputation of this eminent firm. It will contain 3 manuals and 48 stops and combinations, there are 5-16 ft. stops in the organ, giving it a grand foundation, on which to build its wealth of diapason solo, and chorus tones. The pedal will have the full compass of 30 notes. It will be exhibited in New York before it is sent on and tested by the best organists there who have evinced great interest in it on account of its completeness of musical effects.

MESSRS. SOHMER & Co. says *Music and Drama* have received another evidence of the growing popularity of their fine instruments.

The P. S. Gilmore Concert Company, who have been giving concerts all over the country, to packed houses, and everywhere have been received with the greatest enthusiasm, have been using a "Sohmer" piano at all of their concerts, and this instrument has received, on each occasion on which it was heard, the highest praise from the public and the press.

The newspapers have commented in the most flattering terms on this popular instrument, and Mr. P. S. Gilmore and his artists have not only become enthusiastic over its merits, but are so attached to the "Sohmer" piano, that in one of their special cars, which contains every luxury and convenience, and which is aptly called a "Palace on Wheels," they have in constant use a beautiful "Sohmer" piano.

Messrs. Sohmer & Co. have had an opportunity, by these concerts, to have their piano tested by the most critical musicians, and also by the public and press and it has not only stood the test well, but the "Sohmer" piano has come out with all honors and flying colors, which will help to add more distinction to the glory and fame of the house.

VERDI'S "Otello" has been produced, up to the present, on fourteen operatic stages and in five different languages—viz., in Italian at Milan, Venice, Brescia, Parma, Turin, Modena, Rome, and Naples; in German at Hamburg, Munich, and Vienna; in Hungarian at Buda-Pesth; in the Czech language at Prague; and in Russian at St. Petersburg.

MR. AND MRS. J. A. KIESELHORST celebrated their crystal wedding on the 3d of April. A large number of friends filled their parlors, and the Muse of music did not fail to put in an appearance. The "high contracting parties" were made the recipients of many elegant and appropriate gifts, and the guests departed at an early hour (the next day), after having agreed that Mr. Kieselhorst was an excellent judge of wine, and that they would help him celebrate his silver wedding if they got half a chance.

MR. ROBERT BONNER (not he of *Ledger* fame, but the Sec'y of the American College of Musicians) desires us to draw the attention of our readers to the fact that copies of last year's examination papers may be had free by addressing him, and that the next examination will take place Monday and Tuesday, July 2 and 3, at Chicago. We do so as a matter of courtesy to Mr Bonner, who means well—but we reiterate our opinion that the "American College of Musicians" on wheels and its degrees are the most arrant humbugs imaginable—a College without Professors or local habitation, degrees which are inaccessible to those who might profit thereby, and which those who can get them would not have as a gift. Bah!

MISS NEALLY STEVENS, the charming pianist, played Liszt's Piano Concerto in E flat major at the forty-seventh concert of the "Artists' Concert Club," at the Madison Street Theatre, Chicago, on the 27th ult. Of her performance on this occasion, the *Indicator* says: "Miss Stevens excelled all her previous performances in Chicago, and responded to an enthusiastic encore with 'Le Rossignol,' by Liszt, a most dainty and pleasing composition." She also played several compositions at a concert given at the Masonic Temple, Ft. Wayne, Ind., on April 13th. In speaking of her work on this occasion, the *Fort Wayne Daily News* styles her "a great artiste."

THE Cincinnati Centennial May Musical Festival will be given May 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th and 26th, in the great Music Hall, Cincinnati, under the direction of Theodore Thomas. The solo artists have been chosen with the utmost care, and comprise Frau Lilli Lehmann, Mme. Giulia Valda, Herr Paul Kalisch, Myron W. Whitney, Mrs. Corinne Moore-Lawson, Miss Emma Cranch, Theo. Toedt, Miss Elizabeth Hetlich, A. E. Stoddard, and Edward Lloyd, the great English tenor, who comes under contract to sing solely at this festival. Arthur Mees will be the organist. The other musical forces are Theodore Thomas' magnificent orchestra augmented to 108, and "the unrivalled Cincinnati May Festival Chorus of six hundred voices."

MR. HARRISON M. WILD, the well-known Chicago organist, assisted by Mrs. Wallace-Davis, Mrs. Phœnix-Cameron and Messrs. Hirschborch and Hart has been giving a series of free Sunday evening concerts at the Church of the Unity, Chicago. The organ selections contained in the nine programmes before us show that Mr. Wild has a wide range of familiarity with the best organ writers, both classical and modern.

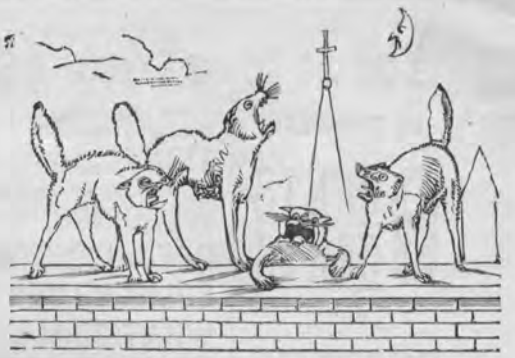
It may strike some of our readers as strange, that a church should be made a Sunday evening concert hall of, but then there are churches whose strong point is that they have "neither politics nor religion," and besides, like the sailor of the story who, in the midst of the tempest, wanted to "do something religious" but did not know what until the happy thought struck him to take up a collection," these programmes have a "religious" feature in the fact that a foot note states: "Collection taken to pay expenses."

AS TO WEARING SHOES.

There is no use talking, girls, it *never* pays to pinch your feet; it never pays either to wear shoes so broad and loose that your ankles are apt to turn in them. More people abuse the use of shoes in the wearing from ignorance than from any other cause, for really women are not half so apt now-a-days to squeeze their feet as they were even twenty-five years ago.

One reason is that the art of making shoes has been carried to that place where even a large foot can be so well-fitted that it is not something which one is ashamed of and must tuck under her skirts on all occasions, and yet which she is obliged to take around with her because per force it takes *her* around. By degrees we are being educated up to ideas of harmony in physical porportions and for a five-foot-seven woman to wear a No. 2 is not deemed a special mark of favor on the part of Providence but rather a deformity. So the shoe-makers are spending time and talent on form and comfort now and the conscientious shoe-dealers are urging on their customers, ladies and children especially, the necessity for footwear that neither is too tight nor too loose for the one or an impediment to growth for the other. A well-shaped foot minus corns or bunions is a "thing of beauty" in an artistic sense, and "a joy forever" to its owner inasmuch as it goes on its way without an ache or pain and enjoys a comfortable old age, unless rheumatism sets in, which is another matter and has nothing to do with shoes. Therefore, it is to your advantage to select a shoe dealer who is particular in these points, honest in fitting you and who makes a point of dealing only in the best *formed* shoes to be had.

Such dealers you will find in JOEL SWOPE AND BROTHER, 311 North Fourth street, whose long years in St. Louis have made for them an enviable record in just these particulars and in the fine goods they always handle.



COMICAL CHORDS.

A CERTAIN fat man, within ten miles of Burlington, has a very thin wife. The boys have nicknamed them "enough" and "too spare."—*Burlington Free Press.*

OLD LADY (to railroad brakeman)—How soon does this train start for Shacknack?
Brakeman—Not for two hours yet, madam. Step lively, please.—*Life.*

CROSSING-SWEEPER (to dude with young lady)—Please, mister, gimme a cent.
Dude (angrily)—Aw, go away, boy, I haven't any cents.—*Washington Critic.*

"SINTINCED for loife, d'yer say? Arrah, thin, if the judge had his eyes about him he might ha' seen that Dinnis was that dilicate that he'd niver live to sarve out a loife sintince, even if it was on'y for three years."

AN infant was crying fretfully in his mother's arms, in a street car, the other day, when she turned to a man at her side with the request:
"Wud ye plaze to look cross at him, sor; he'll think it's his father and kape sthill."—*New York Tribune.*

MOTHER—What has become of Charlie? I haven't seen him once this morning.
Daughter—He is in Uncle John's room. Uncle John is taking Charlie's photograph by the instantaneous process, and that always takes him three or four hours.—*Texas Siftings.*

IN glancing over a paper, the other day, our eye caught on to a formula for making soap. We looked it through, and the winding up was this: "Then let the frugal housewife sit on the stove and stir constantly." Well, we should say she would stir constantly if seated on a hot stove. It is safe to say that recipe won't be used very extensively.—*Sturdy Oak.*

AN old French gentleman attending the opera heard the tenor in the "Huguenots" sing out of tune all the evening. In the course of the opera, the tenor was shot dead. The old gentleman sprang to his feet, exclaiming, as he shook his fist at the theatrical corpse:
"Serves you right, you donkey! You have sung false all the evening."—*Musical Record.*

ARKANSAS JUDGE—Queer thing, that about Keyser.
Arkansas Colonel—How's that?
Judge—Reformed, you know?
Colonel—Joined the church, eh?
Judge—Well, no; he's only on probation now. I heard him arguing last night that he believed it was wrong to kill a man on Sunday.—*Puck.*