MUSICAL RECORD

KUNKEL'S

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

Vol. IX. MAY, 1886. No. 5.

SINGING IN THE FAMILY.

CULTIVATE singing in your family. Begin when the child is not yet three years old. The songs and hymns your childhood sang—bring them back to your memory and teach them to your little ones; mix them all together, to meet the similar moods, as in after life they come over us so mysteriously sometimes. Many a time and oft, in the very whirl of business, in the sunshine and gayety of Fifth avenue, amid the splendor of the drive in Central Park, some little things wake up in the memories of early youth—the old mill, the cool spring, the shade tree by the little school-house—and the next instant we almost see again the ruddy cheeks, the smiling faces and the merry eyes of the schoolmates, some gray-headed now; most "lie mouldering in the grave." And anon, "the song my mother sang" springs unbidden to the lips, and soothes and sweetens all these memories. At other times, among the crushing mishaps of business, a merry ditty of the older time pops out its little head, breaks in upon the ugly train of thought, throws the mind into another channel; light breaks from the cloud in the sky, and a new courage is given to us. The honest man goes singing to his work; and when the day's labor is done, his tools aside, and he is on his way home, where wife and tidy table and cheer freshly await him, he cannot help whistle or sing. The burglar never sings. Moody silence, not the merry song, weighs down the dishonest tradesman, the perfidious clerk, the unfaithful servant, the perjured partner.—*Hall's Journal.*

TRICK INSTRUMENTS.

THE requirements of modern operetta, musical extravaganza and such pieces as are advertised to be "a nonsensically constructed whimsicality," have brought many strange musical instruments into use. "Trick instruments," would be a better name for some of the curious inventions shown to a reporter recently, in the orchestra room of a theatre, by Simon Davis, the drummer of the orchestra.

Mr. Davis, although called the drummer, to distinguish him, might be termed with equal justice one of twenty-five or thirty other names, for he plays and operates that many instruments besides the drums. There is something of a trick, even about the base drum playing, for it is operated by a pedal which, with one action, plays the cymbals at the same time, leaving the operator's hands free to use any other instrument which the music or action on the stage may require.

One of the instruments which Davis plays is commonly called the bells, or orchestra bells; in Germany called the "glockenspiel." It consists of a number of short bars of steel resting on straw ropes. The bars are played upon by short hammers, the metals of which are connected with the wood handles by whalebone. The full chromatic scale, two and a half octaves, are represented by the bars, which are toned by size. The instrument most like the bells is the xylophone, which consists of a number of pieces of wood strung together by two cords and resting on ropes of straw. The method of tuning a xylophone is curious. If a note be flat, it is corrected in tone by having a section sawed off; if sharp, it is notched on the under side by a saw cut.

The anvils in an orchestra are far from being such as smiths play upon by the side of a forge, though their tones are remarkably like those of the real article. The anvil which Mr. Davis has are two pieces of hemi-octagonal brass, hollow, and about eight inches long. Hemi-octagonal may not be the scientific term for describing a tube which would be octagonal if alike on both sides, but which looks as if it had been octagonal and sliced down its length and the flat side covered over. What is what they are. They are contained in a little plush-lined case, and might be carried in an overcoat pocket, but when struck with a little hammer, give out a sound like an anvil. It tells a story of the times that there has been so much music written of late relating to champagne drinking that instruments have been devised and patented to imitate the "pop" of a champagne cork, Mr. Davis has two such instruments. One is a simple wooden cylinder, a piston working in one end and a captive cork in the other. It is as simple as a boy's popgun, but the sound has a $5-a-bottle bang that is most captivating. The second pop imitator, recently invented, can be worked more rapidly, and made to imitate the sound around a race-course bar just after the field has won against long odds. This is a long brass cylinder, the piston running through the cork, and having a bolt on that end to prevent the cork from flying off and hitting the ringer in the eye. The piston, pushed in rapidly, causes a deceptive "pop," and being as rapidly pushed back, plugs the cork tight in again, ready for another battle, which action can be kept up faster than the thirstiest crowd could eat the wire.

The crack of a whip is a noise that is heard under very different circumstances on the stage. It may be a chorus describing a rollicking sleighride, a *Long Spanker*, who emphasizes a story with a flourish of a whip, or the overseer in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Whatever the occasion, the man sitting at the left of the orchestra supplies the "crack." Mr. Davis does this with a little instrument that looks like a big razor-strop split down to the handle, and there hinged. It is worked with one hand, for very frequently, at the same time, sleigh-bells must be heard, and the other hand is employed in shaking a belt of silver bells right merrily.

The castinets used in the orchestra are not played, as by the dancers, in the palms of the hands, but are fastened (two pairs) on a fan-shaped piece of cedar, and all Spain could not produce a castinet player who could get more rattling out of the genuine article than does the drummer with this prosaic cedar fan waved with one hand, while the other rattles and rages a tambourine. When, in a sentimental play or burlesque, or orchestra number, the sound of a locomotive should be heard, the drummer turns to his assortment of trick instruments and selects three. The first represents the whine and whirr and puff, and snort and rattle. It consists of an arch of sheet iron, the ends of which are rolled back from the arch, making two supports for it to stand upon. This is "played" upon by two bundles of steel wires, fastened at one end by a clasp of tin, and otherwise loose.—*Brooklyn Union.*

INJURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT OF ARTISTS.

INJUDICIOUS advertisement of an artist is a curse to him. Every true observer and lover of art will immediately be prejudiced against any pretender who places himself in a certain altitude which has not as yet reached, and very likely will never reach by many a league. The press in America is often guilty of misrepresenting artists; for, according to the advertisement a performer puts into the paper will his puffs be. The greatest charlatan, if he spends enough money, will receive the greatest encomiums. A dog-fight reporter will be sent to "write up" a concert or an opera. We have lately heard of a really good artist who refused to perform at Steinway Hall because his name was printed in smaller type than that of another artist. Is this not disgraceful? Who would think of such a thing in Europe? There they place the names alphabetically and if the name of the greatest artist of the company commences with a Z his name will be put last. This article was suggested to us by the announcement of two pianists who have lately appeared in St. Louis, namely: W. H. Sherwood and Franz Rummel. Both of these gentlemen are good artists and have a right to be proud of their accomplishments, but they come to us heralded as the only rivals and equals of Von Buelow and Rubinstein. Having eagerly read all this preliminary newspaper puffing we go to the concert with great expectations, and as these expectations are far, very far from being realized, we even forget to give the credit really due the gentlemen; in fact we are inclined to call the whole thing a humbug. Suppose a man with $100,000 capital should start a dry goods store in St. Louis, and advertise himself as "the only competitor of A. T. Stewart," or say he were to open a banking house and advertise himself as "the only successful rival of the Rothschilds," would not the very street boys laugh at him? And would not the otherwise respectable capital dwindle into nothing by comparison? And yet he would be really a wealthy man, and with that amount of money could start a very fine dry goods store or establish a very respectable bank.

So it is with our artists. They place themselves beside the greatest of giants, upon an elevated plane, from which they appear as mere figures when viewed by others.

THE MUSIC OF SPEECH.

MANY of the rules which apply to the voice in singing, apply also to the voice in speaking. Both are regulated by the same laws, although the speech voice cannot be considered so true a musical sound, as its pitch varies through its duration. It goes to prove, however, that all are endowed by nature with the power of music, which may be greatly improved and enlarged by careful practice. We laugh and speak, and cry and sing in music. A laugh is produced by repeating in quick succession two sounds which differ from each other by a single tone—a cry arising from pain or grief is the utterance of two sounds, differing from each other half a tone—a yawn runs down a whole octave before it ceases—a cough may be expressed by musical intervals—a question cannot be asked without a change of tone, which musicians call a fifth, a fourth, a sixth, or an eighth. In short, every sound of the human lip is loaded with music. This is the music of nature, and there is not a man who can speak five minutes without gliding through the whole gamut, only, in speaking, the tones not being protracted, glide imperceptibly into each other. It is this protraction of sound which constitutes the singing voice, distinct from that of speech; but the laws of articulation remain the same, and the sound, though protracted, receives the same impulsions as in speaking. The notes by which the pitch of the voice is varied in speaking are termed slides, accents and reflections: they may be imitated by sliding a finger along the finger-board of a violin, while the bow is being applied to the strings. These notes may have an ascending or descending course in pitch; sometimes they have both on a syllable. The varying pitch of a speech-note may be illustrated, if the reader, with an intense feeling of inquiry, utter aloud such an exclamation as Hamlet's interrogatory, "pale or red?" The note on the word "pale" will consist of an upward movement of the voice; while that note on "red" will be a downward movement, and in both words the voice will traverse so wide an interval as to be even conspicuous to the most ordinary ear; while the cultivated perception of a musician will detect the voice moving through a less interval of pitch, while he is uttering the word "or" of the same sentence; and being able to record in musical notation the sounds which he hears, will perceive the musical interval traversed in these vocal movements, and the place also of these notes on the musical staff.

Kunkel's Musical Review

KUNKEL BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

612 OLIVE STREET, ST. LOUIS.

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

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year (with premium),	$2 00
Six Months (with premium),	1 25
Four Months (without premium),	60
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. For premiums offered, see page 168.*

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.

WHATEVER theorists may say as to the relative rank of absolute music and music set to words, the fact is that song, in its different forms, is, and in the nature of things must remain, the most universally appreciated and understood, and, hence, practically the most important department of musical composition. In view of that fact, it must be regretted that the majority of the better class of composers in this country should turn their attention to the production of piano or other purely instrumental compositions. It is true, that song words of a meritorious character are not so plentiful as might be desired, and yet the dearth is not so great as composers imagine. There are hundreds of good lyrics in the English language that have never been set to music, and not a week passes but the newspapers and magazines publish lyrical poems worthy of a musical setting. Let us have more songs from the pens of the better class of American composers.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC ON MANNERS.

THE influence of music in humanizing and polishing the mind is not a fanciful one. From the earliest ages it has been recognized. This is shown not only by such fables as that of Orpheus, whose magic strains could control even brute nature, but even so grave an historian as Polybius, eminent for solidity of judgment, speaking of the Cynætheans, an Arcadian tribe, writes as follows:

"As the Arcadians have always been celebrated for their piety, humanity and hospitality, we are naturally led to inquire, how it has happened that the Cynætheans are distinguished from the other Arcadians, by savage manners, wickedness and cruelty. I can attribute this difference to no other cause than a total neglect among the people of Cynæthea, of an institution established among the ancient Arcadians, with a nice regard to their manners and their climate: I mean the exercise of that genuine and perfect music, which is useful in every state, but necessary to the Arcadians; whose manners, originally rigid and austere, made it of the greatest importance to incorporate this art into the very essence of their government."

It is to be noticed that Polybius does not attribute this beneficent influence to music indiscriminately, but only to that "genuine and perfect music, which is useful in every state." He, a grave historian, exhibits here such critical knowledge of music as proves him to have been an adept in the musical science of his day; and the manner in which he states his conclusion as to the causes of the low state of morals among this tribe of Arcadians, shows that he expected his explanation to be received as most natural by his cotemporaries. In other words, this passage shows that musical knowledge and criticism were, in the days of our historian, quite as extensive among the educated classes as they are now, with this difference, that music, which is now usually regarded as a mere accomplishment, was then seen to be an important factor in the humanizing and governing of nations.

WITH the majority of non-musical people, and with not a few of the more musical, the effect of music is probably, in most instances, one of association. They have, in their impressible childhood, heard certain strains of music sung to a certain text by the lips of a loved mother or father, and the perhaps homely strain has become hallowed by association until it would be impossible to make them believe it does not in itself contain an iota of the sentiment they think it expresses. It is useless to discuss such questions with the masses. They love their old tunes, and they stick to them. How often has it been attempted to give a new and better setting to old and favorite hymns! Yet a single instance of real success in this respect is yet to be recorded so far as we know. In this same effect of association must be referred the mass of prejudices against music of certain kinds. The converted fiddler, whose recollection of his fiddling days are connected with the strains of coarse dances and ribald songs, could not be expected to do otherwise than protest against the introduction into the worship of the sanctuary of the tones which he associates perforce with a previous and regretted life of licentiousness, forgetting all the while (unless he be more philosophically inclined than most fiddlers are) that the trouble is not in the instrument, but in his previous history. To him, indeed, the violin is really an irreligious instrument; its associations are improper, and for himself, if he cannot overcome the feeling, he is right to protest, since the sound of the violin puts him in an unworshipful frame of mind. It is only the most advanced musical taste that can rightly distinguish what is objective in music, what its real contents are, from that which is subjective in the musician or listener, in other words, projected into the music by his own views and feelings.

PIANISTS AND PIANOS.

ON a recent issue we had the following editorial paragraph:

"The *Musical Standard* takes the manufacturers of musical instruments to task because, it says, they claim the credit of having done everything for music and musicians in this country, while, on the contrary, music and musicians have made them what they are. We have usually found the makers of musical instruments willing to take what we think is the sensible view of this matter, namely: that musicians and instrument-makers have alike contributed to the spread of music in the United States, and in so doing have been helpful to each other. Their cause is a common one and it would not only be idle but harmful, to attempt to assign greater or less importance to the share of either in the good work of spreading "the art universal."

The editor of the *Musical Standard*, in his last issue, mounts his high horse and in reply says, speaking of us and another journal that had made similar comments upon his remarks:

"They are either not competent or are unwilling, for their own peculiar reasons, to draw the delicate lines between business and art. These journals show that they are loyal to their advertisers even when circumstances demand of them to be loyal to musical art. Their motto is: 'Our prosperity first and the prosperity of musical art afterwards, if we have any time or means left to give the latter when we get through with the former.' They thus reflect the sentiments of the majority of the music trade.

Business is business and art is religion. We have always admired business force and system, and we have the utmost respect for the business integrity and brains of many members of the music trade we know. The man who cultivates a business for the love of it as well as for its financial returns is as much to be respected for his endeavors as the greatest artist or scientist in the world.

Business and art may work legitimately with each other. But the delicate line must be drawn somewhere. They must not be mixed. They may work side by side to their mutual interests. But they are not one. They are entirely separate things. If a piano manufacturer is smart enough to hire a renowned pianist to play his make of piano around the country, we admire the smartness of the manufacturer but we are disgusted with the pianist who will engage in such traffic and still have effrontery enough to parade before the public as an artist, for an artist must not be merely a musician, he must also be a man, etc."

This reply to our good natured remarks is, to say the least, peculiar. The *Musical Standard* had made what seemed to us a useless and foolish onslaught upon the manufacturers of pianos, and in so doing had given as facts matters that were at variance with our experience. We so stated, and in any way impugning the veracity of the *Standard's* editor. He might have taken the same view, but, like all illogical men, he gets angry and forthwith accuses us of either incompetency or falsification. In other words, because we politely say that our experience does not tally with that of Mr. Bulling, he impolitely gives us our choice of being called a fool or a liar. And yet, in his very reply, the editor of the *Standard* admits that "business and art may work legitimately together" that "they may work side by side to their mutual interest" and that "if a piano manufacturer is smart enough to hire a renowned pianist to play his make of piano around the country we admire the smartness of the manufacturer, but we are disgusted with the pianist, etc." Now, if these statements are read in connection with the paragraph which aroused the indignation of our *confrère*, it will be difficult, we think, to perceive wherein they differ. The fact is that the *Standard* cares little about the logic of its position, it simply is anxious to have "some gintleman thread on the tail av me coat." In its anxiety to provoke attention to itself it entirely overlooks the fact that its original attack, the one against which we mildly protested, was aimed at the manufacturers alone and not at the pianists with whom they deal, while it now exonerates and even approves the former and blames solely the latter who had been left quite unmentioned originally. In the same breath it abuses us for saying a good word for the manufacturers our "advertisers" and says they are not to blame, then it pitches into the pianists, who, by the way, are not our "advertisers." The latter fact will not prevent us, however, (having called the *Standard's* attention to the fact that this is a new question, and that it has abandoned its old battle ground), from putting *this* question in its proper light, obliging the *Standard* at the same time by gently, very gently for fear of the consequences (to the coat) "threadin' on the tail av the coat."

If we understand the *Standard's* position, it is that when Mme. Julie Rivé-King plays the Chickering or the Decker, Maas and Sherwood the Miller, Faelten the Knabe, Rummel the Steinway, Joseffy the Chickering or the Steinway, and so on through the list, all these artists, if they do so as the result of a business arrangement with the makers, descend to the level of the man who carries upon his back a sign advertising the merits of Cureall's Corn

Plaster and at the same time lower to the level of catch penny humbugs the great and noble art of music.

The first thing that strikes an unbiased observer in such a statement is that it is passing strange that those who have attained the first rank in their art and who must have reached that eminence by dint of the patient labor which can come only from a genuine and enthusiastic love for art as art, should all, with one accord, have prostituted it, either wilfully or ignorantly, while the editor of the *Standard*, a tyro as compared with them, should have discovered the evil at the first glance and promptly resented it. It is so strange indeed as to lead one forthwith to suspect that the evil is a mere figment of the imagination of the would-be reformer.

The editor of the *Standard* informs us that "art is religion." The saying is far from new and yet quite as far from true. Art is art, and religion is religion and he must have a very vague idea of both who confounds them. This mistaken notion of the gentleman in question (if we may be allowed a digression) serves however, to explain what had been quite a puzzle to us. He is a teacher of harmony and composition, at least he so advertises, and in the earlier numbers of his paper he published musical supplements consisting of some of his own compositions. These were bare of musical ideas and as full of harmonic blunders as a beggar's dog is of fleas, and, thinking that art was art, we wondered at the purpose of such publications. Now that we know that, in his estimation, "art is religion," everything becomes plain—they were intended to cultivate the Christian virtues of patience, forbearance and charity in the breasts of the readers of the *Standard*. In that view, they must have been a colossal success. But, returning to the question in hand, and taking the editor of the *Standard* at his word, if "art is religion," it seems to follow that it is the duty of the artist to "preach the gospel" of art "to every creature"—or is art in general and music in particular to be the "religion" of only a select few? The editor of the *Standard* is too much of a devotee of art to issue his paper for any mercenary purpose—he does it purely in the interest of music, of course (?) and as he endeavors to address the masses, he evidently thinks that the masses should be taught his "religion." In this we fully agree with him. But by as much as example is a more powerful method of teaching than precept, by just so much is the rendering of good music in the hearing of those masses more powerful in educating their musical taste, than are articles about good music, however ably written. The executive artist occupies a field here which is all his own. Now, so far at least as pianists are concerned, that field is essentially a missionary one, a field which does not yield enough directly to support the artist. It is all very well to talk as if we were in an ideal world, but we are not in an ideal world (if we were there would be no room for the *Standard*) and every one who knows anything about it knows that no pianist's concert tour in this country has ever paid. If it had not been for the business enterprise of the manufacturers who have backed pianists, in the belief that the fact that in playing upon the instruments of their makes, in other words in presenting their wares to the public in the best possible light, these pianists would give them advertisements that would offset their outlay and risks, not one of the many great pianists whom the American public have had the pleasure of hearing would ever have been heard here. This is an undeniable fact. We have no means of knowing whether these piano makers have been repaid; we hope so, and so do all unbiased music lovers. The musical people of this country owe them a debt of gratitude for making a business outlay in a direction that assisted the spread of music and increased their opportunities for hearing first-class executive artists. Who has lost anything by it? No one, unless it should be some obscure journal whose solicitation of an advertisement may have been put off by a statement that the money it asked therefor could be better spent in assisting some artist. On the contrary, the public have gained the hearing of artists, the artists have gained immunity from loss, the piano manufacturers have gained a legitimate and dignified advertisement of their wares. Even those makers who do not advertise in that way have reaped some benefit from that kind of advertising, since the awakening of musical interest in the public and the increased demand created for musical instruments may have led to the sale of some quite different make of piano. Now, the *Standard* would have the public, the artists, the manufacturers forego all these advantages—for what? For a bit of sentimentality. Of course, we should like to see the artist on the highest plane of independence, removed from the influences of trade, but that, we repeat it, is impossible in this age and country, unless he chooses to remain silent and unknown, save to his immediate circle of acquaintances.

We not only admit, but insist, and have insisted before, that there are times and places when it is undignified and wrong for a pianist to consent to play only some one make of instruments. Such occasions are all meetings of music teachers' associations of which the pianists in question are members. This, however, we put upon two grounds that have nothing to do with ordinary concerts; they are: first, that no member of such association has a right to any money compensation for participation in its meetings, and if a pianist receives pay for the use of a piano on such an occasion the pay belongs to the association and not to him; secondly, that as different makers are sure to push their instruments for use at such gatherings, the recitals take on the form of piano contests, and the business part of the transaction (entirely unseen and unknown in other cases) is made prominent in an unseemly and disagreeable manner.

COUNTRIES, TOWNS AND PLACES IN OPERA.

ALMOST every country, island, city and province of the Old World has been selected at some time by librettists for the scenes of their lyric tragedies or comedies, and this hemisphere also has inspired many a good *scenario*. It is rare when the poet forsakes this earth entirely, but this was the case with *La Luna abitata* set to music by the gentle Paiesiello, the composer of *Nina* and *Il Barbiere*, afterwards eclipsed by Rossini's masterpiece. Beginning with France and Belgium, we find *Jeanne d'Arc a Orleans*, by Kreutzer; *La prise de Toulon*, by Dalayrac; *Bayard a Mezieres*, by Cherubini; *Fontainebleau*, by Shield; *Blanche de Provence*, by Boiëldieu; *Charles de France*, by Hérold; *Adelaide de Bourgogne*, by Generali and Rossini; *Jean de Paris*, by Donizetti and Boiëldieu; *Amadis de Gaule*, by Bach; *The Voyage to Rheims*, by Rossini; *Romilda di Provenza*, by Pacini; and *Ugo Conte di Parigi*, *The Siege of Calais*, *Gianni di Calais* and *Henry of Burgundy*, by Donizetti. Then again there is the *Siege of Rochelle* and the *Armorer of Nantes*, by Balfe; the *Normans in Paris*, by Mercadante; *Margherita d'Anjou*, by Meyerbeer; *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, by Adam, and finally *Le Val d'Andorre*, which is near France.

In England we have Shield's *Arrived in Portsmouth*, Cherubini's *Newmarket Roses; Elizabeth in Derbyshire*, by Carafa; *Kenilworth Castle*, *Emilia di Liverpool*, and *Rosamund of England*, by Donizetti, and the *Count of Essex*, by Mercadante, while in Spain the list spreads with the *Star of Seville* and the *Rose of Castille*, by Balfe; the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, the *Muletiere di Toledo*, by Pacini; the *Podesta di Burgos*, by Mercadante; *Vendome en Espagne*, by Hérold; *Toraide di Granata* and *Alahor in Granata*, by Donizetti; *Scipio in Spain*, by Scarlatti, and *Il Conte di Saldagna*, by Zingarelli. In Asia and Africa the field is large, as can be seen: *The Conquest of Malacca*, by Niccolini; *Louis IX. in Egypt*, by Spontini; *The Law of Java* and *Englishmen in India*, by Bishop; *The Queen of Persia*, by Coccia; *L' Italiana in Algieri*, by Rossini; *Aureliano in Palmyra*, by Rossini; *Zenobia in Palmira*, by Anfossi; *Axur, King of Ormus*, and the *Princess of Babylon*, by Salieri; *The Slave of Bagdad*, by Pacini, and the *Schiava Saracena*, by Mercadante; the *Queen of Sheba*, by Gounod and Goldmark; *Richard in Palestine*, by Grétry, and the *Portuguese in Goa*, by Benedict; *Emma of Antioch*, by Mercadante; *Achilles at the Siege of Troy*, by Cimarosa; *Scipio in Carthage*, by Sacchini; *The Queen of Golconda*, by Monsigny, Berton and Donizetti; *Hadrian in Syria*, by Hasse; *Alexander in India*, by Vinci; *Merchant of Smyrna*, by Vogler, and the *Prince of Persia*, by Storace. Italy is represented by the following: The *Carnival of Venice*, by Thomas; Verdi's *Sicilian Vespers; The Bride of Venice*, by Benedict; *Hannibal in Italy*, by Pasiello; *The Prince of Taranto*, by Paër; the *Prince of Catania*, by Isouard, and *I Baccanali di Roma*, by Niccolini.

Among other towns and lands here and there we will also mention *Trajan in Dacia*, by Niccolini; *Agnes of Hohenstaufen*, by Spontini; *Ginevra di Scozia*, by Mayr; *The Saracens in Sicily*, by Moriacchi; *Francesca di Rimini*, by Thomas; *The Siege of Corinth*, by Rossini; *Adele di Lusignano*, by Carafa; the *Last Days of Pompeii*, by Pacini; *The Puritans of Scotland* (the original title), by Bellini; *Genevieve de Brabant*, by Haydn and by Offenbach; *Idomeneo, King of Crete*, by Mozart; *The American Orphan*, by Anfossi; *Hannibal in Capua*, by Salieri; *The Joiner of Livonia*, by Pacini, and Donizetti; *Malvina di Scozia*, by Pacini, *L'Esule di Roma*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Linda di Chamounix*, *Sancea di Castiglia* and the *Burgomastro of Saardam*, by Donizetti. Furthermore we have *Sigismond of Poland*, by Vinci; *Travelers in Switzerland*, by Shield; the *Siege of Belgrade*, by Storace; the *Siege of Mezieres*, by Isouard; *Cortez in Mexico*, by Nasolini; *Mathilda of Hungary*, by Wallace; *The Nuremberg Doll*, by Adam; the *Lily of Killarney*, by Benedict; the *Queen of Cyprus*, by Halévy; the *Brewer of Preston* and the *Roi d'Yvetot*, by Adam, and Meyerbeer's *Camp in Silesia*, afterwards changed to the *Star of the North*.—F. S. SALTUS, in *American Music Journal*.

GOUNOD ON MODERN MUSIC.

M. Gounod has written a preface to Noel & Stoullig's annual review of the Parisian musical season. It bears the title of "Reflections on the Music of the Period," and an extract, translated from the *Figaro*, and printed below, may be called "Catechism of the Composer of the Future." The portion of the preface referred to embodies the following questions and answers:

Q. What is the art of music?

A. The art of combining sounds in a manner painful to the ear and wearisome for the mind.

Q. Why painful for the ear?

A. Because music, when it caresses the ear, has a tendency to develop the listener's sensual to the detriment of his intellectual nature, and the holiness of art forbids that it should make itself the accomplice of such corruption.

Q. Why do you add "and wearisome for the mind"?

A. Because it thus becomes a means of stimulating and developing intellectual energy and raising the mind to the transcendency that is the rational summit of art and inaccessible to the vulgar masses.

Q. Have not the great masters, hitherto, held an adverse opinion on the subject?

A. Yes, because they still walked in the darkness that surrounded the childhood of art. Now the gloom is gradually dispelling, thanks to the triumphs of modern æsthetics, and at present we compose music as Sganarelle once practiced medicine, "in accordance with a quite new method."

Q. Then art must be a sort of mortification?

A. Precisely.

Q. Wherefore?

A. Because the property and duty of all exalted missions is to combat the relaxation of nature by the practice of the virtues, and principally by that of patience in trials.

Q. What is the essential condition of genius?

A. A lack of ideas.

Q. What do you mean by this?

A. I mean that genius being the creative faculty, its distinctive characteristic must be its likeness to the Creator that made all things out of nothing!

And so on, and so on, for after the error has been admitted at the start, one can progress indefinitely in the domain of the absurd.

FRANZ RUMMEL.

FRANZ RUMMEL is the son of German parents, but was born in London, England, on the 11th of January, 1853. He early exhibited talent for music, and specially for playing the piano, and at the age of ten played at sight quite difficult compositions. At the age of fourteen, his parents sent him to Brussels, where he became the pupil of the renowned pianist and composer, Brassin, who very soon recognized his great talents, made him his favorite pupil, and paid special attention to his musical and pianistic development. Under his tuition, young Rummel made such rapid progress that, although he was the youngest of the piano pupils in the Brussels conservatory, where Brassin taught, and which is noted for the strictness and thoroughness of its examinations, he obtained the first prize for piano playing. After he had completed his studies, he was given a professorship in the conservatory in which he had just been a student, but, soon tiring of the drudgery of teaching, he, at the end of two years, resigned and betook himself to concert-giving. He met with great success in the different cities of Belgium, Holland, the Rhenish provinces, and the north of France; then, in 1878, he came to America for the first time. He made a three years' stay in this country, playing with success in all the principal cities of the United States. It was during the last year of his stay in this country at that time that he wedded Miss Leila Morse, a daughter of the famous inventor of the telegraph, a lady of unusual culture and refinement. In 1881, he took up his residence in Berlin, where he held the first professorship of the piano at the conservatories of Kullak and Stern. From there he made pianistic excursions into Russia, France, Belgium and Great Britain, always with great success. He is now completing a most successful tour of the United States in connection with Ovide Musin and *Fraulein* Lehmann, and will soon return to Berlin, which he now considers his permanent home. He has fairly earned the place he occupies as one of the famous pianists of the world.

FRANZ RUMMEL.

LISZT IN ENGLAND.

THE Rev. Mr. Haweis, who is nothing if not a musical enthusiast, writes in the *Pall Mall Budget* as follows, concerning Liszt's recent appearance at the Royal Academy of Music, London:

April 6, 1886, will be a day never to be forgotten in the annals of the Royal Academy of Music. A few minutes after three, the music theatre being by that time densely packed with students, professors, and a few others, Liszt, accompanied by the President, G. Macfarren, Walter Bache, Sainton, Littleton, etc., entered the room. The moment his noble head, with its thick white hair, was seen, a roar of applause rose on every side. He looked like a figure out of one of the old engravings of Sebastian Bach or Mozart, truly a man who already belongs to another age than ours—an age of art creators, painters, poets, and musicians since passed away, himself among the mightiest of them. No sooner had he taken his seat than a little girl with an enormous flower wreath in the form of a lyre advanced toward him. The wreath was placed on a table in front of him. Liszt bent down tenderly and kissed the child—who, I am told, is the infant phenomenon of the Academy—on her forehead. A kiss to be remembered, like the kiss Beethoven gave to Liszt, who played before him as a boy.

I could describe the excellent and interesting programme patiently enough had Liszt not been there, had Liszt not played. But in my own mind up to a certain moment, or in the minds of every one then present, expressed or unuttered, there was but one thought—"*Would Liszt play?*" "*If he does,*" I whispered to Mr. Burnett, the violinist, "*mark me, it will be after young Webbe has finished the Liszt concerto.*" I am proud of the prophecy. Miss Dora Bright, who played Sterndale Bennett's Caprice in E with great elegance and finish; Miss Winnifred Robinson, pupil of Sainton, who, I am told, at short notice mastered C. Mackenzie's difficult violin concerto—each had descended to receive the master's encouraging word of approval as he rose and shook each aspirant to fame warmly by the hand. But the applause which greeted Webbe continued long after Webbe had gone and the master had resumed his seat. He rose twice, bowed all round, and sat down twice. Then something like an agony of despair and suspense seized upon the audience. They leaned forward with renewed and more vehement applause. All eyes seemed magnetizing Liszt with an intent, beseeching gaze. I never saw the wishing or willing game played with such effect. I never saw such a scene in a concert room or theatre. I have seen transports of enthusiasm at Bayreuth when Wagner appeared in front of the curtain on the last great day of the "*Gotterdammerung*;" I have seen the people at St. James' Hall *rise at* Rubinstein; but I never saw anything comparable to what took place at the Royal Academy on Tuesday —when Liszt rose for the *third time* and instead of sitting down moved towards the platform. When he reached the piano, people were standing on their seats beside themselves. The ladies tore the daffodils and lilies from their bosoms and flung them at him, and a perfect shower of flowers greeted the venerable master as he sat down. Then a stillness as of death fell on the excited assembly. Liszt looked into the air in front of him. He was grave, dreamy, and like one who saw before him the forms and visions of long ago. Inexpressibly tender, with a sigh as out of the past, the music stole softly from the keys. It was his own exquisite transcription of Chopin's "*Lithuanischer Lied*;" it was not piano playing; it was the whisper, the plaint, the meditation, of a soul—all the *technique*, though absolutely perfect, and the touch beyond compare, was entirely forgotten, as he seemed to forget his fingers, and beckon to the dream figures that passed before him with expressive look and the kindling of a quiet eye that saw things behind the veil we could not see. But the mingled pathos and repose of the sweet memorial theme left the consummate delicacy of the *Chopinesque* musical embroideries unimpaired. The multitudes of the little subsidiary notes slipped in like the spray of a fountain broken in the wind. Liszt seemed scarcely to heed them; they fell about him, those wondrous passages, like magic; the noble face still looked into the air—seemed to have nothing to do with the keyboard; the soul was far away in another world —a world of buried regrets—of loves long since grown cold in the sepulchre—of youth blown out like the roses of past summers—aye, and a world of old familiar faces seen only now in dreams, but seen calmly, with the quiet eyes that had looked on splendor and decay, and taken the measure of each unappalled, but at the close of Liszt "Lithuanischer Lied" there went up from the piano a something wholly indescribable—from the bass to the treble—a soft, melting flow of sound, not notes, but a mingling of notes. It was like a gentle, swelling ripple, that went welling up the keyboard and ceased only like a spent wave, breaking on a lonely strand, and left a silence as of twilight and inaffable rest. Liszt played yet more, after the first burst of applause had subsided. Why attempt still further to describe that other improvised and majestic strain, that was like a legend out of the older time, told by some Merlin to a Vivien! A hardened critic—middle-aged and not easily pleased—turned to me and echoed my own thoughts. "I should like to have cried outright," he said. "If I hadn't been ashamed!" As for myself, I not only felt like people all around me, moved to tears while Liszt was playing the "*Lithuanischer Lied*," but for at least two hours afterwards I had a peculiar choking sensation and perceptible quickening of the pulse as bits of it came floating into my head. The excitement of the students was unexampled. The two greatest virtuosi who have ever appeared, as far as we can at all gather, are Paganini and Liszt. Few in that room could say they had heard Paganini—but Liszt, in one of his sweetest, solemnest moods, was, at all events, heard to perfection.

I understand Rubinstein's saying, "*There is only one pianist—Liszt,*" I understand Von Bulow's despair when he exclaimed, after listening to his great master, "*What business have all we woodchoppers to play the piano—after him?*"

MUSICAL BRAZIL.

BRAZILIANS are nothing if not musical. It is their boast that a new waltz is published in Rio every week. All the celebrated singers of the world have coined money in the capital of Dom Pedro, and in the winter season the whole populace, high and low, flock night after night to the opera.

They have recently built the great "Theatre Dom Pedro Segundo," larger than La Scala, or San Carlo, and said to have a seating capacity of 11,000. In the building of this theatre, the matter of size has rather been overdone, for a large portion of the audience is unable to hear the opera.

The Emperor has two boxes in this opera house; one, a small, private box, and one a great and gorgeous box of state. When the old gentleman is out spending the evening somewhere, and has a mind to drop into the opera quietly for a moment, he goes into his private box, and sits there unnoticed like any respectable merchant. But when he goes in state, he occupies the large box. Then he dashes up to the theatre with his guards, equerries and gentlemen in waiting. As he enters the box, the orchestra strikes up the stirring Imperial Hymn, the people rise and shout—"Viva Dom Pedro Segundo!" The Emperor bows, smiles, takes his seat, and the opera proceeds.

Every man, woman and child in Brazil has some idea of music, and they look upon unmusical people as barbarians.

COUNT ZICHY, THE ONE-ARMED PIANIST.

COUNT ZICHY has only one arm, and is the greatest living pianist, with the sole exception, perhaps, of his countryman and teacher, Abbe Franz Liszt. The Count was born in Hungary, in 1849, and from childhood evinced a marked taste for music and poetry. When a boy, he made verses and played on the violin. He imagined that he saw visions, and even composed serenades for them. His father placed him under the care of a music teacher, but he did not make much progress. At last the teacher visited the father and sadly remarked: "That boy of yours has an excellent right hand, but his left will never amount to anything." Never was a prophecy more strikingly falsified. When fourteen years of age, the Count lost his right arm by an accident while hunting. His physicians forbade him pursuing any physical or intellectual work for some time after the amputation. The Count chafed under this enforced inactivity for a time, and finally one day he handed his tutor a sealed note, with instructions not to open it for a year. The note, when opened, read as follows: "If within a year from this date I cannot do with my left hand everything that other people do with both hands, I will blow my brains out."

The young Count set to work resolutely to carry out his resolve. He soon resumed his musical exercises, but was compelled to substitute the piano for the violin.

One day the famous Abbé Liszt heard the one-armed youth practising on the piano alone in his room. The master listened for a time with rapt attention, and then stealing on tiptoe to the boy's presence, stooped down and kissed him on the forehead, exclaiming: "Young man, you will be without a rival! *Tu Marcellus eris.*" Zichy at once became Liszt's pupil, and remained under the instruction of the great master for six years. Liszt taught his pupil to substitute his thumb for the right hand in playing the piano. But the master afterwards declared that "he did not then dream his pupil would ever succeed in executing the chromatic scale, or making tiger bounds of five and six octaves by the use of his thumb." After his six years' practice under Liszt, Count Zichy entered on his public career. His first appearance was at Vienna, where the celebrated critic, Hanslick, exclaimed, after hearing him: "Many people play the piano; some delight us with it, but Zichy enchants." The Count has never received any remuneration from his performances. They are given in the cause of charity, and he has traveled over all Europe in his philanthropic mission. He has realized hundreds of thousands of dollars for the poor of all countries. A lady, referring to Count Zichy's infirmity, exclaimed one day in the hearing of Liszt: "The poor man! How I pity him!" "Pity him!" replied the master; "not at all, Madame; but his piano is to be pitied; and the people who never heard him play it, still more so." The Count is a capital shot, and has been the victor in three duels.—*Exchange.*

PERSONAL TRAITS OF CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS.

THE retiring habits of M. Camille Saint-Saëns have always prevented him from being socially known by the public. Like M. Paul Baudry, the painter, who has just died, he never encouraged interviewers nor promiscuous callers, writes an occasional correspondent of the *Tribune*, from Paris. He has a limited number of stanch and tried friends, whose companionship fills the rare leisure moments which intervene between his long hours of work. Camille Saint-Saëns is a thorough Parisian, born of French parents; and, like Mozart, he was a musical prodigy. He played and composed long before he was in his teens, and at the age of twelve he found a publisher for his works. Recently, at a musical soirée, a clever dilettante sang a baritone song, "Le Pas d'Armes du Roi Jean," of Saint-Saëns, with much success. "Yes, it is a very fine thing, almost good enough to be numbered among the modern classics. It is one of his recent songs, I think," responded the singer to an enthusiastic remark. "I beg your pardon," interposed M. le Moine, the director of the famous *Trompette*, "Saint-Saëns wrote that piece when he was fourteen years old. It is one of his oldest."

Saint-Saëns physiognomy is rather insignificant. With the exception of his nose, which is prominent and of Roman bend, his features are small and irregular. A crown of straight, blonde hair limits a premature baldness. He is of small stature, and his figure is nervous and wiry. At the first glance, you detect a certain stiffness of gait and movement, which you attribute to awkwardness; his friends say it is nervousness. At the piano he has almost the rigidity of an automaton. In society he is either very sullen and taciturn, or very lively and talkative. He is either in the one or the other extreme, according to the sympathetic or repellant quality of his surroundings. He never forces himself into polite sociability when his moods prompt him to do otherwise. According to his friends, his nervous temperament is the reason that a separation from his wife was deemed necessary. Two children were born to them; they are both dead. One killed itself by accidentally falling out of the window, and the other, an infant of a few months, followed a few weeks after.

Saint-Saëns has a very original way of composing. His study is a small, square room; it is full of books, but no music whatever can be found in it. He never uses a piano, therefore has none in his workroom. He writes standing, and on a high, unpainted writing-desk, and never puts down a note until the whole piece is entirely completed in his mind. It is then so clearly conceived that nothing can disturb his writing when he has once begun. "I have sat in his study," said M. le Moine to me, "talking to him by the hour, testing him by throwing a volley of atrocious puns at him, asking him a thousand questions, which he would readily answer. I have forced him to speak on subjects entirely foreign to music, and the composer, as if entirely separated from his other self, would placidly go on writing without a moment of hesitancy or the necessity of an erasure."

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

THE last musical rehearsal of the Mary Institute under the leadership of Mrs. Kate J. Brainard, proved that Mrs. Brainard has lost none of the skill that made her so popular as a teacher. There is one point in which the entertainment was far superior to many more pretentious ones: the words of all the songs were distinctly articulated. To teach distinct articulation in singing is to lay the foundation stone of true song. This Mrs. Brainard does and we both thank and compliment her for this good work.

THE Amphion Club, at their second annual concert, complimentary to their conductor, Mr. E. R. Kroeger, presented the following interesting programme: 1.—Land Sighting, *Grieg*, Amphion Club. 2.—(a) Longing, *Kjerulf;* (b) Reveries, *Rubinstein*, Mr. David F. Colville. 3.—Duo for Pianos—Rondo Op. 73, *Chopin*, Messrs. Kunkel and Kroeger. 4.—Slumber Song, *Franz*, Mrs. Alice Lansden McCandless. 5.—The Long Day Closes, *Sullivan*, Amphion Club. 6.—Harp Solo—La Grace (Impromptu), *Oberthuer*, Miss S. Geraldini. 7.—Good-Bye, *Tosti*, Mrs. McCandless. 8.—Serenade (Harp Obbligato), *Schubert*, Amphion Club. 9.—Duo for Pianos—Fantasie—Les Huguenots, *Pixis-Liszt*, Messrs. Kunkel and Kroeger. 10.—(a) Hussar's Song, *Storch;* (b) A Franklyne's Dogge, *MacKenzie*, Amphion Club. The singing of the club, upon the whole, was excellent. Their phrasing, shading and attack leaving but little to be desired, while the volume of tone from the limited number of its membership was more than one could have expected. The piano duets were rendered in masterly style on two Chickering parlor grands, which were in most excellent tune. These numbers were not only the most artistic but the most enjoyable of the evening. Miss Geraldini is new as a harp soloist, and seemed to suffer from stage fright. Yet, she acquitted herself very fairly. Mrs. McCandless was not in the best of voice, and hardly did herself or the occasion full justice. Mr. Colville vocalized very nicely. Neither of the singers sang a line, however, if singing means the musical expression of a given text. Not one word out of twenty was articulated by either so as to be understood by any one; the text in all cases being utterly unintelligible. There is no excuse whatever for such work. It is bad from every possible standpoint, and singers must expect a plain statement of the truth from us whenever they sin against such elementary rules of singing and common sense.

THE *Concert Artistique*, given in St. Louis by the Rummel-Musin-Lehmann combination, presented the following programme: 1.—Andante and Gavotte, for violin and piano, *Ries*, Musin and Moor. 2.—Moonlight Sonata, *Beethoven*, Franz Rummel. 3.—(a) "Gretchen am Spinnrad," *Schubert;* (b) Meg, *Brull*, Lillie Lehmann. 4.—(a) Air by Bach (on the G string), arranged by *Wilhelmj;* (b) Mazurka, *Wienawski*, Ovide Musin. 5.—(a) Nocturne, *Brassin;* (b) "La Fileuse," *Joachim Raff*, Franz Rummel. 6.—Polonaise from "Mignon," *Thomas*, Lilli Lehmann. 7.—Caprice be Concert, *Musin*, Ovide Musin. 8.—Hungarian Rhapsody, *Liszt*, Franz Rummel. 9.—(a) Frublingslied, *Mendelssohn;* (b) Mazurka, *Chopin-Viarbot*, Lilli Lehmann. Mr. Franz Rummel had already more than once appeared before St Louis audiences, and was known to be an excellent artist. He has, however, gained greatly in finish, and may now be called not only a good but a great pianist. Ovide Musin is an excellent violinist of the Franco-Belgian school. His playing is in some respects phenomenal—his *staccato* passages could not be surpassed. His conception and interpretation of the works he plays are artistic and poetical. He also understands the art of pleasing the public, apparently content to let other violinists bore their audiences. Fraulein Lehmann is a magnificent singer, and did herself full justice. Altogether, Mr. Wolfsohn has reason to be proud of the concert troupe he has gotten together, as they have reason to congratulate themselves upon securing so competent a manager. The Steinway piano used by Rummel on this occasion was a perfect instrument, probably the best ever turned out of the Steinway factories, an instrument "fit for the gods."

THE closing concert of the Musical Union aroused the ire of Jupiter Pluvius, but, in spite of his best efforts a large audience assembled to listen to the following programme:

1.—"Adagio and Scherzo, Ocean Symphony," *Rubinstein*, Orchestra. 2—Aria "Aida cieli Azzur!" *Verdi*, Miss Emma Romeldi, *prima donna* of the Italian opera at Venice, Naples, Bologna, Ferara, Madrid, Lisbon and St. Petersburg. 3.—Violin Solo, "Adagio and Rondo, 9th Concerto," *Spohr*, Miss Currie Duke. 4.—"The Long Day Closes," *Sullivan*, The Amphion Club. 5.—Concert overture, *Nesvadba*, Orchestra. 6.—Ballad, "The Message," *Blumenthal*, Miss Emma Romeldi. 7.—(a) An Idyl, (For String Instruments), *Grieg*. (b) Pizzicato Polka, *Strauss*, Orchestra. 8.—Hussar's Song, *Storch*. A Franklyn's Dogge, *A. C. Mackenzie*, The Amphion Club. 9.—Reverie, Violin Solo, *Vieuxtemps*, Miss Currie Duke. 10.—Overture, Rienzi, *Wagner*, Orchestra.

The concert was a "request" concert and the selections, ranging from the "Ocean Symphony" to the "Pizzicato Polka," show the great variety of the tastes of the Musical Union's patrons. The concert was a good one. Signorina Romeldi showed by her work that she is an accomplished artist. Miss Currie Duke, a daughter of Hon. B. W. Duke of Louisville, Kentucky, though yet young, is an artist, whose performances leave little to be desired. In a word, with the artistic growth which a few more years of study and practice will give her, she will be a worthy compeer of Camilla Urso. To her great talent, she unites a very agreeable personal appearance. She would indeed, be called an intellectually beautiful girl even in that land of fine women, Kentucky, and there is no reason why she should not have a most enviable career as an artist. Our best wishes for her future success.

Messrs. Waldauer and Doan are to be congratulated upon the successful termination of their season. They have aimed high and yet have remained within the reach of their subscribers. Their concerts have been really educational because they have been enjoyable. Still greater success, we are sure, awaits them for next season, for they have earned it in advance.

THE Beethoven's Conservatory's last musical *soiree* presented the following programme:

1.—Quartette, Tannhauser March, *Wagner*, Misses Maude Cash, Leva Sherry, Rosa Linz and Grace Johnson. 2.—Ave Maria, Solo for Soprano, *Bach-Gounod*, Mrs. Louis Phillippe. With Organ, Violin and Piano accompaniment, Miss Annie Koenecke, Mrs. K. Broaddus, Mr. A. Waldauer. 3.—Concerto in E♭, Last Movement, for Piano, *Mozart*, Miss B. Falkenhainer, with Piano and Quintet accompaniment. 4.—Scene de Ballet, Violin Solo, *DeBeriot*, Miss Lena Reinholdt. 5.—Cavatina, "Lucia," for Soprano, *Donizetti*, Miss Mary Franz. 6.—Concerto, First Movement, *Rubinstein*, Master Herman Epstein, with Piano and Quintet accompaniment. 7.—Souvenir de Bellini, Violin Solo, *Artot*, Mr. Mayer Stern. 8.—Prayer, and Barcarolle, Soprano Solo, from "L'Etoile du Nord," *Meyerbeer*, Miss Georgine Anderson. 9.—Fantasie "Rigoletto," Piano Solo, *Liszt*, Miss Rachel Fraley. 10.—Choeur des Baigneuses, "Huguenots," *Meyerbeer*. Solos: Mrs. Mortimer Taylor, Misses G. Anderson, Lulu Scott and Sadie Wagner.

The concert was an unusually successful one, doing credit alike to teachers and pupils. The Beethoven Conservatory will be open all summer. Those who think of attending some humbug summer "musical normal" had better reconsider and attend the Beethoven Conservatory instead.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE PRINCIPLES OF EXPRESSION IN PIANOFORTE PLAYING. *By Adolph F. Christiani. New York: Harper Bros.*

Of all musical instruments, the pianoforte is probably the most played but least understood. The majority of the students of this instrument cannot be accorded much more than a superficial knowledge of it, partly because teachers, as a rule, are not thoroughly acquainted with its qualities and resources, and partly because it takes so many years of patient, painstaking and earnest labor to master it to any extent. Mere *technique* it is possible for any one to command, by diligent practice; but when this is mastered, scarcely one-half of the executant's battle is won. The shading and coloring of the composition remain, and in order to give these their proper observance, all the skill and attention of the intelligent musician must be brought to bear upon the work before him. This matter is peculiarly difficult with the piano, on account of the non-sustaining character of tone of the instrument. Let us quote here from Mr. Christiani's work, touching upon this topic: "While in singing, or in violin playing, an individual tone can be sustained and modified by crescendo and diminuendo, this power is not possible on so positive an instrument as the pianoforte. Other instrumentalists may distinguish themselves by the formation and quality of their tone alone; a pianist can alter little in the tone already made for him. He is able to *accentuate*, but unable to modify a tone after the tone has once been struck. Therefore, his accents must necessarily remain more or less mechanical, depending mainly upon refinement and taste in touch to give them color, warmth and beauty." So, while the vocalist or violinist may produce emotion or expression by a little increase or decrease in the volume of a sustained tone in the voice, or a slight pressure upon or relaxation of the bow, a pianist must mainly depend upon graduation of accent in the touch, in order to produce the effect desired. And this brings us to the point which the author lays the greatest stress upon, and the one in which the sin of omission is committed daily by multitudes of music teachers throughout the land—*Accent.* Mr. Christiani assumes at the outset that expression in pianoforte playing is conformable to regular principles, and that notwithstanding the pianist may be gifted with varied degrees of talent, emotion, intelligence or technique, yet there are regular laws which must govern the proper tone-coloring of interpretations. These laws, while accepted and adhered to by artists, had never been presented to the public in print previous to Mr. Christiani's undertaking the work. He set about his task systematically, and, as the result of many years' minute investigation, has published the present work, which we can safely state is essential to every earnest student of the pianoforte. We have not the space here to enumerate the chief qualities of this book, for on almost every page we find statements so important to the musician that we can scarcely refrain from printing them. We can only call the attention of all teachers and scholars to this invaluable work, and earnestly recommend them to add it to their libraries. The author's labors are chiefly confined to the minute analyzation of the three mechanical means of expression—*Accent*, *Dynamics* and *Time*, all of which he treats in the most thorough manner possible, explaining to the smallest detail any points that may seem obscure, and illustrating his remarks with copious extracts from the works of the great composers for the pianoforte. We can scarcely imagine anything more complete than Mr. Christiani's chapters on these topics. This work should also be in the hands of every composer for this instrument, for there are numerous remarks therein concerning notation, phrasing, etc., which are necessary to him, but which are more generally learned from long experience and close investigation than from the books. It may appear that we have spoken in higher terms concerning Mr. Christiani's book than we are wont to do; but a work of this nature, so complete and so noble in its object, cannot deserve too high praise. We have no doubt but that every musician who peruses it will fully agree with us in our opinion.

OUR MUSIC.

"Brookside Reveries".... ....*Kroeger*.

This composition, one of Mr. Kroeger's latest, has been adopted by Mr. Franz Rummel as one of his concert numbers. This in itself shows it to possess high merit as a piano composition. It is not so easy a composition to play well as the majority of our readers would probably like, but it will well repay the study of those whose technical skill is sufficient to bring out its beauties.

"Chaconne," *Op.* 62........................*Durand*

This popular composition is here given as a number of Kunkel's Royal Edition of Standard Piano Compositions. It has all the merits of the other numbers of this best of all editions.

"Pizzicati" (From Délibes' Ballet "Sylvia")

Arranged for piano by... .. ..*Sidus*

Leo Délibes' "Sylvia" is an orchestral composition, and this is one of its most taking numbers. For this reason, it has before been arranged for the piano, but always awkwardly. An orchestra is one thing, a piano is another and a servile transcription or reduction from an orchestral score to a piano score is always bad. Some things that are easily executed on string or wind instruments are almost impossible upon the piano and *vice versa*. A good transcription or reduction is like a good translation, one which gives the real contents of the work, the thought, without lugging in by the ears idioms that are foreign and must remain so. The special merits of this arrangement of the composition is that it preserves the orchestral effects while being much more piano-like and hence, not only more grateful and effective but really easier than other arrangements for the piano.

"Polish Dance," (Op. 3, No. 1)..*Xavier Scharwenka*.

This beautiful piece is in the concert repertory of all good pianists. It is another one of the numbers of the Royal Edition and has been made doubly acceptable by the work of its editor.

"Johnny's Favorite Schottische" (Duet)...*Sidus*.

Of course our young readers must not be forgotten nor their wants neglected. In this pretty schottische with which they are already acquainted in its solo form, they have what will at once please and instruct them.

"Echoes"....................................*Goldner*.

Last month we gave a sacred song by this composer. This month we give a secular one, a very melodious and withal musicianly treatment of Moore's beautiful text, from the same scholarly pen.

The pieces in this issue cost in sheet form:

"Brookside Reveries"................*Kroeger*	$ 75
"Chaconne," (*Op.* 62)...................*Durand*	35
"Pizzicati" (From "Sylvia"—*Délibes*)....*Sidus*	35
"Polish Dance," (*Op.* 3, No. 1).....*Scharwenka*	50
"Johnny's Favorite Schottische" (Duet).*Sidus*	60
"Echoes"... ....*Goldner*	35
Total..................................	$2 80

NEW MUSIC.

Among the latest of our issues we wish to call the special attention of our readers to the pieces mentioned below. We will send any of these compositions to those of our subscribers who may wish to examine them, with the understanding that they may be returned in good order, if they are not suited to their taste or purpose. The names of the authors are a sufficient guarantee of the merit of the compositions, and it is a fact now so well known that the house of Kunkel Brothers is not only fastidious in the selection of the pieces it publishes, but also issues the most carefully edited, fingered, phrased, and revised publications ever seen in America, that further notice of this fact is unnecessary.

Kunkel's Royal Edition

Of Standard Piano Compositions with revisions, explanatory text, ossias, and careful fingering (foreign fingering) by **Dr. Hans Von Bulow, Dr. Franz Liszt, Carl Klindworth, Ernest R. Kroeger, Julie Rive-King, Theodor Kullak, Louis Kohler, Carl Reinecke, Robert Goldbeck, Charles and Jacob Kunkel, and others.**

A Starry Night	Sidney Smith	$ 75
La Baladine	Ch. B. Lysberg	75
Warblings at Eve	Brinley Richards	50
Monastery Bells	Lefebure Wely	50
Return of Spring	Theodore Mœlling	75
Spinnerlied	Wagner-Liszt	1 00
Spinnerlied	Litolff	75
Heimweh (Longing for Home)	Albert Jungmann	35
Chant du Berger	M. de Colas	40
L'Argentine (Silver Thistle)	Eugene Ketterer	75
Bonnie Doon and Bonnie Dundee (Fantasia)	Willie Pape	75
Nocturne in D flat (Bleeding Heart)	Dœhler	60
Grand Galop de Concert	E. Ketterer	75
Rippling Waves (Wellenspiel)	Fritz Spindler	50
Cascade of Roses	Jos. Ascher	75
Pure as Snow	Gust. Lange	60
Tannhäuser March	Julie Rivé-King-Wagner-Liszt	1 50
Thine Image, Romanza	Chopin	75
First Love	Chopin	60
Will-'o-the Wisp (Caprice)	Chopin	75
Consolation	Chopin	50
Spring Waltz	Chopin	35
Autumn Waltz	Chopin	50
Forget Me Not, (Nocturne)	Chopin	60
Weeping Poland (Nocturne)	Chopin	50
Summer Waltz	Chopin	35
Gavotte, in A minor	Brandeis	75
March from Tannhäuser	Jean Paul	50
Heather Rose	Gust. Lange	35
Stephanie Gavotte	E. Ketterer	75
La Chasse	Rheinberger	50
Mazurka, Op. 10, No. 3	M. Moszkowski	25
Little Wanderer, Op. 78, No. 2	G. Lange	35
Titania	L. Wely	50
The Shepherd Boy	G. D. Wilson	35
Shower of Blossoms	F. Spindler	50
Serenata und Trio	M. Moszkowski	50
Gavotte, in A minor	A. de Kontzki	35
Chant du Printemps	G. Merkel	50
Silvery Waves	A. P. Wyman	75
Schilflieder, Op. 11, No. 3	Hans Seeling	25
Suite Norse, No. I	E. Grieg	60
Suite Norse, No. II	E. Grieg	75
Norwegian Bridal Procession	E. Grieg	40
Kamennoi-Ostrow, Op. 10, No. 22	A. Rubinstein	75
Feast of Roses	L. M. Hervey	50
See-Saw, Valse de Concert	Ketterer	75
Song of the Rose	H. Rosellen	50
Heather Bells	G. Lange	40
Tarentelle, A flat, op. 85, No. 2	S. Heller	50
Carnival of Venice	J. Schulhoff	1 00
A la Valse (impromptu)	Charles Bohm	35
Will-o'-the Wisp, (Feu Follet)	Kuhe	50
Will-o'-the Wisp, (Feu Follet)	Prudent	75
Valse do Fleurs	E. Ketterer	60
Rondo Capriccioso	F. Mendelssohn	75
Chant du Bivouac	E. Ketterer	50
Grande Valse de Concert	T. Mattei	60
Will o'-the Wisp (Feu Follet)	A. Jungmann	50
Carnival of Venice	Charles Voss	35
Boute-en-Train, (Galop)	E. Ketterer	50
Novellette, No. 10	R. Schuman	35
Le Réveil Du Lion, Caprice Heroique,	par Antoine de Kontski	1 00
Flower Song	G. Lange	35
Spinnerlied, Op. 3	G. Hollænder	60
Chaconne, Op. 3	A. Durand	55
Pizzicati (from Ballet, "Sylvia")	Leo Delibes	35
Polish Dance, No. 1, Op. 3	X. Scharwenka	50
Persischer—Marsch (J. Strauss)	A. Grunfield	75
Marche Funebre d'und Marionette	Ch. Gounod	35
Little Darling (Enfant Chéri), Gavotte	C. Bohm	35
Serenate Stændchen	Schubert-Liszt	35
Trout (Die Forelle), Transcription	Schubert-Heller	60
Rigoletto (Morceau de Concert)	Verdi-Liszt	1 00

PREMIUMS
—TO—
KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW

Every yearly subscriber to Kunkel's Musical Review will, **upon sending ten cents additional to prepay postage,** receive as a premium either

Kunkel's Parlor Album, No. 1, 128 pages......$1.00
—AND—
Kunkel Bros. Album of Music, 64 pages....... .25
$1.25
—OR—
Kunkel's Parlor Album, No. 2, 128 pages.....$1.00
—AND—
Kunkel Bros. Album of Music, 64 pages....... .25
$1.25

Subscribers for six months receive either of the Kunkel Parlor Albums, No. 1 or 2.

These Albums contain $52.00 worth of music in sheet form

Yearly subscribers who may prefer sheet music in lieu of the albums may select from our catalogue $1.25 worth; six months' subscribers 75 cts worth.

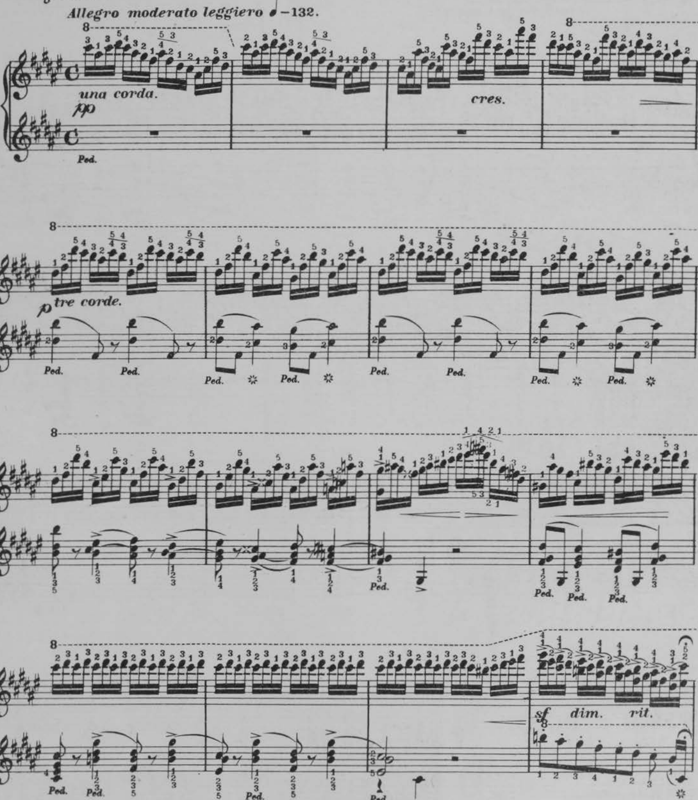
Send for catalogues containing contents, and other premiums offered.

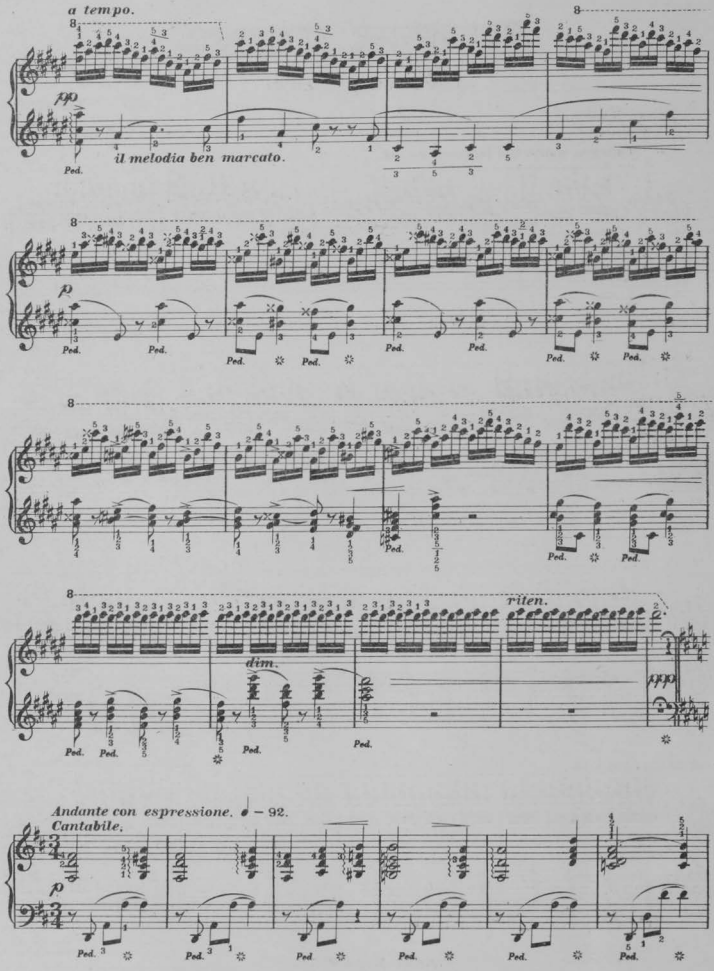
BROOKSIDE REVERIES.

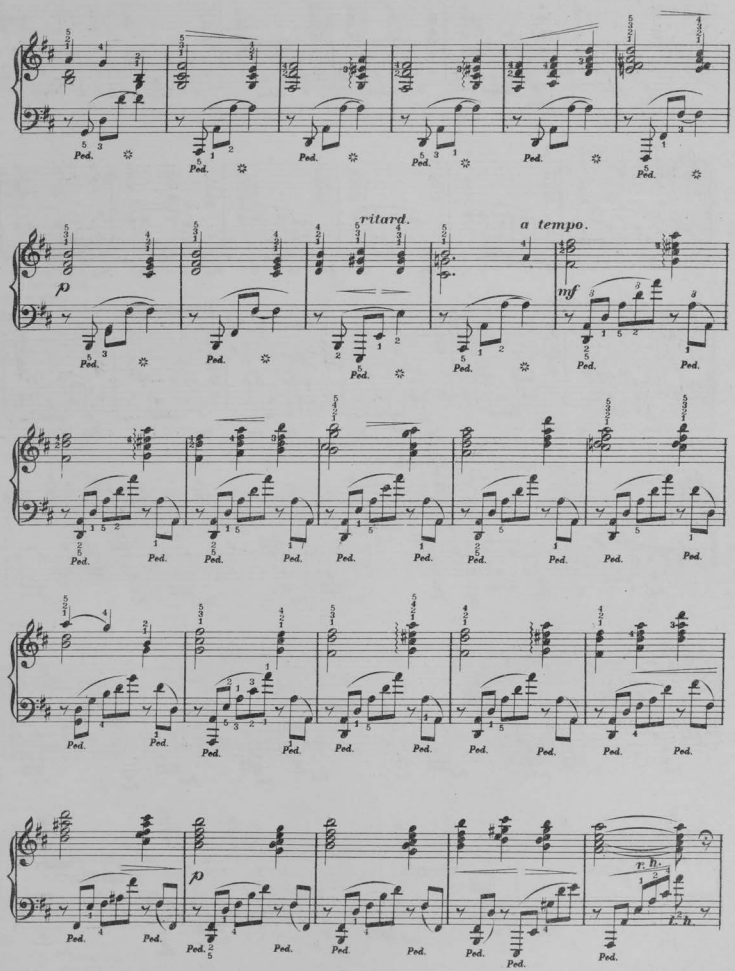
(TRÄUME AM BACHE)

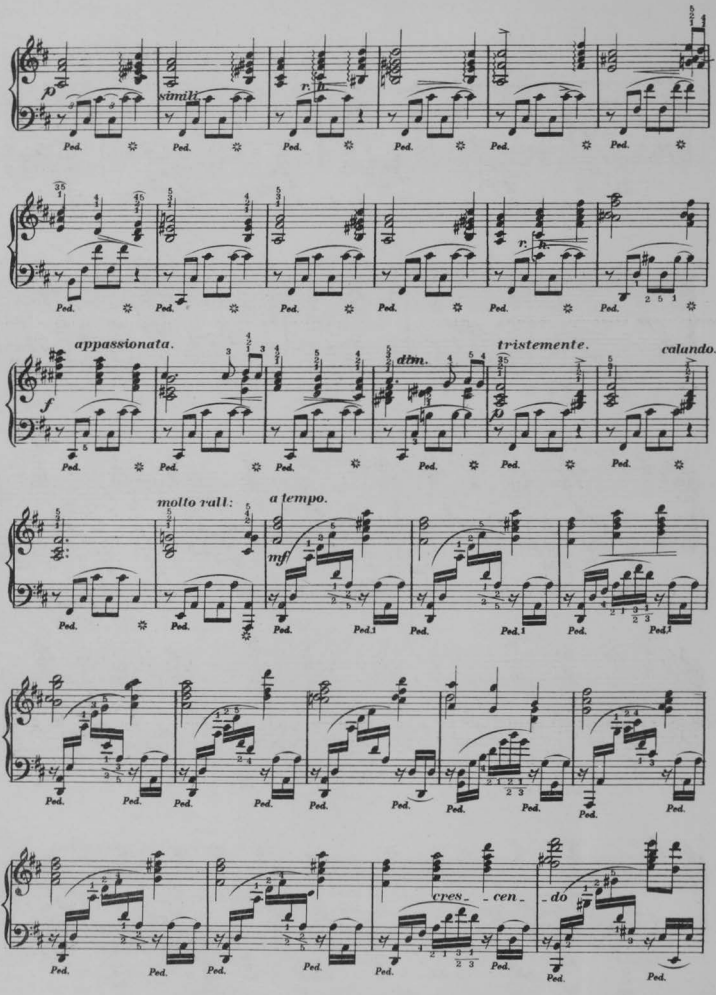
Franz Rummel.
gewidmet.

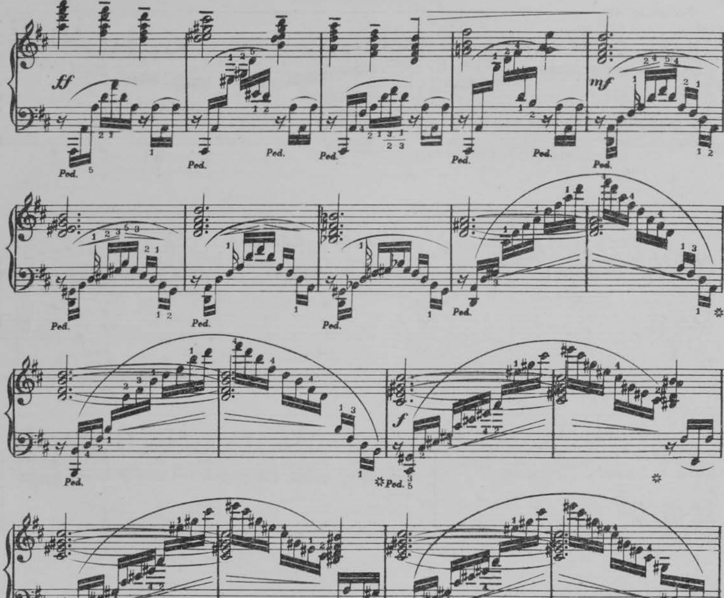
E. R. Kroeger.

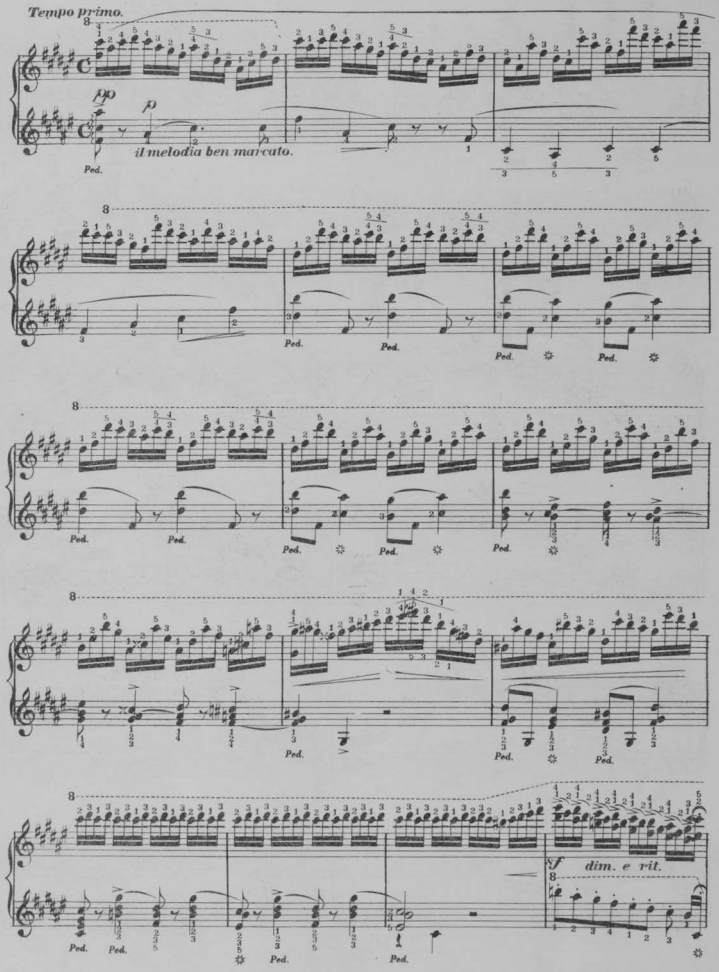


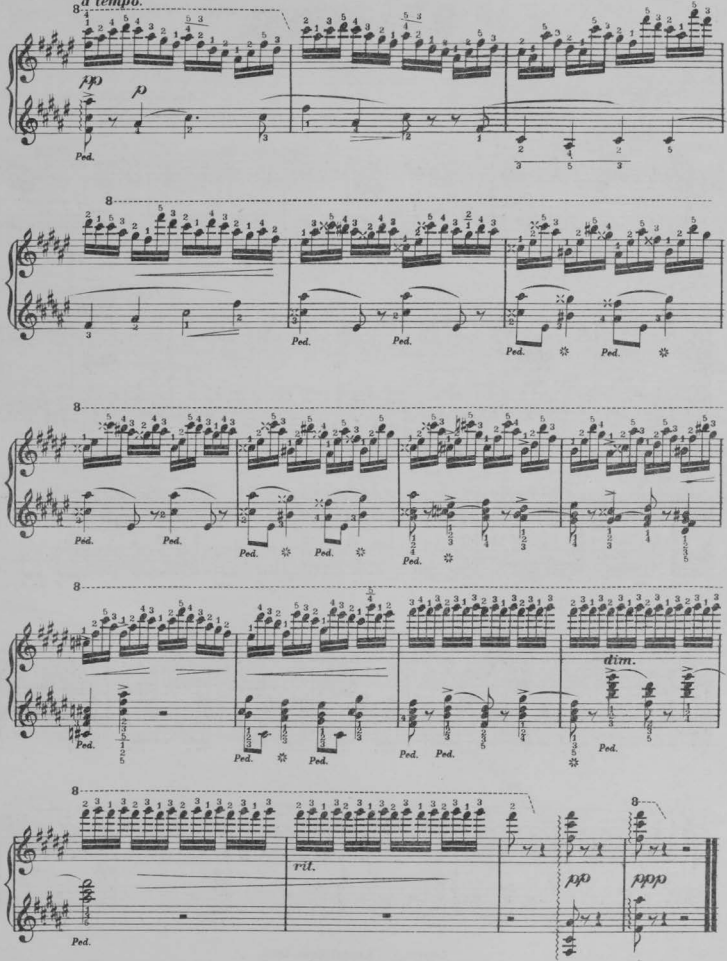

a tempo.
fpp
il melodia ben marcato.
Ped.
p
dim.
riten.
ppp
Andante con espressione. ♩ = 92.
Cantabile.


ritard.
a tempo.
p
mf
Ped.


simili.
appassionata.
dim.
tristemente.
calando.
molto rall:
a tempo.
cres- - cen- - do


ff
Ped.
mf
f
sff
mp
8
1

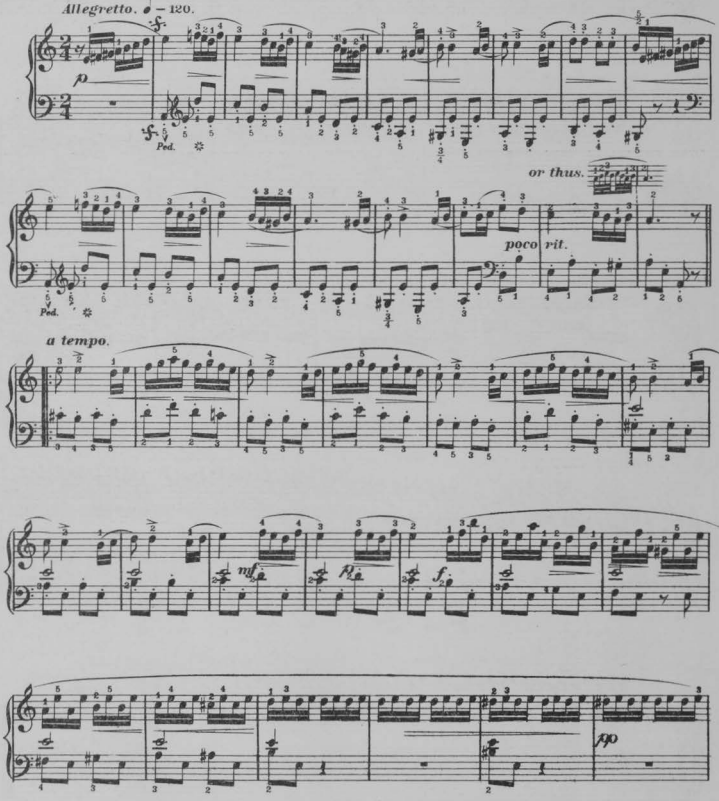

Tempo primo.
pp
p
il melodia ben marcato.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
f
dim. e rit.

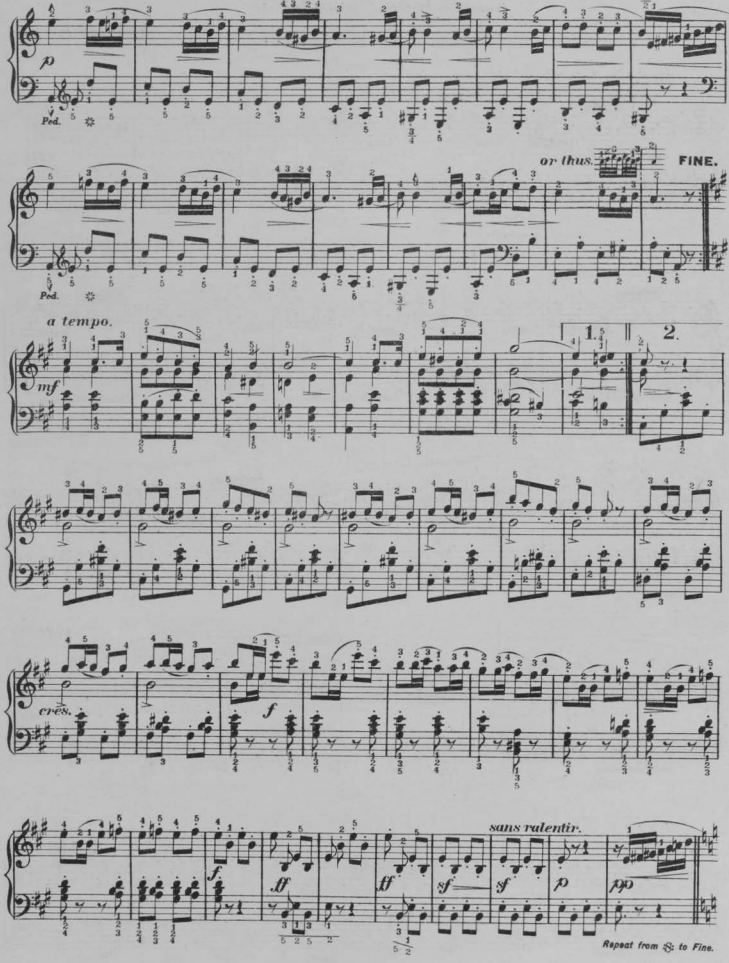

a tempo.
pp
p
Ped.
dim.
rit.
pp
ppp

CHACONNE.

New, Revised Edition

Auguste Durand. Op. 62.

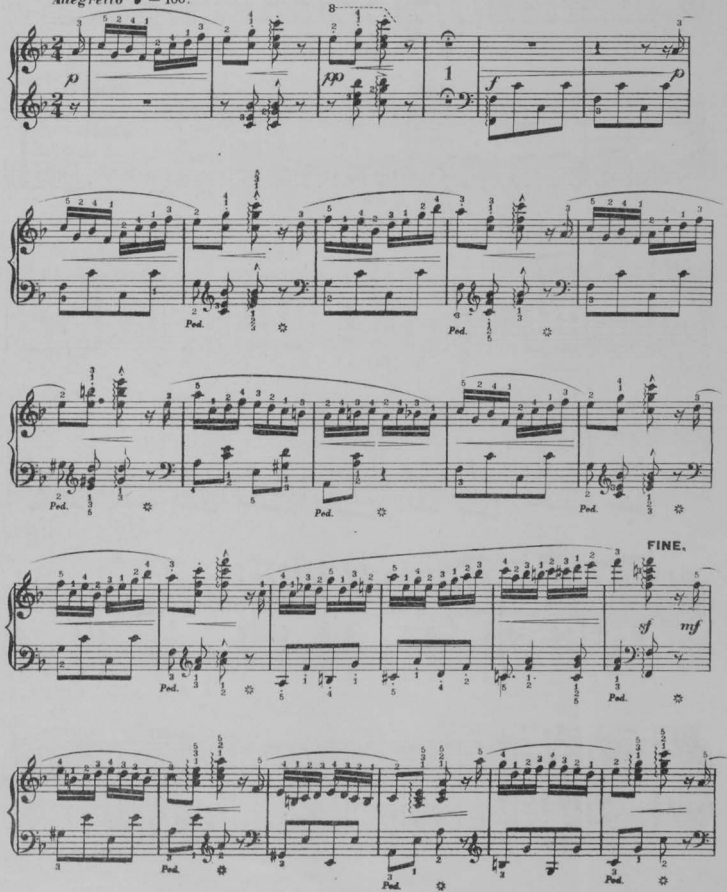


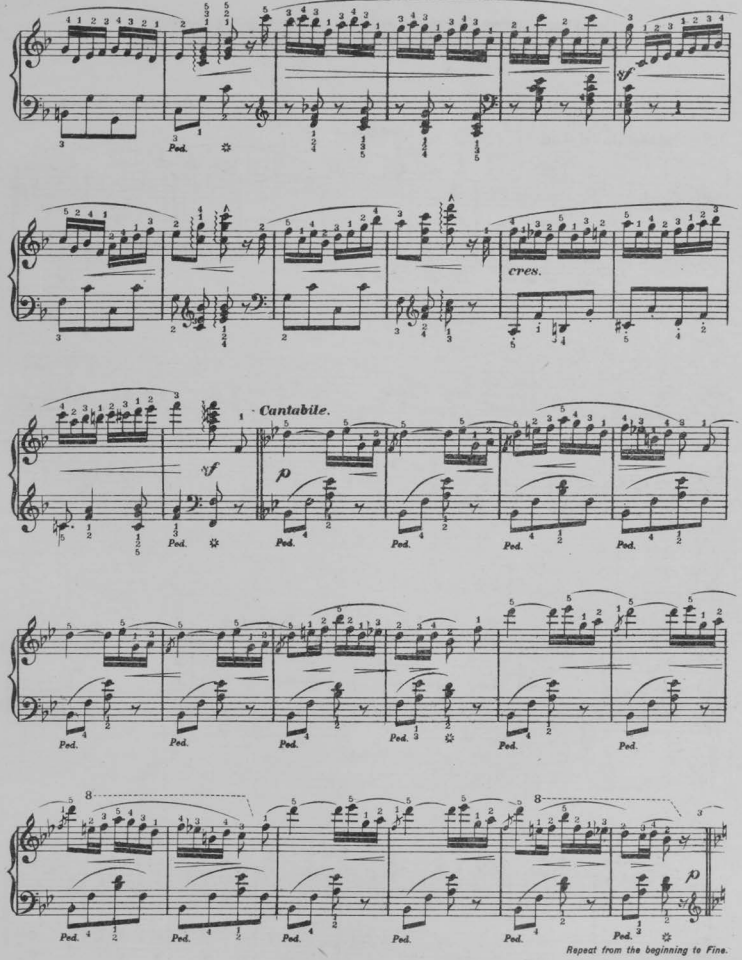

p
Ped.
or thus.
FINE.
Ped.
a tempo.
mf
1.
2.
cres.
f
sans ralentir.
ff
sf
p
pp
Repeat from 𝄋 to Fine.

PIZZICATI.

from Leo Delibes' Ballet "Sylvia"

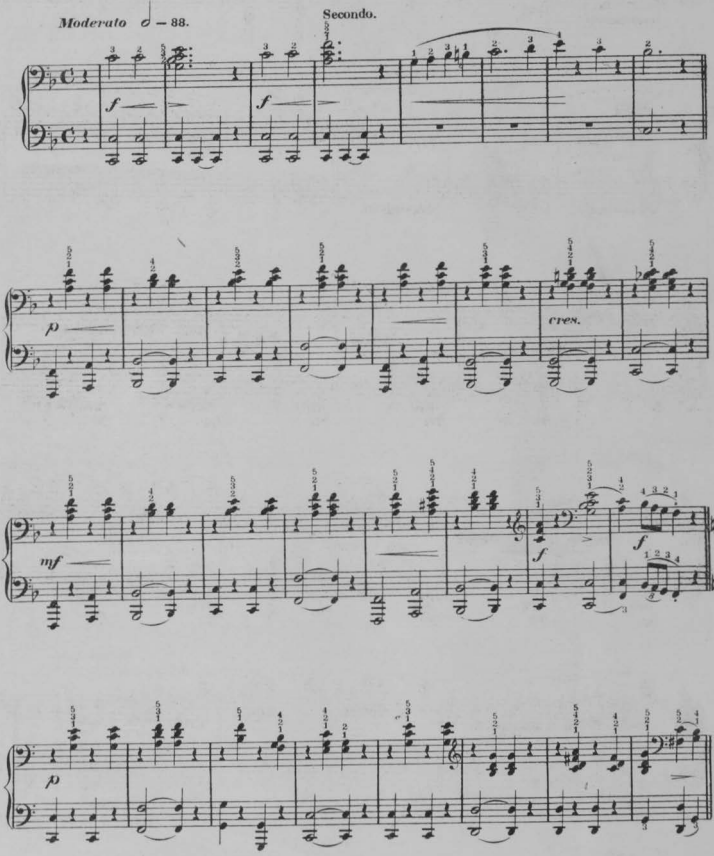
Carl Sidus. Op. 120.




cres.
Cantabile.
Ped.
8
Repeat from the beginning to Fine.

JOHNNY'S FAVORITE SCHOTTISCHE.

Carl Sidus Op. 100.

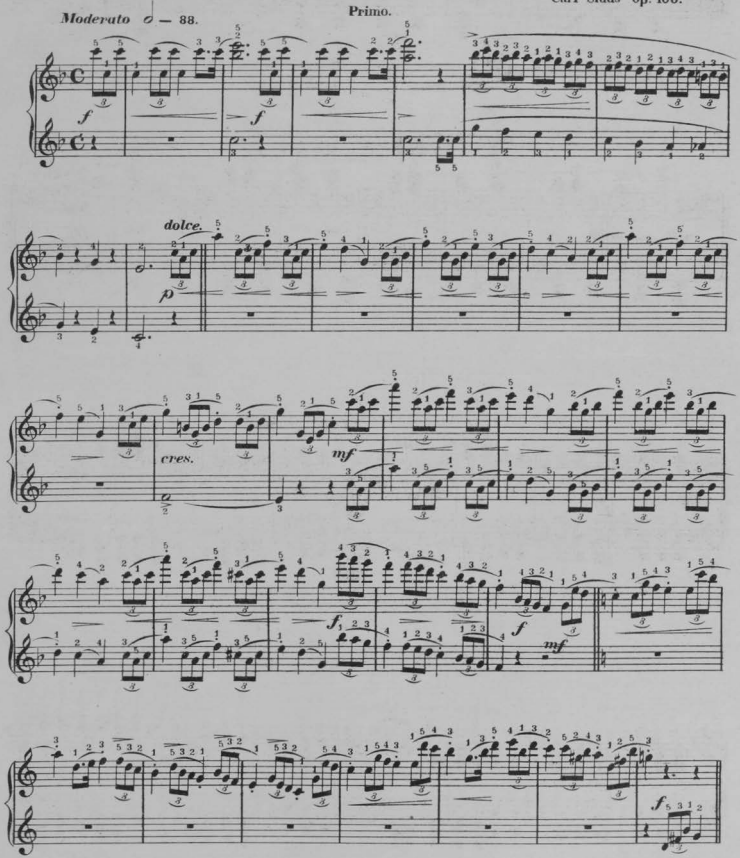


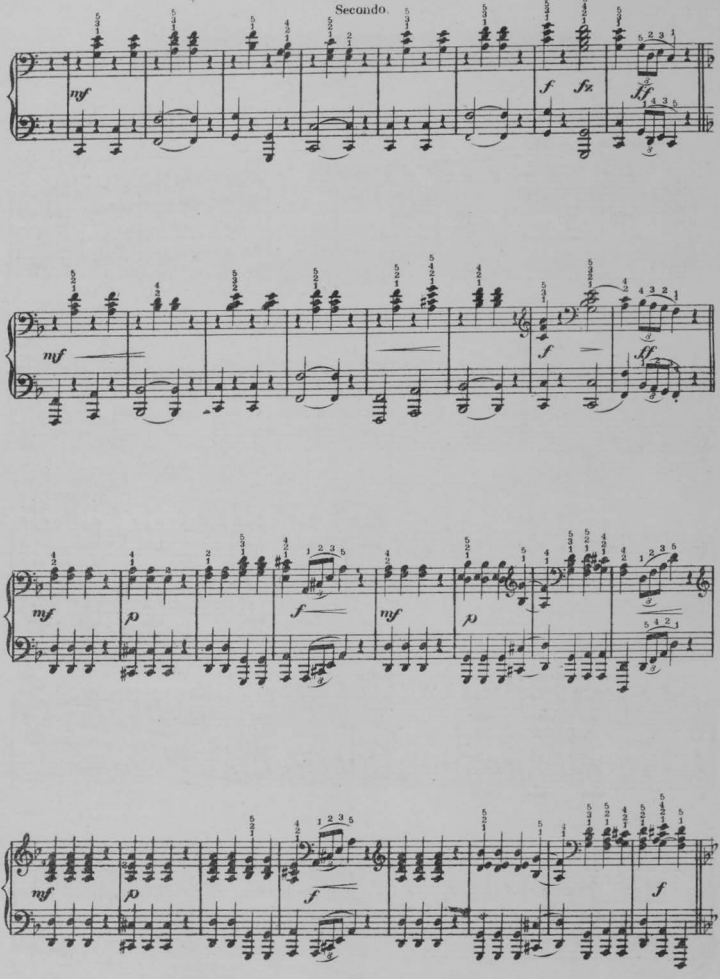
JOHNNY'S FAVORITE SCHOTTISCHE.

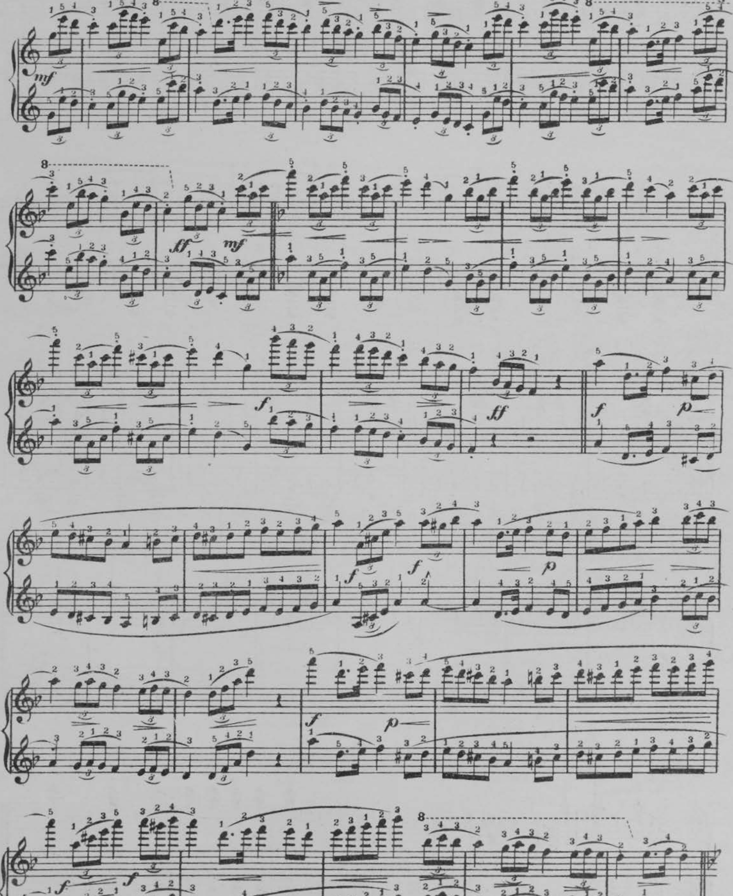
Carl Sidus Op. 100.

Moderato ♩ = 88.

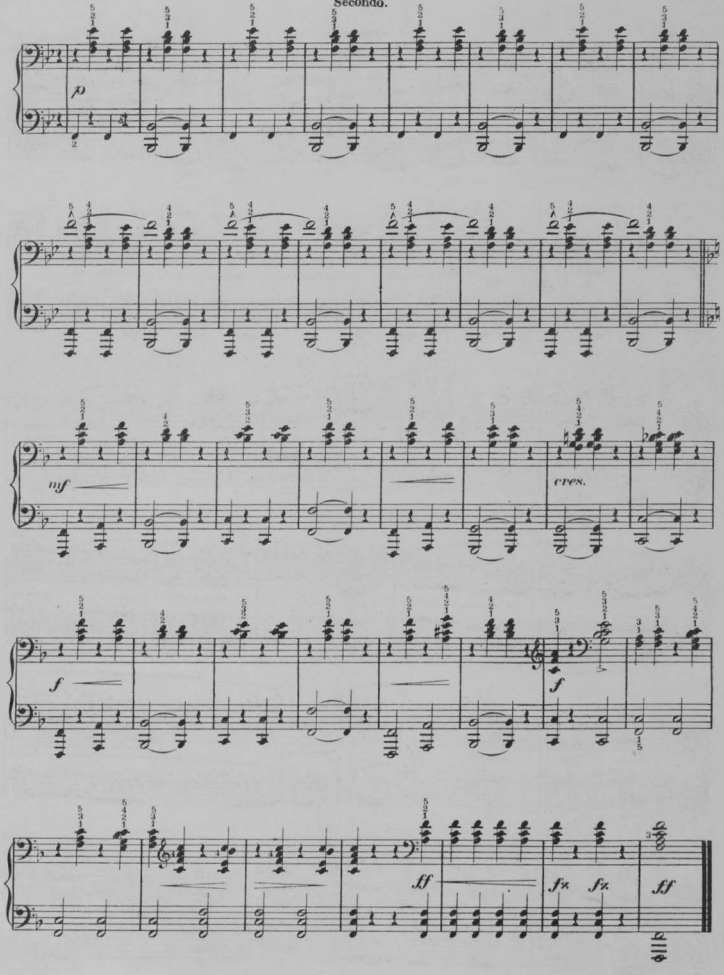
Primo.

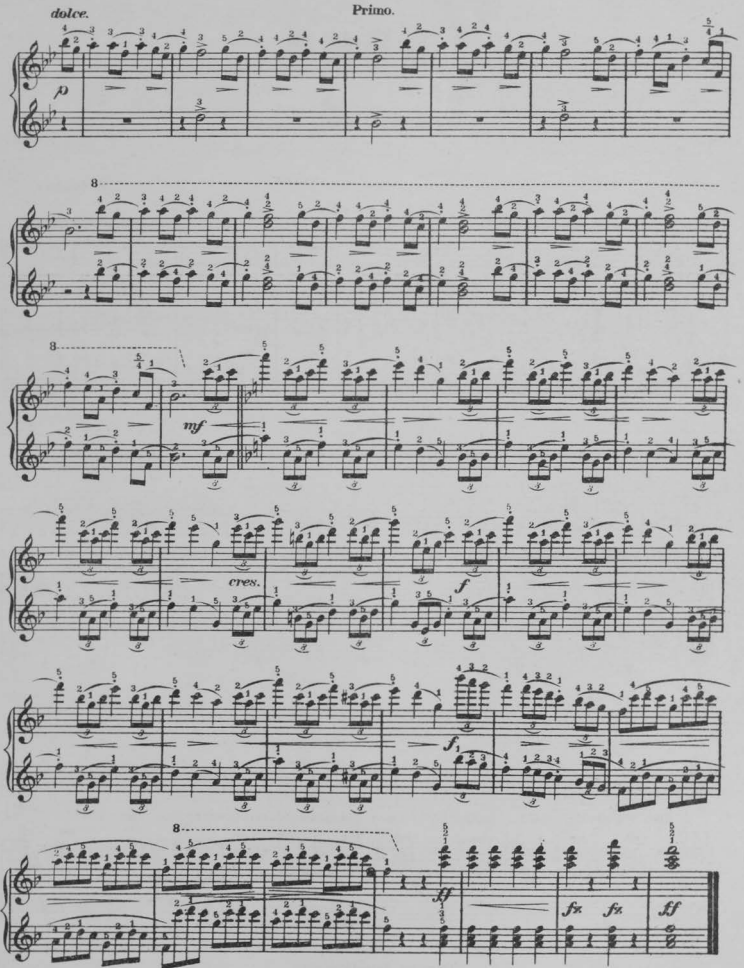



mf
f
fz
ff
mf
f
ff
mf
p
f
mf
p
mf
p
f
f


mf
ff
mf
f
ff
f
p
f
f
p
f
p
f
f

Secondo.

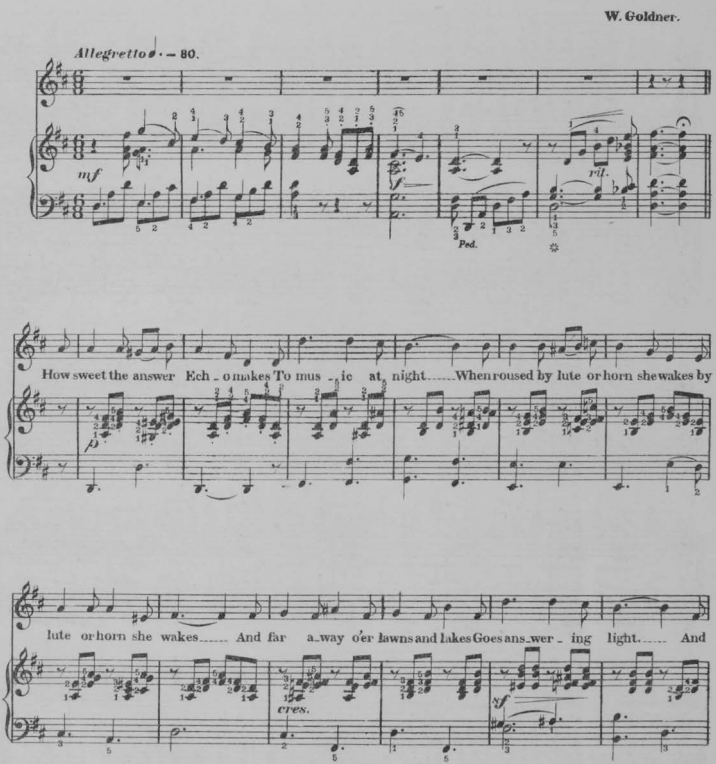


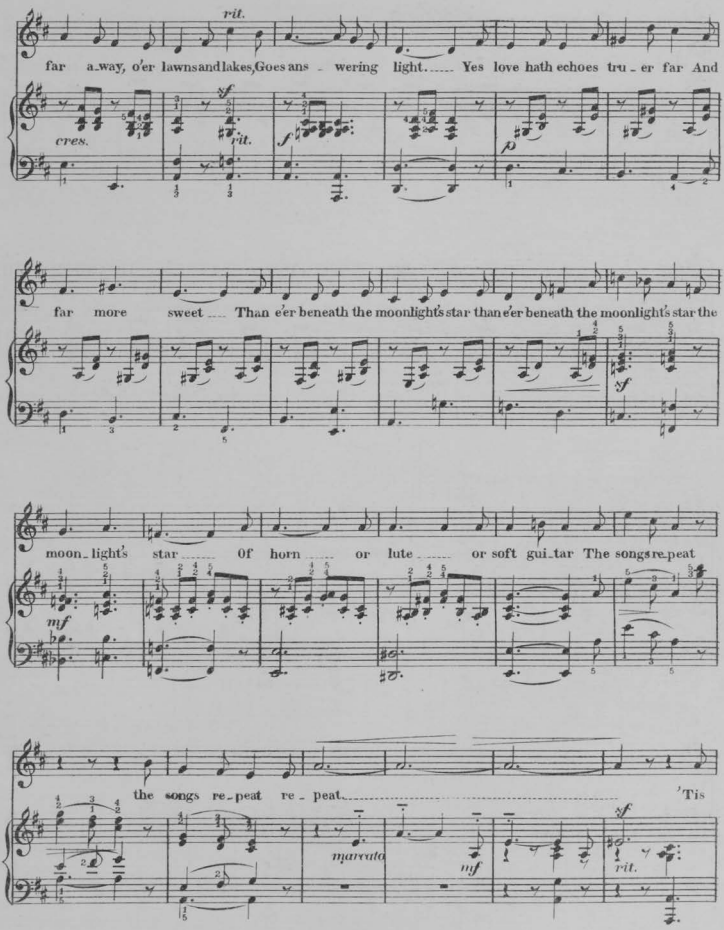

dolce.
Primo.
p
8
8
mf
cres.
f
f
8
ff
fx
fx
ff

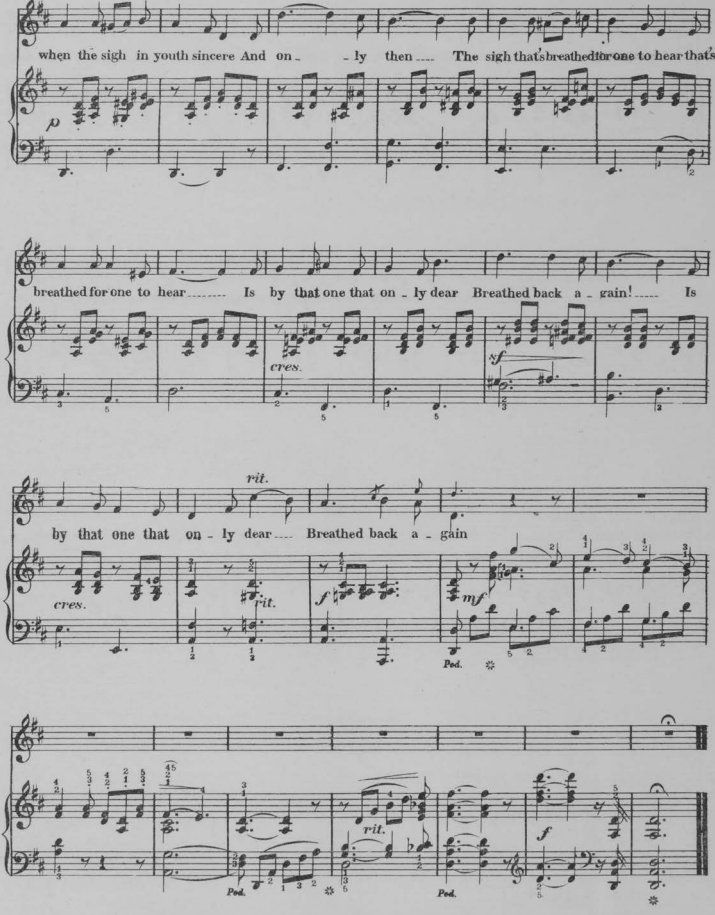
ECHO.

Words by Thomas Moore.

W. Goldner.



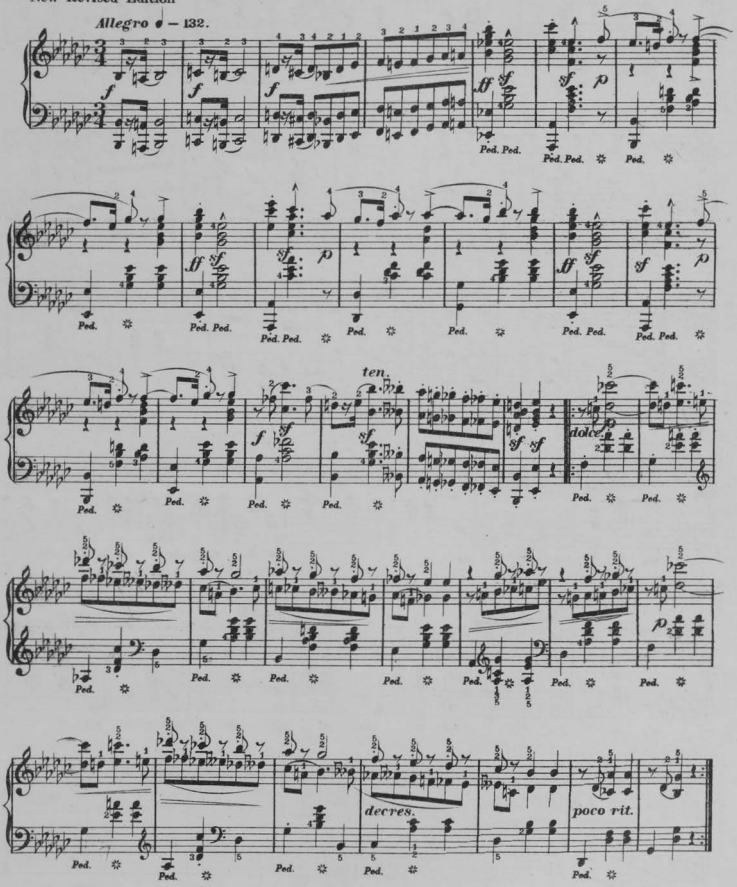

rit.
far a-way, o'er lawns and lakes, Goes ans - wering light..... Yes love hath echoes tru - er far And
cres.
rit.
far more sweet .... Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star than e'er beneath the moonlight's star the
moon-light's star ..... Of horn ..... or lute ..... or soft gui-tar The songs re-peat
the songs re-peat re - peat..... 'Tis
marcato
rit.

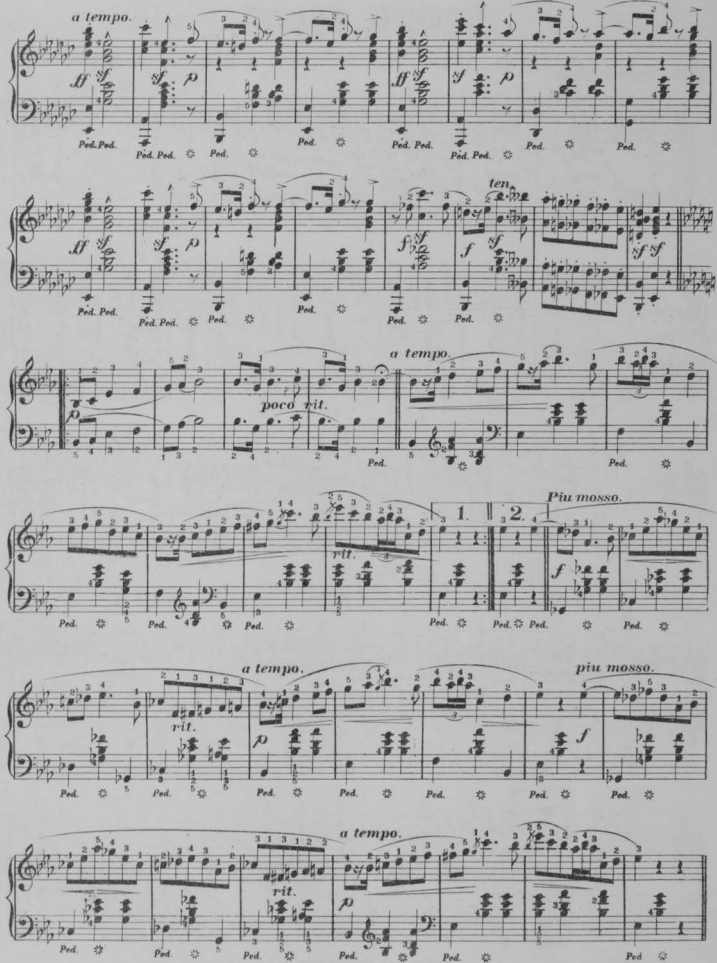

when the sigh in youth sincere And on - ly then .... The sigh that's breathed for one to hear that's
p
breathed for one to hear..... Is by that one that on - ly dear Breathed back a - gain! ..... Is
cres.
sf
rit.
by that one that on - ly dear ..... Breathed back a - gain
cres.
rit.
f
mf
Ped.
rit.
Ped.
Ped.
f

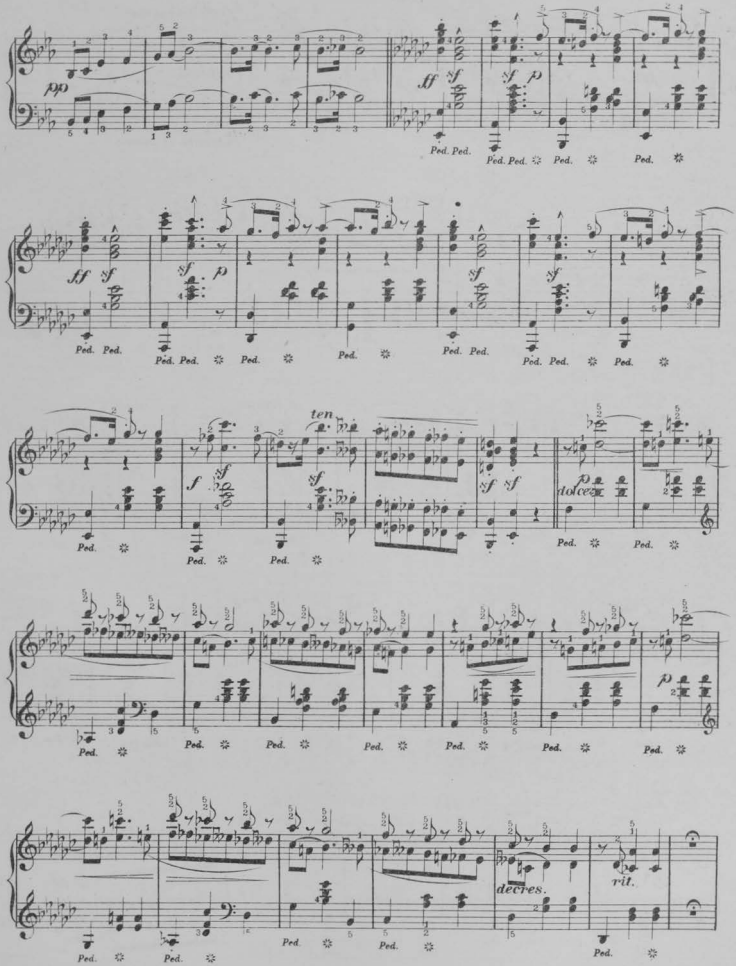
POLISH DANCE.

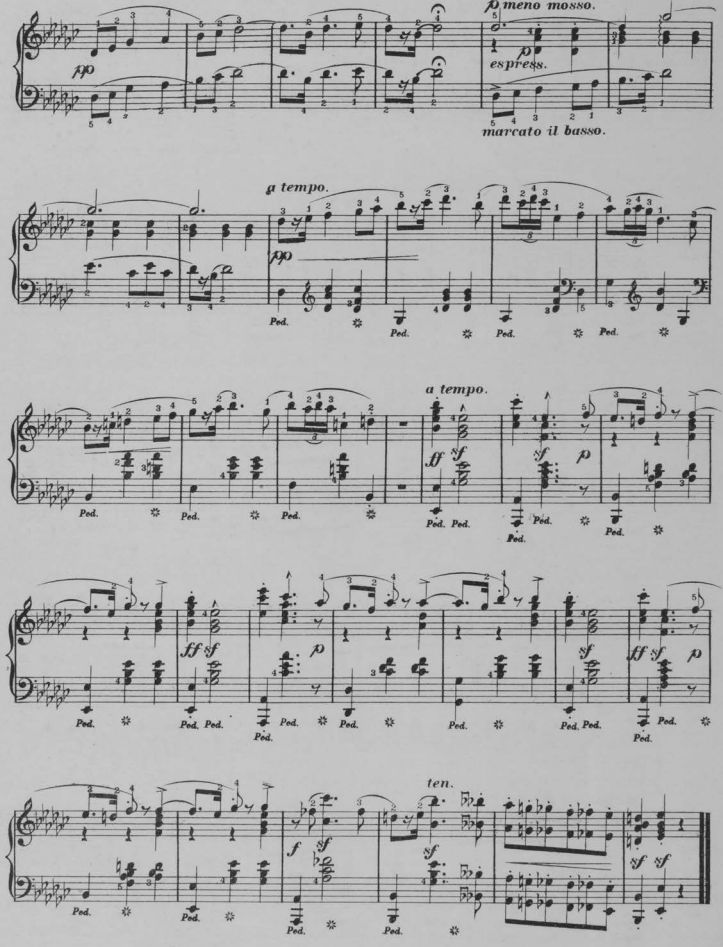
New Revised Edition

Xavier Scharwenka Op.3 №1.




a tempo.
ff
sf
p
Ped. Ped.
ten.
f
poco rit.
a tempo.
1.
2.
Più mosso.
rit.
a tempo.
più mosso.


pp
ff
sf
p
Ped.
ten.
dolce
decres.
rit.


pp
p meno mosso.
espress.
marcato il basso.
a tempo.
pp
Ped.
a tempo.
ff
sf
p
ff sf p
ten.
f
sf

A MUSIC LESSON.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—It gives me great pleasure to comply with the wish you have expressed that I should give you a few hints which may help you in carrying out the musical education and vocal training of your daughters. I should first suggest that unless a child shows some natural aptitude for music, it seems a mistake to devote much time to the attainment of that art. Such an aptitude generally manifests itself in early childhood, as when it exists, the child will evince pleasure and attention in listening to music, and will try to imitate the sounds it hears. If successful in this attempt, there can be no doubt of its being gifted with a musical ear.

If I had the musical training of a child, I should adopt the system of calling the seven notes constituting the scale according to their Italian names, viz., Do, Ré, Mi, Fa, Sol, La Si, and by striking each one of these notes on some musical instrument, or singing it out. Associate at once, from the very beginning, the sound of every note with its proper name, just as the alphabet is taught before spelling or subsequent reading is attempted. Then the child's eye must get used to the five lines forming the staff in the treble clef, and each note must be taught by its position on the said staff.

After this, the same process must be gone through with the bass clef, so that in due course of time the study of the pianoforte may be pursued. But it is, in my opinion, a very great mistake to teach a beginner music by the help of the key-board, or *clavier*, as it is called in French, of the pianoforte.

Such teaching does not tend to the formation of a musical ear, or help the student to read easily at sight, which is one of the chief objects to be attained by the musician. The appellation of the notes, their respective value or duration, the rests, division of time, *the theory of music*, in fact, should be well taught. It is a work of time and patience, but when thoroughly attained, is never forgotten, and is indispensable to the acquirement of instrumental and vocal talent.

Solfege, which is the first kind of singing taught to children on the Continent of Europe, consists in singing out the notes by their appellation: Do, Ré, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, and simultaneously beating time with the right hand, in order to designate the proper division of each bar, and mark the rhythm, which is of the *utmost* importance.

The study of *Solfege* is absolutely indispensable to a vocalist, and ought to be pursued in childhood, when it is not fatiguing. It will thus establish a good and solid foundation to the subsequent vocal studies.

The age at which a girl may begin to learn singing must depend upon her health and physical strength, and also on the natural development of her voice. Some voices being much stronger than others, may be exercised early in life without injury; such was Patti's case and mine; but these being exceptional instances, one cannot present them as examples.

From sixteen to eighteen would be about the average age, when easy exercises should be taught to the student, carefully avoiding straining the voice in any way.

The proper way of drawing breath, which should be from the diaphragm or waist, is a study in itself; also the opening of the throat and mouth, in order to insure, from the first, a good emission of the sound. Garcia, Bordogni, Randegger and other celebrated masters in the art of singing, have written excellent works on the subject, with clear and practical observations and instructions, and also exercises and vocalizes, admirably adapted for the study of the art they so thoroughly understand; nevertheless, students cannot teach themselves singing even with the best of written methods; and without the assistance of an experienced and capable teacher, directing, watching and guiding the student, bad habits are formed which are most difficult, and sometimes impossible, to correct.

As there are different kinds of voices, some being naturally high, such as the soprano, some low-pitched, as the contralto, or others varying between the two, more of the mezzo-soprano kind, it is important that they should be guided according to their natural tendency, in order not to force or strain them; and of this the teacher must judge, and direct the studies of his pupil accordingly. It therefore requires an experienced professor, particularly at the commencement.

Singing must not be practised too long at a time, so as to fatigue the voice. A period of twenty minutes together is sufficient; but may be repeated twice or three times a day, when once the pupil has understood how to practise alone. At first it is better to be content with the lesson, as wrong practising is worse than none.

Lessons, therefore, should be taken frequently in the commencement, if rapid improvement is desired; and by degrees the pupil will be able to practise alone, without running the risk of going astray. No songs or pieces should be attempted too soon. Exercises and vocalizes on *ah* according to the French or Italian pronunciation, and sometimes on other vowels, as the case may be, should be studied for at least one year, before melodies with words are allowed; the formation of the voice, a good emission of sound, evenness and smoothness of execution, cannot be obtained otherwise.

Some voices are more flexible than others, and this gift of nature should be carefully cultivated, for an easy and brilliant execution is one of the great attractions of the vocal art.

Florid and elaborate music, however, ought only to be attempted (save for the sake of practice) by persons who have attained great finish and perfection in the *Bordure* style, which, however great the natural gift, requires much study.

When songs or pieces are taken into practice, pronunciation or articulation must be a special study, for it is most important that words, whatever may be the language, should be thoroughly understood by the hearers.

Last, but not least, come the phrasing and expression, which are of paramount importance in singing, and must be properly applied, or otherwise may have quite the contrary effect to that intended. The proper pronunciation and rendering of the words play a great part in conveying the feeling of sentiment of a musical composition, and that is why articulation is so important. Moreover, this acquirement greatly helps in carrying the sound further, and frequently gives the impression of a larger volume of voice than is really possessed by the performer.

It is a good plan to sing in front of a looking-glass, in order to study the proper position of the mouth, to avoid contortions, and to cultivate an agreeable expression of the face.

All these, and many other hints, can only be suggested, as the need occurs, by an experienced and conscientious teacher, who has a thorough knowledge of the formation of the voice and its different registers, and will guard against these being strained beyond their proper limit. The chest-notes, particularly in young people, should not be carried up too high, as such straining frequently causes serious mischief; and great care should be taken to unite the chest with the medium register, and the latter with the head notes, so that equality throughout the compass of the voice be obtained.

All this may seem very complicated to the uninitiated, but the study of singing, like that of any other art, is most interesting, and, to those who are well gifted, it is not so arduous as these long explanations of mine might make it appear.

Before I conclude, I should recommend that young people be taught how to play on the pianoforte some years before they attempt to sing, and *not* give up that instrument *because* they are studying singing, as is frequently the case. It is a mistake to think that playing on the pianoforte, when done in moderation, say one, or even two hours a day, injures the voice.

The pianoforte is so useful, not only in itself, but also for the sake of accompanying, that those who can use it freely find it very convenient. It is to be feared that most young people who drop their playing for the sake of singing, do so more from laziness than really in the interest of their voice.

Moreover, the voice fails sooner or later, whereas the facility and talent acquired for playing lasts, and is a source of much pleasure and usefulness to one's self and others.

Hoping, my dear friend, that these suggestions may meet your views, and give you some help, I remain, yours very sincerely.—CHRISTINE NILSSON, in *Youth's Companion*.

RUBINSTEIN'S TOUCH.

RUBINSTEIN'S touch is thus analyzed by Sp. in the *Wiener Freudenblatt*, relative to the cycle of seven concerts recently given in Vienna. "What makes the pianist is his touch. At a first glance, touch seems the result of mechanical labor, of a lever action. If this were the case, touch might be taught and acquired. But this is not so. The mechanical conditions of touch alone can be taught or learned, touch itself by no means. It lies deeper, and may be found in the physico-mental nature of the person. Out of the finger-tip that strikes the key, and thereby causes the string to vibrate, the soul speaks. Touch is the person himself. This personal mark, this 'I am I,' is also disclosed by Rubinstein's touch. And this touch, so massive, so round and warm, displays the most diverse varieties of touches. Let him play with his hand arched, or with straightened fingers; let him shade his tone from the wrist, or hit the keys with a stiff wrist; each time his tone will be different in shade; and from every position of the hand, or of each separate finger, there arise new and remarkable touches. He understands how either to compel or to coax his effects from the instrument. At the side of magical tone coloring we meet elementary effects that are only prevented from becoming noises by the force of his soul-power; under his hands arise thunder storms and the gently dropping spring rain."

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, April 14, 1886.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.—Naturally enough, the culmination of the Symphonic series came in the last concert. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was given in a manner that has not been surpassed for perfection of technique by anything of the sort we have yet had in Boston. Yet I have heard more impressive readings. Mr. Gericke seemed so haunted by the demon of conservatism that he repressed the brasses and the strings, and made a refined rather than an impetuous impression with the rugged first movement. After that, however, things went better, and in the choral work the conductor certainly did wonders with rather unpromising material. There are certain parts of this that never can be very agreeable to the ear, and we are constantly reminded of two things in listening to it, first, that Beethoven was deaf when he wrote it, and, second, that the pitch has been raised about a semitone since his time. Nevertheless, the two most difficult parts—the sudden change of register in the basses, and the phrases in *ottiasimo* for the sopranos—were tided over safely, and, in fact, all the choral work went surprisingly well; but the solo quartette could have been in better balance. After the concert, your correspondent had the pleasure of meeting with Messrs. Krehbiel of the *N. Y. Tribune*, Finck of the *N.Y. Evening Post*, Fearnham of the *Musical Courier*, and Anton Seidl, director of the New York German Opera Company, all of whom were on from New York (by invitation) to hear the final symphony concert of Boston's Musical Season. An "extra dry" symphony by Mnum and Roederer followed, with improvisations upon "When the swallows homeward fly."

I have promised you some account of the great literary and musical festival which is to take place in Boston next month. It is for the benefit of a very deserving charity, the Beneficent Society of Boston. This society, which is affiliated with the New England Conservatory of Music (though by no means a branch of that institution), has for its object the aiding of poor persons of decided talent to gain a complete musical education. It has already supported some talented students in their vocation, but it is not carried on in any small or local spirit, the list of its chief officers may show. I subjoin some of the names:

President—MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. William Claflin, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Mrs. Joseph Cook, Mrs. Rufus S. Frost, Mrs. Micah Dyer, Jr., Mrs. Gen. U. Robinson, Mrs. Hugh O'Brien, Miss Louisa M. Alcott, Mrs. Henry B. Peirce, Mrs. J. W. Wolcott, Mrs. Julia Houston West.

Directors—Mrs Ole Bull, Mrs. Josiah Bacon, Mrs. Silas Peirce, Mrs Daniel Chamberlain, Mrs. Jonas Fitch, Mrs. S. L. Tourjee, Mrs. Carl Zerrahn, Miss Janette Bayley, Mrs. Charles Tucker, Mrs. Alex. McKenzie, Mrs. Winthrop Brown, Mrs Daniel Lothrop.

The festival is to be a double one. On the first night Prof. S. R. Kelley is to direct a series of Thanksgiving music, which will involve the coöperation of some 1100 performers. On the second night Mr. Louis C. Elson will direct a series of fifteen tableaux, illustrating the great epochs in the history of music, with contemporary music from each age. This will be called "The Music of the Centuries," and Mr. Elson has arranged, collected and translated music from all epochs, even the most ancient, for it. At present, each evening the patrons of the New England Conservatory of Music are crowded by the very elite of the city, who are rehearsing their different tableaux, and avail themselves of the hospitality of the institution which is freely given in aid of the cause.

The manner in which the cause has been taken up by society here, proves that the festival will be more than a passing event. The greatest artists are engaged in grouping the tableaux. I presume a list may interest your readers, so here it is:

The first tableau will be in the early Grecian period, and will represent a sacrifice to Calliope. There will be a procession of the white-robed priests, and the populace around the flower-garlanded altar, and the music incidental to this will be an ancient Greek hymn that was discovered at Messina in the 16th century. It will be, like all the others, absolutely accurate in costume and accessories. Mrs. E. S Woodbury is in charge of this tableau, and the artists who are attending to its proper arrangement are Prof. Otto Grundmann and H. H. Kitson.

The second tableau represents the Oriental feast of the ancestors, which is the most important of all the Chinese religious festivals. This tableau will introduce the ancient Chinese music and instruments and, with the gorgeous costumes, it will make one of the most brilliant pictures that can possibly be given. The committee on this tableau are Miss Sybilla A. Bailey, Mrs. F. J Andrews, Mrs. Daniel Chamberlain and Mrs William G. Fish, and the artists in charge are Otto Grundmann and Mr. J. L. Buck.

The conductor of the Minnesingers will introduce much of the ancient German music of the 13th century; the costumes will be accurate, and, as far as possible, the instruments will be reproduced. Prof. Otto Grundmann has the charge of this tableau, and the committee of arrangements are Mrs. Robert Torrey and Miss Alice G. Brown.

The very fact that Mrs. Ira Welsh has undertaken the care of the production of "Charlemagne's Court," is enough to insure its complete musical success. She is assisted by Mr. H. F. Holland and Miss S. A. Bond. Charlemagne was very much devoted to music, and held constantly at court singing festivals, which he always conducted himself. Any stranger, by chance at the court during one of the festivals, was always expected to sing, at least to go through all the motions, if he didn't with a sound. The tableau will represent one of these festivals, and there will be the court and the singing boys, with the fiery Emperor wielding the baton. The music will be that of the time. The artist charged with the arrangement of the tableau is Mr. Frank T. Merrill.

"Christian Rome" will represent a company of early Christians at supper, and there will be sung an early church hymn, which is set to Greek music, as most of the early hymns were set The committee of arrangements are Mrs. Walter S. Swan, Mrs. George F. Bates, Mr. C. G. Dana.

The "Reign of Terror" will be shown by a triple tableau, representing the last victims of the revolution at the guillotine. The music incidental to this will be "La Carmagnole," "Ca Ira" and the "Marseillaise." The artist is Mr. De Blois, and the committee, beside Mr. De Blois, are Mrs. W. F. Halsall, Mrs. R. H. Kemp, Mrs. Oliver Ditson, Mrs. J. H. Page, M. Longuemars and Miss F. H. E. Perkins.

A musical festival at the court of Louis XIII. will be the next feature. It will be under the direction of Mrs. C. H. Ferguson, Miss Celeste Allbright and Mr. W. H. Hatch, with Mr R. W. Vonnole as artist. "Cavaliers and Roundheads" will be two tableaux; the first represents the Cavaliers at a banquet after a victory; among the songs that will be sung is "When the King Comes to His Own Again." The next scene represents the Roundheads marching to battle, singing one of the old covenanting hymns. These pictures will be arranged by Mr. Frank T. Merrill. The committee consists of Mr. Merrill, Mrs. C. E. Aldrich and Mr. E. D. Hale. "The Breaking Up of the Ball" is a tableau of the time of Charles II. of England. It will give opportunity for elegant dressing and fine effects. There will be courtiers and court ladies, pages, link-boy and sedan chair carriers, and all the characters of the time. A minuet will be played, and the old glee, "At Three O'Clock on a Frosty Morning," will be sung. The artists are Mr. Caliga and Mr. Mason, the principal singers Miss Marguerite Hall and Miss Bingham, and the committee Mrs, J. H. Hecht, Mrs. Daniel Frank, Mrs. G. F. Sanderson, Mrs. G. F. H. Markoe, Mrs. Ida Cutter and Mrs. Oliver Ditson.

Puritan New England will represent a company of Puritans going to church, the men armed with guns, looking out for Indians, and the company singing one of the old hymns from the Bay psalm-book, that were in vogue. The list of the Scotch tableaux and music has not yet been reported, but one of the songs will be "Wha'll Be King but Charlie?" The committee of arrangements are Mr. Charles Abercrombie and Mr. Charles Frazer. The last tableau will be "Going to the Front," representing a regiment leaving for the seat of war during the rebellion. Col. Wellington will have the charge of this, and there will be at least two hundred soldiers on the stage. The band will play "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and the scene will close with the singing of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

You will see that the history of music will be very fairly represented, and that there will be interesting material in the next month for the pen of COMES.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, May 1, 1886.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—The musical event of the season has just closed. The American Opera Company, during the past week, delighted Philadelphia audiences at the Academy of Music.

Never before have we been treated to such artistic and finished performances, with such a chorus and orchestra. The chorus consists of fresh and strong voices, while we need only mention Theodore Thomas' name in connection with the orchestra to give assurance that it is not to be surpassed here. They gave us "Orpheus and Eurydice," "Lackme," "Lohengrin," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Flying Dutchman," "Marriage of Jeanette," and Delibes' grand ballet "Sylvia." Good audiences were in attendance during the week, and it is only to be regretted that the season was so short. The press and musicians, with one accord, give them the highest praise, and hope to hear them soon again.

McCaull's Opera House closed on Easter Monday night, During the entire season, only two operas have been given, namely, "The Mikado" and "Don Cæsar," by Dellinger. "The Mikado" drew excellent audiences, while the latter opera only drew fair houses.

Blind Tom is playing at Association Hall this week, and will continue all next week. He is playing to good houses.

This is the sixteenth week of the "Tycoon" (opera by Willard Spencer) at the Temple Theatre. Surprising how this opera takes, though the chorus might be better, and of the stars a greater improvement would be of benefit both to the management and the audience.

As we had a number of orchestral, chorus and piano recitals, but nothing new, I will close this time, keeping our May concerts, etc., over for next month. P. J. MERGES.

QUINCY.

QUINCY, ILLS., April 26th, 1886.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—The Easter service of the First Union Congregational Church of this city, was a source of astonishment as well as enjoyment to your correspondent on the wing, for he did not know that Quincy possessed so much musical taste and ability. Besides the regular choir, which consists of Miss Daugherty, Mrs. Chatten, Mr. Hayden and Mr Chatten, with Mr. H Brethinck, as organist, the church has a regular, selected chorus of 28 voices, which on this occasion was reinforced by a trained chorus of 80 voices from the Sunday-school, who were seated in the rear of the audience, over the entrance, singing responsively with the choir by the great organ behind the pulpit. The selections were rendered throughout without the slightest hesitation and with much enthusiasm. The Quincy people all agree the service was the finest of the sort ever had in their city, and it certainly was one that would have done honor to any city in the land. Yours hastily, H.

By a curious coincidence two German composers, says the London *Musical Times*, have lately been employed, unknown to each other, upon the composition of operas founded upon identical subjects—viz., that of Merlin, the prophet and enchanter of British legendary fame. Both operas have, moreover, been accepted for performance during the next season, when *Herr* Goldmark's "Merlin" will be brought out at Vienna and Leipzig, and *Herr* Th. Rufer's opera, with the same title, will be submitted to the audience of the Berlin Opera House. The coincidence, as we have said, is a curious, though by no means an unprecedented one, the most notable example being, perhaps, the simultaneous occupation of Spohr and Weber with the subject of "Freischuetz," which, however, the former wisely abandoned as soon as he became aware of the intentions of his rival in the field of operatic romanticism. The success of two operas of "Der Freischuetz" would scarcely be conceivable, but a "Merlin" suggests dramatic situations and psychological problems akin to "Faust," and readily admits of various musical treatment. Thus the production of the two new operas in question will be looked forward to with some interest.

THE BOULANGER TYMPANI.

We give below the picture of a new invention that is destined to revolutionize the writing for tympani in orchestral works, as well as to lessen materially the labors of tympani players. The tympanum, or kettle-drum, is an important element of an orchestra, and composers have made frequent use of its powers, but the fact that it can give forth but one note and that it has to be tuned to a different pitch whenever a different note is desired, thereby necessitating the use of several sets of tympani, has been in the way of its usefulness. Some of Wagner's operas cannot be played with less than three tympani, and then it takes an expert to tune them rapidly enough for the demands of the score. Even then, the composer himself is hampered and has frequently to give the tympani rests where he would like to use them, because he must give the player time to tune his instrument so as to chord with some after coming passage. It has been attempted more than once to remedy this evil by means of some device or other for rapid tuning, but hitherto without success. It was left for Mr. Boulanger, of the N. Lebrun Music Co. to solve the problem in a most satisfactory and simple way.

The manner in which this result is accomplished will be best understood by a reference to the accompanying cut. The head having been carefully adjusted by means of the screws about the upper circumference of the drum, a patent system of the N. Lebrun Music Co.) and stretched so as to approximate the lowest pitch desired, the head can be further stretched and hence the pitch raised by a mere turning from right to left of the drum, which is mounted on a pivotal screw as shown in the cut. On the right of the cut, attached to the centre post or pivot and connected from below with the machinery that produces the tension of the drum head and hence regulates the pitch of the drum, is the pitch indicator and tuning gauge, which, as will be seen, ends at the upper part in a dial. The letters B, C, D, E, F, on the dial of the smaller tympanum, as well as the letters F, G, A, B, C, on the dial of the larger one are movable, running in a slot, and can be fixed at any point of the dial in a second by means of a thumb screw. The head having been stretched, as we before stated, and properly tuned on its entire circumference, the tympanum is then tuned until it reaches the pitch of A on the large and C on the small instrument. This done, the movable hand on the dial is set to point to the letter A or C, as the case may be, indicating the tone to which the drum has been tuned. The drum is then tuned to the next higher note in the same manner and so on to the end, the whole operation consuming less time than it now takes to accurately tune a tympanum to one single note. The work is done. If the tympani player is playing and wishes to strike, say F, he gives his drum a twist (less than one revolution) and when the hand on the dial points to F, he has the F pitch, and that very accurately. With a little practice, it is the matter of a second or less to change the pitch within the range of each drum.

Herr Anton Rubinstein, continental journals inform us, has been created by the Emperor of Russia a "General Music Director, a title which raises the eminent pianist-composer to the rank of a Russian "*Oberhofmarschall*," and entitles him to the wearing of a, no doubt, most gorgeous uniform.

One Gordon, a vocalist of the last century, rashly accused Handel of accompanying him badly, and added that he would jump upon the harpsichord and smash it, if the composer did not change his style. "Let me know when you vill do dat," said the saxon master, "and the saxon vill verdise it. I am sure more people vill come to see you shump, den vill come to hear you sing!"

The newly founded *Liszt Verein* of Leipzig gave a grand orchestral Concert on the 8th ult., at the *Stadt-Theater* including a performance of the "Faust" Symphony by that master, for which no less than seven rehearsals had been held by the Conductor *Herr* Nikisch. Richard Pohl, the well-known critic, and one of the champions of Liszt's music, has just been elected honorary member of the Society, concerning which a German contemporary writes: "There can be no question at all that the *Liszt Verein* has already become a real power in the musical world of Leipzig with which those (and there are not a few) who are hostile to this modern phase of our art will have to reckon. It is but just to add, however, that some of the most pronounced antagonists of the composer have paid their tribute of admiration to the 'Faust' Symphony, after the masterly interpretation of the work under the direction of *Herr* Nikisch."

MAJOR AND MINOR.

THE French normal diapason has now been definitely introduced in the orchestras of the Berlin Philharmonic Society and of the Vienna *Hof-Theater.*

AN article signed "Observer," in a recent issue of the *American Art Journal,* shows up in very good style some of the ignorance as well as false pretences of the humbug "American College of Musicians." We were tempted to reproduce the article, but *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*

OF the early childhood of "Ole Bull," the following very characteristic story is told: One day he was found standing in a meadow before a group of bluebells, imitating with two pieces of wood the playing of a violin. When asked what he was doing, he replied, "That he was accompanying the ringing of the bluebells!" So was the child the father of the man.

THE *Maestro* Verdi paid a visit to the French capital last month, with the object probably of coming to an arrangement with the directors of the Grand Opera respecting the performance of his new opera "Iago," or as it appears now to be called "Othello." No definite understanding seems however to have been, as yet, arrived at.

THERE was at least no affectation of technical knowledge in the report once addressed by a French official to his chief, with regard to the manner in which the local theatre was conducted, for he wrote: "The conductor of the orchestra has not played a note since his arrival. If he continues to do nothing but make gestures, I suggest that he may be discharged."

ABOUT one half of the sum required ($5,000) for the projected Weber statue to be erected in the composer's native town, Eutin, has so far been subscribed for. Hopes are still entertained by the committee that sufficient funds will eventually be forthcoming, not only for the above purpose, but likewise for the acquisition by the nation of the small house where the composer of "Freischütz" first saw the light.

THOMAS GREATOREX was a frequent companion of the Prince of Wales (afterward George IV.) who bestowed many marks of esteem upon him. On one occasion Greatorex was dining with the prince, upon an evening when he had to conduct a State concert, at which the king and queen were to be present. He pleaded the necessity of being punctual on account of their majesties. "Oh! never mind them," said the royal host; "your father is *Rex,* I confess, but you are a *greater Rex.*"

UNDER the title of "*Le Songue d'une Nuit d'Ete, Feerie d'apres Shakespeare*" "A Midsummer Night's Dream," was produced at the Paris Odéon, on the 16th ult. for the first time in France. M. Paul Meurice, the adapter of the French version, has compressed the original play into five acts, and is said to have made sad havoc with Shakespear's beautiful creation. The whole of Mendelssohn's music executed by an excellent orchestra and chorus, under the direction of M. Colonne.

A WAGNERITE'S VIEWS OF WAGNERITES.—There are two classes of Wagnerites. One class, composed chiefly of Wagner's earliest admirers, goes to as great an extreme as do the anti-Wagnerites; the other class has learned, through its thorough understanding of Wagner, to appreciate more fully the works of his great predecessors—notably, however, Bach and Beethoven. A Wagnerite of the latter class, while placing Wagner head and shoulders above every other composer, sees, for instance, more beauties in a Beethoven score than even the anti-Wagnerite, who places Beethoven head and shoulders above Wagner, can discover, for the Wagnerite who is not an extremist appreciates the dramatic possibilities of Beethoven. It is also speaking within bounds to say that the orchestral and choral works of Bach were not rated at their full value until Wagner's works became generally appreciated.—*Weil and Express.*

THE condition of King Ludwig, of Bavaria, has been ascertained to be most deplorable. Were he an ordinary mortal, he would be locked up in an insane asylum. He labors under the delusion that the soul of Wagner, whom he befriended so nobly, is constantly with him and is composing marches, operas and oratorios for his especial ear. This has been found to explain his great desire of late for solitude. He has grown fat, and looks the picture of an unkempt tramp; but they say that it is really touching to see him sitting in rapture, with clasped hands and upturned eyes, listening—now with a smile, now in tears—to the strains of the spirit. He fears that others may hear the music, and steal it. It should not, he says, be played on instruments made with hands, as its harmonies are at once too exquisite and too deep for mortals to produce. His debts are incredibly large, and the princes of the Bavarian blood royal have resolved on a regency and some sort of composition with his creditors.

W. H. DONLEY, the well-known music teacher of Waterloo, Iowa, gave a concert on the 20th of April, of which the following is the programme: PART FIRST—1.—Duo for two pianos, "Homage to Verdi," *Duvoc,* Misses Clara Jackson, Winnie Fish, Mrs. A. Donley and W. H. Donley. 2.—Piano Solo, "I Fear no Foe," *Pinsuti,* Mr. J. J. Lewis. 3.—Piano Solo, "Route en Train," *Kettered,* Miss Matie Camp. 4.—Violin Solo, "Cavatina," *Raff Leonard,* Prof. Theo. Chr. Rude. 5.—Soprano Solo, "Ave Maria," *Luzzi,* Mrs. J. G. Van Ness. 6.—Piano Solo, "Feather Bells," *Lange,* Miss Ella Hotaling. PART SECOND—1.—Duo for two pianos, "Ventre a Terre," *Jackson,* Misses Clara Jackson, Winnie Fish, Matie Camp, and W. H. Donley. 2.—Soprano Solo, "The Waiting Heart," *Torry,* Mrs. J. G. Van Ness. Violin Obbligato, Prof. Rude. 3.—Piano Solo, "Rippling Waters," *Spindler,* Miss Winnie Fish. 4.—Violin Solo, "Air Varie, No. 7," *De Beriot,* Prof. Theo. Chr. Rude. 5.—Bass Solo, "O Fair Dove," *Gatty,* Mr. J. J. Lewis. 6.—Piano Solo, "Satellite," *Alden,* Miss Clara Jackson.

A BROKEN STRING.

Sing, and to you! No, no—with one note jarred,
The harmony of Life's long chord is broken;
Your words were light, and by light lips were spoken,
And yet the music that you loved is marred.

One string, my friend, is dumb beneath your hand—
Strike, and it throbs and vibrates at your will,
Falters upon the verge of sound, and still
Falls back as sea-waves shattered on the sand.

Touch it no more, for you shall not regain
The sweet, lost tone. Take what is left, or let
Life's music sleep to Death. Let us forget
The perfect melody we seek in vain.

And yet, perchance, some day before we die,
As half in dreams we hear the night-wind's sweep
Around our windows when we fain would sleep,
Laden with one long, sobbing, moaning cry.

One faint, far tone will waken and will rise
Above the great wave-voice of mortal pain,
Hand will touch hand, and lips touch lips again,
As in the darkness it recedes and dies,

Or, lingering in the summer evening glow,
Then, when the passion of the crimson West,
Burning like some great heart that cannot rest,
Stains as with blood the waters as they flow—

Some old, forgotten tones may rise and wake
Our dying youth, and set our hearts aflame
With their old sweetness—to our lips the name
Of Love steal softly, for the old love's sake.

—*Waif.*

IN 1841, Mendelssohn and Berlioz met at Leipsic, and there exchanged batons. Berlioz, always humorous when he was not sarcastic, accompanied his with the following letter: "To Chief Mendelssohn. Great Chief: he have agreed to exchange tomahawks; here is mine! It is coarse, thine is plain. Only squaws and pale faces love ornamented weapons. Be my brother! and when the Great Spirit shall have sent us to hunt in the land of souls, may our warriors hang our tomahawks at the door of the council chamber." Mendelssohn's reply is not extant.

THE following characteristic anecdote of Christine Nilsson affords a significant proof of her innate tact and ready wittiness. One night at Madrid, when she was singing the Jewel-Song in "Faust" her namesake, the fair young Queen, sitting in the state box facing the stage; and Christine, as she warbled the lines—

"C'est la fille d'un roi
Qu'on salue au passage!"

["Tis a king's daughter,
One salutes in passing;]

dropped a quick little curtsey to Her Spanish Majesty. The audience took the cue like one man, rose to its feet, and broke into rapturous shouts of "Viva Christina! Viva la Reyna!" It was a "happy thought," and delighted the astute Madrilenos by its *finesse* as well as its manifest spontaneity.

A PIANIST at one of the small German Courts, played one evening no less than nine pieces. At the end of a week he was asked what he would charge—say, 500 marks, ($90), or a present. He, imagining that the present would be a diamond pin, which he could show, said he left it to her Highness to give him a suitable souvenir. And her Highness, immensely pleased to see so much talent combined with so much disinterestedness, was graciously pleased to invite him to tea, *et—voila tout.* But his misadventure bore good fruit, for another pianist to whom he told his story, and who also played at Court, when he was asked whether he would prefer a decoration or 500 marks, replied "A cross (of the order proposed) costs 15 or 16 marks, let us say 20. So give me the order and 180 marks, and we'll cry quit."

TRADE NOTES.

MESSRS. KRANICH & BACH write us: "We know you are anxious to have all manufacturers keep you posted as to what they are doing, and hence we write you with reference to our new swinging desk and engraved panels. Instead of the old-fashioned scroll panels, we make the panels solid and have them artistically engraved. Our patented swinging music desk is the grandest thing yet discovered, and is acknowledged so by all who have seen it. The piano has been improved as well in every department, and to-day it is by far the handsomest piano made (and the best also). We hope to have our New Illustrated Catalogue soon, and will mail you the *first* copy we receive. We enjoy your valuable paper, and look forward to each issue with great pleasure."

THE Grovesteen & Fuller pianos, says the *Boston Home Journal*, may be called a successful effort to place in the hands of the purchaser a thoroughly musical, substantial, durable and handsome instrument of real musical worth, at a price which places it within the reach of many who are unfortunately felt themselves unable to own one. The enterprise is due to the Yankee ingenuity and business push of Mr. George W. Carter. Mr. Carter has taken the position of general manager of an old concern with capital, facilities, and reputation; and by commencing entirely now in the matter of scales, designs, modern appliances, and most approved methods of construction, has already turned out instruments which are unsurpassed when viewed from either an intrinsic or artistic standpoint. The cases are elegant in design and detail, the keys of fine ivory, without any suspicion of celluloid or other shoddy expedient, the action light and elastic, being constructed in the most reliable manner, the felts, wire, trimmings and other items that do so much to deplete the manufacturer's pocket-book, are not found wanting in either quality or quantity.

COLONEL FIZZLETOP has a wretched memory. He is very much puzzled to remember the simplest thing that is told to him.

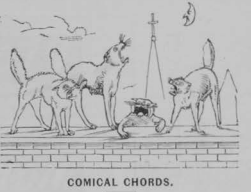
"What is the name of that patent medicine Colonel Witherspoon told me to get for my liver?" he asked his wife.

"I can't remember that name to save my life."

"I can't either. My memory is getting worse and worse every day. Let me see. I had it on the end of my tongue a minute ago."

Little Johnny spoke up and said:

"Stick out your tongue, pa, and let me see it. Perhaps the name is on it yet."—*Texas Siftings.*



COMICAL CHORDS.

Mid a' the thoughts that trouble me,
The saddest thought of ony,
Is who may close the other's e'e—
May it be me or Nannie?
The one that's left will fairly feel
Amid a world uncannie;
I'd rather face auld age myse'
Than lanely leave my Nannie.

Don't judge of a man's character by the umbrella he carries. It may not be his.

Old Mother Hubbard was from Chicago—she had so much room in one shoe.

A brass band has been organized among the employees of a Columbus carriage factory. They are all said to be musical fellows.—*Ohio State Journal.*

The first musical amateur said he would take the violin; the second, that he would take the viola; and the third, that he would take the horse car and go home.

"If Jones undertakes to pull my ears," said a loud-spoken young man, "he'll just have his hands full." Those who heard him looked at his ears, and smiled.

An old man-of-war sailor, who had lost a leg, became a retailer of peanuts. He said he was obliged to be a retailer because, having lost a leg, he could not be a whole sailor.

Mozart's opera, "The Magic Flute," drew a big house in New York on Wednesday night. The "magic flute," we take it, is one that cannot be played upon by amateurs—hence its popularity.

"Tommy, did you hear your mother call you?" "Course I did!" "Then why don't you mind her?" "Well, you see she's nervous, and it'd shock her awful if should go too sudden."

A Chicago maiden wants to know how to avoid having a mustache come on her upper lip. We don't know how it would work on the banks of the Chicago river, but here in St. Louis, the girls secure that result by eating onions.

Mamma—"Do you know the Ten Commandments, my dear?"
Little Bess—"Yes, mamma."
"Well, repeat them."
"I can't, mamma. I don't know them by heart, I only know them when I see them."

Professor.—"Why does a duck put his head under water?" Pupil—"For divers reasons." Professor—"Why does he go on land?" Pupil—"For sundry reasons." Professor—"Next, you may tell us why a duck puts his head under water?" Second Pupil—"To liquidate his bill." Professor—"And why does he go on land?" Second Pupil—"To make a run on the bank."

A grandfather, coming to read his paper found that he had mislaid his spectacles, and thereupon declared—"I have lost my glasses somewhere, and can't read the paper." A little three and-a-half-year old girl, desiring to assist him, answered—"G'an'pa, you go outside and look froo ze window, and I'll hold ze paper up so you can read it."

Mr. Jobblewizzle came into supper morose and sullen, and when Mrs. J. twitted him on some of his shortcomings he snapped out: "If there's anything in this world I do like to see it's a fool." "Ah, love," she answered tenderly, "do you? My hand-glass is right on my dressing-case and you have my permission to use it just as you wish. I do so love to have my husband enjoy himself."

We reproduce the following pastoral for the special benefit of our rural subscribers: "Don't kill the toads, the ugly toads that hop around your door. Each toad that you eat a hundred bugs or more. He sits around with aspect meek until the bug is neared, then shoots he forth his little tongue like lightning doubly geared. And then he soberly doth wink, and shuts his ugly mug, and patiently doth wait until there comes another bug."

The choir had kindly volunteered to sing the favorite hymns of the members of the congregation. Each was requested to write his choice on a slip of paper and hand it in. Easily recognized as the chirography of the butcher was, "We shall meet on that beautiful shore." The opulent plumber chose, "All for me." The favorite of the baker was, "I knead thee, every hour." The young lawyer who had just hung out a sign for which the painter was dunning him, handed in, "Just as I am, without one plea."—*Siftings, the Scarecrow.*

X., traveling through Brittany, asks an old woman, who is peddling crosses and medals at a church porch, the price of a certain trinket. "Is it for your wife or your sweetheart?" she asks. "For my sweetheart!" replied X., not precisely seeing the drift of her question. "Ten francs." "Ten francs—phew," says X., turning on his heel. "Come back, come back!" cries the old woman: "take it for three. You've been lying to me though; you have no sweetheart; if it had been for her you'd have bought it at once, without any regard to the price." "I'll take it: here are your three francs." "You haven't a wife, either: if it had been for her, you'd have beaten me down to two francs. Oh, you men, you men!

MY DEBUT.

IT is a good many years since I made my *début*, writes Myles Beetham in *Musical Society*, but I remember it as if it were yesterday. It was at our village concert, when I was a boy. My people had busied themselves about the affair, and the rector had, out of compliment to them, asked me to sing—at least, Aunt Jemima said so. I got my father to advance me two months' pocket money, and invested it in new songs. I drove my sister to desperation with my eternal accompaniments. I sought the advice of all my friends respecting the merits of the songs I had purchased. Each individual chose a different one, assuring me it would "take." I agreed with them all. One song had been overlooked—discarded; it appeared on the programme. The evening and the hour arrived, and with that feeling one generally experiences when buying a lottery I repaired to the mission-room. The band opened the business; then a pale-faced young woman sang a sentimental ditty which caused the young men in the sixpenny seats to smile, and then glare furiously at each other. The sentimental ditty proved an immense success, and the pale-faced young woman was encored. Our village carpenter gave "Let me like a soldier fall," with thrilling effect, followed by the sexton with "I'm afloat." A nudge in the region of my ribs, reminded me that my turn had come. I broke out into a violent perspiration, especially about the finger tips. I clutched my sister's hand, intending to lead her to the pianoforte, but, owing to my progress being more rapid than dignified, she shook me off and left me mid-way. I stood facing the audience, with closed eyes. The signal chord was struck. I opened them. A sea of grinning faces seemed to float before me. The chord was struck again; still no sound from me. My tongue seemed to be glued to the roof of my mouth. My knees grew feebly sympathetic. The music I held in my hands fluttered visibly. The chord was struck yet once more. I heaved a deep sigh, took a step forward, and produced an awful discord. I went on; there seemed to be a hitch somewhere, but I kept at it and gained confidence as I proceeded. After the first verse, all went well and I tasted my first bit of triumph. On mounting the platform I had forgotten to make my obeisance, on leaving it I rectified the mistake and broke my collar-stud with the effort.

"You—you donkey!" hissed my sister, affectionately, during the *fortissimo* of a stormy quartet; "what did you sing that for?"

"Sing what for?" I echoed.

"'The Bay of Biscay.' It will be a long time before I accompany you in public again, my boy. Suppose I had not known it by heart, what then?"

Yes, indeed, what then? *I had sung the wrong song.*