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MUSICAL REVIEW

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TCHAIKOWSKI.

TR. Johannes Weber publishes in the *Temps* some personal particulars respecting the Russian composer, Peter Tchaikowski. He was born at Watkinsk, in the province of Viatta, in 1840. His father was a mining engineer; his mother descended from an old French family exiled by the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Tchaikowski was destined to the law, and served for a time in the office of the Russian Minister of Justice; but Anton Rubinstein encouraged his musical aptitudes so effectually that in 1861 he gave himself entirely to the art, and was afterward appointed a professor in the Conservatoire of Moscow. Tchaikowski's principal compositions are four symphonies, three orchestra suites, four symphonic overtures and poems and six operas. Of these "Vakoula" (1876) and "Mazeppa" (1884) are favorably remembered, but "Conéguine" (Moscow, 1881) has been far the most successful, and in the face of its real popularity in Russia the comparatively cold reception of "Tcharodéika," recently produced in St. Petersburg, is disappointing.

A PLEA FOR SIMPLICITY.

FIFTY years ago Ollendorf published his method of learning German. Until that time, the learning of a foreign language, except in infancy from a nurse or by years of residence in a foreign country, was a difficult acquirement. Fluency in the use of it was next to impossible. A child was set down to translation and the grammar, every word of it in the foreign tongue. Since Ollendorf's time, however, every book published which has professed to teach the speaking of any foreign language whatever, has been based on his principle. This was simply that we should learn a foreign language as we learn our mother tongue. We all know how this is done. We learned "Papa," "Mamma," and "bow-wow," and immediately began to converse. That is, we learned only a little, but we put it straightway into use. We added one word at a time, and very, very slowly.

Now, do we teach piano music on this natural, Ollendorf plan? I am afraid not, says L. L. Forman, in *The Etude*. We give pieces eight measures long at the very start. But we ought to teach just "Papa" and "Mamma."

For some years I have employed this Ollendorf plan of short question and short answer with the little pupils, much to their delight and interest. And after they have learned notes I have trusted them to compose and write the whole sentence, and lengthened the sentence to the normal eight measures. Then I have often had them hunt up their Mother Goose and compose music to it. All this may seem a waste of time, but I am sure it is not. It requires time, to be sure, and the child does not learn so soon to torture the family with hard music which he does not understand; but, as far as he goes, he is a musician, every inch of him.

But, you say, this is teaching the child to become a composer, which he may have no talent for; this is not teaching him music. Here I fall back on my analogy to language. When we teach a child to talk, we do not thereby teach him to become a Bacon, or Cicero, or a Shakespeare. It is not musical composition that we teach him, but mere musical talk. To be sure, the most of most children's musical ideas will be merest commonplace, the reflex of the teacher and the instruction book. But then how many of us ever say witty or wise things with

our English language? Is it not generally a friendly commonplace that we talk?

You say that we should spend our precious time in learning the great music of Bach, Beethoven, and such men. This may be very edifying, but how would it do if we applied the same rule to our conversations in the English language? Are we to carry on our daily household talk with quotations from Homer and Matthew Arnold? Shall we repress a child when he greets us with a "good morning" by saying: "Hush, my boy, Shakespeare has said that much better"? See Hamlet, page 42, No. 60.

Attention is more and more paid to the execution, in one sense or another, of the music of the Great Masters. We learn to recite their music just as we would recite some lines from Virgil, but we no longer talk in that language. The feelings which they express do not belong to the broad channels of feeling which are common to all humanity. They are feelings in which only the few exceptionally cultivated, sensitive, refined souls can take part. The commoner music, the music which the every-day people sing and enjoy, this is considered vulgar; indeed, not music at all. War is bitterly waged between the adorers of classical music and the people who call for a tune. My fellow-wranglers, should this be so? How would it do, in the case of the English language, if those who spoke correctly by the grammar should contend that they only had the right to speak? How many of us would there be who thereafter would be dumb? Have only those who read Lowell, and such literature, feelings to express? Are there not thousands of people whose feelings are exactly expressed by such songs as Daisy Deane? And have they no right to find musical expression as well as those who have none of the common human sympathies? It is an old notion that there are two sides to every question. I should say there were two planes, or, rather, many planes to a question. Now, in mounting Parnassus, do we not often rise high and so broaden our horizon that we ignore that lower plane of musical life where daisies bloom, and think only of those mighty symphonic summits where Bach and Beethoven stand looking up to heaven?

To tell you the honest truth, I think it only affectation for most of us to find musical expression in only the Masters' works. How many of us can be happy when reading Shakespeare and Milton? Are not most of us well enough contented with reading the newspapers and stories by Howell? Now, for people who occupy such levels in literature, does it not seem strange that only Schumann and Brahms will do for them in music?

I am not contending that we should deliberately take a lower level after we have really reached a higher. But I do claim that each musician of us should seek out that level of music which he, without affectation, does really most enjoy, and occupy that level, without fear of criticism and sneers from those either above or below him.

If music does not please us, let us not pretend to like it because a Schumann has written it. If necessary, let us acknowledge boldly that we do not like it.

Isn't the picture a familiar one to us, of a little child at a piano, looking up at notes and down at keys, with patiently bobbing head, with dangling feet, with stiff, straight fingers, counting, in loud monotone, 1-2-3-4, 1-2 (stumbling) 2-3-4 (hastening) 1-2-3-4-1 (thoughtlessly) 1-1 (pausing) 4-5, etc.? And, with no great effort, can we not see the scolding, impatient teacher, expounding time to her in such curt and illogical fashion that a grown-up person, already understanding time, would scarcely understand his incoherent explanation? Or, possibly, the teacher is patient, and tries to persuade the child it understands when it does not, and the

child, seeing that the teacher is kind, tries its best to be conciliatory on its side, and, in vain, thinks it understands. So that, when the teacher says, after a long harangue, which the child has not heard: "Now, don't you understand?" the good child answers, "Yes, I understand, now;" when, really, it knows not a jot more than at first, and has been looking into the teacher's face all the while, wondering why Mr. —'s nose is so crooked, and why he will mutter that queer word "Donner und Blitzen" to himself so often.

Why is this so? Well, chiefly, I should say, because we try to teach too many things at once. It is an easy thing to completely befuddle a grown person with such a number of diverse things which we suddenly plunge a child into on beginning piano lessons. In the first few lessons, we unfold to them staves, lines, spaces, bars, signatures, clefs, scales, meanings of the words clefs, scales, fingering, sharps, flats, key notes, braces, slurs, and a thousand minute directions as to the position of the hands. All this we call music. Is it any wonder that any sensible child, in four lessons, will hate music with inextinguishable hatred?

WHERE MUSIC WAS BORN.

A pilgrimage to the house began with a walk to the Bonngasse 20, where a tablet erected by the town attracts the curious traveler. On the tablet are engraved in German the words, "In this house Ludwig van Beethoven was born, on the 17th December in the year 1770."

The house is kept by a restaurateur called Blech, which, considering that Beethoven especially gave effect to the brass in the orchestra ("Blech" means brass in German) may be considered ominous. The house certainly looks by no means imposing, but the misery of the interior is even more depressing than one would expect from the outside. Imagine a bad wooden staircase leading up to the first floor, and hence winding, shockingly narrow, second-floor stair leading up to a garret room some ten feet by six, containing a bed and a chest of drawers said to have belonged to the furniture then in the room. There is a large hole in the floor, which Mrs. Blech, who acted as my kind cicerone, told me could not be repaired, as it was necessary to keep the room in its ancient historical state. She said "hysterisch," but I take it "historisch" is what she meant. The same kind lady informed me that Beethoven's father was a conductor (*Kapellmeister*), "but," she added apologetically, as if to excuse the humble station, "he was a tailor as well!" She has lived there fifteen years, and seems to make an honest penny out of foreigners coming to the humble cradle of the great man; and she told me that she continues the tradition by giving concerts in winter down in the yard while people sit at the table drinking beer or lager. I don't know whether these concerts include the "Eroica" or the "Pastoral," though the latter would more probably suit the character of the audience. Of course she is most indignant when anybody mentions the other house as being the birthplace of Beethoven. "On this house" she explains, "the town has erected the tablet, and this is the true one; on the other the landlord himself put it up, but Beethoven was over five years old when they came to live there, and, great as the man was, he cannot have been born five years old, can he, now?"—*From Temple Bar.*

ADAM (just after getting acquainted with Eve)—"Will you go with me to-night to see the animals?"
Eve—"I have nothing to wear."

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

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OCKE'S American Opera Company has been galvanized into a simulation of life for a two weeks' season in Boston. No one is deceived however; the enterprise is dead, though the funeral has been postponed for a brief period to allow of some few experiments upon the corpse.

There will soon be an opportunity to purchase some very good, second-hand stage properties very low. Don't all bid at once, gentlemen!



CHICAGO'S M. T. N. A. committees have gotten into as pretty a fight as one could wish to see. At this distance from the battle-field, it is impossible to determine which faction is in the right. *The Indicator*, which has championed the side that just now seems to be on top, assures the world that the war is over, but it keeps on firing at its opponents who in return blaze away at its devoted head—all in the interest of peace, harmony, fugue and counterpoint, of course. It is to be feared that the funny squabble will result disastrously to the next meeting of the Association. We console ourselves, however, with the thought that so long as the meeting is in Chicago, we of St. Louis will not be called upon to furnish any part of the guarantee fund.



SINCE the almost universal introduction of musical instruments, it has been noticed that the ability to sing in pitch has diminished. This has been attributed by some to the "tempered" character of the scale of keyed instruments. A moment's thought ought to convince any one, however, that the true explanation of the phenomenon must be sought elsewhere. We believe it is to be found in the fact that singers rely upon instruments too much. They have become accustomed to lean upon an accompaniment, to walk on crutches, so to speak, and when the crutches fail them they stumble and halt. It is not important that a singer should have an ear that will easily distinguish absolute pitch, but it is all-important that he should have the keenest sense of relative pitch, and this can be cultivated best away from all instruments. It is only by relying on self that we can become habitually self-reliant. Singing teachers who make a practice of "supporting" their pupils' voices, while rehearsing or practicing, do the pupils an incalculable injury. The sole use of an instrument, at such times, should be to test the results reached (so far as exactness of pitch is concerned) by striking a chord or a single note now and then. Any other system begets slovenliness of execution by concealing defects, and favors inaccuracy of intonation by failing to provide a means of detecting it and hence of applying the proper corrective.



SOME three weeks before Choctaw Modesty, alias Prochazka, swore upon the stand that his paper *The Keynote* had "nearly two hundred subscribers," he published in his remarkable "journal" an editorial in which he gave (in bad English, of course) five reasons why "The Keynote has the largest circulation of any musical paper"—and this in the face of the fact that the entire paper it uses in a year would not be enough for one form of at least half a dozen musical monthlies published in the U. S. We used to think we had some pretty "stiff" story-tellers out west, but their "tallest yarns" are but as ant-hills by the side of the eastern Popocatapetl of mendacity we have just admired.

MUSICAL PRECOCITY.



YOUNG Hoffmann's performances upon the piano have set New York and Boston wild. The boy is heralded and advertised as a second Mozart, if not one greater than Mozart. Never having heard either, we are, of course, unable to either confirm or deny the truth of the assertion. We are puzzled to know, however, how those who have heard only young Hoffmann can determine that he is equal or superior to Mozart.

The current newspaper articles upon the subject of Josef Hoffmann's playing would naturally leave the impression upon the casual reader that young Hoffmann and Mozart are the only two instances of remarkable musical precocity. Nothing could be farther from the truth. To mention only well-known instances, Mozart himself had for a pupil Hummel, who began to play difficult music almost before he could talk, had begun to compose at the age of five and at the age of ten started, under the management of his father, on a concert tour as a pianist, through Germany, Denmark, England and Holland. About the same time, Wm. Crotch, then aged five, played in public on the organ in a way to astound the English musical critics and connoisseurs. He was only about thirteen years of age when he composed his oratorio "The Captivity of Judah"—the first of the name, for he composed another bearing the same title many years later. Henri Herz, who died last month in Paris, made his *debut* in Hummel's Variations *op. 8*, at eight years of age and was then taken around by his father as a boy prodigy. At the age of thirteen, however, he entered the Paris *conservatoire* under Pradher. It is said that four days after he had recovered from smallpox he insisted upon taking part in the competition at the Conservatoire, played the Twelfth Concerto of Dussek and a Study by Clementi, and carried off the prize.

Franz Liszt was but nine when he astounded the inhabitants of Oedenburg by his performances on the piano and he was but a little over two months beyond his eleventh year when, on the first of January, 1823, he aroused the enthusiasm of the most critical of Viennese audiences and received Beethoven's kiss of consecration. Of George Aspull, Grove says that "At eight years of age, notwithstanding that the smallness of his hands was such that he could not reach an octave, so as to press down the two keys simultaneously without great difficulty, and then only with the right hand, he had attained such proficiency as to be able to perform the most difficult compositions of Kalkberner, Moscheles and Czerny, besides the concertos of Handel and the fugues of Bach and Scarlatti, in a manner almost approaching the excellence of the best professors. He also sang with considerable taste." Elizabeth Weichsel, better known later as Mrs. Billington, one of the great singers of the world, appeared in concert as a pianist at the age

of six, and at eleven had already published two sets of piano sonatas. Rubinstein commenced his career at about the same age and in somewhat the same manner as young Hoffmann. Theresa Carreño began to play the piano with considerable taste at three years of age, and it is only five or six months since that the first prize for harp playing at the Paris *Conservatoire* was won by Henriette Rénié, an eleven year-old girl. The stories of the musical precocity of some eminent singers, such as Patti, Kellogg, etc., are familiar to all. It would be an easy task to indefinitely extend the list of musical prodigies, by simply running over the pages of any biographical dictionary of musicians. Indeed, is there not in every city of any size one or more musical ex-prodigies?

Prodigies of early intellectual development have been met with in the fields of science and in those of other arts, but music alone can probably count more such "infant phenomena" than all other branches of human learning put together. Why that should be so, we are unable to say; we simply note the fact.

How many of the "wonder-children," as the Germans call them, are ever heard of after they reach adult life? We have mentioned above some of those who became more or less famous in after-life, but every one of them, save perhaps Mozart, has been surpassed in the line of creative art by those whose early years were less full of promise. It is therefore too soon, as yet, to prophesy what will be young Hoffmann's future place in the world of music.

It is a favorite theory with many that the failure to develop and mature into great geniuses which has been noticed in the large majority of musical prodigies is due to the fact that these fortunate (or unfortunate) children are forced before the public too soon and that as a result, their little bodies and brains are worn out before they have had time to reach that degree of physical maturity which would enable them to grow healthfully and to become the great men nature had intended they should be.

That the effect of public applause upon an immature child may induce in him an inordinate degree of self esteem; may lead him to think he is a finished artist and hence to imagine that further study is unnecessary, seems too clear for argument. But we opine that the appearance of the "fat and saucy" *ex-wunderkinder*, who punish beer in every city of any size on either continent, is a palpable refutation of the idea of physical injury. It is to be noticed in the same connection that of those we have mentioned above, and whose labors were continued indefinitely, Hummel lived to be fifty-nine, Crotch sixty-eight, Herz eighty-five, Liszt seventy-six and Mrs. Billington fifty, while Carreño and Rubinstein are yet in the land of the living and in rugged health.

If a child like young Hoffmann can in one and a half hours' practice, accomplish all they say he does, wherein is he more severely taxed than the less gifted child who spends the same time attempting to master some refractory elementary exercise.

Such exhibitions as those of young Hoffmann may have a discouraging effect upon other youthful learners. To see a child play without apparent effort, compositions which they cannot hope to begin to practice for several years is enough to disgust ambitious children, not only with their own accomplishments but also with the whole subject of music. To these, the fact we have spoken of above, that those who have left the deepest impress upon music have not, as a rule, been infant prodigies, should be demonstrated.

Upon the other hand, there is no sense in a policy of repression in the case of unusually gifted children. They may not develop into really great

musicians, simply because the germs of great musicians may not be in them. Early intellectual development does not imply continued and gigantic growth of mental powers any more than early physical development implies that the person must continue to grow at the same rate until he becomes a giant; but early growth is not necessarily diseased growth either in the physical or the mental world. Such cases seem abnormal, and they are so when compared with the mass, but they are normal enough in themselves and should be left unhampered to their own natural development—without forcing on the one hand, without repression upon the other.

SONGS.

IN this festive season of the year music forms the strong element in social gatherings. Compositions, good, bad, and indifferent, says the *Musical Times*, soothe or excite, lull or torment the listening ear. Each one who sings, or who thinks he can, or who is flattered by his friends into the exercise of vocal power, has his song or two, which he "lets off" on every possible occasion. The influence of the moment palliates many an effort of bad taste or thoughtlessness. The kindly help towards whiling away the long hours of the winter evening which is offered by those who "bring their music with them in a friendly way" ought not to be undervalued. But this question suggests itself—Could not something be done towards awakening in the minds of those who have the power and the will, the desire to make their ministrations in the dissolution of dullness of permanent profit in the months to come, when the evenings are not long, and the love for music finds few opportunities for exercise? Would it not be possible to induce amateurs to select pieces which may have something more than a passing effect? It is true that there is a great temptation to indulge in the last new song, as sung by the "great tenor, Mr. Chestnuts," or the "well known barytone, Mr. Leatherlungs," each of whom has guaranteed his living interest in certain songs, and has given them as it were, a warranty, a *cachet*, by appending his signature to the title-pages. The choice of these things of course saves much trouble, and helps to cover a multitude of sins in the singer. What is wanted, however, is for the intelligent amateur to exercise his own judgment, and to make his vocal repertory a matter of as much consideration as the choice of his coat, or the important duty of looking after his health in the matter of "what to eat, drink, or avoid."

In the matter of music there is much that may be called "levelling upwards." The tastes of amateurs are the guide of the professional. If the songs constantly issued from the press were not as constantly bought there would be an end to the business. Those who are prominently before the public have proved to a certain extent somewhat uncertain in their trustworthiness as musical guides. It is time that, in the matter of songs, for instance, a change should be effected. Why should amateur singers continue to sing songs whose words are more or less an insult to their reasoning powers? Why should not the song be selected for other qualities besides its melody and easy accompaniment? Why should the long winter evening be made an excuse for the perpetuation of weak, flabby, worthless, and often mischievous verses allied to music? Our amateurs and domestic musicians have eaten of the tree of knowledge and can judge between the good and evil for themselves without prompting. Let them bring common-sense to their aid and not follow an indifferent leader like a flock of sheep. The gain to art would be great out of such an effort. It will be impossible to exclude all that is valueless. The history of art proves the futility of any attempt of the sort. Somethings should be done towards showing posterity that we are not such fools as we look as far as the majority of the songs of the present day is concerned. Encouragement should be offered to all who are striving to get out of the beaten track, so that we may leave something to show that we are not worse, even if we are not better, than our fathers.

The wits of the song writers of a period run in grooves. No sooner has one discovered, or has fallen upon, a sentiment, an expression, or an idea, than all the rest of the poetasters follow with some variation of the theme. Ingenuity stands in the place of invention, and the one thought

which had found approval in popular fancy makes a complete circuit under different guises. The Chloes, the Strephons, the Phillises, and the Corydons, and the sham sentimentality and artificial pastorals which they represented, retarded the progress of popular song for more than a century. When Dibdin's vigorous verse fell upon the wearied ear, the rhymesters were roused to an activity which, however, only spent itself in copying the words selected, without attempting to improve upon them, or to extend the lines in the direction already laid down. Dibdin had all the genius necessary to make a national poet for England, but the fact that he was a musician as well, removes him from the parallel with the Scottish Burns on which he should have been placed as an Englishman. His verses and songs did not influence the manner of contemporary poets so much as might have been expected. They were felt to be inimitable. There was nothing unreal in them, and therefore nothing which could be seized and made a mania of. At the beginning of the present century manliness seems to have been replaced by morbid melancholy. The songs were of madness and disappointed love. These subjects were favorable to artificiality, and so they flourished for awhile, leaving traces of their existence in the influences they exercised over subsequent works, and a high-water stain, as it were, on the literature of their time as a record of the height of the flood of folly. Each successive generation has left a foolish line upon its song literature, and the many marks suggest reflections of a somewhat saddened character.

Time was when the song books contained songs, ballads, verses, and fancies which were "not for an age, but for all time." It cannot be denied that there are many which have been admitted to the pages of those same books which show that the current of popularity has sometimes rolled through the borders of the imbecile and the undesirable and carried some of their soil into sweeter and more wholesome lands. But there has been no age, until the present, which has not left a legacy of beautiful or stirring verse, be it small or great, for the admiration and envy of posterity.

Time was when the best of our poets were not surprised to find one of their readiest methods of appeal to the sympathies of their contemporaries through the song. Delicacy of thought, sweetness and charm of expression are to be found in the lyrics of Shakespeare, of Ben Jonson, whose "Drink to me only" has been pronounced divinely sweet; of George Wither, of Herrick, of Shirley, of Carew, of Lovelace, of Chalkhill and his "choicely good" "O the sweet contentment;" of Cowley, and others of their age. Their very names seem to breathe an air of invigorating freshness, and it is no wonder that the musicians of the present day, wearied and worn with the stifling atmosphere of stupidity and artificiality, should turn with a sigh of relief to the older poets and find in their verses the sympathetic chord which vibrates in tune with their own aspirations.

Time was when poets wrote harmonious verses, when the songs themselves were almost their own music; when they could be made to sing, as it were, out of their own melody. The reader of the present day, is filled with amazement at the genius of the song writers of the past, and he marvels why it is that wit, fancy, elegance, and power seem to have deserted the pens of those who now supply the musician with the medium of communication between themselves and the public. It is no stretch of the truth to say that the composers of the present can supply as good and as singable music as any of those of the past, whose earlier efforts have been fortunate enough to descend to a later generation on the wings of fame. It is a melancholy fact that while there are songs enough produced to fill many volumes of words alone, there is scarcely the ghost of an elevated thought among the whole number. They are marred in their imagery, their form of expression is childish when it is not irreverent, their sentimentality is a sham.

There are scarcely more than a dozen songs produced in as many years that kindle in the breast of the hearer a feeling higher than contempt, ridicule, or disgust. The lackadaisical ditty dealing with the dead kitten, the roofless house, the farm without the cow, the apotheosis of the shoeblack with its triplet accompaniment on the higher part of the pianoforte keyboard, may fit the fancies of the ultra-sentimental. The severe domestic afflictions in the shape of Babie, Girlie, Boyie, Nursie, Toffie, Candie, &c., may suit the palates of many, while the imperative demands on the part of the poet to "Lay him on the upper shelf," "Close the shutters all sold out," or "Come no more when daylight lingers," "Willie's cut his two front fingers," may appeal with irresistible power to the

souls of a certain class of the lovers of ballads as they are called, and may possibly find an echo in the "hollow hearts that wear a mask," but are there any reasonable beings who have ever asked themselves why their fancy has been led captive by that class of song which passes with the world as belonging to the sea? In these the whole of the wit seems to be centred in the mysterious words, "Yo ho, me boys," occurring more frequently than is required by any known canons of the poetic art. It is not proposed here to ask the pertinent question as to why the vocalists of the day do not disdain to stand up before the public and degrade their art, and their own artistic positions, by blandly declaiming such nonsense with all the power and charm which experience and natural gifts can impart to it. These are matters which probably concern their banking accounts more than any artistic relations. It may be that artists are at the mercy of the versifiers and their musical coadjutors, and are compelled to "take the goods the gods provide," without entering into the question of art at all. There can be no doubt but that future generations will look with pity, not to say commiseration, upon the present generation, not as a songless race, but as a race content and satisfied with verses having for the most part neither wit, reason, grace, grammar, sentiment, nor common-sense.

OTHELLO'S NEW OCCUPATION.

THE base-ball season being over, the young men who formerly exhausted the gray matter of their brains in describing the national game for the various newspapers are now detailed to other duties.

"Mr. Faber," said the city editor of an esteemed morning contemporary the other day, to one of these young men, "you may go to the Mozart concert to-night. Give us a good account."

"Yes, sir," replied Faber, and off he started. The following is a verbatim copy of his report: The Mozart concert was scheduled to come off at eight sharp, but it was eight-fifteen before the time was called.

Mr. Warmcastle and Miss Griffin went to the bat together, and executed a brilliant double-play with a duet of Beethoven's. Mr. Warmcastle got to first base, but Miss Griffin was caught out on the fly and the orchestra went to the bat.

It did phenomenal work with Gungl's march "Forward," there being not an error scored in the whole inning. The piccolo passage by Mr. Guzot excited howls of delight from the grand stand.

Miss Clarkson next undertook to deliver "The Shepherds," from Gounod. She made a wild pitch at first, but after that her work was more scientific.

The willow was then seized by Mr. Jeems, a phenomenal tenor, who has but recently signed with the Mozarts. He sang "Thy Sentinel Am I." The boys went wild over him, and he was generally voted a daisy.

The next inning consisted of a cornet solo, "Fantasie Hongroise," by Frank Hatfield, who made a decided hit with his long-winded passages. While Hatfield was at the bat, some neat center-fielding was done by Charles Daly, who handled the piano in a pretty style.

Mr. Stewart got there with both feet with his baritone solo, "Carnival di Venice." We understand a Chicago club has offered two thousand dollars for Stewart's release, but the Mozarts freeze to him like grim death. Mr. Wallace was behind the bat with a flute obligato during this inning.

In the final inning, there were several curved pitches by Mr. Mercer on the flageolet. Miss Starkweather got in some fine work as a harpist and several clean hits were made off Mr. Dalrymple, who manipulated the 'cello.

When the game was called, it looked as though the instruments had whitewashed the singists, but through some oversight the official result was not announced.

There had been no scorer appointed, the umpire told us, but every player kept his own score. (Of course, under a method like this, it is useless to give any figures, for individual score-cards can never be depended upon.)

The second game of the series will be played on Thursday night.—*The Argonaut*.

"Do SPIRITS return?" asks a writer in a journal devoted to spiritualism. Well that depends. When you hide your whiskey in a fence corner, and a tramp comes along and discovers the flask, the spirits do not return. And this is also true when your wife finds your private bottle on the top shelf of the little-used cupboard, and pours its contents into the gutter. The spirits do not return.—*New York Weekly*.

A COMPOSITE MAIDEN.

When Delia on the plain appears
Awe'd by a thousand tender fears
—George Lord Lyttleton.

Then, like my shadow, close yet free,
The thought of her eye follows me.
—Dinah Maria Mulock.

Her eyes are stars of twilight fair,
Like twilights, too, her dusky hair.
—W. Wordsworth.

Imparting in its glad embrace
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace.
—Whittier.

For on her cheek the glow is spread
That tints the morning hills with red.
—Bryant.

Robes loosely flowing, hair as free—
Such sweet neglect much taketh me.
—Ben. Jonson.

Doth more bewitch me than when art
Is more precise in every part.
—Robert Herrick.

A fleeting moment of delight
Is sunned me in her cheering sight.
—Joanna Baillie.

Or lingered in the falling dew,
Where looks were fond and words were few.
—Allan Cunningham.

As if the soul that moment caught
Some treasures it through life had sought.
—Thomas Moore.

But, O, the change! the winds grow high,
Impending tempests charge the sky;
—Matthew Prior.

The flowers do fade and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields;
—Sir Walter Raleigh.

For when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had played.
—Cowley.

Then high she held her comely head,
"I can not heed it now," she said.
—Jean Ingelow.

"I loved thee once, I'll love no more;
Thou art not what thou wast before."
—Sir Robert Ayton.

A heart that stirs is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight is hard to blind.
—Charles Lamb.

You know when morn exultant springs,
When evening folds her drooping wings.
—Thomas Hillhouse.

The lovely toy so fiercely sought
Hast lost its charm by being caught.
—Byron.

—Queries for January.

THE BIRDS AND THE SONG-MAKERS.

PERHAPS the May games died out partly because the feelings which had given rise to them died out before improved personal comforts. Of old, men and women fared hardly, and slept cold; and were thankful to Almighty God for every beam of sunshine which roused them out of their long hibernation; thankful for every flower and every bird which reminded them that joy was stronger than sorrow, and life than death. With the spring came not only labor but enjoyment:

"In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love."

as lads and lasses, who has been pining for each other by their winter firesides, met again, like Daphnis and Chloe, by shaw and lea; and learned to sing from the songs of birds, and to be faithful from their faithfulness.

Then went out troops of fair damsels to seek spring garlands in the forest, as Scheffel has lately sung once more in his "Frau Aventure;" and, while the dead leaves rattled beneath their feet, hymned "La Regine Avrillouse" to the music of some Minnesinger, whose song was as the song of birds; to whom the birds were friends, fellow-lovers, teachers, mirrors of all which he felt within himself of joyful and tender, true and pure; friends to be fed hereafter (as Walther von der Vogelweide had them fed) with crumbs upon his grave.

True melody, it must be remembered, is unknown, at least at present, in the tropics, and peculiar to the races of those temperate climes, into which the song-birds come in Spring. It is hard to say why exquisite songsters, and those, strangely,

of a European type, may be heard anywhere in tropical American forests; but native races whose hearts their song can touch, are either extinct or yet to come. Some of the old German *Minnelieder*, on the other hand, seem actually copied from the songs of birds. "Tanderadei" does not merely ask the nightingale to tell no tales; it repeats, in its cadences, the nightingale's song, as the old Minnesinger heard it when he nestled beneath the lime-tree with his love. They are often almost as inarticulate, these old singers, as the birds from whom they copied their notes; the thinnest chain of thought links together some bird-like refrain; but they make up for their want of logic and reflection by the depth of their passion, the perfectness of their harmony with Nature. The inspired Swabian, wandering in the pine forest, listens to the blackbird's voice till it becomes his own voice; and he breaks out, with the very carol of the blackbird—

"Vogele im Tannenwald pfeifet so hell,
Pfeifet den Wald aus und ein, wo wird mein Schätze sein?
Vogele im Tannenwald pfeifet so hell."

And he has nothing more to say. That is his whole soul for the time being; and, like a bird, he sings it over and over again, and never tires.

Another, a Nienischer, watches the moon rise over the Löwenburg, and thinks upon his love within the castle-hall, till he breaks out in a strange, sad tender melody—not without stateliness and manly confidence in himself and in his beloved—in the true strain of the nightingale:

"Verstohlen geht der Mond auf,
Blau blau Blümelein,
Durch Silberwolkchen führt sein Lauf.
Rosen im Thal, Mädel im Saal, O schönste Rosa!

* * * * *
Und siehst du mich,
Und siehst du sie,
Blau, blau Blümelein,
Zwei treu're Herzen sah'st du nie;
Rosen im Thal, u. s. w."

There is little sense in the words, doubtless, according to our modern notions of poetry; but they are like enough to the long, plaintive notes of the nightingale to say all that the poet has to say, again and again through all his stanzas.

Thus the birds were, to the mediæval singers, their orchestra, or rather, their chorus; from the birds they caught their melodies; the sounds which the birds gave them they rendered into words.

And the same bird key-note surely is to be traced in the early English and Scotch songs and ballads, with their often meaningless refrains, sung for mere pleasure of singing:

"Binnorie, O Binnorie!"

Or—
"With a hey lilelu and a how lo lan,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie"

Or—
"She sat down below a thorn,
Fine flowers in the valley,
And there has she her sweet babe born,
And the green leaves they grow rarely."

Or even those "fal-la-las," and other nonsense refrains, which if they were not meant to imitate bird notes, for what were they meant?

In the old ballads, too, one may hear the bird key-note. He who wrote (and a great rhymer he was):

"As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane."

had surely the "mane" of the "corbies" in his ears before it shaped itself into words in his mind; and he had listened to many a "woodwele" who first thrummed on harp, or fiddled on crowd, how—

"In summer, when the shawes beshene,
And leaves be large and long,
It is full merry in fair forest,
To hear the fowles' song."

"The woodwele sang, and woude not cease,
Sitting upon the spray,
So loud it wakened Robin Hood
In the greenwood where he lay."

And Shakespeare—are not his scraps of song saturated with these same bird-notes? "Where the bee sucks," "When daisies pied," "Under the greenwood tree," "It was a lover and his lass," "When daffodils begin to peer," "Ye spotted snakes," have all a ring in them which was caught not in the roar of London, or the babble of the Globe Theatre, but in the woods of Charlecote, and along the banks of Avon, from

"The ouzel-cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill;
The throble with his note so true;
The wren with little quill;
The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray"—

and all the rest of the birds of their air.

Why is it, again, that so few of our modern songs are truly songful and fit to be set to music? Is it not that the writers of them—persons often of much taste and poet imagination—have gone for their inspiration to the intellect, rather than to the ear? That (as Shelly does by the skylark, and Wordsworth by the cuckoo), instead of trying to sing like the birds, they only think and talk about the birds; and, therefore, however beautiful and true the thoughts and words may be, they are not song? Surely they have not, like the mediæval songsters, studied the speech of the birds, the primeval teachers of melody; nor even melodies already extant, round which, as round a framework of pure music, their thoughts and images might crystallize themselves, certain thereby of becoming musical likewise. The best modern song-writers, Burns and Moore, were inspired by their old national airs; and followed them, Moore at least, with a reverent fidelity, which has had its full reward. They wrote words first, and left others to set music to the words. They were right, and we are all wrong. As long as song is to be the expression of pure emotion, so long it must take its key from music—which is already pure emotion, untranslated into the grosser medium of thought and speech—often (as in the case of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words") not to be translated into it at all.

And so it may be that, in some simpler age, poets may go back, like the old Minnesingers, to the birds of the forest, and learn of them to sing.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE VIOLIN FAMILY.

VARIOUS in form and always of unknown origin, instruments more or less related to the violin have been found the world over. Some of these are very primitive and imperfect, but still they have the distinguishing characteristic of the violin family—strings and bows.

The Ravanastron of India and Ceylon, which is said to have been invented by Ravana, King of Ceylon, some thousand of years before the Christian era, consists of a wooden cylinder, over one end of which a piece of skin or thin wood is fixed, serving as a sounding board, upon which is placed a small bridge. Attached to the cylinder is a handle furnished with two pegs for the two strings of that very ancient instrument. The Ur-heen or Chinese fiddle is an instrument similar to the Ravanastron, only it contains four strings. The single-stringed violin or monochord of Egypt is very much used throughout that country; but the ancient Egyptians appear to have been acquainted with a two-stringed instrument similar in shape to a guitar, but which may be excluded from the violin type, as there is every reason for supposing that no bow instruments were known in Egypt at that time. With such instruments the music they performed must have been of a very limited kind. We now come to what is supposed to be a more modern European instrument, although very old, viz. the Crwth or Crowd; some learned authors are of the opinion that the two names refer to two different instruments, but this must be left to those deeply versed in antiquarian lore. The earliest mention made of the Crwth or Crowd is in the poems of Venantius Fortunatus, Book V, who was Bishop of Poitou, where in an address to Lupus, Duke of Champagne, he states—

Plaudat tibi barbarus harpa,
Chrota Britanna canat.

Let the barbarian praise thee with the harp,
Let the British 'Crowth' sing.

This reverend poet wrote about the year 560, but it is generally supposed that the Crwth is of a much anterior date to this. At the same time it must be observed that the writer who thus mentions the British Crwth was an Italian; also that one essential and important distinguishing feature used by him to designate the style of music belonging to the Crwth, is in using the word canat (sing), thereby implying a quality in the instrument somewhat the same as the human voice. So far as our historical knowledge reaches, we find that music was everywhere connected with religion, so that we may say that instrumental and vocal music are as old as the desire of man to praise and magnify the Almighty. Among the ancient Egyptians, music and singing were much cultivated. In the reign of Sesostris, 1300 B. C., the priests had great singing schools. The Hebrews and Greeks accepted their music, but they improved and ennobled it; and the Christian Church originated. We might say that down to the seventeenth cen-

tury, music and singing were only cultivated for the church. Francis I. of France is said to have been the originator of a chamber-band in addition to the music of his chapel, and to have had violins; but there were musical establishments of this nature in the French court long previously. An anecdote is told of his having sent a band of accomplished musicians to Solymán, the second Emperor of the Turks, in 1543, who, having heard them three times, caused all their instruments to be destroyed, and after making them handsome presents, sent them out of the country on pain of death should they return; fearing that his people might become enervated by hearing them, and suspected that Francis had sent them over for political purposes, and to divert him from the business of war. There is also another story of much more recent date, where a band was sent over to some Eastern potentate, and on their first proposed performance, began as usual to tune, when the monarch and his grandees supposing this to be the commencement of the concert, were so astonished and ear-struck, that they sent the unconscious offenders back again as fast as they could without waiting for further proof of their skill.

The violin about this time was used as a military musical instrument in France, Spain, and several other parts of the continent as well as in Britain. In the memoirs of Count Grammont, a description is given of the siege of Lerida, in 1647, by the Prince de Condé, who ordered the trenches to be mounted at noonday by his own regiment, at the head of which marched four-and-twenty fiddlers. Night approaching, they were all in high spirits, their violins were playing soft airs, and they were comfortably regaling themselves, he thus pleasantly relates; whilst in the British army there was also a complement or violinists, who at that time were spoken of as being anything but a 'tetotal society.' Twenty-four was the number of fiddlers employed in the royal household of King Charles II, as well as in that of Henry IV. of France. Having referred briefly to the ancient bow instruments, we will pass on to the violin as we see and hear it now. In the sixteenth century we arrive at the era of the Amatis, and find the violin in its present form, when the details received the most careful attention, and everything connected with the instrument was calculated on scientific principles, and it possessed the power and tone, which, after a lapse of 300 years, have not been surpassed. Among the most celebrated makers, after the Amatis, comes Antonius Stradivarius, born in 1644 and died December, 1737. He was a pupil of Nicholas Amati, and made after his model until about the year 1690. From the year 1670 however he placed his own name in his instruments, having for the three previous years placed that of his master. The next period is that dating from 1686 to 1694. We here observe a marked advance in every particular. The form is flatter; the arching differently treated; the sound hole, which is a masterpiece of gracefulness, reclines more; the curves of the middle bouts are more extended, than in this makers later instruments; the corners are brought out, although not prominently so. Here, too, we notice the change of the formation of the scroll; he suddenly leaves the form that he had hitherto imitated, and follows the dictates of his own fancy; the result is bold and striking and often leaves the impression on the mind that it partakes much of the character belonging to the bodies of instruments, of his latter period. The varnish on the instruments belonging to the period under consideration is very varied, sometimes it is of a rich golden color, deliciously soft and transparent; in other instances he has used varnish of a deeper hue, which might be described as light red, the quality of which is also very beautiful. The secret of making this varnish has been lost, and it is therefore doubtful whether the instruments, made at the present day, will be found as durable as the old Italian violins, which improve by age. We now come to the Guarnerius family of violin makers. The greatest artist of this family was Joseph, the nephew of Andreas Guarnerius, he was born at Cremona on the 8th of June, 1683, and died in 1745. The tone of his instruments is brilliant and some of them are scarcely inferior to those of Stradivarius. The extraordinary performer Paganini played on one. Other makers of note of the Italian school were, Carlo Bergonzi, Gagliano, Guadagnini, Maggini, Ruggierius, Gaspard di Salo, and Testore. Of the German school we have Stainer, Klotz, and Jacobs. Of the French school we have Chanut, Gand, Lupot, and Vuillaume; and of the English school, Banks, Betts, Dodd, Duke, and Forster.

MUSIC IN EMBRYO.

THE expansion of music into its civilized form from first germs is not a process which the advance of human art is leaving in the past like the development of a manufacture. The most primitive stages of music-making can still be found in the world, notwithstanding our four thousand years or so of art-like and our strides of culture in the last century.

It differs, however, from many analogous processes of growth, by one very marked peculiarity. It is not uniformly progressive, advancing imperceptibly like the growth of a plant. Civilized music, as we know it, is distinctly duplex in character; and the assumption of what may be called its second factor is as distinct an event as the addition of acid to alkali to produce an effervescing draught. If we may take a parallel from natural growth, it might be found in the crab, the frog, and other animals whose embryonic type is distinguished by essential features from that of maturity.

In regarding music as a science, this requires clear recognition; and an acquaintance with almost any of the crudescent music of uncivilized races brings out the point with striking distinctness.

The two ingredients—if we may so define them—of civilized music are the expression of human emotion and the employment of a numerical or mathematical scale by which it is governed. This may sound trite enough, but it constitutes an absolute line of demarcation between what we may call infant and adult music. In uncivilized music we find the emotions controlling the scale; while in cultivated music the scale commands the emotions. The introduction of the scale element as its basis lifts embryo music at one step into a new phase, and the period when this occurs is as definite as the effervescing of a Seidlitz powder or the evanishment of a tadpole's tail.

And it cannot be maintained that the absence of scale extinguishes the attributes of music. There are peoples in the world at this moment very far from devoid of musical perception and talent, whose use of tones is wholly unregulated by scale; and in some respects their rendering of the emotions is forcible to a degree not easily attained under the rule of a scale, however much license may be taken with it. I have listened for hours to dramatic recital in non-graduated music; and although it conveys to the educated ear a peculiarly barbarous and unsatisfying impression, no artist would consent to say that it is not music at all. When in the midst of such a performance, the limitations of a scale lay their hand on the reins for a moment, the effect is intensely captivating. In the torrent of chromatic extravagance which, but for the words it carries, would be utterly wearisome, there suddenly floats up an unlooked-for suspicion of familiar melody, vanishing again like a dream just as it is grasped. And this is how the law of diatonic scale enters and gains its hold. The echo of the scale-melody may have fallen from distant civilization as the bird drops seed on the coral islands; but it takes root and perhaps lives on for a generation before chance sends another to supplement it.

Only the lowest grades of human intelligence are really not receptive of the scale-method; and there is many a central African savage who never sang three consecutive notes of a diatonic scale in his life who yet will pick up a "catching" melody as readily as a trained chorister.

Perhaps the most interesting evidences of this grafting of the scale-method into embryo music are to be found, at the present day, among those nations whose *locale*, both physically and in history, lies upon the threshold of civilization. The northern and western littoral of the African continent presents such a condition; and especially along the Europeanized seaboard of the Mediterranean. The jealously exclusive temper of the races dominated by the faith of Islam has held them for ages next door to actual barbarism, while the pressure of civilization close at hand has continually brought the "Kafir" and his new-fangled notions within their boundary. So, whether as Spanish invader, French politician, or English scientist, trader, or Christianizer, he has come and gone, and has left the memory of his scale-measured songs wherever he passed. Here and there it has held the fancy of the keen-eared Berber, who has woven it into his wild recitations of love and peril, and transmitted it to his children's children.

The imitative faculty is prompt and sympathetic. Over and over again, in remote corners of North-

West Africa, I have hummed or played on strings a distinct octave or other interval, with the express purpose of testing this in localities where scale-music was unknown. I have heard it instantly and intelligently repeated, showing how its responsive character was felt, and the nature of the scale perceived without being understood.

The presence of the scale, or even traces of it, in barbarian music is a certain indication of the proximity of civilizing influence in some shape. The ecclesiastical official known as the *mudhen* or muezzin, whose duty it is to announce the prayer hours from the mosque tower, illustrates this throughout Mahommedanism. In Cairo or Constantinople his cry is a chant of what we should call tuneful cadences; in Fez or Morocco it is an unmeaning howl. He will not introduce a Christian amendment into his custom if he can help it, but let his ear once have the opportunity of appreciating scale-tones, and he will use them instinctively in spite of himself.

The present Emperor of Morocco, after the organization of his infantry corps and body guard was undertaken some years ago by an English officer, determined on the formation of an instrumental band. The material for this was, of course, native talent of the least cultured order, and the reader's imagination of the early efforts of a brass band under such circumstances will perhaps raise a smile. Yet a listener could not deny that the performance of "God save the Queen," as given by a good ear combined with an imperfect recognition of scale tones, was even more interesting than laughable. In a surprisingly short time the scale-idea was fully grasped, and the result was most creditable.

If, however, we thus regard the musical scale as an exotic, and its grafting-in as a distinct epoch in the local existence of music, it is natural to inquire what is the origin of graduated tones; and on what occasion, or on how many occasions, they have been introduced into the world *de novo*. To answer such a question with precision is, of course, impossible. The number of individual intelligences which either have, or could have, originated the diatonic scale is perhaps very limited. Nature provides the octave, but art has cut it up; and the curious convention of perceptive faculty which is only satisfied by its division into eight unequal steps, hardly justifies us in saying that barbaric "ungraduated" music shows no sense of any scale at all. The necessity for precision in man's means of communicating with his neighbor has evolved language; and the same sympathetic need in music has evolved the scale. When therefore the cultivated man has presented to his more backward fellow this conventional foot-rule for expression in music, he has merely given him a *grammar* which moulds his tone-utterances into a language. Without the grammar his music is a Babel—but still music.

Before leaving the consideration of embryo musical art, I will notice one or two curious distinctive features of scale-less music which are widely spread.

One of the primary demands of our own perception of melody is that which requires us to bring it to a full close (either actually or by implication) on the tonic of the scale in which it opened. In a vast majority of instances the barbaric musician has adopted a different idea. He brings his subject to a close on the supertonic, or "second" of his key—conveying to our mind an effect something like that of ending a story with half a word and a hyphen. After constant observation of semi-savage music, I believe this *da capo* arrangement to be evidently designed to express the fact that the melody admits of being revolved *ad libitum*, like a Tibetan prayerwheel. It is often further emphasized, vocally, by the singer concluding with a sort of *glissando* plunge downward through an uncertain interval, which it would be very difficult to express in musical notation; but clearly intimating that he could go on again if required. The origin of this may perhaps be found in the species of dramatic recitation which is the vehicle for most music of that class. The conclusion of the story is always heralded by a wild rush of the repeated melody at double time, after which the effect of the full close on the supertonic, dropping down with a huge gasp to nowhere is most vivid and characteristic. It is a feature not wholly extinct in remote parts of Spain—an apt, but backward country in musical culture.

Another noticeable feature of "wild" music is the prevalence of triple time. It is said that if a child elects to use triple time by choice it is an evidence of superior musical capacity; if so, we must grant the same credit to the barbarian. The triplet is suggested by several natural sounds—such as the gallop of a horse or the cry of a bird—

and he therefore is readily led to reproduce it on the strings of his "gimbri," or on his drum. By such adaptations the talent of the "native" announces itself. As a rule; he has a healthy frame, keen senses, and often a discriminating ear. Add to these common emotions of humanity, and you have a ready pupil in the grammar of expression.

One of the most curiously incongruous impressions of barbarism I can recall from scenes of travel was that of hearing a very eminent Moor, who had probably never uttered a word in his life in any tongue but his own mongrel Arabic, doing his best to say "Birmingham." Yet in every instance where such efforts were made to acquire the pronunciation of an English word, the imitative faculty was keen and the ear correct. With two or three attempts the rough Arabic tongue always mastered the most intractable words with accuracy—why not then the less complex utterance of the common chord or simple diatonic scale?—O. H. H. in *London Musical Times*.

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

The Musical Union opened the present season with the following programme, which would appear light to audiences accustomed to hearing symphonic works, but which was excellently selected for the mixed public of a St. Louis audience.

1.—Torchlight Dance, *Flotow*, Orchestra. 2.—(a.) Solo for Piano, Etude and Prelude, *Chopin*. (b.) Caprice Espagnol, *Mossovski*, (Dedicated to Miss N. Stevens by the Composer), Miss Neally Stevens. 3.—Aria, "Che Faro," from "Orpheus," *Gluck*, Madame Jessie Bartlett Davis. 4.—Bal Costumé, (*Suite Caractéristique*). 1. Introduction. 2. Berger et Bergère. 3. Neapolitaine. 4. Andalouse. 5. Royal Tambour et Vivandière, *Rubinstein*, Orchestra. 5.—Ballad, "Angel at the Window," *Tours*, Madame Jessie Bartlett Davis. 6.—Suite for Orchestra, "Children's Joy," (First time in St. Louis). 1. March. 2. Cradle Song. 3. Top Spinning. 4. Duo—Little Boy and Girl. 5. Galop. *Bizet*, Orchestra. 7.—Piano Solo, (a.) Le Rossignol, *Liszt*. (b.) Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 15, *Liszt*. 8.—Ballad, "Retrospection," *Jessie Bartlett Davis*, Madame Jessie Bartlett Davis. 9.—Overture, "Catarina Cornaro," *Fr. Lachner*, Orchestra.

The work of the orchestra was unusually clean and smooth. It argued well for the remainder of the season. Mr. Waldauer has made a number of changes in its personnel, has infused a considerable amount of "young blood" into it, and apparently for the better.

Miss Neally Stevens, the pianist, made her first bow before a St. Louis audience. She proved herself a mistress of digital technique but it seemed to "ye editor" that she made an overuse of the pedal. This was undoubtedly the impression of the large majority of the *connoisseurs* present. Mr. Charles Kunkel, who sat well up towards the stage, comes to the rescue of his sister pianist and avers (a judgment not lightly to be passed over) that Miss Stevens did not at all over-use the pedal; in fact that she omitted its use again and again with the evident purpose of avoiding the confusion of sound due to "a piano in an abominable condition." It is to be regretted that an artist should be made to suffer in public estimation for the sins of an instrument. Mr. Read, of Estey and Camp, says that the piano was in excellent condition at two o'clock P. M. on the day of the concert; that the hall was then warm and that atmospheric changes could not have produced the result noticed above. In his opinion, the piano "was tampered with." It is to be hoped that, if such was the fact, the tampering was that of some ignorant rather than malicious person. Madame Jessie Bartlett Davis has the feeling of an artist and the vocal method of a chorus girl. A break between her upper and lower registers is so abrupt as to be unpleasant. We know nothing of Mme. Davis' early history, but we should infer from her work that she was largely a "self-made" singer—one who had developed rather than been educated. As between mere vocalization and intelligent interpretation such as Mme. Davis gave us we prefer the latter, but it takes both to make the great vocal artist.

The Choral Society gave its annual performance of "The Messiah" on Dec. 29th, with Mrs. Praetorius and Mrs. McCandless and Messrs. Knorr and Porteous as soloists. The work of the Chorus and of the orchestra was very good. Mr. Otten has gained confidence in himself as a leader of orchestra and the performance has gained greatly in that direction. Mrs. Praetorius and Mr. Knorr sang very acceptably, but Mr. Porteous' fine voice was not sufficient to make the audience unconscious of the fact that his attack was far from accurate; while once the awkward wait of several seconds caused by his expecting something from the orchestra which was not in the score, and hence did not come, bordered upon the ludicrous. Mrs. McCandless always sings well, when once she is fairly started, but—is it stage-fright, or a mere habit?—she is often at sea in the opening phrase of her numbers. In the quartettes this defect was especially noticeable and disagreeable.

The second concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club (assisted by Mrs. Peebles, soprano, and Mr. Dierkes, tenor) occurred on the 10th of January, when the following programme was rendered:

1. QUARTETTE—Op. 18, No. 2, *Beethoven*, (a) Allegro; (b) Adagio; (c) Scherzo; (d) Allegro molto. 2. TENOR SOLO—"May Song," *Gatterman*, Mr. Bernard Dierkes; Cello Obligato—Mr. Carl Froehlich. 3. SOPRANO SOLO—"Angel at the Window," *Tours*, Mrs. Louie A. Peebles. 4. QUARTETTE—a. "Angelus," *Liszt*; b. "Menuet de L'Arlesienne," *Bizet*. 5. TENOR SOLO—"Why Not?" *Abt*, Mr. Bernard Dierkes. 6. QUARTETTE—Op. 47, *Schumann*, (a) Allegro; (b) Scherzo; (c) Andante; (d) Finale.

The last number was the best rendered—in fact, it was the only one that did not plainly show want of sufficient preparation. This remark is intended to apply solely to the strings, however, as the playing of Mr. Ehling was throughout clear and elegantly accurate. The members of the club must bear in mind that a little more slipshod work and the public will notice the lack of practice we now complain of; besides, they themselves are too good musicians to wish to repeat a dangerous and unsuccessful experiment. Mr. Dierkes did not do justice to his first song, and his second song did justice neither to himself nor to the programme in which it was clearly out of place. The same remark is applicable to Mrs. Peebles' selection—good enough in its place, but out of place here.



OUR MUSIC.

"TO A SWALLOW," *Gustave Hoelzel*.

We have here a song of no great difficulty, written in excellent style and sure to please all lovers of music. The translation of the words by Mr. Geo. Cooper, is singable, even if it has failed to fully catch the spirit of the original and superior German original text.

"MAZURKA" (op. 20, No. 10) *E. R. Kroeger*.

Our readers are so well acquainted with the beauties of Mr. Kroeger's compositions that it is unnecessary for us to say anything more about this composition than that it is worthy of its author, and will well repay study and practice.

"DORNROESCHEN" (op. 140) *Franz Bendel*.

This graceful composition is one of the numbers of KUNKEL'S ROYAL EDITION, and as it is a composition with which not a few teachers are familiar in its original and cruder form, it may serve as an illustration of the care bestowed upon the works embraced in this edition. A single glance at the piece will show the greatest care in its phrasing and fingering, but aside from this we might well call the attention of the critical to the fact that in this edition the author has done away with certain inelegancies which through oversight had found their way in the unrevised version. This is markedly so on the second page where a number of cross relations have been corrected and a false sequence in the 4th line has been rectified. Other false progressions have been corrected on the third page. On the fourth page, it will be noticed that the trills have been written out in full and the cadence has been divided rhythmically, thus aiding the student in obtaining a correct interpretation of the composition.

"AU MATIN" (op. 83) *Benjamin Godard*.

This elegant composition of the famous French pianist has all the grace and finish of the French school. It is an excellent teaching piece.

"LA CASCADE" (op. 37) *E. Pauer*.

This is the composition upon which Pauer's reputation, to a considerable extent, rests. It is a great favorite among pianists and as such has been included in KUNKEL'S ROYAL EDITION. What we say in reference to "Dornroeschen" might be repeated here, but we simply refer our readers to the piece itself.

"IDEALS" (Valse Caprice) *August J. Beckmann*.

We do not claim for this composition much originality. It has marked reminiscences to Strauss, we think, but it is very melodious, easy of execution and sure to be popular.

The music in this issue costs in sheet form:

"TO A SWALLOW," <i>Hoelzel</i> ,	.35
"MAZURKA" (op. 20, No. 10) <i>Kroeger</i> ,	.35
"DORNROESCHEN" (op. 140) <i>Bendel</i> ,	.60
"AU MATIN" (op. 83) <i>Godard</i> ,	.35
"LA CASCADE" (op. 37) <i>Pauer</i> ,	.60
"IDEALS" (Valse Caprice) <i>Beckmann</i> ,	.35
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MAZURKA.

Op. 20. N^o 10.

E. R. Kroeger.

Allegretto Grazioso - 138.

The musical score is presented in five systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The piece begins with a *mf* dynamic and includes several measures with a *p* dynamic. The notation includes complex fingerings, slurs, and accents. Pedaling instructions are marked with "Ped." and asterisks. The score concludes with a final *Ped.* instruction.

First system of a piano score. The right hand features a complex melodic line with many slurs and fingerings (1-5). The left hand provides a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *mf*, *p*, and *mfz*. Pedal markings are present below the staff.

Second system of the piano score. The right hand continues with intricate melodic patterns. Dynamics include *p*, *mf*, and *f*. Pedal markings are present below the staff.

Third system of the piano score. The right hand has a more active melodic line. Dynamics include *mf* and *cres.* Pedal markings are present below the staff.

Fourth system of the piano score. The right hand features a melodic line with many slurs and fingerings. Dynamics include *rit.*, *mf*, and *a tempo.* Pedal markings are present below the staff.

Fifth system of the piano score. The right hand has a melodic line with many slurs and fingerings. Dynamics include *mf*. Pedal markings are present below the staff.

Sixth system of the piano score. The right hand features a melodic line with many slurs and fingerings. Dynamics include *mf* and *grazioso.* Pedal markings are present below the staff.

System 1: Treble and bass staves with fingerings and pedaling. Pedals are marked with 'Ped.' and asterisks. The system contains six measures.

System 2: Treble and bass staves with fingerings and pedaling. Includes dynamic markings 'cres.' and 'mf'. Pedals are marked with 'Ped.' and asterisks. The system contains six measures.

System 3: Treble and bass staves with fingerings and pedaling. Pedals are marked with 'Ped.'. The system contains seven measures.

System 4: Treble and bass staves with fingerings and pedaling. Pedals are marked with 'Ped.' and asterisks. The system contains seven measures.

System 5: Treble and bass staves with fingerings and pedaling. Includes dynamic markings 'mf', 'p', and 'mfz'. Pedals are marked with 'Ped.' and asterisks. The system contains seven measures.

System 6: Treble and bass staves with fingerings and pedaling. Includes dynamic markings 'molto cres.' and 'f'. Pedals are marked with 'Ped.' and asterisks. The system contains seven measures.

DORNROESCHEN.

THORN-ROSE

Franz Bendel, Op.140.

Andante espressivo. ♩ - 132.

legato.

The first system of musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand features a melodic line with various fingerings (2, 3, 4, 5) and slurs. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with notes and rests. Below the staff, there are markings for 'Ped.' and an asterisk, followed by the instruction 'Pedale ad lib.'

The second system continues the piece. It features a forte (*f*) dynamic in the right hand, which then transitions to a *dim.* (diminuendo) and finally a piano (*p*) dynamic. The left hand continues with its accompaniment. Pedal markings ('Ped.') and asterisks are present below the staff.

The third system shows the continuation of the musical piece. It includes a repeat sign in the right hand. Pedal markings ('Ped.') and asterisks are present below the staff.

2nd time
thus.

The fourth system concludes the piece. It features a *cres.* (crescendo) leading to a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand has a melodic line with fingerings (4, 5, 2, 3, 4, 5). The left hand continues with its accompaniment. Pedal markings ('Ped.') and asterisks are present below the staff.

un poco più mosso.

First system of a piano score. The right hand features a complex melodic line with many accidentals and slurs. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#).

Second system of the piano score. The right hand continues with intricate melodic patterns. The left hand accompaniment includes a *p* (piano) dynamic marking and a *cres.* (crescendo) marking.

Third system of the piano score. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs. The left hand accompaniment includes the lyrics "cen- do. molto." and a *f* (forte) dynamic marking. There are asterisks under some notes in the left hand.

Fourth system of the piano score. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs. The left hand accompaniment includes a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking and a dashed line with the number 8 above it.

Fifth system of the piano score. The right hand features a complex melodic line with slurs and fingering numbers (1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 4, 1, 3, 2, 3). The left hand accompaniment includes a *fz dim.* (forzando then diminuendo) dynamic marking and a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking. There are also slurs and fingering numbers in the left hand.

Sixth system of the piano score. The right hand has a complex melodic line with slurs and fingering numbers. The left hand accompaniment includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking and a dashed line with the number 8 above it.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a complex melodic line with numerous slurs and fingerings (1-5). The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *ppp* is present. A rehearsal mark *Red.* is located below the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features similar notation to the first system, with intricate fingerings and slurs in the treble staff. A dynamic marking of *ppp* is present. A rehearsal mark *Red.* is located below the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff shows a highly technical passage with many slurs and fingerings. The bass staff continues with harmonic support. A rehearsal mark *Red.* is located below the bass staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a series of slurs and fingerings. The bass staff has a more rhythmic accompaniment. A rehearsal mark *Red.* is located below the bass staff.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a complex melodic line with many slurs and fingerings. The bass staff has a more rhythmic accompaniment. A rehearsal mark *Red.* is located below the bass staff.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a series of slurs and fingerings. The bass staff has a more rhythmic accompaniment. A rehearsal mark *Red.* is located below the bass staff.

Seventh system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a complex melodic line with many slurs and fingerings. The bass staff has a more rhythmic accompaniment. A rehearsal mark *Red.* is located below the bass staff.

p una corde Melodia ben marcato.

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

Red. Red. Red. Red. * Red. Red.

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

Cantabile.

First system of musical notation. The right hand (treble clef) features a melodic line with a slur and a fermata. The left hand (bass clef) has a bass line with several chords marked "Red." and a final chord marked with an asterisk (*). Fingerings 5, 3, 2, 4, 3 are indicated above the right hand.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues the melodic line with slurs and fingerings 5, 1, 3, 4, 5. The left hand has a bass line with chords marked "Red." and some notes beamed together.

Third system of musical notation. The right hand has a series of slurs and chords. The left hand has a bass line with chords marked "Red." and some notes beamed together.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand has a series of slurs and chords. The left hand has a bass line with chords marked "Red." and some notes beamed together.

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand has a series of slurs and chords. The left hand has a bass line with chords marked "Red." and some notes beamed together. The instruction "sempre pp" is written in the left hand. The system ends with a double bar line and a final chord marked "Red." with a fermata. Fingerings 8, 8, 8, 5 are indicated above the right hand.

First system of musical notation. The right hand (rh.) plays a melodic line with a *ff* dynamic. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features similar melodic and accompanimental textures with dynamic markings and fingerings.

Third system of musical notation. The right hand has a *ff* dynamic. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Fourth system of musical notation. This system includes detailed fingering instructions for both hands, such as 5 4 5, 4 3 2 1, and 5 4 3 2 1. It concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand has a *ff* dynamic. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Sixth system of musical notation. The right hand has a *mf* dynamic, and the left hand has a *dim.* dynamic. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Handwritten musical score, first system. Treble clef, bass clef. Includes fingerings (1-5) and a dynamic marking *p*. A small asterisk *** is present below the staff.

Handwritten musical score, second system. Treble clef, bass clef. Includes fingerings (1-5) and a dynamic marking *pp*. A small asterisk *** is present below the staff.

Handwritten musical score, third system. Treble clef, bass clef. Includes fingerings (1-5) and a dynamic marking *pp*.

Handwritten musical score, fourth system. Treble clef, bass clef. Includes fingerings (1-5) and dynamic markings *rit.* and *mf a tempo.*. A small asterisk *** is present below the staff.

Handwritten musical score, fifth system. Treble clef, bass clef. Includes fingerings (1-5) and a dynamic marking *p*. A small asterisk *** is present below the staff.

Handwritten musical score, sixth system. Treble clef, bass clef. Includes fingerings (1-5) and a dynamic marking *p*. A small asterisk *** is present below the staff.

First system of a piano score. The right hand features a complex, rapid sixteenth-note pattern with various fingerings (1-5) and accents. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The word "Red." is written below the bass staff.

Second system of the piano score. The right hand continues with intricate sixteenth-note passages. The left hand has a simple accompaniment. Performance markings include "rit." and "pp a tempo." below the bass staff.

Third system of the piano score. The right hand's sixteenth-note pattern remains dense and technical. The left hand accompaniment is consistent. The word "Red." appears below the bass staff.

Fourth system of the piano score. The right hand features sixteenth-note runs with some triplet markings. The left hand accompaniment is steady. Performance markings include "un poco rit." and "a tempo." below the bass staff.

Fifth system of the piano score. The right hand continues with rapid sixteenth-note passages. The left hand accompaniment is steady. The word "cres." is written below the bass staff.

Sixth system of the piano score. The right hand features sixteenth-note passages with dynamic markings "sf" and "p". The left hand accompaniment is steady. The word "Red." appears below the bass staff.

AU MATIN.

AT MORN.

Benjamin Godard, Op. 83.

Andantino. ♩ = 72.

2nd time pp to *stringendo.* *rall.* *dim.* *p*

a tempo. *cres.* *stringendo.* *dim.* *p*

a tempo. *un poco animando.* *cres.* *mf* *cres.*

a tempo. *animando.* *rall. molto.* *f* *cres.* *mf* *cres.* *dim.* *pp*

a tempo. **tranquillo.** *cres.*

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

dim. *p*

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

rall. *cres.* *mf* *dim.*

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

a tempo *pp* *cres.* *dim.* *p*

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

Tranquillo. *pp* *pp*

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

cres. *dim.* *pp* *l.h.*

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *l.h.* *Ped.*

System 1: Treble and bass staves. Treble clef has notes with fingerings 2 4, 3 5, 1, 2, 4, 2 4, 2 1. Bass clef has notes with fingerings 3, 3. Dynamics: *f*, *mf*. Pedal markings: Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped. An asterisk is placed below the sixth measure.

System 2: Treble and bass staves. Treble clef has notes with fingerings 1 2 3 4, 2, 2 4, 3 5, 1, 3 1. Bass clef has notes with fingerings 3, 3. Dynamics: *f*. Pedal markings: Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped. An asterisk is placed below the fourth measure.

System 3: Treble and bass staves. Treble clef has notes with fingerings 2 4, 2 4, 2 4, 1 2 3 4, 2. Bass clef has notes with fingerings 3, 3. Dynamics: *f*, *mf*, *f*. Pedal markings: Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped. An asterisk is placed below the third measure.

System 4: Treble and bass staves. Treble clef has first and second endings. Treble clef has notes with fingerings 1 4, 2, 2. Bass clef has notes with fingerings 4, 2. Dynamics: *mf*, *f*. Pedal markings: Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped. An asterisk is placed below the first measure.

System 5: Treble and bass staves. Treble clef has notes with fingerings 2, 2. Bass clef has notes with fingerings 5, 1 2, 2, 3, 4. Dynamics: *dolce.*. Pedal markings: Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped. An asterisk is placed below the seventh measure.

System 6: Treble and bass staves. Treble clef has notes with fingerings 3 3 3 1 2, 2, 3. Bass clef has notes with fingerings 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2. Pedal markings: Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped., Ped. An asterisk is placed below the first measure.

TO A SWALLOW.

(AN EINE SCHWALBE.)

With moderate animation. (*Mässig bewegt.*)

Gustav Hölzel Op. 245.

Lightly and gracefully (*Leicht und grazios vorzutragen.*)

Was du weisst, und was du plau-derst, wie du
Do you know some pret - ty se - cret, That to
auch dein Köpfcchen wiegst, Ist das oh - ne Ab-sicht, Schwalbe, dass du zwitschernd
me so glad you fly! Have you come to tell it, swallow, That you sing and
mich um-fliegst? O der willst du mir was sa - gen, weit ge - reis - te Pil - ge -
lin - ger nigh! Do you seek to breathe the sto - ry Of your pil - grim - age so
rin! Willst mir Ge - gen - den be - schreiben, wo ich nie ge - we - sen bin!
wide! Or im - part your pain or glad - ness, Since you wan - der'd o'er the tide!

Willst du, das, dann schweig o Schwal-be, da für dank' ich dir nicht sehr;
ad lib.

If 'tis this, sing not, O swal-low! Gen-tle thoughts I've none for you;

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The piano accompaniment starts with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Weiss ich doch kein treu-es Au-ge, das mir nach säh' ü-ber's Meer!

No dear eyes are fond-ly watch-ing For me, o'er the bil-lows blue!

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. A dynamic marking "dim." is present in the piano accompaniment.

A-ber dort an je-nem Fen-ster, dort, o Schwalbe, bau' dich an,

But fly gai-ly to yon win-dow; Build your nest, O swal-low, there!

The third system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment includes various fingerings and articulation marks.

blick hin-ein an je-dem Mor-gen, flie-ge rasch zu mir so-dann;

Glance with-in, each ro-sy morn-ing, Bring to me a mes-sage fair!

The fourth system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment includes various fingerings and articulation marks. A "Ped." marking is present at the end of the system.

Sag' mir, dass sie sanft ge-schlummert, sag' mir, dass sie froh er-wacht, sag' mir

cres.

Say that she has soft-ly slum-ber'd; That her heart is free and light; Say that

Ped. *

dass beim Früh-ge-be-te mei-nes Na-mens sie ge-dacht! Sag' mir,

still my name she ut-ters In her pray'rs, each morn-ing bright! Say that

riten. *a tempo.*

Ped. *

dass sie sanft ge-schlummert, sag' mir, dass sie froh er-wacht, sag' mir,

she has soft-ly slum-ber'd; That her heart is free and light; Say that

Ped. * Ped. *

dass beim Früh-ge-be-te mei-nes Na-mens sie..... ge-dacht

still my name she ut-ters In her pray'rs, each morn-ing bright!

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

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PROTESTANT PRICK SONG.

HERE are in London (Eng.) two well-known public schools, founded upwards of three centuries since, says the *Musical Herald*, and known respectively as Dulwich College and the Blue Coat School, Christ's Hospital, Newgate Street. Prior to the Reformation, each of them was endowed with money for the purpose of providing the scholars with gratuitous instruction in "prick song" in perpetuity.

The donor of the fund in both instances appears to have been one John Dow, an enthusiastic amateur of the period, whose interest in the development of church music was fostered by his close friendship with Tallis, Byrde, Tye, Gibbons, and others.

Both these endowments are still a source of revenue, but it is doubtful if the *alumni* of either institution at the present time could even define the special branch of musical art intended by the donor to be taught. Indeed, the term is now entirely obsolete, save in some remote country English villages, where rustic musicians make use of the expression "pricked out" to imply "copied," when speaking of transcribed music.

The same definition applies to the term in its ancient form, having reference to the employment of proper musical notation instead of the primitive plain song of the Roman Catholic Church.

Protestant prick song was, in fact, the exact antithesis of Catholic plain song. It was also associated in the minds of the people at this period with secular music.

The strong Protestant sympathies of John Dow, more especially in the direction of church music, undoubtedly induced him to organize a scheme by which the musical advancement of the coming generation might be aided. That he, at all events, to some extent, succeeded in this laudable endeavor is a fact beyond question.

STEPHEN HELLER.

It is with regret that we record the death of this able musician, at Paris, France, which has been his home since 1838, on the 15th ult.

Stephen Heller, was born May 15, 1815, at Pesth, Hungary. He was an accomplished pianist, and composer of a large number of pieces for his instrument, mostly on a small scale, but generally elegant in form and refined in diction. He has for more than thirty-five years enjoyed great popularity amongst cultivated musicians the world over. His first publication was a set of variations in 1829. Next to his numerous *etudes* and preludes, the best of his publications consist of several series of *Morceaux* put forth under quaint titles, such as "*Promenades d'un Solitaire*" [Promenades of a hermit] (taken from Rousseau's letters on botany), "*Blumen, Frucht und Dornen Stücke*" [Flower, fruit and thorn pieces], (from Jean Paul), "*Dans les Bois*," [In the woods], "*Nuits Blanches*," [White (i. e. sleepless) nights], etc. A "saltarello" on a phrase from Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony (op. 87), five Tarantellas (op. 53, 61, 85, 87), a Caprice on Schubert's "Forelle" (known as "La Truite"), are pieces wherein Heller shows his delicate ingenuity. He has also put forth four solo sonatas and, together with Ernst, the violinist, a set of "*Pensées fugitives*" for piano and violin, which have met with great and deserved success.

Having appeared in public at Pesth at an early age, he made a tour through Germany, and settled for some years at Augsburg, where after a prolonged illness he found ample leisure to pursue his studies. Of late years he has rarely played in public, but was much esteemed as a teacher and composer. He visited England in 1862, and played at the Crystal Palace, with Halle, on May 3, in Mozart's concerto in E flat, for two pianos. His "Life and Works" are the subject of a monograph by H. Barbedette, translated into English by Rev. R. Brown Borthwick, 1877.

CUSTOMER (in grocery store, picking away at the raisin box): "What are these raisins worth, boy?" Boy: "Five cents." Customer: "What, only five cents a pound?" Boy: "No; five cents for wot you've eat."

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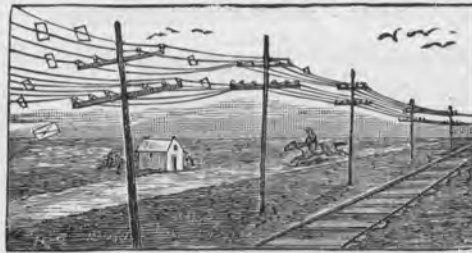
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BOSTON.

BOSTON, January 20, 1888.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—Boston has gone wild over young Hofmann, and with good reason! To see a little child of ten years sit down and execute with the greatest ease, works that tax adult pianists to the utmost, to see him memorize programmes that make aged professors tremble, to see him extemporize on themes in a manner which the musicians who give the themes could not equal, is to at once acknowledge that a wonderful prodigy has arisen in music, a prodigy only to be ranked with Mozart, or with Liszt as a boy. I have seen much of the lad since he has been here and can say that his great success has not turned his head, nor has it made him less of a child. The work of the concert room seems to sit lightly upon him, for even after playing a Beethoven Concerto his elasticity is not impaired and he frolics around the green room seemingly as fresh as ever. But how it will be when the wear and tear of travel is added to the work of the concert room, who can say! His physical strength is great for one so young. His hand is large, firm, yet fleshy, and the wrist muscles are remarkably developed. His playing is phenomenal in its rhythmic exactness, although of course it will require experience before he can give Beethoven's fullness of poetic thought. His improvisations are charming but rather homophonic in character; when he has studied counterpoint all this will improve, but even with all the "ifs" and "buts" the boy stands forth as the musical wonder of the nineteenth century. Nevertheless a series of concert tours may take the bloom from the peach, and may turn into a mere virtuoso, what nature intended to be a great composer as well as a pianist.

The boy visited the New England Conservatory of Music and I wish you could have seen the absolute amazement of the students who were toiling up Parnassus to find this little giant so easily scale the heights which they find so difficult to attain. The New England Conservatory students have had exceptional advantages recently in receiving calls not only from Hofmann, but from Adele aus der Ohe, who played for them Liszt's great Polonaise in E in a grand manner, and Mr. McGuckin, the Irish singer, who rendered some tenor arias in artistic style. Speaking of tenors leads me to add that the Hayden Medal which Mr. George Henschel donated to the institution to be awarded each season to its best tenor singer (in competition) has been completed, and is a fine specimen of the numismatic art.

In the Symphony Concerts Miss aus der Ohe has been the most attractive soloist. She played Beethoven's Emperor Concerto (No. 5 in E flat) and gave it with so much reverence for the composer's ideal that she rose enormously in my estimation, for I had only heard her previously in dashing works which displayed great technique and virtuosity, and she seemed to delight in these qualities. The greatest symphony given was the Fantastique by Berlioz which was performed in an unapproachable manner, and until its last movement, absolutely defied criticism, but at the finale—the scene in hell—Mr. Gericke's conservatism led him to attempt to curb the fiends too much, he tried to make the devils behave in a decorous manner, he repressed the E flat clarinet which should have screamed forth its theme, and tried to make it gently give its parody of the tender melody on which the work is founded. It was Satan in white kid gloves. But with this exception the work was as fine as any performance I have heard of it, and it is the most glowingly colored symphony in the whole repertoire.

Locke's Opera Company has been here. The representations which it gave, of Rubinstein's opera of "Nero" drew crowded houses every time. Why? I do not know for it is certainly not a masterpiece with all its dissonances, its constant crashes and its bombastic orchestration. Only in the third act does it become natural and melodious, and here Rubinstein becomes for the time a great composer. But it should end with this act, with the death of the heroine—Chrysa, and not maunder on with Nero's subsequent fate, merely in an effort to be accurately historical. I believe the cut will yet be made. Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," though not the greatest of works, is to my mind, much superior to "Nero." Such works as "Aida" and "Lohengrin" sadly overweighed the company, and were unequally done, but in "Tannhäuser," thanks to the heroic tenor, Eloi Sylva, and in the "The Flying Dutchman," thanks to the splendid portrayal of Senta by Miss Emma Juch, and of the Flying Dutchman by Mr. Ludwig, the success was marked.

Chamber concerts have fled away during the opera weeks, and only those by Mr. Petersilea, and by the Euterpe Club have held the field. In the former (a set of five) a novelty is introduced: Mr. Louis C. Elson appears before each part and gives an instructive discourse upon the works to be performed. This is a new thing for the hub, for it is not often that the Bostonian will allow himself to be instructed. Nevertheless, thus far the idea has proved successful, and the audience enjoy the concerts from the high level of the critic for the time being and therefore become fully the equals of COMES.

"THAT Parisian trick—the Vanishing Lady—that Hermann does is a great one," said Jones. "He covers a lady with a veil; and after a little maneuvering, removes the veil, and the lady has disappeared." "That's nothing to a young lady in our boarding-house," answered Brown. "I have seen ten or twelve persons in the parlor, and this young lady come in, sit down to the piano, and begin to play and sing. In two minutes all the rest had disappeared. Talk about Hermann! He ain't a patch to her."

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But the fact cannot be gainsaid that, inasmuch as "pathos is beauty's immortal charm," so the romantic element in the composer's nature finds fitting utterance in the language of harmonic contrast.

Intensity of expression has certainly been achieved by writers of a past age by the employment of the simplest harmonies; but modern thought seems to require special means of expression, as evidenced by the extended use of dissonances and the augmentation of orchestral resources. If the acoustical origin of the discord be considered, it affords material for the formulation of a theory that is as curious as it is interesting to the philosophic mind, revealing, as it does, an extended application of the principle governing its existence.

If we cause to vibrate gently the lowest string of a violoncello, we hear distinctly the following natural "harmonics;" octave, twelfth, fifteenth, seventeenth, and nineteenth above the fundamental tone, thus forming a complete concord. If we strike the same string more forcibly we obtain, in addition to the foregoing, a flattened twenty-first, a discord, etc.

So it is in life. In our childhood our aspirations are limited, and all is sunshine. As we increase in years we become endowed with greater energy, and meet with obstacles or discords; and until these discords are resolved, or in other words, the hindrances are removed from our path, our enjoyment is marred, but only to be intensified later by the satisfaction arising from the consciousness that we have gained a victory and conquered adverse circumstances.

Music without the presence of discords would resemble a life without incident to breaks its wearisome monotony—*Musical Herald.*

HOLMES ON PIANO PLAYING.

THE following will make our readers smile, but whether at the "autocrat," or at the object of his animadversions will depend largely upon the views of the reader. Oliver Wendell Holmes is a very narrow-minded man in some directions, and while his writings are always interesting, they are frequently far from just. But, list to Oliver:

"I don't like your chopped music, any way! That woman—she had more sense in her little finger than forty musical societies—Florence Nightingale, says that music you pour out is good for sick folks, and music you pound out isn't. Not that, exactly, but something like it. I have been to hear some music pounding. It was a young woman, with as many white muslin flounces round her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music-stool a whirl or two, and fluffed down on it like a whirl of soap-suds in a hand-basin. Then she pulled up her cuffs as if she was going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and her hands—to limber 'em, I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the keys, from the growling end to the little squeaky one. Then these two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop—so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another jump and another howl, as if the piano had two tails and you had trod on both of them at once, and then a grand scramble, and stirring of jumps, up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than like anything I call music. I like to hear a woman sing, and I like to hear a fiddle sing, but these noises they hammer out of their wood and ivory anvils—don't talk to me. I know the difference between a bullfrog and a thrush."



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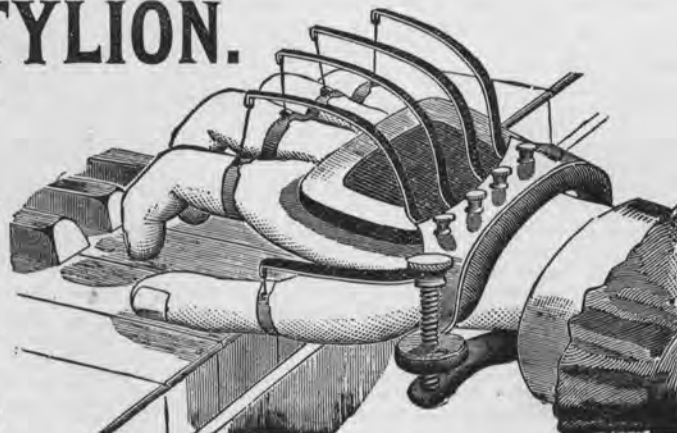
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MAJOR AND MINOR.

A MONUMENT is to be erected in his native town of Zittau, to Heinrich Marschner, the composer of "Der Templer und die Jüdin."

MADAME PAULINE LUCCA, the well-known prima donna, is about to establish a vocal academy in the Austrian capital, where she has resided for many years past.

A GERMAN paper says that "The sensation of seeing violin fairies on the stage is losing its power, and flute-fairies or alto-violin-fairies alone would produce a sensation."

SCHUMANN's "Paradise and the Peri" was included in one of M. Colonne's recent Concerts at the Paris Chatelet, this having been the first performance of the work in France.

The death is announced, at Hamburg, of Theodor Michaelis, a composer of orchestral music, whose "Turkish Patrol" made the tour of the world some years since. He was born at Altona, in 1831.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN is just now engaged upon the composition of a sacred work intended for stage performance, entitled "Moses," and for which he has invented the novel designation of "Operatic Oratorio."

A PRIZE of 500 lire having been offered some time since by the Cercolo Aristico, of Turin, for the setting in music of an operatic libretto, "Una Tazza di Thé," no less than seventy-three competitors have sent in their compositions.

AN opera, "Cymbelina," by the Maestro Van Westerhout, of Naples, has recently been performed in that town, before a select audience of connoisseurs, by whom it was much applauded. The libretto is founded upon Shakespeare's play, the author being Signor Golisciani.

THE following very remarkable epitaph can be seen in All-Saints' Churchyard, Hertford, England:
"To the memory of Charles Bridgeman, born August 20, 1778, died August 8, 1878. For eighty-one years organist of this parish. A tribute of affection and respect."

C. T. Sisson, a few months younger than when he was last here, paid St. Louis a visit the other day. He sold Bollman Bros. "a big bill of organs"—just how many thousand he did not say—and was so happy that he composed a new waltz on the strength of it.

WEBER's posthumous (fragmentary) Opera, "Die drei Pintos," as completed by Herr Mahler, is to be produced for the first time on the 20th inst., at Leipsic, and will doubtless make the round of German theatres, those of Berlin, Hamburg and Dresden being likewise already engaged upon mounting the interesting novelty. The score of the "Pintos" will shortly be published by the firm of C. F. Kahnt, of Leipsic.

THE NEW DRESS STAY.—The new dress stay, "Featherbone," is rapidly gaining favor in foreign lands, as well as on its native continent. It is finished in three styles—thread, cloth, and satin covered—the latter making the most elegant finish for fine dresses of any stay now upon the market. Its delightfully flexible nature allows the wearer ease, comfort and freedom, at the same time keeping the seams perfectly smooth, which makes this stay a prime favorite with ladies who appreciate the appearance of a well-fitting garment.

It was in Vienna. Jenny Lind had been singing in "Sonnambula," and after the curtain fell on the last act the audience persistently encored the final rondo, which Jenny Lind hesitated to sing again. The house was getting uproarious, when she came forward and said, "Five minutes for lemonade." Accordingly, after a five minutes' rest and a glass of lemonade, she repeated the song. Archduke Franz Karl, who was there, sent for the manager, and, in familiar Vienna dialect, said to him, "Give my compliments to Miss Lind, and tell her I am very sorry; but the people have no consideration. Tell her, also, that I waited till she had sung her song again."

SUCH paragraphs as the following, appearing in the columns of so excellent a paper as the London Musical Times, strike an American as echoes of the middle ages:

"Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of "A Short History of Cheap Music," recently published by Messrs. Novello. The copy accepted by Her Majesty was one of a few printed on specially prepared Japanese paper and bound in the highest style of the art."

Well, who cares, anyhow? "Her Majesty" is said to be a fair amateur musician and one of her sons fiddles a little, ergo—what?

WHEN at rehearsal, Gounod sings a passage himself in order to show how he wants it done, and it is wonderful how much expression he puts into it. His formerly fine tenor voice shows the effects of age, and he is often hoarse; but these things do not prevent it from being still an admirable inimitable voice, superior to that of the most wonderful virtuoso because it is true in the sentiment. I remember how great was my surprise when I first heard him sing several years ago. Then he sang something from "The Marriage of Figaro," and as I heard Gounod translating the genius of Mozart with his own God-given talents, I was simply enchanted. He opened his little piano-desk, touched the keys with his fingers, and sang a few bars only. It was a revelation in music—a something sublime marked by great simplicity. A musical phrase when it passes his lips is transformed, and this is equally true even when what he is saying has been composed by another than himself.

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The importance of distinct enunciation in singing was well illustrated in a Sunday-school recently. The scholars frequently sing:

"Pass along the watchword, shout it as you go,
Victory! victory over every foe!"

A little girl of five years, coming for the first time to Sunday-school, was greatly pleased with the singing of this hymn. When she reached home, she said:

"Mamma, they sung such a funny song at Sunday-school."

"What is it?" asked her mother.

"Oh, they sang, 'Pass along the wash-rag,' over and over."

We are indebted to Mr. C. C. Converse, of Erie, Pa., for a copy of his new American National Hymn "God for Us." The melody of this composition is singable and has the martial rhythm which properly belongs to such hymns. The harmony is simple, though strictly correct. The work is evidently that of a sound musician. It has apparently struck a popular chord since orders for it are said to have already reached 100,000 copies. It is also arranged for bands. The arrangement for twenty pieces costing only one dollar. The vocal arrangement, we forgot to state, costs only one cent a copy. It is published by Clarence Converse, Erie, Penna.

CONGREGATIONAL singing is fitted to lift one to the gate of heaven. I do not know where I have been more profoundly moved than by the music I used to hear in the church in Germany. There was nothing else there to move me, for at that time I could not follow the German language at all. The Germans call music "world speech," and it produces a great feeling. As to artistic choirs, it may be that they sing not with the spirit, but with the understanding, and so produce little feeling. It may be, also, that the spirit overcomes the understanding, and your artistic choir becomes a minister of God. To have music given to us in the churches by a frivolous choir, who sing only with the understanding, and never with the heart, is a kind of sacred hurdy-gurdyism, which I hope will soon come to an end.—Joseph Cook, "Musical Reform."

THE Viceroy of Sicily, wishing to show Gabrielli particular attention, invited her to dinner, and as she did not turn up at the proper time, sent a special messenger to remind her that the hour had come. She was found lying on the sofa reading a book, and she declared that the engagement had entirely escaped her memory. The Viceroy was ready to overlook her rudeness; but in the evening, singing at the opera-house, she showed herself intolerably capricious, acting negligently and singing all her airs in a whisper. The Viceroy sent word to her that he was seriously displeased, when she replied that he might force her to cry but could not compel her to sing. At last, exasperated by her obstinacy, he sent her to prison for twelve days. Here she entertained her fellow-captives, paid their debts, gave them money for themselves, and sang her finest songs in her finest style every day until, amid the rejoicings of the grateful prisoners, she was liberated.

A LETTER written at one time by the Emperor of Germany to Herr von Hülsen has just come to light. It is an exceedingly amusing document, and reads as follows:

"My daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden, has asked me if it were not possible to produce in Berlin one of Wagner's latest operas, which, I am given to understand, consists of a cycle. I know nothing further about these works but that Liszt attempted to read them in Weimar; the notes, however, are said to be so mad that the plan of producing the work was forthwith abandoned. I now ask you for information in regard to this matter. The aforesaid Wagner's petition to conduct the rehearsals in person is a political question which others will have to decide upon. WILLIAM."

GOUNOD.—While the Tribunal de la Seine was taking testimony as to M. Carvalho's responsibility in the recent disaster at the Opera Comique, M. Gounod was put upon the stand. He said, in answer to sundry questions:

"I can only speak of M. Carvalho as of an artist. Considered as a theatrical manager, I cannot say much about him. Composers are like the makers of sweets, they write music, but consume but little. [Laughter.] When a man has set down music all day long at home, he does not like to start out of evenings and hear his confreres' productions. [More laughter.] Hence, I seldom go to the theater, and on that account know nothing of M. Carvalho's evening work."

THE sale of every scrap of property left by the late poor King of Bavaria is proceeding apace at Munich and other places. Even a royal stag, a favorite animal of his majesty, was to be brought under the hammer, but the noble animal has had the good sense to elude his pursuers by bolting into the forest wilderness of Hohenschwangau. Among things lately sold were the splendid dresses in which Louis loved to dress himself when personifying *Lohengrin* and *Tannhauser* in his nocturnal journeys in the Bavarian Mountains. They fetched good prices, but their destination would no doubt make the sensitive art prince turn in his grave were he cognizant of it, their purchaser being a Viennese actor, who hopes to gain notoriety by appearing in them.

A WRITER in the New York Sun says that James H. Paine, who has become famous since the romantic story of his fortune came to light, was at one time in a hall on the occasion of a classical concert, and his wretched dress and offensive manners aroused the audible criticism of several people near him. "How did the tramp get in here?" was the comment. Paine turned around at the conclusion of the number, and remarked that he knew more about music than all the people in the audience. He was present as a critic for a newspaper, and on the following day he told Mr. Chickering of the episode, and declared that he had more money in his pocket than all the people in the hall put together. Mr. Chickering did not believe it at the time, but it was probably true.

EXPRESSION is both the outward grace and the animating soul of music. Even children may be taught to seek it, if they are once shown how necessary it is to artistic effect. The superintendent of a Western Sunday school, a hearty energetic man, who evidently understood children, thus gave his boys and girls an illustrated lecture on singing with a meaning: The performance of one song did not please him at all, and his way of correcting it was very characteristic.

"Now, children," he cried, "if your uncle were to give you half a dollar, you wouldn't go to your mother and say, in a mournful tone of voice: 'Mamma, uncle's been and given me fifty cents.' No, you'd rush up and exclaim, 'Mamma, only fancy! Dear Uncle John! You'll never guess what he's gone and done! He's given me a whole half dollar, all to myself!' And so you sing as if you only half believed it, 'I—leave to t-e-l-l the sto-ory!' when you should shout it with your heart and soul."

After that criticism the children did sing it as if they meant it, and made the church ring with their glad voices.

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EMIL GÖTZE, the tenor, is not only an adept in the culture of the human voice, but also in the art of warbling like the birds of the forest. He imitates to perfection the notes of all the feathered tribe without twitching his lips, or, indeed, moving a muscle of his face, preserving all the while a look of perfect indifference as though the matter did not concern him in the least. In short, just as the world abounds in ventriloquists, so Götze belongs to the much more select circle of—ventrosibilants. One day Götze visited a toy shop and asked to be shown a few "speaking dolls." No sooner had he touched one of the figures on the critical spot than, to every one's amazement, it did not scream like a baby, but sang like a canary. The wonder increased when he snatched up another puppet, representing a clown, which gave out a note like that of a quail. In this way he took up all the dolls in turn, until the shopman began to think the unknown customer was a sorcerer, and he was considerably relieved when Götze told who he was.

THERE is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is a time when a sharp voice is apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a sharp, quick tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed, you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep its tone throughout life.—*Eithu Burrell.*

EVERY child in Bohemia must study music. The law enacting this is old; it was once repealed, but is now in force again. Herein, I consider, lies one great secret of the natural talent for music in my country. Our national tunes and chorales come, as it were, from the very heart of the people, and beautiful things they were. I intend some day writing an oratorio, into which I shall introduce some of these chorales. The Slavs all love music. They may work all day in the fields, but they are always singing, and the true musical spirit burns bright within them. How they love the dance, too! On Sunday, when church is over, they begin their music and dancing, and often keep it up without cessation till early in the following morning. Each village has its band of eight or ten musicians—I belonged to ours as soon as I could fiddle a little. It is supported by the dancers, who pay nothing to go in, but in the middle of their polka or waltz a couple is stopped by one of the musicians, and not allowed to continue until they have paid as many kreutzers as they can afford. When all is over, the band divide their earnings, and mine, of course, used to be handed forth with to my father.—*Dvorak's Autobiography.*

"I LIKE you," said Napoleon to Talma, "because you are always the personage you represent. Pompey, Caesar, Augustus, that shy politician, can never have resembled actors who are always on the stage and absorbed in getting themselves applauded. They used to speak and not declaim; and even at the tribune or at the head of armies they were orators, and not actors. Look you, Talma," added the Emperor, "you often come to see me in the morning. You meet a number of people. There are Princesses who have been robbed of their lovers, Princes who have lost their dominions, Kings of yesterday whom war has brought to the top, victorious generals who are hoping for or asking for crowns. There are round me deluded ambitions, ardent rivalries, catastrophes, sorrows concealed at the bottom of the heart, afflictions which force their way into notice. Certainly, there is plenty of tragedy; my palace is full of it, and I myself am assuredly the most tragic of the figures of the time. Well, do you see us raise our arms in the air, study our gestures, assume attitudes, affect airs of greatness? Do you hear us utter cries? Doubtless no. We speak naturally, as each one speaks when he is inspired by an interest or a passion. So did the people who, before us, occupied the world's stage and also played tragedy on the throne. These are the examples to follow."—*Sisot's Declamation.*

In this number of the REVIEW we call the attention of our patrons and the public to the advertisement of the C. O. Hillstrom & Co. Organs, manufactured at Chesterton, Ind. Mr. Hillstrom is proprietor of one of the most extensive and splendidly equipped factories on this continent. It covers a space of about four acres, in which is included a handsome park and grounds. The capacity of this plant is about twenty organs per day. The factory is lighted throughout by gas manufactured on the premises. The heat for the factor and that supplied to the dry-kiln is furnished by a "Boston Blower." Mr. Hillstrom is a native of Sweden; and King Oscar, hearing of the success and renown of his former subject, ordered of him for his own use one of his finest organs. This enterprising manufacturer has organized a Silver Cornet Band of sixteen pieces, with which he proposes to boom the organ as well as presidential campaign.

"MARY," said the old gentleman, severely, "I think I saw you embracing young Blinksersly this evening." "Perhaps you did papa." "And yesterday evening Snifkins had his arm around your waist." "Well, papa?" "And the night before that it was Brown whose arm encircled you." "What of it papa?" "Nothing, only I think it's about time for me to take up the franchise for this associated press arrangement."

FRANCE INVITES AMERICA TO PARTICIPATE IN HER INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE President has sent Congress a special message recommending that the invitation tendered to the United States by the French government to participate in an International Exposition of works of art and the products of industry and agriculture, to be opened in Paris on May 5, 1889, and closed on Oct. 3 following, be accepted.

He draws attention to the advantages which the various industries of the country derived from the Paris Exposition of 1878. There are some features of striking interest in connection with this exposition, and the manner in which the invitations to participate in it have been received. Mr. Perry Belmont, Chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, is of the opinion, says the *Art Journal*, that the invitation ought to be promptly and heartily accepted, especially as every monarchical government in Europe has officially declined the invitation of the French Republic to take part in the exhibition. On the other hand, all the Republican governments, including Switzerland, have signified their acceptance of the invitation.

The Spanish American republics have been, nearly all of them, prompt in their replies. Our neighboring Republic of Mexico was about the last to respond, but has finally given assurances of its hearty concurrence. He admitted that he had already in preparation a bill for presentation to the House as soon as the message was received, framed somewhat on the act passed in regard to the exposition of 1878. He was also preparing a joint resolution to readmit free of duty the exhibits sent to France.

Mr. Belmont added that he thought the earnest and active sympathies of every American were due to the French Republic. The people were constantly subject to foreign and dynastic intrigues directed against the very existence of the institutions they were endeavoring to maintain. And during all their struggles for self government they were yearly approaching more nearly a perfect form of republicanism, without violence and without endangering the public peace.

He sincerely believed the French people were desirous of maintaining peace both with Germany and other powers. They wished for peace and internal improvements to develop their resources. Many of their most prominent statesmen—Waddington, Clémenceau, Ribot and others—were married to American ladies, and took the warmest interest in the prosperity of the United States. There was an eager desire on the part of the influential, thinking men for American sympathy and friendship, and he thought a prompt and generous response to the invitation would, under the circumstances, be a just and graceful act on the part of the Congress of the United States.

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THE "MISERLY" HUMMEL.



HE composer, pianist and teacher, Johann Nepomuk Hummel, in whose honor a monument has lately been erected in his native place, Pressburg, was not only a prominent artist, but also an excellent man. Many a family has been saved from destitution by Hummel's generosity, without even his name having been allowed a mention. Only after his death his wife found in a secret drawer of his desk Beethoven's letters of thanks for many monetary gifts received from the pianist. Yet his eccentricity in pecuniary matters on other occasions procured for him the reputation of miserly parsimony.

To quote an instance: During an excursion near Karlsbad, in company with the celebrated actor, Genast, Hummel had to receive one kreutzer (a little over one farthing) change in the settlement of some trifling expense. Genast, not having such a small coin about him, proposed to Hummel to remain indebted to him for the same until the next opportunity. But Hummel insisted upon his friend getting change there and then, so that the matter might not be forgotten. Yet the same man handed readily fifteen thalers to Genast, a few days later, on behalf of a needy family.

Hummel's wrangles with his publishers were frequent. Being one day invited to a sumptuous supper by a well-known publisher, just at the time when the composer asked 11,000 thalers for his celebrated "Clavierschule," which the publisher declined to give, and these negotiations being referred to at the supper-table, the latter, at last somewhat angered, exclaimed, "You composers have all gone off your heads, or you could not expect us poor publishers to pay such extravagant sums," to which Hummel, likewise rather warmly, replied, "How could you publishers give such fine suppers if you did not get them out of us poor composers?" These little outbursts of temper were, of course, greeted by the remainder of the company with merriment, in which composer and publisher subsequently heartily joined.

Various traits of excessive parsimony, combined with almost lavish generosity, are related of several other eminent musicians, as, for instance, Czerny, Meyerbeer, and Paganini, who is said to have grudged himself the candles for his own quartet parties, and made his valet pay for a ticket of admission to his own concert, and yet gave 20,000 francs to Hector Berlioz, laying thereby the foundation for the French composer's future career and success.—*London Musical World.*

THE TYPEWRITER DESTROYS TOUCH FOR THE PIANO.



OUNG woman who once had a local fame as an amateur musician, and who makes a good living by the typewriter, was asked to play for some friends last evening. She went to the piano and began a sonata. To her audience she seemed to be playing correctly and with feeling. Suddenly she broke off and whirled around on the stool.

"It is no use. Ticking a typewriter all day would have robbed even Mozart of sensitiveness of touch—perhaps I should have said delicacy of treatment." "How is it that your work prevents you from enjoying the piano?"

"I do enjoy it if I hear it played, but when I sit down the typewriter habit of thumping will dominate me. I can usually play a galop, but when it comes to a sonata I have a constant quarrel with my fingers and wrist. They always insist on striking as if at a letter when I try to persuade them to touch the keys gently. And in such a mood no player could observe even the technique of a composition."—*Evening Telegram.*

ONLY THE DIFFERENCE OF A LETTER.—An old gentleman, who believed firmly in the unparalleled extent of his daughter's vocal capacity, succeeded in obtaining permission for her appearance at a concert. Upon the arrival of the eventful day, the fond father was obliged to remain at home in consequence of an attack of gout. No sooner had the debutante returned, than she and her mother were questioned regarding the manner in which she had been received. To cap the glowing account given by the elder lady, the fair songstress added that she had been taken for Madama Pasta by some Italians who were present at the concert. "For," said she, "hardly had I sung a dozen notes, when they cried *Basta, Basta!*" (*Anglicè, Enough, enough.*)—*Musical Society.*

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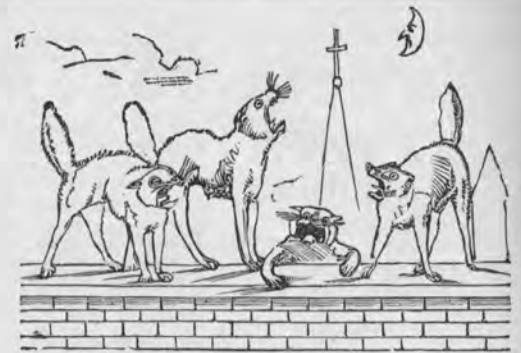
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A NEW YORK "notis" reads:—
 "Lodgins 2 let. Know puffermuss onto Brass instermence nede appli."

MISTRESS of the house—"What is this blotch on the wall-paper, Bridget?" Bridget—"That's an ile painting, m'em. The stopper kim out of the can."

AN eastern paper contains an article headed "Facts About Fish." It was not supposed, from the stories of anglers, that there were any facts about fish.

NEVER judge by appearances. A shabby, old coat may contain an editor, while the man wearing a high-toned plug hat and sporting a cane may be a delinquent subscriber.

WEATHERWAX—Did you ever see such fishing for husbands as is done by the debutantes this season?
 Longyawn—Only in the fashion, deah boy, clear case of anglermania.

AT a Wagner performance. Conductor: Sh!-schtop! De piece vas gongluded.
 Von Blutwurst: Ve haf schtopped. You vas geeeping time mit dot thunderstorm outside, ain't it?

LADY—"Your clothes are very ragged. Can't I do some sewing for you?"

Tramp—Yes, madame; you may sew an overcoat on this button, if you please. It seems to feel the need of society."

THE fellow whose wife thumped him on the head with a stew pan stood the ordeal bravely, but when the local paper headed the item "A Stewpandous Tragedy," he got mad, and we think justly so."

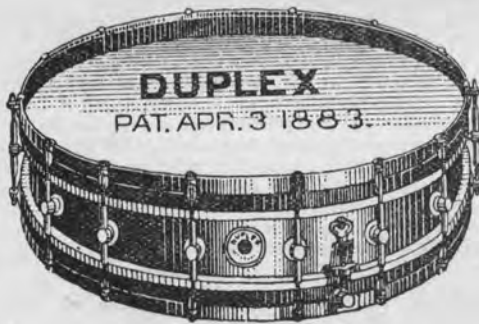
NASHVILLE Preacher (addressing a deacon) "Are there any opera singers in the congregation?" Deacon—"I think not, sir." Preacher—"Then I'll proceed to denounce the stage."
 —Arkansaw Traveller.

LITTLE Joe Clarke was taken sick for the first time, and the doctor, with much ceremony, made him swallow a powder.
 "Papa," said Joe, a minute later, "ain't it time I was taking the shot, now?"—Puck.

NOT long since some Harvard students were serenading a boarding-school, when seeing some heads at one of the windows, after singing, they waited for comments. They heard: "Arrah, but don't they sing swately, Maggie?"

A DRAMATIC critic speaks of an actor who "had darned a big rip in his trousers." It might have been worse. By simply transposing "darned" and "a," the actor would have "had a darned big rip in his trousers!"—Norristown Herald.

PATENT DUPLEX DRUM.



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