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VOL. III.

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No. 8.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

When bull-frogs pipe nocturnal lays Where erst the boys were skating; When genial sunshine warms the days, And chattering birds are mating; When lovers no more parlor stoves Hug, as in win'try weather, Bat wander through the budding groves, And hug, instead, each other; When goats no more on old shoes feed, Tin cans and kindred diet, Bat gleeful crop the verdant mead, And forage on the quiet; When buttercups are all in bloom Among the growing grasses; When flies are found in every room, Likewise in the molasses; When housewives make their homes a--w

Likewise in the molasses; When housewives make their homes a-well, You can't mistake my meaning-Make misery more than tongue can tell, And call the thing, "Spring cleaning;" When early crocuses appear, And honey-bees are humming, Then you can bet that Spring is here, And warmer Summer's coming. "-Roston

= -Boston Times.

COMICAL CHORDS.

THE ladies of the choir are interested in him-knowledge-v.

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

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

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

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

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

A PATENT medicine advertises to cure all "scaly humors." We recommend it to singers who are shaky in their chromatic passages, says the Score.

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

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

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

PROFESSOR—"Can any one tell us the origin of the expres-sion "Go to?" Embryo Minister—"Perhaps there was some-thing more to it once, and they let it off because it didn't sound well."

SENIOR asks professor a very profound question. Professor: "Mr. W_____, a fool can ask a question that ten wise men could no' answer." Senior: "Then I suppose that's why so many oi us flunk."

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

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

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

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

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

ONE of the members of Her Majesty's Opera company, recently testifying before a notary at St. Louis, was asked by an attorney who was the greatest tenor in the world. Cam-panini, who was in the room, rose, and placing his left hand on his heart, bowed, and said: "Me. I am ze greatest tenor in ze vorid!"

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

JUST before visiting the menagerie, Johnny had a passage-at-arms with the young aunt who assisted at his toilet, and with whom he flew into a rage. Arrived at the mongerie Johnny was immensely interested by a strange foreign animal with long, lithe body. "What animal is that, mamma?" he asked. "It is called an ant-cater, my son." After a long silence—Mamma, can't we bring Aunt Mary here some day?"

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

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

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(2)			
Gay.	Morose,	Indifferent.	Wonder-struck.

THAT inveterate truth-teller the Detroit Free Press, says: "A St. Louis musician, copying from the "Frog Opera," has written "Hog Opera," and has dedicated it to Cincinnati. He thought to please the city, but managed to make both it and Chicago mad—Cincinnati, because it affects to place music above hogs, and Chicago, because the people have more hogs there than any other city in the world, and consequently they rightly think that everything hoggish should be attributed to them."

A VERY comical thing happened in Pittsburg recent-ly. Mapleson's Opera Company gave "II Trovatore," and Miss Annie Cary was advertised to take the *role* of Azucena. Going over from Washington. Miss Cary caught a severe cold, and was advised not to sing by her physician, so Mlle. Belocca assumed the part in her stead. All four of the leading morning papers appeared next morning with extended and analytical criticisms of the performance, and they dissected Miss Cary at length as Azucena, and spoke of henvoice and acting. Not one of the critics discovered the mistake until next day, and the affair has caused the whole city to langh.

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Runkel's Musical Review.

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JUST as we are about to go to press, the cable brings the news of the burning of the Italian Opera House at Nice, France. One hundred and fifty bodies recovered from the ruins and more coming! A thrill of horror is felt by all who read the sickening account. But while this is a capital text to preach from, the St. Louis press is still silent in reference to the fire-traps called theatres which our unwary citizens frequent. And yet, if a disaster like that at Nice could happen in a country where governmental supervision means something, what would it be here where our lax laws upon the subject remain for the most part a dead letter. All persons who enter such a place as the Olympic ought to be made to understand that they do so at the peril of their lives. If then they persist in entering the trap, it is their business.

⁴ CERTAINLY the editor of *Kunkel's Review* can not expect us to credit him with honesty, either of thought or deed, so long as he continues to call the writers of this journal donkeys, and at the same time steals liberally from its broad columns."—*Musical People.*

Certainly not; the editor of KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW does not expect you to credit him with anything that is rightfully his. Why should he? In the very number from which we cull the above flower of rhetoric and gem of truth, are two full-page illustrations stolen, to use the elegant language of the double-ended editor, from the American Art Journal. but it is not credited with those either. By the way, Musical People can not point to one single line (except those we have quoted to condemn) which we have borrowed, no "stolen," from its "broad" and very thin "" columns." Of course it would like to have us credit it with truthfulness and all virtues after that. We should like to oblige the Musical People. since " Credit ?' is its only chance, but we do business on a cash basis.

IMAGINATION IN MUSIC.

Properly speaking, man has no creative power. The strangest forms ever conceived by human brains, the monsters of ancient mythology and the deformed idols of modern heathendom, are not in reality creations, for they are but combinations, in modes strange and irregular it is true, of forms and objects existing in nature. And yet, the distance is so great from the log hut to the Grecian temple, from the forest domes and rocks of the North to the Gothic cathedral, from the song of birds, and breeze, and waters, to the music of an orchestra, that man may not improperly be called a creator.

Imagination is the faculty which mostly presides over the creations of the human mind, especially in the fine arts, and above all in music. It is the imagination that from the materials at command makes new and beautiful combinations of form, color or sound, chisels a Venus, paints a Madonna, or constructs a sonata or an opera sometimes before pen has been put to paper. Imagination is the sine qua non of eminence in music, whether as composer or performer, for if the composer needs it in order to be able to create, the performer needs it also in order to be able to enter into the spirit of the composition, tostudy it as it should be, from within, and to expressit accordingly. But the richest imagination is valueless without materials at command. Fancy, if you may, Beethoven born deaf, and it is evident that not a note of his masterpieces would ever have been written. His musical soul for want of the materials which his ears alone could gather, never could have found means of expressing itself. To get materials is not all, but it is a good share of the work of the composer; and to get materials, to learn how best to use them demands deep study and long practice.

There is a deal of moonshine talked about genius, as if genius, correct taste, and a vivid imagination were all that is necessary to make one successful in music. The fact is that in this, as in every thing else, the English word for genius is *hard work*. Hard work without genius will do something, will do much, but genius without work will do nothing of permanent value.

The imagination itself must be schooled, if it is not to run riot and make ridiculous that which might have been sublime, grotesque that which might have been beautiful; a hundred-armed Briareus may be as much a work of imagination as an Apollo, but the latter is imagination schooled, the former is imagination left to itself. It needs to be taught also what it can do with the materials at its command. How many days and months have been wasted by composers in trying to make music speak a language entirely foreign to it, in attempting to make it describe not only emotions, but also abstract thoughts or concrete objects not objects of sound?

With the exception of a few onomatopœias in all languages, articulate speech denotes objects only conventionally, and yet more than one composer, with more imagination than judgment, has attemped to make the inarticulate speech of music do what no articulate language can accomplish, in those very

Single Copy,

things in which articulate speech is, and from the Instrumental Music and Church Choirs vs. Congreganature of things must ever be, supreme.

Imagination is the life and soul of music, it is to the musician, and especially to the creative musician, what steam is to the locomotive-that without which it can not move or act; but it is also that which uncontrolled, is sure to produce its utter destruction.

And what is the moral of all this? More and more serious study of music as a science, a closer acquaintance with the works of the great masters, and a realizing sense that in music, as elsewhere, common seuse should rule.

NOT long since, we read in the Musical Critic and Trade Review, the following peculiar paragraph :

"We were going to give Messrs. Kranich & Bach, of No. 237 East Twenty-third street, a splendid notice in this issue, but our reporter, after having made several visits and not being able to see any other representative of the firm than the bookkeeper, came to the conclusion that the firm was in a Kranich (Chronic) state of Bach-wardness, or else were exclusively engaged in stupendous efforts to make their pianos stand in tune.'

It puzzled us a little at first to understand why failure to see the proprietors should prevent the Musical Cr tic and Trade Review from giving "a splendid notice" to a deserving firm, but the venomous ending, containing an untruthful slur against the standing qualities of the Kranich and Bach pianos, enabled us, we thought, to read between the lines an attack based upon the refusal of an "ad." As the same paper had, shortly before, been guilty of a gross personal attack upon Albert Weber, Jr., founded, as it seemed, upon a similar ground, we thought it time to protest. But fearing lest we might be mistaken we wrote Kranich & Bach what we suspected and asked them to tell us whether our suspicions were wellfounded. We received the following reply in date of March 11, 1881:

"Your favor at hand; in reply would say that you read right, between the lines. Mr. Wells (the editor) and Mr. Walker, one of their reporters, called several times and pressed for an advertisement, and because we did not give him one they thought they would build ze us into it. Don't think they will succeed with this kind of KRANICH & BACH."

We purposely leave out the closing word which is a fitting appellation for all such proceedings, for the simple reason that we still hope to see the Musical Critic mend its ways. It is yet young and reformation is still possible. It has vigor and snap, and we hate to see it commit suicide. We say suicide, for such management is sure death to any paper. We shall say no more about this matter, unless "The Musical Critic " compels us. If we do, we shall perhaps be more outspoken.

THE American Art Journal says:

"Mr. Irenaeus D. Foulon, the editor of KUNKEL'S REVIEW, is professor of medical jurisprudence and toxicology of the St. Louis College of Homeopathic Physicians and Surgeons. Another evidence of the affinity of music and medicine."

Very true, but now we fear that all the donkeys in the country, from the Musical People up, will be getting up poor toxicological jokes at our expense. Why did you let the Thoms out of the bag?

tional Singing.

BY W. H. NEAVE.

It has become a too prevalent fashion to bestow all sorts of verbal and written drubbings and objurgatory donations on the music and conduct of church choirs, by disaffected church members, from withings to those who proudly delight to style themselves "plain, prac-tical men and women," who want to sing, and *would* sing (in the "hue-and-cry" style) if they could only get rid of choirs. I therefore conceive it a duty, and esteem it a pleasant one, to offer a few remarks to that musical—or, rather, unmusical—element found in more or less force in the composition of every congregation, and whose "besetting piety" is a palpable and pronounced opposition to the fine music of cultivation being used in the service and worship of God. As my remarks are suggested by long and wide-spread observation and considerable experience in different fields, and are designed for general application, and entirely without reference to any particular place or persons, it is hoped that none will take umbrage from them. But, in order to preclude all possibility of such a fallacy, just let the mind's eye penetrate the corridors of some remote church-say in Nova Scotia-and let us designate the discordant or militant element found therein by pseudonyms such as Mr. Snort Bray, Mr. Vociferato Shonthowl, Mr. Snarles Grumblegrowl. Mr. Nasal Nosevoice; also Miss Squakie Squall, Miss. Whinie Treble, Miss Whoopee Yell, and Miss Purrie Feline, all under the effective direction of Miss Dictatoria Austere and Mr. Monotone Bulldoze, in favor of untutored, unaided congregational singing, viva voce, au naturel, and against those glaving vanities and rank impleties, trained choirs and organs. Dr. Ruskin said, "Music is the only unfallen angel among the mere humanities;" meaning that good music is, in itself, pure and purifying; and although in general its influence is emotional, it reduces the minds and feelings of those under its control to a plastic condition, susceptible of the deepest impressions. To insure this, however, the music must be of such an order as to wholly occupy the mind during its reign. But if the whole musical scope is confined to a few simple tunes, incorporated into the very being without mental effort from childhood on, and worn bald by constant use, the bawling or droning of them can be done with the whole thoughts astray.

Musical composition is exhaustless in quantity, di-versified in quality, and varied in value, from most worthy to most worthless; and in the mere vocal performance of it, although we are all gifted by the Creformance of it, although we are the gring is only at-ator with voices, fine and correct singing is only attainable by art, study, and practice. This truth is rarely understood in theory or recognized in practice, for any one gifted by nature with a fair voice is gen-erally considered capable of singing well without any special study of music or the vocal organs; yet in that, as in all knowledge, excellence implies hard, grinding, continued work, and even the finest talents and best opportunities are nothing without it. And the pretense of praise-worship of the Creator with a minimum mess of the most threadbare insipidities of music-His highest gift to humanity-from sheer mental laziness, culpable indifference, and selfrighteous egotism, can be received by Him only as the ungodly mockery that it really is. If, then, music is such a good thing, all churches ought to have the very best of it, vocal and instrumental. We have ample testimony that the musical efforts of the angelic The Seer of the Apocalypse says: "And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps." Certainly these are grand orchestral effects. So, also, all through the Bible we read of instrumental and vocal music com-

bining in the praise of God; as, for instance, when "David and all Israel played before God with all their might, and with singing, and with harps, and with psalteries, and with timbrels, and with cymbals, and with trumpets." Such a combination of musical instruments in most of modern churches would fill The nine-tenths of the worshipers with holy horror. pious heart of Sister Stiffneck would be wrung with anguish, and she would sweat great drops of the sour-est kind of vinegar. Why? Is there not fully as much of the divine essence of praise to the Creator in the thrilling themes and chords of a grand symphony as in the nasalization of Sister Austere?

There is nothing so bigoted as ignorance. Brother Bray cannot distinguish between the solemn grandeur of the church organ and the asthmatic grinding of the street concern. The admirable prelude by the organist on a Sunday morning suggests to the unhappy Bray thoughts of importunate monkeys going about with dirty little caps begging for nickels. He can not understand how the hearts of some may be tranquilized by the sweet and solemn tones. He obstinately repels the mere approach of such an emotion in his own breast. So he attacks the organ as a base and carnal device for distracting the mind from holy things. He will have no instrumental music in the church because his own knowledge of the tone language is in the dawning state, where he is just beginning to have a dim perception of the sentiments of jigs and the simpler melodies, and is just able to spell out the meaning of thin ballet music with the aid of distinctly enunciated words accompanying it. If you are a true musician and confess to Bray that, instead of having the words interpret the music, it is the music that gives new meaning to the words, and that the music will have the same meaning to, and effect on, you with or without words, he will not compre-hend you, and will undoubtedly suspect you of the impiety of preferring Mendelssohn to Sandy Auld, the inventor and patentee of the buckwheat notes. can be no controversy that, in a whole congregation of Brays, it would be a great mistake to introduce music. of a high and heavenly order. Therefore, if the strong meat of good music causes Brother Bray to offend, let him and his kind feed on musical pap till time shall end, when, if perchance he gets to heaven, he will take a back seat.

But it is unwise to give up Bray in despair; by per-sistent, well-directed efforts for his improvement, he may some time reach a mitigated state of semi-savage musical existence, when the knowledge will dawn upon him that music and words have separate and distinct significance, and that praise by music may be a "dulcet potency," distinct, but as legitimate as praise by articulate language. Then he will astonish his own mind by discovering that there is actually such a thing as praising God by the sounds of the organ, the flute, the violin, the cornet-in fact, every instrument capable of adding volume to euphonic harmony. It may even be possible for the Bray brethren to see, in the course of time, the unutterable silliness and ignorance which crop out of the sarcastic quips about "fiddling to the praise of God."

I have not space for full advertence to the many evils flowing out of the lack of proper culture, regula-tion, and direction of church music. This will be done in a future essay. Meanwhile, I can conclude this with the relation of an incident illustrative of one absurd phase of it.

In a small town in Iowa there is a church in which the singing had, to use their own words, "run com-pletely down." It had been led for many years by Deacon S. , whose voice and musical powers had been gradually giving out. One evening, on an occasion of unusual interest, the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was sung even *worse* than usual—the deacon, of course, leading off. Upon its conclusion the minister arose and requested Brother S—— to deacon, of course, leading off. Upon its conclusion the minister arose and requested Brother S—to repeat the hymn, and try to do a little better, as he

could not conscientiously pray to God after such singing. Deacon S very composedly "pitched it to another tune," and it was sung again, with a maning. very composedly "pitched it ifest improvement upon the first time. The clergy man then proceeded with his prayer; after which he took up the book to give out a second hymn, when he was interrupted by Deacon S—— gravely getting up and saying, in a voice audible to the whole con-gregation: "Will Mr. L—— please make another prayer? It will be impossible for me to sing after such praying as that."

A Comedy in One Act and Two Scenes.

SCENE I.

Musical People (solus)-The Editor of KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW calls me a donkey! He's a toxicological villain, a poisoner of the public mind. A donkey! I deny the allegation and defy the alligator I Yes I defy the alliga-What is this? Do my eyes deceive my earsight? "Heav'ns and ministers of grace defend us!"



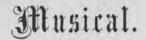
TABLEAU.

Chorus without.)-He denies the allegation and defies the alligator. (Curtain)

Baltimore.

Baltimore. BALTIMONE, March 22, 1881. Mr. EDITOR;—As we intimated in our last, the Oratorio-scenicit quarter. They met last Thursday algorithm the Concer-Hall of the Academy of Music. Notwithsanding the weather was exceedingly inclement (St. Patrick's Duy, you know) the angement apparently without funds. The active mem-bers do not pay "a cent" and as yet no associate or paying, members have been elected. The truth of the matter is, up fo this time, Mr. Sutro has assumed all the financial responsibil-ity and has met or provided for every demand. Recently how-ever a finance committee has been appointed to solicit sub-soriptions from the merchants and wealthy citizens and there is no doubt that several thousands of dollars will be speed-is no doubt that several thousands of dollars will be speed-is no doubt that several thousands of dollars will be speed-is no doubt that several thousands of dollars will be speed-is no doubt that several thousands of dollars will be speed-ing and the country and will "astonish the natives." — " The Beethoven Chorus Class, composed entirely of young hadies, will Prof. L. Odenhal as Musical Director, give their mer done and the several thousands of dollars will be speed-ing and either time, trouble, nor expense is no doubt the several hadies, will Prof. L. Odenhal as Musical Director, give their mer done on the country and will "astonish the natives." — " The Beethoven Chorus Class, composed entirely of young hadies, will Prof. L. Odenhal as Musical Director, give their mer done and either time, trouble, nor expense is spared to use to encess on enjoyable in the highest degree. More of their programme consists of the choicest choruses for female based to encess the ender the specially myticed are admitted. The Ressini, also, have the Oratorio of Samson in prepara. The Mossini, also, have the for the special as abscription concert. The Beethory is give their regular subscription concert. The dessini also, have the for the special as abscr

Both of these organizations are creations, and the popular. "Klassick Kuss," to whom allusion was made last month, is becoming "Kusseder" than ever. He has recently been after "big game," stopping on his way, however, to kick at Professor J. Harry Deems, alleging that he spoiled Arbuckle's Cornet Solo by a bad piano accompaniment. If Arbuckle's Cornet Solo by a bad piano accompaniment. If Arbuckle's Cornet Solo by a bad piano accompaniment. If Arbuckle's Cornet and gone for Prof. Asger Hamerik, Musical Director of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, probably one of the very best musicians in this country, certainly in this city. "K. K." spares not, like Ishmael of old, his hand is against every man ! Will have something to say about our music teachers next time. EVERY MONTH.



Never is a pation finished while it wants the grace of art; Use must borrow robes from beauty, life must rise above the mart.

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

Remenyi gave two concerts at the Pickwick in the second week of this month, which were well attended. They were for the benefit of a local charity.

J. L. Peters, well-known in former years in our city as a popular and extensive dealer in music and musical instru-ments, has once more cast his lot among us. He has bought out E. A. Benson, and occu ies the stand of the latter, next door to Balmer & Weber's. It will not be long, we think, be-fore the indication will have to be reversed, and next door to Peters' will be the proper, natural, and common method of designating the other house. Mr. Peters' knowledge of the business, his sobriety, push and gentlemanliness are bound to tell. We rejoice that a wholesale and retail music store does at last exist in St. Louis, which will be run as it should be.

at last exist in St. Louis, which will be run as it should be. February 25th and 26th, the Wilhelmj-Steroberg-Fritsch con-cert troupe gave concerts to good andiences, in Mercantile Library Hall. The talent of the troupe diminishes rapidly from the first to the last of its compound name. Wilhelmj is a great violinist, Sternberg a fair pianist, and Fritsch a very bad singer. Sternberg had been so extensively puffed in ad-vance of his coming that we were probably led to expect more than we ought. The simple fact is that he plays well, but is hardly the equal of many American pianist whom we could name, while not a few of them surpass him greatly. As to Miss Fritsch we spoke of her in terms of commediation when he was here before, because she then represented that she was about to return to London to continue her straties mader Randegger, and we judged her as a learner, leniently. But Miss Fritsch got no nearer London than New York city, and there somehow obtained engagements to sing as a *prima doma.* From that standpoint she is an utter failure. She is devoid of all feeling, and seems to us to have well deserved the name of "The steam calliope singer," with which s me East-ern critic has dubbed her. The Weber piano was used at these concerts, and was much admired. The second musical soiree of the season by the Beethoven

ern critic has dubbed her. The Weber piano was used at these concerts, and was much admired. The second musical soiree of the season by the Beethoven Conservatory, took place at Association, March 17th. The pro-gramme was a good one, and seemed to be highly enjoyed by the very large audience present. The gems of the programme were: Mendelssohn's (iano concerto in D minor, with ac-companiment of string quartette and second piano, the solo being performed by Miss Effe Cave, in a creditable way; "Lee Preludes," by Liszt, arranged for two pianos by the composer, and performed by Miss McEwing and her teacher. Also the vocal aumbers, chief among which was an *ensemble* piece, by Randegger, sung in an artistic and effective manner by Misses Foreman and Griffith and Mrs. Watson. The volces were per-fectly posed, the intonation and pronunciation good, the attacks prompt, and the lights and shades artistically distrib-uted. Having mentioned Miss Griffith before, we need only add that she sang still better on this occasion, and with less effort, having made good progress since we last heard her. Ardit's waltz." *D' Estass*" was vocalized in a brilliant manner by Miss Laura E. Fisher, to the original Italian words. Mrs. Watson's fine contralto voice showed to good advantage in Parson's duaracteristic song. "The Three Fishers," especially in the adagio passa es. The last vocal number was a new song by Tours, "Because of Thee," sung by a *debatante*, Miss Dora M. Foreman. This young lady is possessed of a pure soprano vice, considerable self-control, and remarkable intelligence. She has mide wonderful progress in the art of singing cor-rectly, without resorting to any of the customary tricks of cer-tata concert vocalists. We comparatulate Miss Foreman, and trust that her success at this concert will encourage her to continue in the pursuit of a rare musical ideal - pure singing. The patient efforts of the *maxiro ficanot*, Mrs. A. J. Goodrich, are beginning to be felt, and we trust that he, too, will be encouraged to c

and thorough schooling. The St. Lonis Choral Society gave its first concert at Mercan-tile Library Hall on the evening of March 24th. The first part of the programme was as follows: Organ Solo-"Marche Celebre Premiere Suile" (Franz Lachner); Arranged by Frederic 1 ux-E. M. Bowman. Alto Solo-Recitative and Evening Prayer (Michael Costa); from Oratorio of Eli-Mrs. Mattie Ingram Hardy. Chorus-" By Babylon's Wave" (Charles Gounod)-St. Louis Chorus Solo-"Let the Bright Seraphim" from Samson (Handel)-Mrs. Frank W. Peebles. The second part consisted of Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum" whose sixteen numbers were given in full. The work of Professor Otten, the director of this society, has been done so quietly and unostentationsly that many were ignorant even of the existence of the society. Their concert showed, however, that thorough work had been done. A larger chorus would have been more effective, of course, but, consid-ering its relatively small proportions, its effect was quite satis-

factory. Prof. Otten's conducting was intelligent and free from affectation. He had business on hand and he did it in a busi-ness way—an exhibition of common sense which does him credit.

credit. We should have preferred a piano accompaniment to the soli of the first part of the programme. An organ accompani-ment to a single voice on such an organ with the tone of a graces Mercantile Library Hall—an organ with the tone of a gigantic orgainette—is distressing. After playing upon the ele-gant instrument of the Second Baptist Church, it must have been a species of torture for Prof. Bowman to sit at that old rattle.true

been a species of torture for Prof. Bowman to sit at that our rattle-trap. We hope soon again to hear the Choral Society, but we would suggest to them that there are several churches with good organs in St. Louis, which would doubtless gladly allow the use of their rooms and organs for a concert such as the one just given by them, rent free, and that saving alone would nearly cover the slight additional expense of erecting a temporary stage for the use of the chorus. The Mercantile Library organ is a fraud and ought to be taken out.

The piano recital which we announced in our last as soon to be given by Kunkel Brothers, at the rooms of Conover Brothers, took place on the 3d instant. The following was the PROGRAMME:

Part 1.

Part II.

Adapted for two Pianos by Charles and Jacob Kunkel. The audience which greeted the Messrs, Kunkel was by far the largest which has been seen at any piano recital in St. couis the present season. Every seat was occupied, and every available inch of standing room was utilized in the half, while the store below was full of those who had been unable to gain access to the hall, but remained to listen to the recital through the skylight opening between the two floors. To enter into details and frankly give our opinion of the excellence of the playing of the pinists would seen, to those who do not know how they can play, like a puff of our publishers, and those who know need no other recommendation than the statement that they were at their best. The effect of their playing was avolume of sweet sounds rose and fell that the audience in the instruments had joined in the rendition of the composition. The Schubert Serenade was most excellently rendered by Dr. Cronin, who fairly surpassed himself. Miss Uhl is always a favorite, and was deservedly applande. During the intermission between the first and the second was seen to mount the stage, where he proceeded to read to the audience a letter from a hady subscriber to the *Review* (Mrs. Wright) asking its editor to please intercede in her be-holt in of them that the new Conover apright should be sub-stitured to the Steinway grands in one selection. After ex-pities, he stated that the next piece (The Chopin Rondo, Op. 73), would be played upon the Conover aprights. This announce-ment was greated with several rounds of apparase, but the merested, and asying a few words of praise for the new up-rights, he stated that the next piece (The Chopin Rondo, Op. 73), would be played upon the Conover aprights. This announce-ment was greated with several rounds of apparase, but the merested, and saying a few words of praise for the new up-ring the bayed upon the Conover aprights. This announce-ment was greated with several rounds of apparase, but the medes the and id not get e

day.

SINCENTY is a main element of taste. He evinces better taste who likes a simple melodr, and owns he likes it, than he who contemns what he can not und rstand, and professes ad-miration for merit he can not penetrate. Taste is forever pro-gressive, and may attain, through long experience, to heights which, at life's beginning, were out of reach, and even out of sight. A different class of music will cheer the nursery from that which brings rapture to the cell of the student; in every grade between these extremes may be valgarity or refinement, and, in our rendering of it to the hearing of others, may be the vanity of personal display, or the self almegation that has no aim but to vivify the author. Trustful search for the beautiful quickens the power for its perception; from stage to stage of our career, our field of taste wideus, and the larger our capac-ity for enjoyment, the more indulgent becomes our toleration for things comparatively trifling, and for persons, to whom such are the only source of pleasure.-G. A. McFarren.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

SAINT-SAENS has been elected member of the French Institute section of Fine Arts.

THE receipts of the fl st night of "Il Figlinol Prodigo" at the Scala, Milan, were 9,600 francs.

JOSEPH GUNG'L, the famous composer of dance music, is conducting the orchestra at the Bals d'Opera in Paris.

HENRI VIEUXTEMPS, who has derived great benefit from the climate of Algiers, is once more able to play and compose.

JAUNER, formerly manager of the Imperial Opera Honse, Vienna, has purchased the Theater an der Wien, for 500,000 florius.

WILL S. HAYS has written and composed about three hundred and sixty songs. Mr. Hays is one of the editors of the *Courier-Journal*, Louisville, Ky.

A. COLLARD, an English musician, has invented a new flute. He asserts that by doubling the last four holes he has improved the tone of the L-wer notes, while giving increased power, case and brilliancy to the instrument generally.

It is now reported that Mr. Gye will produce Rubinstein's opera, "The Demon," during the ensuing season, at the Royal Italian Opera. What has become of 'Nero?"

THE famous Vokes Family will make their American rentree at the Globe Theatre, Boston, April 4th, after which engagement they will visit the other large cities of the country under the management of Mr, John Stetson, of Boston.

Tr is stated that no less than 2,220 young girls are at present attending the painting and drawing classes in State and municipal schools in France, while 1,950 girls are studying music in the various Couservatories and music schools.

HENRIETTA BEENE has been engaged to sing in a series of concerts in England, and will leave New York on the 2d of April. Her final appearance before she leaves this country took place at Chickering Hall on the evening of March 26, some eminent artists assisting her.

DURING the year 1880, the expenses of the Paris Opera have been 4,079,000fr. In this sum, gas figures for 240,000fr.; sweeping, 40,000fr.; *droits des paueres* and authors' fees 500,000fr. The company cost last year, 1,200,000fr. The mise-en-scene of "Aida," 2:0 000fr.; of "Comte Ory," 30,000fr.; of the "Korrigane," 80,000fr.

the "Korrigane," 80,000fr. THERE was a pretty little incident at a Boston concert some weeks ago. A charming little three-year-old sat with an older companion in the balcony, listening to an instrumental performance by her mother. The child was overjoyed, and brough ther tay hands together in applause when the rest of the audience applauded. Fearful, however, that her modest meed of praise might not be recognized, and unmindful of all else but her mother's presence, the little one leaned over the railing and saluted the performer, as the latter turned to leave the stage, with, "Mamma, I clapped my hands too." Somebody else, everybody else, in fact, clapped their hands then, louder than before; and if there was ever a proud mother, it must have been the one who now came forward to acknowledge the storm of applause.

GUSTAVE SATTER is being abused by certain planists and plano makers. The former abuse him b cause he is a better artist than they; the latter because he uses the Emerson plano rather than their own. Mr. Satter has peculiarities as a may; a great development of the elements of independence and combativeness, which may not be calculated to make him popular, but he is an artist in the best sense of the term and to try to make him less than that is simply to make oneself ridiculons, *ity* the way, there was a little money transaction, when he was here in St. Louis before, in which he and the German consul figured, which was used to put him in an unfavorable light. The last farthing of the indebtedness has been paid, and it would be only fair for those who circulated the original statement now to circulate this which sets the artist right.

statement now to circulate this which sets the artist right. In the year 1849, at the Paris Opera Comique theatre, rehearsals were being held of Halevy's "The Queen's Musketeers." One morning Halevy, during breakfast, heard some one humming in the coart yard. He listened, became troubled, an grew pale. A mason was humming the theme of the marce in the first act. "Great God1" exclaimed the master, "this theme is, then, not mine. I have copied, robbed and plagiarized it! Who knows? my opera may be foll of such things without my knowing it! What must I do?" After becoming desperate for some time, and having pulled out several handsfull of hair, the unfortunate Halevy sent his servant to ask for information. The sing mason replied: "I have caught this arietta from hearing the head mason hum it, who will be here in an hour." Halevy passed this hour in knocking his head against the bare wall of his apartment. The head has torela, and endeavored to collect his thoughts, and, at last said: "I have it. It is a new air that I have neard at the Opera Comique, where I rebuilt a wall during the rehearsals." The rest may be gue-sed. Halevy fung himself upon the neck of his savior, and invited all the masons to breakfast.

The Singing Stones, or Geological Piano.

I have devoted twenty-four years to the research of twenty-seven stones, chosen from innumerable quantities which were nearly always mute, or in which the sonorousness was not fit to constitute a perfect note, owing to the multiple vibrations which it produced. The first stone found with the quantities indispensable to the production of a musical note was taken from a patch of cretaceous earth, situated in the Department of Haute Marne (France), in 1852.

The first stone, spoken of above, in the absence of the normal key note was arbitrarily called the F, because of the medium tone, and it was thus that from year to year, and from department to department, I was able with great perseverance to form a collection of two chromatic scales on a length of two yards.

One fact which appears to escape explanation is the absence of the proportion, deemed indispensable in the manufacture of instruments of music due to the genius of man; in fact, three stones of the same weight and volume may produce a very great difference in sound, while two stones absolutely different in weight and volume, may correspond to the same note.

The collection commences by a D and terminates with the upper E sharp.

The Haute Marne, the Somme, the Perigord, the Artois, and last the basin of Paris, were points where I employed myself in studying among immense quan-tity, musical subjects created by nature. More than two hundred thousand stones were tested before deciding the absolute fitness of a single subject. The stones used to strike the sonorous stones are free from all kind of sound, and for this reason their nature is unimportant. The suspension of the stones by wires not giving me satisfaction I decided to use string, which, not being a conductor of sound, allows, under action of the percussion, the vibrations of the flints to be produced in all their purity. The sharpness of the stones in the higher tones seems to follow a progression based upon the length and weight. Melodies, religious music, operatic airs, dance music, may all be deliciously rendered on this harmony of the first age of man. As a rule, it is necessary to strike the stone on the smoothest surface to obtain the perfection of the note, the sides opposite to the smooth side produce disagreeable multiple vibrations. This may be said of the round flints; but it may also be said of the flat that the purity of the sound is only obtained when the flint is struck on the flat side and not on the aspirated.

from or ingots of gold or silver, as also rock crystal, in their natural states are quite free from vibrations; flint, on the contrary, only sounds on condition that its primite note is respected without adding or taking away anything. Iron, gold, silver and crystal, on the contrary, become perfectly sonorous when industry has proceeded to manipulate them, and modify their natural shape; from it the result is, that the first musical note created by nature has been deposited in the heart of the cold flint—also full of fire.

The statue of Memnon, at Thebes, was also formed of stone, but the plaintive sounds emitted from it at the contact of the sun's rays, and even when it was shrouded in the fogs of night were not due to percussion; the cause of those mysterious sounds still remains a problem.—*H. Beaudre.*

It is very rarely that the *Republican* consents to editorially forward the interests of advertisers of what are known as patent medicines, as it does not frequently fall out that we can have positive knowledge of their merits. However, we take pleasure in saying of St. Jacob's Oil from individual experiment, that it is a most excellent remedial agent, and as such we can heartily recommend it.—St. Louis Republican.

KING KALAKAUA has written to Verdi expressing the pleasure he and the Queen of the Sandwich Islands had derived from hearing the music of "Aida."

Goethe and Beethoven.

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

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

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

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

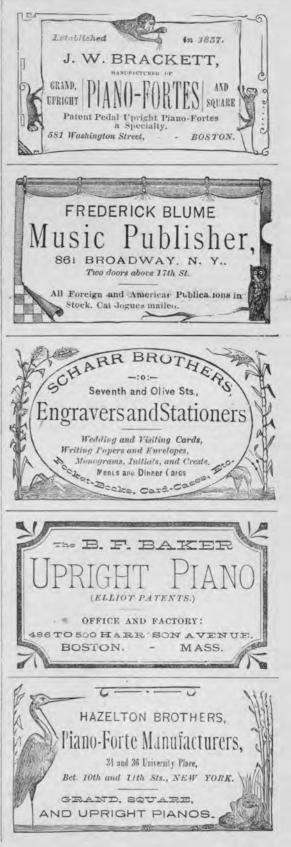
"Do not tear their laurel wreath from Handel, Haydn and Mozart, to offer it to me, my dear child; they are a thousand times more worthy of it then I am. As for your pocket book, I shall preserve it with other tokens of esteem which I have not yet sufficiently deserved.

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

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

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

What would Goethe have said, had he known the above? Would he not have been obliged to confess that the wild beast whom he had beheld springing flercely about could, if necessary, be very gentle? As for me, when I see Beethoven adopt so kindly a tone and soften down the thunders of his voice to the most delicate harmony, I fancy I hear Bottom claiming the most contrary parts in the cast of "Pyramus and Thisbe." "Let me play the lion, too; I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar that I will make the Duke say, 'Let him roar again; let him roar again.'" Whereto Quince replies: "And you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchess and the ladies, that they would shriel; and that were enough to hang us all." "I grant you, Iriends," rejoins Bottom, "if that you should fright



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the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale."— *Victor Wilder*.

Herz in San Francisco, A. D. 1819.

The well-known French pianist, Henri Herz, writing to the Paris *Siecle*, tells the following amusing anecdote:

"I was, in 1819, at San Francisco, then far from being the great city it now is, when I one day was waited on by a deputation of *amateurs*. They came to beg me to play at a little place to which the name of Venezia had been given. It was not *Venezia la Bella*; on the contrary. But I had no right to be fastidious in a country in course of formation. I may add that I was promised the receipts in gold dust, after the true Californian fashion. So I accepted the invitation. On arriving from Sacramento at Venezia, the evening of the concert, I found the building filled with an audience such as I had never seen before, and shall probably never see again. There was not a woman in the room (perhaps there was not one in all Ven-ezia). On the other hand, there was a motley pit of men of all colors and all nations, white, black, yellow, and red; Europeans, Africans, Malagachians, Indians, and Chinese, wholly or half clad in materials of every hue and kind, the red flannel of the inhabitants of the ⁴ placer' predominating, however. I advanced boldly on the platform prepared for me. I was greeted with long sharp whistles, enhanced by vigorous kicking on the floor, that being the way-I do not know if it is now changed-of applauding artists held in very high esteem. Bowing before the flattering storm of whistling, and glory-bestowing kicks, I was going to sit down at the piano. What was my amaze. after looking about for it everywhere, to perceive that the plano had been forgotten! There are, perhaps, cooks skill-ful enough to make hare-*ragout* without hare; but I never knew a pianist who could play the piano with-out a piano. The public saw my embarrassment, and soon understood the cause. Immense roars of laughter resounded from all parts. A facetious gentleman, a Yankee, said to me in English : 'Well, sing us something, as you have no piano.' At this unexpected but good-humored request, the Chinese, Malagachians, negroes, red-skins, and skins more or less white, writhed with delight on the benches, and all repeated it in chorus. In five or six different languages, and each in his own way, all cried out: 'Yes, yes; sing, sing!' I kept my presence of mind. When the mad excitement had calmed down somewhat, I addressed my audience and said : 'Is there not among the honorable gentlemen, who have done me the honor of coming to hear me play the piano any one who knows a person who would lend me such an instrument?' A miner in a red shirt stood up and said : 'There is a piano in the house of a Portuguese on the hill four miles off. I know him. He is a good chap, and if a few fellows with a will choose to come along with me, in two hours the piano will be here.' These words excited an amount of enthusiasm difficult to describe, and twenty amateurs offered to go and fetch the Portuguese's piano, which would have to be carried on their backs. Ten of them set out with the friend of the Portuguese. The public and I chatted in a friendly way about all kinds of things while we were awaiting the arrival of the piano. At last it appeared, carried by the amateurs, who were received with a warmth which I leave to the imagination of the reader. It was placed on the platform. But, alas, what a thing it was! An old English instrument of six octaves, three of which were useless. What was to be done? Determined to bear up against my bad fortune, I sat down, with a smile on my lips, before the aught but veritable ruin. 1 did my best, availing myself of all that was available. Never in my professional career have I achieved such another brilliant success."



For Kunkel's Musical Review.

THE ORGANIST.

BY COUNT A. DE VERVINS.

Since it could not be a matter of much interest for them, it seems to me useless to relate to my readers how I made the acquaintance of the hero of this story; I shall only sketch his portrait and say that he was the organist in a small town of Brittany, and that he had the reputation of being somewhat demented. Old Bandry or "Monsieur Bandry," as he was

commonly called, with considerable emphasis, had been born in 1774, and was duly inscribed upon the parish register as "John Louis Baudry, legitimate son of Mr. J. B. Baudry, tabellion (village notary at Redon, and Jacquemine Dufour, his wife." If I If his origin was not precisely illustrious it was at least per-fectly honorable. In 1849, when I made his acquaintance, he was fully seventy-five years old, but he bore gaily the weight of his three-quarters of a century his face was much furrowed, but his cheeks were still rosy and his brow had kept that dead whiteness, which in men of that age, is often replaced by the polish and yellowness of old ivory, or the dryness of His blue eyes had surely lost some of parchment. their fire, but they were still very expressive; his white hair, tied back with a wide black ribbon, still formed a switch of which more than one " beau " of the last century would have been well satisfied for his queue or his categon; finally, although it was rather thin, his leg still had a good shape. Mr. Baudry was one of three or four old men whom I saw in my youth who had adhered to the costume of the XVIIIth century-cocked hat, large waistcoast covering the hips, long coat, with vast pockets, adorned with three enormous buttons, short breeches and high-heeled, buckled shoes. His cleanliness and the extreme care of his toilet must have contributed, among the unkempt and ill-dressed peasants, to cause him to be called Monsieur Baudry, instead of Father Baudry, the familiar name which no old man escapes among the French peasantry unless his wealth or his birth impose great respect. There was wealth or his birth impose great respect. perhaps another reason why he was not called *Father* Baudry in the fact that he was a bachelor. And the story which I am about to relate will explain to you this anomaly in Brittany, where people get married with as much obstinacy as they do in Canada, where the cold weather seems to hatch out babies in large numbers in every house. Monsieur Baudry had no family; he was not known to have any relatives anywhere in that part of the country, and he lived alone in his little house behind the church. It was to that isolation and to a slight service which I was enabled to render him that may be attributed the species of intimacy which sprang up between us during the vacation which I spent at the *chateau* of one of my uncles near the little town whose name I think it unnecessary to give; Monsieur Baudry not being an imaginary personage.

As to his merit as an artist, my uncle, who was a competent judge, affirmed that it was undeniable, and that if, instead of wandering between the hedges of furze which bordered our fields, he had lived in Paris and sought renown, he would doubtless have attained it, because the compositions which he played to peasants and to a few towns-people (very honest folks, but not endowed with appreciation of genius) were remarkable works, real master-pieces of melodic genius and harmonic science.

But this is enough about my old friend; you must already be acquainted with him and feel an interest in him, if I have, in what precedes, succeeded in representing him to you as he appeared to me, less, of course, the benevolent smile, the infrequent but elegant gestures, and the mild voice of which I have not spoken to you, and which gave to his society a real charm.



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We soon became friends. I have always loved the companionship of old men when they are not given to scolding nor too austere, nor over-garrulous; for we almost all finish where we began—life is a circle whose two extremities are soldered with idiocy unless somewhere between forty and fifty years of age we are fortunate enough to be killed in a railroad accident or to have some chinney-top come down upon our heads. One thing which increased my interest and my sympathies was the suspicion of insanity of which I have spoken and the story which was connected with it, which I did not know, but which was said to be terrible.

My curiosity became so intense and our familiarity so great that, with the indiscretion and boldness natural to a youth of sixteen, I, one day, asked him to tell me the history of the trip he had made to Paris during the time of the revolution, of which I had heard vaguely.

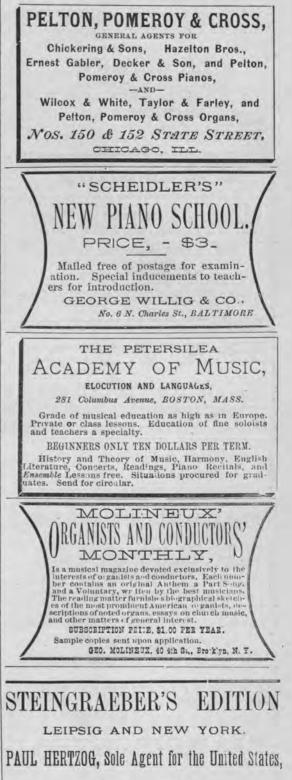
Monsieur Baudry gave a sudden start and cast upon me an almost frightened glance; he grew pale and, for a minute, was silent; then he seemed to compose himself and in a voice full of emotion, he asked: "Why do you ask that of me?" And as I remained silent, somewhat ashamed and very repentant of my indiscretion, he added with kindness, but in a tone of peculiar sadness: "Well, I will satisfy your curiosity, but only to-morrow at the ruins of the Tremblay. They have just been sold." added he, after another silence, " and they are probaby going to disappear completely; that is why I wish to see them once more. They will, besides, be the natural frame for the strange picture which I shall unveil to your gaze."

As it had been agreed, we met the next day upon the road which led to the ruins of the Tremblay. Those ruins were still imposing notwithstanding the action of time and of the torches of the incendiaries of 1793. remember that, as I gazed upon those gigantic walls, notched by the lapse of centuries, broken through by sieges, disjointed by the invasions of vegetation, fall-ing stone by stone into the moats. I understood that all that had been built for the giants of a world which was no more. And when after having wandered through the large, deserted and broken-down halls, where moisture had made the stone green, and fire had blackened the arches, where abandonment had sifted its dust and where the busy spider had hung its webs from the broken ornaments of the ceilings; when after having gone through the caves with their elliptic vaults, the winding stairways, the corridors running within the thickness of the walls; when, after having long considered those groups of high towers with their sentry-boxes, hanging from the battlements like swallows' nests, I looked at my old companion as though to ask him to now tell me his story, I was struck by the great distortion of his features, and, for the second time I was tempted to beg his pardon for my indiscretion and ask him not to call up recellections which were so painful for him. But he, probably divining my thought, took me by the hand, bade me sit down by him upon a pile of ruins and said to me, with a smile whose sadness was heart-breaking: "You will understand my emotion when I shall have told you that it is in the very room in which we are sitting that the happiest moments of my life were spent. Imagine, along this ceiling, large carved beams, replace the panes of glass into their leaden frames, put here and there, within the deep embrasures of those windows, a few wooden chairs artistically carved, throw into yonder yawning fireplace the whole body of a tree; put there and there two enormous chests full of music and of musical instruments which you no longer know, for, by the side of the violins of Autonio Stradivarius, and Amati, were a viola d^{\dagger} amore, a viola di gamba, a cistrum, rebecks, citharas and tympanons; there, on the left of the chimney was a clavichord and here, on the right, was the monumental arm-chair in which sat the Marquis de Treml, a noble and beautiful old man, the beloved and revered head

of the house which the revolutionary wave was soon to submerge and swallow forever. By his side sat his niece, the canoness, almost as old and almost as imposing as the Marquis, a good and saintly creature who also spent her evenings in listening to our con-certs, waiting until the smile of God should invite her to those which He reserves for the elect. I say our concerts because, after my father's death, the Marquis had been so kind as to admit me into the chateau where I was raised and educated with his grandchildren. This is how that had come to pass: the chaplain, while my father was still living, had given me lessons in Latin, and as he had noticed that I had a good voice he had had the idea of teaching me music also: it seems that I had talent for that new study, for I progressed so rapidly that my teacher, who knew the taste of the Marquis, a real melomaniac, a fanatic of art, wished me to be heard by our Lord. I was fortunate enough not only to please him, but to arouse his enthusiasm and thereafter he constantly loaded me with his favors and promised me a brilliant future. And," added the old man, "his flattering forecasts might have come true, for I feel that there was some-thing there," he said as he touched his brow, "but Fate, evil Fate decided otherwise; the terrible events I am about to tell you killed within me, if not all inspiration, at least all ambition of glory. My life had no longer any aim. I no longer had those dreams which may be called the dew that fertilizes the heart of the artist and courses his mean to heart the heart of the artist and causes his genius to blossom, as the dew of heaven fertilizes the earth and causes its flowers to bloom."

There was a new silence which I dared not interrupt. Finally he resumed:

" The Marquis had had two sons; Count Henry and Viscount Louis. The elder had been killed during the conquest of the island of Corsica in 1769, leaving three daughters and two sons who were being raised with me at the chat-au of Tremblay. His second son had married in R mes and was a major in the regi-ment of Royal-Marine when the revolution broke out; he emigrated in 1790, but when, in 1793 the Vendée rebelled, he took service in the army of Cathelineau, where his two nephews soon joined him. I remained alone then at the chateau, with an octogenarian, the chaplain, the canoness, and three young As I was, so to speak, a member of the family, girls. and eighteen years of age when our young Lords departed, I was frequently called upon to render some service to my venerable benefactor. It was to me that he confided all missions which demanded an honest and devoted agent in those unfortunate times. Gratefulness made it a duty for me to be both, but another feeling still contributed to make dear to me the new duties which became mine: I loved, with all the strength of my soul, Blanche, the youngest of the girls. How, humble and poor as I (was, had I ever dared to lift my gaze so high? I do not know; but that might perhaps be explained by her goodness, her beauty, and our youth, which had filled up the chasm which separated us, or by the games and studies which we had shared since our infancy, or by the dreams of glory and future greatness which the affectionate admiration of the Marquis and his inexhaustible goodness for the poor orphan whom he had adopted, maintained within our hearts. I have even often thought that he had divined our love (for Blanche shared the feeling) and that he would some day consent to our union—some day when I should have proven my strength, when my name should be surrounded with that halo which I believed I could secure from the great focus of art, as before me men whose birth was nothigher than mine, such as Rameau Lully, and so many others, had done. Of course, I thought of the indignant anger of the Viscount whom I considered a very proud Lord, who would energetically protest against a misalliance; but I counted upon the affection of the Marquis, the liberal ideas I well knew him to entertain, and lastly, upon the love



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so sincere and so devoted of the chaste child whom I idolized. Pshaw, thought I, when I shall be a great composer, chapel-master to the King, sought after in all the salons of the nobility of Paris, the Viscount will have to yield—you know what golden dreams one has at your age, which then was mine !- Alas! we were soon to have neither chapel nor king, and there were already no salons of the nobility in Paris, for it was in 1793 that I dreamed in this wise.

But I was not aware of it, for we lived in the country; we were surrounded only with servants born at the Tremblay — the region was relatively tranquil and the noble family which had adopted me had never done anything but good. The great events which were taking place in Paris were only imper-fectly known to us, and the horrible executions ordered at Nantes by Carrier aroused a general indignation, an indignation so great that it was soon to produce a rising of the country people and provoke the war of giants which our peasants sustained for five years against the Convention and its armies. Finally, every evening I heard the Marquis repeat, always with the same confidence, 'that it was indeed a frightful hurricane which had broken loose over our unhappy France, but that calm would soon succeed the tempest; that the nobility had been very guilty under the preceding reign and that God was justly punishing it, but that since His goodness was infinite and monarchy was a 'divine right,' anarchy would cease when the justice of heaven should be satisfied.' And, suddenly changing the tone of his voice, in order to call our minds away from the fears which blanched every cheek, the noble old man would say to me, almost gaily: 'Come, Jeannot, take your violin; and you, Blanche, to your clavichord: Jane, you and Bertha will sing and they will accom-Dany. And he, like us, and the canoness as well as the chaplain, we forgot Paris, Carrier and the revolution for the whole evening-as for me I forgot them even Blanche's hand, or when, taking advantage of a moment when no one could see us, she fixed upon me a gaze so full of love that I felt my heart melt with love and gratefulness. At other times her lips told me, without articulating the words, 'I love you-I love you,' and then her roguish eyes would turn to the chaptain or the canoness with an expression of perfect candor for others, but rather of irony for me our dream of bliss was delightful, but the awakening was horrible and sudden as a thunder-clap.

One day the Marquis had sent me to Blain, nine leagues from here, to collect a considerable sum of money, and I was returning gaily, after having accomplished my mission, spurring my horse in order to get back before supper time, that is to say, in order to lose nothing of the evening which I was to pass with Blanche, when, upon reaching the top of the hill which you see yonder, a spectacle which filled me with dread and stopor suddenly met my gaze. The Tremblay was on fire; it blazed upon the hillside like a gigantic torch, firing the horizon with its blood-hued reflections and shaking gigantic spirals of smoke like great black plumes from the tops of its six towers.

Once again he ceased, still moved, after more than half a century, by the recollection of the lugubrious scenes which he related.

"I have overrated my strength," he said, when he again resumed: "I shall shorten the story by saying only that some ' patriots ' and soldiers had been sent from Nantes by the ferocious Carrier; that they had reached the Tremblay at about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, a short time only after my departure; that they had arrested the noble de Trelms, first pillaged and then fired the chateau, after which they had turned back toward Nantes, whither I myself went on the morrow. I shall not try to relate to you my emotions, my despair and my anxieties; all those recollections break my heart."

My interest was thoroughly aroused, but still my old friend seemed to be so painfully affected that I thought I ought to invite him to put off to some other time the end of his lamentable history. But he resumed as if he had not heard me :

"At Nantes I heard that, upon their arrival, the prisoners had been sent on toward Paris; Carrier had joined them to a lot of 200 unfortunates-women, priests, children and old men-who had committed no other crimes than to have remained faithful to their God or to bear a great name, and whom the Breton pro-consul offered as a present to the con-vention and to the 'patriots' of Paris, who had just overthrown the Girondists. Never did Nero nor Caligula exhibit their thankfulness to the divinities of hell by such monstrous sacrifices. It is true that those odious tyrants never had taken as their motto, 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.' I spent the night at Nantes, and on the morrow I set out to overtake the sombre cortege."

"And what did you hope to accomplish?" I asked.

"I do not know. I wanted to see them again, to follow them, to die with them. I obeyed the same instinct as the dog which rushes upon the track of the master he loves-and I went on heavy-hearted, with eyes blinded by tears, sometimes calling Blanche, now yielding myself up to foolish hopes, then giving way to absolute despair."

"And did you catch up with them? Did you see them again? Did you speak to them?"

"Yes, once, once only during the eight days of that sorrowful trip, and this is how it was: A little before arriving at Tours, the twenty carts which transported all these unfortunates had stopped in the midst of a little village, while the 'patriots' and most of the horsemen who escorted them had invaded the taverns, for it was in August; the heat was oppressive and the road very dusty. The prisoners were crowded, almost piled into the carts, and they all suffered from thirst. Until then, I had not been able to show myself to those who were so dear to me; hardly had I been able to see them from a distance, since the horsemen who escorted them did not allow them to be approached. Just as the march was about to be resumed, as the soldiers were remounting and the 'patriots' were calling each other or drinking a last glass of wine to the health of the Nation, Blanche, my poor Blanche, alas! already almost unrecognizable, arose and, addressing herself to one of her ferocious guards, said to him: 'Monsieur, my grandfather is very thirsty; would you be so kind as to order a glass of water for him?' Her look was so beseeching; her voice so touching, that it seemed to me impossible that the man should refuse. I saw him turn back, take a glass from the hands of one of his companions. fill it with wine, and present it to the beautiful child; but just as her grandfather bent over to receive it and she stretched out her hand to take it, the wretch suddenly withdrew the glass, raised it to his lips, drained it at one draught and cried out as he laughed : 'Here's to your health, Marquis !' Frenzied applause and long laughter greeted the rascal's practical joke. Then I rushed into the inn, at whose door this scene was taking place, threw a piece of money upon the counter and snatched away a bottle of wine and a decanter of water with which I ran through the soldiers to the fatal cart; but at this moment an old non-commissioned officer, doubtless divining my intention, took me by the collar of my coat and said to me with more of brusquerie than of real anger : 'Begone, you fool!' and, as his glance rapidly indicated the 'patriots,' he added: 'Do you want to have your head cut off ?' I don't care, answered I, as I released myself from his grasp; I will give the Marquis a drink! And I presented what I was carrying to Blanche, who had at first recognized me with stupor and who now looked at me with an undefinable expression of love, and perhaps of gratefulness and



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admiration, for her dear, sweet face seemed to express all that.

"They all recognized me, and a feeble smile, "They all recognized me, and a feeble smile, something like a pale reflection of the happiness of by-gone days passed over all their faces. The Marquis murmured: 'Brave fellow!' and I saw a tear trem-bling upon the edge of his eye-lashes. Blanche, overcome with emotion, grasped my hands and in a voice full of sobs and which I shall never forget, she said, 'Oh, Jeannot!' I could not express what my own feelings were; they were pass-ing sad and yet delightful. But, at this instant the 'matric' who had inst amused his infamous accom-'patriot' who had just amused his infamous accom-plices, sprang toward me saying, 'What is that dog? Another aristocrat?' and he reached out to seize me, Another aristocraf, and he reached out to serve me, that is to say to arrest me, when the old sergeant-major of whom I have spoken, and who was in com-mand of the escort, gave the order '*Forward*!' and under pretense of seeing whether his order was being executed, he wheeled his horse toward the rear of the train so suddenly that he struck down the fellow who was threatening me. He fell with an oath, while my protector said to me: 'Skip out, you numskull!'" [Concluded in our next.]

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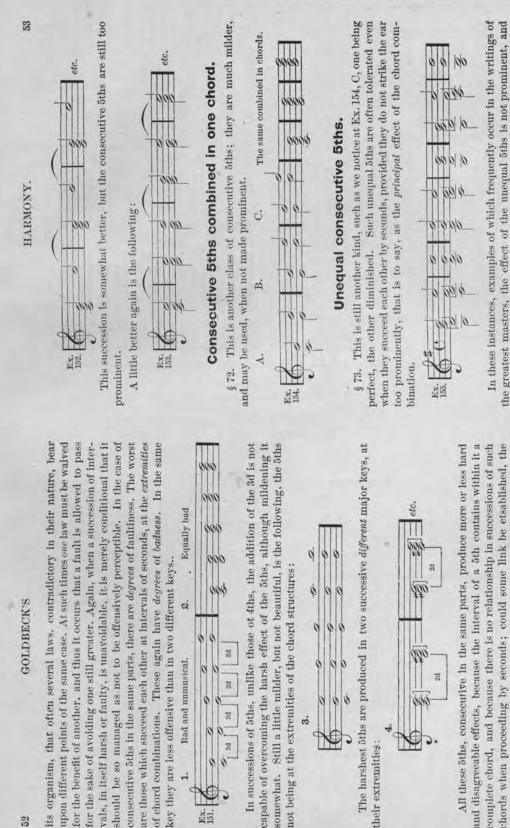
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their extremities:

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Consecutive 5ths of this kind are not bad, instrumentally; vocally,

no finished composer would write them.

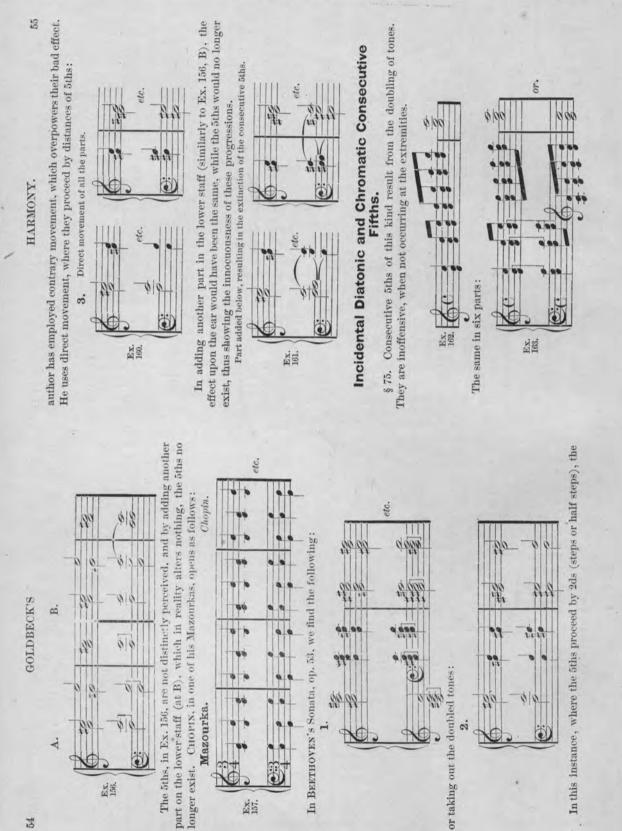
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Consecutive 5ths at Intervals of 4ths.

therefore admitted.

All these 5ths, consecutive in the same parts, produce more or less hard and disagreeable effects, because the interval of a 5th contains within it a complete chord, and because there is no relationship in successions of such chords when proceeding by seconds; could some link be etsablished, the effect would be modified, or entirely cease. Thus the chords of Ex. 151, No.4, have no relationship, that is, they have no tones in common, and the effect upon the ear is that of complete and well defined unrelated keys, succeeding each other without a link to bring them into logical connection-in their raw state, as it were.

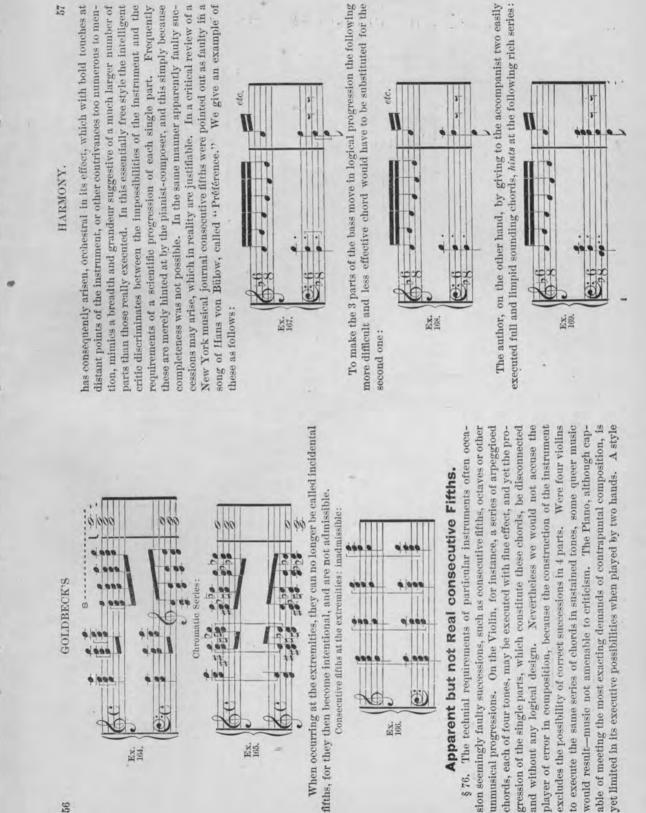
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EX. 157.

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EX. 166.

\$ 76.

EX. 165.

Ex. 164.

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GOLDBECK'S

28

That no offensive consecutive 5ths are present, is shown by the following contraction to close harmony:



Notorious Examples of Consecutive Fifths.

§ 77. It should here be mentioned that consecutive 5ths are principally forbidden with strictness in pure 4 part writing. In operatic music, and even Oratories or Symphonies, they frequently occur (from reasons explained in preceding paragraphs) in the works of the greatest writers. Nevertheless a difference must be made between masters whom we call great because of their beauty of thought, purity of style, polyphonic skill and depth of learning—and such composers who by their flow of melody and dramatic genius alone have acquired world-wide fame. To these the just critic dare not assign an equal place beside such great masters as Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydu, Mendelscohn or Schumann, but the entire musical world may admire them and be charmed by the magic power of their song.

In the works of the first named glaring consecutive fifths are rare, and when they do occur have a reason to be. In the writings of the last named they abound, with other errors and inelegancies of composition. The modern Italians, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi and, to some extent, even Rossini, are far more distinguished as men of natural genius than men of learning. In the opening chorus of the second Act of William Tell occurs the following:



This is an excentricity, pardonable because Rossini has written it. The author apparently intended to depict the deepening shadows of declining day. There are points in the accompaniment of the instrumental score, which to some extent modify the peculiar effect of the consecutive fifths. Writing of

HARMONY.

this kind can hardly be called 4 part writing, since the similarity of the progression of the 4 parts is absolutely uniform and without contrast. (See "Bour part writing", § 83, Part II.)

In Verdi's Requiem, Bass Solo "From the accursed" (Confutatis maledictis) we find the following : Ex. 172.



The descending 5ths do not sound as harshly as that ascanding in the second measure, but in our opinion there was no necessity for introducing these 5ths; the same sentiment could have been expressed more beaulifully with other music. Verdi is known to have become lately an ardent admirer of what is generally termed the "Music of the Future", and the progressions in question seem to have been written in definee of accepted musical law. The effect produced is not beautiful enough to justify departure from the rule in this case. We sum up by saying that consecutive 5ths should never be written when producing an unbeautiful effect, but they are admissible when necessary and at the same time harmless, or when they produce, as may be the case in *vare instances*, a beautiful effect.

Consecutive or Parallel Octaves and Primes (Unisons).

§ 78. It is universally accepted that in the progression of several parts at a time (principally in 4 part writing), the most varied and beautiful effects are produced, when no part resembles another. As the harmonies flow on, each part pursues its independent course, producing new beauties at every step. Hence it has been adjudged inadmissible in strict 4 part writing that the two parts should at any time proceed in the same successive tones, either in octaves or primes (unisons of the same pitch), with the one exception when they proceed in uniform movement, thus:

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HARMONY. 61	Covered or Concealed Octaves and Fifths. § 79. These are not admissible in 2 part writing, but may, with some exceptions, be tolerated in writing for four or more parts. The following progressions, according to Cherubini and other masters, are prohibited in 2 part writing: 1 2 3 4 5 4 5 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6		REMARKS.—The quarter notes in brackets have been inserted, not for the purpose of demonstrating that the ear / tually hears consecutive octaves or 5ths, but merely to show in what manner these , ogressions may conceal such successive intervals. Their unbeautiful effect does u , in our opinion, arise from concealed 5ths or octaves, but rather, 1st, from a lack of dissimilarity, and, 2d, from the empty effect of 5th or octave (at Nos. 3, 4 and 5) immediately after the more satisfying harmony of a 3d or 6th, and the gen-	eral emptiness at Nos. 1 and 2, Ex. 177. If independence of movement in each part is " necessary in 4 part writing, it is evidently <i>absolutely indispensable</i> in 2 part writing. NOTESuccessive Octaves and Fifths, two octaves and a twelfth or still further apart, come under the same rule, as if they stood at distances of 8 or 5 tones.	Covered Octaves and Fifths in 4 part writing. Not contrary to modern rule:	Ex. Dec. 20	Better, however, is the following, the contrary movement doing away with all suspicion of cencealed 8ths:	Ex. C 2 2 ing covered ing covered octaves are Ex.	able:
60 GOLDBECK'S	ITAN. MARCA CONTRACTOR OF CONT	Soprano and Tenor sing the same tone in uniform movement, at octaves, a progression self-evidently good. The following example, however, is one of <i>forbidden</i> octaves, Bass and Alto singing the same tones at octaves, from one tone to another:	Ex ITA Should be:	Parallel Unisons do not occur very frequently, and are less offensive, but they are equally poor in principle.	Ex. C.	There are some cases in which parallel unisons cannot be avoided, and are admissible:		15. 10. 10. 10. 10. 00 0 0 0	In this example the four parts move, as it were, in <i>two</i> parts for a mom- ent; in such a case unisons are admissible.

0

NOTE.—In choruses, also 4 part writing, it often occurs, that whole sections of a piece are surg in mission : in such cases it is understood that the style of 4 part writing is, for the time being, entirely suspended, and that a plain melody (one part) is given, rein-forced by a number of roises.

377

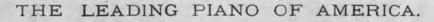
so positively-below through the leading tone (b) and above through the In this succession (Ex. 180) the two c* (Soprano and Bass) are brought

in











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LESSON TO "TWILIGHT REVERIE."

BY CHARLES KUNKEL.

A. Play in comfortable time, but with some animation. Heed well the phrasing and render the passages slurred, smoothly, lightly and delicately. *B.* Take the pedal according to indication and play

the chords distinctly and without hurry. Insufficiently trained players often hurry chord passages of this kind because they are anxious to attain the octaves on the 1st and 4th beat which are some distance in the bass.

C. M. M. stands for Maelzel's Metronome-an instrument, or rather a clock, said to have been invented by Maelzel in the year 1815 to enable composers to indicate the precise time in which a composition should be performed. Parties not in possession of a metronome can take the exact time thus indicated by a watch. For instance -60 at the beginning of a piece signifies that sixty quarter notes are to be played in a minute-one quarter to each second. If 9-90 that ninety half notes are played in a minute, one-and-a-half notes or three-quarter notes to each second.
 D. Raise the hand lightly at the notes dotted and

let them fall back elastically upon the keys of the chord next to be played.

E. Play the repeated notes (chords) with elasticity of wrist, avoiding all stiffness.

F. Arpeggioed (broken) thirds or other intervals serve to single out the upper note for more marked and better expression.

G. Give the runs very smoothly and lightly. Great care should be taken in crossing the second and third fingers over the thumb so that not the slightest break may be perceptible.

H. Observe the change of fingers on the E flats and similar passages. This change of fingering is necessary to connect the E₂ to B₂ legato.

I. Mark well the bass, which here has the melody, the right hand having the accompaniment. Every time the phrase re-occurs it should be given more passionately and a steady crescendo should be observed until N.

K. Pay special attention to lift (use) the pedal at the precise time when the F is struck. If taken sooner there will be a horrid discord as the Eg preceding would then sound at the same time. L. This is the answer to the strain (motive) given

by the left hand in the preceeding measure. Emphasize it well. The left hand here has the subordinate position, since it has the accompaniment.

M. Give the BZ its full value, holding it down so that it will continue to sound when the pedal is employed according to the direction at K.

N. Give this run, arpeggiod chord of the dimin-ished seventh with force and brilliancy. (For expla-nation of diminished seventh see diminished seventh. Goldbeck's Harmony, page 5.) Observe well the diminuendo and ritard in the measures following, then play the ritornello (returning subject) with particular delicacy and prettiness.

 O. Render these chords elastically from the wrist.
 P. Observe the dynamic marks, etc.
 General remark. To play the piece effectively the shadings from pp to a brilliant but not too powerful tone, should be carefully studied and rendered.

EXPLANATION

of the Italian words and abbreviations thereof used in "Twilight Reverie:"

Allegretto-Moderately fast. A little slower than Allegro. Aglitato-With agitation, anxiously. A tempo-Resume the previous regular time. Con espressione-With expression. Con gracia-With grace; very graceful. Cresc-Crescendo-Increasing; a gradual increase in the force f sound expressed by the sign cor the abbreviation cres. Dim-Diminuendo-Decrease of power; a gradual falling off. Lento-Slow. of Lento-Slow.

Leggiero-Lightly, swiftly. Molto-Very-extremely. M F-Mezzo forte-Moderately lond. Marcato-Marked-strong-to be well emphasized.Meno Mosso-Less fast.<math>Poco-A little ocorut-Ritard a little. Rit-Ritardando-Slakening the time. Roll-Kallentando-A gradual diminution in the speed of the movement and a corresponding decrease in the quanity of tone. tone. S F.-

S F.-Sforzato-Forced, with sudden force. A term signifying that the note or chords marked by the sign sf., are to receive a sudden emphasis.

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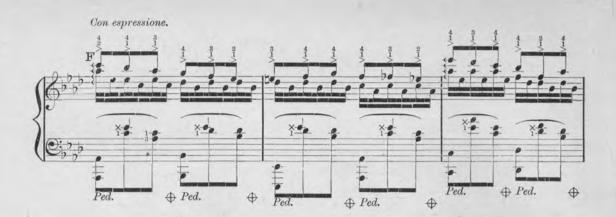
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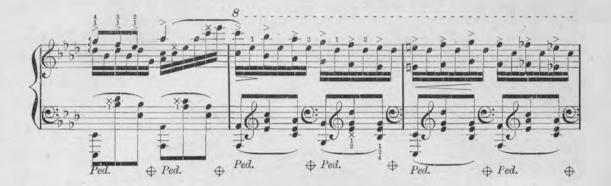
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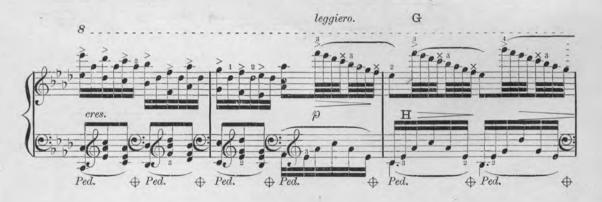
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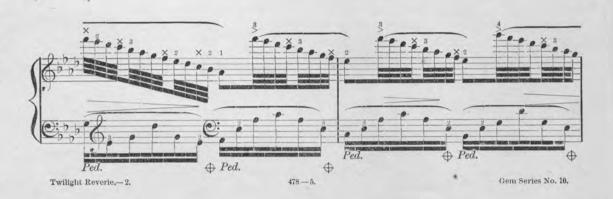


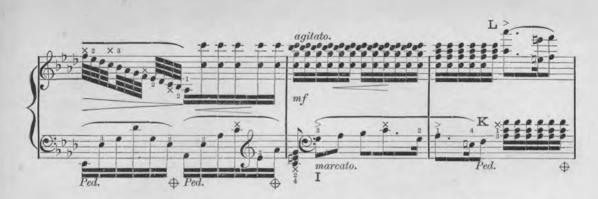
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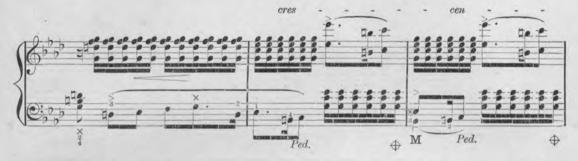


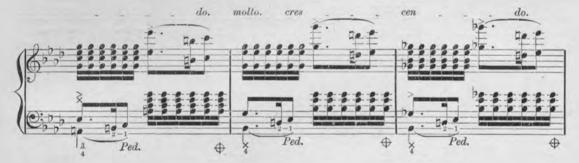




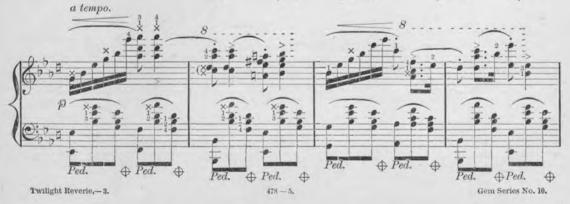






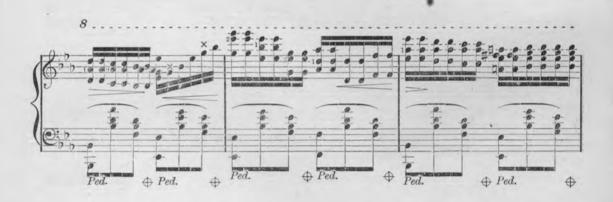


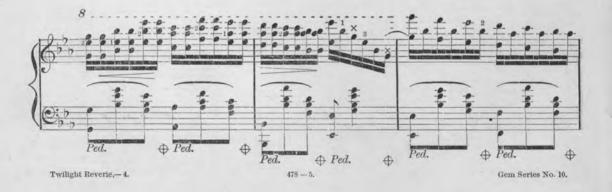






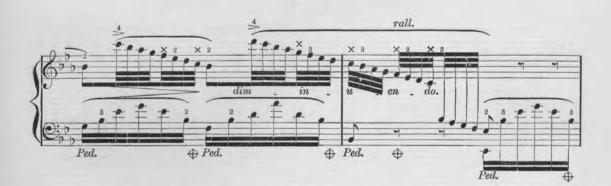


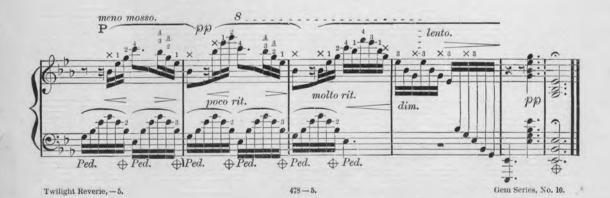












*>>>MAY GALOP.10 ***

[This Galop is also published as a Duet.]

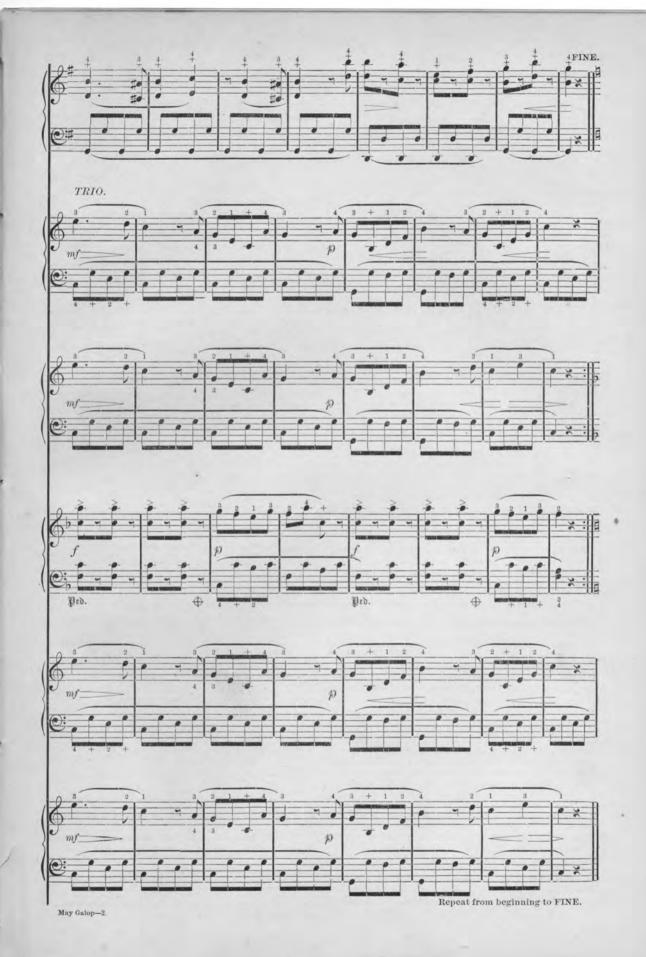
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[Times Prining House Music Dpt., St. Louis.]

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KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW, APRIL, 1881.

LESSON TO "MUSINGS,"

BY A. J. GOODRICH.

A. Make the words very prominent, and do not attempt to sustain all the tones their full value. The tone B above the first syllable of the word summer, should be rather quicker than an eighth note.

B. A slight ritard may be introduced here to enable the singer to finish the tone F. Then take breath quietly, and go on without interrupting the time seriously

The tones here are to be well sustained and C. smooth, not only to prevent repronouncing the syllable, but as an expression of the word singing, in the poem.

The second strain beginning here is to be sung D.

lightly, and very gally, *gloja*. *E*. The sentiment is still more exuberant in this place, and requires considerable animation.

The fine notes sung against one syllable must be executed smoothly, but without portamento. Do not pause upon the last note (A) before the close.

G. From G to II the sentiment is calm and should be sung lightly.

H. A little more animation is required here as the picture of "ten thousand stars" reflected from the sky to the sea, is presented to the mind.

I. This ought to be a trifle lighter, and very buoyant, hurrying the movement considerably.

K. Stop upon the word embrace, and make a slight pause. Then sing the three remaining notes in this measure more deliberately.

L. After vocalizing the preceding five notes smoothly, a pause may be made upon the last tone (A). But do not sing from this tone to G portamento, as the sentiment does not warrant it.

The third and fourth stanzas will require different vocalization in certain places. For instance, the division of rhythm mentioned for the expression of the word summer at A will not apply to the words of the third verse with fall upon the same part of the music. It would be better in this case to shorten the value of E rather than B.

From E, third verse, the sentiment is less cheerful,

and must be sung accordingly, a trifle slower. The remaining words are also regretful, and inclined to the serious. Hold the movement back somewhat, and in certain places (as the third measure after H) a half-portamento will be appropriate and suggestive.

In a narrative ballad this is necessarily left to the judgment of the singer-supposing of course that the singer knows how to compensate for a shortened note and when the time may be retarded.

Haydn's life was uniform, and fully occupied. He rose early in the morning, dressed himself very neatly and placed himself at a small table by the side of his piano, where the hour of dinner, then a very early affair, usually found him still seated. In the evening he went to the rehearsals, or to the opera, which was given four times a week in the prince's palace. Sometimes, but rarely, he devoted a morning to sport. The little time which he had to spare was divided between his friends and Mlle. Boselli. Such was the course of his life for more than thirty years, and this accounts for the astonishing number of his works. Like Haydn, Mozart most willingly devoted the morning to composition, from six or seven o'clock till ten, when he got up. After this he did no more for the rest of the day, unless he had to finish a piece that was wanted. He always worked very irreguharly. When an idea struck him he was not to be drawn from it. If taken away from the plano, he continued to compose in the midst of his friends, and passed whole nights pen in hand. At other times he had such a disinclination to work that he could not complete a piece till the moment of its performance.

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To Alexander Mahan, Cortland, N. 2f.



Ce-Narrative Balled.?

Poem by AMELIA WELBY.

Music by A. J. GOODRICH.

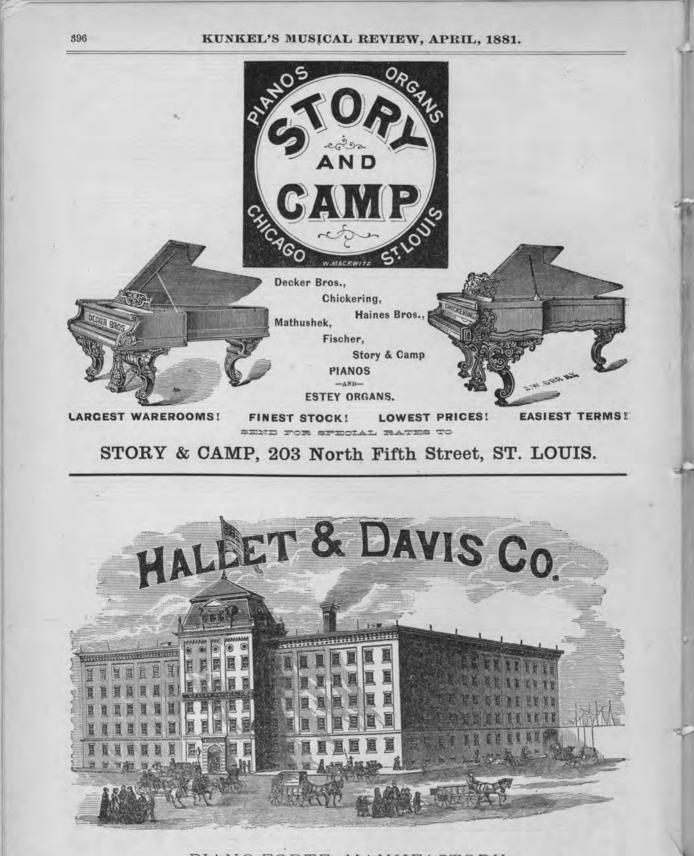




Musings-2.

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SMITH AND JONES.

Smith-Didn't see you at the last concert of the Beethoven

Smith-Didn't see you at the last concert of the Beethoven Conservatory. Jones-No: had pawned my coat, couldn't go. Smith-Well, you lost a good thing. Jones-What? Smith-The lost notes of Les Preludes of Liszt. Jones-Lost the lost notes-don't understand at all! Smith-Well, see this programme can't you read? "Les Preludes-Symphonique Poem on a reverie of Lamar-tine (Liszt): (Arranged for Plano by the composer, from the Orchestral Score.) - Miss Lillie McEwing The remaining parts supplied on another Plano by Mr. H. G. Hanchett." Jones-Yes, yes, I can read, Symphonique Poem is neither French nor English. nor do I see why Liszt wanted an orches-tral score to arrange for the plano from ; in fact, I don't believe it.

it.

it. Smith-Well, I gness Beethoven knows! Jones-What has he to do with this? Poor man, he's been dead and buried these many years. Smith-Why no, he runs that conservatory! Jones-Ah-that Beethoven? Smith-Yes, "that Beethoven!" But with your critical notions you overlook the beauty of the performance. Don't you see that the remaining parts, i. e, the lost notes, were "sup-plied on another pinao" by H. G. Hanchelt. Jones-Where did he find 'em? Smith-I don't know, but I've cabled to Li-zt to let him know where the lost notes of his *Freludes* are. The immortal lost notes. You ought to have heard them; they're fine !

HERR WILHELM RIECKHOFF, the manager of the German Theatre continues to give such performances as deservedly draw the largest audiences ever seen at German performances in St. Louis. Franlein von Trautmann. a star actress, lately played a few performances with the regular company and gave great satisfaction; but in a company such as Herr Kieckhoff's where every actor is an artist, a star does not shine by contrast as much as in a company of *supes*, but the *ensemble* is better and that is what *connoisseurs* can appreciate.

THE Beethoven composition prize given by the Society of Friends of Music at Vienna this year amounts to 500 florins. Hitherto only the students at the Vienna Conservatoire have been allowed to compete, but the prize will now be thrown open to all Austrians.

THE Albany Journal, speaking of a recital lately given in Albany by W. H. Sherwood, of Boston, says that the player met with an enthusiastic reception, and adds: "The piano used was the Miller grand, furnished by Chuett & Sons, of No. 49 State street. The pianos have been used at several musical events recently, and materially enhanced the charm of the en-tertainment by their exquisite beauty of tone. They are also elegantly finished and are becoming very popular."

THE third concert of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore, took place on the 26th of February. Mme. Falk-Auerbach played Boethoven's concerto in G major most su-perbly npon the Knabe grand. Mrs. Darling sang a group of Rubinstein's songs: "The Dream," "Asra" and "The Lark" and the fifth Norse suite of Asger Hamerik was played for the first time. first time.

THE deaths are announced at Paris, of M. Bussine, the well-known French baritone; at Brussels, of M. H. Dellege, aged sixty-two, a Belgian music publisher; at Livorno, of M. Charles Roussel, a French tenor, who had for some time past, been singing on the Italian stage; at Florence, of Giovanni Bruni, violinist, and at Rome, by suicide, of Alessandro Alessandri, professor of music professor of music.

THE Madison (Wis.) Democrat, in endeavoring to treat the wonnds received by the candidates for the presidency, wisely prescribes St. Jacobs Oll Of course we could not expect our worthy contemporary to do otherwise than recommend that famous Old German Remedy,—which "beals all wounds but those of love" and soothes all pains,—save those of political disappointment.—Gaireston News.

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Mendelssoh	in's 48 Son	gs, with							
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	azurkas.	**							10
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She sweetly smiled and said, " My love
How stupid you must be;
Have you not heard the praises sung By maidens fair and free, Of thread that's pure and smooth and strong, That never knots or breaks, The silken thread that maidens use Who seldom make mistakes?"

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