KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

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Rhymes (not "Editorial") by the Editor.

WHAT SAYS THE SEA SHELL?

O sea-shell, with the pearly lips,
  What whisp'rest in mine ear?
Would'st tell the tale of noble ships
  That sailed without a fear—
That bravely left the friendly shore
  To cross the briny plain
With freight of souls that nevermore
  To earth returned again?

Would'st tell me stories of the deep?
  Rehearse the thunder's crash,
When, like a flock of giant sheep,
  Before the tempest's lash,
The fleecy billows madly fled
  Into the lurid night,
And Ocean old rose from his bed
  In wonder and affright?

Or whisp'rest thou of coral bowers,
  Within some ocean dell
Where, mindless of the winged hours,
  The sportive mermaids dwell?
And hast thou heard the song they sing?
  And dost repeat it now?
Dost thou from them a message bring?
  O shell, what whisp'rest thou?

Thy voice, it has a strange, strange tone
  Of unrest and of dread;
As 'twere the voice of one alone
  With the unburied dead!—
A whisper of eternity,
  A sigh from nameless graves,
An echo of infinity,
  Caught from the countless waves!

O, soulless shell, thy soulful song,
  Who taught it unto thee?
Was it the soulless winds, along
  Shores of soulless sea?—
Thou echoest what th' angels say,
  What earth and seas repeat:—
There is a God who reigns for aye;
  Let men fall at his feet!

THE PARTING.

(From the Italian of Metastasio.)

Now comes the sad hour of parting,
  Nicé, my Nicé, adieu!
How shall I live, O, my darling,
  So far away from you?
  I'll live in sadness forever,
  A life devoid of endeavor;
  And ah, who knows if ever
  You will remember me,
    Poor me?

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

Thou first of April, day of days,
No bard has ever sung thy praise.
Then let *me* don the cap and bells,
And, as their music falls or swells
Fantastic, sing of thee a rhyme,
The while my rattle keepeth time:
  Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling,
    Who'd dig my grave, if the fools were all dead?
  Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling,
    Poor fool, alone with the stars overhead!
  Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling.

Though strange their words, their speech uncouth,
Fools (thank the moon) may speak the truth;
Then, frankly, on her festal day,
Let earth own Folly's regal sway.
Yes, come, ye humans, great and small,
And hail her rightful queen of all!
  Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling,
    Come, sing with me! Why should *I* sing alone?
  Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling,
    Sing Folly's praise, she will smile on her throne!
  Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling.

Say, Mister Judge, with owlish face,
Wherein's your wisdom? In your *place*.
You, soldier bold, your lion's skin
In vain would hide the ass within.
You're fools, like me—you know 'tis true—
Then sing with me, I'll sing with you:
  Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling,
    The world is built on a crazy old plan;
  Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling,
    The bigger the fool, the greater the man!
  Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling.

Hold, Crœsus, stop and hear my song!
'Tis not o'er sweet, but 'twon't be long:
By Fortune's wheel now brought on top—
Wait half a turn and down you'll flop,
While yonder fool, then topmost turned,
Will count your gold his own, well earned!
  Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling,
    He farthest falls who has farthest to fall.
  Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling,
    'Most ev'rything is just nothing at all!
  Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling.

I doff my cap—Your servant, ma'am!
E'en 'mong the fools, 't is *Place aux Dames!*
Your painted face, your studied smile,
Your honeyed words, your secret guile,
We've been their dupes; we know them now,
So take my cap, 't will fit your brow.
  Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling,
    For woman's wise, and the wise are but fools;
  Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling,
    Where woman reigns, it is folly that rules;
  Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling.

Come, fools of chance and fools of fate;
Come, fools of love and fools of hate;
Come, fools of loss and fools of gain;
Come, fools of joy and fools of pain;
Come, fools of pride and fools of pelf;
Come, fools of others, fools of self;—
  Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling,
    Come join my song. What a chorus 't will make!
  Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling,
    'T will cause the dead (all but Wisdom) to wake.
  Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling.

AN EASTER MORNING HYMN.

The night grows old, the blushing sky
  Foretells the coming day.
Haste, angels! Come, from heaven high,
  To roll the stone away—
The mighty stone that seals the tomb
  Where Jesus lies asleep,
The stone that weighs, with weight of doom,
  On hearts that, doubting, weep.

Oh, trust the Father's faithful word,
  His promises endure;
His children's pray'rs are ever heard;
  His help is nigh—and sure!

Lo, here was laid His bleeding head,
  Thorn-wounded in the strife;
But seek no more among the dead
  The glorious Prince of Life!
Done all the trials, past the pain,
  The death that must atone;
The Lord is risen, soon to reign
  On heaven's highest throne.

There shall we see Him face to face,
  When time and earth are past;
There He'll prepare His saints a place
  Where they shall dwell at last.

Where is, O grave, thy vict'ry now?
  O death, where now thy sting?
Dethroned, ye fell on Olive's brow
  And Christ alone is King!
Sing, earth and heav'n, with one accord,
  Seraphic songs of praise
To Him, the risen, living Lord
  Of never ending days!

Unfold, ye everlasting gates!
  He's vanquished death and sin—
Unfold, the King of Glory waits!
  Unfold, and let Him in!

Cast off the bonds of doubt and grief,
  Ye blood-washed sons of men!
Rise from your graves of unbelief,
  Through faith to live again!
Go forth, and unto all proclaim,
  Ye that were dead, but live,
That trust in risen Jesus' name
  Doth life eternal give.

The shame, the glory of the cross
  Make known on ev'ry shore;
Th' uplifting fall, the gainful loss
  Recount forevermore!

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

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

WE hope as many of our St. Louis readers as can possibly do so will attend the two performances to be given at Music Hall on the evenings of April 29 and 30, by the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the able conductorship of Mr. Wm. Gericke. Mr. Gericke is the leader who has just shown to the New Yorkers that, even in symphony, Thomas is not only approachable but surpassable. The orchestra numbers sixty-five performers and is assisted by Mme. Hastreiter, whom our readers will remember as one of the best singers of the American Opera Company, who severed her connection with that organization because of the boorish treatment she received at the hands of "the only Thomas." That most excellent concerts will be given does not admit of a moment's doubt.

ACCESSORIES OF MUSICAL PERFORMANCES.

MUSIC, as a means of expressing emotions, lacks definiteness. This is probably an advantage in many cases, for therein lies, in part at least, its power of self-adaptation to the varying moods of different individuals. On the other hand, this characteristic necessarily makes music more dependent than the other arts upon its environments, whenever it endeavors to express some definite emotion or to serve as the exponent of a definite situation.

We doubt whether it is ever possible to entirely dissociate the effect of a musical performance from that of its surroundings of time, place or association. The hymn your mother used to sing to you in your childhood's days might seem but poor music indeed, did you now hear it for the first time—but the tones of her voice still linger upon its cadences and, for you, it is not a possible subject of criticism and, rightly or wrongly, it is music. You would not select "Marching through Georgia" as a meritorious composition, but if you hear ten thousand of the "boys in blue"—boys in gray most of them now, as to beard and hair—take up the refrain, you will have to admit that there is in the old tune, or rather in a mass of voices taking up its strains, a power to move the listener. It is needless, here, to multiply examples. Those we have given suffice to make our meaning plain.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver," says Holy Writ, and what is true of definite speech is even truer of music, the indefinite language of the emotions. Its merit, or at least its appearance of merit, is largely affected by the character of its accessories, even as a painting is set off by the frame that surrounds it and by the particular kind of light that is made to fall upon it.

It is too evident for argument that music composed to specifically set forth some dramatic situation can never be as effective in any other. Hence it is that many, if not most, operatic selections are entirely unsuited for concert use. This is specially true of the music of those operas (like Gluck's, Wagner's and Verdi's last two) which endeavor to be really music-dramas. Dramatic music has no legitimate place upon the concert platform. *Vice versa*, purely lyric compositions, unless naturally brought about in the course of the action, have no *raison d'être* upon the operatic stage, and such interpolations as "Home, Sweet Home," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," etc., etc., into operatic performances are simply abominations that should not be tolerated outside of the Choctaw nation.

Have you ever heard a string quartette in a large hall, while you sat on the outer rows of seats? If so, did you enjoy it? If not, why not? Simply because it was not being performed in a suitable place. Berlioz, that most acute of observers, says somewhere that, in order to get the full effect of music, one must be within the range of its *felt* vibrations, and he never spoke a truer word. Chamber music loses one-half of its effect, when played in a hall accommodating more than a few hundred. It was never written for large concert halls. Its environments there are wrong, and its effects are lessened, if not destroyed.

When the youthful Mozart noted down from memory Allegri's famous *Miserere*, until then kept secret as one of the wonders of music and of the Sistine chapel, where it is yet sung during "Holy week" every year, it was supposed that the world would soon be thrilled with the wonderful strains which many had travelled thousands of miles to hear. But outside of the Sistine chapel, apart from the imposing ceremonies and peculiar modes of singing there adopted, the music has always appeared commonplace—and it is to-day a curiosity and nothing more, although with its proper accessories, in the place and on the occasions for which it was written, its effect is said to be as overwhelming as ever. Do we not lose a large share of the proper effect of religious music, when it is given in a concert hall, in all the glaring blaze of footlights and the play of colors of the costumes of choristers, with the orchestra, its gesticulating leader and the smirking soloists in full view, all calling the attention to outward display, when the mood should be one of introspection, meditation or adoration? And, while it would show off to far less advantage the toilets of the ladies and the dress-coats of the gentlemen, would not oratorios be much more like oratorios in the "dim religious light" of some Gothic temple, with the performers out of sight, than as they are usually given?

To this same subject belongs, in part, the proper arrangement of concert programmes, the surrounding of any given composition by such other compositions as will enhance its effect. Each composition as it is rendered creates a certain mood in the mind of the listener—tinges it, so to speak, with some definite color of tone and sentiment, which will mingle and blend with the tone color of the composition that follows it, unless, indeed, a strong contrast in style prevents any blending. In either case the composition appears different according to the frame of other compositions in which it is set. Here again the accessories have great importance and should not, in practice, be disregarded.

Some one may think that in thus dwelling upon the importance of the accessories of music we are belittling music itself. Such is certainly not our intention; we are not expounding a theory but simply noting facts. "Absolute music" may be free from the influences we have mentioned but, in reality, there is very little pure or "absolute" music. All music set to words, all music intended to enhance or develope a dramatic situation, all "programme" music, all music, in short, that goes beyond music for music's sake is really only part of an art work—the most important part perhaps, but a part still.

A diamond is a diamond ever, but it needs a proper setting to bring out all its beauties. So, too, fine music is always fine but it too needs, for the full exhibition of all its excellences, a suitable setting of time, place, position and occasion.

The practical lessons to be deduced from the foregoing are on the surface, and they have doubtless already suggested themselves to the intelligent reader.

THE A. C. M. EXAMINATIONS AND MR. BOWMAN.

IN the last issue of the *Musical Herald*, of Boston, Massachusetts, we read the following paragraph:

"A correspondent gives utterance to the following: 'It must be a source of profound gratification to those who may contemplate seeking musical honors from the 'American College of Musicians' to be reassured as to the phenomenal ability of the examiners connected with that somewhat equivocal institution. Mr. E. M. Bowman, one of those deputed to test the theoretical knowledge of candidates for examination, has recently published a work in all respects worthy of the exalted position assigned him in his chosen profession by the Music Teachers' National Association. With the modesty characteristic of genius, he has clothed his inspiration in the modest guise of a waltz of primitive simplicity. This 'Bobolink' *valse* appears in the *Musical Record;* and, although the melody assigned to the right hand is written in single notes, and the accompaniment allotted to the left hand is restricted to two-part harmony, Mr. Bowman has proved that it is possible for a skilled composer to introduce harmonic eccentricities of a kind that ordinary musicians would designate as incorrect, even under these conditions. The production is in all respects worthy of its distinguished author.'"

Mr. Bowman is our fellow-townsman and, however much we may have differed with him in the past, we feel it to be our duty to defend him from the *Herald's* covert attack. It is evident that the writer is deterred from calling the harmonies of the "Bobolink Waltz" mistakes, only by the fact that Mr. Bowman is the President of the National Perambulator otherwise known as the A. C. M. There are two other facts, which should not be forgotten in this controversy. The first is that Mr. Bowman is the American editor of a German work on harmony; the second that the pastor of the church for which Mr. Bowman is organist, and to whom we have already had occasion to refer as an authority on theology among musicians and on music among theologians, says that Mr. Bowman is a first-class harmonist.

A bit of history will here serve to set Mr. Bowman right. Some two years ago, the editor of this journal had occasion to write to Mr. Bowman and ask him to be so kind as to name some composition of his that could be performed at a "Home Composers' Concert" about to be given under the editor's business management. In our letter we referred to the "Bobolink Waltz" as one of the only two pieces we had found bearing Mr. Bowman's name, and suggested that probably he would not care to be represented by them upon the programme. In due course of mail, Mr. Bowman informed us that the pieces in question were written when he was young and tender and imagined he was a composer; that he had changed his mind since, and begged to be left off the programme, having no composition he could refer to as suitable. Later, Mr. Bowman evidently changed his mind in reference to his ability as a composer, for he brought out an anthem and an organ piece. True,

some critics claimed that these works lacked originality and kept on exclaiming as strain after strain was heard: "Mendelssohn, Dudley Buck, Batiste, Guilmant," etc., but these were wicked critics, who did not know what they were talking about. See the injustice of criticism and the perplexities of genius! When Mr. Bowman, in the "Bobolink Waltz" strikes out into a novel path, they hint that he has made mistakes; when his music sounds like somebody's else, they say it is not his! Is it his fault, forsooth, that he did not happen to be the first to have this or that musical idea?

There is another thing to be said. The *Herald* is the organ of a large conservatory and its editors evidently think of the degrees to be given by the American College of Musicians, as if they were those of a permanent institution, and represented the undergoing of a certain training and passing of a serious examination. This is all a mistake. The A. C. M. is simply a sort of musical millinery shop on wheels and its degrees are the ribbons and feathers it keeps in stock. The "Bobolink Waltz" is probably far in advance of any work which is likely to be done by the wearers of the rosettes of the A. C. M. and even if it were true that it is not a great work, it is surely sufficient to establish the competency of its author to pass on the qualifications of those who will apply for degrees and titles from the A. C. M.—and more he does not claim.

The *Herald* is usually a well-informed journal, but in this instance it has allowed itself to be carried away by prejudice, and we here warn the beaneaters who edit its columns to let Mr. Bowman alone, if they do not want us to rap them over the knuckles.

THE "MUSICAL HERALD" ON "THE NATIONAL OPERA."

THE Boston *Musical Herald*, for March, says:

"The *bona fide* nature of the enterprise controlled by Mrs. Thurber, Mr. Theodore Thomas, and Mr. Locke, is significantly indicated by the following extract from an advertisement in reference to the company's return visit to Boston:—

AMERICAN OPERA, by "The National Opera Company." Monday, February 14, *Lohengrin*.

There is a world of meaning in this to the observant mind. It indicates, in fact, the entire policy of the movement; namely, the furtherance of German interests, while professing to serve the cause of native art. It will, however, be found in the sequel that "honesty is the best policy;" for the public, while willing to support any artistic performances, either native or foreign, are already resenting the insincerity of those who, in this instance, are persistently "sailing under false colors." Mrs. Thurber has already absorbed, within a period of some eighteen months, a sum aggregating about a million and a half of dollars, without any appreciable results beyond having incurred debts vainly awaiting liquidation. Exorbitant salaries have been paid to a few favored individuals of foreign nationality (with one exception), and the artistic results claimed have no existence in fact.

A "National Conservatory" was started in the fall of 1885, and placed under the professional direction of Madame Fursch-Madi, M. Bouhy, and a ballet master, M. Bibeyr,—all of whom are unacquainted with the English language. Great results were promised for this season; but, beyond a few chorus singers and ballet girls, this great art school has produced nothing.

Notwithstanding this self-evident failure, Mrs. Thurber is now exhausting her eloquence in the columns of newspapers and at meetings organized by herself, in order to arouse sufficient patriotism to enable her to extract from the public a trifling matter of $500,000, to extend her conservatory and liquidate claims for unpaid salaries. Under these circumstances, it becomes the duty of all really interested in the artistic welfare of America, to earnestly protest against such efforts as these, which are simply calculated to heap ridicule on our national intelligence. The development of native talent is a "consummation devoutly to be wished;" but this cannot be effected by such means as are at Mrs. Thurber's command, or those who profit by her inexperience and misdirected enthusiasm."

We are glad to see the *Herald*, at last, taking the right view of this enterprise. Like many converts, however, we fear it goes too far in its condemnation of what it once supported. Let us be fair. If a ballet is necessary, where is the American ballet master that could have been obtained? Where is the native American lady directress that could have taken the place of Mme. Fursch-Madi? Again, is it reasonable to ask of the "National Conservatory" great results in one season? Finally, is there such an abundance of American operas that a performance of "Lohengrin" is to be condemned?

The *Musical Herald* is right—the enterprise is not sincerely national, and it is a foregone conclusion that it will soon go to smash, but the *Herald* is unfortunate in its chosen line of attack. It could have demonstrated by facts and figures that, in those branches where native American talent was available, inferior talent of foreign birth was chosen, that, in the absence of grand operas of American origin, the Wagner operas have been systematically given undue prominence at the expense of those of all other schools, and that the business management of the opera has been insincere and even dishonest. Such a line of argument would have been fairer and much more conclusive.

We prophesied the present state of affairs of the American (now National) Opera eighteen months ago, and warned on the one hand Mrs. Thurber against her advisers and the public against undue enthusiasm. Bad treatment is the sole cause of the impending death. It is probably not yet too late to save the patient, but it has been bled almost to death, and the Doctors, Thomas and others, in charge of the case, belong to the good old antiphlogistic school, and they will undoubtedly prescribe a few more (imported) leeches. It is an open secret by the way, that these doctors expect to be sole heirs—should a death ensue; and a funeral is highly probable in the near future, since Mrs. Thurber and her friends seem to think it is better to have the patient die *secundum artem* than recover in an irregular manner. Then the American people will be blamed for the result by the very persons who will have brought it about.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

WE translate for our readers from *L'Art Musical* the following interesting article from the pen of Mr. A. Landely.

In his article on Otello, our Milan correspondent, speaking of Verdi's new *finale* for the third act, dwelt upon the degree of perfection which the Italians have always attained in polyphonic complications. This statement is very true and deserves not to be passed by unnoticed. Polyphony is of Italian birth. If to-day German music has become transcendental; if the study of harmony and of the science of handling masses of sound are patiently delved into by the trans-Rhenane composers, it is none the less certain that formerly German music was rather simple, melodious, and that German composers seemed to studiously avoid all appearance of artificiality.

While the protestant reformation was creating in Germany simple harmonies and broad songs, Italy was, on the contrary, remarkable for the inextricable complications of its polyphony. Palestrina then simplified it, giving it that balance and grandeur of proportions which have never been surpassed.

After this great reformer, the two nations followed nearly the same path as to style. Italy had the lead and kept it for a long time—turning its attention immediately to dramatic music. After Viadana, to whom we are indebted for the first melodies, came Carissimi and Scarlatti, the originators of *recitative*. The latter inaugurated the reforms which were continued by his disciples: Durante, Leo and Greco. Music at last freed itself from the bondage of counterpoint, entering with Monteverde upon its true course. The composer of "Ariane" and "Orfeo" did not throw off the yoke of scholasticism without undergoing great opposition. Artusi, of the school of Bologna, who could not at all grasp his harmonic discoveries, made bitter but fruitless war upon him. Genius triumphed over grammar.

This musical movement, as yet somewhat indefinite in the seventeenth century, took more definite shape in the eighteenth, through the efforts of Pergolesi, Piccini, Sacchini, Jomelli, Cimarosa and Paisiello. It was then only that Germany, thitherto far behind, took gigantic strides forward, with Haendel, Haydn, Bach, Gluck and Mozart. But, with the exception of Gluck, these composers, as has been noted by Prof. Pietro Blaserna, in his work on "Sound and Music," "must be considered as the fruitful and sublime continuers of the Italian movement. To convince one's self of how little a distance divided the two schools, one need only compare Cimarosa's "*Matrimonio Segreto*" with Mozart's "*Nozze di Figaro*." They seem like two works produced by the same school and composed by two brothers—though the former is lighter, more brilliant, more elegant and the latter broader, richer, deeper."

Bach himself, whose compositions constitute today the real bible of the musicians, entered upon the course which he was to make illustrious only in the wake of Frescobaldi, one of the inventors of the fugue and the introducer into instrumental music of the methods first introduced into vocal music by Monteverde.

Rossini came and the separation between the two schools then became well marked. The Italians abandoned the grand forms created in symphonic music by Beethoven and in dramatic music by Gluck. Italian song was the cause of the intrinsic decadence of Italian music. At this time, Italy was made the admiration of the world by her artists, raised amid the best lyric traditions and trained from their infancy by means now forgotten. Flattered by the press, applauded by the public, triumphant, exulting, these singers began to consider themselves as the principal element of success, and as written music did not give them sufficient opportunities for self-display, they adorned it with trills, cadenzas, and *fioriture* of all sorts. Good taste was being drowned.

Powerless to prevent this movement, Rossini, after the manner of our modern politicians, made himself its leader, preferring to deflower his own music to letting it be deflowered by others, and thus, out of necessity, made himself the apostle of vocal gargling. Let us hasten to say that "William Tell" does away with these errors in a way which would make it unfair to dwell upon them.

Unfortunately, all these exaggerations had created a vitiated style—sentimentalism, from which Bellini, notwithstanding his depth of feeling, and Donizetti, notwithstanding the elegance of his work, were not always free. It is however to be noted that, in their weakest works, they, as well as Rossini, remain masters in polyphonic writing. Their *ensemble* pieces are always interesting and often models for the great effects attained through simple vocal combinations.

Neither Meyerbeer, nor even Wagner, who was familiar with all musical intricacies, have ever surpassed this innate skill of the sons of Palestrina. With both Meyerbeer and Wagner, especially the latter, the orchestra played a considerable role. The others hardly paid any attention to it. It was by means of the simple superposition of voices, of the distribution to each, at just the right time, of a melodic fragment, that they succeeded in erecting monuments imperishable in the simplicity of their architecture, such as the finales of "*La Sonnambula*," "*Linda*," "*Dom Sebastiano*," "*Lucia*," and so many others, less known, which we might cite.

Verdi is a thorough master of this science of vocal amalgam. It is seen in his very first works, written when he hardly knew harmony. The sextette from "*Nabucco*," the trio from "*I Lombardi*," the finale of "*Ernani*," the sextette from "*Jerusalem*," the quartettes from "Luisa Miller" and "*Rigoletto*," the *Miserere* from "*Il Trovatore*," the finales of "*Traviata*," "*Forza del Destino*" and "Aïda" (to speak only of those that are known, more or less, by everybody) sufficiently prove the truth of our assertion.

"Otello" has been written by Verdi in accordance with a new musical art-system to which we were already indebted for two other master works: "Aïda" and the "*Requiem*," an art system which is inspired by a desire to be true to the dramatic expression far more than by certain much lauded theories. It is perfectly clear that the means used by the composer for the construction of his third act are in nowise, as has been stated, borrowed from any of his neighbors.

Upon the whole, it may be affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that there is much more of Verdi's manner in Wagner's earlier works than there is of Wagner's system in Verdi's later works. In polyphony proper and in the *ensemble* of his work, the Italian has remained superior to the German, who, on the other hand, is undeniably far superior in the domain of symphony.

A TIN FIDDLE.

WHEN I visited the Royal Museum of Naples, among all the curiosities which it contained, one object especially attracted my attention; not because of its intrinsic or artistic value, but on account of its oddity. It was a violin made out of bits and clippings of tin, rather awkwardly soldered together, but yet, recalling the form of the king of instruments.

I inquired of the keeper, what could have procured for this poor old fiddle the honors of a permanent exhibition in such noble company; but, notwithstanding the loquacity natural to a *cicerone*, and the imaginativeness natural to a southerner, the old fellow was obliged to confess he did not know.

I was then an orderly of the King of Naples. When, that evening, I entered upon my duties at the palace, I spoke to some of the officers of my visit to the museum, and of the odd instrument I had there noticed. At first, no one could tell me anything about it. A few had seen it, and, like me, had wondered why that ugly thing had been placed among so many art treasures; but their curiosity had not gone so far as to lead them to inquire particularly concerning this important question. I had already determined to give up the investigation, and I verily believe I had forgotten the incident, when the Duke de Casa Calenda, who was one of my colleagues in the service of His Majesty, and of whose exquisite politeness and perfect obligingness I had had a hundred proofs, brought to me the Marquis de Rivalo and introduced him to me, saying that he knew the history of the violin in question, and of its admission to the museum. Here is what the cousin of Casa Calenda then related:

One evening—it was, I believe, in 1832, Paganini was to come to the palace, to play before the Court some of the marvelous improvisations whose secret he has kept; for he alone could attempt and accomplish what no one has dared to essay since the days of this immortal artist, who obtained from his violin tones and effects which have justly caused him to be proclaimed "the incomparable Paganini."

It was in the month of July, if I rightly remember; the concert was to take place at eight o'clock, but by seven o'clock the carriages began to arrive at the palace and the *via di Toledo* was full of people. Our beautiful bay was flooded with light, for the sun, away down the horizon, about to disappear beneath the waves, seemed to caress with a last glance of love this shore to which winter is unknown. Like a god who changes to purple, gold or precious stones, everything which his gaze but lights upon, the sun caused the waves to sparkle, while invisible *genii* hung above his couch downy and shining curtains of clouds, that seemed like a magic cloth, woven of golden rays and azure vapors. In the distance, one could see the passing sail of some felucca from Sorrento or the upright, sculptured prow of a gondola, which might have been taken for the white wing of some halcyon skimming the waves, or for a swan, with elegant and majestic carriage, slowly sailing to land. Upon the shore, the sea-birds, anxious and hurried, flew in large circles, and flung towards the King of day, who was about to disappear beneath the blue sea, a harsh and sharp cry—a prayer or a reproach—and one by one these inhabitants of the air were seen to disappear within the clefts of the rocks, where they were about to hide their heads beneath their wings, in order that they might not see the darkness, but peacefully sleep until morning. As the daylight faded away, large gleams of red light became more and more visible on the east of the bay; it was Vesuvius, that was being lighted, like a gigantic light-house, to guide homeward the gondolas which all the day long glide over the most beautiful bay in the world.

Although familiar with the splendors of those sunsets, for they are daily, the gondoliers and the fishermen leaned upon the quay or upon the side of their boats to admire them. Even the *lazzaroni*, lazily lying upon the steps of the palaces, raised themselves upon one elbow, to address a last, long look to the setting sun; and the carriages, the horsemen and the promenaders that filled the street, walked or moderated their speed to look towards the west.

As one approached the upper portion of the *via di Toledo*, the crowds became more and more dense and the carriages more and more numerous, for it was towards the Royal Palace that most of the carriages were going, and the crowd was increased by the idlers and curiosity hunters who came to see the "upper ten" alighting from their carriages. Therefore, it was not without some difficulty that a tall, spare and eccentric looking man, of some fifty years of age, elbowed his way through the populace that crowded the sidewalks. He had just crossed the *via Frattina*, when he suddenly stopped and listened. For a minute he listened so attentively that he did not discover that the crowd was pushing him and carrying him along towards the palace, until the strange sounds which had struck his ear appeared to become more and more remote.

"*Per Giove!*" cried he, speaking to himself, "what instrument can that be?" He listened again. "It sounds like a clarionet," he said aloud, "and yet it is a stringed instrument! What can it be?" And his curiosity, I should perhaps say his anxiety, became so great that he bravely pushed against the ever increasing crowd, and returned to the entrance of the *via Frattina*. Here there was an open space, and he saw, sitting upon the steps of a palace, but a few doors away from the great thoroughfare which the multitude crowded, an old man playing a violin. He was playing before a *lazzarone* who dozed, leaning against a column, and three or four *bambini* in tatters, who, standing with legs wide apart, listened as they ate remnants of oranges, or gnawed away at old watermelon rinds. By the side of the old man was a little boy, who held upon his knee a misshapen hat, which was probably to serve as a contribution box, but in which there was not a single *carlino*; since no one has listened to the old musician.

When he saw the old man playing the violin, the listener was more bewildered than before. He saw, and could not believe; for his ear told him more positively than ever that those could not be the sounds of a violin, had a legion of katydids been put into it. He stepped forward and was at last compelled to admit that it was a violin, but one made of tin—whence those unusual tones.

He looked, listening, when the old minstrel stopped to search his pockets, from which he at last drew a piece of rosin, upon which he rubbed his bow vigorously; preparing probably to make use of all his ability to please the one genuine auditor who had just come, and whose attentive air and benevolent smile caused him to hope for a few *carlini* —— the first that day, alas!

But, just as he was about to replace the instrument under his chin, the stranger stopped him and said: "Pardon me, my friend, but what is that?"

"Why it's a violin, as you can see, *Signor!*" answered the other, somewhat hurt that any one should fail to recognize it.

"Yes, to be sure," continued the stranger, who understood the thought of the old artist, and did not wish to wound his feelings, "but ——— an extraordinary one! Will you allow me to look at it?"

The old man handed it to him, and assumed the dejected look common to old paupers, when you ask them for anything without emphasizing your request by putting your fingers into your vest pocket.

After having turned it over and over, in order to examine it on all sides, the stranger said to the old man: "How did you get the notion of having a tin violin made?"—for it was unmistakably made of tin?—

"Papa made it!" proudly spoke up the little boy.

"Yes," answered the old man at last, "it was the child's father, my son, who made it." Nor was this said without a touch of pride by the old man.

"Ah!" said the auditor; "but what gave your son the idea of making you a *tin* violin?" he repeated.

"I'll tell you," replied the poor man sadly. "My son is a tinner; he has seven children and his wages is only one *scudo* a day. One *scudo*," said he, sighing, "is but little for ten persons: he, his wife, the children and myself (for he never would hear of my going to the poor house), and so we were poor, so poor, that I often thought of going out begging, since I am too old to work upon the quay—but I was ashamed." He was silent for an instant, and then continued: "Still, long ago, I had learned to play the violin, and many a time have I played for the merry dancers; and I said to myself that, if I could only get an instrument, I could play in the streets, and bring home a few *carlini* every evening. But how can one buy a violin when one has no money to buy bread! And yet, I had spoken of that so often that my Giuseppe, who is a good son and a good workman —— and no fool, began to make one for me out of the worthless clippings about the shop of his employer. He must have been a month at least making it, for making a violin is no easy job, you see! At last he succeeded, and one evening he brought me ——"

"Yes, I understand," interrupted the stranger, stretching out his hand to take the bow. "Will you allow me to try it?"

The old man gave him the bow. Then the stranger picked at the strings with his fingers and began to tune the instrument. It would seem that he did it not unskillfully, for the old man, smiling in a friendly manner, said to him: "Ah, you are one of the trade, too?"

"Humph! just a bit," answered he, smiling; and as the violin was now tuned, he placed it in position and gave one stroke of the bow, so vigorous, so masterly, that the old man, and even the children, looked at him wonderingly; for in Italy every one is an artist by instinct.

After a short prelude, intended to give him the range and capacities of the instrument, the eccentric looking man whom I introduced to you, was transfigured; the lines about his mouth became sharper and deeper, and beneath his thick eyebrows, in the depths of his cavernous eyes, a gleam appeared; and as he played, this light grew and developed, illuminating his face and ennobling the entire person of the weird player, who seemed to have forgotten both the place where he was and the people who had begun to surround him; for he gave up his whole soul to the breath of inspiration, even as a vessel opens its sails to the favoring breeze, or as the Pythoness of antiquity, possessed by the spirit of her god, gave up all her being to the prophetic ecstasy which made her oblivious of earthly things.

In the meantime, the carriages continued to proceed slowly towards the palace, whither they were taking all the aristocracy of Naples. The crowd that had gathered at the entrance of the *via Frattina* attracted the attention of a lady, who recognized the artist whom she was going to the palace to hear. She stretched out her arm, crying, "Paganini," and turning to the coachman, "Stop."

The coachman obeyed, but, although the distance was but short, the persons in the carriage could not hear well, and so, in order to draw near to the great artist, they alighted. From that instant, the *via Frattina* began to fill with fine people. Transmitted from carriage to carriage, the news that Paganini was there, playing in the street, spread in the *via di Toledo*, and forthwith, the carriages were emptied, and waves of silks, laces and perfume, that is to say, noble ladies, rushed forward and filled the street where Paganini, in the glow of inspiration, improvised upon his tin violin, an unheard-of melody. He had taken as his theme the story which the old minstrel had just told him, and he rehearsed to himself in a wordless tongue (since it is made up only of melodious sounds) the sorrows of the poor, the desolate complaint of an old man; the filial love of Giuseppe; the joy of his father, when he found himself possessor of a violin; his first peregrinations, and his humble endeavors to move the pity of the passer-by; finally, his return to his humble home, the happiness of the children, the smile of their mother, and the pride of the son, when the old man threw upon the table his first day's receipts.

With his wonderful musical genius, and his brilliant execution, he rendered as expressively as if it had been in words, the feelings and scenes which his artist's heart presented to his mind. Sometimes his violin wept, and sometimes it seemed to think; then a melody, sweet as a dream of the Orient, spoke of the hopes of the old man, and of the joys which his humble labors brought to the little children. Paganini was perhaps never greater than on this occasion, when his genius, borne aloft upon the wings of charity, soared above the wondering multitude. As he finished his improvisation he took the misshapen hat of which I have spoken, and, handing it to the child, motioned to him that he should begin the collection.

While the *bambino* was going from one to another of the fine ladies who filled the street, soliciting an offering, and staring with his large black eyes at the beautiful faces before which the populace had respectfully fallen back, and which at this moment composed the front ranks of the crowd, Paganini had again taken up his violin and was improvising a melody, not sombre nor brilliant, but soft and gentle as the prayer of a virgin; and if what I have already said may be true, if music can express the sentiments of the soul, and if its accents are those

of the cherubim, who cannot use our barbarous words to sing praises of the Most High, Paganini must have spoken that tongue and have been understood by all the ladies who surrounded him; for no one will deny that there is something of the angel in women. His second improvisation then, was a prayer, and it was so well understood that the gold coins were soon mingled with the pieces of silver, the rings and bracelets, in the old hat of the child.

When he had finished his collection and returned to his grandfather, carrying what, for these poor people, was a veritable fortune, Paganini returned to the old man his strange violin; then, looking at it, he had an artist's fancy, and asked its owner whether he would sell it to him. The first impulse of the old Neapolitan was to press the precious instrument against his heart, for it seemed a real talisman to him, and he answered promptly: "Oh, no, it's too good!" But as his gaze fell upon the miraculous receipts, he felt that he was ungrateful, and as he held out to the artist his precious violin, he said: "No, I would not sell it for any money——but, if you want it, I'll give it to you —— for you play it better than I," added he, after a pause.

Paganini understood the old man's regret, and notwithstanding his thankful offer, did not accept his gift; he even added a modest offering to the old musician's store, and departed in the midst of a murmur of praises, which followed him even within the palace.

Still, said I, the violin is in the museum.

"Yes," answered the Marquis de Rivalo, "when the story was related to the King, he laughed heartily over the refusal and the answer of the old musician, and in order to reward Paganini for his charitable deed, that is to say, in order to perpetuate the memory of an episode which probably stands alone in the life of this great artist (who had the reputation of being anything but generous), he caused the famous violin to be purchased and deposited in the museum, where you saw it.

COUNT A. DE VERVINS.

ARRIGO BOITO.

BOTH the biographer and the photographer, in the exercise of their professional duties, labor under one and the same disadvantage, that is, willing and skillful as they may be to take off the physical or moral likeness of a given person, they cannot do it unless there is also on the part of the "patient" a kind of apt disposition to be so taken off. Vanity, even amongst the greatest, is by no means an uncommon weakness, and the *sanctum sanctorum* of statesmen, scientific men, eminent artists, acrobats, jockeys, and great criminals, is generally very easily accessible to such powerful blowers of the fame-trumpet as biographers and photographers are. Arrigo Boïto, whose name is once more borne afloat on the tidal wave of Verdi's *Otello*, has always been an impregnable fortress to the strenuous efforts of reporters. His likeness, even at the very highest of the *Mefistofele* rage, when publishers might have sold it at a premium, was as rare in the market as a Raffaello or a Giotto; and as for a detailed account of his life and works, he could not be induced by love or money to speak on the subject, so that all the information as regards his individuality is to be gathered only through his friends and acquaintances.

Arrigo Boïto was born in "fair Padua, nursery of arts," on February 24, 1842: his mother was a Polish lady, and his father—who died when Arrigo was still a child—an Italian painter. At the age of fifteen Arrigo was admitted as a pupil at the Royal Conservatoire of Music in Milan, where he began and completed his musical studies under the direction of the late Signor Mazzucato. When he was still a pupil he began to attract attention to his extraordinary talents by some poetical works full of power, novelty, and imagination. His earliest production was a libretto for a sacred cantata taken from the "Song of Songs," purposely written for his intimate friend and schoolfellow, Mr. Albert Visetti. Then came a cantata, "*Le Sorelle d' Italia*," an allegory concerning the political events of 1859. The poem was a decided success, and Andrea Maffei sent a most flattering letter to the rising author. The cantata was in two parts: the first, "Italy and Hungary," was set to music by Franco Faccio, who is now the conductor of the orchestra of La Scala; the second, "Greece and Poland," was set to music by Boïto himself; and such was the success of the work when performed at Milan, that the Italian government, though by no means a great patron of arts and artists, sent both Boïto and Faccio to Vienna, Paris and Berlin to perfect their artistic education. Boïto, by this time, had already set to work on his *Mefistofele*, and the famous "quartet of the garden" belongs to this period (1861). Yet the difficulties that young musicians meet with at the beginning of their career, and the enthusiastic reception that had been accorded to his poetical essays, inclined Boïto more towards literature than towards music, and on his return to Milan he published several poems in reviews and magazines and a *novella* in prose, "*L'Alfier Nero*." Moreover, he was a most active contributor to the *Giornale della Societa del Quartetto* and to the *Figaro*, a short-lived periodical that had been started by him in connection with a few friends, amongst whom was Emilio Praga. But noble and influential as the pen is, it is—at least in Italy—a very poor tool to get daily bread by, especially when handled by an honest hand, so that Boïto, by the advice of Victor Hugo, who held him in great estimation, decided to take advantage of his perfect knowledge of French literature and language and go to Paris to seek a situation on the staff of some leading newspaper of the French capital. Accordingly to Paris he went in the spring of 1867, bringing with him a most affectionate and emphatic letter of introduction of Victor Hugo to Emile de Girardin. To be the right man in the right place is much, but it is not enough—one must also come at the right moment. Signor Boïto, unhappily, did not go to see Emile de Girardin at a moment when he was apt to devote even a little time to music and poetry; he was then the hero of a political *procés* that was absorbing all his time, so that he received Victor Hugo's *protégé* in great haste and asked him to call again when the case would be over. Boïto remained in Paris for a few days, but being a disciple of Cato, and adhering perhaps too closely to the precept "*rumores fuga*," one fine morning he got up tired of the hurly-burly and of the heat and frenzy of the International Exhibition, took his trunk with him, and went straight to Poland on a visit to his sister. This step was to decide Signor Boïto's after life. A quiet home, a quiet place, the humdrum of a small provincial town, brought again to his memory *Mefistofele*, and in the great many leisure hours he had, brought the work almost to completion. On his return to Milan towards the end of the year, Signor Bonola, then manager of La Scala, offered him to produce *Mefistofele* in the ensuing Carnival season of 1868. Accordingly, on March 5th of that year, the original setting of *Mefistofele* was presented to the most imposing audience that ever filled that world-renowned theater. The performance began at 7:30, and the curtain fell on the last scene considerably after one o'clock in the morning. Signor Boïto, contrary to the accepted custom, conducted his own work, the chief *roles* being assumed by Mdlle. Rebeoux, MM. Spalazzi and Yunka. The opera failed, but Boïto's claim to rank amongst the greatest living artists was established beyond discussion. The excitement created by this musical event is only to be understood by those who know the lively nature of Italians. During the last act a free fight took place in the very precincts held sacred to the Milanese Euterpe, and fighting went on in the famous coffee-houses Martini, Accademia and Cova, where the crowd that could not get admission to the theater had been waiting anxiously for a report of the performance. The police was busy until four o'clock in the streets leading to the theater, and a great many gentlemen went to bed with a black eye, or otherwise mangled and bruised. Two other performances were attempted, and all available seats had been sold, but the police thought it safer to interfere, and *Mefistofele* was withdrawn from the bills, and its place was taken by Verdi's *Don Carlos*.

From the spring of 1868 to the fourth of October, 1875, when *Mefistofele*, partly re-written, and adapted to the exigencies of the operatic stage, was brought forth at Bologna, thus beginning its glorious career in Italy and abroad. Boïto worked hard and in earnest; yet of the two great operas that took up most of his time, nobody, with the exception of very few privileged friends has heard anything. *Nerone* is always postponed from year to year, from season to season, apparently without any reason for this delay, but very likely, as the best informed say, owing to a justifiable reluctance of the writer and composer to trust the extremely difficult *role* of Nero to artists that, though comparatively gifted, lack, perhaps, some of the requisites for the interpretation, both dramatic and musical, of the chief character. *Ero e Leandro*, though entirely composed and scored, did not satisfy its author, who destroyed the music, and gave the libretto to Signor Bottesini. In fact, if we except a cantata that remains unpublished, written for the opening of the Turin Exhibition in 1882, nothing has been heard of him, as a musician, besides *Mefistofele*, and his real position amongst the great masters will be eventually determined only when the public is admitted to judge of *Nero* or of *Orestiade*, another opera that has lately been the object of his studies and work. As a poet he was kept before the public by the translation of Wagner's *Rienzi*, *Tristan und Isolde*, and "The Supper of the Apostles," besides a masterly rendering into Italian verse of the choral movements of Beethoven's ninth symphony. He is also the author of *Gioconda*, set to music by Ponchielli, of *Ero e Leandro*, of *Alessandro Farnese*, of *Iram*, and now of *Otello*. In 1887 the enterprising publisher, Casanova of Turin, gathered all the poems written by Boïto, in reviews, newspapers, and even albums, and publishsd them in a little elegant volume. "*Il Libro dei Versi*," such is the title of the volume, contains nothing grand, but in all the poems we recognize the mark of unmistakable genius, power of expression and true originality of thought. Had Emilo Praga not met with an untimely death, he would unquestionably have been the greatest Italian poet of the end of this century; and had Arrigo Boïto devoted his talents only to poetry he might have ranked nearest to Praga As matters now stand, very few, if any, can be found able to write a "libretto" as good, or nearly as good, as Boïto's; and of all living musicians he is the only one that, to use a vulgar expression, can step into the shoes of Wagner. No doubt, from a merely musical point of view, *Mefistofele* cannot bear comparison even with *The Flying Dutchman* or *Tanhauser*, not to speak of the *Nibelungen* or *Parsifal*; but the high artistic conception, the dramatic power, and the truth of expression of Boïto's juvenile work are such as even Wagner could not find fault with. Boïto, since 1867, has taken his ordinary residence in Milan. He leads a very quiet life; he has very few friends, but these few he likes very much and sees very often; he is of a cheerful disposition, as unpretending as a man of genius ought to be, and as kind and open-hearted as a child. Generally he remains shut up in his study until four o'clock; at this time one or the other of his friends knocks at the door, and this is the signal for a short walk in the unavoidable Via Manzoni, Galleria, and Corso Vittoro Emanuele. After the walk comes the customary *vermouth* and the game at chess, of which he is extremely fond, though he is a remarkably bad player, even among simple amateurs. The evening is usually spent at the opera, or at the play, or at one of his friends' houses where there is a chance of playing or hearing played something by Bach, who is as much Boïto's hobby-horse as the science of fortification was Uncle Toby's.—G. MAZZUCATO, in "*Musical World*" (London).

THE NEGRO "MAMMY" OF BY-GONE DAYS.

ACROSS fields of departed time; over sheaves of experience ripe for the winnowing; past fleecy, bursting bolls of liberty, unity and piece, a voice floats and soars and quavers to the measure of a hymn.

Along the path up from the fields and leading to "the quarters," an old negress trudges, singing that old time hymn.

A form of generous proportions; a face black, glossy and radiant from reflected contentment within; eyes keen, yet kindly; surmounting all the Madras kerchief, folded and wrapped turban-like over her kinky hair, a rainbow in cloth, the pride and delight of her who wears it—this is Mammy as the eye greets her.

Almost constantly singing, her songs are the hymns of her church, wild, rude, simple—yet melodious—inspiring, ecstatic. Sometimes they begin with a sort of intoned soliloquy or half meditation, gathering tone after tone as of other voices joining. Then all concentrate in a few distinct notes and rise in a rapid crescendo to the highest pitch of fervor, the utterance of rapture; the whole a prayer and the ecstasy of speedy answer, or the meditation of simple faith and the resulting, exalting view of things celestial.

Again, these hymns of hers open as in solemn consultation, from which escape occasional notes of gladness. These, growing frequent, unite in a chorus of laudation—then sink, diminish and pass away, like a company of worshipers after a glimpse at the holy of holies.

The words are but as the cords round which we twine our garlandry—concealing, while bound to it.

Some of these hymns are sung to-day by trained and cultured voices, but the swing, the whirl, the happy abandon, the matchless intonations and cadences, the countless, never repeated notes of her own introduction, we shall never hear again. The Mammy of our childhood has passed away forever.—*James B. Cable, in The Current.*

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

Verdi's "Requiem" was the work rendered under the auspices of the Choral Society and with the combined choruses of the Choral and *Liederkranz* societies, at the third Choral Society concert. The soloists were Miss Hortense Pearse, of New York, Mrs. Bollman, of St. Louis, Mr. Knorr, of Chicago and Mr. Porteous, of St. Louis.

All in all, this was the most satisfactory concert given by the Choral Society since the time it rendered the "Redemption," backed by the Thomas orchestra. The Choral Society has a preponderance of female voices, the *Liederkranz* of male voices. The two together produced just about the proper balance. Mr. Froelich, who, during Mr. Otten's absence in Europe, has assumed the *baton*, is a musician of rare ability, a good conductor as well as a thorough, though genial, drill master, and to him belongs no little of the credit of the success of the combined efforts of the two choral organizations.

The fourth concert of the Musical Union occurred on March 10th, and presented the following programme:

Symphony C Major (Jupiter), *Mozart*, Orchestra. Sulamith, *Dr. L. Damrosch*, Frl. Marianne Brandt. Suite of Waltzes, (First time for Orchestra), *Ernest R. Kroeger*, Orchestra. *Airs Russes*—Violin Solo, *Wieniawski*, Signor Guido Parisi. *Vorspiel* To the New Opera, "*Henry the Lion*," (First time in St. Louis), *Kretschmer*, Orchestra. *a. Du Bist Die Ruh, Schubert. b. Volkslied, Marschner. c Lied, Rubinstein*, Frl. Marianne Brandt. *Zigeunerweisen*—(*Laskan Friska*), *Sarasate*, Signor Parisi. *a.* A Night in Lisbon—(Barcarolle). *b. Danse Macabre* —(*Poeme Symphonique*), *St. Saens.*

The orchestra, in this concert, continued the good work for which we have had occasion to compliment it more than once during the present season. Fraülein Brandt, upon the whole, was disappointing. The praise she has received from the New York press had raised expectations very high. These expectations were probably unreasonable. Fraülein Brandt is essentially what the Germans call a Wagner-singer, and we have no reason to doubt that in Wagnerian opera, she may be a great artist, but she is out of place on the concert stage, in spite of the fact that even there she shows musicianship of a high standard. Fraülein Brandt on the concert stage is *passee* both in looks and in voice. This was painfully evident when, as *encore* to "Sulamith" she attempted to render the "Brindisi" from "Lucrezia Borgia." The most enjoyable part of Miss Brandt's performance (as an Irishman might say) consisted of Mr. A Epstein's accompaniments which were by far the best thing in that line we have ever heard from him, and in all respects artistic and satisfactory.

Signor Parisi is a young Italian of only eighteen or nineteen years of age, who has lately arrived in this country and is just now visiting an uncle who is a resident of St. Louis. He plays remarkably well and deserves to be ranked as an artist. His tone is wonderfully pure and true, though not large, and his bowing is perfection. We trust he may find such an opening here as will induce him to remain as a permanent resident of this city.

The fourth (and final) concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club which took place at Memorial Hall on the evening of March 22, presented the following programme:

1.—Quartette. (*a*) *Allegro con spirito.* (*b*) *Adagio.* (*c*) *Menuetto.* (*d*) *Finale, Allegro ma non troppo, Haydn.* 2.—Alto Solo, "*Nobil donna e tanto*" (from "Huguenots"), *Meyerbeer*, Mrs. Oscar H. Bollman. 3.—Quartette, "Gavotte," *Bazzini.* 4.—Violin Solo—(*a*) Barcarole, *Spohr.* (*b*) Sarabande and Tambourin, *Leclair-Reis*, Mr. George Heerich. 5.—Alto Solo, "Love Calls My Soul," (First rendition), *Dr. E. Voerster.* With Quintette accompaniment, Mrs. Oscar H. Bollman. 6.—Quintette—In A Minor, (*a*) *Allegro.* (*b*) *Adagio.* (*c*) *Menuetto.* (*d*) *Allegro, Lachner.*

The execution of this programme was well-nigh faultless. From the first to the last stroke of the bow the string quartette played as one man, and that man a great artist, while Mr. Ehling in the beautiful Lachner quintette played better than we had yet heard him and rounded out the artistic completeness of the performance. Mr. Heerich surpassed himself in his solo and richly deserved the encore he received. Mrs. Bollman was in unusually good voice and sang her numbers in good style—the audience insisting upon encores each time. Her *encore* to the first piece (some manuscript song) was, however, very commonplace—a lot of shreds from several easily recognized sources. We neither know nor care who the author may be, the best place for the song is the kitchen range, and we hope Mrs. Bollman will put it there. The quintette accompaniments arranged by Mr. Mayer to "Love Calls My Soul" and the song sung as an encore thereto were most excellent.

THE following portraits are on our paper money: $1, Washington; $2, Jefferson; $5, Jackson; $10, Webster; $20, Hamilton; $50, Franklin; $100, Lincoln; $500, General Mansfield; $1,000, De Witt Clinton; $5,000, Madison; $10,000, Jackson. On silver certificates: $10, Robert Morris; $20, Commodore Decatur; $50, Edward Everett; $100, James Monroe; $500, Charles Sumner, and $1,000, W. L. Marcy. On gold notes: $20, Garfield; $50, Silas Wright; $100, Thomas H. Benton; $500, A. Lincoln; $1,000, Alexander Hamilton; $5,000, James Madison; $10,000, Andrew Jackson.

THERE is a story told of the Abbé Liszt, that he once received a visit from an amateur composer, who desired permission to dedicate some compositions to him; but, modestly uncertain of his persuasive powers, took with him his two pretty daughters. Liszt, while accepting the roll of music which the stranger offered him, could not take his eyes from the two young beauties. "These are admirable compositions," said he; "are you their author?" "Certainly, Abbé," said the delighted papa, imagining that his music was in question, "and I hope my poor works will find favor in your eyes and you will allow me to dedicate them to you."

I AM very much amused whenever I hear of the German method of singing. Such a thing does not exist; there is only one true natural method of singing, which is the Italian, such as it was formerly taught in Italy and every other place where people understood what singing was. While that method was taught extensively at Vienna and Prague, we had fine German singers, whose name and fame redounded beyond the borders of their native land. Germany excels in conservatoires and schools for all instruments, for the study of composition, etc. For those studies the German method is unequaled; but for singing, as I have said often, and shall ever repeat, there is only one grand *old* Italian school.—*Karl Formes.*

OUR MUSIC.

"VALSE CAPRICE,"..... *Rubinstein.*

This composition, one of the best of its kind ever written by the Russian musical giant, has been edited with all possible care for Kunkel's unrivalled Royal Edition, and is here given to our readers in the very best of forms. It appeals to advanced players.

"HUSARENRITT, (*Op.* 140.).....*Spindler.*

In its way, this composition is worthy of a place by the one that preceeds it, for it is an excellent piece of descriptive writing. It has the advantage of not being beyond the technical powers of ordinary players. Improvements in notation as well as a careful indication of the correct phrasing and fingering make this by far the best edition of this *morceau de salon* ever published.

"ADA'S FAVORITE RONDO," (Duet). .....*Sidus.*

This composition, at once melodious and far superior to the ordinary, commonplace works of the same grade of difficulty, appeals to our younger readers by reason of its comparative easiness, and to all teachers of the young pianists, because of its excellent didactic qualities. Indeed, all of Sidus' compositions and arrangements for young players are now so deservedly popular, that it seems a waste of printers' ink to dwell upon their superior merits.

"AS PANTS THE HART" .....*Goldner.*

We know of no setting of this beautiful psalm for solo voice that is equal to this as a musical rendering of the sentiment of the words, which, by the way, should be distinctly borne in mind while interpreting the music.

"RONDO CELEBRE".....*Hummel.*

This is one of the easiest of Hummel's compositions. As is well known, this gifted pianist and composer (who died in 1837) was a rigid adherent to the old, classical style of piano compositions, too much neglected in our day. This adherence to classical forms is visible even in a minor work, like this. This melodious little piece is just the thing for bright learners, who have played from six to twelve months.

The pieces in this issue cost, in sheet form:

"VALSE CAPRICE".....	*Rubinstein*	$ 75
"HUSARENRITT".....	*Spindler*	40
"ADA'S FAVORITE RONDO" (Duet).....	*Sidus*	60
"AS PANTS THE HART"	*Goldner*	60
"RONDO CELEBRE".....	*Hummel*	35
Total.....		$ 2 70

ANCIENT INSTRUMENTS.

MR. HUGH HART has just sold to Mr. J. Kendrick Payne, organist at the Cathedral and Town Hall, Manchester, Eng., two instruments, a description of which may be of interest. The first is a spinet (200 years old) by Carolus Haward, London, *fecit* 1687. It is in very good preservation. The compass is only four octaves and two and a half notes (fifty-one notes in all); the natural keys are black, and the sharps of ivory, with a black line down the center; the lowest D sharp is divided, thus making two quarter tones. This arrangement was adopted to make the playing in certain keys more harmonious, the tuners in those days not having learned the art of dividing the scale according to the mode of equal temperament. This instrument one time belonged to Lady Kaye, of Greenbauk Hall, near Hartford, Cheshire, where it was purchased some fifty years ago. The second instrument is a grand pianoforte (100 years old), by Robertus Stodart, London, *fecit* 1786. The compass of this piano is only five octaves, a very rare compass to be met with in grand pianos; indeed, this is the only one Mr. Hart has met with in his very varied experience. This instrument is sound in all respects, and possesses a very pleasant tone. The most eminent authority on instruments of this class, Mr. Hipkins, in writing about it, says: "The old Stodart is very interesting; as far as I know, it is the oldest existing English grand piano. I have seen one bearing date 1788, but this is two years older." Haward was a celebrated maker of spinets for the first three-quarters of the seventeenth century, his instruments then being much admired. Stodart was a contemporary and fellow-workman with John Broadwood, the founder of the celebrated firm of Messrs. John Broadwood & Sons. Stodart was an excellent workman, and a man of great ability and mechanical genius. He was the inventor of many improvements upon the old harpsichord, and the workmanship of the old grand just referred to testifies to the superior manner in which his instruments were manufactured.—*London Musical Opinion.*

VALSE-CAPRICE.

A. Rubinstein.

Virace. ♩.=84.

mf *mp* *p*

ritard. *a tempo.*

cres. *mf*

1. 2.

Copyright_Kunkel Bros. 1887.

f

Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲

f

1. 2.

Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲ f

p

cres.

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

mf

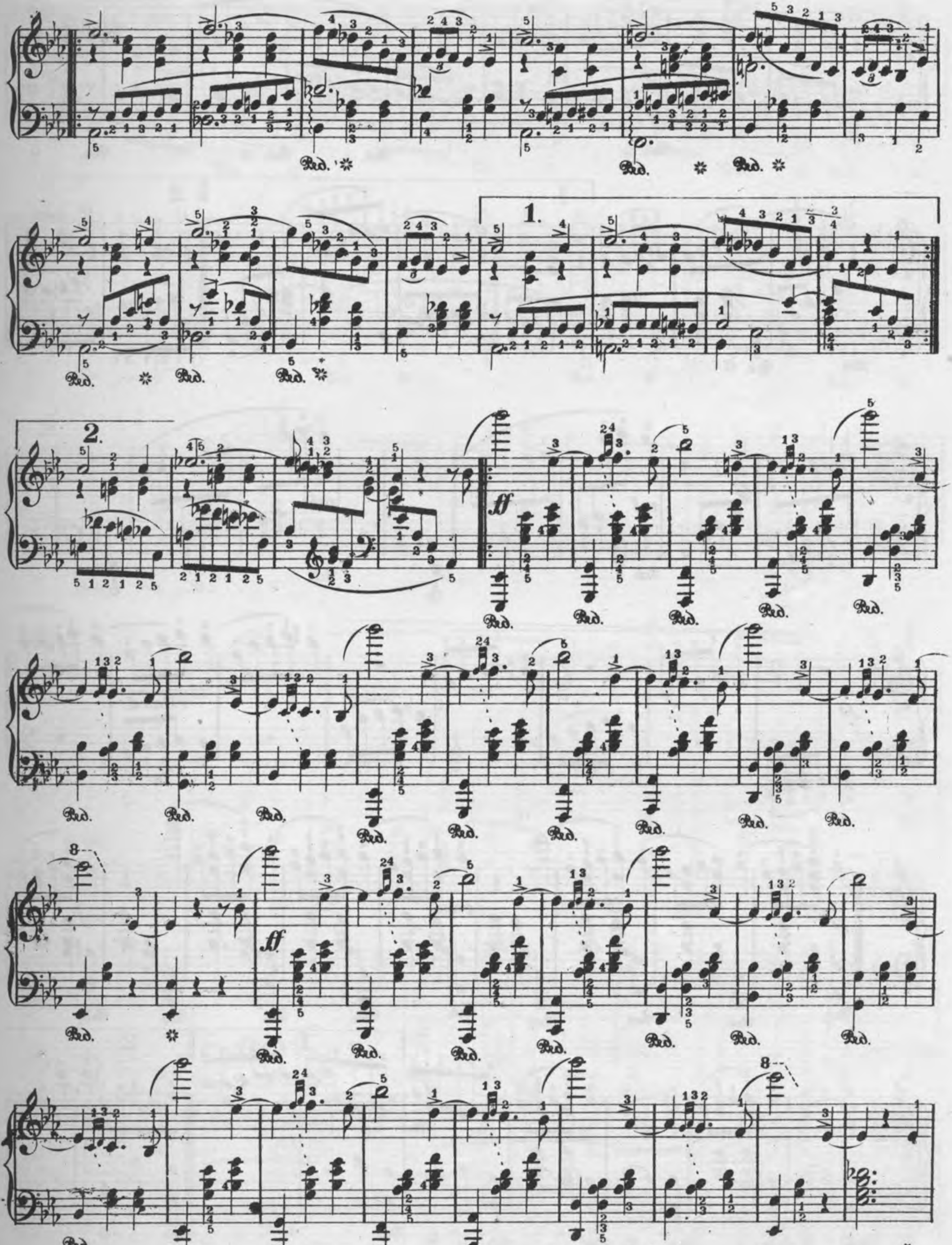
Ped. Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲

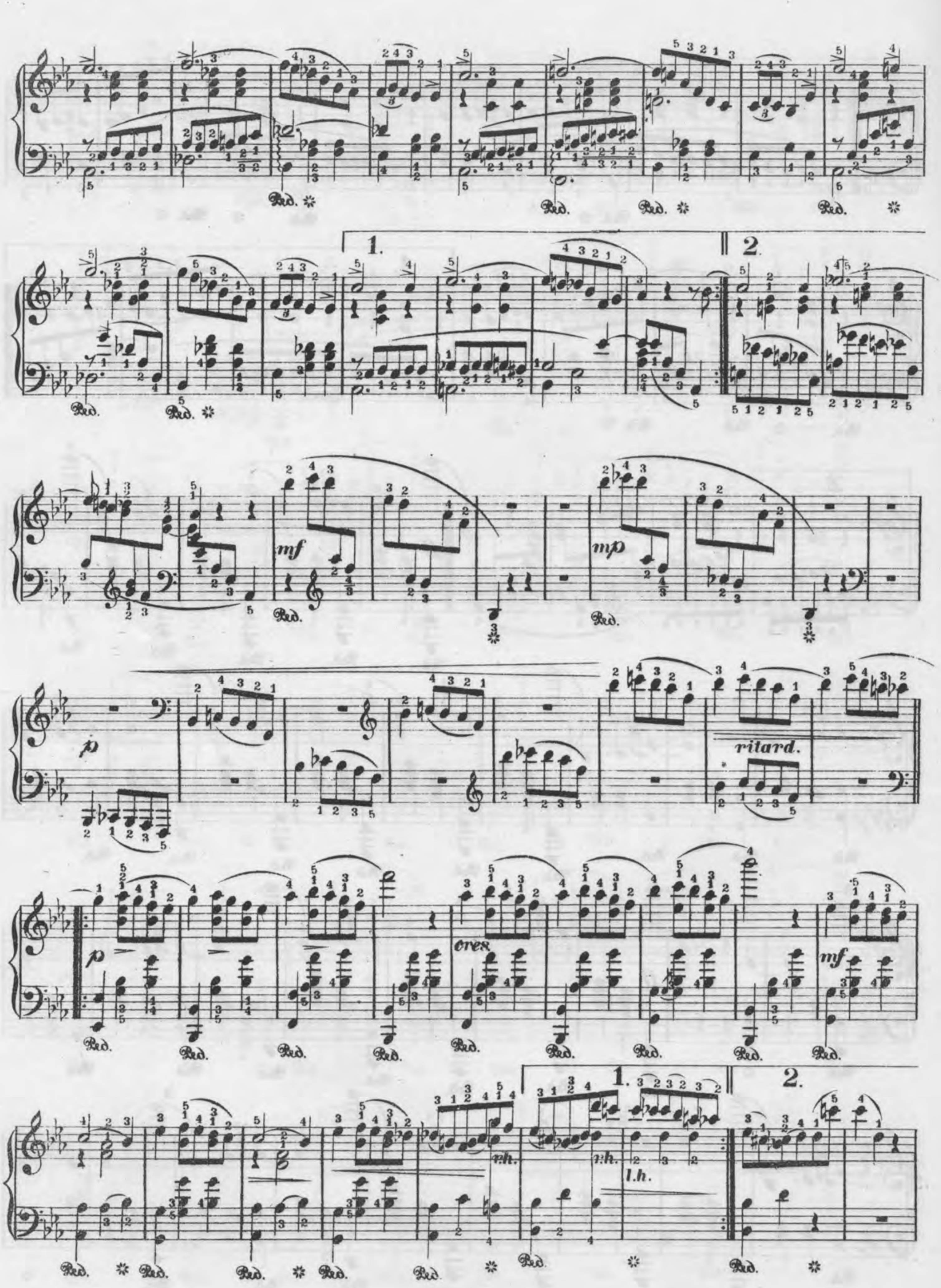
cres.

Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲ Ped. Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲ Ped. Ped.

f

Ped. Ped. ✲ Ped. Ped. ✲ Ped. Ped. Ped. ✲


1.
2.
ff
Ped.
8


Ped.
1.
2.
mf
mp
p
ritard.
cres
r.h.
l.h.

animato.

mf

or thus.

piu *f*

f

piu f

cres- - - - - cen- - - - - do

ff

l.h.

mf

accelerando.

Piu vivace.

f

piu f

ff

The octave sign does not affect the notes of the left hand.

ff rapido.

Tempo I.

mp

Ped.

Ped.

p

f

Ped.

Presto.

or thus.

ff

Ped.

Ped.

ff

Ped.

fz

ff

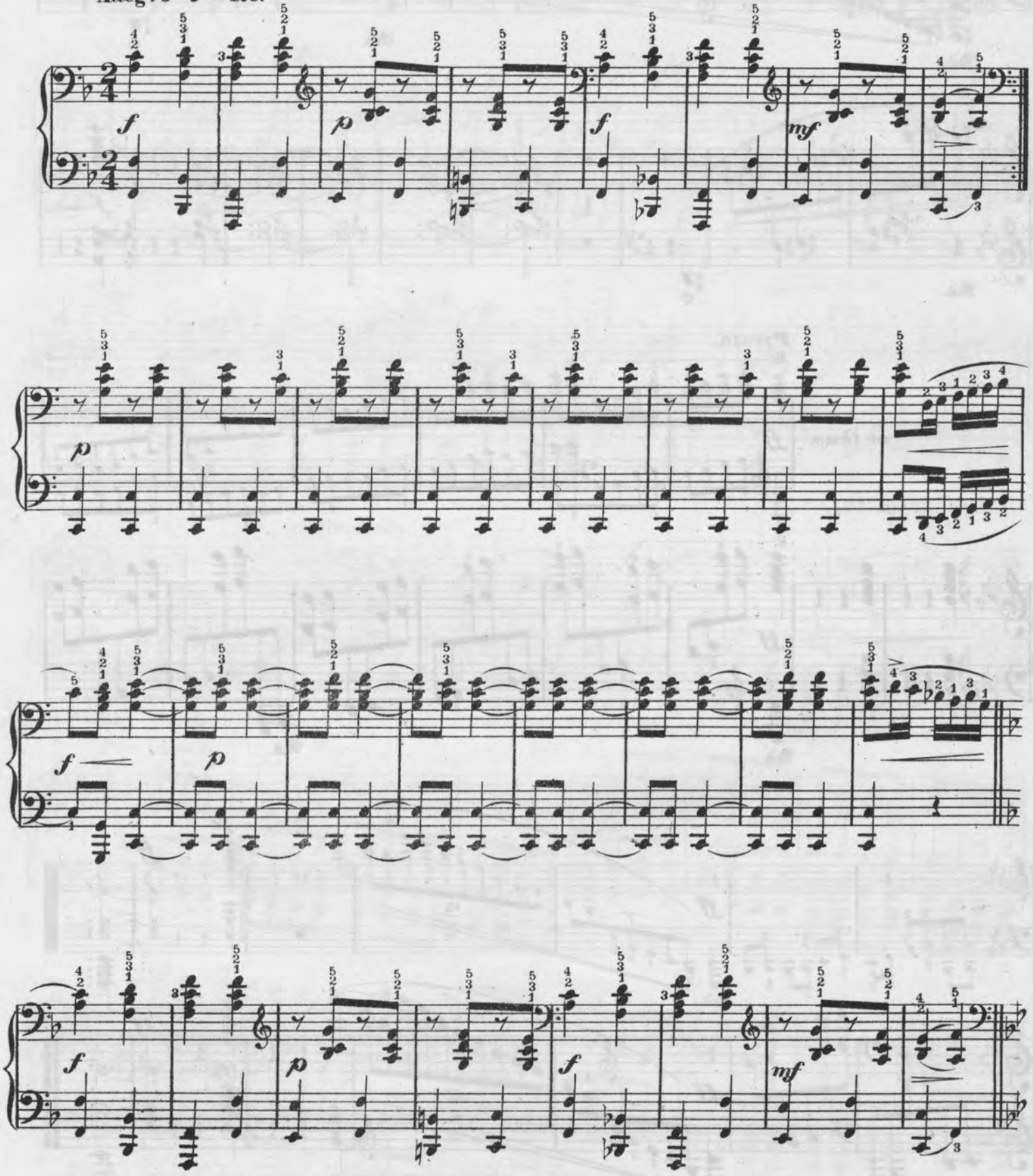
fz

ff

ADA'S FAVORITE RONDO.

Carl Sidus Op. 104.

Allegro ♩ – 120.



ADA'S FAVORITE RONDO.

Carl Sidus. Op. 104.

Primo.

Allegro ♩ – 120.

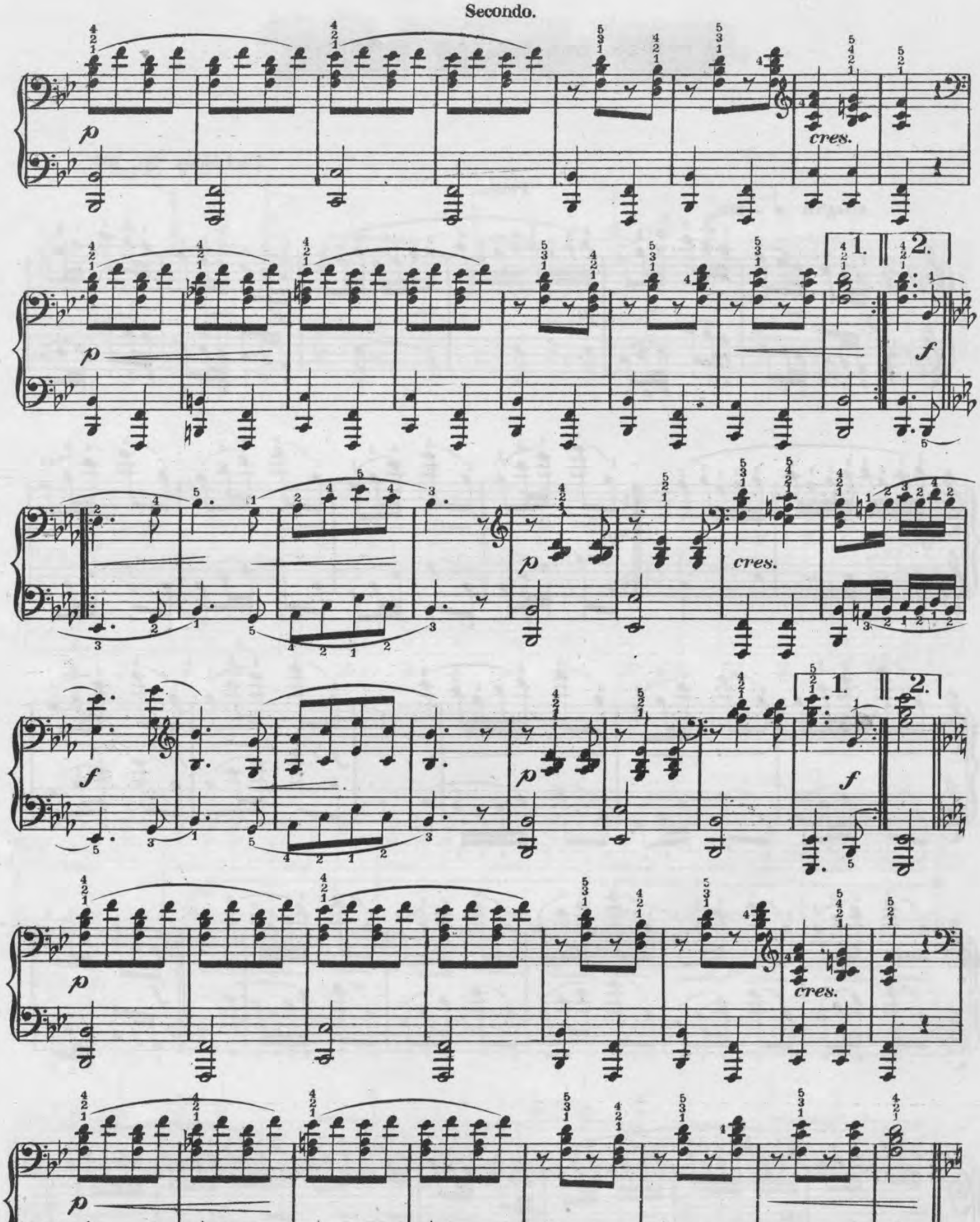
f *p* *f*

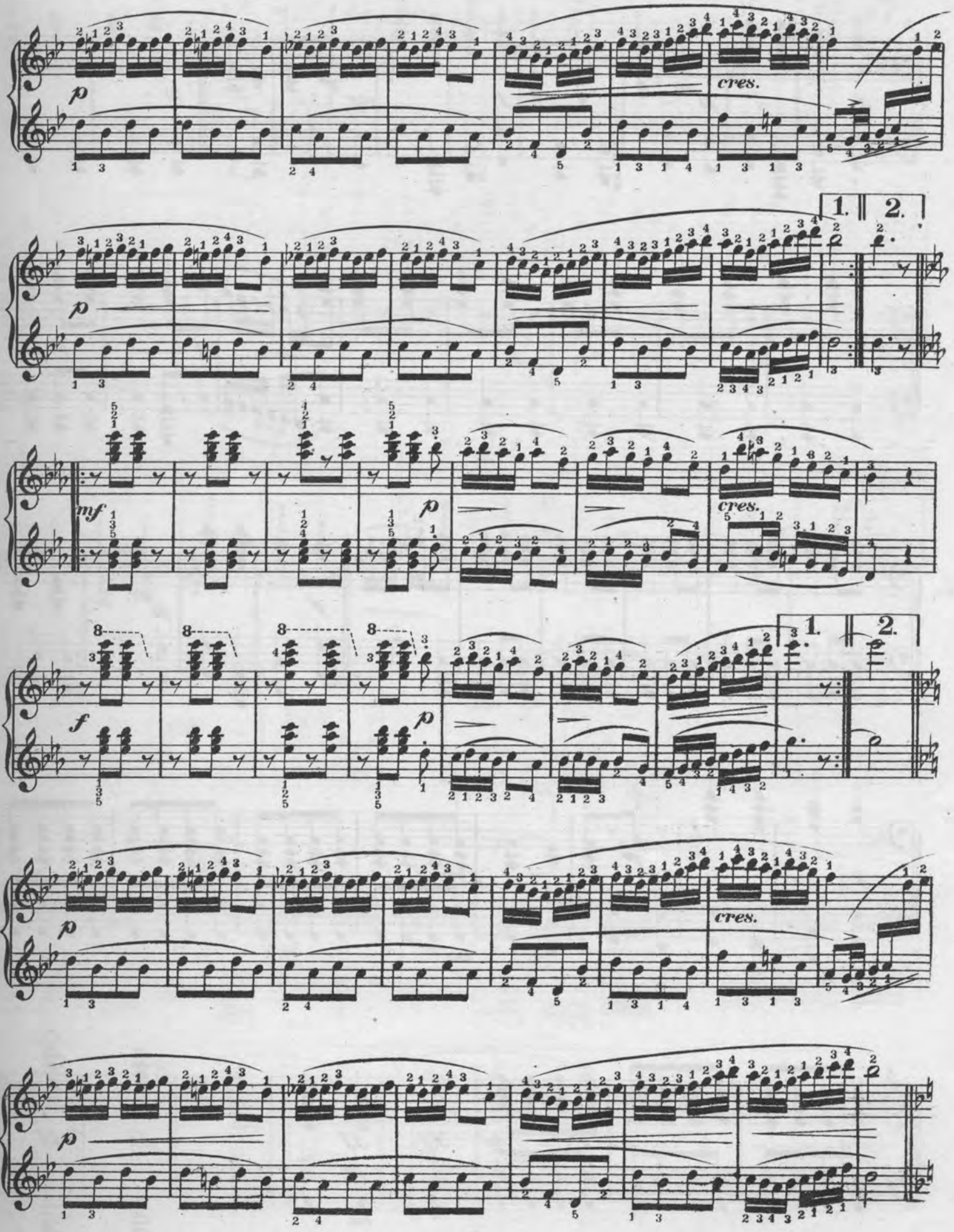
mf *mf*

8

f *p*

p *f* *mf*


p
cres.
p
f
p
cres.
f
p
f
p
cres.
p


p
cres.
1.
2.
mf
p
f
p
cres.
1.
2.
p
p

Secondo.

f *p* *f* *mf* *p*

f *p*

f *mf* *f cres*

Ped.

cen *do* *ff* *ff* *ff* *ff*

Ped.

f p f mf mf 8 f p 8 f mf f Ped. 8 ff ff ff ff

HUSARENRITT.

F. Spindler. Op. 140.

Schwungvoll. ♩ = 132.

p

cres.

f

ff

dim.

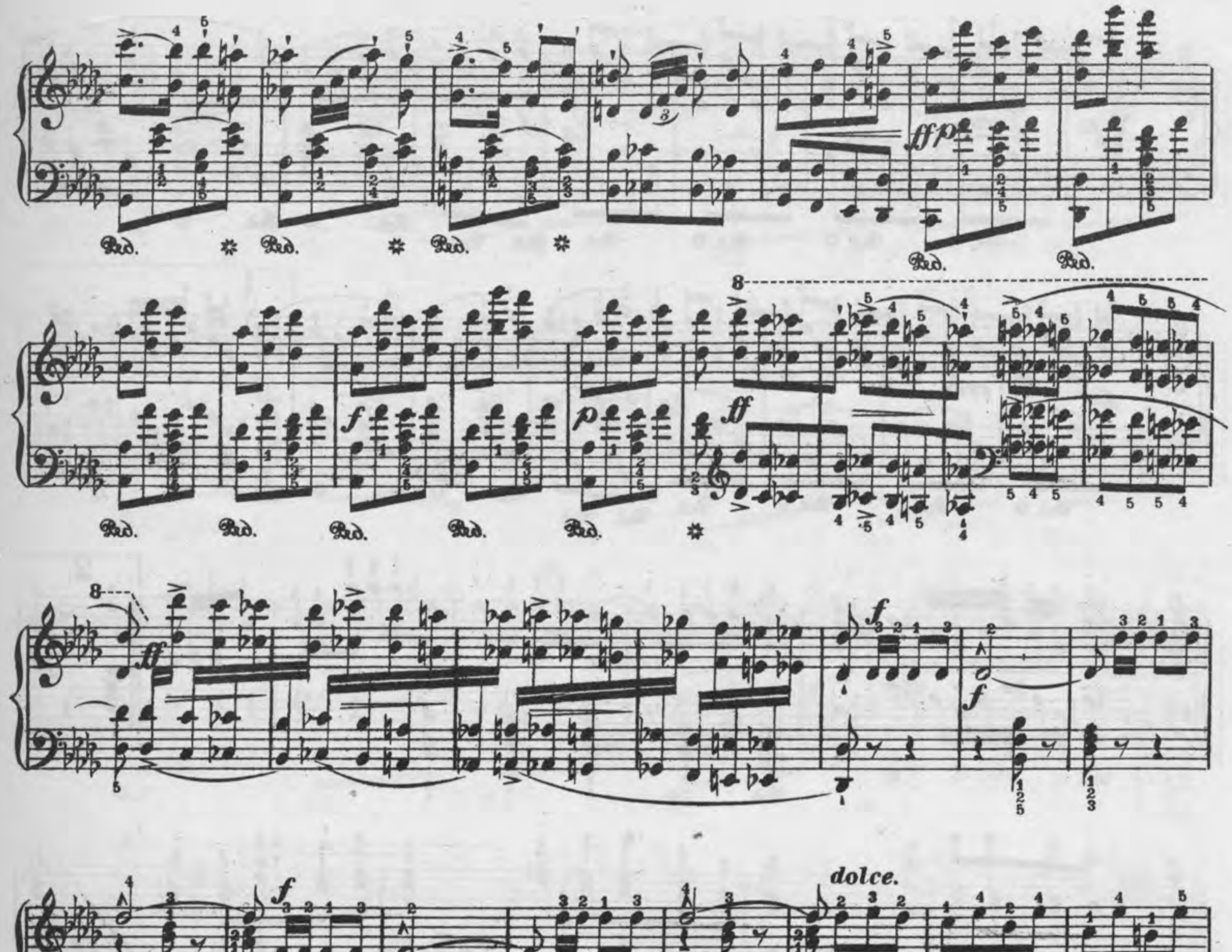
1.

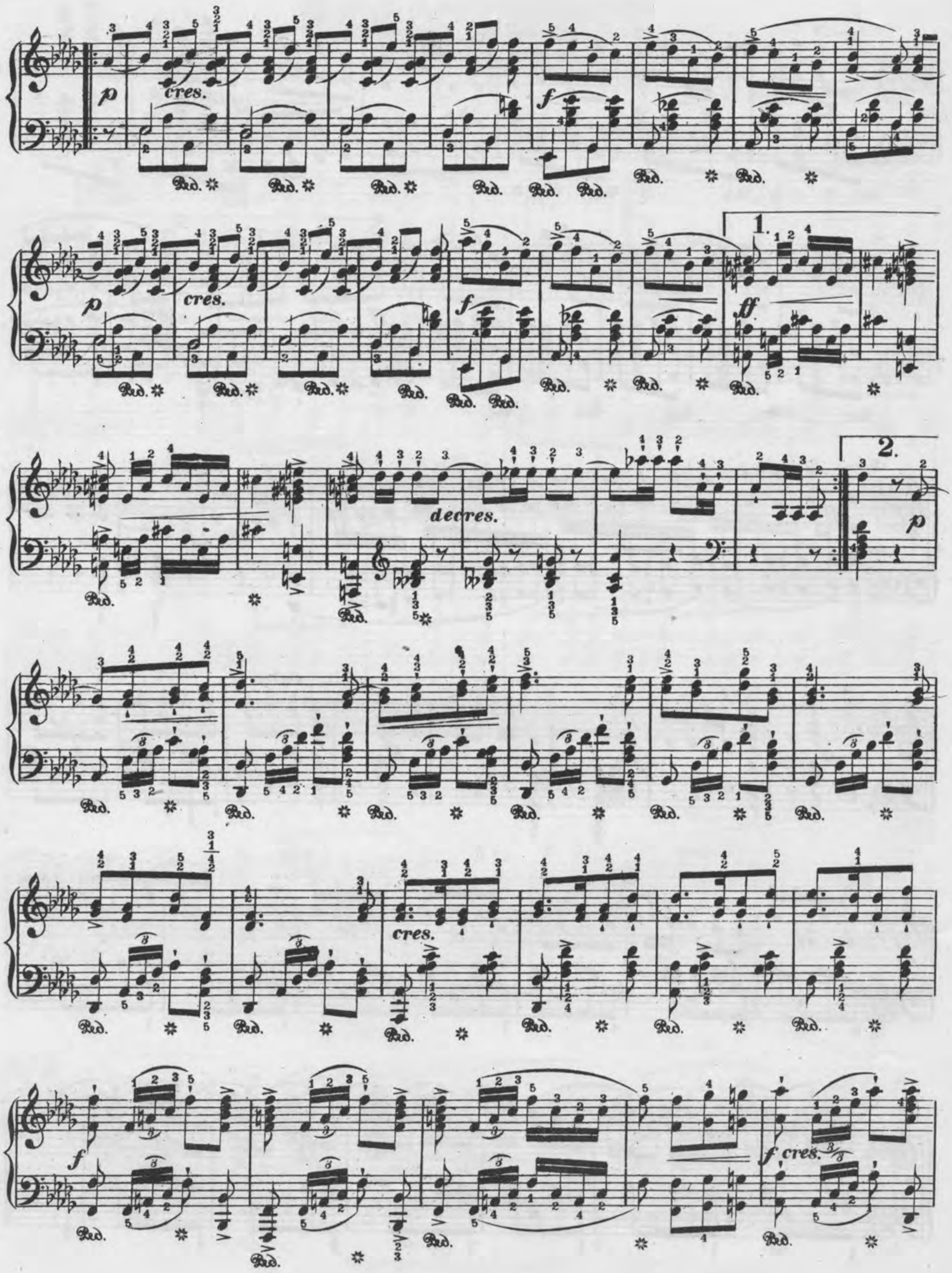
2.

cres.

f

ff


dolce.


p
cres.
f
Ped.
ff
1.
decres.
2.
f cres.

ff

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

ff

Ped. * Ped. Ped.

f

Ped. Ped. Ped.

p

8

ff

Ped. *

8

ff

fff

sf

Ped. *

sf

Ped. Ped.

sf

sf

sf

sf

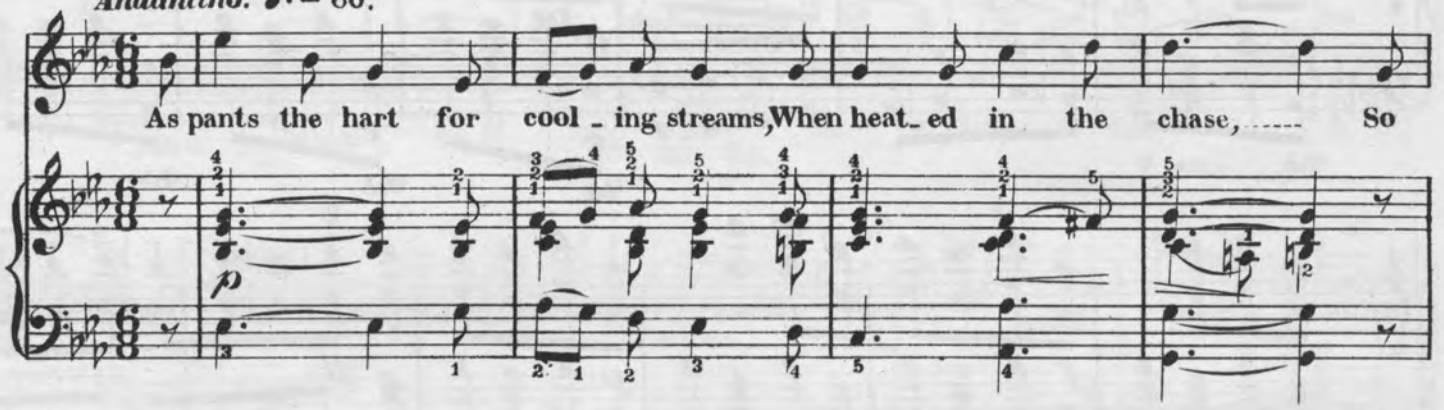
sf

AS PANTS THE HART FOR COOLING STREAMS.

Tate Brady's version of Psalm XLII.

W. Goldner.

Andantino. ♩. = 60.



hold Thy face, Thou ma - jes - ty di - vine! ..... Why rest - less, why cast down, my soul! Trust

rit. *a tempo.*

God, ... trust God; ..... who will employ His aid for thee and

cres. *rit.* *a tempo.* *p*

Ped. *Ped.*

change these sighs To hymns of joy_ and change these sighs To thank - ful hymns, to

cres.

rit.

thankful hymns of joy

f *rit.* *a tempo* *mf* *rit.*

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*

God of my strength, how long shall I, Like one for - got - ten, mourn,..... For -

lorn, for - sa - ken and ex - posed To my op - pres - sor's scorn!..... My

heart is pierced as with a sword, While thus my foes up - braid, up - braid: Vain

boast - er, where is now thy God! And where His prom - ised aid!..... Why

a tempo.

rest - less, why cast down, my soul! Hope still ..... Hope still: ..... and thou shalt sing The

a tempo.

cres. *rit.*

Ped. Ped.

praise of Him, who is Thy God who is thy God The praise of him who

cres.

is Thy God thy health'se - ter - nal spring!

rit.

Ped. Ped. Ped.

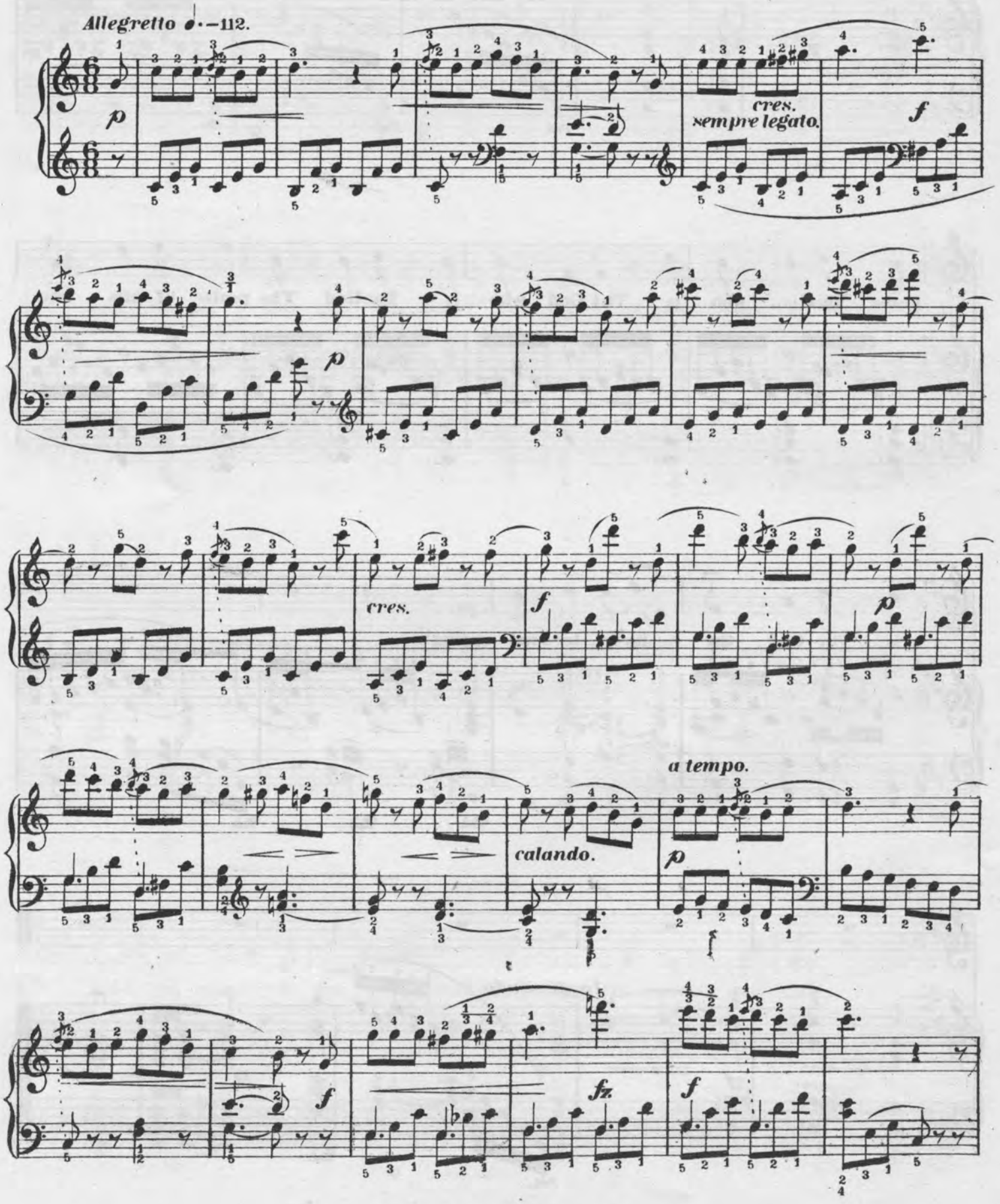
largissando.

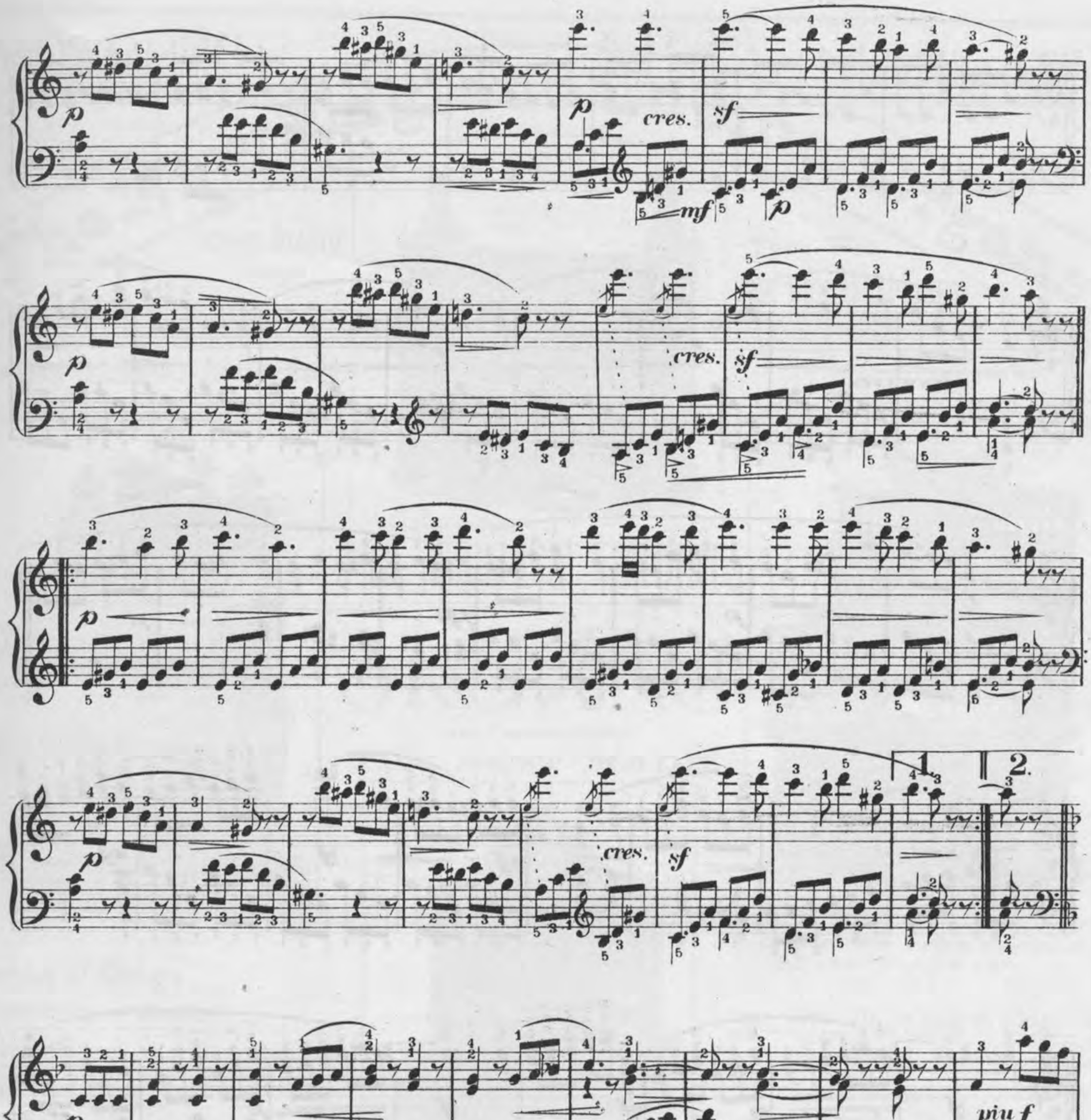
sf *p*

Ped. Ped.

RONDO CELEBRE.

J. N. Hummel. Op. 52.




p
cres.
sf
mf
p
p
cres.
sf
p
p
cres.
sf
1.
2.
p
p
p
piu f
sf
sf
sf
p
cres.
sf
sf
sf
p

poco cres.

mf

sf

mf

sf

mf

sf

p

mf

f

ff

Fine.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

Boston, March 19, 1887.

Editor Kunkel's Musical Review:—I suppose your readers know that Boston is now called Boss-tone, in token of its musical supremacy. This musical leadership is in many different ways. It is in musical clubs, it is in our oratorio society, it is in our great musical conservatory, and it is in our orchestra, all of which are the best of the country in their respective fields, and all of which have done something to be recorded this month. Let me begin with the last named. Our orchestra has not given very elaborate programmes during the past month, but has been playing as perfectly as ever, notwithstanding. The reason of the simplicity of the programmes has been the concert series it gave in New York. It wanted to appear at its very best in Gotham, and no rehearsals were spared to make the performance a perfect one. Such it seems to have been, for the New York critics, instead of eating the musicians up, praised them in everything. Very soon you are to have an opportunity of judging of this organization for yourselves, since next month the orchestra is to start on a tour through the West, and I am sure that your critics will agree with my estimate of the worth of their performances. Their string band is the finest you will hear in America. The fact of the everlasting cornet being banished from this orchestra, and the trumpet resuming its proper place, is another point in which the band is better than any other in our country. The first horn player is also the best you will ever hear, but don't let the Western beer spoil his tone If the band could only steal Thomas' tuba player and trombonists, the brass would be perfect. In the wood wind I consider the clarinettist the best. The soloists have not been very great recently, but I must except Maud Powell, a Western girl, whose violin playing was very fine, and who gives promise of becoming a very great artist.

The club concerts have been very dissimilar this month. The Boylston Club gave a miscellaneous programme, March 2nd, in which the Female and mixed choruses sang splendidly, but the male choruses were very hazy in the matter of pitch Most humorous, however, was the new setting of Jonah, of which the following specimen verses, translated by Prof. George M. Lane, may give some idea:

In the Black Whale at Ascalon
A man three days did stay,
And then before the marble bar
Down like a log he lay.

In the Black Whale at Ascalon
Outspake the guest: "Dear me!
My stamps are gone; I've spent them in
The Lamb of Nineve.'

In the Black Whale at Ascalon
The clock struck half-past four:
The Nubian porter kicks him out
And double-locks the door.

In the Black Whale at Ascalon
No prophets more you see;
And whosoe'er regales himself
Eats only C. O. D.

The soloist of the concert was Signor Campanari, the well-known violinist. who played some Gypsy and Hungarian music with much success.

The concert of the Cecilia Club was in great contrast with the bright programme of the Boylston Club. It presented that feast of horrors entitled "The Spectre's Bride," by Dvorak. When the composer wrote this, he evidently desired, like the fat boy in Pickwick, "to make your flesh creep," and he succeeded. There is a grand combination of spectres, vampyres, midnight journeys, dead men, and churchyard festivities, but the work holds one with a wierd charm, just like the "Ancient Mariner," because of its procession of uncanny events. The club sang the work finely, the orchestra was in excellent form, and the soloists were all of excellent quality, although the tenor had too sweet a quality of voice to thoroughly portray the Vampyre-Lover.

The Handel and Haydn Society, the greatest oratorio society of America, have given a very interesting concert since my last letter. For five months past, they have been practicing at portions of Bach's great Mass in B minor, and they gave a performance of it in Music Hall, which, if it had a few slight faults, was yet, on the whole, a worthy one, and especially good in the final 'Dona Nobis." They followed this with Hiller's "Song of Victory," which was in great contrast to the contrapuntal work, being almost entirely homophonic, and often using unison passages Naturally, this easier work was the better rendered, and also the best appreciated of the two. It was full of majesty and triumph, and Miss Lilli Lehmann was quite successful in the solo work, although her voice showed the wear and tear of a heavy operatic season. The work was composed as a celebration of the victory of the Germans in the recent Franco-Prussian war, and will probably never be very popular——in Paris.

The New England Conservatory of Music has also been much spoken of recently in connection with the proposed State law making musical study compulsory in the public schools, and establishing a State Normal School. Ex-Gov. Rice, Ex-Gov. Claflin, Mayor O'Brien, Rev. E. E. Hale, Rev. Dr. Bartol, and something like a hundred other celebrities and many more of lesser note, petitioned that this Normal School might be located in the Conservatory At the legislative hearing last week, Rev. Dr. Duryea spoke of the great moral influence of the movement, and assured the committee that it could not find a healthier or purer atmosphere than in the Conservatory, to whose refining influence he paid a glowing tribute. Messrs. C. E. Tinney (late vicar-choral of St. Paul's Cathedral, Lon-

don), Carl Faelten (recently Professor at Raff's Conservatory, in Frankfort), and Louis C. Elson, all professors in the Conservatory, testified to the greatness and thoroughness of the institution as compared to the European conservatories, and classed it as the greatest conservatory of the world. The end of this matter is not yet reached, but it is probable that Massachusetts will yet lead the way in recognizing the value of music in education, and take this art—as it has already done with other arts—under its fostering wing. COMES.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, March 20, 1887.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—The production of Rubinstein's "Nero" by the National Opera Company, at the Metropolitan Opera House, may be fairly considered as the operatic event of the present season. The New York press has been unanimous in its praise, nor can it be denied that it was, in every respect, an effort long to be remembered by our *dilettanti*. Orchestra, stage arrangements and costumes were as near to perfection as anything I ever saw. It cannot be said, however, that any of the roles in the vocal score were strikingly or brilliantly interpreted; but the performance was, from beginning to end, remarkably even and smooth. The enthusiasm shown by the large audience that witnessed the *premiere* is a clear indication that "Nero" will be the strongest opera in the repertory of the National Opera Company for a long time to come. If what I have heard is true, you will soon have a chance to judge of the musical score, and criticise its merits and demerits. The management of this company contemplates a tournée to California, and will, naturally enough, stop in St. Louis, if only to break the jump from New York to San Francisco.

This intended trip is, in my estimation, a very serious undertaking, and I am very much afraid that it will prove a cause of bitter regret for the ladies and gentlemen who have backed and are still backing the National Opera Company so generously. Although I have been told by a well-informed party that this trip is a settled matter, I still hope, for the sake of Mrs. Thurber and her associates, that it will not take place.

Theatrical business in New York has been remarkably good since the first of January. Some of our theatres are playing to crowded houses.

At Daly's, "The Taming of the Shrew" is witnessed every evening by very large audiences, and the chances are that this beautiful little comedy will run until the end of the season. "Jim the penman" has proved a big bonanza at the Madison Square, and Mr. A. M. Palmer feels jubilant over the extraordinary and unabating success of Sir Charles Young's drama. Richard Mansfield has packed the Union Square Theatre with "Prince Karl"—Emmett is doing splendidly at the Standard—"Erminie" fills the Casino at every performance—"Ruddygore" still attracts good audiences at the Fifth Avenue, but I do not think that John Stetson will overfill his coffer with this last opera of Gilbert and Sullivan—Denman Thompson plays every night to the full capacity of the 14th Street Theatre in the "Old Homestead"—At Wallack's "Moths" is doing fairly well, and last, but not least, the Star Theatre is doing an immense business with Sarah Bernhardt, the great, the only Sarah! Henry A. Abbey and Maurice Grau must have a pretty nice bank account by this time. Their trip to South America with the great French actress has been a genuine triumphal *tournee*. "*On dit*" that they have already cleared one hundred thousand dollars each, and that Sarah herself is richer by one million francs since she left Paris six months ago

The National Conservatory of Singing, which, as you must know, is the sister institution of the National Opera Company, is doing splendidly under the joint direction of M. Jacques Bouhy and Madame Fursch-Madi. M. Bouhy speaks very highly of some of the pupils who are studying for the operatic stage, and feels confident that the National Conservatory will soon become the nursery of American lyric artists of both sexes. His most ardent ambition is to turn out from that school pupils capable of filling the positions of "*premiers sujets*" with the National Opera Company, and it is to be hoped, for the sake of American talent, that his expectations will be fulfilled.

"*A propos*" of American talent, I had the good fortune of reading, a few days since, a very interesting private letter, dated from Paris and written by an American lady (a St Louis girl), who is now studying under the world-renowned Madame Marchesi, and who will, from all indications, soon reach the top of the ladder in her profession.

The lady in question, Mrs. Louise Nathal, is a high soprano already known on the American lyric stage. A couple of years ago, she was a favorite pupil of the lamented Dr. Leopold Damrosch. In her letter, she expresses herself as highly pleased with Madame Marchesi, her method, her tuition, and the ladylike and motherly manner in which she treats her pupils. She has at present "*eleves*" of almost every nationality, and the way she can master the English, French, German, Italian and Spanish languages is simply marvelous. "Since I know Madame Marchesi (writes Mrs. Louise Nathal) I am no longer surprised that she has made such artists as Gerster, Sembrich, Nevada, Van Zandt, and others not less famous. She is indeed a great teacher, and her knowledge of the human throat is wonderful. We are now nine American girls studying very hard, and I really think that some of us will be a credit to our illustrious professor and to the operatic stage of our country. Madame treats me very nicely, and I feel much flattered over the encouraging and kind words she always finds for me. I feel very proud of my teacher, and my dearest ambition is to make her, some day, feel very proud of me, and, mark my word, that day will come."

If the National Conservatory of New York proves a success, there will be at last a school of singing for those who are possessed of natural talent, but are not rich enough to take a trip to Europe in order to place themselves under the tuition of a competent teacher. Amen! PORTHOS.

[The lady referred to by our New York correspondent, as studying under Mme. Marchesi, was well known in St. Louis as a church singer, a few years since, under her maiden name of Belle Barnes. She then adopted the stage as a profession, and made quite a success in light opera, both on the Pacific coast and in the East, under her stage name of Louise Lester. We know, of our own knowledge, that she is possessed of much talent, and shall be pleased to record any success she may achieve in the higher walks of grand opera for which she is preparing herself. EDITOR.]

IF it takes a boy twenty-five minutes to cut three sticks of wood to get supper by, how long will it take him next morning to walk three miles in the country to meet a circus coming to town?

WE regret to be compelled to say to new subscribers who ask that their subscriptions begin with the volume, that it will, henceforth, be impossible to comply with their request, because the first three issues of this volume are completely exhausted. Subscriptions for the present volume will have to begin with the issue next following the date of the subscription. At the beginning of the year, the publishers had a large number of extra copies printed—enough, they thought, to fill all subscriptions ordered to begin with January, but the increase in the number of subscriptions received has been unprecedently large and thus has upset all their calculations in this matter. All back numbers of previous volumes are also gone, hence can not be supplied from this office.

SOME PECULIARITIES OF JAPANESE MUSIC AND DRAMA.

ACTORS in Japan are a hereditary class. The art of acting is taught by the father to the son. If he has no son, the nearest male relative is taken in his place. Sometimes the son of a brother actor is also taken. The forefathers of Ichikawah Danjuro, the first actor of Japan, have held this high position for several generations. Japanese actors receive good salaries, but have each to furnish from one to six pupils, who take the place of our supernumeraries, the leading actors providing more than the minor ones, the number furnished depending on the standing of the actor and the amount of his salary. These pupils receive their pay from the actors and are taught by them the art of acting, dancing, fencing and tumbling. This tumbling is introduced in fights (always one actor against a number of pupils), which are features of a Japanese performance always appreciated by the audience. These pupils are gradually entrusted with small parts. If talented they can rise in their profession, and in their turn become actors of mark.

Each actor has a dressing room to himself, and a dresser who acts as a prompter. These prompters do not stand in the wings, but follow the actor on the stage and crouch behind him with book in hand, to whisper the lines to him. They are dressed in black gowns and hoods, and are called "shadows." They are supposed not to be seen by the audience. It is an odd sight to see three or four actors upon the stage, each with his own prompter behind him. As soon, however, as a player becomes perfectly familiar with his lines, he goes on alone. The actors suffer much from stage fright. Every theater has a large bath room attached to it, provided with plenty of hot and cold water, as all the actors take a bath after the performance and sometimes during an intermission.

The Japanese scale of music has only five notes, and all the music is written in the minor key. The orchestra is increased during the dances. For comedy the orchestra is seldom used, except, for instance, to burlesque dramas, which is often done. For dramas the orchestra is invisible. The musicians are hidden behind lattice work on the right hand side of the stage (from the actors), and are from three to eight in number according to the size of the theater. Their instruments are *samusens* (an instrument something like a guitar with a short body, a long neck and three strings), harps, flutes, large and small drums, gongs and bells. The orchestra plays during the entrances and exits of the actors, and also in the following instance. With us an actor speaks his side speeches aloud; the Japanese express them by pantomimic gestures whilst an invisible singer sings them, accompanied by the orchestra. It is the leading samusen player—best to be compared to our first violinist—who sings these solos in a strong tremolo voice. There is no conductor, but the orchestra follows the leading samusen player.

The dances form the last part of the performance. The musicians are seated on both sides of the stage on high platforms, facing the audience. They are all dressed alike in old fashioned court dresses. All the singing is done by the musicians, and not by the actor.

CHICAGO men say that Walter Blaine will make his mark. Pshaw! we know any number of men who make their mark, and are not very proud of the signature, either.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

THIS is Patti's last farewell tour, but if we all club together and ask him, possibly Nicolini will come over and see us again. —*Puck.*

FOR pure patriotism, commend us to the "Canucks." The Toronto *Musical Journal* urges a "grand Victoria Jubilee celebration, because *there's money in it*, if properly managed."

ACCORDING to a recently published report, the Stuttgart Conservatorium is just now attended by 528 pupils, out of which number 89 are foreigners—viz., 46 English, 39 from the United States, 3 from India, and one from Africa.

UNDER the title of "*Souvenirs d'un impresario*," a volume is about to be published by the Paris firm of Ollendorff, which cannot fail to be interesting, the author being no other than the celebrated operatic *entrepreneur*, M. Maurice Strakosch.

C. T. SISSON, representing the Farrand & Votey Organ Co., of Detroit, has been traveling all through the Eastern States, and his order-book shows excellent results. He has just left this city, after selling a large bill to the house of Bollman Bros.

TELEPHONE communication between Paris and Brussels has been satisfactorily established, and some time since the Queen of the Belgians heard by telephone in her palace at Brussels an entire act of *Faust*, then being performed at the Paris Opera.

THE popular Jack Haines, with the John Huner Piano Co., is having splendid success introducing that piano throughout Pennsylvania and New York. This instrument is coming to the front very rapidly, and, with a maker like Mr. Huner and a popular salesman like Mr. Haynes, success is assured.

A COLLECTION of valuable musical instruments belonging to M. Bonjour has just been sold in Paris. A violoncello by Ant. Stradivarius (1689) brought $4,000; another by the same maker (1691) $2,500; a Ruggieri of Cremona (1650) brought $650, and an Amati $125.

THE Fulton Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. W. M. Treloar, assisted by Miss Marquess and Messrs. Smith, Hockaday and Crawford, gave an interesting miscellaneous concert, that was largely attended by the inhabitants of Fulton and vicinity, and much enjoyed by all, on March 14th. Mr. Treloar is an excellent director.

THE American Opera Company, Limited, of New York, which was merged into the National Opera Company, of New Jersey, has fallen into the hands of Receiver Thomas G. Rigney, of 116 West 123d street. Creditors are given until fall to present their claims. Many have done so already. Since Feb. 5th, judgments amounting to $116,097,96 have been docketed in the sheriff's office.

THE pedal piano in the Leipsic Conservatory was placed there at the suggestion of Mendelssohn, who regarded it as the best medium for pupils who wished to become good organists. He thought that students who practiced on pipe organs had a tendency to waste too much time in experiments with the registers, and he believed that a good pedal technique could be best acquired on the pedal piano.

THE *American Art Journal*, speaking of Mme. Rivé-King's playing at the fifth Chickering Symphony concert, March 17th, says: "Her accuracy is extraordinary, and was greatly admired in the last pages of the concerto, where she played with the utmost brilliancy, so much so that she created a furor, being recalled four times amid enthusiasm. We have rarely heard a more brilliant and dazzling performance, and we gladly welcome Mme. Rivé-King's return to New York."

WM. BOURNE & SON, who established themselves in the manufacturing of pianos in the year 1857, have made many valuable improvements in their pianos, and there is an increasing demand for these instruments throughout the West. The reputation of this house is too well known to demand any extended notice from us. F. W. Baily, who was so long connected with the Bay State Organ, has entered the service of Messrs Bourne & Son. He is a very popular gentleman throughout the West, as well as a first-class salesman.

THE competition for a new orchestration and harmony of the *Marseillaise*, to be used as the uniform official version, has attracted 189 different arrangements by bandmasters in France. The three versions selected by the jury have been played by the band of the Republican Guard, in presence of General Boulanger, M. Ambroise Thomas and an audience of musical composers and professors in the National Conservatoire. The score which is finally accepted from these three will be distributed to all the military and municipal bands in France.

OUR readers will find in another column a correct list of the games to be played during the present season, at Sportsman's Park, by the Base Ball Champions of the World, the winners of three pennants last season, the St. Louis Browns. The race for the Association pennant will be an interesting one, as several of the competing clubs have been greatly strengthened. The excellent management of Mr. Von der Ahe, the club's President, will, we think, keep the championship here, but it is quite certain that he and his club will have no walk-over. This state of facts will insure good games, and ought to make the attendance at Sportsman's Park larger than ever. KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW wishes the Champions, and their genial and able president and manager, the greatest possible measure of success.

To polish plate glass and remove slight scratches, rub the surface gently, first with a clean pad of white cotton wool, and afterward with a pad covered over with cotton velvet which has been charged with fine rouge. The surface will, under this treatment, acquire a polish of great brilliancy, quite free from any scratches.

THE Mahdi's musicians are the men of the moment in Paris. They are about fourteen in number, and, in their red tunics, turbans, and blue pantaloons with yellow stripes, they were taken by many of the Parisians who were enjoying their Sunday stroll for an Ethiopian contingent of the Salvation Army. They have come to Paris for the purpose of giving some performances in the Eden Theatre with their national instruments. The musicians belong to the Soudan, and were enrolled in the Egyptian army. After Tel-el-Kebir, they revolted and joined the Prophet in the desert, but were subsequently pardoned.

ALTHOUGH the catgut industry in Markneukirchen during recent years has been in a condition much the reverse of satisfactory, their Bohemian neighbors, who obtain the greater parts of their strings from Markneukirchen, appear to envy them the manufacture, as efforts are being made to introduce the industry into Schonbach, a well-known musical instrument manufacturing town. Opinion appears to be divided, however, upon the matter, as it has been arranged to invite the views of all the musical instrument manufacturers in the district. The Trade Minister has signified his intention of granting 3,000 fl. towards the undertaking, if it is carried into effect.

THE *Tagliche Rundschau*, of Berlin, under date of March 1st, says; "A painful incident occurred yesterday at the Royal Opera. When Hans von Bülow appeared at the theatre, together with Mr. Bechstein's family, the ticket-collector refused admission to Von Bülow in a polite but energetic way. It appears that the management knew of Bülow's intention to visit the theatre, and supplied photos to their *employes*. Bulow's adverse and eccentric criticism of the opera appears to have excited the *intendant* to avail himself of his right to exclude the pianist. This incident created a sensation, and was warmly discussed." The Berlin press, almost without exception, has condemned in no measured terms the boorishness of the manager of the Royal Opera.

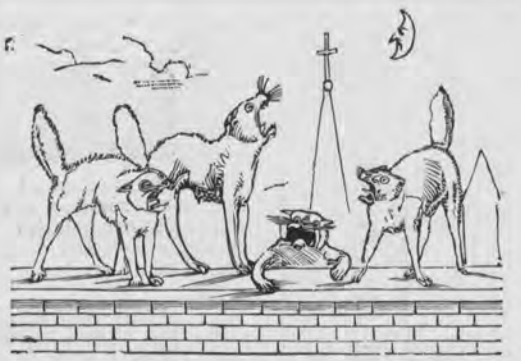
WE are glad to announce that through the efforts of the energetic President of the College of Music, Mr. Peter Rudolph Neff, a fund of $11,250, subscribed by Cincinnati citizens, has been secured for the next three years to put the Symphony Orchestra on a permanent basis, each one of the subscribers agreeing to pay $250 per annum each for that length of time toward the support of the violin and orchestra department of the College of Music. This means a Cincinnati Grand Orchestra that will be the superior of most and the peer of all the grand orchestras in the country. This has been the great scheme of Mr. Neff ever since he took hold of the Presidency of the College of Music.—*Musical Visitor.*

A LIST of Verdi's operas and the date of their production may be of interest in these days of the first representation of his last work. "Otello." They are: '*Oberto, Conte di San Bonifazio*," 1839; "*Un giorno di regno*" 1840; "Nabucodonosor," 1842; "*I Lombardi*" 1843; "Ernani," 1344; "*I Due Foscari*," 184 ; "*Giovanna d'Arco*," 1845; "Alzira," 1845; "Attila," 1846; "Macbeth," 1847; "*I Masnadieri*, 1847; "Jerusalem" ("*I Lombardi*" re-written), 1847; "*Il Corsaro*," 1848; "*La Battaglia di Legnano*," 1849; "Luisa Miller," 1849; "Stiffelio," 1850; "Rigoletto," 1851; "*Il Trovatore*," 1853; "*La Traviata*," 1853; "*Les Vepres Siciliennes*," 1855; "Simon Boccanegra," 1857; "Aroldo," 1857; "*Un Ballo in Maschera*," 1859; "*La Forza del Destino*," 1862; "Macbeth" (revised), 1865; "Don Carlos," 1867; "Aida," 1871.

ROBERT GOLDBECK announces that his defunct *Musical Art* will be resuscitated next "fall" in the form of a Sunday newspaper, under the title of the *Weekly Art Critic*, provided he can sell a sufficient number of shares in the venture. With characteristic modesty, Mr. Goldbeck announces that his paper (if it ever comes to life) "will be governing, tone-giving" and that its opinions will "be the criterion of all that is excellent." "One brilliant page will reflect the dazzling society life of New York and other centres." Robert Goldbeck, as a reporter of the "brilliant" *fads* of the "dazzling" society of "New York and other centres," would well be worth the price of subscription, whatever that may be, and while, everything considered, our finances will not permit our purchasing any of the "shares" offered, we most sincerely hope there will be a rush for them, for we want to see that paper.

IN these days of hurry and push, but few men can spare from their daily duties the time necessary to keep themselves, through ordinary channels, *en rapport* with all the forms of intellectual activity that make up the world of thought and progress. There are thousands of thoughtful men who would like to know what others think and how they feel in reference to the great political, social, commercial, educational and scientific questions of the day, but who see no way of getting this information. To those of our readers who are in that category (and there ought to be many) we take pleasure in recommending "PUBLIC OPINION," a 28-page journal, published weekly at $3.00 a year in Washington, D. C., each of whose numbers contains the pith of the editorial opinions of all the leading papers of the country, regardless of party bias or individual prejudice, upon the questions uppermost in the public mind. We must add that this notice is entirely unsolicited, and is made solely with the intention of benefiting those of our readers who may not know this publication and have felt the want of something of the sort.

THE *American Art Journal* gives a partial list of the great organs which have more than or about 4.000 pipes. They are: St. Paul's Cathedral organ, London, 4,004; Alexandra Palace, London, 5,820; Crystal Palace, 4,570; N. J. Holmes' at the Albert Palace, London, 5,209; St. George's Hall, Liverpool, 7,000; Town Hall organ, Leeds, 6,500; Albert Hall, Sheffield, 4,004; old organ of York Minster, 8,000; screen organ of York Minster, 5,416; Victoria Rooms, Bristol, 4,000; Town Hall, Melbourne, 4,373; Boston Cathedral, 5,256; Temple Emanuel, New York, 4,424; Ulm Cathedral, 6,564; Weingarten Monastery, 6,666; Merseberg Cathedral, 5,686; Breslau Cathedral, 4,700; St. Jacobi, Madgeburg, 5,784; Great Church, Halberstadt, 4,250; Oliva Abbey, Dantzig, 6,000; new organ in same church, 5,112; St. Bevan's Cathedral, Haarlem, 4,088; St. Lawrence Cathedral, Rotterdam, 5,700; First Church, Utrecht, 4,200; St. Denis, Paris, 4,506; St. Sulspice, Paris, 6,706; Freiburg Cathedral, 4,165; Seville Cathedral, 5,300. The organ proposed in 1876 for St. Peter's Cathedral, Rome, was to be built by Cavaillé-Coll, and was to have 8,316 pipes. The organ in Cologne Cathedral has nearly 7,000 pipes. The Albert Hall organ, London, has 7,500 pipes.



COMICAL CHORDS.

THE buzz-saw has an off-hand way with new acquaintances.

THE mother-in-law has been the chestnut belle for several generations.

ASTRONOMERS, like habitual theater-goers, are always excited over the appearance of a new star.

WHEN a man dies in the Society Islands, they paint his body; but in this country his character is the thing frescoed.

THE poet who wrote 'man wants but little here below" lived many years ago. Man, in these days, wants all he can get.

DON'T call a large, strong, sinewy man a prevaricator. If you are sure he is a prevaricator, hire another man to break the news to him.

A SPIRITUALIST medium has just had a long interview with the spirit of Adam. He reports that Adam still blames the whole business on Eve.

"JOHN, what is the best thing to feed a parrot on?" asked an elderly lady of her bachelor brother, who hated parrots. "Arsenic," gruffly answered John.

INEBRIATED party: "Shay, mister, how far is't to Canal Street?" Citizen: "Twenty minutes' walk." Inebriated party: "For you—hic—or for me?"

A WAG has truthfully said, that if some men could come out of their graves and read the inscriptions on their tombstones, they would think they had got into the wrong grave.

"PATRICK, you told me you needed the alcohol to clean the piano with, and here I find you drinking it. "Faix, mum, it's a drinkin' it, and brathing on the gloss, Oi'm doin'."

"DO YOU work miracles here?" said a skeptical printer, who had come in to break up a religious meeting. "No," said the leader, as he collared the rascal, "but we cast out devils."

THE meanest man we ever heard of gets up early and cuts all the dry-goods advertisements out of the morning paper, leaving nothing but the dry reading matter for his devoted wife.

AN exchange says: "It is usually the unmarried women who write about 'How to Manage a Husband.'" Of course, it is. You don't find the married woman giving away her little plan.

OLD Gent—"What tune is that band playing, my boy?" Boy—"God Save the Queen." Old Gent—"Oh, no; it isn't that." Boy—"Yus, it are, sir; only they's a-playin' uv it in Dutch, you see."

SOME fireman, somewhere, evidently smitten with somebody, gave the following toast: "Cupid and his torch, the only incendiary that can kindle a flame which the engines cannot quench."

THE Chinese alphabet contains about 30,000 characters, and the man who thinks of constructing a type-writer will have to make it the size of a fifty-horse-power threshing machine and run it by steam.

A SCIENTIFIC writer tells how water can be boiled in a sheet of writing paper. We don't doubt it. We have known a man to write a few lines on a sheet of writing paper that kept him in hot water for three years.

AN irate female seeks admittance to the editor's sanctum. "But I tell you, madam," protests the attendant, "that the editor is too ill to talk to any one to-day." "Never mind; you let me in—I'll do the talking."

A TRAVELER, who has just returned from Germany, says that there is a good point and a bad point about German coffee. The good point is that it contains no chickory; the bad point is that it contains no coffee.

"I TELL you it's a great thing to have a girl who knows enough to warn a fellow of his danger." "Have you?" inquired one of the company. "Yes, indeed. Julia's father and mother were laying for me the other night, when she heard my tap at the window; and what do you suppose that girl did?" "Can't think." "She just sat down to the piano and sang the insides out of 'Old Folks at Home.' You can just bet I didn't call that evening."—*Exchange.*

PRINTERS are told to follow copy, if it goes out of the window. Type-writers are instructed to use the exact words dictated. Sometimes queer things happen, as recently, when a type-writist, new in business methods, asked the head of the house how she should begin her letters. "Dear Sir, or Gentlemen, as the case may be," replied he. In a few days letters began pouring in from correspondents, asking for explanation of the firm's manner of addressing them. Upon examination, it was found that every letter written by the new clerk began with "Dear Sir, or Gentlemen, as the case may be!"

IT is said that women dress extravagantly to worry other women. A man who dresses extravagantly, generally worries his tailor.

SHOE dealer (to partner)—That new lot of French slippers is going very slowly. Hadn't we better mark 'em down? Partner—Yes; mark the fives down to threes, and the fours to twos. This change was made, and in a day or two the stock was exhausted.

AFTER the clerk had piled down everything in the store without satisfying his customer, a woman, she asked him if there was anything else he had not shown her. "Yes, ma'am," he said, "the cellar: but if you wish it I will have that brought up and shown to you."

THE meanest church organist lives in Philadelphia. He is all bent with age, and the other day, at the wedding of an antique Philadelphia belle, whom he knew many years before, he astonished everybody by playing a fantasia on the air, "When You and I Were Young."

A LITTLE boy, whose father was an immoderate drinker of the moderate kind, one day sprained his wrist, and his mother utilized the whisky in her husband's bottle by bathing the little fellow's wrist with it. After awhile the pain began to abate, and the child surprised his mother by exclaiming: "Ma, has pa got a sprained throat?"

A PHYSICIAN, passing a gravestone cutter's shop, called out: "Good morning, neighbor; hard at work, I see. You finish your gravestones as far as 'In memory of,' and then wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next." "Why, yes," replied the joker, "unless somebody's sick and you are doctoring 'em, then I keep right on."

STUMPS, the farmer, has married a city girl who is trying to learn country ways. She has heard her husband say that he must buy a dog, and responds: "Oh, yes, do, Charles—buy a setter dog. He can be a watch-dog at night, and set on the eggs during the day; for I can't make the hens set, though I've held 'em down an hour at a time."

THE *American Musician* says that Bandmaster Cappa has written a set of variations on "We never speak as we pass by," and dedicated them to Bandmaster P. S. Gilmore. We are credibly informed that Mr. Gilmore has returned the compliment by dedicating to Signor Cappa an original Irish melody, the Irish title of which is: "Who cares a dam?"

WHEN the "Miserere" of the celebrated opera composer, Lully was played before King Louis XIV, his majesty sank on his knees, and as a matter of etiquette those assembled followed the royal example. After, the king asked Count Philibert de Gramont, a witty fellow, how he liked the music. "Splendid, indeed, for the ears; but terrible for the knees," answered the Count.

"DOES she call that playing?" inquired Jones, as Mrs. Jenkyns assailed the piano keys.

"Yes, of course she does."

"Well, it's what I'd call real hard work. Do the people like it?"

"Well, they try to, my boy; that's where the hard work comes in."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

HE HAD TO WAIT A LONG WHILE.—A musician owed a Shylock one hundred dollars, which on account of hard times he could not pay. It so happened that he met the musician at a barber's, who was in the act of shaving him.

The mercenary soul of lucre took advantage of this meeting, and asked him for the money.

The musician, vexed at the impertinence of the fellow, asked him if he would wait until his beard had been shaved. "Yes," replied Shylock, "I will wait so long."

"You are witness, Sir," said the musician to the barber, and to the astonishment of Shylock he left the barbershop unshaved.

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