KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

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ZULU MUSIC AND POETRY.

THE Zulus, who through their stubborn conflict with England have become known throughout the world, are, in their way, musicians and poets. Their vocal music is of the most vigorous kind. It is no rare thing for hundreds of Zulu warriors to sing in unison at the tops of their voices, their different war songs. The Zulu singer invariably squats when he sings, swinging his body backward and forward, and often bringing his elbows violently against his ribs, in order to expel the air with greater force. The Zulu's way of singing is much like that of the Chinese, (whom he resembles in other respects, since the name of Zulu, which he applies to himself, means, in his language, *celestial*, a term which the Chinese apply to themselves, in the same sense, *i. e.*, as denoting their origin); they delight in strong contrasts, passing abruptly from the hightest *falsetto* notes to the lowest and gruffest tones, the whole in that peculiar nasal twang which characterizes uncultivated singers the world over. The Zulu melodies are not pleasant to the European Ear, although travelers say that, sung by the Zulus, they have a charm which cannot be understood when others attempt them. They know nothing of harmony and do not attempt anything that resembles it. As a keeper of time the Zulu is said to be a perfect metronome. The Zulu women emulate the singing of the men in more peaceful songs, and troops of them carrying milk, eggs, potatoes, wild fruit, etc., from their kraals, to sell them to the colonists of the adjoining country, can often be heard beguiling the tedium of the journey with their shrill chants. The words of their songs are not devoid of poetry; indeed, some of them are full of the boldest oriental imagery. Take this, for instance, from a song in honor of Tschaka, one of their successful warrior chiefs, who, like Alexander, is said to have sighed for more worlds to conquer:

"Thou hast finished, finished the nations!
Where will you go to battle now?
Hey! where will you go to battle now?
Thou hast conquered kings!
Where are you going to battle now?
Thou hast finished, finished the nations!
Where are you going to battle now?
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Or this, from a song in honor of Panda, Cetewayo's father:

"Thou brother of the Tschakas, considerate forder,
A swallow which fled in the sky,
Whose cattle was ever in so huddled a crowd;
Thou false adorer of the valor of another,
That valor thou tookest at the battle of Mahonko."

These extracts, necessarily weakened by translation, show a considerable poetic genius in their rude composers; although their songs, referring, as they usually do, in figurative language, to the personal history of the party in whose honor they are composed, are almost unintelligible to one not familiar with that history. Thus, in the last extract, the first two lines, refer to the skillful and secret manner in which Panda eluded, by swimming across a stream, the pursuit of his enemy Dingan; the third to his great wealth (in cattle), and the last two to his overcoming of the aforesaid Dingan in a battle which settled the royal succession.

The musical instruments used by the Zulus are few and very imperfect. One of the most popular is a whistle, which is used by them with deafening effect to reinforce the power of the voices in the rendering of some of their songs. They have also a rude sort of tambourine made out of the shell of a gourd, from which the top has been removed, and to the sides of which pieces of shell are attached, which serves mainly in marking the time of their rude songs. Then they have an instrument which has been given different names. It consists of a bow about five feet in length, made exactly as if intended to propel arrows. Its cord is made of twisted hair, and is tightly or loosely strung according to the pitch desired by the performer. Near one end of the bow a calabash is lashed to increase the resonance of the bow. The instrument, thus strung, is struck by the musician with a small stick. Its tone is very feeble, and like their other musical instruments, it can serve to little more than to mark time.

Another Zulu instrument is made of iron rods or bars placed upon a rectangular board seven inches long by four broad. The rods, laid in parallel lines are attached to one end of the board by another rod laid transversely, which is fixed to the board with brass wire. A strip of wood running under the middle of the iron bars, acts as a bridge, and the part of the rods emitting sound is that comprised between the bridge and the flattened end of the instrument, which is set in vibration by means of an iron band, shaped like the oar of a boat. Between the six longest bars are placed several shorter ones, like the black keys of a piano between the white ones. There is very little system or regularity about this instrument, which gives forth a mixture of sounds agreeable enough to the ear, but still quite devoid of melody. Upon the front of the board is attached a piece of gourd with fragments of shells, so that the instrument can be made to emit two series of sounds; for when the iron rods are struck the vibration reacts upon the gourd, which contributes to the general harmony. A sort of flute, or rather flageolet, which they have borrowed from their neighbors, the Bechuanas, and which is the only one of their instruments which can play anything like a definite melody, completes the list, as far as known, of the instruments used in a Zulu orchestra.

THE PRECURSORS OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

OUR ancestors used the instruments known as spinet, virginal, and harpsichord, or clavichord. The spinet, otherwise called the "couched harp," from its resemblance to a horizontal harp, was much smaller than the harpsichord; the strings placed at an angle to the keys, were of catgut, and sounded by leathern or quill *plectra*, which caught or "twigged" them. The "virginal," not derived from Queen Elizabeth's celibacy, but from *virgæ*, the Latin for rods (the rods attached to the keys), resembled a square box; the strings were of metal (brass instead of catgut), one string for each note. The sound, as in the spinet, was produced by quills, whalebone, leather, or sometimes elastic metal, attached to slips of wood, called "jacks," provided with metal springs. The virginal was the precursor of the harpsichord, and some say of the spinet.

The harpsichord, clavecin, clavichord, clavicembalo or flügel, was so far an improvement that the strings were made (as now) of steel wire, with an alloy of copper for certain deep notes. There were in some instruments two keyboards for *piano* and *forte* effects, and also stops for the modification of the sound, by connecting the mechanism with, or disconnecting it from, three or four strings. The Italian term, clavi-*cembalo*, indicates the "cymbal" character of the tone. The keys were attached to levers with the "jacks," as before; the *plectra* were still crow quills or hard leather, sometimes ivory or tortoise-shell, which produced something like "a scratch with a sound at the end of it."

The masters of later date, Handel and Mozart, to-wit, played on harpsichords or clavichords. Cristofori is generally recognized as the inventor of the modern pianoforte. The great change from the old harpsichord consisted in the substitution of wooden hammers for quills, the improved "action," the pedaling work, the extension of the compass, and the raising of the pitch. The "repetition" and "upright check" actions are fine specimens of the craft and mystery of piano-forte manufacture. We all remember, thirty or forty years ago, the old upright piano-forte of only 5 5-8 octaves, from F to C, and the old "squares" of six octaves (now *rara avis*), from F to F, whereof one advantage was that a vocalist could "sing" in that reverberation from the bolt "upright." Then came the extension of compass, 6 5-4 octaves, from C to A, and at last the full seven octaves, from A to A. Here, however, the gain is questionable, seeing that the notes in *altissimo* have hardly any sound at all, while the lowest bass notes are always too flat. One striking point in the old instruments is their low pitch. The virginal was a third *below* the present "concert" pitch—the same will apply to the harpsichord.

Our modern piano-forte, in a broad sense, is virtually a return to the Bible-keyed instrument called "Dulcimer." The dulcimer of the Hebrews was a keyed instrument, struck by two hammers *in the hands* of the *player*, on the drum and drumstick principle. Thus does the world move. Man, like the globe, rotates and revolves.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A GERMAN author has made a collection of mixed metaphors, which he calls pearls of thought. Some of them are worth quoting if only as a warning to high-flown orators not to allow their magniloquence to fly away with them altogether. "We will," cried an inspired Republican, "burn all our ships, and with every sail unfurled, steer boldly out into the ocean of freedom." Even that flight is surpassed by an effort of Justice Minister Hye, who in 1848, in a speech to the Vienna Students, impressively declared: "The chariot of the Revolution is rolling along and gnashing its teeth as it rolls." A pan-Germanist mayor of a Rhineland corporation rose still higher in an address to the Emperor. He said: "No Austria, no Prussia, one only Germany, such were the words the mouth of your imperial majesty has always had in its eye." We have heard of the mouth having an eye-tooth, but never before of the mouth's eye. But there are even literary men who cannot open their mouths "without putting their foot in it." Prof. Johannes Scherr is an example of such. In a criticism on Lenau's lyrics he writes: "Out of the dark regions of philosophical problems the poet suddenly lets swarms of songs dive up, carrying far-flashing pearls of thought in their beaks." Songs and beaks are certainly related to one another, but were never seen in that incongruous connection before. A German preacher, speaking of a repentant girl, said: "She knelt in the temple of her interior and prayed fervently," a feat no India-rubber doll could imitate. The German parliamentary oratory of the present day affords many examples of metaphor mixture; but two must suffice. Count Frankenberg is the author of them. A few years ago he pointed out to his countrymen the necessity of "seizing the stream of time by the forelock;" and in the last session he told the Minister of War that if he really thought the French were seriously attached to peace, he had better resign office and return to his "paternal oxen." The Count had no doubt the poet's *paterna rura* in his mind at the time. But none of these pearls of thought and expression in Fatherland surpass the speech of the immortal Joseph Prudhomme on being presented with a sword of honor by the company he commanded in the National Guard of France. "Gentlemen," said he, "this sword is the brightest day of my life."

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WE would call the special attention of our readers to the articles of Mr. Joseph Bennett, the eminent English critic, on "Observation of Music in America," the first of which appears in this issue, and which we shall republish as fast as they appear. The Scottish bard sang:

> 'Ah wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
> To see oursel's as ithers see us!
> 'Twad frae mony a blunder free us
> An' foolish notion."

and we do not wish to have our readers lose this opportunity to see American music through English eyes. True, it may be through English spectacles; Mr. Bennett may be mistaken in some respects, or if he is not, we may think he is. Be that as it may, we can only gain by reading his views. When the entire series of articles has been published, we shall take the liberty of briefly reviewing them; in the meantime we trust our readers will give these articles the attention they deserve.

IN an editorial in his paper, *The Etude*, Mr. Theodore Presser says: "Normal or Summer Music Schools have been arraigned by one of the leading music journals. Why? No one can tell. Neither the editor, nor any one of those whose adverse opinions were published know what they are in fact. Many of the so-called normals needed just such a showing up as given by our worthy contemporary, but to attack the principle is nothing less than to condemn education itself. For Department of Education to denounce the summer normal schools for literary teachers would be considered the height of folly. The fact that considerable humbug connects itself with music schools only proves the principle."

We had hardly read this far when we began to look for the "milk in the cocoanut" and presently we struck a copious flow of it, for Mr. Presser informs his readers that he believes the place to hold a summer "normal" is in a large city (Mr. Presser lives in Philadelphia) and announces that in future issues he will give particulars of a summer music school to be held the coming summer.

We regret that our articles (for it is to us that the professor refers) were not plain enough to enable *as* intelligent a man as is Mr. Presser to understand why we opposed the system. We thought that when we had demonstrated that "music normals" were run on false pretenses and developed little but pedantry we had shown a sufficient why. Still we are pleased to know that, in the opinion of Mr. Presser, "many of the so-called normals needed just such a showing up" as we gave them. Perhaps if our friend of *The Etude* had expressed his entire thought he would have said: "All previous 'normals' needed just such a showing up, but I am going to get up something better."

Now we have never said that nothing can be learned in four, six or eight weeks, but we have said and we still insist that a six years' course of systematic study cannot be compressed into as many weeks of musical "cramming."

If Mr. Presser can lay out a six or eight weeks' course that will embrace what can be taught in six or eight weeks, and will so publish it, we shall have nothing to say save to pity his purse, for he will find that the musical *charlatans* who teach the whole art and science of music in half the time will have the pupils and the shekels while he will have solitude even in a city as large as Philadelphia. We shall await Mr. Presser's announcements with interest. When they appear, if they are such as we think are sensible and feasible, we shall take pleasure in saying so; if the contrary, we shall feel the freer because he has criticised our former articles, to make his promises the text on which to preach another little sermon on what Mr. Presser would probably call "What we don't know about musical normals" even though he may repeat in defense that mystic and to us incomprehensible utterance that "The fact that considerable humbug connects itself with music schools only proves the principle."

MEMORY IN MUSIC.

THE phenomena of memory present to the metaphysician one of the most interesting subjects of study. The memory is not the highest of the powers of the mind, it is that on which is based the consciousness of the continuous identity of both ourselves and surrounding objects and without which, therefore, we should hardly be certain of our own existence. If, on the one hand, those who were but little more than idiots, have not unfrequently exhibited a marvelous development of this faculty, on the other it is easy to see that without it the greatest imaginable genius would be an imbecile, whose life, experience and thoughts would necessarily be limited to the present instant. Reasoning, judgment, must proceed from the known to the unknown, but if what was known one minute were forgotten the next, there could be no series or accumulation of facts upon which to exercise our judgment or reasoning powers. This being the case, it is easy to see the importance of possessing a retentive memory. Geniuses have usually been endowed with remarkable memories, at least in the direction demanded by their occupation. It is related of Napoleon, Alexander and other leaders of men that they never forgot the humblest individual they had ever known; in other lines, eminent men have usually shown themselves possessed of a mass of knowledge on the subjects to which they devoted themselves that testified to the extent of the work done by their memories. In music also, unusual genius has ordinarily been accompanied with an unusual musical memory. Mozart, the musical genius *par excellence* had a wonderful memory. On Wednesday of holy week, 1770, (being then just fourteen years old) he attended a rehearsal of Allegri's famous "Miserere," and on returning to his room, wrote it all down from memory so accurately that when he attended the service at the Sistine Chapel on Good Friday, with his manuscript concealed in his cocked hat, and followed the singing as it proceeded, he had to change but very few notes. Not long afterwards he sang and played it with such exactness that Cristoforo, the principal soprano, who had himself sung it when Mozart had heard it, declared his performance perfect. Verdi, when a lad of eighteen, overcame the prejudices of an orchestra of veterans against a mere stripling as conductor, by throwing his score under his desk and conducting from memory an entire opera, which they knew he had first seen but a few days before. Hans von Bülow not only plays almost all the selections on his piano programmes from memory, but leads all his orchestral performances in the same manner.

While musical geniuses are usually possessed of a remarkable memory for music, the possession of this power as a gift of nature, not only is not a sign of musical eminence, since it is possessed in a high degree by such idiotic automata as Blind Tom, but it is one which can be acquired by the most ordinary minds. We have just spoken of von Bülow's leading the Meiningen orchestra from memory; this is not all, the entire orchestra, which is certainly not made up of prodigies, play through programme after programme without a scrap of paper before their eyes. In other words, they also have memorized symphonies with all their intricacies.

How far is playing from memory to be recommended? It has, we think, advantages and dangers. To begin with the latter: playing from memory is not unlikely to degenerate with the large majority into "playing by ear," by which we mean playing an imitation of the composition, in which the melody is perhaps given correctly enough, but the harmony is more or less incorrectly improvised, a method of playing that leads to slovenliness of execution and the destruction of the finer musical feeling and expression. Again, there is danger that through the iteration and reiteration of a few phrases at a time, the all-important practice of sight reading may be neglected and the ability of the musician to become immediately acquainted with the contents of a musical composition, impaired or lost. Finally, and as a result of the preceding dangers, there is danger that memorizing musical compositions will tend to an undue limitation of the performer's *répertoire*. Supposing, however, these divers dangers to have been avoided, the advantage of having memorized a composition for public performance cannot be denied, provided the memorizing have been so thorough that the composition can be recalled without effort. The advantage of memorizing a composition for public performance lies in the fact that, for all practical purposes, our power of attention or mental concentration is a fixed quantity at any one time, and whatever sum of attention is given to deciphering notes must necessarily be subtracted from the attention that is given to expression and execution. Upon the other hand, if the composition be not so thoroughly mastered that it recalls itself, so to speak, that it flows from the memory without an effort, the attention must be directed upon the recollection, fear that the memory may prove treacherous at some critical point, further distracts the player, whose thoughts are scattered at the very effort at concentration, and instead of increased freedom we have increased embarrassment, a total lack of expression and an inferior performance. We shall not here attempt further deductions, nor advise either in favor of the practice of memorizing music, or against it, since in the abstract it is neither good nor bad. The circumstances, aptitudes, acquirements and tastes of each individual musician should be his guide in this matter.

TELL your friends about this magazine; explain to them that each number contains in music alone more value than the cost of a year's subscription. Then ask them to read the contents of any number and tell you whether they can afford to longer do without the regular visits of KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

LOVE AND PAIN.

Love held to me a chalice of red wine
  Filled to the very brim;
About the slender stem the clinging vine
  Was closely twined and round the jeweled rim;
Love held to me a cup of blood-red wine,
  And made me drink to him.

Around, the desert of my life lay bare,
  A waste of reeds and sand,
Love stood with all the sunlight in his hair,
  And yellow crocus blossoms in his hand;
And all around the cruel scorching glare,
  The waste and thirsty land.

To his white feet the loose gray raiment hung,
  His flush'd lips smiled on me,
Across his pale young brow the bright curls clung,
  I would have fled, but lo! I might not flee
While through the heavy air thy clear voice rung,
  And bade me drink to thee.

I took the graven cup, my lips I set
  Close to the jeweled rim,
And to Love's eyes there stole a faint regret,
  Then a bright mist made all the old world dim;
And in the golden, cloud our blind lips met,
  And I drank deep to him.

O Love, among the orchard trees I lay,
  Spring grasses at my feet,
The flickering shadows fell upon the way,
  The pale narcissus made the fresh air sweet;
Among the blossoming orchard trees I lay,
  Waiting my Lord to greet.

Through the green woods the birds sang shrill and gay,
  And then a sudden sound
Of coming feet, a glimpse of raiment gray,
  And shaken blossoms falling to the ground;
Sweet was my dream of Love and Life and May,
  And blossoms scattered round.

And swift toward me his light footstep came
  O Love, I woke to see
Strange eyes upon me, dark with some spent flame,
  So like to thine, O Love, and yet not thee;
Thine was his raiment and he bore the name
  Known but to Love and me.

The yellow crocus blossoms in his hand
  Were crushed, and wan, and dead;
Lo, as a wanderer on an unknown strand
  He stood beside me with discrowned head;
"Love comes not twice," he cried, "to any land,
  But I am in his stead."

He held to me a chalice of red wine
  Filled to the very brim;
The twisted snakes about the tall stem twine
  And closely coil around the jeweled rim;
He held to me a cup of blood-red wine,
  And bade me drink to him.

"Love came, but never will he come again,
  Drink though to me;
Love did forsake, but I, his brother, Pain,
  Will now forever more abide with thee;
The dark earth-mist has gathered round us twain;
  Drink thou to me!

BERLIOZ AND PAGANINI.

To believe nothing we hear and very few things we see" is a wise maxim, calculated to save those who follow it out to the letter from nursing many an agreeable delusion, if not from having any faith in human nature—that complicated and most incomprehensible of machines. Such men must feel an inexpressible satisfaction when an old and apparently well-established truth is attacked, when some time-honored myth is brought into disrepute; because, forsooth, it is not sacred to them—they never believed. As children they could have placed no confidence in the bravery of Jack the Giant Killer; the unfortunate Sleeping Beauty could have awakened no pity in their breast; in after years it must have delighted them to learn that King Alfred and William the Conqueror are fabulous beings; that the world is not round but flat, and many other marvelous discoveries of modern science.

A new triumph has been given these universal doubters by Herr Ferdinand Hiller in his "*Künstlerleben.*" Let them read, study and digest the following passage:

"Paganini felt such an admiration for him (Berlioz), after hearing one of his symphonies, that he attempted to fall on his knees before him. But the musical world was more astonished by the princely gift that he made him in the form of 20,000 fr., than by even this wonderful expression of admiration, for Paganini's avarice was well known. The sum was, beyond the possibity of a doubt, drawn from Rothschild's bank in Paris, therefore, this manifestation remains a mystery—utterly incredible. The solution was offered to me by Rossini, and now I feel no scruples in communicating it, as it can no longer be distasteful to those concerned. Armand Bertin, the wealthy, powerful proprietor of the *Journal des Débats*, had heard from Berlioz himself, of the fanatical admiration of the famous violinist, and proposed to him, for he loved the genial composer, to make believe that he was the giver of the sum of money, free of expense to himself. Paganini did as he was desired. 'Is that true, certain, possible, credible?' I inquired of Rossini. 'I *know* it,' answered the *maestro*, with that steady earnestness that became him no less than the jesting humor in which he usually indulged. No doubt, this fact was known to others—some may disbelieve it; I am convinced of its truth."

So much for the new version of an old story. Ferdinand Hiller is convinced of its truth. It is condescending of him to tell us so; but would not his conviction have carried more weight with it if he had obligingly informed us *why* he is convinced? He invites us to blot out a page of musical history, to substitute a mean for an honorable action, in our biography of a man of genius, who is no longer here to defend himself, on the strength of his conviction—Paganini's general character, and Rossini's word; and politely, but positively, we refuse to do it.

Herr Hiller, must know little, indeed, of human nature, if he has not learnt that when a mean man is for once—perhaps, only once—in his life aroused to generosity, he is liberal to a degree that appears like madness to the symmetrically charitable being; he has not fallen into the rut; for want of practice, he does not know how to give like other people; therefore, supposing his contemporaries' estimate of his avarice to be correct—the characteristic of Paganini encourages and strengthens our belief in the original rather than in Herr Hiller's version of the story. The second reason he offers us for putting down manly, artistic things, and raising despicable ones in their place, is even less worthy of a moment's consideration than the first. Rossini says, "I know it"—disappointed men do sometimes arrive at some extraordinary knowledge—and against his improved word we hold several pages of the writings of Berlioz—a gentleman by nature, birth and education. Let us turn to them, for, in their single-hearted enthusiasm we are likely to forget that Rossini's word and Hiller's conviction contradict him at every point:

"At the conclusion of a concert, when the symphonies 'Fantastique' and 'Harold' had been performed, Paganini, gesticulating animatedly, approached me, followed by his son Achille. Owing to the disease of the larynx—that caused his death—he had then entirely lost his voice; his son only, unless he was in a perfectly quiet place, could hear, or rather guess, what he said. He made a sign to the child, who, getting upon a chair, put his hear to his father's mouth, and listened attentively. Then Achille dismounted, and turning to me said: "My father tells me to assure you, sir, that he never in his life has been so impressed at any concert; that your music has overcome him, and that if he did not restrain himself he should fall on his knees and thank you.' At these strange words I made a gesture of incredulity and confusion; but Paganini seized my arm and breathing with his remnant of voice, 'Yes, yes,' dragged me on to the platform, where many of my orchestra were still present, fell on his knees, and kissed my hand. I need not say, I think, how I was taken aback. I relate the fact, that is all.

Coming out in this state of excitement into intense cold, I met M. Armand Bertin in the boulevard, and stopped some time to relate the scene that had just taken place; the cold seized me, and I returned home to go to bed more ill than before. Two days after I was alone in my room, when little Achille came in. 'My father will be very sorry,' he said, 'to hear that you are again ill, and if he were not so poorly himself, he would have come to see you. Here is a letter he bade me bring to you.' As I was going to open it, the child stopped me. 'There is no answer; my father said you were to read it when you were alone.' And he went out hastily.

Imagining it to be a letter of congratulation and compliments, I opened it and read:

'My Dear Friend—No one but Berlioz can bring back to life the departed Beethoven; and I, who have enjoyed your divine compositions, worthy of your genius, believe I ought to beg you to deign to accept, in proof of my homage, 20,000 francs, which will be remitted to you by M. le Baron de Rothschild, upon your presenting the inclosed. Believe me always your affectionate friend, NICOLO PAGANINI.

PARIS, 18th December, 1838.'

I know enough Italian to understand a letter like this, but the unexpected nature of its contents caused me so much surprise that my ideas were confused, and the sense of it entirely escaped me. But a note addressed to M. de Rothschild was inclosed, and without thinking that I was acting indiscreetly, I opened it hastily. It contained these few words:

'Monsieur le Baron—I beg you kindly to remit to M. Berlioz the 20,000 francs that I deposited with you yesterday. Receive, etc., PAGANINI.'

Then only the truth became clear to me, and it appears that I turned very pale, for my wife, who came in at the time, seeing me with a letter in my hand, and a dismayed expression of countenance, cried: 'What's amiss now? Some new misfortune? We must have courage. We have borne others.' 'No, no; on the contrary.' 'What, then?' 'Paganini—well—has sent me 20,000 francs!' 'Louis! Louis!' cried Henriette, overcome with emotion, to my son, who was playing in the next room; 'come here, come with your mother; come and thank the good God for what He has done for your father.' And my wife and my son ran and threw themselves down on their knees by my bed; the mother in prayer, the astonished child clasping his little hands by her side. O, Paganini! What a scene. Would that he could have witnessed it.

My first action, as may be imagined, was to answer him, as I was unable to go out. My letter has always appeared to me so inadequate, so far below what I felt, that I cannot make up my mind to repeat it here. There are some events and some feelings that crush us.

Soon the news of Paganini's noble action was spread throughout Pàris; my apartment became the rendezvous of a crowd of artists who followed each other in a stream for two days, eager to see the famous letter, and obtain from me the details of so extraordinary a circumstance. They all congratulated me; one of them showed a certain amount of jealous anger, not against me, but against Paganini. 'I am not rich,' he said 'or I might have done the same.' He was a violinist, it is true. This is the only instance I know of a feeling of honorable envy. Then were heard without, comments, denials, the transports of anger of my enemies, their untruthful inventions; the transports of joy of my friends, their triumphs; the letter written to me by Janin, his fine and eloquent article in the *Journal des Débats*; the attacks with which some unworthy spirits honored me; the calumnious insinuations against Paganini; the letting loose and the clashing of conflicting passions, good and bad.

In the midst of such agitations, my heart beat high with such overpowered feelings, I trembled with impatience at not being able to leave my bed. At last, after six days, I felt rather stronger, and being no longer able to control myself, I dressed, and hastened to Nèothermes, Rue de la Victoire, where Paganini then resided. I was told that he was alone in the billiard-room. I entered; we embraced without being able to speak. After some minutes, when I had stammered some expressions of gratitude, Paganini stopping me by saying—for the silence of the room we were in enabled me to hear him—'Say no more about it! No, not another word, it is the profoundest satisfaction I ever felt in my life; you will never know with what emotions your music agitates me; for many years I have felt nothing like it!' * * * 'Ah! now,' he added, striking the billiard table heavily with his fist, 'all those who are in league against you will dare to say nothing more, *for they know I am not easy!*' [Fr. *aisé*, which means *easy* or *rich*.]

What did he mean by these words? Did he mean to say: I *am not easily overcome by music*; or *I do not give up money easily*; or *I am not rich?*

The sarcastic accent he threw in the phrase prevents me from accepting the last interpretation.

Whatever it might be, the great artist was mistaken; his authority, though it was immense, was not sufficient to impose silence on the foolish and malicious. He did not know the Parisian rabble; they only barked at my heels all the more shortly afterward.

My debts paid, finding myself still in possession of a considerable sum, I thought only of employing it musically. 'I must leave off all other work,' I said to myself, 'and write a masterpiece on a new and vast plan—a grand, passionate work, full of fancy, worthy to be dedicated to the illustrious artist whom I owe so much.' While I was meditating on this project, Paganini, whose health became worse at Paris, was compelled to leave it for Marseilles, whence he repaired to Nice, alas! never to return. I submitted to him by letter, several subjects for the grand composition I was thinking of, and about which I had spoken to him. 'I have no advice to offer,' he said, in answer; 'you know better than any one else what will be best.'

At last, after a long indecision, I halted at the idea of a symphony, with chorus, vocal, solo and choral recitative, of which Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet' would be the sublime and ever new subject.

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To my inexpressible regret Paganini never saw or heard it. I always hoped that he would return to Paris. I waited till the symphony should be entirely finished and printed before I sent it to him; and in the meantime he died at Nice, leaving to me, among many other poignant regrets, that of not knowing if he would have judged worthy of himself the work undertaken to please him and to justify him, in his own eyes, for what he had done for the author of it. He also appeared to feel a keen regret at not knowing 'Romeo and Juliet,' which he expressed in his letter to me, dated Nice, 7th January, 1840, containing this sentence: 'Now, it is done; envy itself can do no more than be silent.'"

Of course there is no flat contradiction of Rossini's amiable and liberal-minded story in the above; but, if, as we have said, Berlioz' word would outweigh Rossini's, it contains abundant indirect proof that Rossini's story (that he "*knew*") was drunk in, not unwillingly, perhaps, with other "calumnious insinuations against Paganini." Was the enthusiastic Berlioz likely to be deceived by an affectation of enthusiasm? Was Paganini a likely person to affect an enthusiasm that he did not feel—that did not possess him, even in spite of himself? Does Berlioz's simple story bear the unmistakable stamp of truth, not only when he uses his own words, but when he quotes Panganini's? Was Rossini's honor—as a man and an artist—unimpeachable? Could he, a man devoid of enthusiasm, understand the enthusiasm of another? Would he not rather catch at any straw, rather than sink in waters of artistic feeling, strange and fathomless to him? When these questions are answered, we feel sure that every one will be satisfied of the truth of the simple, touching story that some of us have heard, perhaps, with keen emotion, from the lips of Berlioz himself. Let it hold its place in our records of artistic morality and beauty; it needs a stronger man, with a stronger argument to overthrow it.—*London Musical Times.*

OBSERVATIONS ON MUSIC IN AMERICA.

A RESIDENCE of several months in the United States—during which time I traversed the country from Illinois to Texas, and from New York to San Francisco—enabled me to take note of the condition of music among our cousins. In giving my impressions on this subject, I hope to be perfectly frank and straightforward—always, that is to say, mentioning circumstances which may have limited the scope of my observation, or tended to prevent it from being other than superficial. Some such conditions are inevitable where the observer cannot stay long in one place, or is brought into contact with but a section of society. It must be said, however, that the courtesy and kindness of my American friends gave me unwonted facilities for learning whatever I desired to know. About the gracefulness and thoroughness of their hospitality I could say much. In every city lying across the track of my wanderings I was made to feel at home by musical professors and amateurs of whose existence even in many cases, I had no previous knowledge. Let me thank them heartily through the convenient columns of a journal read by them all. But gratefulness stands somewhat in the way of my present task, since, as regards music in America, I cannot "prophesy smooth things" from beginning to end of the story. Indeed, I may have to utter words that sound hard and harsh. My American friends, however, will not suspect me of setting down aught in malice, or credit me with exaggerating and suppressing fact. I know the national susceptibility about the opinions of foreigners, and especially of Englishmen. Nothing more keenly exercises an American's mind than an unfavorable remark from a "cousin" regarding anything that is his. He lives so constantly amid evidences of extraordinary achievement, and still more astonishing possibilities that unfavorable crititism comes upon him with a shock which, for a time, is staggering. I will give a case in point. In an "express" train between New Orleans and New York I had as fellow passenger and gossip a New England manufacturer. At first we got on very well together, but, in a moment of disgust at traveling that barely exceeded twenty miles an hour, I remarked, "This is called an express train!" My friend guessed it was. I continued, "In England we should term it a bad third-class." Alas for my rashness! I had pained the New Englander, and, till we arrived in the Empire City, he continued at intervals to asseverate that if America chose she could build better railways, better engines, and travel faster than was possible in the worn-out old country. At odd moments I saw his eyes fixed upon me in astonishment mingled with grieved expostulation. No doubt he was really hurt, and, as we shook hands in New Jersey "Depot," his parting words were: "Well, if we don't travel as fast as some people, I guess we get safely to the end of the journey." Susceptibility so alert as this must be taken into consideration by critics of America who would not give needless offence. I will try to keep it in view.

It may not be amiss, before entering the region of fact, to dwell for a while in that of speculation. I will ask my reader to consider with me the condition in which we should expect to find American music, having regard to all the circumstances of the case. Doing this, we must first determine the circumstances. The people of the United States are mainly Anglo-Saxon and Celtic, the first-named family predominating. Different observers may take different views as to the import of this fact. There are some who contend that the Anglo-Saxons are musical by nature. Others protest that they are nothing of the kind, beyond the power of finding pleasure in sweet sounds. Taking up neither side here, I am satisfied to indicate the unassailable truth that Anglo-Saxons, in the field of musical *achievement*, are behind the other races of the world—inferior, that is to say, to the Teutons, the Latins, and the Sclavs. If the reader agree with me in this, as I think he must, we have one piece of firm ground to stand upon. The deduction is, of course, unfavorable to music in America. Ethnologists tell us that the influence of *habitat* is so great upon man as to effect a marked change in his physical aspect under certain conditions; but there is no reason to believe that a corresponding mental and emotional transformation goes on. The Anglo-Saxon of America is essentially the Anglo-Saxon of Europe, differing only as to the measure in which the chief characteristics of the race are more accentuated in the first than in the second. We have no right, therefore, to look among our transatlantic relatives for any larger development of musical taste and practice than that which exists among ourselves. Let us proceed a step farther, and ask whether, under the actual conditions, we are entitled to look for an equal development.

Inter arma silent leges. Similarly, when the energies of a people are concentrated to the acquisition of what may be called material resourses, art is of necessity, and to a great extent, neglected. In *The Musical Times* for June of last year I had an opportunity of dwelling upon this thesis, with special reference to our own country. It is, I know, gross egotism for a man to quote himself, but perhaps I may be allowed, as a matter of convenience, to make one short extract. Touching upon the development of music in England during the Elizabethan age and its subsequent decline, I said:

"The extreme virulence of Puritanism had scarcely abated when a new influence began to work against music. Over the whole country came the rage of empire, and that passion for wealth whence has sprung our enormous development, with all its attendant circumstances, as, for example, the conquest of India. There was no time in those days for cultivating the gentler arts, and such knowledge as the people had gained of them in quieter years died out. We were filibustering over the globe; subduing Asiatics with fire and sword, and warring with every power that owned a colony, till the prize fell to the dauntless valor of an imperial race. In short, we were busy empire-making—a very absorbing pursuit. We went on, in a large national way, adding 'house to house and land to land,' till as it seemed, the man who did not help the process of going into 'business' or using a sword, was a poor creature fit only to be looked down upon."

Mutatis mutandis, these words apply to America not less closely than to England. For what has been the story of America since the British flag was hauled down to make way for the star-spangled banner? It has been a story of conquest over nature in the sense of the command, "replenish the earth and subdue it." We have had before our eyes—and the spectacle, to a very great extent, is still there—the process of building up a national home. Ground has been cleared; foundations have been laid; walls erected, and beams fixed in their places. To the finishing touches—to the operations of adornment and furnishing—our cousins have not yet come. They will tell us this with proud and natural complacency, and own that the time to settle down, with some sort of leisure for the graces of a completed residence is still in the future. The United States, in point of fact, contain no leisured class such as we know in England. By leisured I do not mean lazy. Leisured men in England are amongst our most active and hardest-working citizens, though their exertions do not always take a form profitable to the community. All Americans, on the other hand, labor in some sort of business, tending to their own enrichment, if not involving, as often it does not, any form of production by which the wealth of the nation generally is increased. In the present circumstances of America, this universal devotion to materialism in a gross form is a natural and may even be an advantageous circumstance. It hastens on, at any rate, the earlier and rougher processes through which every national fabric has to pass. But it involves serious drawbacks; among them the setting up of wealth as the determining element of social standing and influence. Here, to avoid the possibility of misconception, let me observe that I speak very generally, and with due recognition of much that is exceptional. The largest cities of the United States, Boston unquestionably being at their head, contain a section of society as refined, as cultured, and as free from the influence of low standards of social merit as any to be found in the countries of Europe. Of this, it is true, the average visitor sees little; the exclusiveness of the circle is proportioned to the danger of its being broken in upon and debased. Leaving out of question the true American aristocracy of culture, we have a nation in which the rich man, *qua* rich man, is the social king, and where his doings and sayings are recorded with the faithful minuteness of a Court Circular. Should any question be raised on this point I would refer the doubter to omnipresent evidence afforded by the American passion for outward display. Wealth, to produce its effect of homage to the possessor, must be shown, and no country in the world, more ostentatiously exhibits its outward and visible signs.

To argue, from all the circumstances just stated, that art, as a living power, cannot co-exist with them, seems to me easy enough. Of course, in America, as among ourselves, there is much patronage of art. Pictures and statuaries find a ready market, and musical performances are largely attended. But the productions of the easel and the chisel can be turned into mere proof of buying power, and attendance upon performances, as we English well know, may result from no higher motive than a desire to discharge certain social duties, or to do that which is fashionable and right. The question whether music is or is not a living power must be decided not by patronage but by individual devotion, by evidence that musical culture is universal and successful, and by the fact that the nation is musically sufficient unto itself. How can we look for these proofs to a young community engaged in developing the resources of a new land, and chiefly worshipping, after the most natural manner in the world, evidence of success in that great work. So to do would be to ignore all experience and the teaching of history. I am pointing out all this, not by way of reproach—far from it—but as features connected with a stage in the natural growth of a nation—of an Anglo-Saxon nation more especially; and the conclusion pointed to is that we are not entitled to look for other than elementary musical development within the still young and growing Republic.

Let us advance a step further with our speculation. America being sufficient unto herself in musical things, yet for various things a patron of music, we expect to find that the practice of the art has fallen into the hands of foreigners, as was, at one time, greatly our own case, and, to some extent, is still. We cannot be at a loss in deciding upon the nation most likely to occupy so promising a field. Beyond doubt it must be the nation which stands above all others in respect of musical achievement and culture; which is constantly pouring from an overcrowded and impoverished home-market a stream of more or less qualified professors, anxiously searching for a spot on which to settle, and whose musical sons and daughters carry with them a *prestige* far more valvable than any personal recommendation. That Germany may not possess America entirely to herself is likely enough, since France and Italy—to a small extent even England—must be reckoned with. But these nationalities we should expect to find outnumbered by Teutonic fecundity and outpaced by Teutonic perseverance. At any rate, German music, German practice of music, and German ideas concerning it must, in the nature of the case, sur-

pass all others; the more easily because backed up by a numerous, influential and increasing German element in the population.

Assuming that the conclusions just arrived at be correct, grave reflections arise out of them. We see, for example, a young nation at its most impressionable age passing, as regards music, into the hands of aliens, who are shaping its taste by foreign model rather than in accordance with natural instinct and promptings. Some may reply to this: "Looking at the condition of the art in England, an old and fully developed Anglo-Saxon nation, we see no evidence, as a racial characteristic, of distinctive musical instinct and promptings." I grant that the superficial observer would find an answer to the objection somewhat difficult. Looking deeper and closer the reply is indeed easy. Till the entire national energies of England were absorbed, as those of America now are, by the work of building up an empire, we were amongst the most musical of European peoples. In compositions of the Church and madrigalian schools—there were hardly any other—we held our own, with the best, and maintained our position till Puritanism on the one hand, and the lust of conquest and wealth on the other did their deadly work. Then, as everybody knows, the alien came in to provide music for a people engrossed with material cares and not disposed to furnish it for themselves. We have since been to a large extent Germanized, anticipating, under almost parallel circumstances, the experience through which America is passing. Now a race can no more change its nature than an Ethiopian can alter the color of his skin. Instincts may be held down, but no force can eradicate them, and the British capacity for music, which shone so luminously three centuries ago, still exists, waiting for the redemption that seems, indeed, close at hand. Its renewed development must, in the nature of things, resuscitate whatever was distinctive in the national musical utterance and give us once more our own dialect. As with Anglo-Saxons in the old home, so other things being equal, with those who have gone across the sea. I may be told that there is one real musical utterance, and that all talk about national dialects is mischievous nonsense. As respectfully as possible, under the circumstances, I beg to reply that men who would speak like this must be purblind. Every nation in the world that can be called musical in a particular sense has its own dialect. The music of Italy cannot be confounded with that of Germany, nor that of Germany with the music of France, while in character and mode of expression the various members of the great Sclavonian family differ from all. This is well. We want no pre-Babel uniformity in the musical world, where "one language and one speech" would be a misfortune. The question is whether every nationality possesses the power to develop a distinctive musical utterance, having to a greater or less extent its own inflections. Arguing from the known to the unknown, there is reason for believing that, under favorable circumstances, it can. In some measure even England has done so. The works of our old church composers bear unmistakable stamp of origin—it is significant to observe that English church music occupies a conspicuous place in America—while our national and patriotic ballads are things entirely *sui generis*. This may not be much to boast of, but it is enough for the present argument; and I shall assume that in the distant future, when the various elements composing the American people shall have consolidated, and the nation shall have had time to develop art, there will be such a thing as American music. Looking forward to this consummation, it cannot be considered a hopeful sign that the field we expect to bear the crop is occupied by an alien nationality, which is preparing the soil after its own fashion and dropping in its own seed. At present, unquestionably, the Germans are determining the future of American music, as far as that may be done by a foreign people at the distance of time which separates us from the era when it is at all likely that American music will take form.

Our speculation now goes a step further. Having regard to the conditions already set forth, what class of German music should we expect to find "exhibited" in the United States? Clearly not that—I am speaking very generally—which demands a measure of classical training and taste for its appreciation; nor that which appeals to intellectual perception rather than superficial feeling. A young and busy nation, engaged in the rough work of erecting its house and clearing its "lot" has no time for classical culture. The thing does not pay in a material form. It ranks among the resources of unproductiveness which the healthy instinct of a people having hard work on its hands cannot tolerate. Nor is the characteristic restlessness of Americans favorable to the condition of mind which finds delight in the more abstract forms of music. Even physical circumstances—if I may indulge a fancy of my own and say so—are against this. Americans live and move and have their being in a stimulative atmosphere. I expect to hear the crackling of electricity every time they pass their fingers through their hair. Normally at high pressure, their relaxation—the word is a misnomer—consists in change from high pressure to a higher. English people are often amused at the lightning speed with which their transatlantic relatives "do" the old countries; rushing here and there as though, like Shakespeare's goblin, they would "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes." such activity has become a condition of existence. They would not be themselves under a slow and humdrum routine, and by this circumstance even the amusements of the people are largely determined. Society is a whirl of excitement; a drive is not a sedate English progress, but a rushing through the air behind a fast horse having the blood of a "2.5" in his veins; travels for pleasure are genuine globe trottings covering degrees of longitude or latitude by the score, popular elections pass like whirlwinds, exciting passions that seem on the verge of disorder, newspaper reports are spiced, till they taste, to a foreigner, something more than "hot i' the mouth;" the sensational novel circulates by the million, and from the stage of real life to that of the antic is a step from one strong experience to a stronger. Music cannot escape the universal stress. We should expect it to be in demand, but of a sort—something that shall quicken the jaded nerve-centers; send thrills down the spine, fill the ear and brain with stimulating noises, and rouse the imagination with the sensuous or the terrible. In this case the condition determining the future of American music would certainly not be healthy. Art is not born of turmoil, or nursed by the light of blue fire. It is the growth of that peace and quiet amid which the inwardness of humanity most easily finds its way outward, and the soul appears in embodied forms.

As regards musical literature, including musical criticism (which is sometimes not literature), we should expect to find it largely in the hands of those by whom music in America is carried on. Assuming this, its character would not be difficult to forecast. We should look to it for earnestness, considerable want of sympathy beyond certain lines, and lack of the wide culture only to be found where sympathies also are wide. To some extent, moreover, we might expect to see in musical literature and journalism a reflex of the mingled shrewdness and humor which the native American brings to the consideration of all the lighter concerns of life. As a critic, he would largely lighten the ponderosity of the German, and knowing less, perhaps, would interest his readers more. He would not lose himself in reflective mazes; would never boast of having studied "physiological psychology," whatever that fearsome term may mean, and would try honestly to see good in all things, because being the special champion of none. How far these conclusions agree with facts, as I observed them, will appear in the proper place.

I should like to point out, in a final paragraph of this preliminary dissertation, how full of interest is the musical state of America, and how big with possibilities. Ethnologically, the same interest exists. "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we," sang the Laureate years ago; but the future laureate of the "States" will have to extend the list far beyond three items. The whole civilized world is pouring ingredients into the American furnace. What will come out in the day when the nation takes its mould? Who can tell, save that, in all probability, it will be something rich and strange? So that from this new amalgam of humanity may arise forms of art such as the world has never looked upon. Let the issue be as it may, we are watching the early creative processes, and they should be to us of deep and abiding interest; the more because in them our own race is chiefly concerned.—Joseph Bennett.

BE YOURSELF.

We must be ourselves in whatever we do, whether it be piano playing or anything else. We must exhibit an individuality of our own (not an imitation of some one else, be they ever so admirable) if we would exert a pronounced influence and make our own personality felt. And I do not regard this quality as being inconsistent with a correct and true interpretation of the intentions of the composer; and I believe it possible to not only lose one's self in music, but yet not put entirely away individuality. I do not mean personal vanity, but ideas and conception. It is just this individuality that distinguishes us from our fellows, and needs to be fostered and encouraged by all right-thinking musicians. When I receive letters from my friend, I want to recognize his familiar sign-manual—not a piece of Spencerian copper-plate engraving. When I hear him talk, I want to get his ideas and see as he sees, in order to a further improvement of my own vision. Now, technic is an admirable and indispensable thing, but it goes just so far and no farther. I would rather hear a performance that revealed soul, feeling and real insight, than a technical one, be it ever so perfect, destitute of these vital qualities. And I would gladly tolerate a bad note once in a while if I could but be carried away by the performer on a high wave of emotion and grandeur, or floated along on an enchanted stream of intoxicating beauty, a thousand times more, than to listen to the most perfect technical performance devoid of all this, a barren peak, a glistening iceberg. The high priest of the former is Rubinstein, that Titan of the piano; the latter, Von Bülow, the infallible technician. It is needless to say which of these great players is my "ideal."—*E. S. Mattoon.*

A WORD FROM A LEADING VOCAL TEACHER.

I SEE in your last issue a criticism on the singing of Miss Simon. I am glad, because her example is a bad one for young singers and students. It seems to me that our so-called *best* singers are not always careful to take their tones on the pitch, but glide or "swoop" to them, particularly if the pitch is high, and the word a difficult one to sing.

Not long since I read in one of our leading musical journals, a criticism of one of the world's great artistes, in regard to this very point, and asking if these things ought so to be. A *great* singer can afford, perhaps, to slight one or two of these minor (?) points or technicalities, but *ought* she? It seems to me also, that professionals should, in addition to attack, and good phrasing, be more careful to enunciate clearly and pronounce well. Not only because young singers take them as authority, but because either of these defects—pardon a repetition—poor attack, incorrect phrasing, too frequent and audible breath-taking, poor enunciation and incorrect or inelegant pronunciation, mar the beauty of the work and detract from the pleasure of the listener.

St. Louis, Feb. 27, 1885. An "old" Singer.

GEO. H. HILL once "showed"—to use a professional phrase—in a town in the western part of New York, where no theatrical performance had ever been given. He found the audience assembled with the women seated on one side of the hall, the men on the other, exactly as they were used to sit in church; and throughout the play the utmost solemn silence was observed. They were attentive, but they gave no evidence of approval or displeasure; there was no applause, no laughter; there was not even a smile; all was solemn stillness. Hill did his utmost to break the ice; he did everything a clever comedian could do, but in vain. He flung himself against their rigidity; it was of no use. The audience was evidently on its best behavior, and the curtain came down at last amid a silence oppressive and almost melancholy. After the play, Hill, worn out by his extra exertion, and mortified at his want of success, was stopped by a tall countryman with the remark:

"Say, mister, I was to the play to-night."

"Were you?" said Hill. "You must have been greatly entertained."

"Well, I was! I tell you what it is now, my mouth is all sore a-strainin' to keep my face straight. And if it hadn't been for the women, I'd 'a' laughed right out in meetin'."

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

Madame Petipas gave a concert with her pupils at Memorial Hall on the 25th ult., presenting the following programme: PART I. 1.—Andante et Variations Op. 46, for two pianos, *Schumann*, Mr. Clifford M Dolph and Mme. Petipas. 2.—Robert le Diable (Roberto to) *Meyerbeer*, Miss Trix Blanton, from Nevada, Mo. 3.—Dona Caritea (Ah! S'estinto), *Mercadante*, Mrs. Adolph Bernd. 4.—Judith (Sous les remparts de Béthulie), *Concone*, Miss Grace Green. 5.—Lucia di Lammermoor, (See 'tis the Hour), *Donizetti*, Miss Octavia Lumaghi. 6.—Lakme (Indian Bell Song), *Delibes*, Miss Elize Matthews. 7.—Bird's Spring Waltz, (Quartette), *Brinkworth*, Mrs. Metcalf and Misses Gussie Hausman, Emma Hope, Alice Waite.

PART II. 1.—Adagio et Rondo du Concerto Op. 32, two pianos, *Weber*, Mme Petipas and Mr. Clifford M. Dolph. 2—Christine de Suede (Il le faut), *Concone*, Miss Annie Pope. 3—Romeo et Juliette (Vault. sacred, solemn) *Vaccaj*. Miss Lizzie Schuler. 4.—Air et Variations (Deh torno, mio bene), *Proch*, Mr. Clifford M. Dolph. 5.—Air et Variations, Op. 210 (Oh! Stelle amate), *Proch*, Mrs. Robert Atkinson. 6.—Gazza Ladra (di piacer), *Rossini*, Miss Carrie Kelhor. 7.—Breezes So Softly Sighing (Trio), *Campana*, Misses Gussie Hausman, Emma Hope, Alice Waite.

Mme. Petipas is one of those rare teachers of singing who understand theoretically and practically the art they teach. Whatever her "method," its results prove it to be an excellent one, for she doubtless makes the most possible out of the material at her command. We say of the material at command, because among those who sang at this concert were more than one whose voices will never amount to anything; yet the singing of even these proved correct and tasteful schooling. In other words, each pupil had evidently had done for her all that a teacher can do. Some of Mme. Petipas' pupils, however, give promise of becoming singers of note. Miss Lizzie Schuler has an alto voice which in its quality reminds one a good deal of Scalchi. She is quite youthful yet and may not unlikely become a popular favorite in time. Mrs. Robert Atkinson was the surprise of the evening. Without being possessed of a voice of special sweetness or beauty she has an execution which we have never heard approached upon the amateur stage and surpassed only by Gerster on the professional. Of Miss Matthews it is needless to speak. Her frequent appearances at the Kunkel Popular Concerts have made her the favorite soprano of St. Louis. Her continuing to study under her old teacher speaks well for the teacher and for herself.

The 21st Kunkel Popular Concert was in part a repetition of the Concert of War Songs. The programme was varied by an exhibition drill, between the first and second parts, by Co. F., M. N. G., under command of Capt. R. H. Peters. The boys covered themselves with glory. Musically, the most interesting number was Bruch's "Fair Ellen." The chorus was at times unsteady, but Miss Matthews and Mr. Robinson in the solo parts sang excellently. Mr. Robinson astonished all his friends, and perhaps himself, by the perception of his work. He gave by all odds the best interpretation of the part of "Lord Edward," that has yet been heard in St. Louis.

Dr. Louis Maas of Boston, assisted by Mr. Charles Kunkel, gave two piano recitals at Memorial Hall, under the management of Mr. Kieselhorst, on the afternoon and evening of March 9th, of which the following are the programmes:

AFTERNOON.

Sonata, C major, op. 53, (Waldstein), *Allegro con brio. Adagio con moto. Allegretto moderato. Beethoven.* "Phaeton" Symphonic Poem, (Arranged for two pianos by composer.) *Saint-Saens.* Gavotte Celebre, G minor, *Bach.* Sonata A major (in one movement), *Scarlatti.* Barcarolle, G major, *Rubinstein.* Marsch Humoreske, *Kroeger.* Valse Brillante (dedicated to Dr. Louis Maas), *Kroeger.* Ballad, A flat, op. 47, *Chopin.* Polonaise, A flat, op. 53, *Chopin.* Fantasie on Hungarian Airs, *Liszt.* (Orchestral Part on second piano.)

EVENING.

Etudes Symphoniques, op. 13, *Schumann.* Duo for two pianos in A minor, op. 15, *Allegro. Adagietto* (Canone a duo) Finale, *Rheinberger.* Fantasie, F minor, op. 49, *Chopin.* Berceuse, (Cradle Song), *Chopin.* Grand Polonaise in E major, *Liszt.* Concerto, D minor, op. 70. (*a*) *Allegro moderato.* (*b*) *Moderato assai.* (*c*) *Allegro assai. Rubinstein.* (Orchestral Part on second piano.)

Most of these compositions were played by the eminent pianist from memory. Dr. Maas' technique is perfection, his readings are finished, his performance as a whole is musicianly, and yet it falls short not only of the ideal of piano playing, but also of the playing of much less perfect technicians through a certain lack of inspirational fire. Dr. Maas remains however, by far the best pianist Boston has yet sent us.

On the 10th of March, the third of the Memorial Hall Concerts took place, with Dr. Maas as the pianist. Considering that the pianist had had hardly any rehearsal with the other members of the quintette, the *ensemble* of their playing in the Jadassohn, op. 70, though not perfect, was quite remarkable. The programme was the following:

1.—Quartette, op. 29, No. 1. (*a*) *Allegro ma non troppo.* (*b*) *Andante.* (*c*) *Menuetto allegretto.* (*d*) *Allegro moderato, Schubert,* Mendelssohn Quintette Club. 2.—Soprano Solo, Bel Raggio, Semiramide. *Rossini*, Miss Laura E. Fisher. 3.—Piano Solo, (*a*) *Gondola Song* (*b*) *Folkedons, Norwegian National Dance.* (*c*) *Faust Fantasie, Maas, Liszt,* Dr. Louis Maas. 4.—Tenor Solo, (*a*) *Moorish Serenade. Kroeger,* (*b*) *Hymnea la Nuit, Gounod,* Mr. Thos. C. Doan. 5.—Quintette, op. 70. (*a*) *Allegro energico.* (*b*) *Adagio sostenuto* (*c*) *Scherzo.* (*d*) *Finale allegro agitato, Jadassohn,* Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The Philharmonic Quintette Club gave its last concert of the season on March 24th, with an excellent programme which we understand was excellently rendered. A very severe cold prevented our attendance.

The 23d Kunkel Popular Concert, as will be seen from the programme, was a piano recital of high class music, largely two piano compositions, diversified by a few songs. The most critical would in vain attempt to find a flaw in the instrumental performances, while the vocal efforts were hardly less meritorious. We append the programme.

1.—Andante et variations pour deux pianos, op. 46, *Schumann*, Messrs. Kunkel and Kroeger. 2.—Songs, *a.* "Der Asra," *Rubinstein*, *b.* "Auf Fluegeln des Gesanges," *Mendelssohn*, Mr. Otto Hein. 3.—Piano Solo, Sonata in C♯ minor, op. 27, No. 2, (Moonlight Sonata), *Beethoven*, Mr. Kunkel. 4.—"Rondo for two pianos" op. 73, *Chopin*, Messrs. Kunkel and Kroeger. 5.—Song, "Hindu Bell Song," *Delibes*, Miss Elise Matthews. 6.—Grand Fantasia for two pianos on "Les Huguenots," *Prizis Liszt*, Messrs. Kunkel and Kroeger. 7.—Song, "Der Erl-Koenig," *Schubert*, Mr. Otto Hein. 8.—Duets for one piano, *a* "Danse Characteristique." *b.* "Suite de Valses," *Kroeger*, Messrs. Kunkel and Kroeger. 9.—"La Jota," *Moszkowski*, Miss Elise Matthews. 10.—Midsummer Night's Dream Music for two pianos. Nocturne, Overture and Wedding March, *Mendelssohn*, Messrs. Kunkel and Kroeger

OUR MUSIC.

"LE ROUET," (The Spinning Wheel).....*de Kontski.*

This composition was written by its eminent author for KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW. Aside from its beauty as a composition, its youthful freshness, if we may use the expression when speaking of the work of a veteran like the Chevalier, it has special value as a study. It therefore recommends itself, in both particulars, to piano teachers and their better pupils.

"FANTASIE-STUECK No. III...... .....*E. R. Kroeger.*

We published in our last, No. 1 of these "*Fantasie Stuecke*," of Mr. Kroeger's. The set consists of five. This, together with the one we have heretofore published, will give our readers a very good idea of the variety of styles which characterize the series. This is lighter than No. 1 and yet much more earnest than the majority of *salon* compositions.

"SILVERY WAVES," (Revised, etc)......*A. P. Wyman.*

What, "Silvery Waves"? Wyman's "Silvery Waves" in KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW? We can hear the chorus of indignant teachers who have considered the composition abominable for so long. Now, softly, friends, this is "Silvery Waves" sure enough, but rewritten largely and very thoroughly revised. Try it and see if (prejudice aside) the old objections are not removed? The themes in "Silvery Waves" have always been good—their working out was the work of an inexperienced hand. This edition retains all the good of the old, substitutes correctness wherever there was incorrectness and in spite of that—or rather because of that—it is really easier than the piece we have heard in our night-mares. This revised edition of "Silvery Waves," is published as a duet also, in which form its effect is much increased.

"EN AVANT," (Galop Brillant).....*Robert Goldbeck.*

This is one of Goldbeck's best light compositions. Like "Le Rouet" of Chevalier deKontski, this piece has merits more than ordinary as a study, and well deserves the attention of our readers.

"ON WINGS OF SONG,"...........*Felix Mendelssohn.*

This, perhaps the most famous of the master's songs, needs no introduction to the musical public.

The music contained in this number is all published in sheet form at the following prices:

"LE ROUET,"..............	*Chevalier de Kontski*	$ 50
"FANTASIE-STUECK No. III."....	*E. R. Kroeger*	50
"SILVERY WAVES," (Revised)....	*A. P. Wyman*	75
"EN AVANT,".......	*Robert Goldbeck*	50
"ON WINGS OF SONG,"........	*Felix Mendelssohn*	35
Total...........		$2 60

NEW MUSIC.

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

Kunkel's Royal Edition

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

A Starry Night............	Sidney Smith	$ 75
La Baladine............	Ch. B. Lysberg	75
Warblings at Eve............	Brinley Richards	50
Monastery Bells............	Lefebure Wely	50
Return of Spring............	Theodore Mœlling	75
Spinnerlied............	Wagner-Liszt	1 00
Spinnerlied............	Litolff	75
Heimweh (Longing for Home)............	Albert Jungmann	35
Chant du Berger............	M. de Colas	40
L'Argentine (Silver Thistle)............	Eugene Ketterer	75
Bonnie Doon and Bonnie Dundee (Fantasia)..	Willie Pape	75
Nocturne in D flat (Bleeding Heart)............	Dœhler	60
Grand Galop de Concert............	E. Ketterer	75
Rippling Waves (Wellenspiel)............	Fritz Spindler	50
Cascade of Roses............	Jos. Ascher	75
Pure as Snow............	Gust. Lange	60
Tannhäuser March............	Julie Rivé-King-Wagner-Liszt	1 50
Thine Image, Romanza............	Chopin	75
First Love............	Chopin	60
Will-'o-the Wisp (Caprice)............	Chopin	75
Consolation............	Chopin	50
Spring Waltz............	Chopin	35
Autumn Waltz............	Chopin	50
Forget Me Not, (Nocturne)............	Chopin	60
Weeping Poland (Nocturne)............	Chopin	50
Summer Waltz............	Chopin	35
Gavotte, in A minor............	Brandeis	75
March from Tannhäuser............	Jean Paul	50
Heather Rose............	Gust. Lange	35
Stephanie Gavotte............	E. Ketterer	75
La Chase............	Rheinberger	50

PREMIUMS

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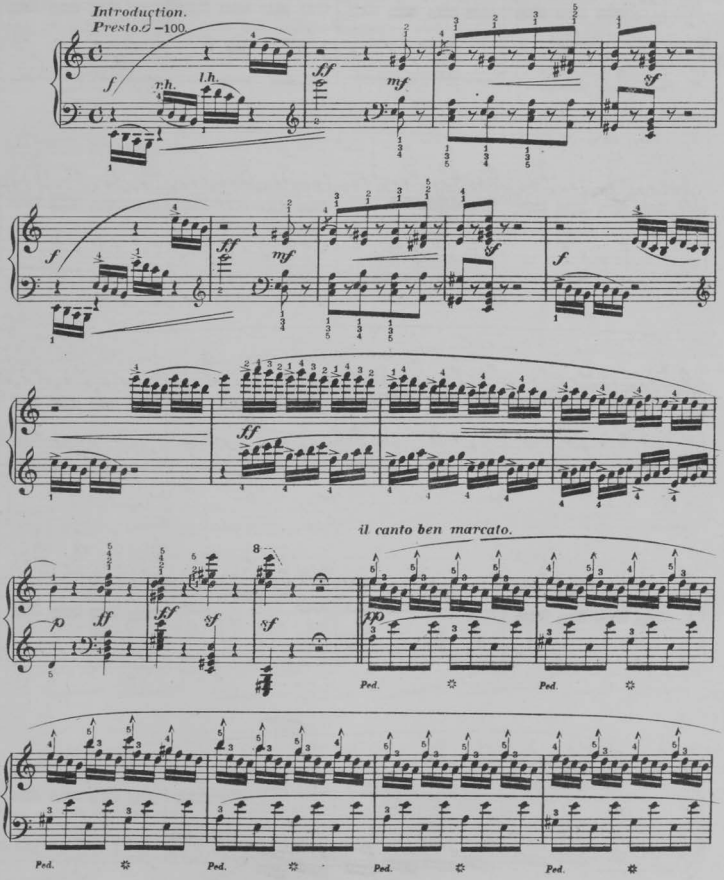
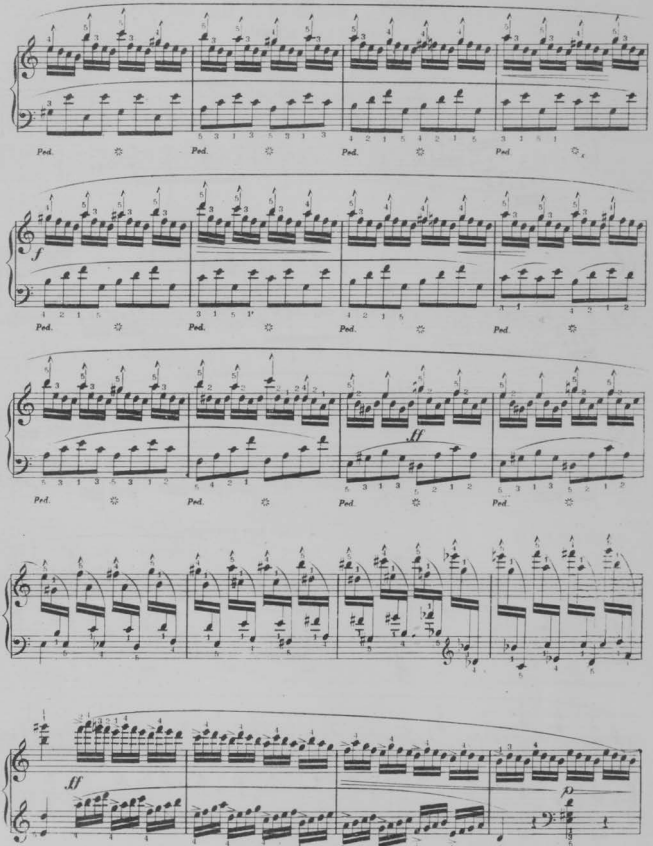
LE ROUET.

(*SPINNING WHEEL.*)

Antoine de Kontski Op. 325.




Ped.
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f
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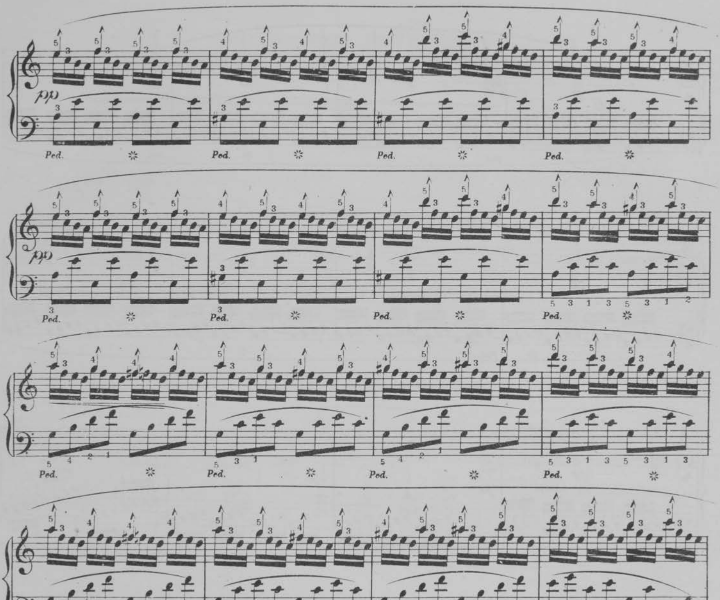
Ped.
Ped.
sff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
sff
p


pp
Ped.
pp
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ff
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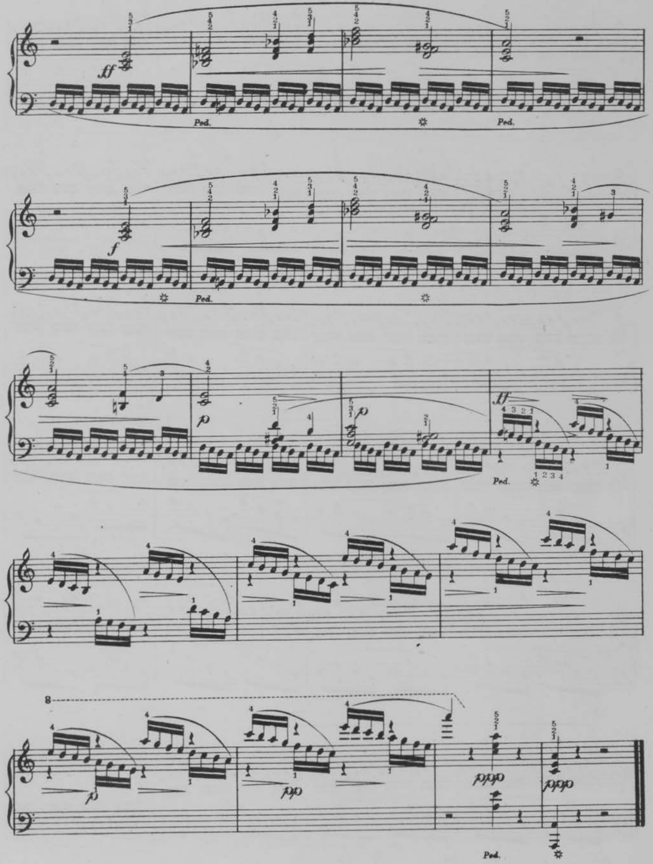
p
Ped.

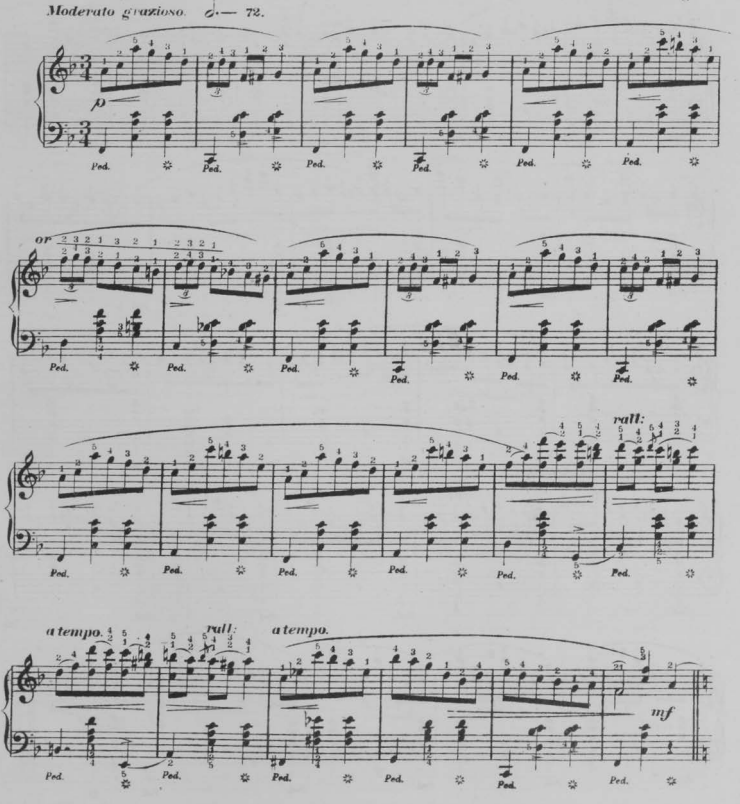


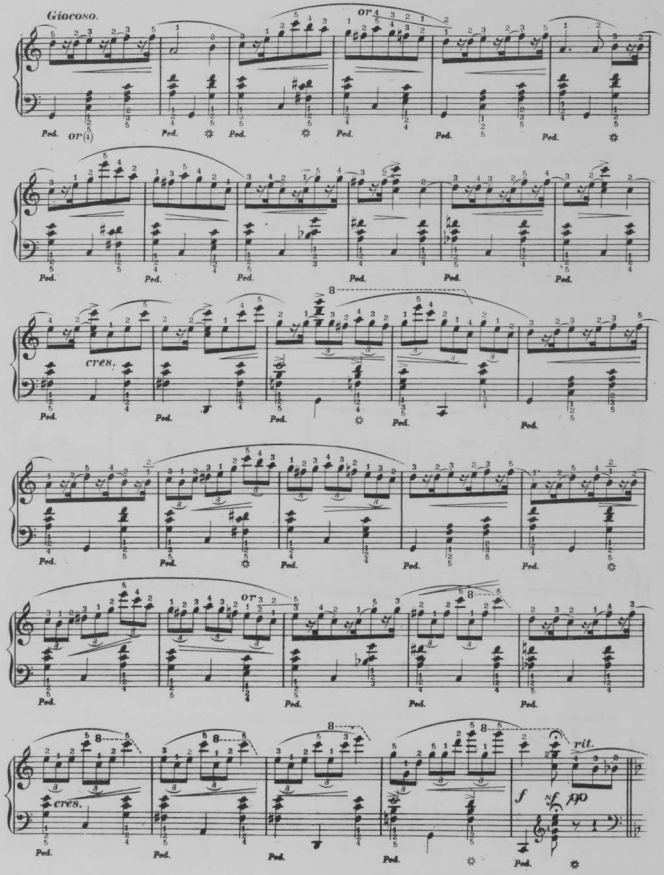
ff
Ped.
Ped.
f
Ped.
p
ff
Ped.
8
p
pp
ppp
ppp
Ped.

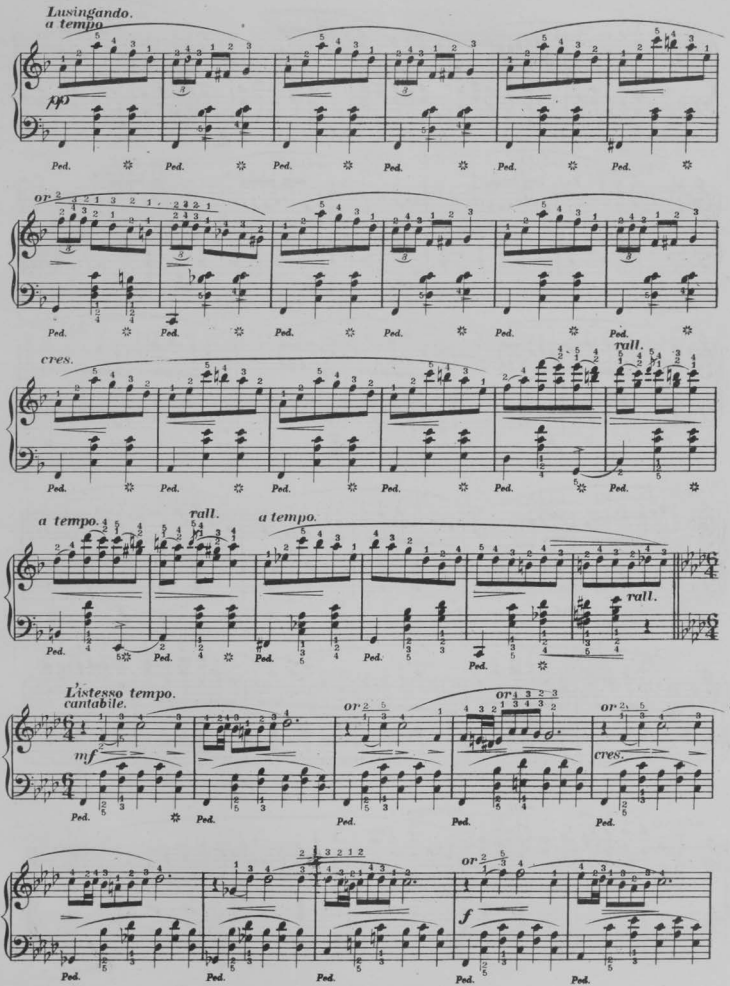
FANTASIE-STÜCKE.

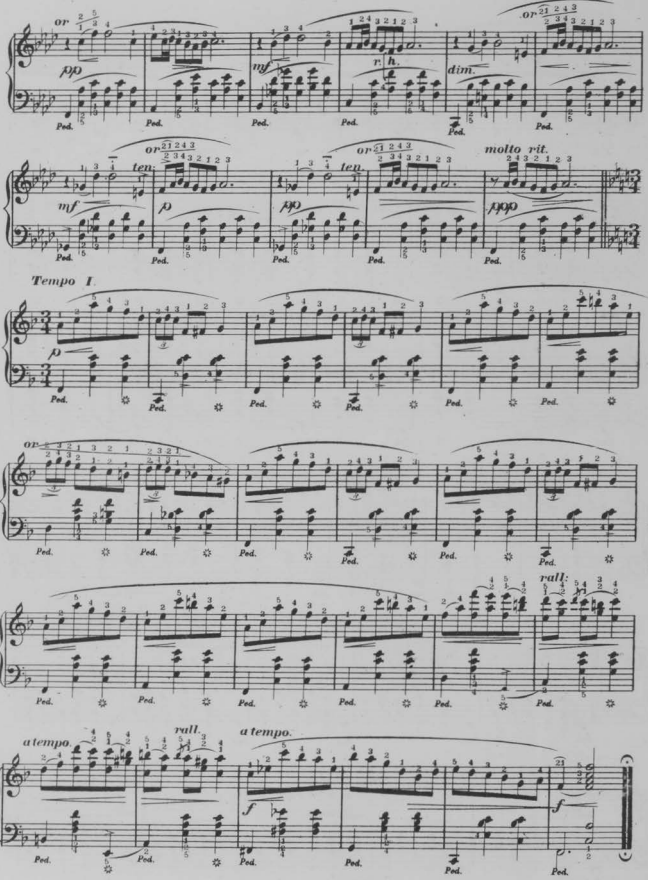
III

Ernest R. Kroeger.




Giocoso.
or
Ped.
cres.
or
rit.
f
sf
fp


Lusingando.
a tempo
pp
Ped.
or
cres.
rall.
a tempo.
rall.
a tempo.
rall.
L'istesso tempo.
cantabile.
mf
or
cres.
or
f
Ped.

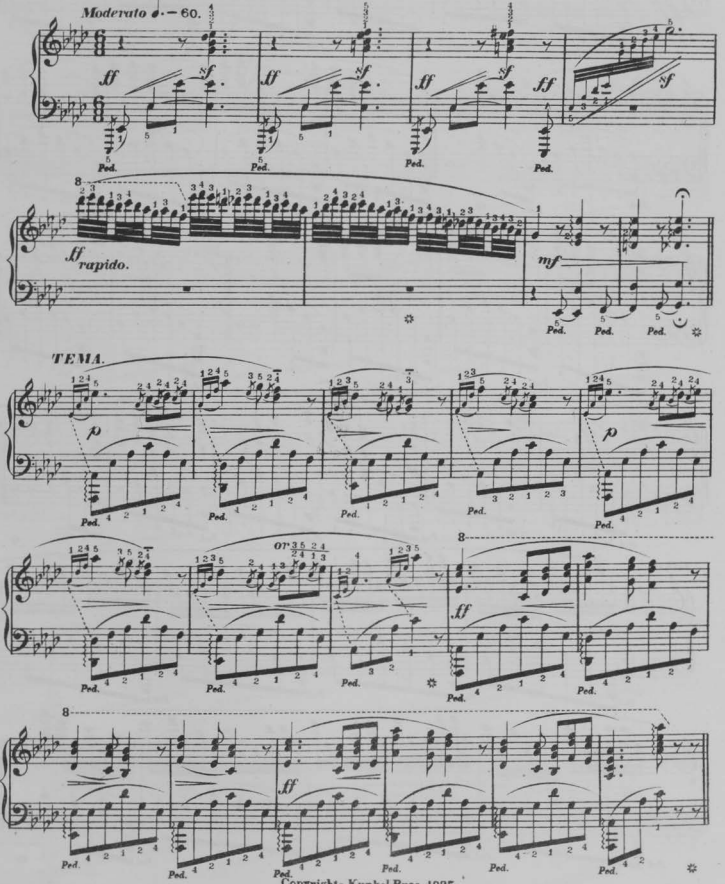

or
pp
Ped.
mf
r. h.
dim.
ten.
p
molto rit.
ppp
Tempo I
rall.
a tempo
f

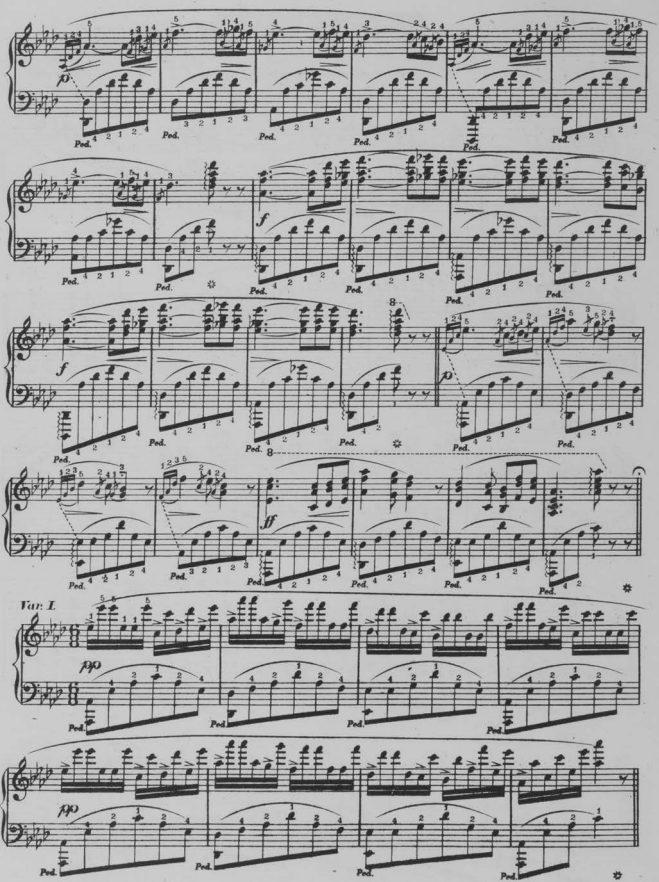
SILVERY WAVES.

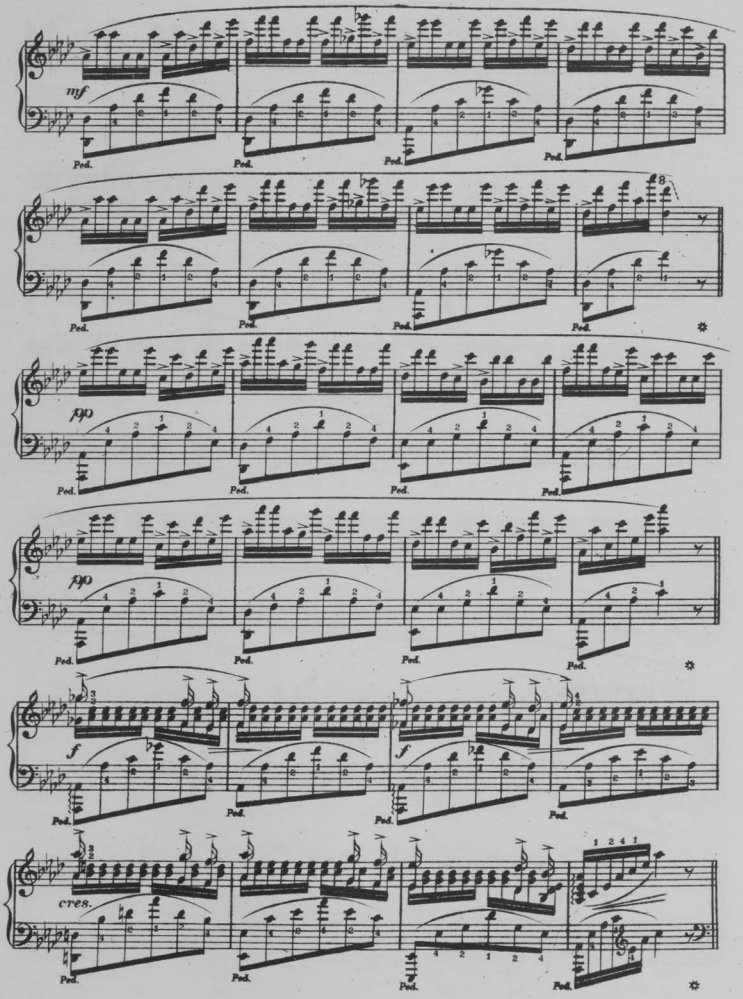
New, Revised and Improved Edition.

A. P. Wyman.

Op. 222.




Var. I


mf
Ped.
8
fp
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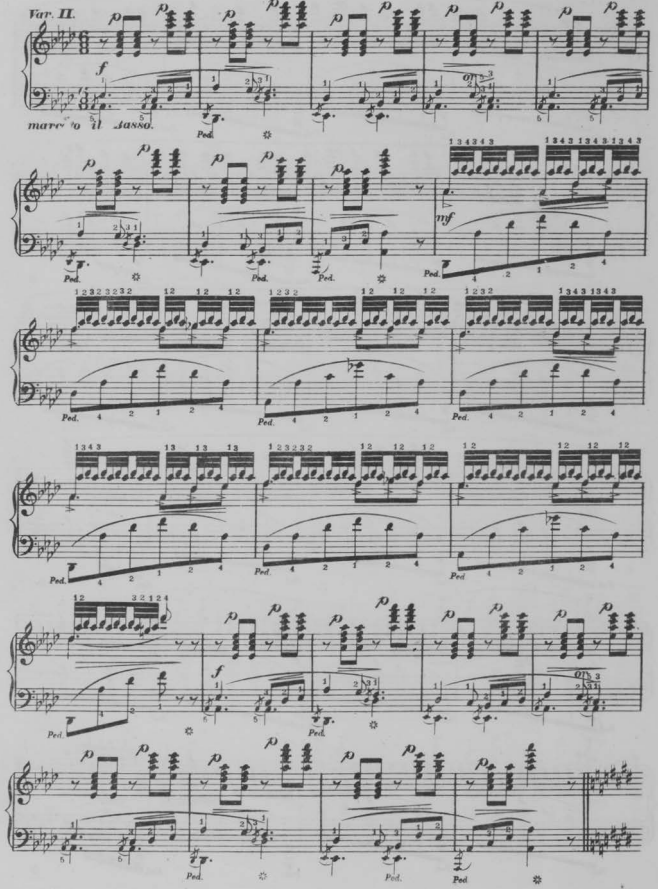
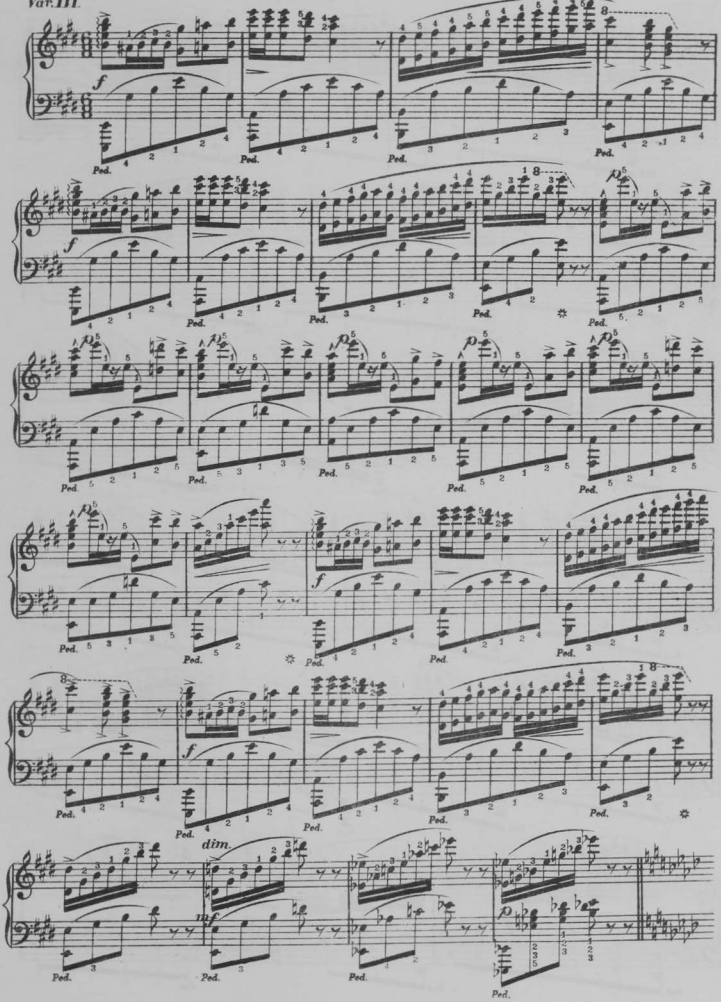
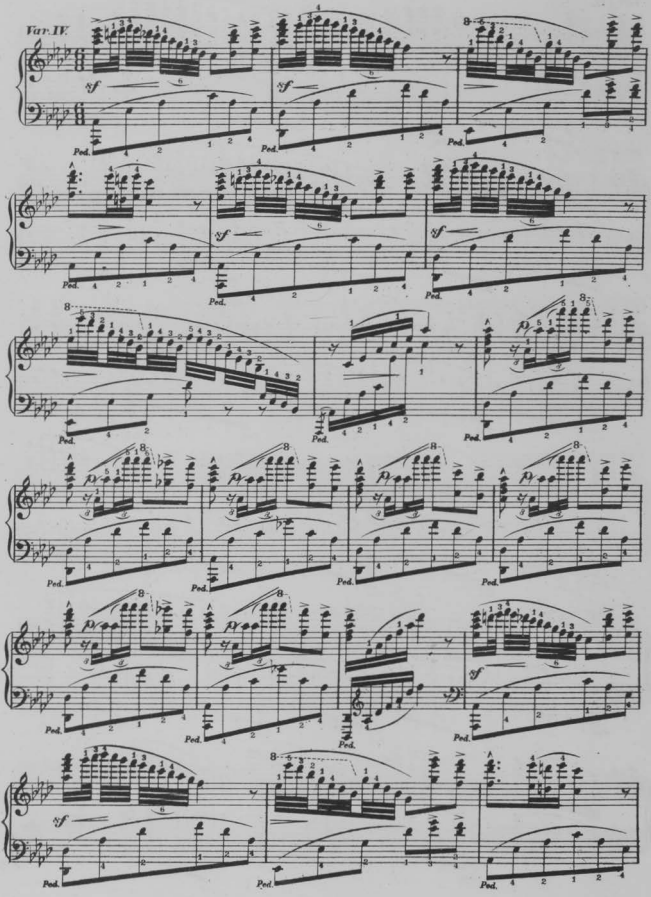
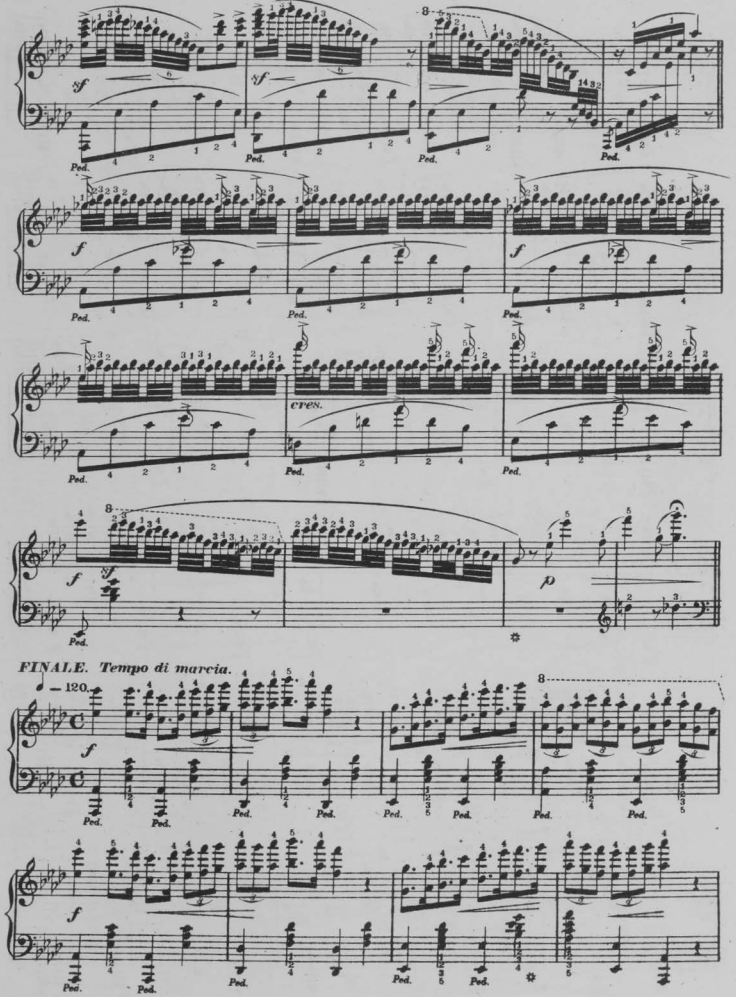
cres.
1 2 4 1


Var. II.
marc.to il basso.
Ped.
mf


Var. III
f
Ped.
dim.
mf


Var. IV
sf
Ped.


sf
sf
Ped.
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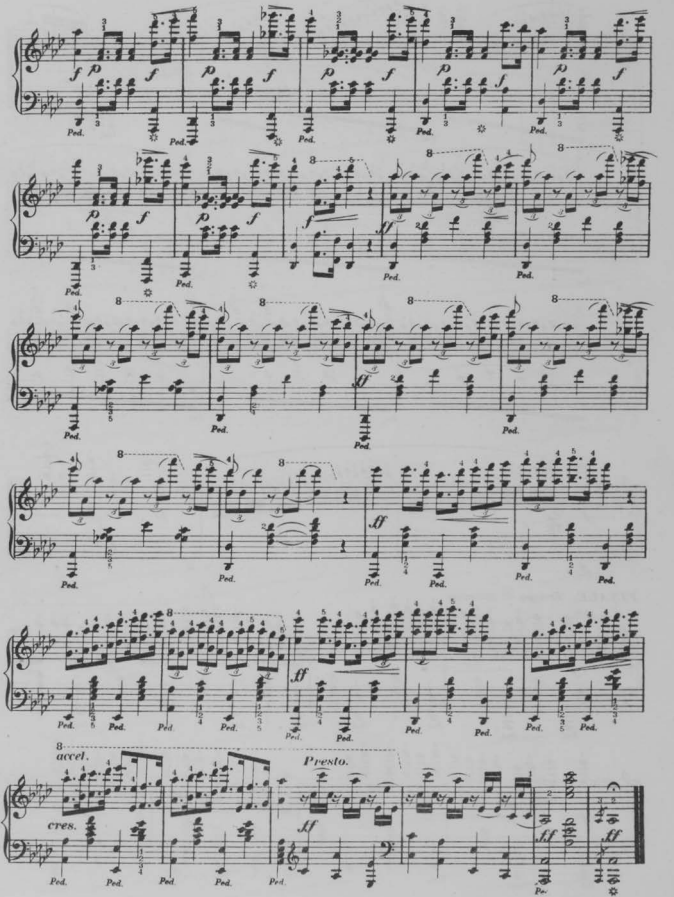
cres.
p
FINALE. Tempo di marcia.
♩ = 120.

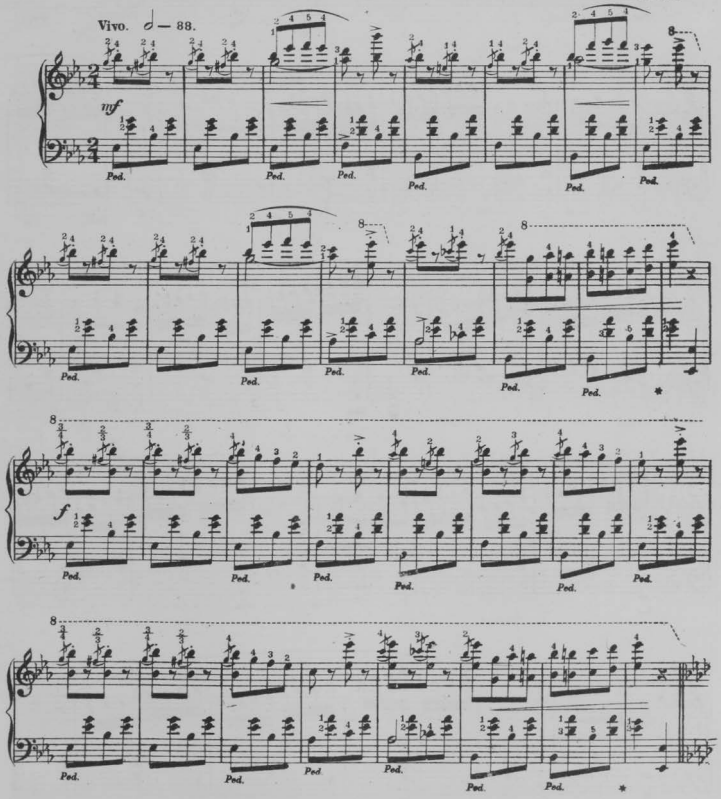

accel.
cres.
Presto.

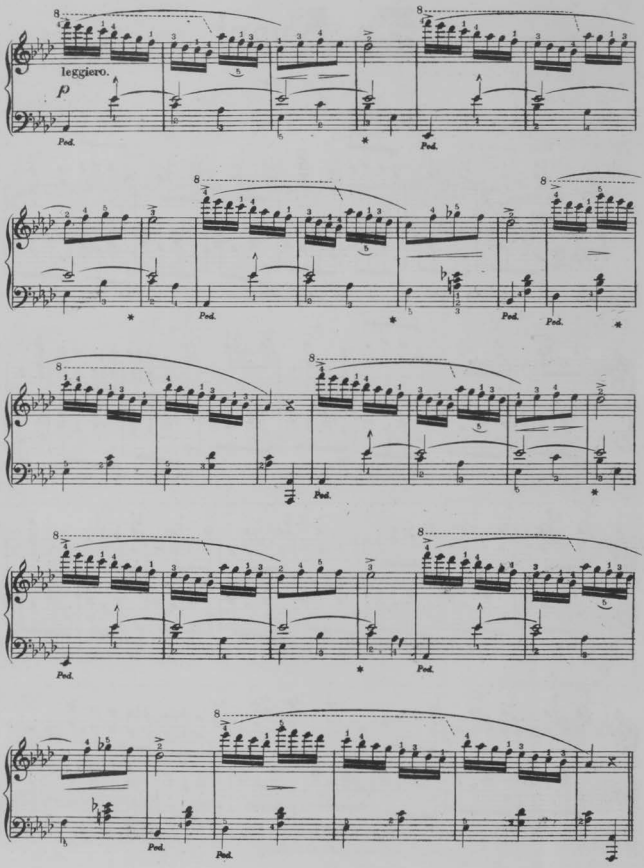
En-Avant

FRISCH AUF.

(Galop Brillant.)

Robert Goldbeck.




leggiero.
p
Ped.
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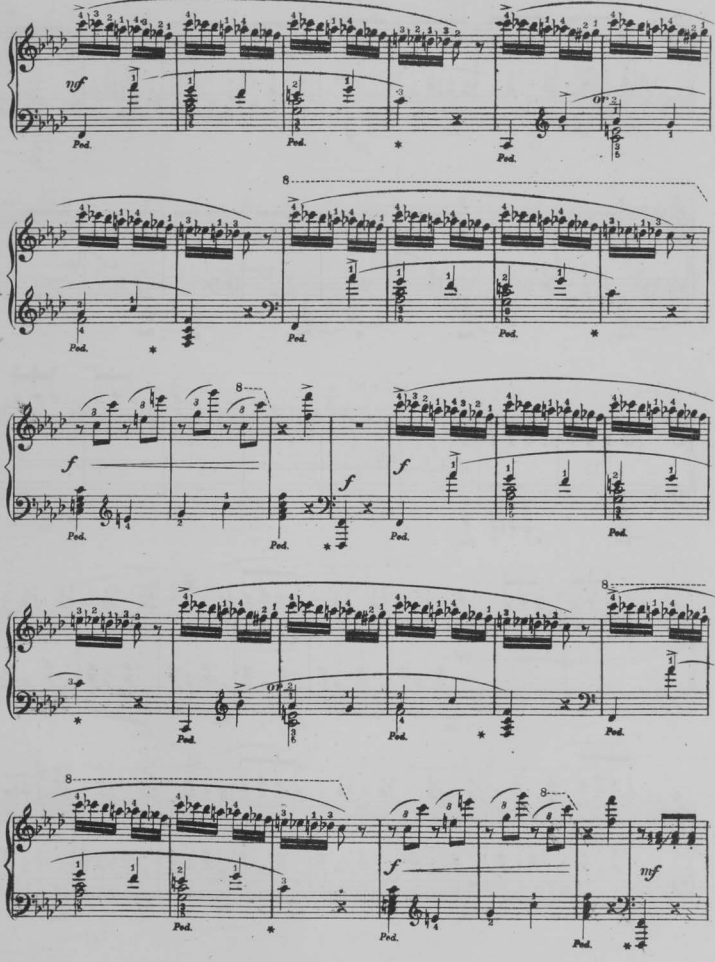
mf
Ped.
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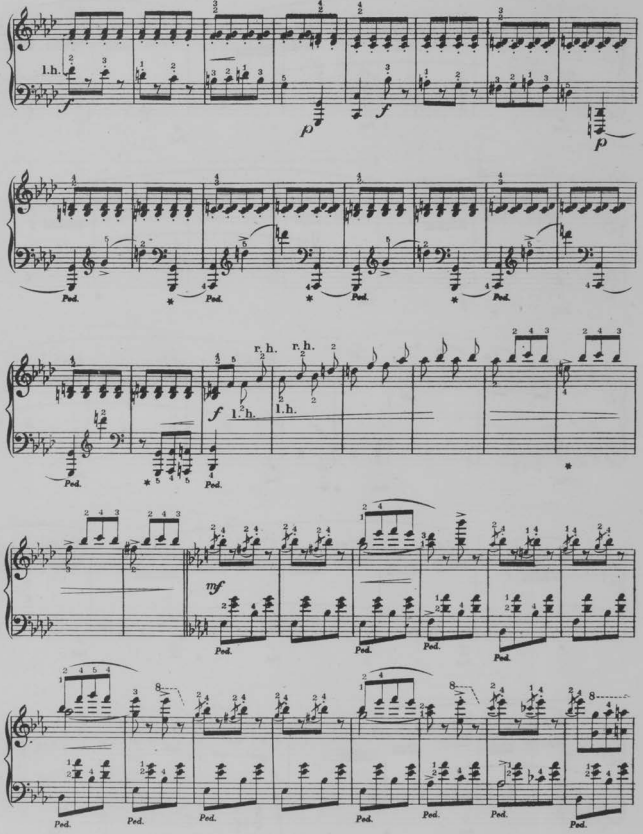
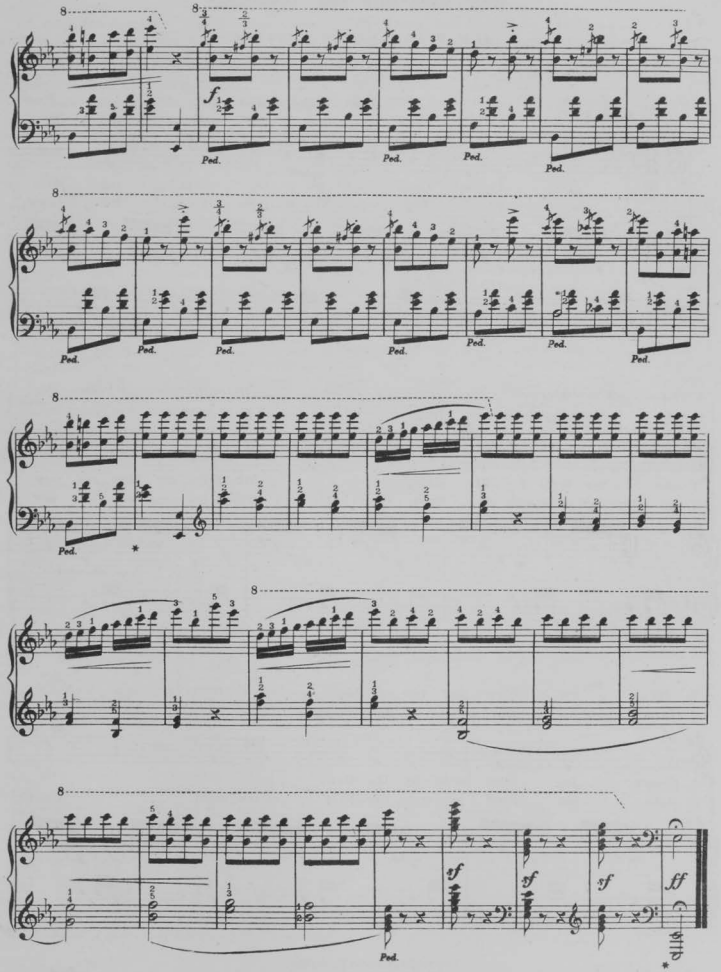
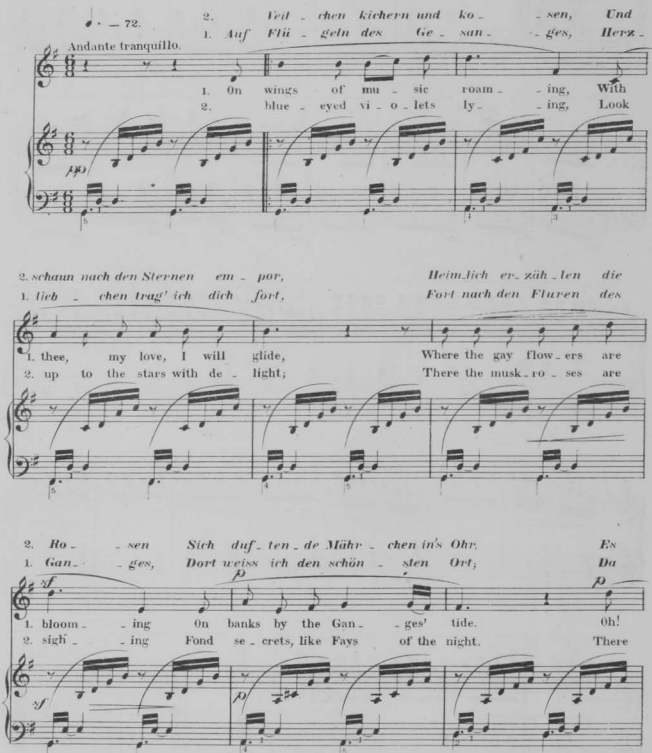

l.h.
f
p
f
p
Ped.
*
r.h.
l.h.
mf
8

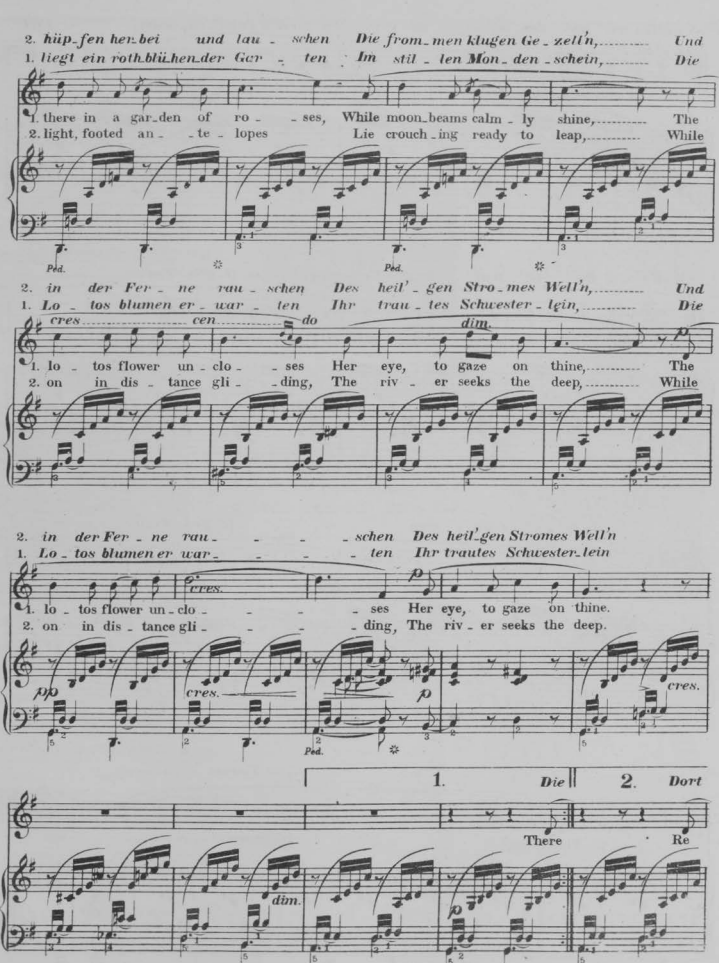

8
f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
8
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
8
Ped.
*
8
8
tf
tf
tf
ff
Ped.
*

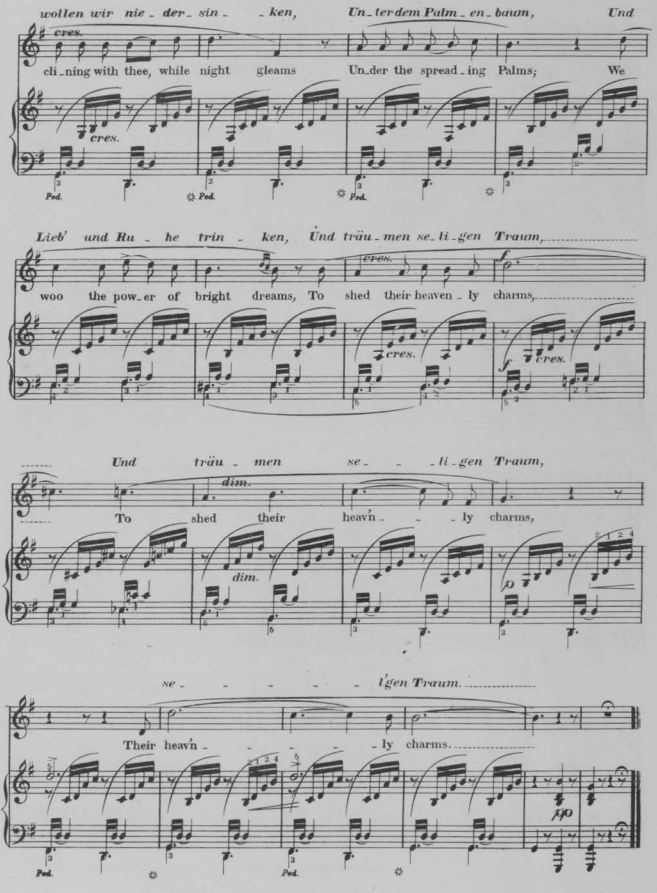
ON WINGS OF SONG.

AUF FLÜGELN DES GESANGES.

Words by H. Heine. Music by Mendelssohn




2. hüp_fen hen_bei und tau_schen Die from_men klugen Ge_zelt'n, Und
1. liegt ein roth_blü_hen_der Ger_ten Im stil_len Mon_den_schein, Die
1. there in a gar_den of ro_ses, While moon_beams calm_ly shine, The
2. light, footed an_te_lopes Lie crouch_ing ready to leap, While
Ped.
Ped.
2. in der Fer_ne rau_schen Des heil'_gen Stro_mes Well'n, Und
1. Lo_tos blumen er_war_ten Ihr trau_tes Schwester_lein, Die
cres. cen do dim.
1. lo_tos flower un_clo_ses Her eye, to gaze on thine, The
2. on in dis_tance gli_ding, The riv_er seeks the deep, While
2. in der Fer_ne rau_schen Des heil'gen Stromes Well'n
1. Lo_tos blumen er_war_ten Ihr trautes Schwester_lein
cres.
1. lo_tos flower un_clo_ses Her eye, to gaze on thine.
2. on in dis_tance gli_ding, The riv_er seeks the deep.
pp
cres.
p
cres.
Ped.
1. Die
2. Dort
There
Re
dim.
p


wollen wir nie - der - sin - - ken, Un - ter dem Palm - en - baum, Und
cres.
cli - ning with thee, while night gleams Un - der the spread - ing Palms; We
Lieb' und Ru - he trin - ken, Und träu - men se - li - gen Traum,
cres.
woo the pow - er of bright dreams, To shed their heaven - ly charms,
Und träu - men se - - li - gen Traum,
dim.
To shed their heavn - - - ly charms,
se - - - - - l'gen Traum.
Their heavn - - - - - ly charms.
Ped.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, March 18, 1885.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:

Why did Bach and Handel manage to be born so close together? As a consequence of their error in this respect, Boston is now busily engaged in the fugue business. Scarcely has the commemorative concert in honor of Handel gone by, and here we are preparing new contrapuntal jollity to celebrate the 200th anniversary of Bach. I do not think I need to comment on the thoroughness of our commemorations when I subjoin this programme which the Handel and Haydn Society gave on Handel's bi-centennial.

PART ONE.

Chorus.	Immortal Lord of earth and skies	Deborah.
Chorus.	Envy, eldest born of Hell	Saul.
Tenor.	Total eclipse,	
Contrasto.	Return, O God of Hosts,	Samson.
Chorus.	To dust his glory they would tread,	
Soprano.	Let the bright seraphim.	
Chorus.	Tyrants now no more shall dread	Hercules.
Orchestra.	Dead march	Saul.
Orchestra.	Larghetto,	
Contralto	Kamnus, awake!	
Soprano.	Thyself forsake,	
Bass.	Leave me, loathsome light,	
Chorus.	The mighty power in whom we trust,	Athaliah.
Contralto.	He bids the circling seasons shine,	
Tenor.	Deeper and deeper still, Waft her, angels, to the sky,	
Contralto.	In gentle murmurs,	
Chorus.	When his loud voice in thunder spoke,	

PART TWO.

Orchestra.	Minuet	Samson.
Chorus.	May no rash intruder	Solomon.
Bass.	Shall I, in Mamre's fertile plain,	
Chorus.	To long posterity we record,	Joshua.
Contralto.	Place danger around me,	
Chorus.	See, from his post Euphrates flies	Belshazzar.
Soprano.	Ask if yon damask rose be sweet	Susanna.
Bass.	Racks, gibbets, sword and fire,	
Chorus.	He saw the lovely youth,	Theodora.
Soprano.	Angels, ever bright and fair,	
Tenor.	Sound an alarm,	
Trio Chorus.	See the conquering hero comes,	

And the following artists participated: Miss Medora Henson, soprano; Miss Sarah C. Fisher, soprano; Miss Emily Winant, contralto; Mr. Parker, tenor; Mr. Myron W. Whitney, bass; Mr. Carl Zerrahn, conductor.

That programme lasted about two hours and that night I dreamt I was endeavoring to arrange "Put me in my Little Bed" as a four-voiced fugue, and could not get through the *stretto*. Nevertheless the programme was quite interesting—for the first two hours—and was in the main, well sung. Miss Henson made an excellent impression, although her voice was not broad enough for "Let the bright Seraphim," yet she was enthusiastically applauded after that as after every other number. She was not at all nervous, which is remarkable, for most singers on their debut in Boston—which is now the centre of the musical universe—are attacked by a sudden disease which causes their knees to knock together, their heart to descend into their gaiters, and their teeth to chatter. It is supposed to be a congestive chill brought on by sudden exposure to a Boston audience. Miss Henson had none of this, but used her voice calmly and judiciously, making every point possible. Miss Winant on the contrary, judging by a continual *tremolo*, seemed somewhat nervous. Mr. Parker deserves especial praise, for, owing to the sudden illness of Mr. W. J. Winch, he was called upon to take the tenor part at a few hours notice and sang it without any rehearsal, and sang it well. Mr. Whitney was as grand as ever and again made me regret that the demon of light opera should have swallowed up so fine an oratorio singer.

The club concerts have not been numerous. The Orchestral Club gave its second concert at Horticultural Hall a couple of weeks ago, and presented a very ambitious programme. For an amateur orchestra their work is excellent, and by next season I think they will reach almost a professional standard. The Boylston Club gave a concert in Music Hall, March 4th, which was important, as it presented Rheinberger's new Cantata, "*Christoforus*," for the first time in America. This work has become very popular in Germany. To me, on a first hearing, it seemed unequal. Its overture begins contrapuntally with a fugue, which is admirably constructed, but which seems out of place. Rheinberger has in this cantata become more modern and more sensational than is usual with him. The plot of the work is simple and religious. It pictures a giant seeking a worthy master. He finds first a mortal king, then Satan, and finally Christ. This gives abundant opportunity for musical contrast, which Rheinberger has generally made the most of, but I do not find the Satanic numbers very original in their effects. It is Berlioz all over again, but in a somewhat weakened state. The scenes picturing the delights of love are of ineffable sweetness, especially the trio, "Over us stars shine," but as the love pictured is supposed to emanate from Satan, the pastoral tranquility seems misplaced, and a Wagnerian scene, *a la Tannhæuser* would be more appropriate. The latter part of the work is by far the strongest, particularly the scene where the Giant meets the Savior. Messrs. Saxton and Adams, and Master Eddie Warring all made great successes in their respective roles, and the chorus generally sang steadily and correctly, although the fiendish chorusses were not very diabolic, but one can't portray a devil very earnestly in a swallow-tail coat and a white tie.

I shall not speak of the Chamber concerts this month, for they have been ground out with a steadiness that has been appalling to the critic. Some reviewers have ventured upon the bold step of criticizing them without attending them. That this is hazardous, was proved by the *Daily Advertiser* giving a detailed description of a concert which will not come off until the pianist recovers from a sprained thumb.

I attended a literary affair at a musical institution last week, which deserves notice. It was a lecture on the "Merchant of Venice," by Prof. Wm. J. Rolfe, the great Shakespearian scholar, and it took place at the New England Conservatory of Music. Prof. Rolfe has recently been added to the faculty of this institution, and has a large class in English literature. The Conservatory becomes more a university every year. All branches of a cultured education can now be pursued within its walls. A very useful society connected with the Conservatory has been formed in Boston by some of our leading ladies, including such prominent workers as Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Joseph Cook. It is a beneficent club which has for its object the assisting of such students at the Conservatory as have to strive very hard for the means of obtaining a musical education. Of course, among the many thousand students there are some who pursue their study under the disadvantage of constant struggle with poverty, and by the most rigid sacrifices. It is to help such as these that the society is founded.

The Boston Symphony Concerts are gradually nearing their close for the season. The ninth symphony by Beethoven will not be given this year. I am sorry for this, as Mr. Gericke is said to conduct this work superbly. But if the regular routine of Beethoven works is suspended to give entrance to more of the modern school, and to a few works of our native composers, the evil will not be unmixed with good. The performance of Beethoven's seventh symphony was almost a revelation in its flawless beauty. Mr. Gericke has brought the orchestra so far forward that they can now give fine performances of large new works after three rehearsals. This would seem to indicate that we may expect to have some novelties in the season of 1885-6, which will be a consummation devoutly to be wished, and now if only a little more care be taken in the selection of vocalists—the singers have not generally been up to the level of the programmes—there will not be any murmurs heard from COMES.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, March 28, 1885.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:

During the past month concerts were more numerous than during any of the preceding months. Bach's "Passion according to St. Matthew" was produced in the Academy of Music by the Cecilian Society on March 12, for the first time in this city. The chorus consisted of two hundred and fifty and the orchestra consisted of fifty odd members. Considering the extreme difficulties of this gigantic work, the results may be said to have been extremely creditable to the Cecilian and its conductor. The audience, the largest yet drawn to a Cecilian concert, certainly showed their appreciation of the entire work and its performance. The soloists were, Miss Beebe, soprano; Miss Winant, contralto; Charles Blagbrough, tenor; and Messrs. Heinrich and Bispham, bassos.

Joseffy gave three piano recitals at the Chestnut street Opera House during the past month. His concerts were characterized by that remarkable skill and grace for which he is distinguished. Among his selections were Beethoven's op. 53 and 57, also works of Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Liszt. It is certainly to be regretted that we have so few of these artistic concerts.

Wm. H. Sherwood also gave two piano recitals at one of our schools, with an excellent programme. Mr. Sherwood is quite a favorite here, and his recitals are always well patronized.

Madame Camille Urso, violinist; Miss Medora Henson, soprano; Mrs. Belle Cole, contralto; Madame Teresa Carreno, pianist; and Chas. Fritsch, appeared in one of the Star course concerts and gave a first class entertainment. The brilliant achievements of Madame Urso and Madame Carreno were especially enjoyed. Miss Emma Thursby appeared at one of the following concerts, sang a Mozart aria, a waltz by Ricci, and took part in a duet by Arditi; for *encore* she sang "Bird Song" and "Home Sweet Home." Mr. Max Heinrich sang at the same concert. The Germania Orchestra also appeared. Theo. Thomas gave two Symphony Concerts during the month, Raff's "Leonora" and Beethoven's "Symphony No. 2," being the two principal pieces, followed by fine programmes. Miss Juch sang at the first concert, and Madame Christine Dossert made her bow at the second. It would be hard to criticize these concerts, for as we cannot even compare any others with Thomas' we must give Thomas the palm.

At Haverly's theatre Strauss' "Fledermaus," "Pirates of Penzance," and "Apajune," the latter a new opera, were given during the month by the McCaull Opera Company. Its chorus and orchestra are fine. All our theatres are running first class "attractions" but they complain very much of the small houses, first on account of the Lenten season, and second the skating rink craze is playing havoc with them all. We are now looking ahead to the German Opera Company, which is to be here during next month.

P. J. MERGES.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, March 25, 1885

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:

I wish you had read all the "impressions" the "Damrosch German Opera," Mr Editor, has made on the various musical critics of our city; and as I have become, by long years of observation and a natural ability, a critic, whose judgment is eagerly sought by his *confreres*, I have also allowed this Opera Company to make an impression on me. But it differs from the other impressions. The first impression I received was, when I stood two or three hours, (temperature eight below zero), in the vestibule ("ice-house" would be the proper term) of the Columbia Theatre on a Monday morning, intending to buy seats for Thursday and could *only obtain such in the fifth row* (on the first balcony); *everything else being sold!* On the same Thursday I bought seats in the *fourth row!* This is *one* impression. The next was, that your correspondent was refused admission on his press-membership card; consequently he paid like a little man. Then I was permitted to enter. Another impression I received was, when I bought tickets to hear Materna in the "Huguenots," the opera was changed and the lady did not appear, but my tickets would not be exchanged for the night she did sing! Now, a great many, or all of your readers could naturally suppose that your correspondent might have been filled so full of gall and bitterness, that he would give the management and company ever-

lasting fits and find fault, etc, no—honor to whom honor is due—the Damrosch Opera Company, soloists, chorus and especially the orchestra, was the greatest musical treat we have had for many years. Especially "Lohengrin," the "Prophet" and the "Walkiire," created a *furore*, and there was hardly standing room when these works were performed. Of the soloists, Materna, Misses Slack and Brand, the latter particularly, Messrs. Schott and Robinson have pleased most and young Mr. Damrosch has been overwhelmed with glory and laurel wreaths. Such an orchestra we have never heard in opera. The financial success was assured from the start, and taken all in all, Chicago had a treat that will not be forgotten soon.

Next month we have Patti. The north end of our Exposition Building has been transformed into an auditorium holding 6,000 opera chairs, it will be furnished and decorated in grand style and cost $40,000. Scenic artists have been imported from New York to fit up a stage eighty by one hundred and twenty. The chorus will be 300 strong, and have been drilled for months by S. G. Pratt. The first performance takes place April 6th, and I will write about the Festival in my next letter. I understand that Messrs. Hamlin and Hess, of the Grand Opera House of this city, intend giving a number of Comic Operas at the Exposition Building after the Italian Opera has gone. The "Musicals" at the Columbia Theatre last Wednesday, Mr. Wm. Davis, Manager was well patronized; the soloists were Miss Grace Hills, Miss Meyers and Mr. Aug. Leiverman, vocalists, and Mr. A. Moehlus, violinist. Miss Hills sang the scene and prayer from "der Freischutz" in a splendid manner and Moehlus played with his usual artistic taste and execution. On Thursday Mr. Liebling gave a Chamber Concert at Kimball Hall, assisted by Miss Atwood, vocalist, Mr. Wm. Lewis, violinist, Mr. Eichhorn, cellist, and Mr. Ad. Koelling, pianist. The programme contained the following numbers:

Trio number 2 (op. 13), for piano, violin and 'cello, Frederick Grant Gleason; vocal, "Qui la voce," Bellini; "Two Symphonic Pieces" (four hands), Grieg; vocal, "Auf Flugeln des Gesanges" and "Zuleika," Mendelssohn; Scherzo, op. 27, number 2, a prelude, and the waltz in C sharp minor, Chopin; and Quartette, op. 47, for piano, violin, viola and 'cello, Schumann.

Mr. Liebling played the Chopin numbers with excellent effect, and the Grieg selections with Mr. Koelling in splendid manner. It was a musical soiree.

The Walter Sage Classic Recitals at Bauer Hall have come to an abrupt ending to the little interest the public took in them. Both ladies are musical above the average and deserved a better fate. Those calling upon them paid for the concerts and received 6 instead, need not grumble; we have paid more money for worse entertainments. The next "Composers' Concert" under the management of Mr. Jay C. Smith will take place at Kimball Hall, in Hershey Music Hall, when selections from Schelfarth's Opera "Rosita" will be given. "The" music trade is still quiet; a few weeks moving will be in order. I presume your readers heard of the big fire we had a few days ago, the burning of the Anglum Hotel. In the next building were the Schmer Agency and Mr. Bryant piano dealer. Both were gutted and are now looking for stores. Mr. Henry Detmer, for many years with Julius Bauer & Co. (Manager of Mdse. Dery's) has opened out for himself and has the best wishes of his friends. Mr. Henry Behning, Jr. (of New York) and Mr. Chas. Tonk, (of Chicago and New York) are in the city. A certain mean person here gets off the following on your people:

"Life is a certainty,
Death is a doubt;
Men may be dead
While they're walking about."

So writes Boyle O'Reilly.
And the saying quite true is
Of many good people
Who live in St. Louis.

"I don't believe it, and wish you would pay him back in his own coin, Mr. Foulon!

LAKE SHORE.

HARD WORK.

"WHAT is your secret of success?" asked a lady of Turner, the distinguished painter. He replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work."

Says Dr. Arnold: "The difference between one boy and another is not so much in talent as in energy."

"Nothing," says Reynolds, "is denied well-directed labor, and nothing is to be attained without it."

"Excellence in any department," says Johnson, "can be obtained only in the labor of a life-time; and it is not to be purchased at a lesser price."

"There is but one method," says Sidney Smith, "and that is hard labor; and a man that will not pay that price for distinction had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of the fox."

"Step by step," reads the French proverb, "one goes very far."

"Nothing," says Mirabeau, "is impossible to the man who can will." "Is that necessary?" "That shall be." "This is the only law of success."

"Have you ever entered a cottage, ever traveled in a coach, ever talked with a peasant in the field, or loitered with the mechanic at the loom?" asked Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "and not found that each of those men had a talent that you had not, knew something that you did not? The most useless creature that ever yawned at a club, or counted the vermin on rags, under the sun of Calabria, has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want is, not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor. Believe that labor, judiciously and continuously applied, becomes genius."

MAJOR AND MINOR.

THE Sultan of Turkey is said to be a great amateur musician.

QUEEN VICTORIA abominates Handel's music. Handel "don't care a Vic!

LADISLAUS MIERZWINSKI has been invited to take part in the State Concert in Berlin on the Emperor's birthday.

WE still see occasionally a copy of the large edition of 500 published by *The Musical Courier*. Its editorials continue to be written in "bob-tailed Dutch."

AT a performance in Cassel on the last anniversary of C. M. von Weber's birth, when the receipts were devoted towards defraying the cost of the Monument to be erected to the composer in his native place, Emin, the entire audience numbered—37 persons!

THE following, we are told, are the annual salaries of the leading singers at the Paris Grand Opera: Mdme Krauss, 127,500 francs; Mdlle Isaac, 80,000; Mdlle Richard, 65,000; Lassalle, 125,000; Salmon, 70,000; Melchissedec, 48,000; Devrims, 60,000; Bondouresque, 60,000; Faure, 180,000; Gaillard, 72,000; and Villaret, 72,000.

ON the evening of March 15th, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kunkel celebrated their "crystal wedding." A merry but select company assembled to do honor to the host and hostess, and after several hours of "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," also of other things, they separated to meet again at the celebration of the silver wedding of the high contracting parties.

PARIS—A new opera, in three acts entitled *Diane*, has been brought out for the first time at the Opera Comique. The book is by M. Jacques Norman and M. Henri Regnier, the son of the famous actor of that name, and the music by M. Paladilhe, the composer of "Mandolinata." The principal characters are sustained by Mdlle Mezeray, Mdlle Chevalier, M. Talazac, M. Taskin and M. Belhomme.

A CORRESPONDENT of a New York paper, writing from Vienna, where he heard the young *virtuoso* D'Albert play, also Moritz Rosenthal, after awarding them high praise says:

"*Apropos*, may I be allowed to record it as my impression that neither D'Albert nor Rosenthal—both of whom essayed the "Second Rhapsody"—equal Mme Rive-King in the wonderful effectiveness with which she performed this muchly murdered piece of Liszt's."

PESTH.—The newest stage contrivance is one recently adopted at the new Opera house, and consisting of a steam or vapor curtain after each act and during every change of scene. Wagner tried to utilize the idea for his *Nibelung* Performances at Bayreuth, but the noise of the engines proved a serious drawback. The system was tested with satisfactory results during the representations of Keyer's *Nigard* at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels. One great improvement in it as employed here is the entire absence of noise.

A WRITER in *Church's Musical Visitor*, speaking of Thomas Hastings, the author of "Ortonville" and other hymn tunes, says: "His personal appearance was peculiar. He was an Albino, always wearing *blue spectacles, with long, white hair like spun glass, and fully six feet two inches in height.*"

Those spectacles would have made any man look peculiar, we think. They should be found and sent to the New Orleans Exposition. They would also make the fortune of a dime museum.

WHEN Mme. Rossini, relict of the illustrious composer, followed her deceased husband to the tomb in 1878, she bequeathed according to his desire a sum of 1,200,000 f. to the Public Relief Fund, for the building of a retreat to be inhabited by indigent artists or singers of the French or Italian nationality at the end of her career. A condition of the bequest was, that five years should be allowed to elapse before this project be put in execution, in order to allow interest of the sum specified above to accumulate and be incorporated with the capital; but the five years are more than past and nothing has yet been done in the matter. A Chevalier of the Opera," writing to the *Gaulois* newspaper, has called public attention to this delay, and the Rossini legacy will soon be devoted to its use.

ON one occasion von Bülow was excessively annoyed by a lady who sat in close proximity to the stage during the progress of one of his recitals, who kept up a vigorous fanning throughout the performance of the first number. Of course this jarred upon the nerves of the sensitive Hans. He looked at the fair culprit several times. She withered not under his glances; she fanned calmly on. At last von Bülow could contain himself no longer. He stopped suddenly, wheeled about on his piano stool, looked the frightened offender full in the face, and exclaimed: "If you would only fan *in time*, for heaven's sake!" On another occasion he was annoyed by the loud talking of a lady. von Bülow, terribly exasperated, stopped in the middle of his piece, and exploded with: "*Entweder hören Sie auf oder ich!*"—"Either you stop, or I!" It will be seen that on Bülow can be *prob* with the ladies. But his sarcasm is not always rough, nor are the victims always members of the fair sex. No, the exquisite *finesse* of the following, which was directed at no less a personage than Napoleon; Bulow had been invited to play for the emperor at his *palais*. Napoleon listened for some time very quietly, and then began an animated conversation with Count——, who was also present. Presently the sounds of the piano ceased; Napoleon appeared surprised, and turned to Bulow to inquire why he had suspended operations so suddenly. With the greatest possible *sang froid* Bulow replied: "*Quand l'Empereur parle tout le monde doit se taire!*"—" When the Emperor speaks, all must be silent!"

COMICAL CHORDS.

A SERENADE.

I sing beneath your lattice, love,
A song of great regard for you:
The moon is getting rather high,
My voice is, too.

The lakelet in deep shadow lies,
Where croaking frogs make much ado,
I think they sing a trifle hoarse;
I sing so, too.

The blossoms on the pumpkin vine
Are weeping diamond tears of dew:
'Tis warm! the flowers are wilting fast,
My collar, too.

All motionless the cedars stand
With silent moonbeams shafting through;
The very air is drowsy, love,
And I am, too.

Oh, could I soar on loving wings,
And at your window gently woo!
But then your lattice you would bolt—
So I'll bolt, too.

SPIRIT of the press—cider.

HARD to beat—boiled eggs.

A BEAR spot—the North Pole.

A DOUBLE shell race—clams.

A DRINK for the sick—well water.

A STIRRING time—making porridge.

THE latest thing in boots—stockings.

ALL the rage with the girls—marriage.

THE English home-ruler—the lady of the house.

HIGHEST approbation—applause from the gallery.

THE board of education—the schoolmaster's shingle.

SONG of the dry goods clerk—"swinging in delaine."

GOING out with the tied—a wedding party leaving the church.

IF a girl wants to get married she generally says so to her popper.

"WHAT is marriage?" "One woman the more and one man the less."

IT was Hood, we believe, who said that a good clergyman is "piety personified."

WHEN a man calls his wife's maid an angel it is time for the wife to make her fly.

"AH," said a deaf man who had a scolding wife, "man wants but little hear, below."

THE king of the Fiji Island is said to relish "Baby Mine" very much. He likes it well done, too.

NOAH was the first man who strictly observed Lent. He lived on water for forty days and forty nights.

UPON a modest gravestone in a Vincennes cemetery appears the plaintive legend: "His neighbor played the cornet."

THE music at a marriage procession," says Heine, "always reminds me of the music of soldiers entering upon a battle."

A MAN who bought a box of cigars, when asked what they were, replied, "Tickets for a course of lectures from my wife."

WHERE do we find the earliest mention of a free admission to the theatre? When Joseph was led into the pit by his brethren for nothing.

A WESTERN editor says that water has tasted strong of sinners ever since the deluge, and that's the reason why he takes whisky in his'n.

GENTLEMAN:—"I say, waiter, I've just cracked this egg; look at it." Waiter—"Don't look very nice at that end, I must say; try the other."

"BEDAD! Look at the baste, wid his two tooth picks stickin' out o' his mouth!" was how the first sight of an elephant affected Bridget Muldoon.

AT a fashionable wedding in Boston, as the bridal procession was passing up the aisle, the organist struck up, "Beware! she's fooling thee."

"JENNIE, what makes you such a bad girl?" "Well, mamma, God sent you just the best children He could find, and if they don't suit you, I can't help it."

BYRON once said of a lady whose tongue suggested perpetual motion to every visitor, that she had been dangerously ill but was now dangerously well again.

SOME subscribers having suggested that they would prefer having something else than music, etc., for premiums, the publishers have made arrangements with A. J. Jordan, dealer in fine cutlery, etc., which enables them to give every yearly subscriber 65 cents in the goods of his house. See his advertisement on cover, and our premium offer, page 128.

A TON of gold makes a fraction over half a million of dollars and when a man says his wife is worth her weight in gold, and she weighs 120 pounds, she is worth $80,000.

"'Tis night. Two lovers lean
Upon the gate;
A nearing form is seen,
It is their fate.

A piercing scream from her
The welkin rent;
It was, as you infer,
Her pa-ri-ent.

Her lover sought to scoot,
Alas! too late;
He's hoisted with a boot
Beyond the gate.

"CHARLEY: "What girl was that you had in tow last evening?" HARRY (on his dignity): "What you please to call tow, sir, is what people of culture generally speak of as blonde tresses, sir." Goes off in a huff.

AN earnest Methodist was hauled over the coals by a council of brother ministers for the sin of exaggeration. He arose and said: "The punishment they had judged him was just. He had shed bar'ls of tears over it."

A BORE once said to Jerrold, in a company which was discussing the merits of a certain piece of music, "That song, sir, always carries me away." The wit quietly turned to his friends and asked: "Will some one kindly sing it?"

"THROWED up the sponge, did he?" said Mrs. Spilkins, as her husband finished reading an account of a prize fight. "Why, he might have known he couldn't keep a sponge on his stomach. What did he swallow it for, anyhow?"

A LITTLE boy whose sisters stroll in the woods for the bright hued leaves of autumn time, saw them coming home the other day with a red whiskered gentleman, whom he greeted with the remark: "My! you got autumn-leave whiskers, haven't you?"

"Dan," said a four-year old, "give me five cents to buy a monkey." "We have one monkey in the house now," said the elder brother. "Who is it, Dan?" "You," was his reply, "Then give me five cents to buy the monkey some nuts." The brother could not resist.

AN old Scotch lady who had no relish for modern church music, was expressing her dislike of the singing of an anthem in her own church one day, when a neighbor said: "Why, that is a very old anthem; David sang that anthem to Saul. To this the old lady replied: "Weel, weel; I dinna the first time understan' why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang for him."

PIANO-FORTE HANDS.

IN connection with Franz Liszt's visit to Vienna, Ludwig Hevesi, in the Feuilleton of the *Breslauer Zeitung*, offers all manner of interesting remarks concerning the hands of celebrated piano-forte players. This intellectual narrator writes: The great traveler appeared among the birds of passage of recent days as he does at every spring and fall season. He was called upon to press several hands that belong to him in their every fibre. They belong to him, perhaps, because he knows how to press them so heartily with his own incomparable hand, that prototype of a natural "piano hand." The piano hand furnishes an interesting chapter, and we can readily understand how a Viennese professor named Hans Schmitt, once began to found a "hand-book" of piano-forte players, in which the outspread hand of every renowned player was accurately shown, as it had been placed upon the page in *natura* and its outlines carefully traced with a lead pencil. What a variety there existed among the artists' hands, all of them, nevertheless, born to further the same art! The grand hand of Liszt, that "stretches around the corner;" the paw of Rubinstein, of which an excellent collegue once said: "When Rubinstein strikes a *fortissimo* with all his ten fingers at the same time, the very antipodes start up in pain;" the large man's hand of Sophie Menter; and finally the contrasting small-handed pianists, with the mighty Tausig at the head of the list, and stout Jael and little Joseffy, of whom we never comprehend how they manage to draw so much from the keys. Besides it is only necessary to shake hands with piano-forte heroes to recognize their art in the pressure of their hands. Rubinstein's hand feels like a heated stone, hard, and quiet and warm; while Liszt's is a wondrous structure, like a many-limbed, warm-blooded reptile that we are unable to grasp because, in its excessive suppleness and flexibility, it slips through our fingers unawares. It is precisely the hand for those peculiar "curling figures," *pianissimo*, and clearly cut in their most delicate tone-vibrations, as they are to be met with in his *"Au bord d'une Source."* Evidently this hand wrote those notes for itself.—*Berliner Tageblatt.*

PROVING THE LIKENESS.

HERE lived in Brussels a celebrated painter named Wiertz, whose eccentricities were such as to give him the name of the crazy artist. That there was method in his madness, the following anecdote shows:

After having finished a portrait of the old aristocratic Countess de Arnos, who pretended to be only thirty when nearly sixty, she refused to accept the painting, saying it did not look anything like herself, and that her most intimate friends would not recognize a single feature of her on the piece of canvas.

Wiertz smiled kindly at the remark, and, as a true knight of old, gallantly conducted the lady to her carriage.

Next morning there was a grand disturbance in the Rue de Madeline. A big crowd was gathered before a window, and the following was whispered from ear to ear:

"Is the countess de Arnos really in jail for her debts?"

Wiertz had exercised a little vengeance toward his noble but unfair customer. As soon as she had refused the portrait, he set to work and painted a few iron bars on the picture, with these words:

"In jail for debt!"

He exhibited the painting in a jeweler's window, in the principal street in Brussels, and the effect was instantaneous.

A few hours later the Countess was back at Wiertz's studio pouring invectives on him at high pressure—"to have exhibted her likeness under such scandalous"—etc.

"Most noble lady," was the artist's reply, "you said the painting did not look anything like yourself, and that your most intimate friends would not have recognized a single one of your features in the picture. I wanted to test the truth of your statement, that is all."

The portrait was taken away, the city laughed, the artist charged double price, and gave the amount to the poor of the city.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

MODERN SINGING METHOD, THEIR USE AND ABUSE. *By Frank Botume, Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.*

There is more sound sense and practical information in this little pamphlet of thirty odd pages than in many large volumes we have seen on the subject of the cultivation of the voice. It will well repay every teacher and every student of vocal music to send to the publishers thirty-five cents, the price of the book, and to spend a few hours in its study.

A PROTESTANT CONVERTED TO CATHOLICITY BY HER BIBLE AND PRAYER BOOK. *By Mrs. Fanny Maria Pittar. Buffalo: Catholic Publication Society.*

This book contains two hundred and twenty-five pages. We read a portion of it supposing there might be something argumentive and solid in it—instead we found a flabby account of Mrs Pittar's religious experience. Life is too short and able books too numerous to spend one's time on "swash," religious or otherwise. We wonder what sort of a face Bossuet would have made in reading this production.

FRESH FLOWERS. *By Emma Pitt. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.*

This is, as the sub-title has it, a song book for the infant classes of Sunday-schools. It contains sixty-four pages of excellent words and appropriate music, also seventeen illustrations. It should be largely adopted for the use of infant classes in Sunday-schools and would not be out of place in the home.

HENRY BEHNING, Jr. called upon us when in the city recently. He was very highly pleased with the results of his Western trip, among which were the sale of a parlor grand to the Hotel Main at Fort Smith, Ark., twenty-three pianos to J. W. Stropc & Co., of Kansas City, who further contracted for one hundred and fifty more during the year. Ph. Werlein, New Orleans, have adopted the Behning piano as their leading make. Young Mr. Behning is a "chip of the old block," and "a hustler" in his own quiet way.