KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

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HAWAEIS ON THE OPERA.

I REGARD the opera, musically, philosophically and ethically, says the Rev. H. R. Haweis, in the *American Music Journal*, as an almost unmixed evil. Its very constitution seems to us false, and in Germany, either tacitly or avowedly, it has always been felt to be so. Mozart no doubt wrote operas, but the influence of Italy was then dominant in music, and determined its form even in Germany. The *Clemenza di Tito* in its feebleness is a better illustration of this than *Don Juan* in its great might. Schubert in *Alfonso and Estrella* broke down, hopelessly hampered by stage requirements. Spohr's *Jessonda* was never successful, and he abandoned opera writing. Weber singularly combined the lyric and dramatic elements, and succeeded in making his operas of *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz* almost philosophical without being dull. Mendelssohn has left us no opera, because he was dissatisfied with every libretto offered him. We can hardly regret this, as he has selected instead the truer forms of oratorio, cantata, and occasional music, of which take as supreme examples the *Elijah*, *Walpurgis Nacht*, *Antigone* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Wagner, in despair, has been driven, in *Tannhauser* and *Lohengrin*, into wild theories of opera, devoid, as it seems to me, both of Italian *naïveté* and sound German philosophy. I desire to speak with the greatest respect of Herr Wagner's genius, and also of his opinions, while not agreeing with much of his theory as far as I understand it. Schumann avoiding all scenic effect, found in *Paradise and the Peri* a form as charming and appropriate as it is true to the first principles of art. Beethoven wrote the best opera in the world, simply to prove that he could do everything, but the form was even then a concession to what was least commendable in German taste; and the overture was written four times over, with the colossal irony of one who, although he would not stoop to win, yet knew how to compel the admiration of the world.

The truth is simple. The opera is a mixture of two things which ought always to be kept distinct—the sphere of musical emotion and the sphere of dramatic action. It is not true, under any circumstances, that people sing songs with a knife through them. The war between the stage and music is internecine. We have only to glance at a first-rate libretto, *e. g.*, that of Gounod's *Faust*, to see that the play is miserably spoiled for the music. We have only to think of any stock opera to see that the music is hampered and impeded in its development by the play. Controversy upon this subject will, of course, rage fiercely. Meanwhile, irreversible principles of art must be united. Music expresses the emotions which attend certain characters and situations, but not the characters and situations themselves, and the two schools of opera have arisen out of this distinction. The Italian school wrongly assumes that music can express situations, and thus gives prominence to the situations. The German school, when opera has been forced upon it, has striven with the fallacy involved in its constitution by maintaining that the situation must be reduced and made subordinate to the emotion which accompanies it, and which it is the business of music to express. Thus the tendency of many German operas is to make the scene as ideal as possible. The more unreal the scene, the more philosophical, because the contradiction to common sense is less shocking in what is professedly unreal than in what professes to represent real things, but does so in an unnatural manner. Weber was impelled by a true instinct to select an unreal *mise en scene*, in connection with which he was able to express real emotions. *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz* are examples of this.

In every drama there is a progressive history of emotion. This, and not the outward event, is what music is fitted to express, and this truth has been seized by Germany, although in a spirit of compromise. In the Italian school, the music is too often nothing but a series of situations strung together by flimsy orchestration and conventional recitatives. In the German and Franco-German schools of Weber, Meyerbeer and Gounod, the orchestra is busy throughout developing the history of the emotions. The recitatives are as important as the arias, and the orchestral interludes as important as the recitatives. Wagner, in his anxiety to reduce the importance of situations and exalt that of emotions, bereaves us of almost all rounded melody in the *Lohengrin*. Weber in *Oberon* works out his choruses like classical movements, almost independently of situations. Meyerbeer greatly reduces the importance of his arias in the *Prophète*; and Gounod, in *Faust*, runs such a power of orchestration through the whole opera, that not even the passionate scene in the garden can reduce the instruments which enhance the intensity of its emotional elements to a secondary importance. In spite of all drawbacks, it is not difficult to see why the opera does, and probably will for some time, retain its popularity. The public in all ages are children, and are like children. Let one person clap and others are sure to follow. Let a clown but laugh, and the whole house will giggle. A long drama is a little dull without music; and music is a little dull without scenery. Mix the two, in however unreasoning a manner, and the dull or intellectual element in each is kept out of sight, and will be swallowed unsuspiciously. It is the old story of the powder in the jam.

I say nothing against music being associated with situations, as in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or as in an oratorio. It is only when music is made part of the situation that it is misapplied. Let the event be in all cases left to the imagination; but if it be expressed, then the more imaginative and suggestive the expression, the less the violence done to common sense. The cantata and the oratorio are the forms which, with some modification, will probably prevail over the opera. When Mr. Santly appears in Exeter Hall as Elijah, in a swallow-tail coat and white kid gloves, no one is offended, and every one is impressed, because he does not pretend to reproduce the situation, but merely to paint in words and music its appropriate emotion, leaving the rest to be supplied by the imagination of the audience. But let Mr. Santly put on a camel's-hair shirt, and appear in the otherwise mild and scanty raiment of the Hebrew prophet—let him sing inside a pasteboard cave, or declaim from the summit of a wooden Carmel, and our reverence is gone—our very emotions at the sublime music are checked by the farcical unreality of the whole thing. Rubinstein once entertained, perhaps still entertains, the idea of putting the whole of Genesis on the stage with sacred music, and thought that England's reverence for the Bible would pave the way for the production of sacred opera in this country; he was much disappointed on being told that it was precisely Englishmen's traditional sense of reverence for the Bible stories which would not suffer them to witness its scenes—brought before the footlights. This is perfectly true. But why is it so? Because the more strongly we feel the importance of a story, the less can we bear to see it presented in a perfectly irrational manner, such as opera presentation must always be.

[We have reproduced the above article as a curiosity. Mr. Haweis' ideas about opera seem about as lucid as his "feelings" on the subject of American girls are correct. It may be, as he says, that "When Mr. Santley appears at Exeter Hall as *Elijah*, in a swallow-tail coat and white kid gloves, no one is offended, and every one is impressed," &c., but, although Mr. Haweis may not know it, England is not the world, and in all other parts of the world the appearance of an Elijah in a swallow-tail coat and white kid gloves arouses the sense of the ridiculous to such a degree that to this, more than to any other cause, must be attributed the failure of oratorio as a musical attraction in countries that are much more musical than England. Mr. Haweis also seems to misunderstand the repugnance of believers in the Bible to have the Divinity of Jesus Christ personated upon the stage, as in the Passion Plays, or a Bible history disnatured and disfigured to suit the supposed exigencies of the stage, as in "Herodias," and the rendering of Bible scenes where the name and character of God are not assumed by men, and in which the spirit of the original text has been preserved. To this no one has ever objected, we think, unless it was at Exeter Hall.—EDITOR.]

THE INVISIBLE FLUTE PLAYER.

A STRANGE story is told by the peasants of Holstein, of an invisible flute player, who is said to have haunted, about fifty years ago, a farm house situated near the river Elbe. Some of the children of the farmer who owned the house are still alive.

The mysterious affair commenced in a cabbage garden behind the house. There the people often heard flute playing, but no one could make out whence it came, until at last he took up his abode in the house altogether. Sometimes he played his flute in the sitting-room; sometimes in one of the bed-rooms; at other times in the cellar or in the garret. Occasionally also he paid a visit to a neighboring house. The people on the farm became quite used to him; and when the children or the servant lads and lasses were disposed to enjoy a little dancing, they would just name a certain tune, or sing a bar or two of it, and ask him to play it; and directly they heard the desired tune. When the milk-maid was occupied in the dairy, she sometimes took an apple in her hand, for fun, and said: "Now, my boy, play me a nice air and thou shalt have an apple." In a moment the apple vanished out of her hand and the music commenced.

In the course of time, however, the invisible flutist became very intrusive, and at last he proved quite a nuisance. One night he would amuse himself by breaking all the windows in the house; another night he had his gambols in the kitchen, turning everything topsy-turvey, and at mid-day, when the family had sat down to dinner, it sometimes happened that the large dish of stew before them, from which all were eating, was emptied in an instant by invisible hands. They would then jump up and run about the room, breaking the air with their spoons. When they thought they had at last driven the fellow into a corner of the room, suddenly they heard him spitefully playing his flute in another corner.

In short, the annoyance became quite unbearable. There was no peace in the house. The farmer everywhere expressed the wish that he could find somebody who had the power to expel the invisible flute-player; he did not mind the expense. At last there came a clever man from the neighboring town, who offered to settle the matter; he only wanted to know beforehand whether he should show and banish the flutist in his real figure, or in the figure of a poodle.

The farmer said: "I would rather not see him at all! Here are ten thalers; all I want is to get rid of him, and to have peace in my own house."

By means of queer rhymes and smoke, the clever man from town actually succeeded in driving out the troublesome guest, and no mysterious flute-playing has been heard since on the farm.—*Engel's Musical Fairy Tales.*

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WE have received the programme of the examinations of the American College of Musicians, which, we understand, is now a New York corporation. It confirms us in our belief that the so-called college is a still-born affair. Either the plan proposed will be adhered to, or it will not. If it is, those who are able to pass the proposed examination will not need the indorsement of the so-called college—if it is not, if the bars are let down, the degrees will have no meaning whatever. The wonder to us is that sensible men should give so visionary a scheme any support. Experience is a good teacher, however, and they will be wiser in a year or two.

LISTENING to the operas of the modern German school, with their unnatural and destructive taxing of the voice, one cannot help but feel that if their composers had, like Haendel and Haydn, Rossini and Gounod, had personal experience as singers, they would have written their scores so as not to treat human throats as if they were made of brass. Nor is it unlikely that their works would have gained in interest and melodiousness by the better knowledge of the capabilities of the human voice. It seems to us that it would be a capital idea for all those who intend to devote their attention to the composition of operas to take a course of singing lessons, so as to become acquainted in practice with the real limits as well as the possible range of the human voice.

ACCORDING to reports that seem reliable, this is likely to be the last season of the existence of the St. Louis Choral Society. Interest in its work by its active members seems largely to have died out, and the balance of the society's accounts for the year will show three or four thousand dollars on the wrong side of the ledger. This loss will be borne almost entirely, it seems, by its president, Mr. Brookings. We regret very sincerely the prospective disbanding of the only choral organization now existing in St. Louis whose work is not in some way connected with beer-swilling, and sincerely hope that something may yet be done to keep the breath of life in the dying body. If the society ceases to exist, the St. Louis public will, of course, be blamed, and its lack of musical taste and enthusiasm will be given as the cause of the smash-up; and yet the St. Louis public, though not guiltless, will be less to blame for the result than the management. The attempt to drive the Musical Union out of the field of orchestral music was an egregious mistake, one that made the Union friends and the Choral Society enemies. The festival given by the Society with the Thomas orchestra, at the opening of the season, was much more expensive than it need have been, and the prices reported to have been paid for the orchestra and accompanying artists are so exorbitant as to arouse the suspicion that if Mr. Brookings did not himself make the contract, it would be well for him to investigate whether some one did not get an enormous commission for its negotiation. Again, lavishness in directions where it was not necessary, niggardliness and discourtesy in others, where courtesy alone would have increased the income of the concerts and the friendliness of prominent musical people very substantially—these, and the personal unpopularity of at least one of Mr. Brookings' associates, all have contributed to the present anæmic condition of the organization. An about-face in the methods of the Society may save it, and we hope that it may be saved. It has a wide field all to itself, a field that needs to be occupied and which we should much regret to see abandoned. A failure now may leave us without a choral organization worthy of the name for years, and this alone is sufficient reason for the friends of music to wish to see such changes made as will make the Choral Society a success.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

IT is a shame that while the U. S. Congress finds time to "set the pegs" for the next presidential election, it seems to have but little leisure and less inclination to settle (and to settle right, for as Lincoln tersely said, "Nothing is settled till it is settled right") the subject of international copyright. The question is purely one of justice and honesty, but the small-bore politicians, who are unusually numerous under the present "reform" administration, are trying to make of it a question of policy. According to these diminutive "statesmen," (Heaven save the mark!) the elementary and natural rights of property are to be protected only in case and in so far as it is profitable to their "constituents" to protect them. They are there to protect the interests of their constituents, they say, and they assume that their constituents are thieves in spirit, if not in fact, ready to approve robbery because they can purchase the stolen goods somewhat cheaper from the thieves than they could from their rightful owners. It is urged that the working classes need cheap literature, and that they can get it only if the present system of piracy be continued. The demagogues think they have here a cheap and safe method of making political capital among the working people, and they make the most of their opportunity. The American workingman, however, is neither a fool nor a rogue, and he would have to be a good deal of both to be caught with such chaff. He knows very well that though the battle is fought in his name, it is fought in the interest of pirate publishers who are looking to their own interests solely, and that the cheapening of the price is more imaginary than real; he knows further that after he has read his newspapers, which furnish him nineteen-twentieths of all his reading, the time he has left will never enable him to read a hundredth part of the non-copyright works of the better writers. We repeat it, he is not a fool, nor is he a rogue, and were it true that piracy materially cheapens the price of literature, he would be among the first to acquiesce in the passage of a law which would place this nation before the world as a nation of honest men, instead of a nation of tricksters, ready to steal so long as stealing can be indulged in without fear of immediate retaliation. The demagogues are now the only real opponents of a fair law of international copyright. The larger publishing houses all favor it, regretting that, in the present state of the law, they are themselves compelled, in self-protection against those whose sole business is to reprint foreign works, to occupy the field themselves. Press, authors and publishers should continue to agitate this question until a just and strict law of international copyright has been passed. Robbery is none the less robbery because the victim is an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a German. As we have already hinted, we believe it is demonstrable that in this as in other matters, "Honesty is the best policy," but to discuss a question of right from the standpoint of policy is to obscure the real issue. There may be a diversity of opinions as to the expediency of the proposed law, there can be none in reference to its justice. Eventually we shall have a law of international copyright, but we believe it will not be until the question is put upon its true basis, that of right and justice, and this demands no long argument, no arraying of statistics, but simply an appeal to the consciences of our people, who are essentially honest, and who will, when they correctly understand the issue, speak with no uncertain tone to their mis-representatives in Congress and demand that their good name be no longer used to bolster up an evil practice.

THE OPERA.

IT is perhaps natural that the average professional musician, whose life is spent mostly in the study and teaching of music as such, should claim for music supremacy whenever it comes in contact or enters into combination with any other art, and should resent the trammels which confine music in opera within the limits of dramatic situations. He loves instrumental compositions because they can be reduced to the technical forms with which study has made him familiar. In these, music is its own master. On the contrary, in opera (and to a considerable extent in all lyrical compositions) the poet or dramatist determines at least one of the elements of its form, rhythm, and his work indicates throughout the path which the musician should follow. Follow! that is the shocking word, the shocking fact, the fact which leads many musicians to sneer at the opera as an inferior grade of musical creation, a formless form, a mere series of short compositions loosely strung together. They see the musical unity of the composition interrupted, they know little, as a rule, and care less, for the dramatic unity and fitness which has been preserved by this sacrifice of musical development. Not infrequently, they say, and probably believe, that any one can write an opera, but as for them, they would stoop to nothing less than a symphony. We are not prepared to say that these gentleman might not write a very correct symphony, but we submit that, if they were to try their hand at opera, they might find the supposed easy task an impossible one for them to accomplish. The fact is, that of all the forms of musical composition, the opera is the one which demands the most varied knowledge, the widest sympathies and the greatest inspiration, both for its creation and its proper appreciation. The most varied knowledge and the widest sympathies because opera is a complex work. Its principal element is the dramatic, and here it demands of the composer or critic a considerable knowledge of the human heart, and no small degree of literary attainments and taste; another element, and an important one, is the spectacular, and here it calls for knowledge and taste akin to that of the painter. Finally, it demands from the composer the greatest inspiration, because it necessitates inspiration sufficient to enable him to overcome the

difficulties thrown in his way by the dramatic requirements of the work on the one hand, and the limited capabilities of stage choruses on the other, and to shape these very difficulties into new beauties, even as the skillful poet makes the slavery of rhyme give added grace and strength to his flight. This knowledge, these sympathies, this inspiration, the ultra classicist seldom possesses, as is evidenced by his ultra classicism. To him the essence of art is form. To those upon whom he looks down with pitying condescension as mere composers or lovers of opera, form is but the frame, which, whatever its own perfection, is as likely to contain a daub as a masterpiece, and the essence of art is to be sought and found in the adequate expression of inward beauty or sublimity. We believe the latter to be the correct view and think that one single fact will suffice to establish its truth. The fact we allude to is that the entire absence of musical form is not unfrequently an element of beauty or at least of sublimity. Witness the ancient kinds of liturgical music. This fact the ultra-classicist will himself admit, if he be not put upon his guard, the more readily because its best examples are, as we have just stated, hoary with the rime of many winters. Of course, essential beauty may reside in a symphony as well as in an opera, (as in Beethoven's masterpieces) and musical beauty in absolute music is more purely musical, less tinged by the influences of other arts, but for this very reason it is less intelligible to the listener. In one sense, opera is programme music, its text being a running commentary, so to speak, an explanation of the music that is set to it, as indeed, in another sense, the music is an idealization of the text to which it is set. We have heard of "symphonic operas." They are impossible, and in so far as an opera composer apes the symphony, his work, as opera, must necessarily be bad, interverting the proper roles of text and music. In opera, as we have already stated, the text must guide; the music may soar far above the leaden feet of the *libretto*, but it must soar above the path which those feet trace, or the opera is no longer opera. But it is because it is opera, because its music is tied to a text which the average listener can understand, to a text which deals with human love and human hate, human happiness and human sorrow—idealized indeed, but human still—that it holds and will hold, forever probably, the first place in the estimation of the mass of music lovers. This undeniable fact is one not to be disregarded, for it means that so far as present, practical results in the way of fame or emoluments are concerned, they are to be found not in symphonic or fugal work which is understood only by the few, but in that of opera which appeals to the world. If now it be true that musical genius finds as good a field for its exercise in opera as in symphony, it would seem to be no surrender of art ideals, but on the contrary, a cherishing of the broadest of these for composer and critic alike to give to opera in their respective fields, their best study and endeavors.

BISMARCK IN OPERA.

PRINCE BISMARCK is soon to appear in opera, in New York city, for the benefit of the Poles whom he has driven from their homes. This is to occur at a concert for the benefit of the Polish National Benevolent Association, and the Prince will appear under the management of Chevalier de Kontski, who is the author of the opera.

The opera is written to illustrate the tyranny of Bismarck, the expulsion of the Poles, and the beneficent freedom of America. As the plot is given it is peculiar.

"In the first scene the Sultan of Zanzibar appears much harassed in his mind as to how he shall get rid of certain of his subjects who have become obnoxious to him. He summons his prime minister, who is made up to represent Prince Bismarck, and who advises his master to drive the objectionable people from his kingdom. This advice is at once accepted, and the Prime Minister immediately proceeds to imbibe huge draughts of champagne and stout mixed. This soon has a somnolent effect upon him, and he lies down upon a sofa, but sleep refuses to come to his aid. A few hypodermics of morphine have the required effect, and he sinks into a slumber broken by a fearful nightmare. Representatives of the different nationalities appear before him until the turn of Poland arrives. Then the scene suddenly changes, and all the trembling refugees are seen happy and contented beneath the protection of America. This libretto gives ample scope for musical and spectacular illustration, and the solos and choruses are said to be very good."

It is said that Chevalier de Kontski has received a pressing invitation from the real Bismarck to visit Berlin immediately after the performance, to enjoy his princely hospitality. Owing to the malarial climate of Berlin, and a fear that Berlin hospitality might be too confining, the Chevalier has respectfully declined the honor, and invited the Prince to come hither and see a country worth having.

WAGNER ON BELLINI.

STUDENTS of Wagner must often have been surprised to hear it stated, especially by his detractors, that at one time of his life Wagner was lost in admiration for the Italian, Bellini. To a great extent the justice of this accusation has been confirmed by the fact that an article of Wagner's, which reads almost like a "confession of faith," has recently been brought to light and reprinted in the *Bayreuther Blatter*. The said article appeared in No. 4,621 of the Riga *Zuschauer* for Tuesday, 7—19 December, 1837, at which date Wagner held the post of Conductor at the Riga Theatre. It was written preparatory to a performance of Bellini's "Norma," which was given for Wagner's "benefit," and presumably for the first time in that place. Rendered into English, it stands as follows:—

BELLINI (*Ob.* 1835).

"Bellini's music—*i. e.*, Bellini's vocal melody—has of late excited so much attention, and kindled so much enthusiasm, even in Germany, the land of the learned, that a closer examination of this phenomenon seems well worth making. That in Italy and France Bellini's melody is found to be charming, is plain and natural; for in Italy and France one hears with the ears, a fact which has led to the use of such phrases as 'ear-tickling' ('Ohrenkitzel'), &c.—presumably in contradistinction to the 'eye-itching' ('Augenjucken'), which, *e. g.*, the reading of the scores of so many new German Operas gives rise to; but that even the German musical connoisseur has removed his spectacles from off his wearied eyes, and for once has freely given himself up to the charms of beautiful melody, enables us to look deeper into his heart as it really is, and there we find so deep and fervent a longing for the opportunity of taking a full and powerful breath, in order that he may at once feel himself at ease, and be able to rid himself of all the mass of prejudice and mistaken erudition which have so long constrained him to be a German musical connoisseur, and instead of this at last to become a man, fresh, free, and endowed to the full with the glorious capability of being impressed by the beautiful in whatever form it may present itself. But in truth, how seldom is it that we are really convinced by our silly store of fancies and prejudices! How often has it happened to us that we have been charmed with the performance of an Italian or French Opera, and on leaving the theatre have scoffingly indulged in sorry jokes at the excitement we have felt, and on reaching home have been conscience smitten that we ought to guard ourselves against being too easily excited! But if for once we abstain from joking on such a subject, and leave our conscience to take care of itself, and at the same time have a clear conception as to what it is that had just charmed us, we come to the conclusion that, especially in the case of Bellini, it was his pure melody, his simple, noble, and beautiful cantilena which we have found so charming. To observe this and pin our faith upon it is indeed no crime; nor, perhaps, is it even a crime, on going to bed, to offer up a prayer to heaven that equally beautiful melodies and as excellent a mode of treating vocal art may at last be vouchsafed to German composers—melody, melody, and again I say melody, ye Germans! Melody is in short the language in which a man should impart his musical thoughts to others, and if this be not as independently constructed and conserved as every other cultivated language should be, how shall he make himself understood? For the rest, it stands to reason that every one of your village schoolmasters can improve upon what is bad about this Bellini. It is, however, quite beside the question that we should make merry over his shortcomings, for had Bellini gone to a German village schoolmaster for instruction, he would no doubt have learnt better, but whether, at the same time, he would not have had to unlearn much of his art of song, is undoubtedly much to be feared. Further, if we leave to this fortunate Bellini the peculiar pattern of his musical compositions, which is usual with all Italians, the *crescendos* which invariably follow the theme, the *tutti*, *cadenzas*, and such like stereotyped tricks, at which we often so fiercely rail, we find that these are no more than the fixed forms, beyond which the Italian does not go, and which in many respects are by no means so objectionable. If we consider the boundless want of order, the confusion of form, of construction, and modulation, which we meet with in the works of so many new German opera composers, and which so often spoil our enjoyment of many individual points of beauty, we might often well express a wish that this tangled skein might be unravelled by means of this fixed Italian form. And in point of fact the immediately clear conception of all the different phases of emotion will be made much more easy on the stage, if, together with all the feelings and sensations with which it is associated, it all at once be compressed within the scope of a single, clear, and intelligible melody, than if, after a hundred little disquisitions on this or that *nuance*, and the employment of this or that instrument, it be used up, and in the end entirely reasoned away.

"But to what an extent Italians in their degeneracy still turn to account, especially in the case of certain operatic subjects, a very restricted form abounding in empty flourishes and mannerisms, is evidenced by Bellini in his 'Norma,' unquestionably his most successful composition:—Here, where the poem rises to the tragic height of the ancient Greeks, this kind of form, which Bellini has certainly ennobled, serves only to increase the solemn and imposing character of the whole; all the phases of passion, which are rendered in so peculiarly clear a light by his art of song, are thereby made to rest upon a majestic soil and ground, above which they do not vaguely flutter about, but resolve themselves into a grand and manifest picture, which involuntarily calls to mind the creations of Gluck and Spontini.

"Bellini's Operas have been received with open arms and without opposition in Italy, France, and Germany; is there any reason then why they should not also be similarly treated in Livonia?—O. [RICHARD WAGNER]."

On a first reading of the above article, which is highly suggestive of comment and reflection, many, especially those who have commenced their Wagner studies at the wrong end—viz., with "Parsifal" and the "Ring des Nibelungen," and have not followed them up by instituting a critical examination of the master's career from its very beginning—will probably be inclined to throw it aside as a newspaper puff, penned simply with a view to calling attention to the performance of "Norma," about to be given "for his benefit." That it was written in all sincerity appears not only from Wagner's antecedents and position towards musical art prior to the time of writing, but also to the fact that up to a later period of his life he still believed in Bellini, and held him up as an ensample of melodiousness. This will be made clear if we take a brief glance at Wagner's career prior to his undertaking the conductorship of the theatre at Riga, and follow this up by recounting a few words which he delivered himself of at a later period, and which apparently have not been made public.

At Leipzig, both as a schoolboy and as a student of the University, Wagner applied himself far more assiduously to the study of music, in which he was regularly instructed by Gottlieb Müller and Theodor Weinlig, than to the requirements of either School or University. The result was the composition of a symphony and various other works, both musical and literary, which are duly set forth in the masterly article contributed by Mr. Dannreuther to the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," edited by Sir George Grove. Of all the music he heard during this period at the Gewandhaus Concerts, he was most deeply impressed with Beethoven's symphonies. As Heinrich Dorn has

related of him, there probably was never a young musician who knew Beethoven's works more thoroughly than Wagner did in his eighteenth year. He had copied out for himself the scores of the most important of Beethoven's instrumental works. "He went to bed," says Dorn, "with the quartets, he sang the songs, and whistled the concertos (for his pianoforte-playing was never of the best); in short, he was possessed with a *furor Teutonicus*, which, added to a good education and a rare mental activity, promised to bring forth rich fruit."

During his first professional engagement—viz., as chorus-master of the Theatre at Würzburg (1833)—Wagner found time to write both words and music of an opera in three acts, "Die Feen," taking for his models (as he has himself related) Beethoven, Weber, and Marschner. Returning to Leipzig in the spring of 1834, he came under the influence of the celebrated actress and singer, Wilhelmine Schrœder-Devrient, whose playing of the part of *Romeo* in Bellini's "Montecchi e Capuletti" profoundly impressed him. Soon afterwards he heard Auber's "La Muette de Portici" ("Masaniello"). These two events set him thinking. And here we cannot do better than quote Mr. Dannreuther's words from the article already alluded to:—"He was ambitious, and longed for an immediate and palpable success;—could he not take hints from Bellini and Auber, and endeavour to combine the merits of their work? Heroic music in Beethoven's manner was the beau-ideal; but it seemed doubtful whether anything approaching it could be attained in connection with the stage. The cases before him showed that effective music can certainly be produced on different lines, and on a lower level; the desiderata, as far as he then saw them, were to contrive a play with rapid and animated action; to compose music that would not be difficult to sing, and would be likely to catch the ear of the public." The result was "Das Liebesverbot," an opera in two acts, after Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," the music of which (says Mr. Dannreuther)* is curiously unlike his former models, and it is easy to trace in it the influence of "La Muette," and even of "Il Pirata" and "Norma."

From the Autumn of 1834 to the Spring of 1836 Wagner resided at Madgeburg, where he gave concerts and conducted at the theatre. At the concerts, his overtures to "Die Feen" and Apel's play "Columbus" were performed, and he wrote a Cantata for New Year's Day, and music to a farce, "Der Berggeist," &c. At the theatre, where in spite of a subvention from the Court of Saxony, the manager, Herr Bethmann, was in a chronic state of impending bankruptcy, matters were far from satisfactory. As a final stroke, his opera "Das Liebesverbot" was hastily put upon the stage and proved an utter failure.

All attempts to secure the production of the work in Leipzig and Berlin having proved of no avail, he accepted the conductorship of the theatre in Königsberg, where, he says, "I wasted a year amid petty cares, worrying myself and others. An overture, 'Rule Britannia,' is the only thing I wrote." As at Madgeburg, so again here, the bankruptcy of the manager of the theatre terminated his engagement.

The following year (1837) found him fulfilling a similar engagement at Riga, where the performance of "Norma," which has given rise to these remarks, was performed on the 13th of December.

Now, to pass over to a later period of the master's life. It was in May, 1872, that a goodly company of musicians assembled at Bayreuth on the memorable occasion of the laying the first stone of the Festival Theatre. Wagner was just then greatly elated at the success which "Lohengrin" had recently met with in Italy. In the course of conversation, he asked: "Do you know why this was so? It was due to its melodious character, which the Italians readily recognised—You young Germans do not know what true melody is—You have not learned from Bellini, as *I* have done."

We now, therefore, stand face to face with the fact, on Wagner's own showing, that the protoplasm of some portion of the charm of his music is to be found in the Italian style of its melody, *e. g.*, that of Spontini and Bellini. So astounding a proposition as this must appear to many, is not however difficult to reconcile, if we turn to "Rienzi," the earliest of his operas, which is accessible to all. Here we certainly find that the general cut of the melodies is far more in accordance with Italian and French than with German precedent. In his subsequent works this is less easy to trace, for Wagner made such gigantic strides from one opera to another, remodelling the style of each in accordance with its poetical and dramatic requirements, that, much as Wagner prided himself on being a German of the Germans, it is impossible to characterise any one of his later works as being specifically German, or indeed as anything else but—Wagner. But after all, of all the many constituents which together go to make up the complex of a Wagner Opera, is it not principally due to the melodiousness—we will not say the set tunes, for these are few and far between—by which each is pervaded, that Wagner's music has gained so strong a hold upon the public ear?

To draw a moral from the above: we should not forget that, though we may rejoice at the death of Italian Opera as a thing of the past of which we have long been weary, we still owe something to it; and we shall not be doing amiss if, taking the hint from Wagner, we join in praying that it may be given to *every* composer to write in as beautifully a melodious vein as Bellini, or—as *he* did.—*London Musical Times.*

* This statement of Mr. Dannreuther's is not given on hearsay, but results from a perusal of Wagner's "Lebenserrinerungen" and the score of "Das Liebesverbot"—a privilege which few have enjoyed, seeing that both works are still unpublished.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF MUSIC.

IT is so easy and cheap a way of obtaining notoriety, if not fame and power, to flatter national pride and prejudices, that it is not to be wondered at that writers upon the history of music should attempt to give to the lands of their birth, credit for originating and possessing all that is valuable in the divine art of song. The German, in involved and labored sentences proves to his satisfaction that to the *German element* the world is indebted for all that is grand in the tone-art; the Italian laughs a merry laugh at this and sneeringly grants to the Teuton the skill of the musical mathematician, but denies to him the divine *afflatus* which fills with melody only those artists who have been born beneath the sunny skies of his own native land, while the Frenchman gives his moustache an extra twirl, as he flings a sarcastic criticism at either, and in his heart of hearts believing that Gallia is still and ever will be the home of what the old Provencals called "*le gai saber.*"

We, upon the hither side of the "great pond," or at least those of us who are sufficiently emancipated from the bondage of traditions and national antecedents, cannot but see, and seeing rejoice, that music is not the birthright of any nation or race, but a development of a gift, natural to the whole of mankind, a development in which the civilized nations of the world are co-workers rather than rivals and in no sense enemies. That national characteristics will appear in music is as undeniable as that one composer's style will be different from that of another. Surroundings, customs, blood, politics and religion act and re-act upon each other and produce the emotions that are eventually voiced forth by the musician, who thus becomes the often unconscious interpreter, not only of his inner self, but also of those national characteristics which have become a part of that very selfhood.

But, however varied the expressions of music, however distinctly marked by national peculiarities or idiosyncrasies, facts show not only that it has as its basis an universal gift of mankind, but, also, that the principal nations or races which make up the world of modern civilization have all contributed their quota to the sum of our present science and art of music.

A very rapid glance at the history of music cannot but substantiate that statement.

By common consent, the Christian church is credited with being the mother of our modern music. It was the Christian faith which gave inspiration if not life to the art of song in Europe. Now, of what nationality was the Christian church? That force which set in motion the whole of our present tone-thought was entirely outside of national origins or race influences; indeed, as the revelation of the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man it was one which was destined largely to obliterate all distinctions of race or nationality.

If we look at the nationality of the early teachers of the art, we also find that they belonged to different nations. The Keltic monk, Hucbald, the Italian Guido, of Arezzo, the German, Franco von Köln, the Frenchman, Jean de Muris, all have very respectable, if not equal, claims to our admiration and gratitude as pioneers in the art of harmony.

In the more purely secular branch of music, the *jongleurs*, *trouvères*, or *troubadours*, of France, come first to the front, but from Italy comes the first opera. Then comes an era of great activity and transcendent ability among the Gallo-Belgians, illustrated by the names of Dufay, Josquin des Pres, Willaert and Goudimel. Then Italy again looms up and later Germany, beginning with Bach, produces a dynasty of tone kings who, though dead, still live. And yet, of late years, if we except Wagner, whose proper place in the hierarchy of musicians will be fully decided only by generations to come, Germany has been without a really great composer. Whose turn next? France claims that even now she holds the scepter; Italy has still her Verdi and now comes forward with her Boito, and points to the great activity of her younger composers to show that if the "music of the future" is not hers, hers is the future of music; the Germans will not believe that the scepter can depart from among them, and look anxiously but confidently to see the new race of tone-poets who shall rival Bach, and Handel, and Haydn, and Beethoven; England hopes not to be last in the race, and even we have begun to think that the time may not be far distant when we shall contribute to the music art of the world not only our famous executants but famous compositions. Our nation being made up of so many heterogenous elements, has therefore fewer peculiarities, in other words, fewer national characteristics or a less distinct national life than any other, and hence a distinctively American art of music should not be expected among us. But for not being distinctively American need it be inferior? Are not the conditions of our social life the most favorable to the free and greatest development of the individual; and when the great musician arises among us will not his work be only the greater for being the expression of his broad humanity? We think so, though perhaps "the wish is father to the thought." At any rate, if we remember that music is not the special birthright of any race, that it is innate in all people and may be developed by all; we shall on the one hand be ready to judge with impartiality the musical productions of all countries and we shall have faith in our own musical future. In such matters to believe is almost to have.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE LIBRARY.

THERE is a complete card catalogue to the 10,000 volumes which now compose the theatrical library, of the Grand Opera House, Paris. In modern dramatic criticism and histrionic memoirs, and in full files of theatrical and musical journals, the library is especially rich. It is M. Nuitter's desire to complete this collection in time, as far as may be, and to assemble here all the books about the stage in whatever language they may be written. The musical library is also growing rapidly; it contains nearly thirty thousand volumes. Among its treasures are many unpublished and almost unknown airs, overtures and fragments of all kinds from operas by the great composers of the French school. There are, for example, at the Opera, at least fifty full operatic scores of musical dramas never either performed or published not written by novices, but by composers as distinguished as Sachini, Philidor and Harold. Cuttings from "Guillaume Tell" and "Robert le Diable," and other chips from the musical workshop of Rossini and Meyerbeer, abound, and are little known even to special students of the works of these composers. Among the other treasures of the library is a full collection of the designs for the costumes of every piece produced at the Opera. Most of these were by the artists attached to the establishment, but some are from more distinguished pencils—by Louis Boulanger, for example. From the Baron Taylor sale in 1876, the Opera was enriched by an important collection of designs of 18th century operatic costumes by Boucher, Watteau, Eisen, and their fellows, and in 1879, by an exchange with another government department, the Opera gained an interesting series of designs of the costumes and scenery of the Opera in the 17th century.

LENTEN MUSIC.

AT present the music in all our churches runs in the minor key. The solemn season of Lent has caused a change in the style of music, but the change is often worked by absurd contradictions. For instance, in the Episcopal churches the "Te Deum" must not be used, and in its place is to be sung the "Benedicite Omina Opera," or the song of the "Three Holy Children," a poem of praise, in its entirety, far more joyful in character than the "Te Deum," which it replaces. Directions for its introduction in Lent date back to the prayer book of 1549. Yet, in the old English use, the "Benedicite," so far from being considered as suitable for a penitential season, was specially worded as a festal canticle. As far back as the

seventh century it was sung at mass in the Spanish churches as a hymn of joyful thanksgiving.

An English writer speaks of it as a hymn specially calculated to promote devotion. "It is only," he writes, "by the thoughts suggested to us in pondering on the wonderful perfection of animals that can serve as aids to adoration, and it is in the same sense only that dead things—such as the stars, the sea, or the wind—can be associated with living things as promoting with equal fitness the same end. If this interpretation be not realized the words of the 'Benedicite' degenerate into extravagance, and are stripped of all their beautiful significance in the minds of thoughtful men. Invested with the same indirect meaning, the names of Ananias, Azarias and Misael are most fitly introduced among the invocation of the hymns. They have, it is true, long since passed from the scenes of their trials, but though no voice of praise may rise from the grave, their memories to us symbols of God's omnipotence."

Now, unfortunately in the version of the Benedicite in the American Prayer Book, this verse on which the author just quoted lays such stress is omitted.

"O Ananias, Azanias and Misael,
Bless ye the Lord,
Praise Him and magnify Him forever."

These are the closing works of the Canticle wherever it is used save in this country. In the Liturgy Book of the Reformed (Dutch) Church, the Benedicite is still further mutilated by the omission of other verses.

As sung to a single chant the canticle becomes rather tedious, but the English composers have lately taken to dividing it into sections, allotting three chants to the hymn, for the Benedicite naturally falls into three divisions, the first seventeen verses referring to the extra-terrestrial phases of the natural kingdom (the heavens, winds, light, darkness, ice, cold, etc.), and the nine succeeding verses to the terrestrial creation (fowls, beats, cattle, green things upon the earth, etc.) The remaining verses refer to the spiritual kingdom—the church. To each of these divisions a special chant may be given. Another was to shorten the Benedicite is to give a group of four verses together, before singing the final ascription "Bless ye the Lord," etc. But if the words are plainly sung so as to be "understanded of the people" the whole canticle will not be found too long.

This hymn is always sung to one or more chants. It is not usually set to elaborate music like the "Te Deum," nor does it easily admit of elaborate musical treatment. It is a song of praise with a constantly recurring refrain in which a repetition of melody seems almost imperative in view of the repetition of the words. But the whole Benedicite is so stirring and poetical, that it is to be regretted that its use—and this, too, without any adequate reason—is confined only to the period of Lent.—*Music and Drama.*

INSECT MUSIC.

AMONG the insects, says a writer in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, sounds are often used as calls, when not produced by the mouth, and so can scarcely be considered the voice; yet the sounds are to be considered as a means of communication. Flies and bees undoubtedly mean something when they hum louder or lower. Landoise has calculated that to produce the sound of F by vibrating its wings, they vibrate 352 times a second, and the bee to create A vibrates 440 times a second. A tired bee hums on E sharp. This change is perhaps involuntary, but undoubtedly at the command of the will, and is similar to the voice. When after honey, a bee hums on A sharp. Landoise noticed three different tones emitted by insects—a low one during flight, a higher one when the wings are held so that they cannot vibrate, and a higher one yet when the insect is held so that none of the limbs can be moved. This last is of course the voice proper of insects, and is produced by the stigmata of the thorax.

No music is as familiar as that produced by the locusts, grasshoppers and crickets, and, although they are not produced by the mouth, they answer as calls, and are undoubtedly a language to a certain extent, and indeed their calls have been reduced to written music. The music of grasshoppers is produced in four different ways, according to Scudder. First, by rubbing the base of one wing upon the other, using for that purpose the veins running through the middle portion of the wing; second, by a similar method, but using the veins of the inner part of the wing; third, by rubbing the inner surface of the hind legs against the outer surface of the wing covers; and fourth, by rubbing together the upper surface of the front edge of the wings and the under surface of the wing covers. The insects which employ the fourth method, also stridulate during night.

The first method is used by the crickets (gryllidæ); the second by the green or long-legged grasshoppers (locustariæ); the third and fourth, certain kinds of short-horned or jumping grasshoppers (acrydii). Butterflies have been heard to utter a loud click, and the same is true of many beetles; while the cicada, or seventeen-year locust, utters a most remarkable note, or series of sounds. Even spiders have been heard to utter sounds. John Burrows says, in his "Pepacton," that on one sunny April day his attention was attracted by a soft, uncertain, purring sound, made by little spiders that were running over the dry leaves.

TRADE NOTES.

C. KURTZMANN, the Buffalo veteran, says: "We have a pretty fair wholesale business this season, and our retail is very good indeed. It seems the Kurtzmann Piano is growing in popular favor every day, judging from the increasing sales."

AN exhibition of a grand organ was given at Jardine & Sons' factory on Saturday, by Geo. W. Morgan. The organ is for the Metropolitan Church of Washington, D. C., and contains some of Jardine's new stops and combinations. An appreciative audience manifested their approbation by unstinted applause.

THE Grovesteen & Fuller Piano Company now have an agency in Boston, at 147 Tremont St., Wm. H. Gerrish, General Agent for New England. Since he opened up he has found retail trade good having sold one piano a day. Their new style "F" upright is very popular; it takes with the musical people of Boston. Mr. Gerrish is quite a celebrated organist, and has hosts of musical friends who have confidence in him as a gentleman and friend.

STURTEVANT & Co., manufacturers of the Lighte & Ernst pianos have established several new agencies in the States of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan, New York and Connecticut for the Lighte & Ernst pianos. Their latest style, D with swinging desk, extra mouldings, newly designed trusses, etc., is meeting with approval among the trade and they are in receipt of many letters complimenting them on the many improvements in the Lighte & Ernst pianos. F. Wagner & Co., have the agency for the State of Delaware.

THE demand for the Sohmer pianos has so increased that the firm finds itself compelled to erect an entirely new factory. The ground purchased consists of 22 lots fronting on East River. The factory which will be five stories high will cost $100,000 and $30,000 more will be needed for machinery alone. The factory will have its own landing at the river. The new factory will have a producing capacity of from 65 to 75 pianos per week. The Messrs. Sohmer are to be congratulated upon their success and enterprise.

THE new method of stringing pianos invented by the Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Co., is attracting considerable attention abroad. The *Zeitschrift Fine Instrumentenbau*, of February 1, 1886, issued at Leipsic, Germany, contains a long article declaring their method to be the most perfect yet invented and predicts that other manufacturers will be obliged to acknowledge this and adopt the system. The stringing devices have already been copied and are now made by a manufacturer of piano hardware supplies in Prussia, and offered by him to piano makers in Europe.

C. C COLBY and Wm. H. Duncan have been admitted as partners in the firm of "Christie & Son," and the firm name has been changed to "Christie & Co." In order to extend the business and to further improve the Christie Pianos, they have secured one of the largest and most complete factories in New York, possessing all the advantages of steam power, and machinery that can be made available in piano forte making, with capacity for turning out 50 to 75 pianos per week. It is their intention to make only pianos of a high grade, such as we know to be in greatest demand by the musical public.

J. & C. FISCHER, write that owing to low rates, their shipments to the Pacific coast have been very large. Trade on the whole has been fair, but the "whether it will improve or not" depends a great deal on the quiet of the country being restored. Rosewood, they say, is now almost completely given up by all makers, and the complaints of "varnish checking" are seldom heard. Squares are disappearing rapidly as far as new ones are concerned, and hence grands and uprights are over nine-tenths of their out-put. Solid panels, handsomely engraved, are beginning to be used quite extensively, and on the darker styles of wood present a very elegant appearance.

WITH Nature's time of renewing comes a general desire for "something new" in all departments of dress. To be sure, the time for novelty in dress is not confined to the "time of the singing of the birds," but, among the Americans especially and the restless French people, all the year around "something new" is in demand. Certain it is, however, that with the return of the spring atmosphere there is a larger and stronger demand for "something to wear" that is *newer* than anything previously invented. Whether the "fuller crimson" of the robin, the new crest of the lapwing or the general fresh robing of trees and mother earth stirs in us a strong tide of emulation, the fact remains that Nature's "dress up" time is also *par excellence* our "dress up" season.

"Spring novelties" are now all the rage from the "fearful and wonderful" combinations called hats and bonnets by the ladies to the dainty slippers which finish off so elegantly the costume of a well dressed woman. At first glance it seems an absurdity to talk of anything *very* new in foot wear, there seems so little scope to the subject. Granted that the cobbler's art has produced a covering for the foot that is strong, neat and well fitting, it seems very rational that Dame Fashion should "let well enough alone," and ordain nothing further in the way of a change. But she is not content with strength, neatness and fit, something more must be added, viz.: *style*. That indescribable element of perfection—style! There is greater scope for this in the shoemaker's craft than is apparent at first sight, and numberless are the combinations formed of goat, kid, cloth and patent leather. Even velvet and tinsel cloth have a part in the composition of these articles of foot wear that are to be "in style" or else are practically useless.

The present opening of spring goods in this department of dress gives a large variety of styles, *new* styles at that. It will pay any one interested in this subject, especially the feminine portion of the community, to visit *the shoe house that leads in styles* and post themselves as to fashion's edicts before the rush of spring shopping causes scarcity of time. To St. Louis ladies, there is but *one* such house, and that is the long established house of JOEL SWOPE AND BROTHER, 311 *North Fourth Street.*

It is only necessary to mention a few changes in styles as a visit to SWOPE'S will be more satisfactory in every way. One noticeable feature in this season's styles is the large predominance of Patent Leather used in both shoes and ties for foxing and other decoration. Another feature is that ties are the leading style in low shoes, holding favorite precedence over button shoes and sandals. Some of the ties are marvels of workmanship in which the art of the embroiderer has been called in to add to the elegance of effect. Some are foxed in Patent Leather and have tops of colored velvets in dark effects which are quietly elegant. The Edson tie remains a favorite shoe for pleasant weather and can be procured in a variety of designs. However, it is best to see for yourself, and you will meet with all courtesy and find the handsomest goods in town by calling upon JOEL SWOPE AND BROTHER, 311 *North Fourth Street.*

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MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

The season given in St. Louis by "Her Majesty's Opera Company" deserved better success than it obtained. Without entering into details it may be truthfully said that Colonel Mapleson presented a good array of artists, who, though not all of the first rank, are certainly superior both vocally and histrionically to the boasted "stars" of troupes that make claims to supreme excellence. The lack of proper patronage was due to a number of circumstances. At the very start, Mme. Hauk, the poorest of Mr. Mapleson's stars probably, but withal the best known, was unable to sing, and the public began to fear an entire week of substitutions. Mlle. Fohstrom, while not possessed of a large voice, is a very good soprano and a most excellent *comedienne*, but by the time her merits had become known the week had slipped by. Colonel Mapleson has been unfortunate in St. Louis, as he himself admits, in being frequently compelled to change the operas advertised on account of the illness of his artists. His explanation of this fact is that he has always come hither direct from Chicago, whose climate is, it seems, extremely hard upon the throats of unacclimated singers, so that some of his stars invariably catch heavy colds in the "Windy City," which either lay them up there, or here just after their arrival. In spite of his bad luck, the veteran manager was in capital humor and in excellent health—all but a slight attack of the gout. He laughed at the idea of some people that Italian opera is dead, and we think he is right. The barbarous Chinese think the sun is being swallowed by a huge dragon whenever it is eclipsed—but the sun has not yet died, nor will an art containing, by the side of some blemishes, so much that is beautiful as Italian opera be "willingly let die" by the world.

We hope Heaven will forgive the papers that praised the performances of the McGibeny family, and thus led us to attend one of them, for we cannot. The entire thing was positively beneath criticism.

The last concert of the St Louis Choral Society was a great improvement upon the two that preceded it, but the Choral Society, all except its conductor, were in the audience listening to the performances of the orchestra and the Hatton Glee Club. We have had occasion to speak of the Hattons before. They continue their good work and certainly do the most artistic male singing of any western club we have heard. They rank with the Boston Temple Quartette

There was an announcement in one of the daily papers recently of the intended formation of a Choral Society in the northern portion of the city. We have not heard the result, but we would suggest that this is no time for the scattering of choral forces in St. Louis. As long as there is hope of holding the present Choral Society together it should be kept together If it should disband, then it would be time to organize another society, not in North nor in South St. Louis, nor in the West End, but in St. Louis, without distinction of locality.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club closed its season with a concert that was a success in every respect. The club will continue under the management of the Messrs. Bollman next year. The managers have already received substantial encouragement in the way of subscriptions.

The Musical Union, at its March concert offered the following programme:

1.—Symphonie G minor. Allegro molto, Andante, Menuetto, Allegro assai, *Mozart*, Orchestra. 2.—Aria and Scena from "Aida," *Verdi*, Mrs. Dr. McCandless. 3.—Cavatina, from Robert le Diable, for Cornet, *Meyerbeer*, Signor A. Liberati. 4—Concert Overture (first time in America), *Jos. Nevadba*, Orchestra. 5.—(a) Margueritta, *Marsden*. (b) Laddie, *Pinsuti*, Mrs. Dr. McCandless. 6.—De Beriot's 7th Air for Cornet, Signor A. Liberati. 7.—Danse Macabre, "Symphonic Poem," *St. Saens*.

The work of the orchestra was excellent. Mrs. McCandless sustained her reputation as a good and intelligent singer, and Signor Liberati surpassed himself.

Schnaider's Garden, the most popular and the largest of the Summer gardens of St. Louis, will be under the personal management of the proprietor, Mr. Joseph Schnaider, during the coming summer. The garden has been renovated and improved in many ways and the management expects a large increase in the already so large patronage of the place. Two evening concerts weekly, with an orchestra of eighty-five men are in contemplation. This will be good news to the thousands who belong perforce to the brigade of the stay-at-homes, during the hot months of the year.

OUR MUSIC.

"HOME, SWEET HOME" (Concert Paraphrase).... .... *Julie Rive-King.*

To add one more to the numerous paraphrases of "Home Sweet Home" is to challenge comparison with the work of many capable writers, among whom we may mention such masters in that branch of the art as Thalberg and Gottschalk. Comparison with the best is what we here invite. One very noticeable feature of this, as compared with other treatments of this melody, is, that while it gives an opportunity for the display of technique, its effect is not, as is the case with those of Thalberg and Gottschalk, dependent almost solely upon a high development of technique. In other words, while a *virtuoso* will make more effect with it than one less skilled, the ordinary pianist will find it grateful and pleasing alike to himself and his audience.

"WILL O' THE WISP"..................... *Jungmann.*

This is one of the numbers recently added to Kunkel's Royal Edition of standard piano compositions. This edition is by far the best, and is becoming by all odds the most popular of all the editions of the works it embraces.

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

Our readers are familiar with the solo of this charming little composition and will be grateful to us for giving them now an excellent four-hand arrangement of the same.

"I'M A HAPPY LITTLE NIG FROM ALABAMA" ....*Hubbard T. Smith.*

"A little" *nigger*, "now and then
Is relished by the best of men!"

So (or nearly so) says the adage. We hope it may prove true in this case, although we are not quite sure that we are doing the proper thing in giving this minstrel composition a place in our REVIEW. We would however, call the attention of our readers to the fact that, though this class of songs is not a high one, this is one of the best of its class ever let loose upon a suffering world. The German text, by Herr Niedner, is "Pennsylvania Dutch!"

"OH, WHERE SHALL REST BE FOUND?"... *W. Goldner.*

We here present to our readers a very melodious and withal very musicianly setting of Montgomery's beautiful words. We are happy to state that our publishers have made arrangements with this eminent composer to publish a number of his excellent songs, both sacred and secular, most of which will appear from time to time in KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

The music in this issue costs in sheet form:

"HOME, SWEET HOME" (Concert Paraphrase)..................*Julie Rive-King*	$1 00
"WILL O' THE WISP"......... .....*Jungmann*	35
"TILLIE'S FAVORITE RONDO" (Duet) *Carl Sidus*	60
"I'M A HAPPY LITTLE NIG"........*H. T. Smith*	35
"OH WHERE SHALL REST BE FOUND" *W. Goldner*	35
TOTAL...........	$2 65

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.**

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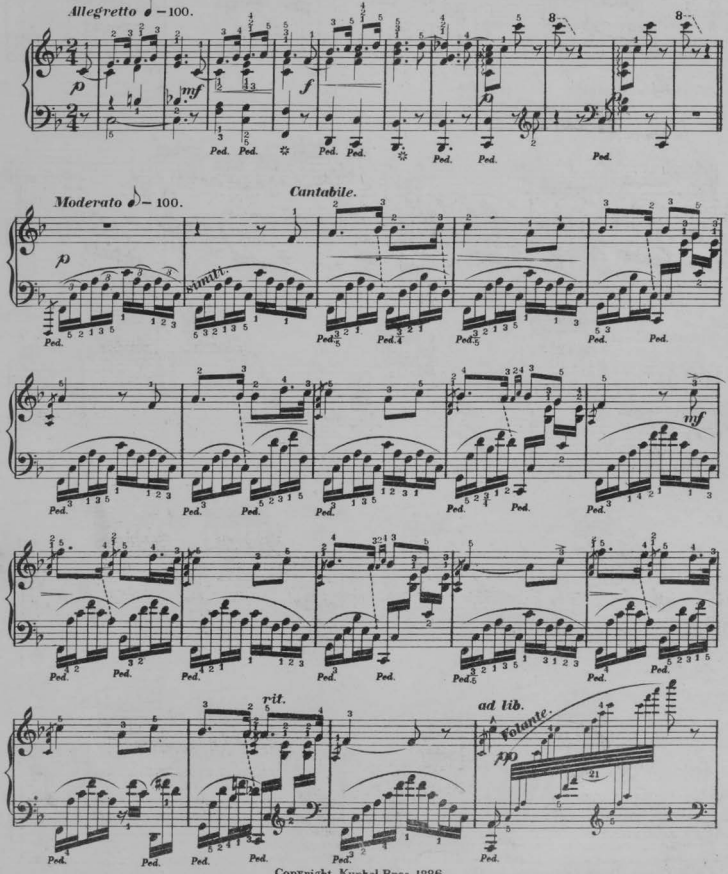
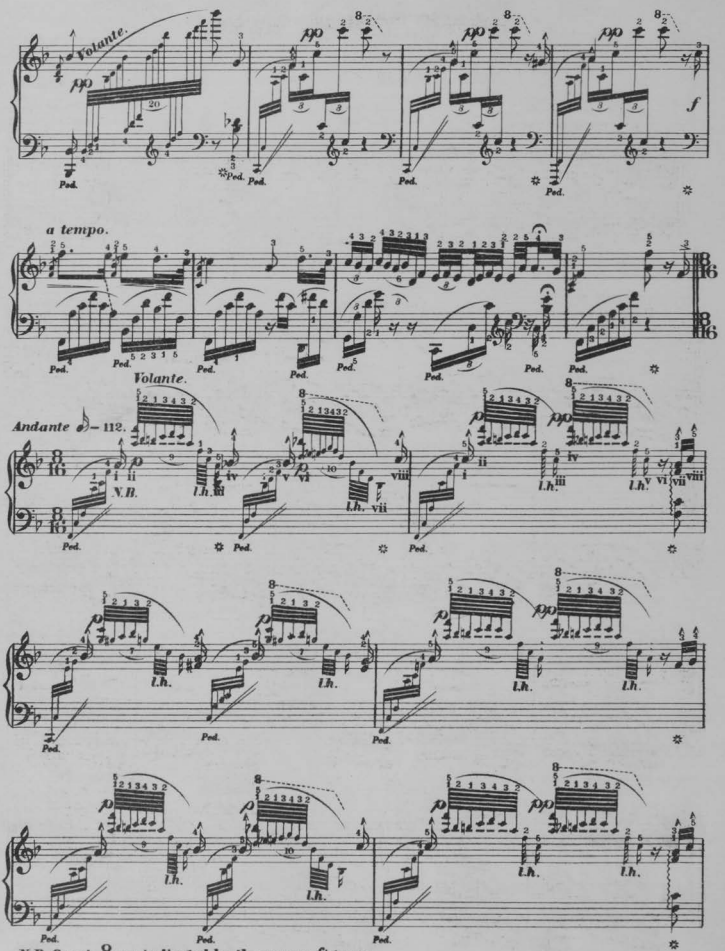
HOME, SWEET HOME.

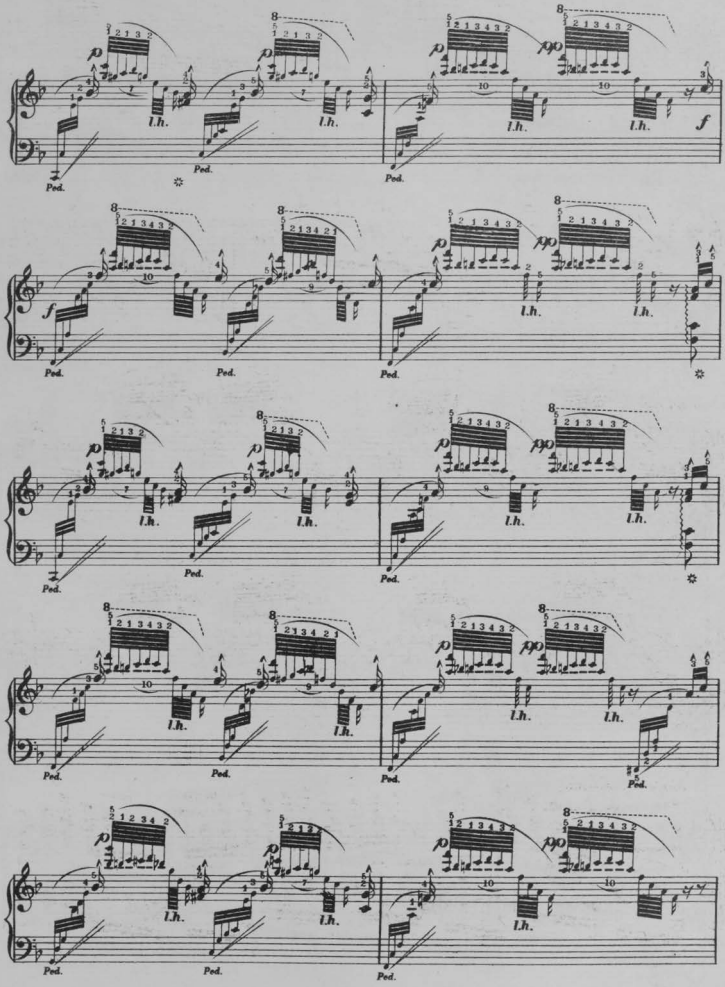
Paraphrase de Concert.

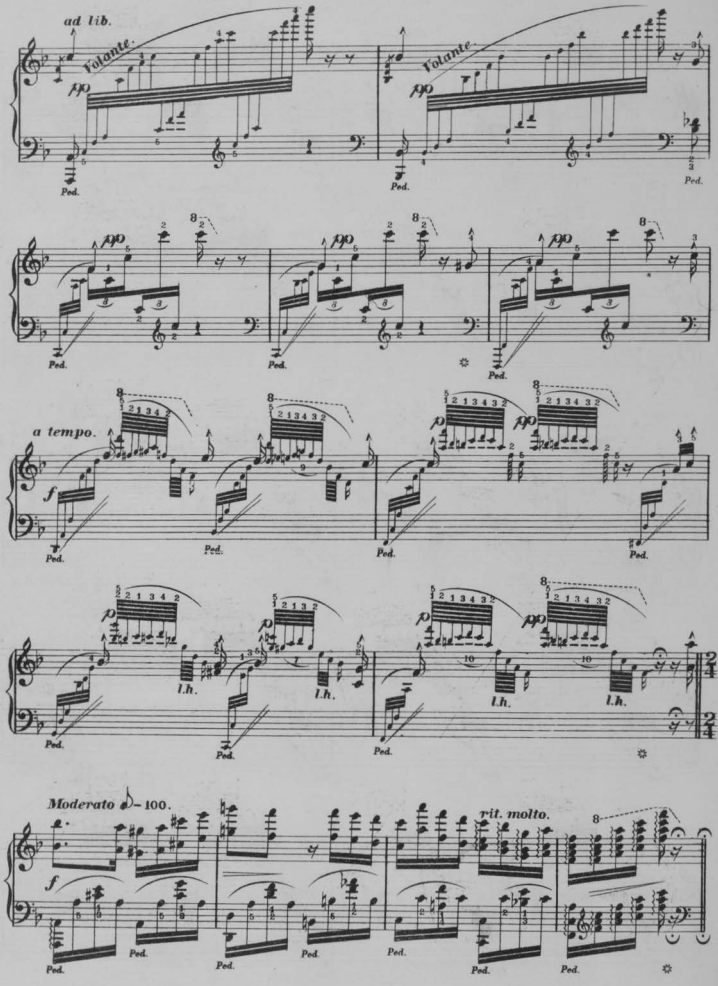
par Julie Rive-King.



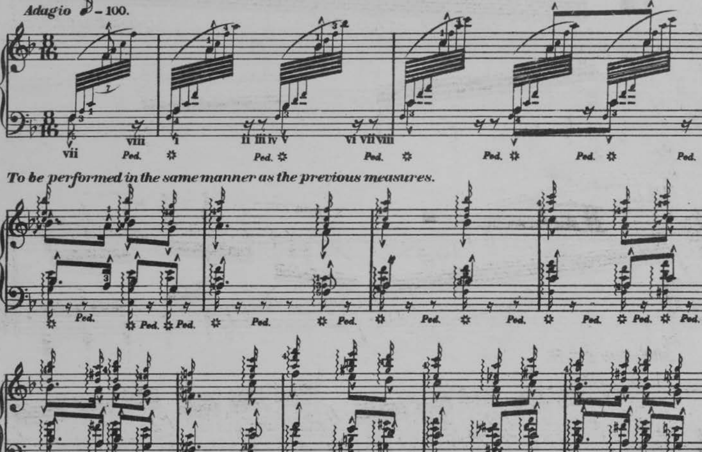


N.B. Count $\frac{8}{16}$ *as indicated by the roman figures.*


l.h.
Ped.
f

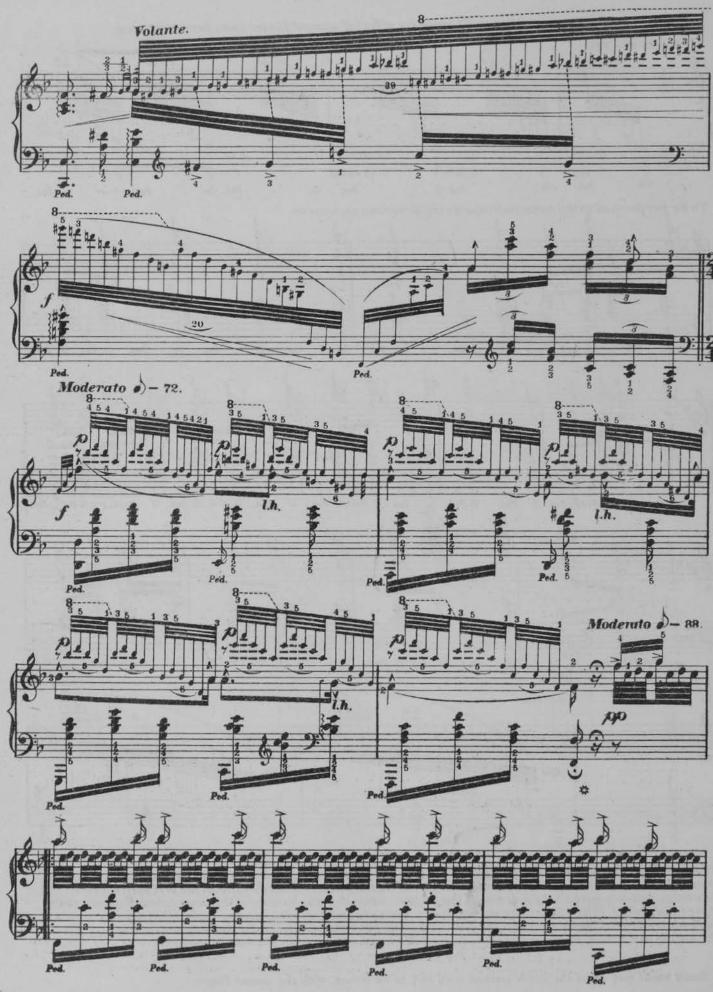

ad lib.
Volante.
pp
Ped.
a tempo.
f
l.h.
Moderato ♩= 100.
rit. molto.

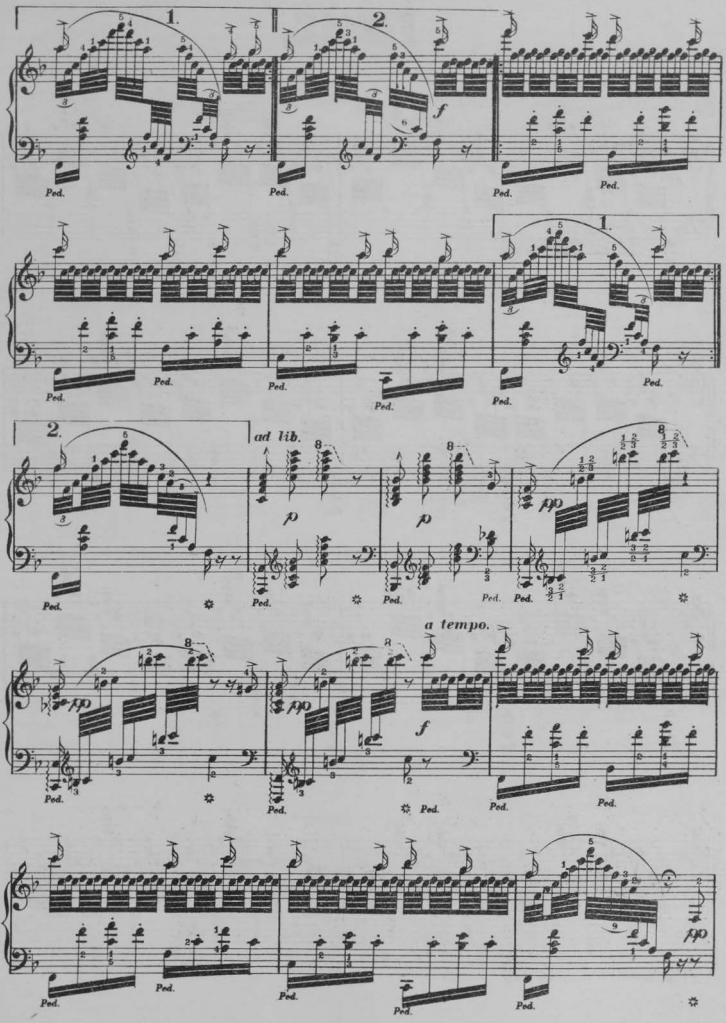
This variation will loose its effect if played faster than here indicated.



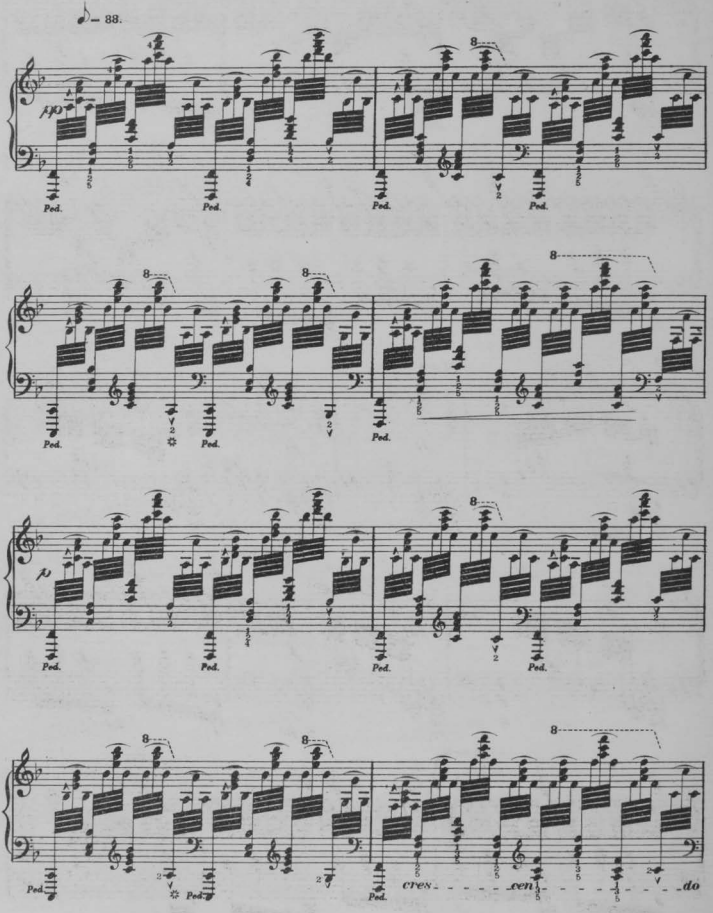
The pedal should be used only to sustain the notes of the melody given in large type. To do this the pedal should be released at the precise moment when the melody notes in large type in the left hand are struck. The large notes must be held down with the fingers while the other notes of the arpeggio are given only their exact value. When the entire arpeggio has been played and all its notes except the melody notes, have been silenced by the damper the pedal must again be used to keep the melody notes singing while the hands are raised preparatory to playing the next arpeggio in the same manner.

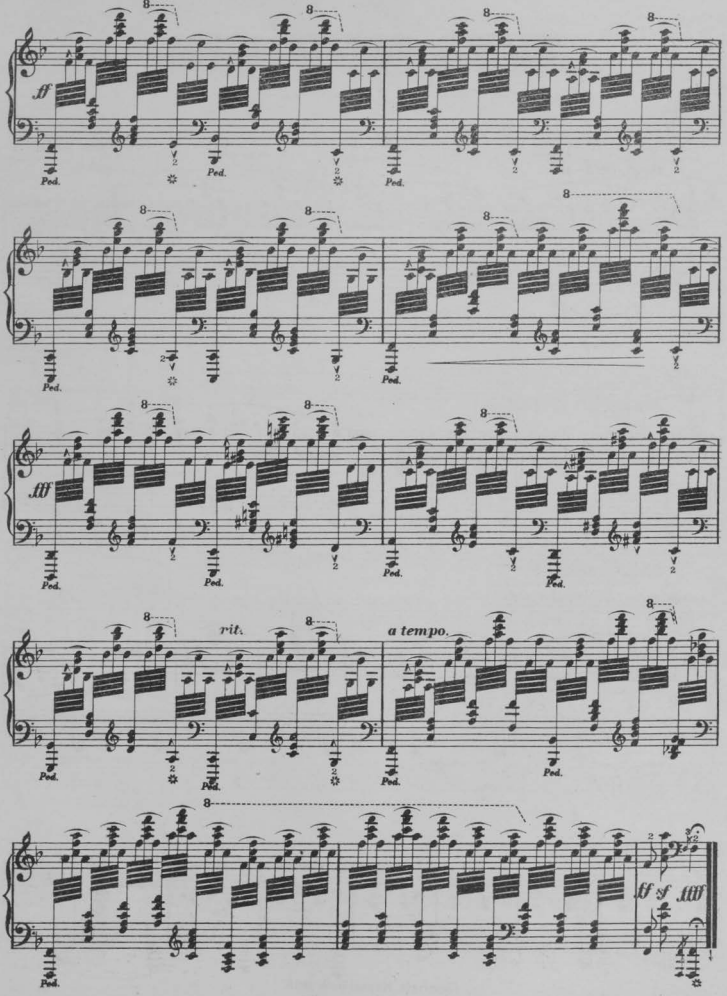
Small hands may omitt the notes marked with an ↑ to be struck with the second finger.


Volante.
Moderato ♪ – 72.
l.h.
Moderato ♪ – 88.
pp
Ped.


1.
2.
f
Ped.
1.
2.
ad lib.
p
fpp
a tempo.
f
fpp

FINALE.



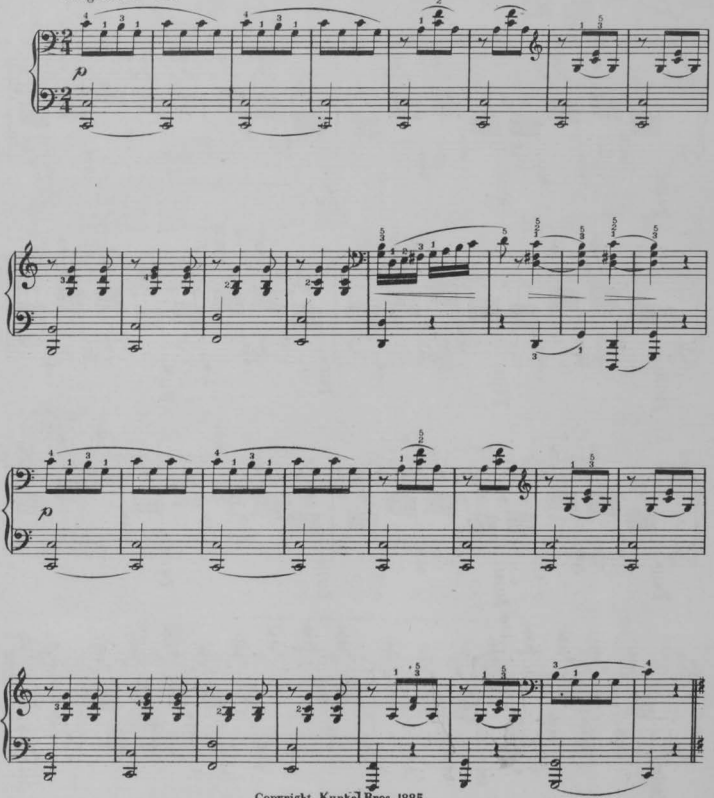

ff
fff
rit.
a tempo.
ff sf fff
Ped.

TILLIE'S FAVORITE RONDO.

Carl Sidus Op. 105.

Secondo.

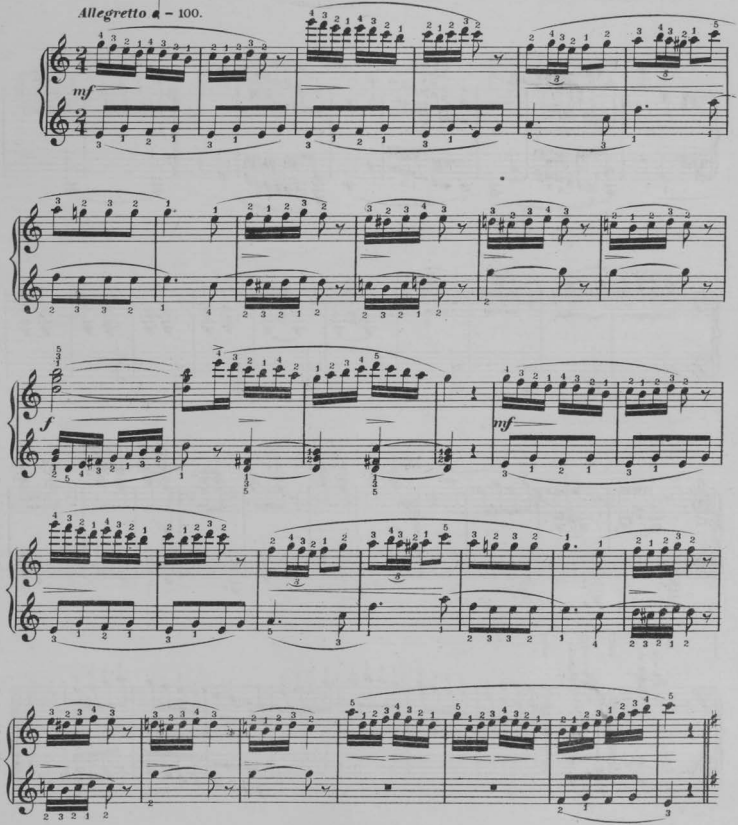
Allegretto ♩ = 100.

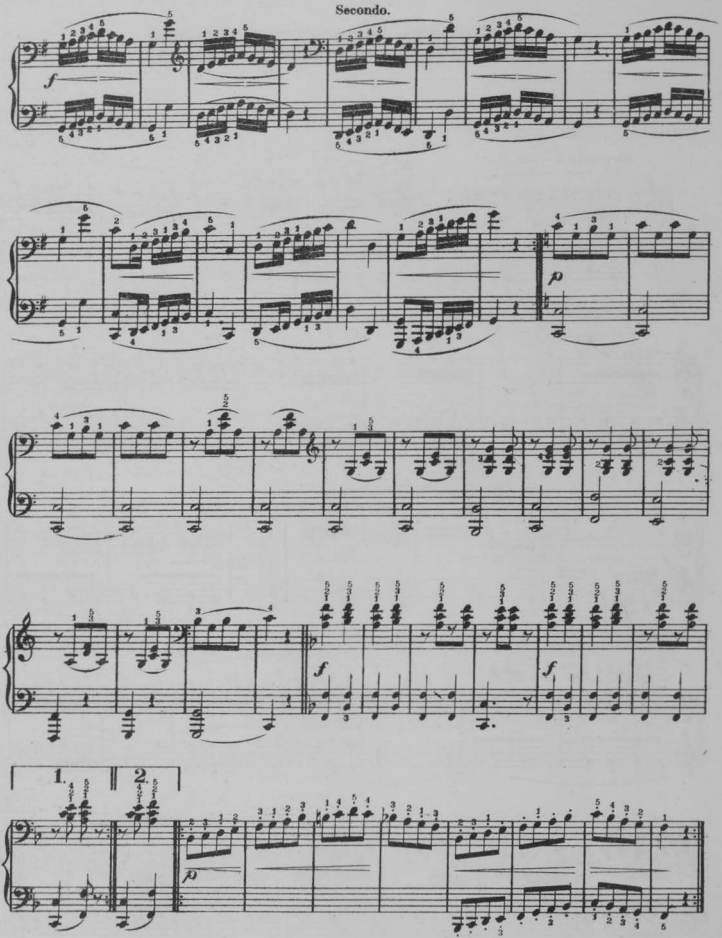


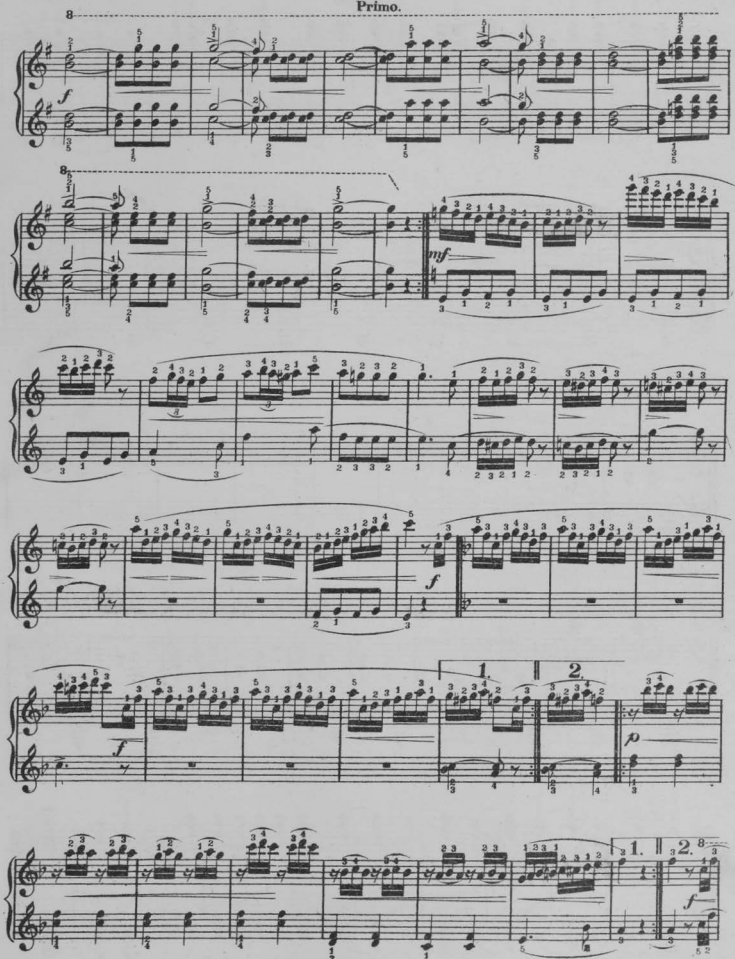
TILLIE'S FAVORITE RONDO.

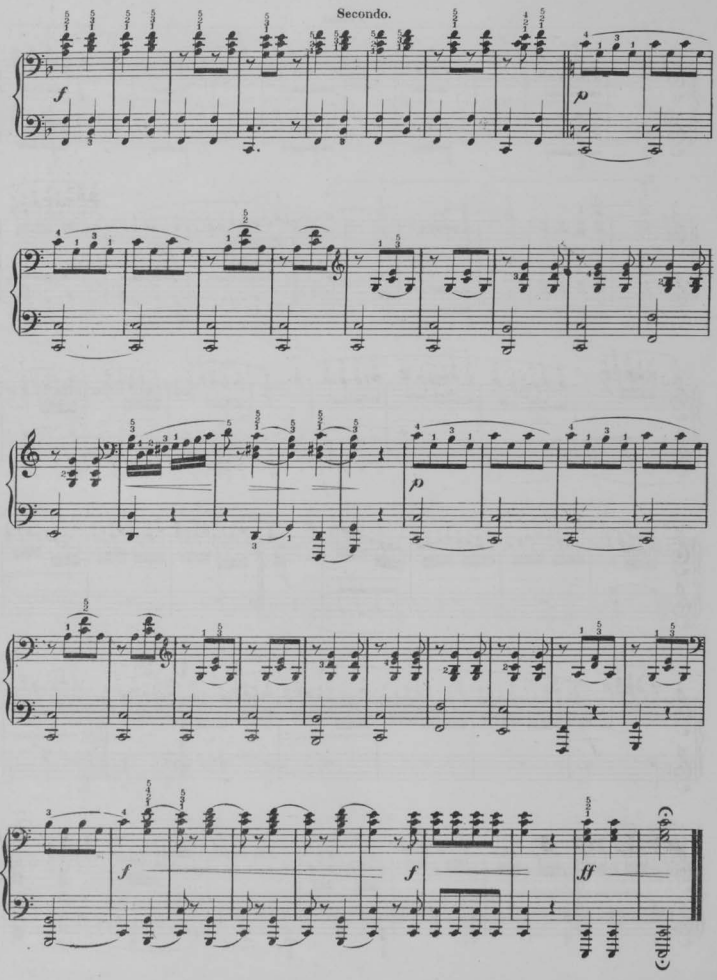
Primo.

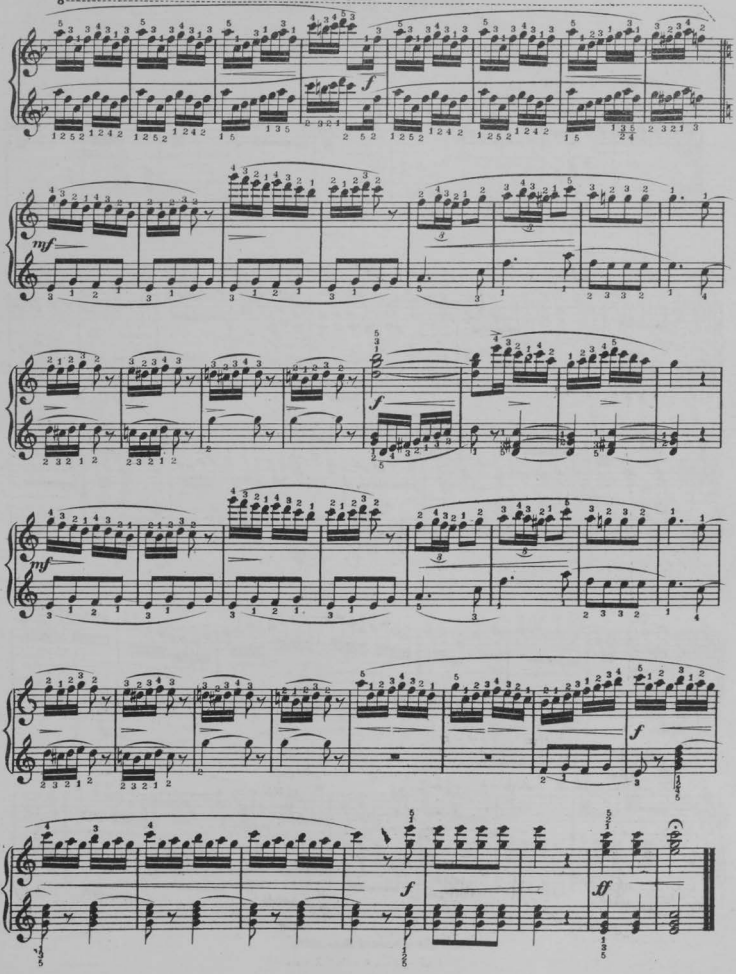
Carl Sidus Op. 105.




Secondo.
f
p
f
f
1.
2.
p


Primo.
f
mf
f
f
1.
2.
p
1.
2.
f


f
p
p
f
f
ff


f
mf
f
mf
f
f
ff

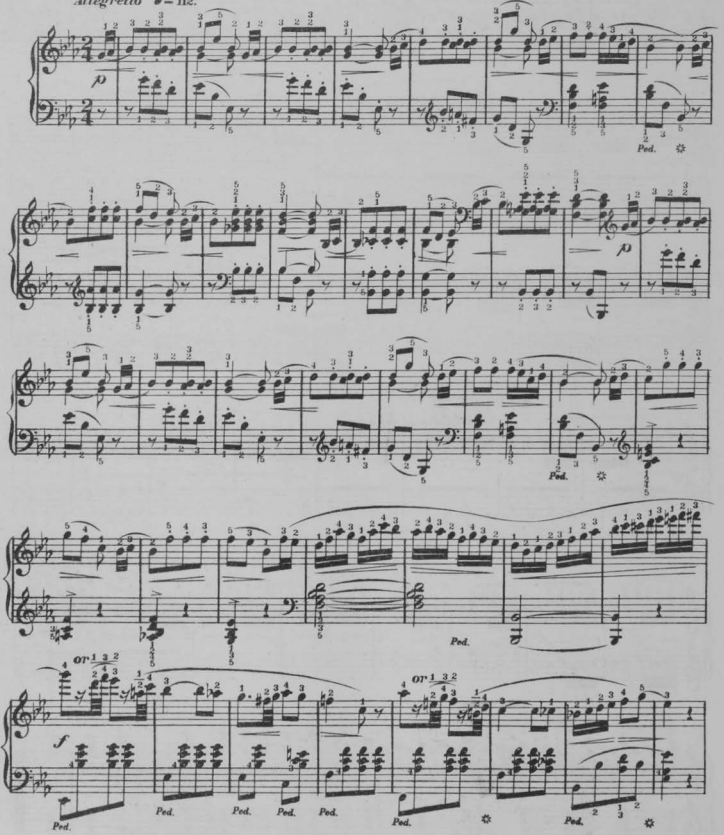
FEU FOLLET.

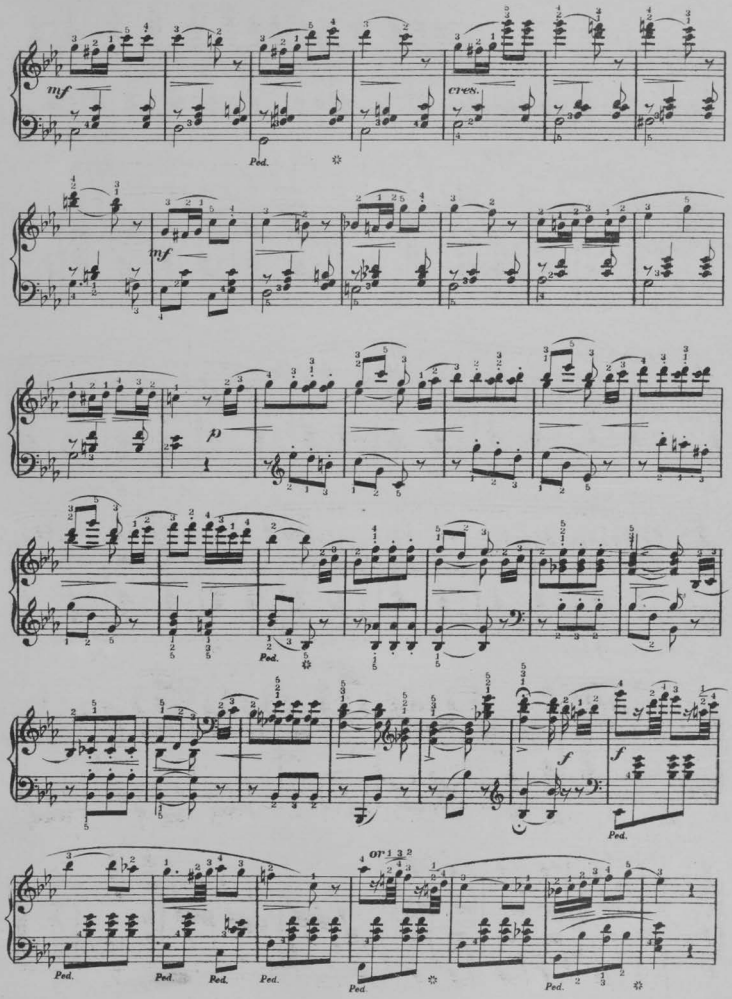
WILL O' THE WISP.

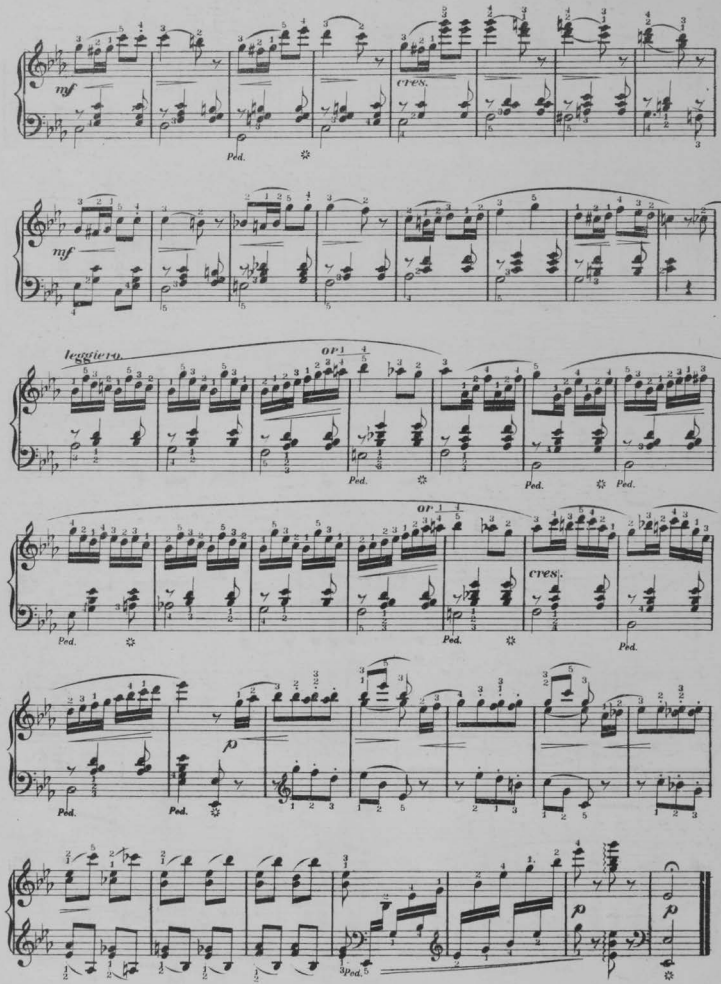
New Edition, Revised by the Author.

A. Jungmann Op. 217.

Allegretto ♩ = 112.

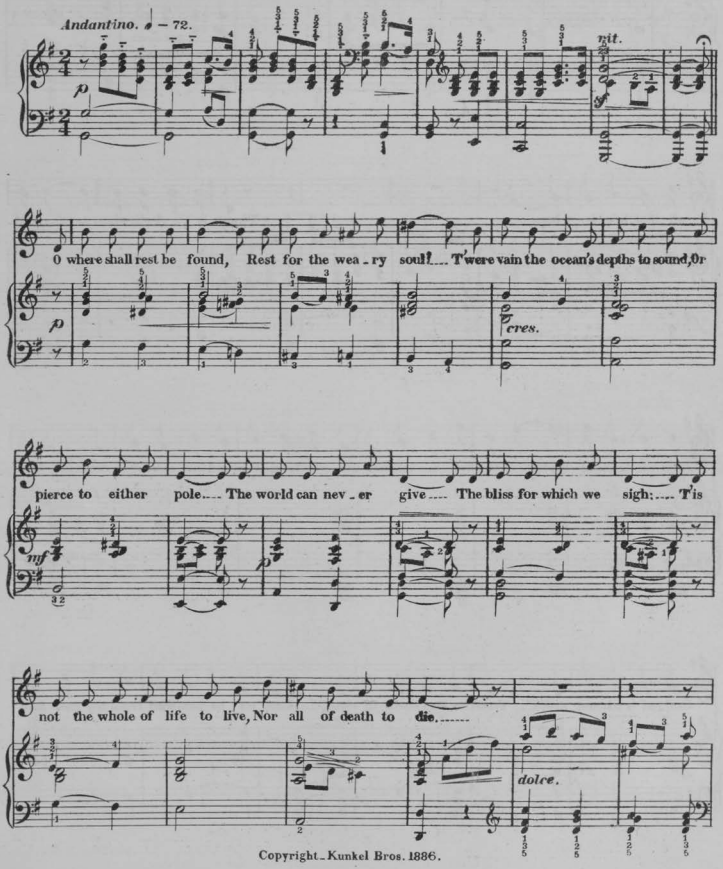


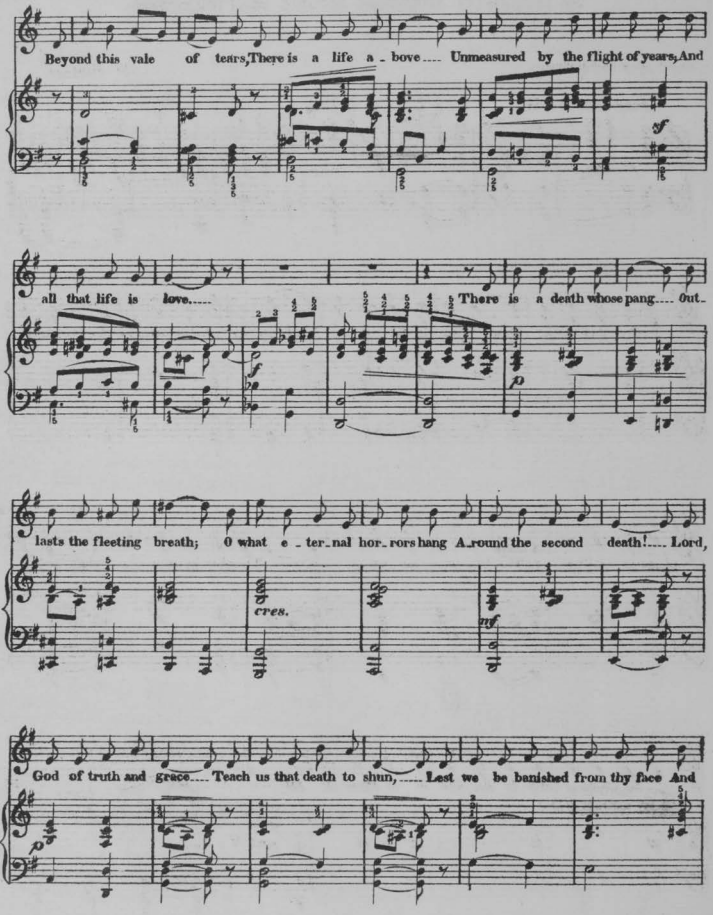

mf
cres.
Ped.
mf
p
Ped.
f
f
Ped.
or
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

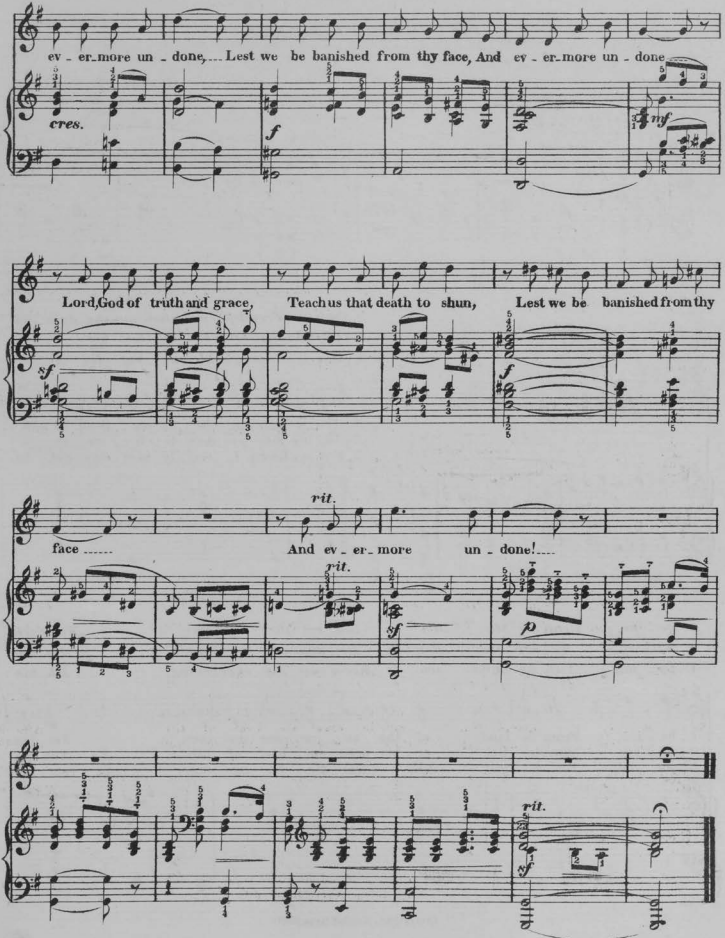

mf
cres.
Ped.
mf
leggiero.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
cres.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
p
p
p
Ped.

O WHERE SHALL REST BE FOUND?

Words by J. Montgomery. W. Goldner.



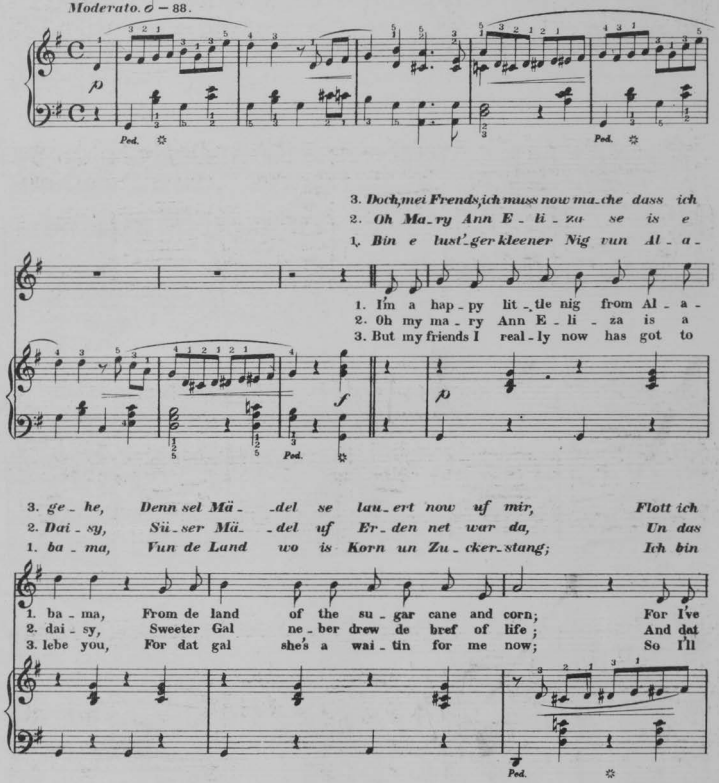

Beyond this vale of tears, There is a life a - bove.... Unmeasured by the flight of years, And
all that life is love.....
There is a death whose pang..... out-
lasts the fleeting breath; O what e - ter - nal hor - rors hang A - round the second death!..... Lord,
cres.
God of truth and grace..... Teach us that death to shun,..... Lest we be banished from thy face And


ev - er-more un - done, Lest we be banished from thy face, And ev - er-more un - done
cres.
f
mf
Lord, God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun, Lest we be banished from thy
sf
f
rit.
face And ev - er - more un - done!
rit.
sf
p
rit.
sf

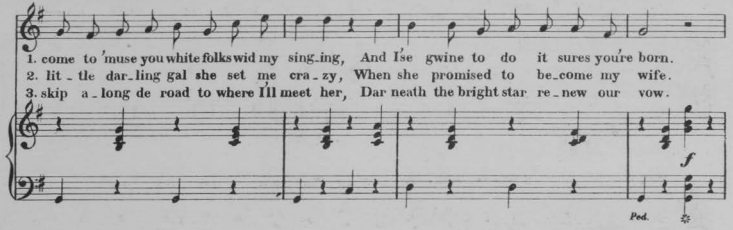
I'M A HAPPY LITTLE NIG.

BIN E LUST'GER KLEENER NIG.

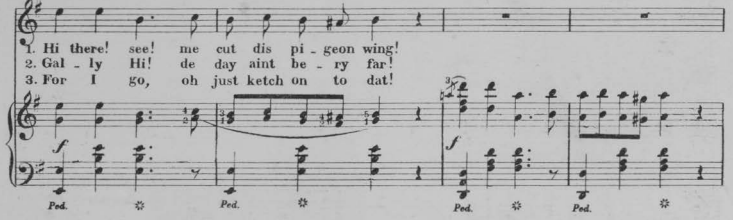
Hubbard T. Smith.



3. *geh de Road entlang bis ich se se - he, Un im Sternlicht den Bund erneu'rn wir.*
2. *klee - ne sü - sse Ding sie macht' mir cra - zy, Wenn se promised zu wer'n mee - ne Frau.*
1. *komm euch weisse Leut' zu a - mü - si - ren, Un ich thu's, fer shure, mit mei Ge - sang.*

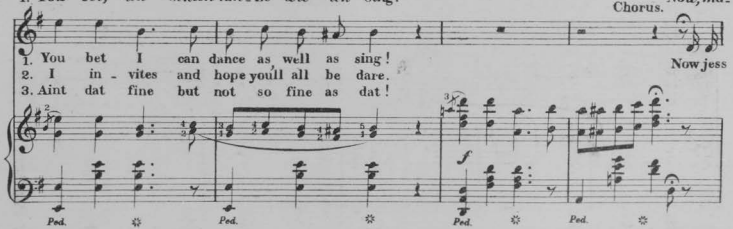


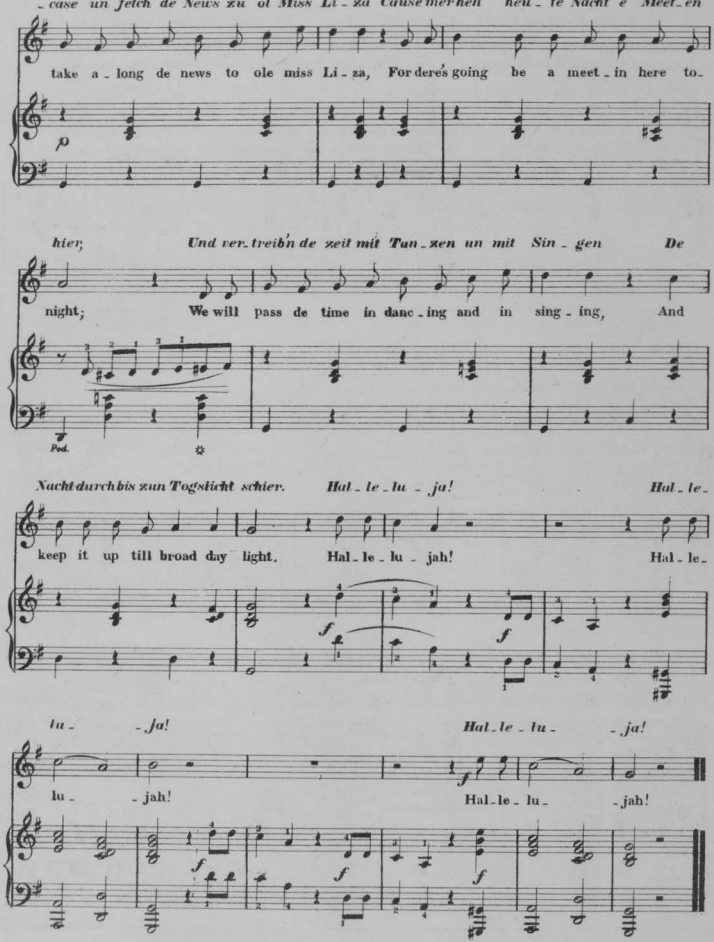
3. *Nu geh ich, na, an - y - how merkt das,*
2. *Juch - hei - je! de Wed - den is nit fern,*
1. *Juch - hei - je! look, wie ich leicht mich schwing,*



3. *Gibt's was fei - ner kee - ner sagt mer was.*
2. *Ich lad' al - le ein wer kommt nur gern.*
1. *You bet, ich schien tan - ze wie ich sing.*

Chorus. *Now, ma -*




-case un fetch de News zu ol' Miss Li-za 'Cause mer hen heu-te Nacht e Meet-en
take a-long de news to ole miss Li-za, For dere's going be a meet-in here to-
hier; Und ver-treib'n de zeit mit Tun-zen un mit Sin-gen De
night; We will pass de time in danc-ing and in sing-ing, And
Ped.
Nacht durch bis zum Togslicht schier. Hal-le-lu-ja! Hal-le-
keep it up till broad day light. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-
f
lu-ja! Hal-le-lu-ja!
lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

THE PERPETUITY OF SONG.

It was a blithesome young jongleur
Who started out to sing,
Eight hundred years ago or more,
On a leafy morn in Spring;
And he caroled as sweet as any bird
That ever tried its wing.

Of love his little heart was full—
Madonna! how he sang!
And round about him sprang,
As forth among the banks of Loire
The minstrel's music rang

The boy had left a home of want
To wander up and down,
And sing for bread and nightly rest
In many an alien town,
And hear whatever lot befel,—
The alternate smile and frown.

The singer's caroling lips are dust,
And ages long since then
Dead Kings have lain beside their thrones,
Voiceless as common men,—
But Gerald's songs are echoing still
Through ev'ry mountain glen.

—J. T. FIELDS.

GIOVANNI PIETRO ALOISIO, OR PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA.

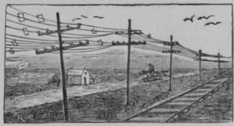
THE most celebrated master of the old Roman school of music, was born at Palestrina, the ancient Preneste, whence his surname, *Il Prenestino*. He studied music under a master of the Gallo-Belgic school, whom some call *Gaudimel*. His genius soon raised him to the first rank of musical composers, and effected a great reform in church music. Towards the middle of the sixteenth century music was at so low an ebb, that Pope Marcellus II. had already formed the plan of banishing it from the churches, when Palestrina, who had conceived juster notions of the true character of church music, obtained permission to execute one of his own compositions before him. He accordingly performed the mass for six voices, still known as the "Missa Papae Marcelli," the elevation and simple beauty of which led the Pope to abandon his design. From that time music became an essential part of the service of the Catholic church. Marcellus and his successor, Paul IV., employed Palestrina to compose a number of similar pieces for their chapel. In 15·2 he was made chapel master of Santa Maria Maggiore, and in 1571 of St. Peter's. To this period we owe his greatest productions. Palestrina created a style of music so imposing, so pure and so expressive that for the long period of a hundred years the Palestrina school held undivided sway over the musical thought of the world. He opened the path, by following which the most beautiful and most touching works have been produced.

The music of Palestrina recalls the heroic ages of history. He is the Homer of musical literature. Simple, yet never trivial; learned, but without pedantry; rich, yet always natural; quiet, but never weak, his music has the characteries which distinguish the great epics. The bard for the honor of whose birth seven cities contended, is not more simple, grand, and irresistible in his poems than is Palestrina in his masses, and the influence of the one in the domain of literature is not more ennobling and permanent than that of the other in the realm of music.

In order to estimate the beauty of Palestrina's music, it is especially necessary that we should know beforehand for what beauty to look, and be possessed with the spirit in which he wrought; for there is no modern standard by which to judge him. In his sphere he stands alone; and so far removed from the spirit of our times that it may be of service to some who are not familiar with his works to suggest what is to be found in them.

We find in Palestrina, then, the profoundest knowledge of musical science employed in expressing with purity and simplicity the fervent emotions of a devout soul. This expression is usually in the form of melodies of the subtlest emotional character, crossing and recrossing, weaving a texture of harmonies as rich as they are surprising and beautiful; a style of imposing grandeur; a perfect adaptation of music to the spirit of the words; an earnest, chaste and exalted religious feeling, as far removed from gloom and cant as from sentimentality; a repose, as if he were resting on the Rock of Ages.

He died in 1599, and was buried with great pomp at the foot of the altar of St. Simon and Juda, in St. Peter's. His monument bears the inscription, "Johannes Petrus Aloysius Palestrina, Musicæ Princeps." Some of his pieces are still performed, particularly his "Fratres ego enim accepi," with the "Stabat Mater," and the "Impropria," in the Sistine chapel at Rome.



CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, March 16, 1886.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—Spite of the fact that the concerts are numerous as usual, my letter need not be unnecessarily long, for three-fourths of the artists who have appeared are local celebrities and I suppose it cannot interest people in St Louis to know all the details of a chamber concert in Boston. With others it is different; for example, the concert of the Boylston Blub, for although your readers may never hear this excellent organization, yet the works which they gave are certainly worth a word. Fancy Liszt's "Bells of Strassburg" and Cowen's "Sleeping Beauty," in juxtaposition! The one all noise, blare, discord, and cacophony; the other all sweetness, beauty, quaintness and daintiness. I confess I do not like Liszt when he mixes theology and music. He soars after the infinite, and he doesn't get it either. In works like "Mazeppa" or portions (of human interest) of Faust, he is much better. But Cowen's new work deserves some better notice. It is the old fairy tale set to music, and with the most exquisite taste. The dance on the Princess' birthday, the slumberous music at the picturing of the long sleep, and the resumption of the festivities at the awakening, are all touches that are masterly. The club and its soloists sang excellently, but the orchestra did but indifferent work.

The Symphony concerts have also given us something of Liszt; his Dante Symphony, which is no symphony at all, and just about as discordant as any music can get—by land. By the way, there is just a chance of your hearing this splendid orchestra, for they make a Western trip next month, and may visit your city. They have recently given us, in addition to the Dante Symphony, the third Brahm's Symphony, and Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony. The former seems to be the greater. It is concise, flowing, yet developed and earnest, while Mendelssohn's jugglings with "Ein Feste Burg" may be learned enough, but are certainly not inspiring. It seems, and really was, a "made to order" work. The soloists have been Joseffy, Fursch-Madi and Campanari. Joseffy made the greatest "hit." He was a genuine surprise, for instead of relying as heretofore, on delicacy and rapidity for his effects, he launches out with breadth, fire and brilliancy. He overdid it to be sure, and hit an andante as if he were John L. Sullivan, but for all that his *nerve* and force had their effect. In the finale of the Rubinstein Concerto in D minor, he was the old Joseffy again, and galloped ahead of the orchestra at such a pace that it was impossible for the wood wind instruments to give their figures, and the strings had to race for it. I would gladly have backed Joseffy against the field but could find no takers. Fursch-Madi sang with all possible dramatic intensity and made a great and deserved success Campanari played like a musician, as he always does and charmed more by intrinsic work than by any abnormal display. This excellent violinist is now one of the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music, and has a splendid class of rising violinists under him there. I may add, while on this subject, that the two other foreign additions to the Conservatory, Signor Rotoli and Herr Faelten, are both succeeding equally well. They have given some recitals recently which have been in the highest degree successful. The lectures on Musical History and Theory, by Mr. Louis C Elson, have also been very successful this term, in the same Conservatory. The direction allows tickets to be sold outside the institution, and in addition to the pupils (who are admitted free), many of the general public are present. The most recent lectures by Mr. Elson have been on "History of English Song," "The German Volkslied," and "Italian Opera."

As a rule I do not like miscellaneous concerts, and I certainly do not like highflown names, yet I can cordially commend a series of miscellaneous concerts recently given here under the lofty title of "*Concerts Artistiques.*" They were given by Fraulein Lilli Lehmann, M. Ovide Musin, and Herr Franz Rummel. If they come to St. Louis—go. Yet they made a financial failure of it in Boston, but we are so tone-dyspeptic that *that's* no criterion; besides they had no orchestra, and Fraulein Lehmann instead of singing altogether German *Lieder* or Beethoven and Weber arias of the distinctively German school, had to give sops to the popular Cerberus by interspersing vocal waltzes, polonaises, etc., in the programmes, and the Cerberus didn't even get tempted by them. After all, in that kind of vocal fireworks she cannot compete with a Carlotta Patti, or a di Murska, while in her own domain she is much greater than either. M. Musin is broad in tone, and very brilliant in execution upon the violin. His playing of harmonies is something worth hearing. In these high and bird like tones he rivals the late Wienawski. The last time I heard M. Musin was a year ago, in Copenhagen, on a cold day in the open air concerts in the Tivoli there. He pleases me much more now than then. Herr Franz Rummel is really a very great pianist, having real enthusiasm, a splendid technique, and rare intelligence in interpretation. With such a "*Dreigespann*" I think the "Concerts Artistiques" ought to succeed anywhere, and they certainly have the most cordial wishes of COMES.

FREDERICK SCHWAB, musical critic of the New York *Times* has withdrawn his libel suit against Mme. Nevada, because the defendant in her answer to his complaint denies having used the language imputed to her, and which was nothing else than a charge of venality and corrupt practices against the critic in question. It is a novelty in the history of litigation for a plaintiff to take as true, without examination, an extra-judicial statement of a defendant, and thereupon, pay his attorney's fees, the cost of his suit, etc., and parade a technical answer as a justification. To an outsider, it looks more like a confession of guilt than like a vindication of character; and we are on the outside.

ORATORIO SINGING.

ORATORIO SINGING is of two kinds: it includes the dramatic, but the subject pertains to sacred story. Of this kind is the singing required in such oratorios as Samson, Jephtha and Judas. The other kind is precisely the same as church singing. It is the purely sacred singing which ought to characterize the utterance of a vocalist who takes part in Handel's "Messiah." Portions of this oratorio are so frequently rendered in the church that it is right to offer an observation upon singing when it forms a part of public worship. The solo singer in a church ought to realize his high position. The relationship in which he stands is of a two-fold character. It is primarily between himself and the Creator, and in a secondary sense between himself and the congregation. His office is to assist the preacher. He has by his art to move the congregation to prayer and praise. There ought to be the highest form of devotion in his singing, and genuine sympathy in his tones. He should show that he is himself moved, that he may be enabled to move others. The purest and the best singing is essential in a church, as it is expected to be, and intended to be, an aid to worship. If it be not this, it must be a hindrance, and there is no such thing in this case as neutrality. But if it be an aid, it must be admitted that the singer's position is a serious and important one, second scarcely to that of the preacher. And it is not hard to believe that at times his influence is the greater of the two. Those gentlemen who have the engaging of singers for the service of the sanctuary should keep in sight of the real office of the singer and the scope of his power, and be careful that they engage the services of genuine artists. An eminent and eloquent preacher used to say that "Oh, rest in the Lord" (Mendelssohn) well sung was a better sermon than he could preach.

STAGE LIGHTING.

MUCH of the extraordinary change that has taken place within twenty years is owing to the resources of science being applied to the stage. This is illustrated by the progress made in lighting. What with the blaze of footlights, the light at the sides and at the top, the performers seem to move almost in a ring of fire—to say nothing of that glowing furnace, the sunlight, which fiercely illuminates the audience. Nay, the actress of note must have a special light of her own, and we see the leading lady pursued across the stage by the dazzling blaze of the limelight. It is difficult to conceive the contrast to all this in Garrick's day, when the stage was lit, not by footlights, but by four large chandeliers which hung over the heads of the players. This was a rational system, for the faces were effectively lit up, and the scenery left dim and indistinct. But then these were the old foolish times when nobody cared for scenery, but for the play only and the actors. Then any stuff would do for dresses—the coarsest was most effective—for there was but little light to see the texture. In Macready's dress in "Virginius," now in Mr. Irving's possession, the armor was of pasteboard covered with tinfoil, and the dagger of wood. There was a scarf of red serge, a linen tunic, and sandals, etc. The whole could not have cost a couple of pounds. But a rich dress would have been wasted, and now the searching rays would display the poverty of material. Hence the introduction of rich and costly stuffs which makes the actress' bill for dress now as high as that of a lady of fashion in the season. Hence those superb plushes and velvets of many tints, the brocades, the rare ornaments. In the pantomimes we see whole bands of young ladies with their helmets, shields, and breastplates no longer of pasteboard, but made of a brilliantly polished silvery metal which reflects the bright rays of the limelight. This metal is costly enough, and these suits of armor cost a good deal. Stage jewelry now is a regular manufacture, and though many actresses wear real diamonds, it need not be said that the mimic stones are more effective. Sham furniture looks more like furniture on the stage than the finest that could be ordered from Maple's. It would take too long to expound this, but in illustration it may be said that at the Théâtre Français there is a property clock for a boudoir elegantly painted and made of papier-maché, and which cost 500f. or 600f.

THE craze on electrical study is beginning to bear fruit. "Are you the conductor?" asked a lad on an excursion train. "I am," replied the courteous official, "and my name is Wood." "Oh! that can't be," said the boy, "for wood is a non-conductor."

MAJOR AND MINOR.

VICTOR MASSE'S opera "Une nuit de Cléopâtre" was recently brought out with much success at the Hamburg Stadt-Theatre.

THE Beethoven prize of the Vienna *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* has been awarded this year to Herr Robert Fuchs for a symphony.

VICTORIEN JONCIERES' "Le Chevalier Jean," so successfully brought out at Cologne some time since, is being actively rehearsed at the Royal Berlin Opera, where it will shortly be produced.

A MONUMENT is to be erected on May 31, next, to Joseph Haydn, at the Esterhazy Gardens of Vienna. The statue of the composer is from the chisel of Herr Natter, the well known Austrian sculptor.

A NEW Encyclopedia of Science, Art, and Literature, is shortly to be issued at Paris in twenty-five parts comprising 1,200 pages each. M. Arthur Pougin will contribute the articles relating to the Drama, and M. Henri Lavoix those concerning Music.

A NEW opera entitled "Merlin," by Carl Goldmark, will shortly be first produced at the Vienna Hof-Theater. The composer is said to have been engaged upon this work for the last ten years and its performance is looked forward to with much interest in the Austrian capital.

A TENOR who was hissed for bad singing, gave this little speech to the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen—I have a wife and five children to support, therefore 'tis useless for you to hiss me; for, being a good husband and father, I shall be obliged to sing as long as I have breath."

M. AMBROISE THOMAS, the composer of "Mignon" and of "Hamlet," is engaged upon a new operatic work, entitled "Miranda," which is to be brought out at the Paris Opera. The libretto is from the pen of M. Jules Barbier, and the subject is borrowed from Shakespeare's "Tempest."

AN interesting and highly characteristic portrait of Paganini, a faithful realization, it is said, of the weird and fantastic outward appearance of the famous virtuoso, has just been published by Carl Simon, of Berlin. It is taken from an original drawing in the possession of the violinist, Herr Rudolph Perschky.

THE new grand ballet, *Amor*, by Manzotti, has been put on the stage of La Scala, at Milan, with an enormous cast of from 800 to 1,000 persons; 4,000 different costumes, camels, monkeys, bears, etc., are on the stage. The music, by Marenco, is highly praised. The ballet is shortly to be produced at the Victoria Theatre, Berlin.

A DANSEUSE, discussing her art with a comic actor, insisted that with dance and pantomime every sentiment, act or discourse could be expressed. The actor challenged her to translate and demonstrate with her feet that the following morning at 10 A. M. his mother-in-law was to arrive, and that it would be impossible for him to meet her at the depot.

THE French standard diapason has been introduced in the orchestra of the Dresden Hof-Theater, where the tuning of instruments is in future to be regulated by an "electric whistle" in place of the oboe which hitherto performed that office, and which, we should imagine, somewhat resents its being thereby deprived of its leading part in the preliminary business of every performance.

THIS year's Music Festival of the Lower Rhine will take place from the 13th to the 15th day of June, at Cologne, under direction of Dr. Wullner, the able successor of the late Ferdinand Hiller, at the Conservatorium of that town. Among the principal works announced for performance, are Brahm's new Symphony, Handel's Oratorio "Belshazzar," the *Finale* from the first act of "Parsifal," and the Ninth Symphony.

STUDENTS of Goethe, and more especially the admirers of his world-famed novel, "The sufferings of young Werther," will derive some curious interest from the fact that a great grandson of the prototype of the heroine of that romance (Charlotte Buff), has just made his *debut*, with conspicuous success, at the Dresden Hof-Theater, as a tenor singer. Herr Buff, whose nom *de theatre* is Giessen, is said to have a brilliant career in store for him.

A "BACH SOCIETY" was recently formed at Heidelberg, for the cultivation of standard choral works for the church, with especial regard to the compositions of the master whose name the Society bears. Bach's Cantata, "*Ich hatte viel Bekummernisse*," and Beethoven's "*Kleine Messe*" were amongst the works chosen for immediate production. Herr Wolfrum, the musical director of the Heidelberg University, is the Conductor.

A SOMEWHAT curious story has lately been making the round of Italian papers. It appears that, in Decembar last, there was found in one of the carriages of the express train running between Venice and Bologna, what proved to be the manuscript of a complete opera, fully scored, and, according to the opinion of competent judges, possessing considerable musical merit. According to an indication contained in the manuscript, both libretto and music are by the same author, whose name, however, does not appear. The parcel has been handed to the police authorities of Venice, but, despite the currency which the story of its discovery has obtained, the "poet-composer" (who must needs be a genius to be so indifferent about the matter!) has not, as yet, claimed his property. To "the man up a tree" this looks very much like a clever advertising dodge.

THE ST. LOUIS NATATORIUM, corner Nineteenth and Pine Streets, will be opened for the season of 1886, on or about May 10th. The entire building has been thoroughly renovated and many new features added at great expense, making it the finest swimming school in the world.

WE have received from N. B. Kneass, Jr., 1126 Market St., Philadelphia, copies of his magazine in raised print, for the blind. The publication is in every way worthy and meritorious and we hope all those of our readers who have blind friends and acquaintances will give them the above address and advise them to subscribe. Better yet; subscribe for them and let your kindly gift throw a ray of sunshine into the souls of those whom sunshine cannot reach through its ordinary channels.

THE Marsh Electric Lamp is the best made. It will furnish a light dim enough to court by or bright enough to read the finest print by. Its light is superior in steadiness and brightness to gas light and second only to the Edison incandescent light. It is suitable alike for city and country use, and while so excellent is the cheapest of all. The company want agents to whom they give a liberal commission See their advertisement in another column and send to them for price lists, terms, etc.

THE stockholders of the Cincinnati Musical Festival Association and contributors to the fund for the support of the chorus have been designated by the Board of Officers as the General Committee for the Festival of 1886, in connection with the Mayor of the city and the Governor of the State. The soloists of the Festival are: Lilli Lehmann, Emma Juch, Helene Hastreiter, Emma Cranch, Myron W. Whitney, William Candidus, Whitney Mockridge, William Ludwig, Alonzo E. Stoddard. The auction sale of choice of seats occurs Tuesday morning, April 20, at 10 o'clock, in College Hall.

A MUSICAL Festival, on a large scale, has been arranged to be held in Toronto about the middle of June next. The works selected for performance are Handel's "Israel in Egypt" and Gounod,s "Mors et Vita," in addition to which there will be a miscellaneous Concert and a Children's Festival Concert. The choir will consist of at least 1,000 voices, and the orchestra will comprise the best available players in the United States, as well as local executants. A guarantee fund of over 5,000 dollars has been raised to insure against loss. The rehearsals are now being carried on weekly, under the able conductorship of Mr. F. H. Torrington.

CHARACTER is the internal life of a piece, engendered by the composer; sentiment is the external impression, given to the work by the interpreter. Character is an intrinsic, positive part of a composition; sentiment, an extrinsic personal matter only.

Character is innate, steady, precise; and, inasmuch as it is wholly expressed by the rhythm, more particularly by the time and *tempo*, the rendering of a piece can only be true to the character, if the time and tempo are generally upheld.

Sentiment, on the other hand, is extraneous, unsteady, varied; and, though it may be appropiate and true, yet it is frequently inappropriate and false.

It is, therefore, necessary to keep the sentiment under control, and to always maintain the character in fact sentiment should never be allowed to assume a prominence over, or be detrimental to, the character of a composition.—*Christiani.*

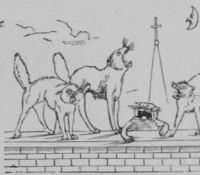
A STRIKING instance of the union of a strong taste for music with a passion for the fine arts is to be found in the subject of one of the liveliest and brightest of recent biographies—Gustave Doré. Jealous of contemporary painters and sculptors, he harbored no such feelings towards musicians, and reckoned among his intimate friends and frequent guests Rossini, Gounod, Liszt, Pauline Viardot, Alboni, Faure, Nilsson and Patti. Doré himself was a much more than average amateur. He played the violin with considerable taste and spirit; Rossini styled him *un tenorino charmant, s'il vous plait;* and by his clever jödelling and excellent imitations of leading artists he often delighted and entertained his musical friends Music would sometimes go hand in hand with work in his case, and he has been known to quit his drawings in order to play a maddening polka for his friends to dance to, and then, laying down his violin, to return to his task in the corner of the studio. Finally, we read, that, not content with musical boxes, he took a delight in mystifying his guests with musical decanters.

THE Editor of London *Truth*, M. Labouchere, writes thus of the author of the libretto of the "Mikado," W. S. Gilbert: I trust that the Americans will not judge us by Mr. Gilbert's foolish and intemperate letter to Messrs. Harper, one of the most honorable of the publishing firms of the United States The letter could not have been worse timed, for there is some hope that the Americans will now assent to international copyright. Mr. Gilbert the Americans should know, is a very amusing, but very cross-grained gentleman, whose infirmity of temper is always leading him into quarrels here, while his own view of his works is so exaggerated that he sincerely thinks the Americans should read them on bended knees, and then send him their weight in gold for the privilege. That swine like Messrs. Harper should have sent him a ten-pound note for publishing these pearls, is, in his opinion, adding insult to injury. The Americans should have erected statues to him in all their towns, and have begged him to draw on the public Treasury for a few millions, or some such trifle, as an inadequate monetary recompense for his condescension in allowing them to benefit by by his heaven-born genius.

THE regular championship season of the American Association of Base Ball Clubs will, in St. Louis, open at Sportsman's Park on the 17th instant. The following games will be played during the month:

April	17th	Browns	vs.	Pittsburghs.
"	18th	"		"
"	19th	"		"
"	20th	"		"
"	21st	"		Louisvilles.
"	22d	"		"
"	24th	"		"
"	25th	"		"
"	26th	"		Cincinnatis.
"	27th	"		"
"	28th	"		"

As the Browns are determined to keep the pennant here and the seven other clubs will try to take it elsewhere, and think they can do it, there will doubtless be excellent work done We do not pretend to be impartial—our sympathies are all with the Browns, and there too, we believe, are the best chances.



COMICAL CHORDS.

GREAT ex-pounders—dead pianists.

LEADING strings—those of the first fiddle.

THE good mother and the accessible slipper always make a spanking team.

THE Arab who invented alcohol died 900 years ago, but his spirit still lives.

A NEGRO, undergoing an examination as a witness, when asked if his master was a Christian, replied: "No, sir, he is a member of Congress."

INSCRIPTION on a tombstone in Columbia, Tenn.: "Escaped the bullets of the enemy to be assassinated by a cowardly pup—a kind husband, an affectionate father."

THE preacher actually startled the sexton into opening the windows, when he told him that the air was so bad in the close church, that it put the organ out of tune using it to blow with.

"HARK, I hear an angel sing!" sang a young man, in an outside township school exhibition. "No, tain't," shouted an old farmer in one of the back seats, "it's only my old mule that's hitched outside!" The young man broke down and quit.

A BRIDE of a month went to a married lady of a quarter of a year, and said: "My darling says that women are fools." "Never mind," said the other, "he is only studying nouns; wait until he reaches adjectives."

MARK TWAIN, speaking of a new mosquito netting, writes: "The day is coming when we shall sit under our nets in church and slumber peacefully, while the discomfitted flies club together and take it out on the minister."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL scholar (to the teacher)—"Did you say that the hairs of my head were all numbered?" Teacher—"Yes, my dear." Sunday-school scholar—"Well, then," (pulling out a hair and presenting it) "what's the number of that one?"

SCENE—Boston—"Ah, Miss Jones, who, may I ask is that atomic formation dancing and co-existent with that mass of particles in a dress coat opposite?" "That etherialized essence of protoplastic adumbration." O! that's a Mr. Smith."

AT a theatre in Dublin, a gentleman requested a man in front of him to sit down, adding sarcastically, "I suppose you are aware, sir, that you are opaque." "I shall sit down when it suits me," was the response; "and, if you want to handle my name, mind it's not O'Brien at all but O'Brien."

A SOLDIER was sentenced, for deserting, to have his ear cut off. After undergoing the ordeal, he was escorted out of the court-yard to the tune of the "Rogue's March." He then turned, and in mock dignity, thus addressed the musicians: "Gentlemen, I thank you, but I have no ear for music."

WHEN a New Hampshire chap wanted to break off the engagement of the girl he loved, to another fellow, he didn't try to persuade either that the other was false. He just contrived to get them both to join the same church choir, and in less than a week they didn't speak.

THE young lady came and tried to sell me a manuscript story. "My teacher likes it," she said, when I had repeated our usual formula, of no space, no money, no time and no anything to her. "Teacher an editor?" I inquired mildly. "No, indeed," was the answer; "she's a person of refinement and education."

"WELL, you be so kind, my little friend, as to tell your grandmother that the man who is taking the census would like to see her" said a down-town census taker yesterday to a young miss of seven summers. The little one hesitated an instant, and then replied: "Yes, sir! I'll tell her, but I don't believe she has any."

AN Englishman at a hotel in New York, asked the clerk if there were "oysters in the hotel." "Oh, yes," was the answer, "step right in the restaurant, we don't keep them in the office." "Egad," said Mr. John Bull, "I think you misunderstand me, you know; I mean a 'oyster, don't you know, a lift, a hellavater, may be you call it in this country."

A YOUNG man with an extremely powerful voice was in doubt what branch of the art to adopt. He went to Cherubini for advice. "Suppose you sing me a few bars," said the master. The young fellow sang so loud that the walls fairly shook. "Now" said he "what do you think I am best fitted for?" "Auctioneering," dryly replied Cherubini.

ROSSINI was at the Opera in Paris, one evening, and seated next to him in the stalls was a pompous individual, who, from his anything but *sotto voce* remarks upon the performance, must have considered himself, as a musical critic, *par excellence*. The opera was "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," and the heroine was represented by a *cantatrice* celebrated for her florid vocalization. At the conclusion of "Una voce poco fa" which brought down the plaudits of the house in general, and of Rossini's neighbor in particular, the *maestro* asked the latter who was the composer of the air they had just heard. "Why, Rossini, of course. What a question." "Really, Monsieur, I beg your pardon; but it is the first time I ever heard it." "Ah!" said the critic, turning superciliously round to Rossini, "one can easily perceive that you are not very well acquainted with operatic music."

LITTLE Bess to gentleman caller: "You ain't black, are you, Mr. M——?

"Black, child? Why, no, I should hope not. What made you think I was?"

"Oh, nothin' 'cept pa said you was awful niggardly."

MRS. JONES—"They tell me that Smith fellow is paying his addresses to the widow Robinson."

Mrs. Brown—"I don't believe a word of it."

Mrs. Jones—"Paying his addresses, indeed! The fellow never paid anything in his life."

IT could not be sweet under any circumstances and would spoil the prettiest mouth or the sweetest voice in the world. Surely "*Ich liebe dich*" can never take the place of "I love you," though it could scarcely be so misunderstood as when the Frenchman said devotedly to an American girl, "*Je t' adore*," and she replied: "*Shut it yourself.*"

"HAVE you heard the news, Pat?" said a jester to an Irish man.

"An' phat's that, sor?"

"The devil is dead?"

"Take that, sor. It's all I have by me, or I might do better," said Pat, handing him a penny. "I niver sind an orphant away impty handed, sor."

"SHALL I sing that beautiful song 'Mother is Waiting,' for you?" asked a flush street girl of a gentleman making a morning call, and who was a little deaf.

"I beg pardon. What was that?"

"Mother is Waiting."

"Excuse me. I'll go then. I saw her hanging out the clothes as I came. Sorry to detain you from your washing."

FOR many years Moses, a negro, was a servant at the University of Alabama, and waited on the students very faithfully; but he was a most notorious hypocrite. He was, on that account, commonly called "Preach" among the boys. One day he was passing a crowd of students, when one of them, out of mischief, called to him and said: "I say, Preach, what are you going to do when Satan gets you?" "Wait on students," was the ready reply.

A NOTED colored vagrant was brought before a Texan Justice of the Peace.

"You are a chronic vagrant. You have been punished time and again for begging and stealing," said the Justice.

"Hole up dar, Judge! I nebber before was accused of begging. I'se been saunt to the county jail five times, and to de penitentiary at Huntsville, twice, but hit was for stealin' eberry time. Don't try to make me out wusser dan I is."—*Texas Siftings.*

IN the far West what may be termed the religious traveler is occasionally met with—the perambulating parson or the migratory missionary. "Where are you going," said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat, whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock. "I am going to heaven, my son. I have been on my way for eighteen years." "Well, good-by, old fellow! If you have been travelling toward heaven for eighteen years and got no nearer than Arkansas, I will take another route."

THE following lines were taken from a young lady's hymn-book, which she carelessly left in church—

I look in vain—he does not come;
Dear, dear what shall I do?
I cannot listen as I ought,
Unless he listens too.
He might have come as well as not;
What plagues these fellows are!
I'll bet he's fast asleep at home,
Or smoking a cigar.