MUSICAL KUNKEL'S LEAF.

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

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ORGAN PLAYING.

It is not to be denied that organ playing now-a-days has lost much of its old dignity—so befitting the noble and majestic character of the instrument! The organists of to-day strive for effect. They treat the organ as a secular orchestra, and the music performed in the churches is purely and simply theatrical. No profundity whatever, and but little skill are required for this style of church music, which appropriates the popular airs of the day, whether operatic or otherwise, and serves them up in cheap arrangements, much resembling the clap-trap fantasias of fashionable piano-forte scribblers for the beginners or moderately advanced pupils. In the time of Bach and Handel, these things were different. Composers of their period wrote from religious inspiration, and laid at the foot of the altar the best fruits of the most serious and persevering study. The idea of patching up a string of melodies to please the vapid taste of frivolous congregations, never entered their minds. Their deepest and most pious convictions were their only guides, and their true and innocent love of the art, with their marvelous diligence in cultivating and fathoming resources, made them masters of such skill that even the best among us of to-day look up to these grand old minds and reverence them as something almost superhuman, and well nigh unattainable. Can anything surpass the beautiful compositions of Bach and Handel upon the organ? Are they not as fresh and lovely in spirit, and as varied and profound in their rich complexity as if they presented a *future* development instead of one of the past? But the modern organist shrinks from them because they are too difficult, and because he has (but too frequently) learned too fast and too superficially. The necessity to make money as easily and as quickly as possible has corrupted the purity of the artist, and he makes it a study to please his patrons, instead of educating and elevating their taste and conquering the art in its noblest forms. That there are exceptions among the musicians of the day, we gladly admit. But enough of fault finding with circumstances and facts, which are, for the time being, unavoidable. We will take things as they are, just now, and devote the remainder of our article to the correct manner of playing the organ, and using its stops or registers, and pedals, irrespective of modern or classical style of composition. The study of the organ comprises three distinct and important divisions.

1. The management of the keyboard, or education of the fingers to the correct organ touch.
2. The judicious and tasteful use of the stops.
3. The skilled use of the pedals.

MANAGEMENT OF THE KEYBOARD.

Many people suppose that piano and organ playing interfere with each other, and that one is apt to spoil the other. This is not the case so long as either is not exclusively practiced. If the study of both is kept up, they help each other. The basis of touch in each instrument is the *legato* style. Both organist and pianist should strive to attain in it *perfection*. There are three ways of producing it, all three being necessary and used according to circumstances and the requirements of the case. 1. By carefully reaching from key to key and in that manner joining the notes together; 2. By a judicious changing of fingers upon sustained keys; 3. By such quick removal from any given place to any other near or distant, that no appreciable disconnection is perceptible. In the latter case the keys must be held firmly down to the complete and full value of the note, the fingers and hand being displaced to the next position, at a single stroke and with the utmost rapidity, security, and neatness. This method is especially useful in the playing of entire chords.

A short, emphasis touch is due to all good organ playing, and organists should be careful to avoid the misuse of the *staccato*. In this respect the piano and organ differ essentially from each other. The responsiveness of the piano, especially when the pedal is taken, is such that the most rapid and faintest touch will produce a clear and thoroughly well formed tone, even though it be of *pianissimo* quality. On the organ more time is required for the production of tone, and therefore a very short *staccato* will not answer at any time. It may safely be laid down as a law in organ playing that the *staccato* must never exceed the *moderately short* quality. There is another essential difference in the piano and organ touch. On the piano, tones may be modified from soft to loud, at will, by a greater or less application of force. On the organ, power of tone is exclusively regulated by the number and kind of stops. While the pianist is therefore, constantly making and fashioning the tone, and must therefore constantly modify the application of force, the organist invariably strikes with firmness and a certain amount of quick force, and then holds down the keys at bottom-pressure.

THE JUDICIOUS AND TASTEFUL USE OF THE STOPS.

Space will scarcely permit more than a very general treatment of this part of our subject, though, however, can be indicated to safely guide the intelligent reader.

The stops of an organ, no matter how small or large their number, must be regarded: 1. In the light of a distribution of forces; 2. In their variety of color for special uses; 3. In their difference of quality of a clear, open, subdued, penetrating, thin, full, broad or round tone; 4. In their relations of pitch. When the organist has become fully acquainted with the resources of his instrument and understands clearly what the requirements of the moment are, he will know how to make an advantageous choice of stops. If he accompany a quartette of voices, he will take care to support them well without everpowering them, or even obscuring in the least degree, or interfering with the clearness, prominence, purity, ease and confidence of their singing. A grander and more majestic treatment may be required when he accompanies a chorus, while a more or less subdued manner becomes necessary when he sustains a solo singer. In all these different cases a proper distribution and balance of forces must be effected. To accomplish this the stops must be properly combined in regard to their pitch. The basis of each combination (with rare exceptions) demands a sufficient and palpable amount of force in the way of eight-foot stops, (one or more), which represent the standard-pitch, the same as that of the piano. To these may be allied one or more four-foot stops, to add brightness, color, brilliancy or expression. Higher-pitched stops may be added after the four-foot stops, also mixtures. The latter must never be made prominent, and are used in larger combinations only. The same general rule applies to all stops of higher than four-foot pitch.

Concerning the variety of color of different stops, good taste demands that the solid qualities of diapason and principal should form the groundwork of all usual combinations. Fancy stops may occasionally have the upper hand, but may very generally be used in connection with the former.

Whether the total effect of the organ shall be subdued, clear, gentle and humble, or penetrating, broad and majestic, depends entirely upon circumstances, and the organist of skill will have no difficulty in selecting suitable registers.

THE SKILLED USE OF THE PEDALS.

To attain skill upon the pedals, the student should from the beginning accustom himself not to look at the pedal keys, but rather pull out one of the pedal-couplers, and look at the manual, until he can also dispense with that assistance. The pedals might be practiced alone half an hour or more each day. Then, after a few weeks, in conjunction with the left hand alone, taking care to choose those exercises in which the pedal part will differ essentially from that of the manual. After some ease has been attained in this, both hands may be practiced, supported by the pedals, under the strict rule that the three parts, right, left, and pedal, shall each be *obbligato*, that is, individually different from each other. Meanwhile the player *must not look at the pedals*.

To become a good organist, years of careful and conscientious application are necessary, and let the student remember that the unceasing study of Bach, Handel and other classical writers—can alone lead to excellence.

When the pedal-tone is required to be prominent or a solid foundation seems desirable, a third more of power may be allotted to it than to the manuals, providing care be taken not to combine with it couplers containing stops of too elevated pitch.

A volume might profitably be written upon the art of organ playing; here, in our limited space, we can but indicate and suggest. What we have said is not new, and perfectly well known to all good organists. We chiefly desired to inform the general reader and awaken in him an interest in a subject worthy of popular discussion and instruction, the more so that a regeneration and purification of the organ style of the day is becoming an urgent necessity.

JAPANESE MUSIC.

Music is a popular art among the people of Japan. It is considered indispensable at any festival; and in every house at least a small number of musical instruments are to be found.

The *koto*, an instrument with thirteen strings, and the *Samsin* (form part of the humblest bride's trousseau. Improvisors upon the guitar stand at every street corner, while in *Yoshiwara*, the pleasure ward in Yeddo, there are three hundred and ninety-five tea houses where every meal is enlivened by music. There is not a single public house where the traveler lacks opportunity to hear the *Uwesiba*, young girls who play upon the *Schamisenq*, an instrument somewhat resembling a guitar.

The musicians form a separate caste in Japan. Some are clothed with official dignity, and take part only in religious ceremonies or very important worldly festivities; others are independent, and always ready to offer their services for private enterprises. The musical caste is divided into four grades, the division being unfortunately influenced by wealth and political position quite as much as by merit. Those of the highest grade are called *Gakkounine*, and hold a position equal to the highest political dignity; in fact princes often associated themselves with musicians of this rank. Their best orchestra is in the service of the *Mikado* and is called *Gagackon* or *Gackon*. Among its archives are manuscripts of such high antiquity that the text cannot be deciphered. Musicians of the second grade (*Guwin*) hold the same social position as the average Japanese merchant, and are usually totally ignorant of the theory of music. The orchestra of the *Tycoon*, an organization called *No* belongs to this class.

The endeavors of a certain fellow to attract some modicum of attention to his unimportant person by little flings at the Kunkel Popular Concerts, whenever and wherever he can get his ungrammatical stuff published, are very funny, but as we are not out "gunning" for fleas, he will not succeed in drawing our fire.

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IN this, the initial number of the eighth volume of KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW (the seventh under its present editorship) the editor has no excuses to make for the past, no promises for the future. He is satisfied with the enemies as well as the friends his course has made for himself and this paper, and he will be quite happy if he largely increases the number of both by means of his writings in the present volume.

THE year which has just closed has been an uneventful one in the realm of music. If we except the *Morat Fête* of Gounod, whose scope and general plan, as published, promises a work of unusual interest, but of which we really, as yet, know nothing; there has been no work created during 1884 which deserves more than a passing mention, nothing that can be called a great addition to the literature of music. No new stars of any magnitude have made their appearance in the operatic firmament during the last twelvemonth, nor has any new concert singer or instrumentalist astonished any one. No great conservatories or other musical institutions have been founded and no large endowments have been given to those already in existence. Even in the matter of trade in musical goods and instruments, there seems to have been a general depression throughout the world. In a word, 1884 has not been a musical year. Let us hope that 1885 may be more satisfactory!

MUSICAL PRECOCITY.

THE "infant phenomenon" in music is always the laughing stock of musicians and often the admiration and pet of the uninitiated. Every few weeks, one sees going the rounds of the press some story of the marvelous musical genius of some five year old boy or girl, who is sure to become a second Mozart or something even greater. This has been going on for a score of years to our knowledge, and probably much longer, and yet the oft promised second Mozart comes not. The fact is undoubtedly that, in a very large majority of cases, a very moderate amount of skill has been magnified by the fond ignorance of doting relatives into something prodigious, and has been so written up for the press by some gallant reporter of dog-fights and "social sensations," whose knowledge of music was limited to the recognition of a vague difference between "Old Hundred" and "Yankee Doodle;" but even making allowance for those cases, there must be not a few where there was remarkable talent in the children. Then, why have they not been heard of afterwards? If we bear in mind the fact that even Mozart, who was undoubtedly a musical prodigy, received constant and regular tuition from his earliest youth until he reached adolescence, we may find one of the causes why his would-be successors stop at the would-be. But few of the precocious musicians we hear of but few of the precocious musicians we hear of have judicious and musically educated parents. Ordinarily, they are freely told that they are geniuses and, naturally, as such, are to be exempt from the drudgery of study and practice. Of course, the parents belong to some church, society or lodge, which, once or twice a year, gives a "complimentary" or "benefit" concert, and on these occasions these bright infants are put forward and made to go through their little pieces, while an unpaid *claque* of the family's friends applaud to the echo the crude but ambitious performances of the youngsters, who are not so young as to be insensible to flattery. Thenceforth, whatever time and labor are expended by the youthful "genius" in the study of music, must be spent on learning showy and usually inappropriate compositions; the hard work of systematic study is eschewed and while the hare is browsing here and gamboling there, the race is run and the tortoise has distanced him.

If the teacher remonstrates, papa and mamma pay him off and employ one who will be readier to recognize the wonderful talents of their offspring. The result is, in all cases, supercilious little fools who, as soon as they are left to compete with others in the open arena of the world, are distanced and forgotten by friends and foes alike—if indeed they ever have amounted to enough to have foes.

Again there are certainly cases where early development does not continue beyond a certain age, cases of rapid growth followed by rapid decay, which are not due to the character of the cultivation but only to inborn peculiarities of the individual.

But, if, in not a few cases, parents unwisely create an atmosphere of adulation about their bright children which stifles and destroys the talents which they wished to foster, by too early introducing them to the glamour of the concert room, we think there are many others in which the fear of the results we have depicted, an idea that any early training is a forcing process, leads parents to delay much too long the cultivation of the musical talents of their children.

In the first place, musical talents develop early, if at all. Still, a distinction should be made between the talent for creation or composition and that for execution or performance. The latter is always an early growth. The history of music does not present a single instance, so far as we know, of a piano *virtuoso* who was not such at the age of twenty. We do not mean that there was no increase of skill after that age, but that a standing as an artist had been obtained at that age. The causes of this are obvious; one of the elements (not the highest but an *indispensable* one notwithstanding) of pre-eminence as a performer on any instrument is dexterity, a dexterity which can only be obtained while the nerves, tendons and muscles are still in their growing, formative, plastic period. The judicious practice of five finger exercises, for instance, cannot be begun too early with a child who is intended for a pianist, provided its hands be large enough to reach without effort the consecutive keys—we say the *judicious* practice, because there might be such a thing as the bending out of shape (inward) of the little finger, if the child is allowed to strike the fifth key with the side of the finger, as it is not unlikely to do (especially if the action of the piano is somewhat stiff) in order to get the additional weight of its little hand and the more direct action of the muscles of its wrist to press down the key.

What is true of the piano is true of every other instrument. The earlier its study is begun, the better. The same is also true of the voice, if care be taken to cultivate the child's voice as that of a child and to watch its changes so as not to destroy the organ by undue efforts at improper times.

Talent for composition usually develops later, and few indeed are the compositions of even those whom posterity has called geniuses that were written before manhood which deserve to live; yet, even here, the flames of genius often began to burn in the form of compositions, even in the midst of difficulties, at an age when most of the parents of our day would, if they could, put an extinguisher upon them for fear of violating some supposed physiological law of development.

Handel, who, at the age of seven played upon the organ before the Duke of Weissenfels in a manner to astonish him, began writing "a sacred motet each week for exercise," under the direction of Zachau from that age until some years later, although he did not produce his first opera, *Almira*, until he was twenty, nor the oratorios upon which his fame rests until he was fifty-five years old.

Haydn, who says that he had "such facility in music that by the time he was six, he stood up like a man and sang masses in the church choir and could play a little on the clavier and the violin," wrote nothing worth preserving until he was past twenty, but, without having received any instruction in harmony and composition, from the age of eight he wrote music "upon every blank page of music paper on which he could lay his hands."

Mozart was undoubtedly a prodigy. At three years of age he began to pick up musical instruction from hearing an older sister play—at six he played at Court, and it is said that some of his compositions written when he was but nine or ten years of age, have a real merit. His first opera "La Finta Semplice" was written in his twelfth year. Prodigy though he certainly was, his father did not neglect the systematic training of his genius.

Cherubini says of himself: "I began to learn music at six and composition at nine." By the time he was sixteen he had composed three Masses, two Dixits, a Magnificat, a Miserere, a Te Deum, an Oratorio, three cantatas and a lot of smaller compositions, although it was not until he was twenty-eight that he began the series of works that have made him famous.

Beethoven began composing at nine or ten years of age, although nothing worthy of him came from his pen until he was twenty-two or three.

Mendelssohn's mother, long before he had another for a teacher (and he had Muse, Bigot as a teacher at the early age of seven), had begun to teach him music, commencing with lessons five minutes long and gradually increasing the time as he became able to do more. He was but nine when he appeared in public as a pianist with great success, and from his twelfth year began composition systematically. It is probably due to the training so early begun by his parents that he is one of the exceptions to the rule we have mentioned of composers writing little that is worth preserving before they attain early manhood, since his "Midsummer Night's Dream Music" was composed when he was in his eighteenth year.

Wagner's talent for composition exhibited itself (rather grotesquely, as he himself admits), when he was yet but a boy, and Gounod's musical training began at his mother's knee although neither produced any great work before they had reached manhood.

Examples might be multiplied indefinitely but they all point the same way. Great talents for music develop early, talent for execution first, talent for production, if ever, later. Such talent when exhibited should not be repressed nor treated as a morbid condition, but cultivated carefully and systematically, but in the large majority of cases the exhibiting of precocious children as "marvels" or "prodigies" kills their growth as musicians and should be scrupulously avoided by their guardians.

C. T. SISSON.

WE do not know when nor where the gentleman whose picture appears upon this page was born. We know he must have been born on some lucky day for Sisson is nothing if not lucky. The fact that his picture appears in this issue is itself a proof of our allegation. At the close of the year our publishers determined to print in this issue the picture of some one of the authors whose compositions grace their catalogue. Not knowing just whom to select, they had the names written on slips of paper and placed in a box, and the first pretty young lady who came to their office was asked to draw one of the papers. She did so and when the paper was unrolled it was found that the name of Sisson led all the rest. It chanced that the editor was in possession of a good photograph of the victim, which was forthwith turned over to Messrs. Cramer & Lange, who deserve great credit for their excellent reproduction of it in the form of a wood cut.

Of course, this picture was (and is) to be a surprise to "Old Sis," as his friends speak familiarly of him, and yet we wished to obtain some data for a biographical sketch. We therefore wrote Sisson telling him that "to settle a little bet" we wished to know the place and time of his birth, his first connection with music and the music trade, the date of his marriage, etc. "The letter sent to New York reached him in Pittsburgh and from the latter place he wrote the editor a letter from which we quote briefly:

"I'm neither a horse race nor a game of base ball—I'm not even a national election and don't like to be made the subject of bets. Besides, I don't remember; what I know of the date and place of my birth is hearsay, and you, who are a lawyer, would hardly take that as evidence. I was not an active agent in that transaction and don't wish to be held responsible therefor. My first connection with music was, I believe, a whistle made out a hickory sprout one fine spring day, i.e. my voluntary connection for I have a faint recollection of some previous vocal performances before small but appreciative audiences which had something to do with hickory sprouts selected by my elders." There was more in the same strain. We are therefore reduced to a rehearsal of what we know personally of Mr. Sisson. He has for many years been in the music business. For several years, he ran two large music stores in Texas, but his knowledge of the trade of the west and his well-known business integrity made him desirable as a manager of agencies to certain large Eastern houses, and Mr. Sisson sold out his stores in the Lone Star State and went out upon the road. His square dealing secures him the confidence alike of his customers and of his principals. He is a lover of music as an art and the author of a number of easy, but very tuneful, piano works, the best known of which are probably the "Oleander Blossoms" series, published by Kunkel Brothers, from which some selections have heretofore appeared in this journal. We have characterized Sisson as "lucky," but those who know him best all agree that his "luck" is mostly well-directed energy, coupled with an almost inexhaustible fund of genial good-nature. When he sees himself in the REVIEW, Sisson will wish he had not answered us so dippantly, but perhaps his nonsense will have proved quite as interesting reading as would have been a dry statement of dates and names of places.

NATIONAL MELODIES.

IN crossing the Pacific from San Francisco to Sidney, a highly cultured gentleman—in fact, a literary man—remarked to me that it was very *condescending* on my part to play from time to time popular melodies at my concerts. I underline the word "condescending," as it is the pivotal column of my letter, and you will see why. Permit me to communicate, through the medium of your valuable paper, my reply, which I will give faithfully, simply, and as briefly as possible. This matter being, from a musical and historico-artistic standpoint very important, it is not so very easy to condense it; but I will try all the same to do it as well as I can.

The gentleman was not a musician, and my verbal answer was as follows, and be it said once for all. "My dear friend, I am, as you remark, very often requested to play at my concerts some popular melody, familiar to all, and people who address themselves to me generally accompany their request, just as you did, with excuses for trespassing on the threshold of art's sacred temple for expressing such a wish. In the first place, I may say that when I play a popular melody I choose only such as have intrinsic musical value.

And here is where the big mistake comes in on your and on their part. Should people request me to play a trashy piece, even if popular—which sometimes happens—I simply refuse to comply; but I never refuse to play a familiar, popular melody, if good.

Now let me further explain myself. The domain of art is infinite; it may have a beginning, but most certainly has no end. It is infinite, and the best an artist can do is to be meek; and he ought to know well that, after all, a lifetime is not enough to know even a little in the tremendous vastness of his art. In that vast domain of musical literature are, of course, also included the national airs and dancing tunes of all countries and nations—civilized, semi-civilized, and barbarous. The richest nations in this respect are the Spanish, Scotch, Irish, English, German, Scandinavian, and Hungarian. The mines of popular melodies and dancing tunes of these nations are marvelously rich. Some composers of these remarkable melodies are known, but by far the greater part of them are void of parentage; but what of that? They belong to the nation. We may not know who planted a flower. The seed fell into the ground, and, lo! we behold a beautiful object, with its exquisite fragrance. We contemplate with delight a splendid oak. Who planted it? It matters not. We see a graceful and majestic palm. Where does it come from? We know not. And so it is mostly with the popular national melodies and dancing tunes. They grow, so to speak, and we musicians rejoice in them. We hear and discriminate their manifold beauties.

The people also know them, and love them intuitively; but having known them from childhood almost as well as their mother tongue, fail to give them the importance (on account of their familiarity) they so richly deserve, constituting as they really do one of the brightest ornament and most faithful expressions of their nationality and characteristic individuality. But discriminating power is not given to everybody. "*Qui bene distinguit, bene docet.*" All these airs are generally put indiscriminately into the same basket,—the good and the bad together.

Now, as there is bad, good, and magnificent literature; bad, good, and magnificent painting; and so forth, in every branch of art; so there are mediocre, even absolutely bad popular melodies. And then, again, there are good, fine, grand and even sublime ones. Again, I repeat, the composers of most of these melodies—especially the old ones—are unknown. They were probably composed unconsciously, in a moment of inspiration.

Let me name at random a few of the most perfect gems to be found among the Scotch national airs, known almost to everybody. "Auld lang syne," a dear old song, without which friendly gatherings amongst English speaking people all over the globe would lose much of their charm. How frank and straightforward is the flowing melody. "Ye banks and braes"—how it fascinates us with its exquisitely smooth and lyric strain. "Auld Robin Gray," a melody worthy of Beethoven. "Scots wha ha'e," with its rugged and solemn, antique grandeur. "Charlie is my darling," with its spirit stirring jollity. "The Campbells are coming," with its savage clannish majesty. "John Anderson, my Jo," evidently an old Gregorian melody—simple, gloomy and grand.

C. T. SISSON.

I could name many others, and perfect ones too—Scotch, Irish, English, and of all other nations. Volumes could be written on this subject, but I must be brief, and condense my remarks as much as possible. I must repeat again to you that all these melodies I have named have absolute and intrinsic musical value. They are perfect gems, and, in reality tuneful poems. But I cannot help mining some more. Take, for instance, the multitude of exquisite Irish airs. What superb characteristic entry shall I give them? I am nearly at a loss for sufficient expressions. "The last rose of summer," with its melancholy, fragrant sweetness; "Silent, O Moyle," with its inconsolable sadness; "The harp that once in Tara's halls," which air tells us so much of bygone glory, and others, and again others, all magnificent melodic pearls—which Erin can wear with pride in her diadem—and then, again, those innumerable gay, half-merry, half-sad, sturdy and jolly melodies in papa John Bull's own song hall. What beautiful strains we possess in his glees, madrigals, merry songs, and jolly, jolly hornpipes. Don't laugh, my dear friend, those hornpipe dancing tunes are very fine, a thousand times finer and better than thousands of pale-faced, unnatural characteristic compositions of our days. What wealth you possess in these melodic mines.

Let me name the English national anthem, "God save the queen" (or king). Hasn't its strain the simple simplicity (excuse this pleonasm), the grandeur of a Doric temple? They say it was composed by a Dr. Bull. May be. Nobody knows exactly who its composer is; but how admirably it expresses English loyalty—permit me to express it thus—it adapts itself wonderfully to John Bullism. You may wonder, my friend, that mentioning so many favorite national tunes, I omitted to mention the terribly popular "Home, sweet Home." I did it on purpose, and for a special reason of mine, which is, because it is not a national melody at all; it is an importation, and not a happy one either. It is not English, and not American either, though the words, which are so dear to all English-speaking people, were written by Payne, an American. There are thousands of middling melodies far better than this favorite air. The music to Payne's words was adapted by Sir Henry Bishop, but never composed by him. It is an old, very mediocre, Sicilian air, and was first sung, I believe, about 1830, or thereabout, in an opera called the "Maid of Milan" in London. The *prima donna* who sang it first must have sung it very well, and must have been very beautiful, in my belief, to

have been able to naturalize into English this by no means brilliant Sicilian melody, but the words made the melody go down, just like the good sance with the bad fish; and, as I said before, people are not always happy discriminating in art matters. If they were, art would be always progressing, which is by no means the case; very often it remains stationary, and very often it is retrograding. I know that this melody is very dear to every body who speaks English. I know that it is, and remains nevertheless, in spite of all its popularity, a very mediocre musical composition. I hope you will not kill me *for daring* to destroy the halo which surrounds so undeservedly this simple and by no means good melody. You may be sure that I never play it. But what of that? You can boast of a host of other wonderful melodies. You do not need this one, this special one, and just because you do not need it, you will stick to it. I am only too sure, through thick and thin. You are welcome to it, but give me those unbiased, magnificent English, Scotch, and Irish musical gems, and I am their fervent admirer. What is the "Marseillaise" but a God-inspired melodic flash, begotten in a moment of exalted patriotic craze? It could never have been composed and conceived in a normal time—never. Rouget de l'Isle, its composer, was a very middling musician, and a very bad poet, still he has composed (music and words) this stirring and heroic strain. About thirty-two years afterwards (in a time of political calm) he composed another French anthem—fortunately for his fame generally unknown. It is infinitely not so bad as the "Marseillaise" is absolutely grand and sublime. And what shall I say about our own Hungarian March, the March Rakoczy, the Hungarian March of Marches!—the composer of which is also unknown, and hence I suppose it was expressly composed for the Hungarians, and is archangel in a heavenly leisure hour, and sent down by some mysterious agency to the Hungarians, that in order to have a celestial, grand martial strain for any emergency, and I assure you it fits admirably to the Hungarian idea of heroic patriotism and the archangel composer in the heavenly spheres ought to have the great golden medal for having bequeathed to a Hungarian such a celestial, heroic strain.

Now for a parenthesis. Hardly had I finished my admiring eulogy upon our own Hungarian national march, the March of Rákóczy, when my gentleman friend surprised me by asking me if "Carnival of Venice" is a really popular tune, and if it had any musical value. Scarcely had I recovered from my surprise at this unexpected inquiry of my friend, when I answered him as follows:—"Most certainly, the tune of 'Carnival of Venice' is a popular melody, and a good one too; but what on earth it has to do with Venice is more than I can tell. Five hundred years ago there two hundred years old; then, it is not Venetian at all, but a Neapolitan canzonetta ('Oh cara mamma mia.') Its melody was, I believe, composed by Locatelli, a great Italian violin virtuoso, before the time of Paganini. Locatelli made also variations on this air, so did Ernst, and many others; and you may amuse yourself, my friend,—that is if you are able to do so, which I doubt—by reading two billion variations if you like; there is no limit to its possibilities. But will the variations be good? That is the question. Some are good, if bad, bad; but the melody is certainly a very good one, and also itself admirable for variations, because only two chords to it, which chords alternate with imperturbable regularity on the *tonic* and *dominant*. For myself, I play it very often, but I must tell you at once, and in *camera caritatis*, that I never wrote (yet) down a single variation. I always improvise them before the audience—never play twice alike, and before commencing to play generally commend myself to the good will and charity of some musical guardian angel not to leave me in the lurch. And now, my friend, after this diversion, let me resume again my discourse about popular melodies."

Great masters also treated and developed in their immortal works popular melodies. What is Chopin's music, but the very quintessence of his own Polish national feelings, for his music is grand musical soul tells us so eloquently the sufferings of his dear, beloved Poland? And what is Schubert, but the Olympian and Elysian expression of the sublime *volkslied*? Schumann in his imperishable compositions is but the highest expression of his aphoristic, philosophic, and lyric German heart and soul. Weber's immortal "Freischütz" is but a gigantic national Teutonic outpouring of his musically lyric soul. One of Mendelssohn's very best inspirations is a veritable *volkslied* in his "*Lieder ohne Worte*!" Haydn has introduced a great many Scotch melodies, and is he not the composer of the wonderful Austrian Hymn? Had he composed nothing but this one melody, he could have claim to immortality.

Again I could quote you many more examples among the great tone masters to corroborate my statements. Take the French musical literature. Are Auber, Hérold, Méhul, Boïeldien, and Gounod (in his "Faust"), anything but transcendental musical expressions of their nationality? Or among the Italians—Carissimi, Monteverde, Leo, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, and others, are they not the national musicians of their Latin race? And Glinka, the Russian composer, is he not the *vox populi* of his own nation? and so of not the *vox populi* of his own nation? and so of many others. I permit me to name one more, *et sunc vocis ad verum fortissimum*. Can it be any other than Beethoven, the Teutonic musician? Did he not, this musical Jupiter, treat and develop Russian popular airs and dances in his wonderful string quartets (opus 59); and what are after all the themes in Beethoven's symphonies but the heaven-born *volkslied* of his deeply-feeling heart. Did he not say himself that he felt only with the people, and through the people, and did he not give the highest and most sublime expression to those feelings, just like Michael Angelo, in his imperishable works.

What name shall we give to the *andante* movement in the Seventh Symphony, and to his Choral Fantasia, written for piano, chorus, and orchestra? What is the *adagio* in the fifth symphony but a popular, heavenly outburst of the most exalted triumph, but triumph in the last degree, and it could not be simpler? All is expressed and magnificently built up upon the two most elementary melodies. The *tonic* and *dominant* are the last melody in the *finale* of his Ninth Symphony, this crowning glory in musical literature, but as I said before, it is absolutely simple, and, at the deep, grand soul? It is nothing else, and that is enough. But how the composer treated and developed this *leitmotif*? There is the important question. The artist must know how to set a jewel; he must know how to cut and polish it, and then unfold. In one word, he must be an artist, and must know his art thoroughly.

Let me, moreover, resume, when an artist—I mean a conscientious artist, who knows what he is about—has a choice between popular and national melody, he must show his appreciation of the gem he handles by treating and developing his subject musically and artistically. Not only the national, he must never lose sight of its redundant national fragrance, and at the same time must be able not only to make it, but it must be not so much a *mixtum compositum*. It must be not, as if I said, "*Ein ton, my dear sir, ein bischiere di aqua gobes*, which, you will perhaps think, is much more sensible to say simply thus: "My dear sir, will you give me a glass of water?" Just so.

Before finishing my remarks to you, my dear sir, I must yet say a few things to complete my argument. Those who are in the habit of using presence, these wonderful melodies for their simplicity, and they are so. You know it is only a simple melody, if "Yes, I do know it." Just so, if you may as well excuse a flower on the ground of being a simple flower, and not a composition; being a beautiful woman, and further, you must know, once for all that if a melody is not simple it is no melody at all. Mozart, Mozart, Mozart, composed only but simple melodies. You must never lose sight of this very important *simple* statement, and bear this eternal, *eternal* truth continually in mind.

Again, some people insult these melodies by calling them "trivial" or "pretty" is really an insulting term applied to these melodic gems. A ballad, or any other song without special and intrinsic value for individuality of character, written without any mother idea whatever—in fact, a composition and not a composition; those ballads written by those last *alleyr* in the fashion of rococo-fashionable (?) composers—may be called pretty, dies. No, never! But these imperishable melodies, they are grand, and only this word expresses well their value. Therefore, for heaven's sake, my dear friend, do not excuse these (simple) national melodies—do not be ashamed, need no excuse; all they need is admiration, which they so well deserve, and take my word for it, they are a much greater and more imperishable treasure than even Bach's and his national wealth. Banks can, do and will fail, but these melodies will never fail, and their transcendant beauties are of more value to a nation, after all, than its crown jewels, or any other jewels. Bear in mind what remained of the Grecians and Romans and other ophy. Those treasures are still intact, whereas all the rest is gone, gone, gone! Forewarned is forearmed, and you (continued I to my friend) have unintentionally forewarned me by using such an expression as my condescending to play such tunes. I do not condescend. On the contrary I honor myself by playing these melodies, when I choose to do so, by accenting with them, all *sans*, as high as I can. *Dixi et salvavi animam meam.*

EDOUARD REMENYI, in *Melbourne Argus.*

SCIENCE AND ART IN MUSIC.

THE laws of *timbre* are the basis of the theory of instrumentation, and also embrace the whole of harmony. Thanks to them, all that has been explained heretofore is reducible to one single principle—that is, *that musical notes must satisfy the laws of harmony, and that this is the more perfect the more the notes of a chord reinforce the fundamental note.* Thus the idea of the tonic and the fundamental chord loses its character of only practical utility; it becomes a necessary consequence of this law.

Science has succeeded in taking in from one single point of view this gra nd and admirable assemblage of facts, which constitute the history and development of music. It is in a position to deduce rigorously the rules of the art of music, and could easily create it anew if it happened to be lost.

But I should not wish these words of mine to rain in the minds of my readers the idea that science can be or desires to be substituted for art. Art is a sentiment, a feeling, and an intuition, which science indeed can explain up to a certain point when it has taken a palpable form, but it can not create it, because it is not, it is a poetic inspiration. As the most profound knowledge of grammar, of syntax and prosody, is not sufficient to make even a mediocre poet, so the most accurate study of the laws of harmony and of instrumentation would not be enough to create a composer. Composition is composed of two diametrically opposite operations of the human mind, which should go hand in hand as far as possible with a common agreement, and be complementary one to the other; but the critic will never be a great composer, nor the composer a true critic.

Even the most fantastic creations of man may be linked to the laws which science has revealed, but these laws were certainly unknown to those great men of genius who have left an imperishable monument of their works. They were only guided in their paths by feeling, fancy and inspiration, and unconsciously and unsystematized. And it will always be thus, even in the future. The thought, therefore, will never enter into our musical poetry, and there will be fifty or a hundred years hence, and, artistically speaking, whether it will be on the ascending or descending branch of the parabola; the means as the aesthetic principles to which the art successively conforms have no absolute value. But it may be said with certitude that a single Italian, Greek, or Hebrew melodist which is clearly contrary to the broad principles already established in the science.

Much has been said about the great, substantial difference separating the Italian and German music. The former is simple, melodious, tuneful, and melodious; the latter complicated, studied, obscure, and transcendental. And it is sought to find in this the characteristic and decisive difference between the two nations. It is true that in the last and present centuries Italian musicians have contented by choice melody and song, and it is also true that in German music the study of harmony and of choral and instrumental scoring has been carried to an admirable degree of perfection; but it is not true that this has always been the case, and it would be a great error to endeavor to find in these facts a distinctive characteristic of the two nations. In the Middle Ages matters were exactly reversed; the Italian masters of polyphonic music were marked in Italy by immense complication. Voices linked together in a most artificial manner, different movements fused together according to complicated and obscure rhythms, are characteristics of Italian polyphonic music up to the time of Palestina. The Protestant Reformation produced in Germany simple harmony and song, a form of music at once clear, easy, and transparent. No comparison is possible as to simplicity between the first Protestant chants and the Italian music of this same Palestrina, who was, however, the great reformer and simplifier of Italian polyphonic music.

After this epoch the two nations continued, in respect to style, almost on the same road. Italy decidedly took the lead, thanks to her enormous musical activity, and to the considerable number of men of real creative power.

From this moment progress was rapid and continuous. Viadana wrote the first melodies, and added as their accompaniment the continuous bass; Carissimi and Scarlatti may be considered as the inventors of expressive recitative. To this last true musical genius we owe the invention of the *aria*, which with its first and second part and repetition represents in music almost that which the column represents in architecture. In his operatic essays he introduced the *recitativo obbligato*, and initiated by this the change from the first Italian style to the second, a change which his great disciples and emulators, Durante, Leo, and Greco, thoroughly effected. Thanks to their efforts, music threw off its character of great severity, and its rigid rules of harmony and counterpoint. In their hands, and in those of the bold innovator, Claudio Monteverde, it, on the contrary, underwent, considerable instrumental development, with more boudly and freely distributed melody followed by accompaniments of greater simplicity and of freer scope. For the austere movement, was substituted clear, simple, ingenuous sentiment; a plastic beauty, exact time, maintained with grace and fine discrimination in the midst of most beautiful melodies, was the character assumed by music in the seventeenth century, a character which is especially to be recognized in the ecclesiastical music; while in opera, notwithstanding all efforts, the form still remained very primitive. This movement continued up to the eighteenth century. Following close on church music, opera developed more and more, and with the history of this movement the names of Pergolese, Piccini, Sacchini, Jomelli, Cimarosa, and Paesiello remain connected. This creative activity was communicated to Germany, where it took a new form and a surprising development. Men like Händel, Haydn, Bach, Gluck, Mozart, gave a wonderful breadth of idea to music; but, with the exception of Gluck, they must be considered as the fruitful and genial continuers of the Italian movement, which they carried out in much the same spirit as the Italian composers themselves. To show how little the two differed, we need only compare the "Matrimonio Segreto" of Cimarosa with Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro." One would say that they were the works of the same school, and composed by two brothers in art, of which the first was the most facile, most cheerful, and most elegant; the second the broader, richer, and more profound.

The distance between the German and Italian music is most evident in the case of the works of Gluck and Beethoven on the one hand and the works of Rossini on the other. While in the middle of the last century the two schools did not differ much from each other, and the Italian music then closely resembled the German, the executive part of the art took a different direction in Italy. The last century is the century of grand Italian song. Italy surprised the world by the number of distinguished singers she produced, and by the serious and solid method on which her schools of singing were organized. The singers overran Europe, passing from triumph to triumph, fêted by all, and idolized in an almost incredible manner. But it was precisely the great importance to which the Italian school of singing which became the cause of its downfall in real value. The singers began to consider themselves as the thing of greatest importance, and it was on this that the grandeur of Italian music reposed. For them the composition was the pretext; their principal aim, to shine as much as possible. It thus became about that the music being too simple to afford them the means of shining, they substituted for simple melody a more complicated form, interpolating turns and shakes, cadences and ornamentations of every kind, to the manifest detriment of the composer and of musical taste. The great masters of that time submitted to this state of things, being powerless to remedy it. Then came Rossini, who thought it better to write complicated melodies with scales, cadences, and difficulties of every sort himself, since thus alone could good taste be even partially saved. He acted like certain politicians, who put themselves at the head of a movement in the hope of being thus better able to control it.

The richness and variety of his forms are truly admirable; but it is evident that true musical conception must suffer under those continued shakes and turns. There is only one purpose for which this light and varied style seems fitted, and that is for comic opera; and in this respect Rossini has left an undying model of grace and freshness in the "Barbiere di Siviglia." In his latter works, in the style of grand opera, Rossini abandoned this style almost completely. His last opera, "William Tell," is entirely without ornamentation, and in some parts—as, for example, in the trio and in the conspiracy in the second act—rises to an incomparable elevation.

But this more chaste and correct style of Rossini's was formed away from Italy, by tendencies and ideas different from those that there held sway. For Italy, the alienation was effected, and could not easily be again undone. Under his more important successors, as Bellini and Donizetti, music acquired the character of simple song—often deep and feeling, often light, superficial, and cloying.

The impression which the composer of "Norma" has produced, and still produces by his beautiful and deeply-felt melodies, the interest that Donizetti inspires by the elegance of style displayed in his best works, ought not to make us lose sight of the fact that the superabundance of melody is not suited to the requirements of the modern stage. Save for many beautiful exceptions, sentimentality took the place of real sentiment; and dramatic expression was to a great extent observed, and often never sought after. Then came Verdi, who felt that this continual melody would at last corrupt all tastes. He beautifully cultivated instituted movement, which was not yet dramatic feeling, but contained strength and vigor, even though it were sometimes in a too rugged form. This style of writing was pleasing in accordance with the national aspirations. Italy at that time was awaking to a new life; she felt the want of convictions and energetic emotions, therefore laid hold of the music of Verdi, made it entirely popular, and used and abused it freely. But musical good taste and the school of singing suffered immensely. Latterly, Verdi has considerably modified his style of writing, and has openly drawn nearer to the German school, or has at all events diminished the great distance which formerly separated the Italian school of music from the German.

From "Nabucco" and "Ernani" to "Rigoletto" and "Il Ballo in Maschera," and from these to "Aida," the progress in this direction is continuous. These examples, besides being well known, are discussed everywhere with interest and eagerness.

Although the rupture came from the Italian side, it was the German school which first of all Gluck introduced and developed wonderfully the conception of dramatic music, which proposes as its object to adapt the music better to the words, and to create a musical work of art capable of producing on the hearers the same sensations that the text which accompanies it produces. In this respect Gluck is an inexhaustible mine of artistic effects. It is superior in many points to poetry—sometimes in the expression of the terrible, and sometimes in the expression of the tenderest emotions. To prove this, it is enough to recall in modern works the love scene between Faust and Marguerite described musically by Gounod, to conclude that the grand poem of Goethe has not only not suffered here, but that the effect is somewhat modified and idealized rather than diminished. We need only recall again the duet between Raoul and Valentina, in "The Hugnenots," in which all emotions from patriotism to love, and from love to terror, are described with such vividness and intensity that which, in spite of some exaggerations, strike us profoundly; lastly, the terrible scene in Weber's "Der Freischütz" which represents the carrying the highest degree of musical expression. Music, which in many respects remains inferior to poetry, shows itself, on the other hand, superior to it in others where dramatic effect and feeling are strongly marked.

A greater separation took place, caused by Beethoven, the great and true creator of modern instrumental music. From this time the German school separated more and more from the common route. It had formerly had its contrast with the Italian school. Mendelssohn, Schumann, and lastly Wagner, are only a continuous gradation on this path. Music acquired a more and more instrumental character, and free singing became obscured. To use a celebrated phrase, which is perhaps exaggerated, but which sharply depicts the actual state of things, it may be said that in Italian music the orchestra had become a big guitar, only intended to accompany the singing; but it may also be said that in the German music the singers had become walking orchestral instruments. It must, however, be admitted that while Italian music has undergone in this century a sensible decline, in Germany it has remained elevated. The study of harmony and grand orchestral movements and deep dramatic feeling and expression, notwithstanding some too realistic exaggerations and some trivialities, have been brought to a high degree of perfection by the intellectual influence of Richard Wagner. We owe it to him, that for libretti—almost always insipid, and which served as bare excuses for the musical part of the work—has been substituted a more masculine and independent form of poetry. The closer union of poetry and music, in which both arts advance with regular step without one being smothered by the other, constitutes perhaps the most salient and beautiful character of his music, which is almost always lofty, most rich, and which transports us to an ideal sphere.

Finally, we must take into account a third important agent in musical history—that is, the influence exercised by Parison the conduct of musical ideas. Placed, as it were, midway between the two musical nations, thanks to the splendors of Parisian life and its mania for amusement, Paris became one of the important centers in which many grave musical problems were worked out. It was there that arose the struggle between Gluck's severe music and the melodious music of Piccini. It was there that the Italian Cherubini found a highly honored post, with his tendency toward German music. It was there that Meyerbeer abandoned his first style and created "Roberto il Diavolo," "Gli Ugonotti," and the "Prophète," which by their grandeur of conception will make his fame immortal. Finally, it is there that the best Italian masters have gone in search of competent criticism, and have modified their style. Rossini's "William Tell," Donizetti's "Favorita," and "Don Sebastian," finally, most of Verdi's works, have arisen in this manner. The influence of Paris may be thus defined; that she insists on the creation of a type of music which should contain the good points of the German and Italian schools without their exaggeration. This school is therefore eminently eclectic, and has found the solution of its problems by clinging closely to dramatic music. It thus maintained the Italian melody and song, but modified it in those cases in which it is compatible with dramatic expression. It has adopted the grand choral and orchestral movements of Germany, giving them a suitable importance. Lastly, it tried to obtain a fitting relation between words and music, with the desire, rather expressed than carried out, of subordinating neither to the other.

The character of this school is best recognized in the French composers who have written dramatic operas. Halévy, Gounod, Auber himself, in his "Masaniello," have trodden his path. Whatever may usually be thought of eclectic things, the eclecticism of the Paris school has been of real importance. It must be considered as an earnest and partly successful attempt to unite from one common point of view two schools whose tendencies were very different. And from this attempt have arisen noble ideas and grand works of art which will exert a true and great influence even on posterity.

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

The St. Louis Choral Society gave the "Messiah" in one of the naves of the Exposition building on the evening of December 23, with a chorus of "300 voices" on the programme, and about 70 on the stage, and an orchestra of "forty pieces" in print but twenty-eight in the flesh. The performance could not be called a success nor a failure—the chorus were fairly done by the society, but poorly supported by the insufficient orchestra. Considering the forces at command, the conductor, Mr. Otten, is deserving of credit for what he obtained. We doubt, however, whether the selection of the "Messiah," was not possible for the occasion. St. Louis has only two or three oratorios, at most, in the course of a year, and to have the "Messiah" "be one of these every year is perhaps "too much of a good thing." The importation into this country of England's Händel worship must necessarily be a failure. In spite of the merits of his music, as music, it will always sound to American ears archaic, if not obsolescent, the whole figure is faded, while the characteristics the Handelian compositions, may amuse the singers, but have lost charm for listeners who, without being Wagnerites, expect some definite connection between the text and its music. The solo singers were Miss Linie Simon, soprano, Miss Alice Lansden, contralto, Mr. Chas. A. Knorr, tenor, and Mr. W. M. Porteous, bass. Miss Simon has lately returned to St. Louis from study in Germany and her friends have, ingenuously, heralded her as something phenomenal. She has a *mezzo-soprano* voice of rather limited range, but pleasing, though light, quality. Her forte, whatever it may be, is evidently not oratorio, for, with the exception of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which she gave with good expression, there were not two consecutive phrases in any of her singing that would bear close criticism. The recitative "And suddenly there was with the Angel" could not have been sung much worse. Miss Lansden is a contralto of some well suited to oratorio and sang her part quite satisfactorily. Mr. Knorr evidently is no novice in the "Messiah." His work was good throughout. Mr. Porteous was letter-perfect in his part, but his voice is ill-suited to the character of work exacted by the Handelian slurs. His runs, therefore, were correct, but they were not smooth. It must have cost Mr. Porteous weeks of study and practice, however, to accomplish what he did, and for his conscientious and painstaking work he deserves high praise.

But, what is the matter with St. Louis audiences at oratorio performances? On this occasion, as also a few days later at the Kunkel Popular Concert when Saint Saëns "Noel" was

given, they applauded whenever they felt like it. One of these days we shall hear of St. Louis congregations splitting the singers in church during divine worship.

The fifteenth Kunkel Popular Concert which took place December 11th, presented the following programme:

PART I. 1.—Piano Duet (Overture) "Zampa," *Herold-Mc. Donald*, Messrs. A. J. Epstein and Charles Kunkel. 2.—Violin Solo, (Tilli Concerto, Op. 76) (a) *Andante tranquillo*, (b) *Allegro Moderato, In Bretel*, Mr. Frank Gecks, Jr. 3.—Contralto Solo, "Sleep Thou, my Child," *J. D. Foulon*, Miss Adele Laeis. 4.—Violoncello Solo, "Concertstuck" (Op. 43) (a) *Andante* (b) Carob, (c) *Allegro Moderato*. (b) *Andante Sostenuto*. (c) *Finale*. 5.—Tenor Solo, Mr. Laurent Bryan. 6.—Soprano Solo, "Scene and Aria," (From "Der Freischutz"), *Weber*, Franlein Kevin L. Steinmeyer. 7.—Piano Solo "Sakuntlia," (Polka de Concert) *Alden*, Mr. A. J. Epstein.

PART II. 1.—Violin Solo, "Gard Oven," (Op. 33) *Vieuxtemps*, Mr. Frank Gecks, Jr. 2.—Soprano Solo, "Shadow Song," (From "Le Pardon de Ploermel"), *Meyerbeer*, Miss Elise Matthews. 3.—Baryitone Solo, "Bedouin Song," *Kroeger*, Mr. George H. Wiseman. 10.—Clarionet Solo, "Theme and Variations," *Fleissner-Schwegl*, Mr. Laurent Brun. 11.—Recitative and Trio, "The Singing Lesson," or "The Rose Morn Awaketh," (From "La Fille du Regiment") *Donizetti*, Miss Elise Matthews, Miss Adele Laeis, and Mr. Carl Rosbrook. 12.—Piano Duet, "Operatic Fantasia," (Grand Potpourri, *M. J. Epstein*, Messrs. M. I. and A. J. Epstein. 13.—Soprano Solo, "Mein Stern," *Cooper*, Franlein Kevin L. Steinmeyer. 14.—Grand Duet, "Liberty Duet," (from "Il Puritani"), *Bellini*, Messrs. George H. Wiseman and John A. Robinson.

This was in all respects an enjoyable concert. Mrs. Rosbrook Epstein in their piano selection displayed their well-known and well-deserved reputation as pianists. Miss Steinmeyer, who appeared for the first time, showed her return from her European studies, by her delicate vocalization, her easy, with grace and taste displayed the recipient of many and costly floral offerings. Miss Laeis sang very charmingly indeed. Mr. Brun in his two selections for clarionet showed that that instrument could be made of greater development than most people believe. Gecks (Gecksie) Jr. played the violin in such a style as a piece of much musical merit and was admirably rendered. There was one number issued in Mr. Wiseman's programme "Bedouin Song." Mr. Kunkel was transposing at sight, as he has done hundreds of times, from the original key to suit the singer's voice, when all at once, he forgot that he was transposing and put down on these chords in the wrong place, with no chords which can better be imagined than described. People hereabouts have come to regard Mr. Kunkel as one nearly infallible as a reader and transposer that it seemed to please them to discover that he could make a mistake. Mr. Frank Gecks, Jr., played like a finished artist.

The sixteenth Kunkel Popular Concert took place on December 8th. Slush below, mingled sleet and rain above, driven by a remorseless northwest wind, combined to make the night of one of the most disagreeable nature. These had a very appreciable effect upon the audience, which numbered only a little over six hundred. The entertainment was very interesting one, as our readers can see for themselves:

PART I.—Piano Duet, (Overture) "Le Domino Noir," (Grande Parafrase de Concert), *Fiotow-Meinotte*, Messrs. Charles Kunkel and E. R. Kroeger. 2.—Contralto Solo, "Sleep Thou, my Child," *J. D. Foulon*, Miss Adele Laeis. 3.—Violin Solo, "The shadows deepen on the castle walls," *Dotzauer*, Mr. Edward Cooper. 4.—Soprano Solo, "Echo Song," *G. B. Allen*, Mrs. Zaldee Roesiter Smith. 5.—Duet for two Piano, "Variations sur un Air Ecossais," Op. 16, *Kalkbrenner-Sarasa*, Messrs. Charles Kunkel and E. R. Kroeger. 6.—Tenor Solo, "Onward, Still Onward," *Sullivan*, Mr. Fred Vanham. 7.—Recitative and Trio, "The Singing Lesson," or "The Rose Morn Awaketh," (From "La Fille du Regiment") *Donizetti*, *Merlo*, Miss Elise Matthews, *The Countess of Berkeley*, Miss Adele Laeis, *Belgaric*, Mr. John A. Robinson. 8.—Grand Sextette and Chorus, (From Lucia di Lammermoor.") *Donizetti*, *Lucia*, Miss Adele Laeis, *Alice*, Miss Laeis, *Edgar*, Mr. Gerard, *Henry*, Mr. Wiseman, *Arthur*, Mr. Farnham, *Bide-the-Best*, Mr. Kohl.

PART II. 9.—Chorus, "Bridal Chorus from The Rose Maiden," Cusen. 10.—Piano Duet, "Overture Fantasie" Mendelssohn, Midsummer Night's Dream Music." (Nocturne—Overture—Wedding March, *Kettner-Kunkel*, Messrs. Charles Kunkel and E. R. Kroeger. 11.—"Christmas Oratorio," *Saint-Saens*.

The execution of all the selections was excellent with the exception of that of the sextette and chorus from "Lucia" which lacked in precision and proper balance—the result of over confidence and carelessness in underestimating the value of the sextette.

Mrs. Zaldee Roesiter Smith, whom we then heard for the first time, sang charmingly. Her voice is a light soprano of very pleasing quality and her enunciation shows taste and a directed culture. She made many friends among concert goers by her work on the occasion.

The two piano playing of Messrs. Kunkel and Kroeger on two Kunkel pianos certainly must be a big balance was the occasion of general comment. They were generally conceded to be such playing on two pianos had never before been. Lack since the death of Mr. James Kunkel—such precision, such nice balancing of power, such beauty of shading, delighted every one and astonished most.

Saint Saens' Christmas Oratorio, which it takes about half an hour to execute, closed the concert and was given in a perfect style, the accompaniments being furnished by the two Kunkle pianos we have mentioned and conducted by Messrs. Kroeger and Kunkel. The work is truly religious in its tone, and at once vigorous and tuneful. It is evident that the author has nowhere allowed his music to override the text, but the text has as evidently not been allowed to hamper his noble theme he has wedded noble music. Recitatives, arias and of connected pieces all show the hand of a master. The work will be repeated and we may then give a brief analysis of its contents.

THE HECTOR BERLIOZ STATUE.—The committee recently paid a visit to the studio of Lenoir, Jun., who has been commissioned to execute the above statue, and has now completed a small model. Berlioz is represented standing in a meditative attitude, with his right elbow resting on a conductor's desk, and his head leaning on his right hand. His left hand is thrust in his pocket, in conformity with a very frequent habit of his. At his feet are various musical instruments and two volumes, on which are inscribed the names of his two favorite authors, Virgil and Shakespeare. The pedestal of his own chief works are to be seen on the pedestal of the statue. The Committee were highly pleased with the model.

OUR MUSIC.

"FANTASIA ON TANNHAUSER," .....*Jean Paul.*

This is undoubtedly the best fantasia ever written upon this famous opera. Wagner is the dread of writers of fantasias. His melodies are not numerous and they do not readily lend themselves to the clap-trap methods of ordinary composers of variations. Jean Paul, however, meets all these difficulties and overcomes them with such apparent ease that one would almost be tempted to believe that they did not exist. The clumsy attempts of other, even able, writers, prove however that if they do not exist for our author they certainly did for all those who have gone before.

"LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR," (Fantasia—Duet)..*Sidus.*

Sidus' latest is always his best; this must therefore be the best of his duets until the next appears. "Lucia" is one of the most tuneful of operas and this is one of the most graceful duets of this grade ever written. Try it with your pupils and see how they will be pleased with it.

"ANGELIC CHIMES,".....*J. J. Voelmecke.*

We do not know how intimate may be Mr. Voelmecke's acquaintance with the angels; from his present rotund appearance and the reported state of his appetite, however, we should judge that if any intimacy is soon to exist between him and them, they will have to leave the realms above and take a trip to St. Louis. Probably they rang the bells of heaven rather loudly when he caught the sound and jotted it down. If his transcription is correct (and we cannot deny its correctness) the angelic bells ring right sweetly and make a very pleasing piano piece of only moderate difficulty.

"ALLEN'S ECHO SONG,".....*G. B. Allen.*

This is a very pretty song for a soprano. In the hands of a singer of fair ability, it is very effective in the concert room. Good concert songs are rare. This is one of them.

The music in this number costs in sheet form:

"TANNHAUSER" (Fantasia)..... *Jean Paul*	$1 00
"LUCIA" (Fantasia-Duet)..... *Carl Sidus*	60
"ANGELIC CHIMES"..... *J. J. Voelmecke*	50
"ALLEN'S ECHO SONG "..... *G. B. Allen*	35
TOTAL	$2 45

A QUERY ANSWERED.

DENISON, TEXAS.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS., ST. LOUIS.

Will you be kind enough to inform me through your correspondents' column if I am wrong in teaching my pupils that the dominant seventh chord in the key of C major is G B D F, and the diminished seventh B D F A♭. A teacher in a certain Academy here tells those, to whom I have taught them in that way that I am wrong, and says that the dominant seventh in C is C♯ E G B♭.

Respectfully,

MARY T. EVERITT.

The dominant G B D F is the chord of the dominant in C major, B D F and A♭ is the diminished seventh in the key of C major.

The chord given C♯ E G and E♭ as given by the teacher in the Academy does not apply to C major, it is the diminished seventh in the key of D major.

Refer to any good work on harmony. We recommend Goldbeck's.

TANNHÄUSER.

(*Wagner.*)

Andante maestoso ♩ = 50.

Jean Paul.

p

Ped.

Ben legato.

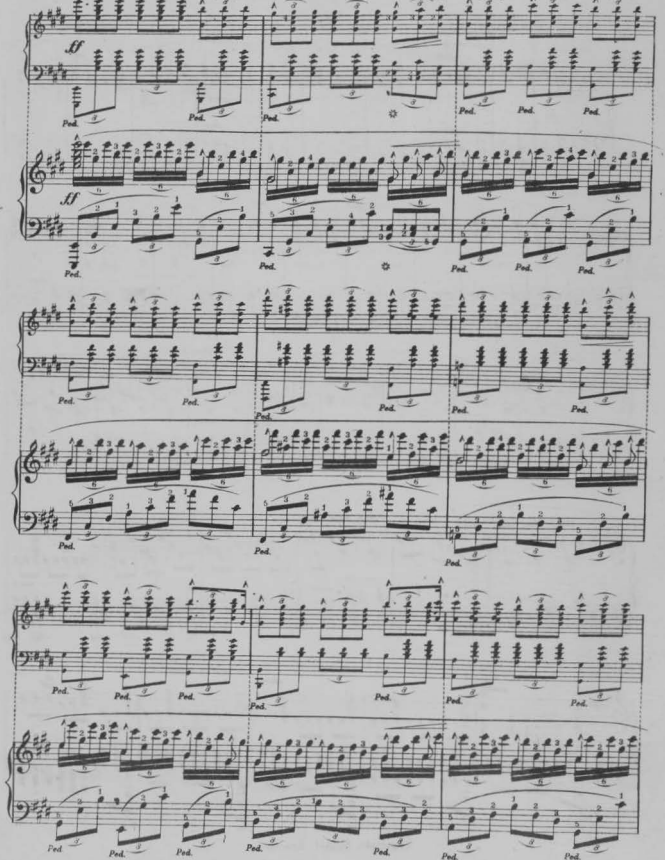
p

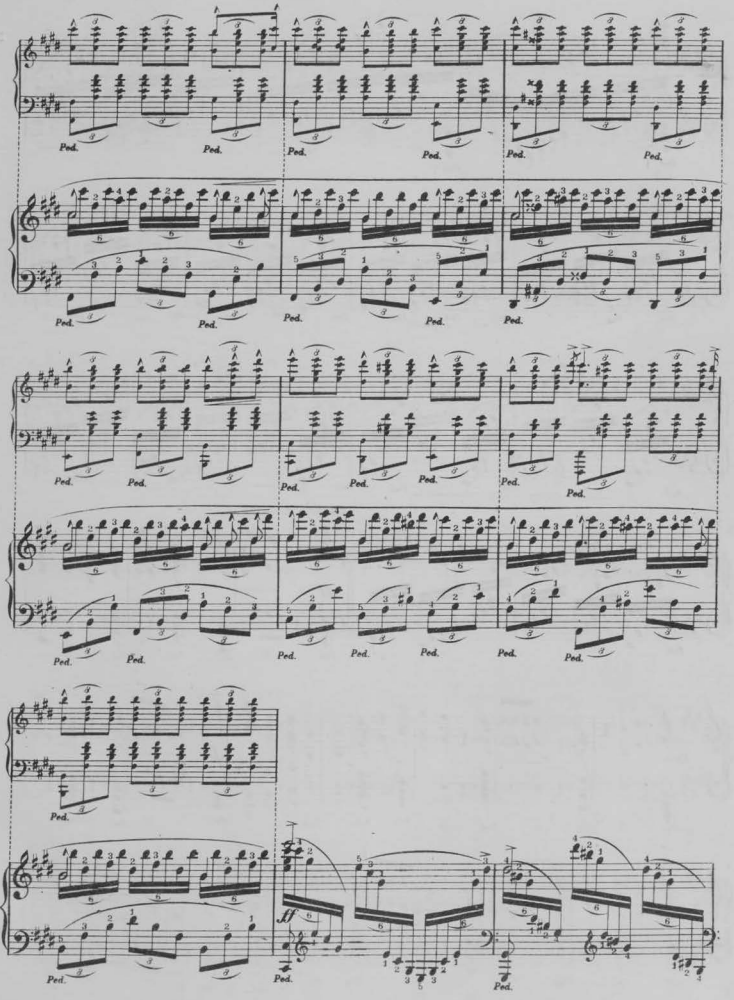
Ped. Ped.

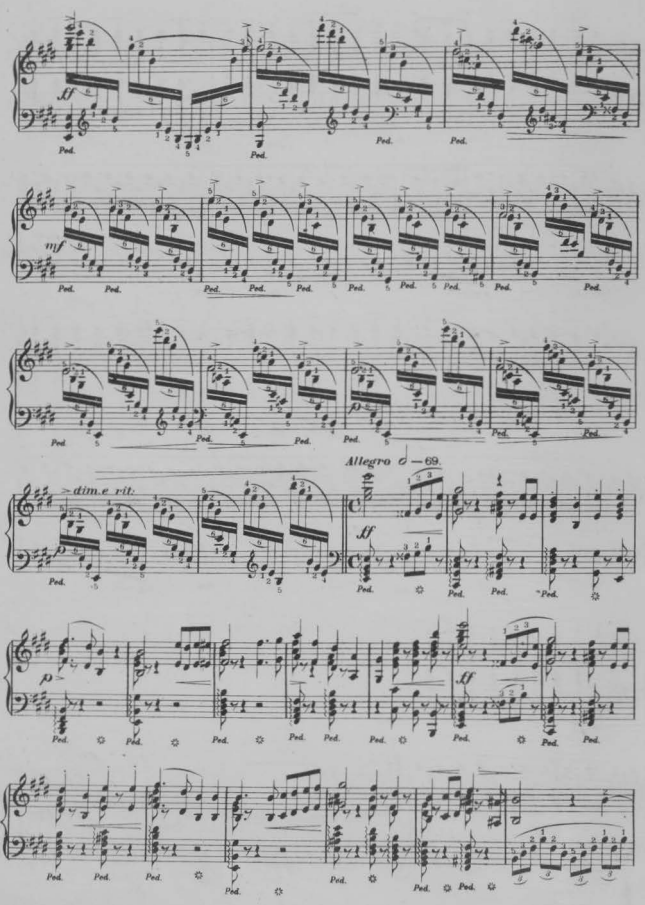
p cres.

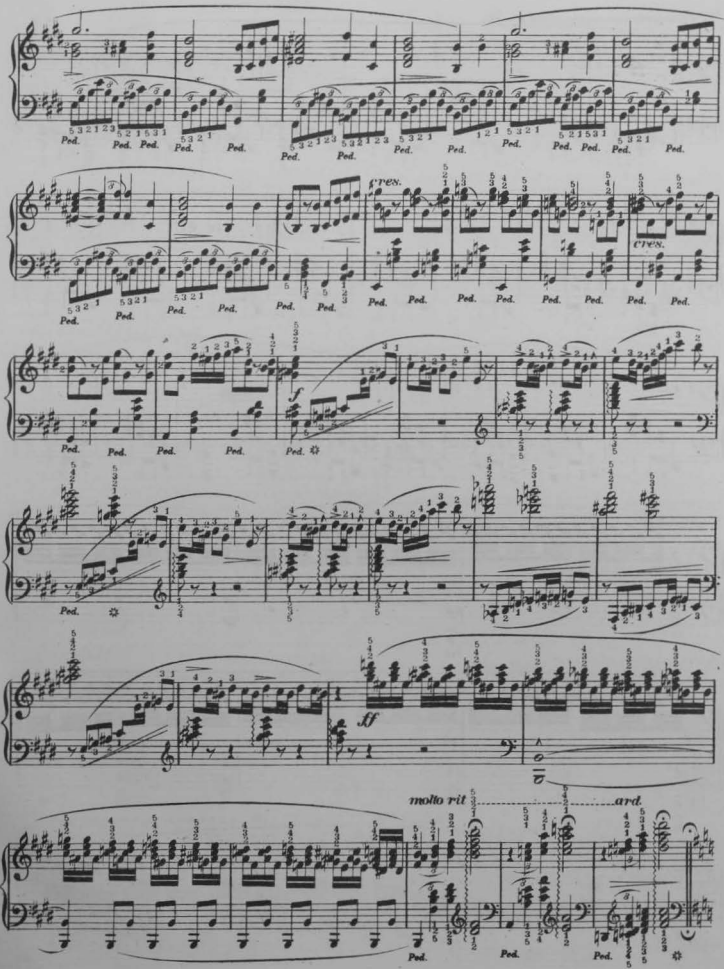
sempre cres.

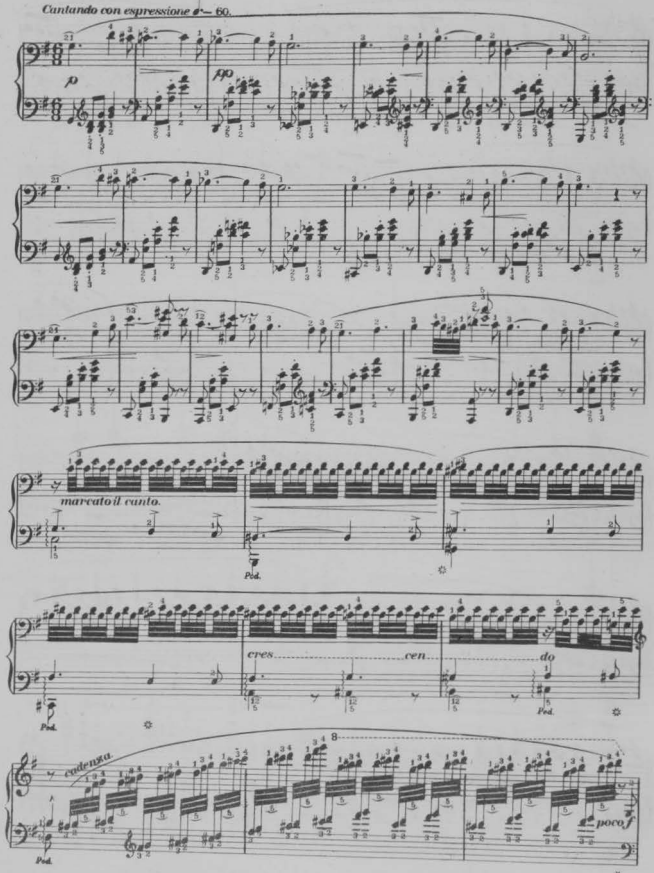
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

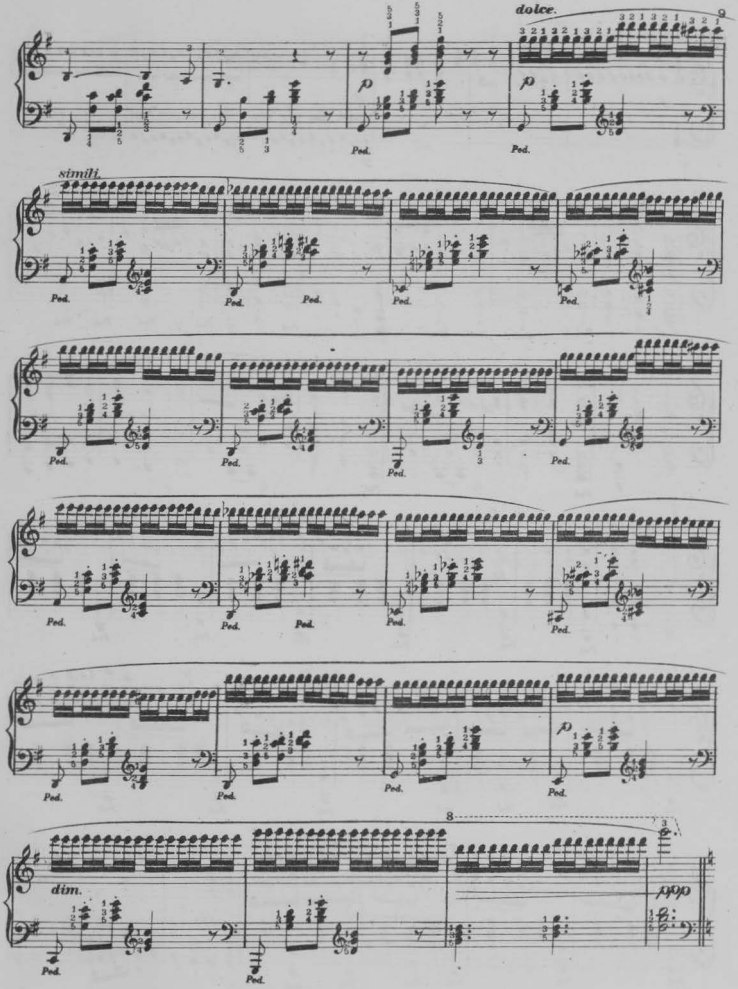

ff
Ped.
ff

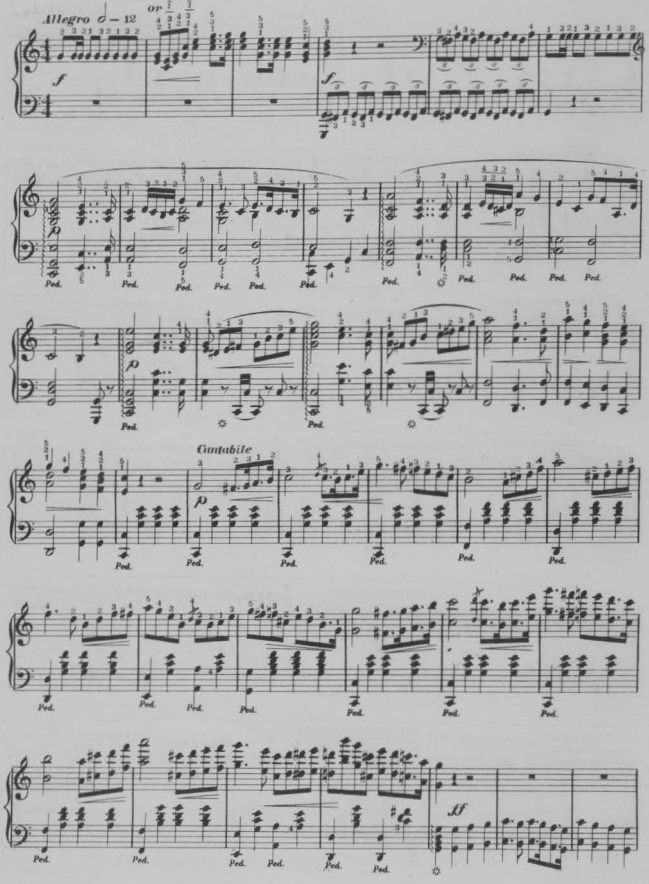

Ped.
ff

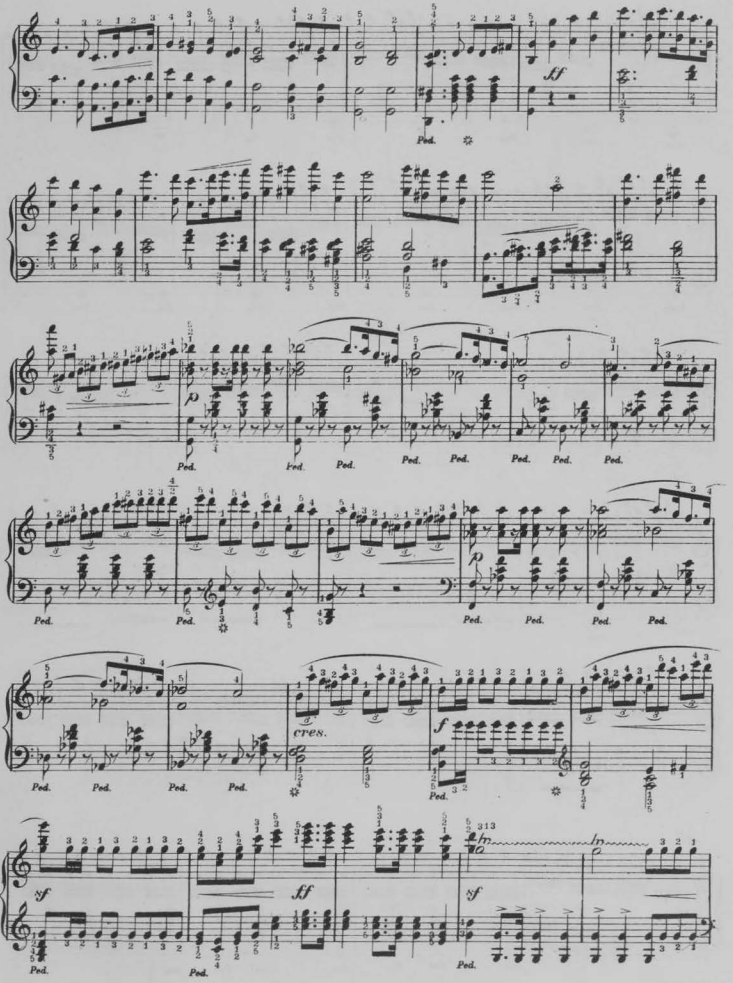

ff
Ped.
mf
p
Allegro ♩ = 69.
dim.e rit.
ff
p
ff

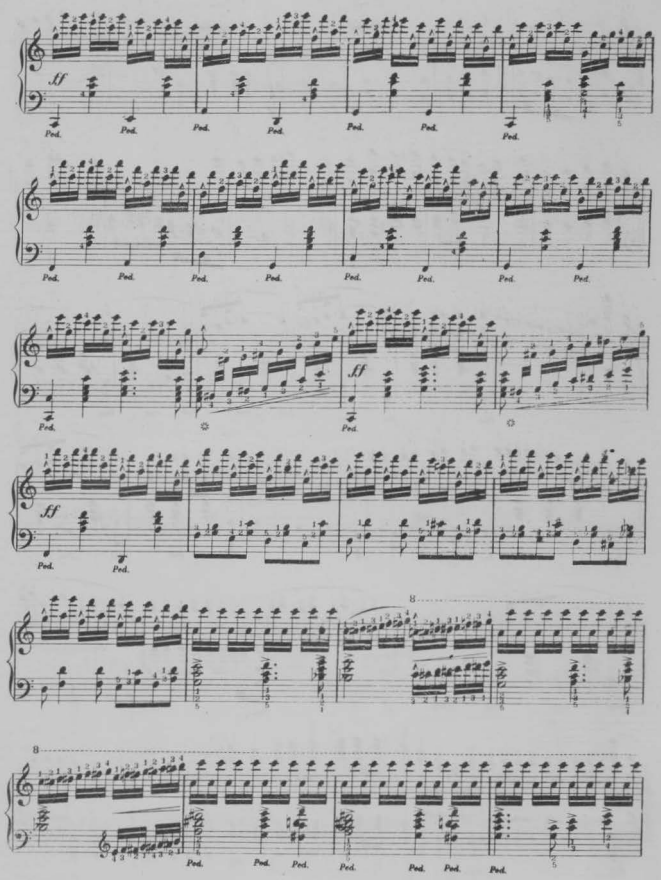

Ped.
cresc.
f
ff
molto rit
avd.

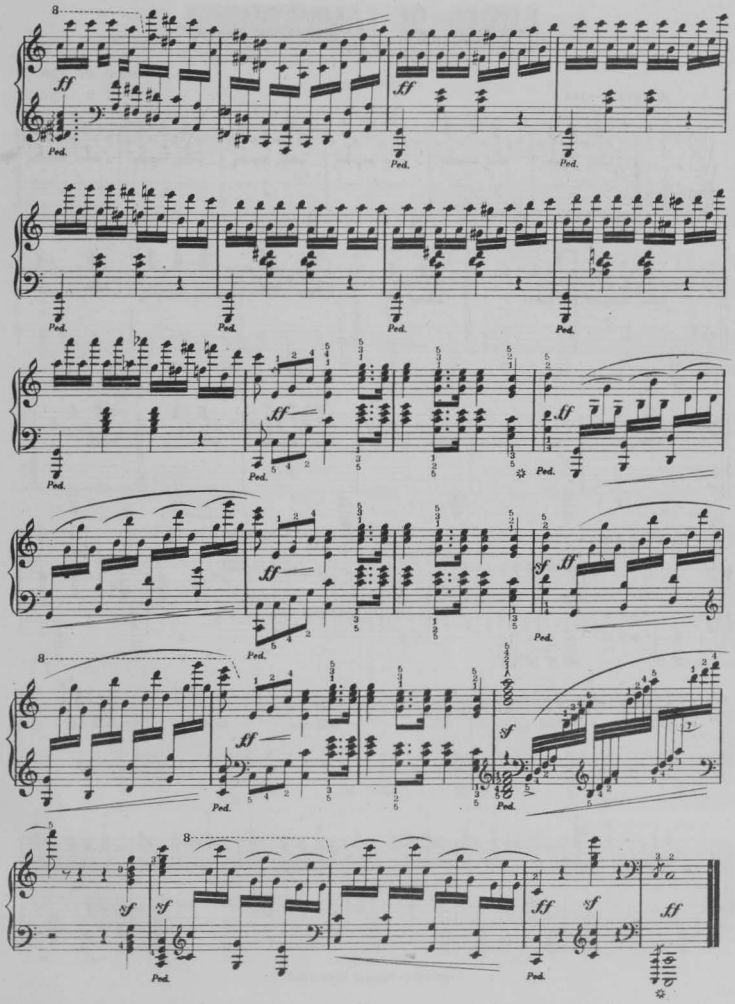

Cantando con espressione ♩= 60.
p
pp
marcato il canto.
Ped.
cres
cen
do
Ped.
cadenza
poco f
Ped.


dolce.
p
Ped.
simili.
dim.
ppp


Allegro
or
f
p
Cantabile
ff
Ped.


sf
Ped.
p
cres.
f
ff
fp


ff
Ped.
ff
8


8
ff
Ped.
8
ff
sf
8

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

(*Donizetti.*)

Carl Sidus Op. 126

Secondo.

Allegro ♩ = 144.

p

f

mf

Larghetto ♩ = 72.

f

mf

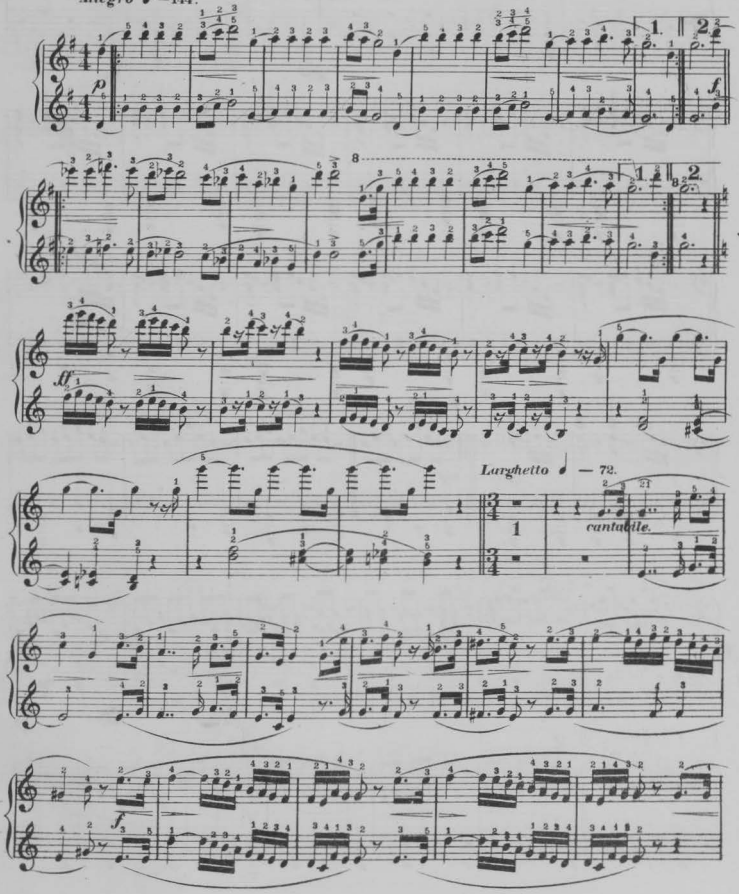
p

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

(*Donizetti.*)

Carl Sidus Op. 126.

Primo.



Secondo.

cres.

sf

mf

f

sf

mf

— 72.

cres.

sfp

Ped.

Ped.

1.

2.

sf

Primo.

cres.

mf

f

ff

♩. = 72.

cres.

f

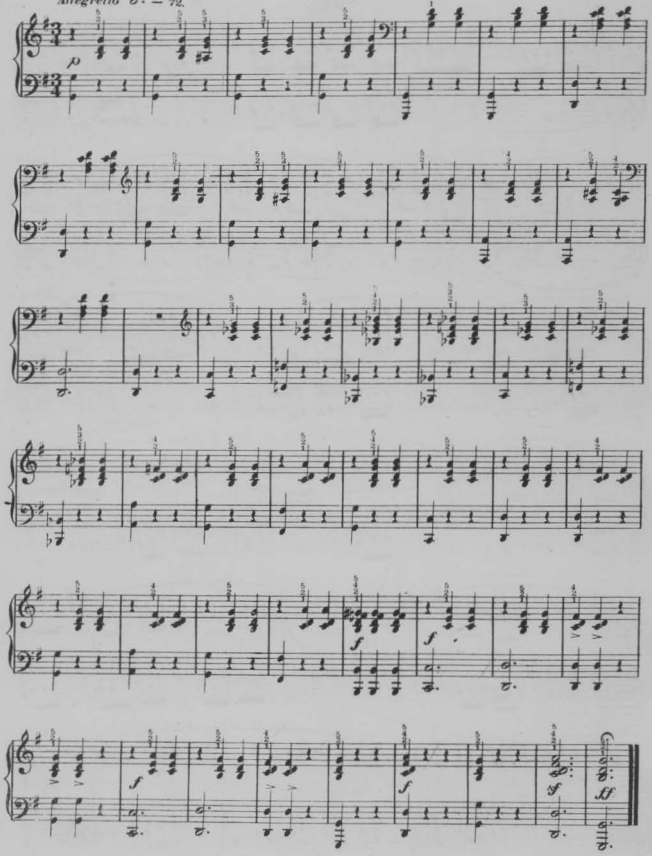
sf p

1

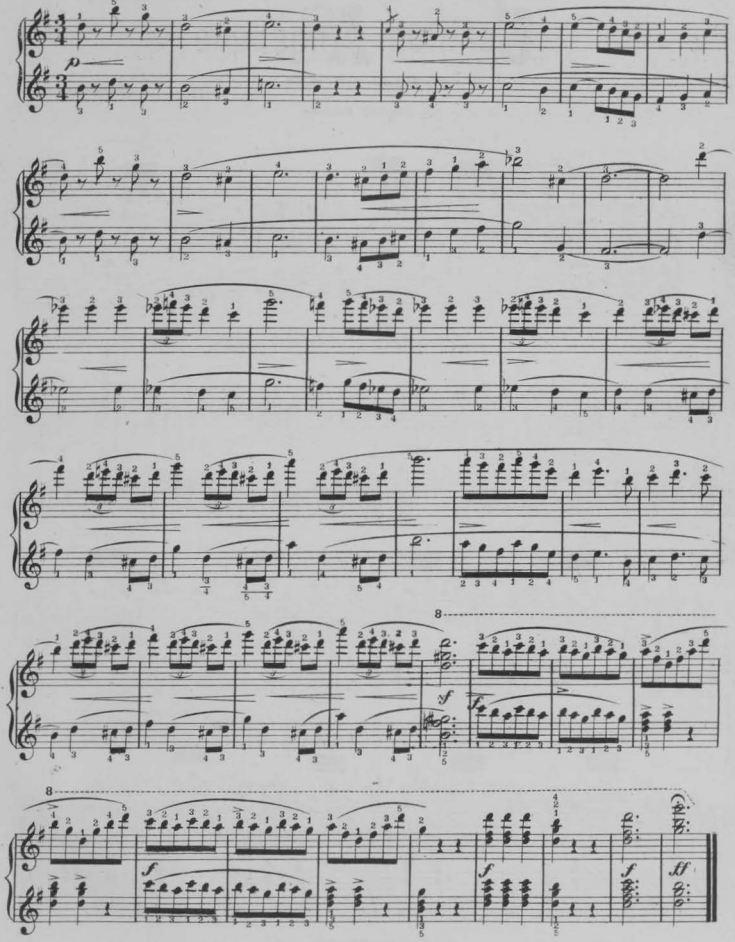
2.

Allegretto 𝅗𝅥. = 72.

Secondo.



Allegretto. 𝅗𝅥· — 72. Primo.



Carillon Angélique

(ANGELIC CHIMES.)

J.J.Voellmecke.

An Evening Reverie.

Moderato. ♩ = 84.

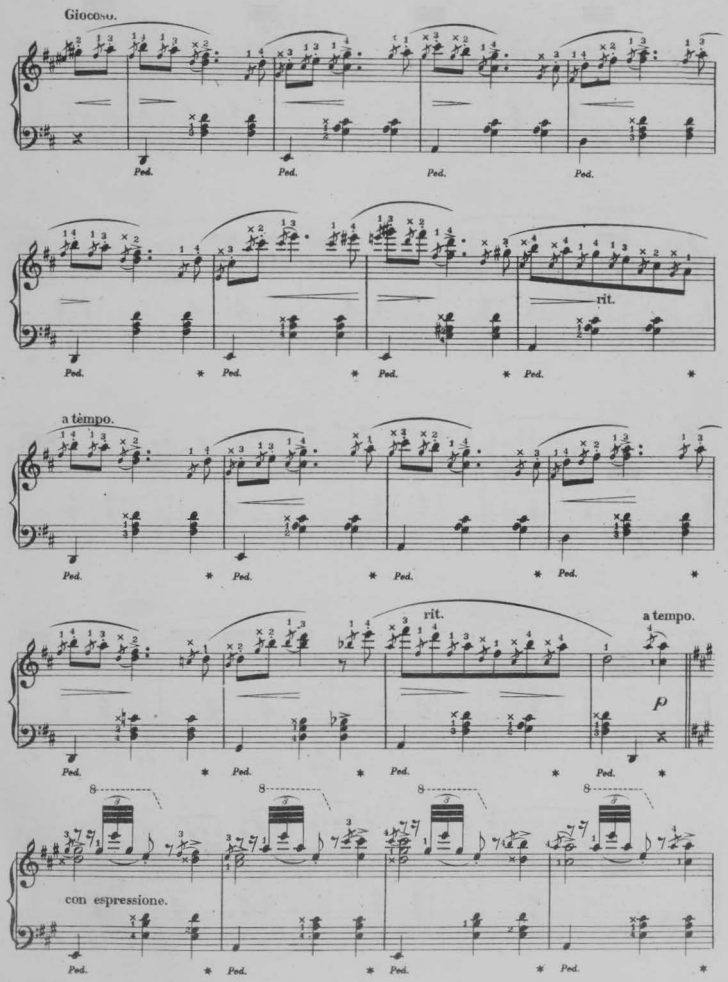
f *p* *f* *p*

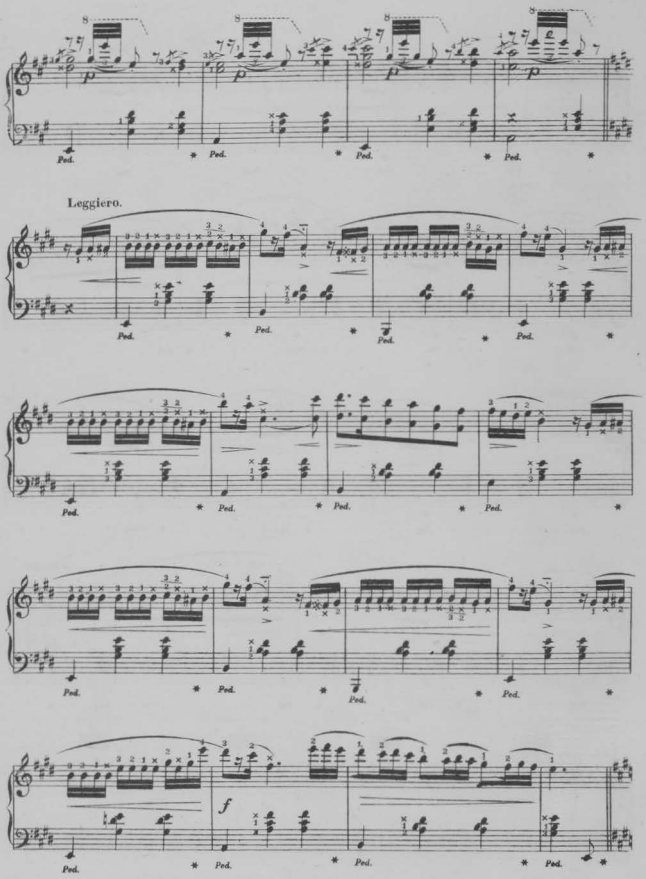
f *p* *p* *p*

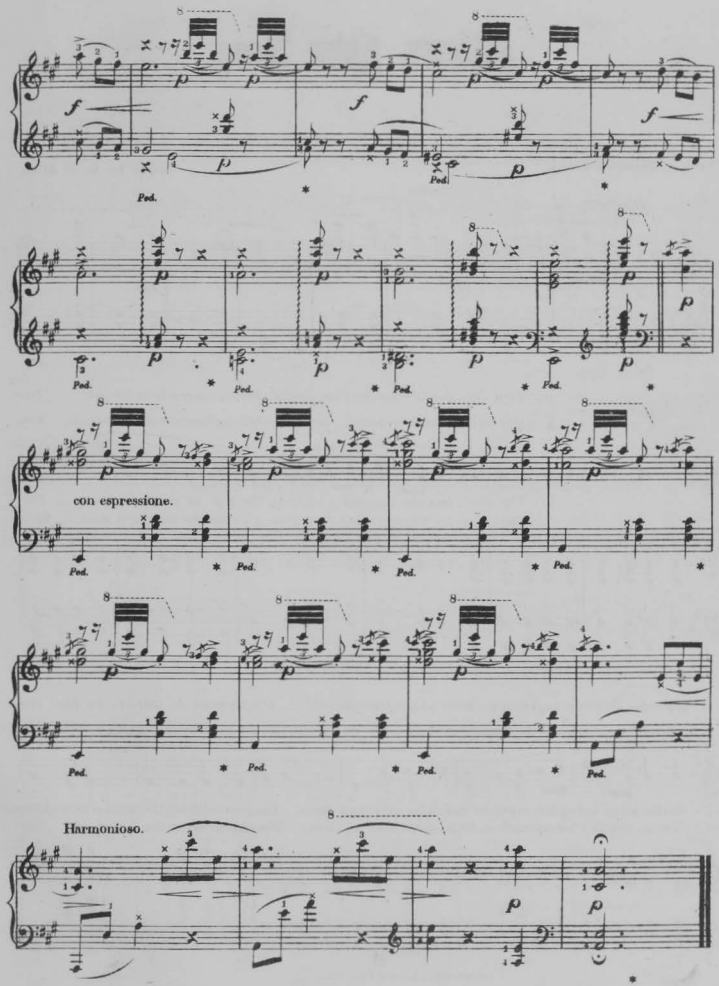
con espressione.

p

1. 2.


Giocoso.
Ped.
rit.
a tèmpo.
rit.
a tempo.
p
8
con espressione.


Leggiero.
Ped.
f


con espressione.
Harmonioso.

Allen's Echo Song.

Words by Frederick Enoch. Music by G. B. Allen.

Allegretto ♩. = 66. *echo.* *echo.*

f *pp* *f* *pp*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

2. *Der Jä_ger klimmt den Felsenpfad Im dämmerschein hin_ab;..... Der*

1. *Die Schatten schleichen ü_ber's Thal Schon glänzt der A_bendstern; Von.*

1. The shad_ows o'er the val_ley steal, The star of eve is come;.... The

2. The hun_ter wends his wea_ry pace, A_cross the twi_light snow,.... With

p

2. *Gruss des Alphorns ruft ihm zu: "Komm, Jäger, komm herab!"..... Die Nacht ist da still ist's im Thal Die*

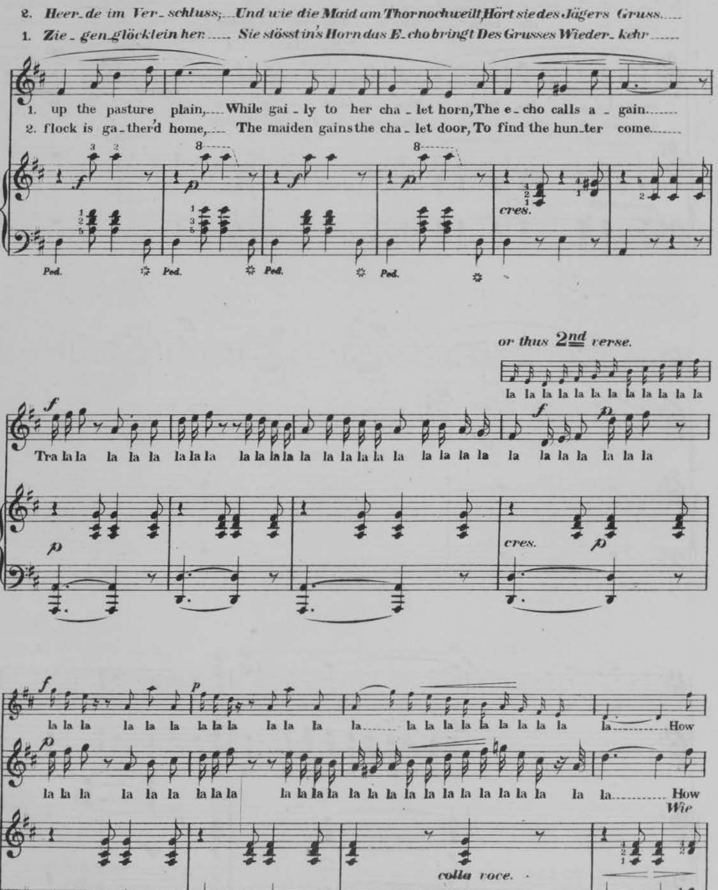
1. *Spinnrad macht sich auf die Maid: Noch ist die Heer_de fern..... Der A_bendwind trägt ihr den Schall Der*

1. maiden leaves her spinn_ing wheel To call the wild flock home, ...The goat bells on the breez_es borne Chime

2. quickning step and brightning face, He hears the horn be_low,.....The night draws on, the day is o'er, The

f *p*

Ped. Ped.


2. Heer_de im Ver_schluss;... Und wie die Maid am Thor noch weilt, Hört sie des Jägers Gruss.....
1. Zie_gen_glöcklein her...... Sie stösst in's Horn das E_cho bringt Des Grusses Wieder_kehr......
1. up the pasture plain,.... While gai_ly to her cha_let horn, The e_cho calls a_gain.......
2. flock is ga_ther'd home,.... The maiden gains the cha_let door, To find the hun_ter come........
cres.
Ped.
or thus 2nd verse.
la la la la la la la la la la la la
Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
cres.
la la la la la la la la la la la la la...... la la la la la la la la la la la...... How
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la...... How
Wie
colla voce.

sweet by e - cho borne..... The mai - den's cha - let horn. la.....

sweet by e - cho borne,..... The mai - den's cha - let horn. la..... la.....

süss das E - cho klingt..... Das fro - he Grusse bringt.

sostenuto. *cres.*

la..... la..... la..... la..... la..... la..... la.....

..... la la la la

..... la..... la..... la.....

la la la la la la la la la la la.

Ped.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, December 17, 1884.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:

Possibly you remember the story of the satirist who leaned over a friend during a game of whist, and after gazing at his unwashed feet, said "Marie, if dirt were trumps, what a hand you'd have!" In the same manner we can say that if musical clubs count for anything Boston has a full hand. I have already spoken of the concert of the Cecilia Club, and this time my budget opens with brief reviews of two other Club concerts. The first of these is that of the Apollo Club, which took place in Music Hall, December 5, and presented a programme made up of various well contrasted works some having orchestral accompaniment. The chief of these latter were Rubinstein's "Morning Song," Esser's "Malomet's Song," Bach's "Salmist" and Randegger's "Forge Scene" from "Fridolin." The last named work has a very graphic accompaniment. Of course every kind of musical hurly-burly is introduced. The piccolos flicker, the bass drums pound, the cymbals clash, the triangles tinkle, and a lurid picture of a very busy iron foundry is produced. The voices in this were at times accompanied by the orchestra. In Esser's Song, where a little spring is pictured gradually broadening into a majestic river, the Club sang admirably, and brought out the gradual working up of the climax just as the composer would have wished it. In two serenades, unaccompanied, and some what ambitious, but sweeter, the Club gave some very refined shading. Also in two more florid, English Glees, the ornate passages were finely and clearly brought out. The purely instrumental part of the programme consisted of Raff's Italian Suite, a most interesting work, and written in that easy, flowing manner of which Raff was such a master. Mr. Babcock the bass, made a great success in Mendelssohn's "I'm a Roamer."

The Boylston Club Concert took place December 11th, and presented the following programme:

1—The Page and the Princess, (No. 5 of the Posthumous Works), *Schumann*. Solos and mixed voices. 2—Go where glory waits thee, *Teschich*. Male voices. 3—Reverie, *Kleinsorge*, Female voices. 4—Sir Song, *Bob. Franz*. Mixed voices. 5—The ring and the rose, *Pollonay*. Male voices. 6a.—The death of Tintagiles, (With horns and piano forte), *Sarasate*, *Brahms*. Female voices. The pine tree, *Rubinstein*. Mixed voices. 8—Sylvia, *Simonsen*. Female voices. 9—Autumn, *Mendelssohn*. Mixed voices. 10—Forest Song, *Herbeck*. Male voices and horn quartette. 11—Wortsweet Wallen, *Kocher*. Mixed voices.

It will be seen that the club aimed in this for lightness and melody rather than depth, and this was wise, since it did not have the assistance of orchestra. There was nothing on the list which was at all trashy, and some parts were very characteristic and striking. From this, however, I must except the opening number, the longest work on the programme, Schumann's "Page and Princess," is not one of his best works by any means. It is more unequal than almost any of his compositions. The third however is beautiful, and so are portions of the fourth. The solos are not generally interesting, and are besides difficult to sing, so that I will not blame the soloists for an occasional lightness of tone proceeding from nervousness. The following was the cast of the work. (Narrator, Also solo, Miss M. Gertrude Edmands. Princess, Miss Ella Gertrude Stone. Page, Mr. Herbert R. Wise. Mr. T. H. Hall. Siren, Miss Lillian Reynolds. Queen, Mrs. Ellena Fuller. Messenger, Mr. G. R. Clark.

In the subsequent choruses, the club, while not singing up to their very high standard of last season (perhaps this would be unreasonable to expect in a first concert) yet did some excellent work. The last chorus was perfect in *Franz's* "May Song," the unison was well in the "Folk Song," and the female chorus (not so perfect in ensemble as heretofore) gave much expression to the mournful, wailing "Death of Tremor" in "Rubinstein's Tree" was also given with excellent shading by the combined choruses.

The musical lectures go on with much regularity. Mr. Long analyzed the "Heroic Symphony," from an imaginative point of view last Thursday. Prof. J. K. Paine has given the musical history down to the time of the Meistings in his last lecture, and De Lattre or de Lassus, Orlando, and the rest went down into the music books of the young people of the audiences with a fervor that augurs ill for any "Lady who will converse with them on musical subjects in the future. At the New England Conservatory of Music lectures are given every Saturday, for Mr. Apthorp gives weekly analyses, Mr. Emery has a class where musical queries are readily answered, and Mr. Elson's recent lectures took in the "Heroic Symphony," and "The History of English Song." I must ignore the fact that a very successful chorus class has been founded here under Mr. Sherwin, whose work in this direction is widely known. It must be remembered that these are some of the general classes with which the students can relax from their special work. Not all of the relaxation is pedagogic however, and the students often in the free hours have seen some of their fellows, where music and merriment are concerned.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has been giving its usual series of concerts. Mr. Paur has shown himself a master of the art of bringing out effects of tone, color, and of light and shade. His reading of the "Pastoral" overture, and of that to "Tannhauser," came like new revelations of these much-played works but the "Magic Flute" overture, and the Funeral March in the Eroica Symphony were somewhat spoiled by being taken too fast. But the chief fault with the concerts is the make up of the programme, all in advance Haydn, Beethoven, Bach, and occasionally Mozart or Mendelssohn. We are not provincials to Boston in music at least and we may be supposed to have heard these works before—pretty often. Meanwhile the French school, the Wagnerites, the northern composers, and above all our native workers in music, are all left in the cold, which causes a sympathetic shiver in the breast of

CONRS.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, January 1, 1885.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:

Happy New Year to KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW, and may its shadow never grow less. Musical affairs for the past month have been somewhat better. In Philadelphia there is more interest taken in musical matters after the holidays than before, and as the season commenced so late on account of the fine weather, election, etc., we expect more good work hereafter. During the holidays our churches took a great interest in musical matters and the programmes were of a better order than heretofore. During the past month Theodore Thomas' First Symphony Concert was given to a large and appreciative audience at the Academy of Music. The novelty being "Brahms' Third Symphony" which was enjoyed very much. It is a beautiful work, more melodious and transparent than Brahms usually is. It is the shortest of its author's three Symphonies. Rubinstein's "Dal Costume," was particularly enjoyed. The Oratorio of "St. Paul" was given by the "Choral Society" under the direction of Mr. J. Wolle. The soloists were the Misses Monteith and Bryant of New York, Mr. Jordan of Providence, and Mr. Babcock of Boston. The entire work was given very satisfactorily. Later in the season they will give Bach's "Passion," for the first time in Philadelphia. Mr. Irving has been playing for two weeks at the Chestnut Street Opera House to good houses nightly, Lawrence Barrett held the boards during the holidays. At the Walnut Street Theatre, Herne's "Hearts of Oak" was given, and Minnie Maddern gave her new play "Caprice," while during the holidays Robson and Crane appeared in "Cherubs." All of our places of amusement seemed well patronized during the holidays, and extra matinées have been given during the whole week. P. J. MEEGER.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA.

VIENNA, December 16, 1884.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:

We always had believed hitherto, that the large cities were the proper homes and fostering places of musical and dramatic art, but there is no end to learning and we have been established to discover that true art can flourish in smaller places if only it be tended by skillful hands and furnished with the necessary pecuniary means. For instance there is little Meiningen, a city which is not much larger than our neighbor Belleville (Belleville, Ill., numbers 10,000 inhabitants.—*Editor.*) in the very heart of Germany—Meiningen like Belleville, has good beer and a large brewerie; but what Belleville does not possess (and probably never will have) is the art loving Prince of Meiningen, who endeavors with his modest means to make his Meiningen the home of classical music and drama. Since several years, he has sent his well-selected troupes (not troops) into foreign lands. For instance, last winter his dramatic troupe went to London and showed the English how Shakespeare should be played, and now he has had the presumption of sending his orchestra hither, under the direction of Dr. Hans von Bülow, to show the Viennese how classical symphonies, overtures, piano concertos, etc., should be played. Our Vienna Philharmonics, who, of course, thought that they had a patent right upon the model performances of the classical masters, cried death and murder and would fain have violently repulsed this competition, but nothing availed, von Bulow "came, saw and conquered." No one in Vienna had ever heard such an *ensemble*, such refined and *piquant* phrasing of classical compositions. Bülow's orchestra consists of only forty-eight men and of these, considered individually, not one is an eminent artist, but what these men accomplish in *ensemble* is the greatest that has yet ever been accomplished in the world, and the flesh of every practical musician begins to creep as soon as he thinks of the rehearsals that were necessary in order to reach such a result.

It would take too much of the time and patience of your readers to tell them in detail about every concert, etc., which we heard in these concerts; it will be enough for me to tell them that even old conservatora players and directors exclaimed: "Such a thing has never before been done!" Who could have imagined that this or that effect had been so long concealed from us, and was waiting until now to be revealed by the skill of von Bülow. The recalls of Herr von Bulow after each number were almost endless. After the hearing of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, I myself helped to the sixth recall; after the Freischütz Overture, there was really no end to the applause. It would have pleased me best of all if I could have had say half a dozen of my St. Louis friends by my side, to share with me the joy and enlightenment of the occasion. Herr von Bulow and his orchestra have abandoned directing as generally understood. Except for a motion now and then with the right or the left hand, von Bulow stands in the middle of his troupe and listens quietly. Perhaps that is his way of playing a practical joke upon the newspaper critics by depriving them of the pleasure of telling in glowing terms, as they are accustomed to do at the close of their criticisms, how director X. etc., showed his inborn genius for directing by his graceful waving of his baton.

When he is recalled, Herr von Bulow accepts only the first recall as his own, in subsequent recalls he makes a motion of his hand toward the orchestra, indicating thereby that the applause is due not to him, but to them. When von Bulow plays a piano concerto with accompaniment of orchestra, no one directs, he does not even give the orchestra a nod and yet everything fits to a dot—that he himself knows everything by heart and perfectly is a matter of course. In the Beethoven symphonies and overtures, the first violins play their part by heart and as a result their bowing is even and equal, down to the least fraction of a beat. In the *piano and piano sims* passages, Herr von Bulow introduced the novelty that not only one, two, etc., violins continue to play. The tuning of the orchestra is unknown to us, and in the wind instruments there is an astonishing equality of tone. All strive for distinction as a whole, not as individuals. I could continue long in this strain, telling of my experiences, but description gives but a faint reflection of what one has heard, and affords the reader no satisfaction. In a recent *matinee* von Bulow gave us some piano solos, but, to be frank, his piano playing pleased me better when he was in America. His orchestral phrasing has all the piquancy and intellectual refinement that his piano playing used to have, but when he plays piano solos now, his phrasing goes into the over-refined. Perhaps he knows his public; for the depraved musical stomachs of the Viennese everything must be highly peppered, or it no longer tickles.

Herr von Bulow has introduced another novelty into his concerts; he now and then makes little speeches to which the public have not as yet become thoroughly accustomed. Your readers have, of course, heard of his speech in which

be called the Berlin Opera House, "Hulsen's Circus" (Hulsen is the name of its manager). Here he said something still stronger at a Monday's matinee. He gave the Viennese to understand that in 1880 they had not yet understood Beethoven, and now they understood Brahms just as little. This started a little tumult in the hall and a big one in the daily papers. The newspapers had the speech (usually honorpress. Fortunately telegraphed to them, and they all were agreed that ecely) telegraphed to them, and they all were agreed that while as a speaker he was quite out of time (*intre-doctus*). The Viennese, however, thought: "We must go there again for he gives good music and spoet besides." And so it came that Monday evening the large concert hall of the Musikverein was filled to overflowing. Herr von Bulow and his orchestra played again remarkably well. The former, however, made no attempt this time, but leaned with his well-filled pocket-book into his pocket and steamed away with his faithful tempo back to Meiningen.

The moral of the story is this: "Great musicians do right to make coarse speeches, and only small ones fool it to their advantage sometimes to keep silence. Since I reckon myself as belonging to the latter sort, I will now endeavor to practice the latter virtue, and for this time I will say *Adieu!*

CHARLES SCHILLINGER.

HOW THEY WRITE IN NEW YORK.

"Down Easters" are so fond of poking fun at what they call the illiteracy of the West that we succumb to the temptation to give as a specimen of New York culture (*verbatim ad liberatim*) the following letter received by our publishers just as we go to press from one of the enlightened portions of the Empire State. Of course the types cannot reproduce the chirography.

Jan 3 1885

Dear Sir i
would like you wood send me the sample of the first two stodeys on a piano and oles i wand you to let me now if you got in some easy note Books i can play a little on a voilin pp are and i would give anything if i could lern by note if you have any sample sheets containin the first to stodeys on a voilin i will send after some books if i see that i can lern by note yours truly
address

West Salamanca
Cott Co
New York

REUBEN R. SPRINGER.

BORN 1800, DIED 1884.

THE noble hearted and generous man whose name heads this notice was called over to the unseen life, Wednesday morning, December 10, 1884, full of years, and loved and honored as few men have been.

The musical people, not only of Cincinnati, but of the whole country, have reason to rejoice in the thoughtfulness of Mr. Springer in inaugurating enterprises which have so largely contributed to the advancement of music in America, for although the great Music Hall was a gift to the city of his necessities, the encouragement given to the cause of music has been far beyond merely local interest. His donations to the College of Music have now placed it in the ranks of endowed institutions. The beautiful Odeon, the concert hall of the college, was his latest benefaction to that institution, apart from the legacies mentioned in his will. Our last meeting with Mr. Springer was at the Odeon, at the first Philharmonic concert, which he seemed much to enjoy.

Mr. Springer's gifts to Music Hall, the Exposition Buildings, and other prominent public purposes are recorded as follows:

Original Subscription to Music Hall	$125,000
Additional (November, 1870)	20,000
Additional (April, 1877)	20,000
Additional (January, 1878)	20,000
To Organ Fund	5,000
Premium for Carving	500
Art Museum Fund	10,000
Exposition Buildings	50,000
New Building, College of Music	15,000
To the Odeon	about 30,000
College of Music endowment	50,000
To move the Post Office to Eden Park	25,000
	$420,500

Mr. Springer, in his will, gives to the College of Music 1,000 shares of Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne, and Chicago Railroad stock, which yields about $7,000 per year. The Art Museum Association gets $20-000 and 400 shares special guaranteed stock of the above road; the Music Hall Association, 750 shares special guaranteed stock Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne, and Chicago Railroad, yielding per year about $5,250.

Mr. Springer's other legacies are many and generous, and a fitting culmination to a successful life in every sense of the word. May he have many imitators.—*Church's Visitor.*

THE NEED FOR THOROUGHNESS.

THE following is sent us for insertion by the secretary of the Petersilea Academy of Music, etc.

In this country where the fall from opulence to poverty is often sudden and unexpected. Young people should heed the advice of the graybeard, who have perhaps paid the price of a life's failure for their experience. Not the least important of such advice is this: Set yourself to work to master some one avocation which will yield a subsistence, if not a fortune; so that should adversity overtake you, you may have something to rely upon that cannot be taken from you. *Master* that avocation we say. Be not content with a superficial knowledge of it. Be thorough in it from the foundation up. There is always a demand for skilled labor, or a master of his business or profession whatever it be.

The following is an instance of such demand:

MEMPHIS, TENN., Dec. 18, 1884.

PROF. PETERSILEA,

Petersilea Academy of Music, Boston, Mass.

Your pupil, Mrs. Fitts, died last week leaving about fifty pupils without an instructor. Can you recommend a successor who teaches the same method, to class that meets on the 20th instant for consultation. W. P. MILLER.

But this is only one appeal of many for thoroughness and Mr. Petersilea calls upon his former pupils and graduates to keep him notified of their residence if they wish to avail themselves of such opportunities as the above.

"WHAT 'S IN A NAME?"

IT would seem from the following, related of himself by Franz Liszt, that America has not a monopoly of cant in music.

When I was very young, I often amused myself with playing school-boy tricks, of which my auditors never failed to become the dupes. I would play the same piece, at one time as of Beethoven, at another as of Czerny; and lastly as my own. The occasion on which I passed myself off for the author, I received both protection and encouragement: "it really was not bad for my age." The day I played it under the name of Czerny, I was not listened to; but when I played it as being the composition of Beethoven, I made dead certain of the "Bravos" of the whole assembly. The name of Beethoven brings to my recollection another incident, which confirms my notions of the artistical capacity of the *dilettanti*. You know that for several years, the band of the Conservatory has undertaken to present the public with his symphonies. Now his glory is consecrated: the most ignorant among the ignorant shelter themselves behind his colossal name; and even envy herself, in her impotence, avails herself of it, as with a club, to crush all contemporary writers who appear to elevate themselves above their fellows. Wishing to carry out the idea of the Conservatory, (very imperfectly, for sufficient time was not allowed me), I this winter devoted several musical performances almost exclusively to the bringing forward duets, trios and quintets of Beethoven. I made sure of being wearisome; but I was also sure that no one dare say so. There were really brilliant displays of enthusiasm; one might have easily been deceived, and thought that the crowd were subjugated by the power of genius; but at one of the last performances, an inversion in the order of the programme completely put an end to the error. Without any explanation, a trio of Pixis was played in the place of one by Beethoven. The "bravos" were more numerous, more brilliant than ever; and when the trio of Beethoven took the place assigned to that of Pixis, it was found to be cold, mediocre, and even tiresome; so much so, indeed, that many made their escape, pronouncing that it was a piece of impertinence in Monsieur Pixis to presume to be listened to by an audience that had assembled to admire the masterpieces of the great man. I am far from inferring by what I have just related, that they were wrong in applauding Pixis' trio; but even he himself could not but have received with a smile of pity the applause of a public capable of confounding two compositions and two styles so totally different; for, most assuredly, the persons who could fall into such a mistake are wholly unfit to appreciate the real beauties in his works.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

It is said that some twenty thousand reed organs were manufactured in Chicago the past year.

Mr. J. A. Kieselhorst, the agent of the Miller piano in St. Louis, has recently patented a novel match safe. He says there are "millions in it."

Mr. Sims Reeves informs us that it is his present intention to commence an Australian tour in August, 1885. He will then visit the chief American cities. His absence from among us will extend quite over twelve months.—*Gros.*

Mr. Arthur N. Weld, formerly of Boston, but now a resident of St. Louis, has been engaged as leading basso in St. George's Church. Mr. Weld was formerly connected with Eugene Thayer, the organist, as basso in his choir in Boston.

Freund's Weekly, has become *Freund's Music and Drama*, the name being the same as that of a former venture of Mr. Freund's, in the same field. By the way, how does Freund always succeed so well in getting remarkable for St. Louis correspondents?

Our readers will notice elsewhere a full page advertisement of the New England Organ Company of Boston. The New England organs are recognized as strictly first class in every respect, and the company has a large and increasing trade not only in this, but in foreign countries. The New England Organ Company own and control several patents which these most competent to judge say are very valuable and add greatly to the worth of their instruments.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the card of Mme. Julie Rive-King, in another column. It will be good news to those in search of a thoroughly competent finishing teacher to know that the services of this renowned pianist can be secured during the winter. Mme. King needs no commendation at our hands especially to the readers of the REVIEW, who have from time to time been delighted by the compositions from her pen that have graced its pages.

E. S. Payson, the ever genial, formerly manager of agencies for the Henry F. Miller pianos, has cast his lot with the Emerson Piano Co. He will be west soon, probably, explaining the merits of the genuine Ralph Waldo Emerson pianos, you know, the only ones made on philosophical principles under the personal (spirit) supervision of the Sage of Concord. Unless his taste have changed, however, he will not take sage or Concord either, but mint and rye, or some similar mixture.

We see from European papers that Mr. Peterslies was very successful in Europe. At his concert in the Sing Academy at Berlin, he was repeatedly recalled and mentioned in the highest terms of praise by such famous critics as Gumprecht, Engel and Erber over their own signatures. Mrs. Peterslies played before Liszt in July last, and he frequently exclaimed good! good! and when she arose from the piano, cordially shook her hand and kissed her on the forehead like an admiring and affectionate father.

Dr. Mopsy's "Ammoniaphone" of which we made mention some months since, is being stigmatized as a humbug by Dr. Lennox Browne and other distinguished English "voice builders." The "Ammoniaphone" people retort that the opposition comes from those whose occupation will be taken away by the apparatus. We are inclined to side with Dr Browne; but will say, in answer to inquiries (we have received several) that we know nothing about the merits or demerits of the instrument for the manufacture of artificial Italian air.

Mr. Joseph Bennett, the English musical critic, tells a good story of the recent Norwich (Eng.) Festival—*Concert goer* (to stranger)—It was 25 minutes if it was a minuet. *Stranger*—It was longer. *Concert-goer* (in a fume)—Yes! one piece took high upon six-an-hour, and all beastly fiddling and twiddling. Not a single chorus or motion, not a big band. Some of them got so tired of the thing that they went and played outside. (It was the Cowper's Scandinavian Symphony, in the slow movement of which the horns are directed to play in the adjoining room.)—*Boston Journal.*

The following is what, amongst other things, Duvriest says of Mendelssohn: "Of middle height, slender frame, and uncommon muscular power, a capital gymnast, swimmer, walker, rider and dancer, the leading feature of his outward and inner nature was an extraordinary sensitiveness. * * * Moreover, he would take no repose. The habit of constant occupation, instilled by his mother, made rest intolerable to him. To spend any time in mere talk caused him to look frequently at his watch, by which he often gave offense; his impatience was only subdued when something was being done, such as music, reading, chess, etc.

M. Jules Barbier, the author, or part-author, of so many libretti, including those of *Faust, Hamlet, Mignon, Quitaline,* and *La Statue*, is a candidate for election at the French Academy, a list which he has proposed in the following terms to the Perpetual Secretary of that Institution:—

"Sir,—Inasmuch as epigram, 'When anything is not worth being spoken, it is sung,' appears to have brought down upon operatic libretto a feeling of disfavor which did not exist in the time of Quinault, since, despite Boileau's severity, the Academy admitted him into its midst.

"Against the above epigram, which has grown into an aphorism, I now endeavor to make a stand, by begging you to add my name to those of the other candidates for the seat of M. d'Hausonville. In reality, however, it is not M. d'Hausonville's seat, but Quinault's, which is the object of my ambition. The Opera and the Opera-Comique, so nobly encouraged and subsidized by the State, deserve, perhaps, after the other theatres, to be represented in the Institute by their poets, as they already are, on better grounds, without doubt, by their musicians."

MOZART'S PIANOFORTE had five octaves F to F, and Clementi's had no more till about 1793, when five and a half octaves were gained by going up to the next C. In 1796 appeared the first piano with six octaves, from C to C, and this compass was that of the grand pianoforte given by Messrs. Broadwood, the great London house, to Beethoven in 1817, the one he used for the rest of his life. The general introduction of a six octave compass, whether from C to C or F to F, was not until 1811, when the six and a half octave compass also came in. The gradual extension to seven octaves by G, and then A, upward, and to the lowest A, downwards, was not everywhere completed until 1851.

MME. DE RIMBAY relates in her *Memoires* the following anecdote of Grétry. As a member of the Institute, the musician used to attend pretty regularly the Sunday receptions, and, on more than one occasion, the Emperor Napoleon, having a dim recollection of his face, went up almost mechanically and asked him his name. One day, wearied at hearing the same eternal question, and, perhaps, somewhat wounded at not having made a more lasting impression, the Emperor, in his usual abrupt style of interrogation, enquired: "Well and who are you?" Grétry replied rather tetchily: "I am still Grétry, Sire." After this the Emperor always recognized him perfectly.

OF Mr. Tennyson, whose personal appearance is somewhat Byronic, a story is told, which would be good if it were certainly true. He is said to have been staying with a friend in Paris, and one day asked his companion, who was going out, to tell the porter at the lodge to keep the fire in. His friend's French, however, was of a mediocre quality to say the least, so that his orders to the porter assumed the form of *Ne laissez pas sortir le feu!* enunciated with much demonstrative gesticulation. When Tennyson, soon afterward, wanted to get out, he found the door of his room guarded by two stalwart men who refused to let him pass. The wilder Tennyson grew, of course the more the men were convinced that he was a dangerous lunatic, and resisted all his attempts to escape till the unlucky friend came back, and the error was explained.

THE young American violinist, Miss Nettie Carpenter, who recently, on tour with Mr. Sims Reeves, achieved such a brilliant success in the provinces, has been the victim of what seems to be a malicious and deliberate conspiracy. On Tuesday, November 18th, while attracted in Westbourne Grove by a crowd gathered round a horse that had fallen, a large portion of her long and flowing hair was severed from her head. The very next day, in Oxford Street, while returning from a concert in the Albert Hall, a similar outrage was perpetrated. The extraordinary recurrence of the dastardly act on consecutive days has naturally given rise to the supposition that in some quarter or another professional jealousy has been aroused; and, in consequence, as a measure of precaution, a detective has been employed to follow the young lady wherever she walks abroad.—*Gem and Herald.*

A MUSICAL scandal, the like of which has never been witnessed before, was enacted recently at a concert given in the large hall of the Vienna Conservatory by Dr. Hans von Bulow, who but a few months ago was the hero of a similar scene at the Grand Opera House in Berlin. The concert hall was crowded, and among the audience were the Archduchess Valerie, Archduke Karl Ludwig, Duke Karl Theodor, of Bavaria, and many leading members of the aristocracy. The programme included Beethoven's overture to "Egmont." After the previous numbers had been played, Herr von Bulow stepped forward to the front of the platform, and taking from his pocket the previous day's issue of the *Fremdenblatt*, addressed the audience in a tone of mingled ill-temper and irony. He said that the journal in question had found fault with his previous rendering of Beethoven's "Egmont," and that, as he would not like to wrong the great composer again, his orchestra would play instead the "Academical Overture" of the Austrian Brahms. The public indignantly protested and called for Beethoven's overture, which after some hesitation on the part of Herr von Bulow, was produced. Brahm's "Academical Overture" was then expected, but Herr von Bulow, after putting on his overcoat, once more addressed the audience: "I cannot render it on the pianoforte," he said, "and my musicians are too tired to play it themselves." It would be difficult to describe the angry feeling roused among the public by Herr von Bulow's behavior. It is questionable whether he will ever be asked to play in Vienna again. Neither the presence of royalty nor the fact that he was performing to the most musical and appreciative audience in Europe prevented him from giving vent to his wounded vanity by an unseemly and unjustifiable manifestation.

ARE THE ENGLISH MUSICAL.

WHO will say that Mr. Gounod would not have succeeded as a diplomat, after reading the following answer to the editor of *The Lute*, (a London musical journal) who had written to him asking him whether, in his opinion the English were a musical people?

"Sir:—You ask me whether the English are or are not a musical people? You place me thereby in a very delicate position; not so much in reference to the English people as to the question itself. Congresses are often called together for the discussion of questions far less interesting. According to my idea, there exists no people that is anti-musical. Music is an element in human nature. There are individuals who are insensible to or refractory to musical influence; those are invalids. As yet there exist no hospitals to cure such invalids, but some day there may be—they would not be the least useful—but until then, quite other forms of barbarism have to be managed and driven under foot. Time is too short to treat this very interesting subject "in extenso."

As for myself, I can only congratulate myself on the reception which England gave my works, and I know that England is faithful to her loves and hates. Accept, sirs, the assurance of my sincere regard. C. GOUNOD."

COMICAL CHORDS.

WEDDINGS are numerous. The frost is nipping the bachelors.

SONG OF THE BAKER—"I Knead Thee Every Hour." The first note of the song is dough.

A MUSIC SELLER announces in his window a sentimental song: "Thou hast loved and Left Me," for three cents.

A YOUNG lady when recently asked if she was a singer, replied that she only sang for her own "amazement."

He said he wanted to be his helpmeet, and she replied that she could never be more than assistor to him.

WHEN you see a crowd attracted by the tooting of a little German band, you see what the French mean by a *tout ensemble*.

THE latest London song is called: "My Love She is a Kitten." It would make a splendid serenade for a small back yard party.

THE manager of a church fair when asked if there would be music each evening replied: "No but there will be singing."

"If you do not want to be robbed of your good name," says the Minneapolis *Tribune*, "don't have it printed on your umbrella."

A PHILADELPHIA barber refused to color Rob Ingersoll's moustache on the ground that it should never be said to him that "he died an infidel."

THE RIVING PASTOR—One of the members of the St. Louis Browns base ball nine has joined a singing class, so as to learn how to pitch his voice.

"WHERE'S your partner, this morning, Mr. Hyson?" the neighbor asked the grocer. "Don't know for certain," cautiously replied the old man, "he died last night."

"THAT's the first hop of the season," remarked a dancing master as his young hopeful sat down on a tack. Then the music started and the band broke.

THE only jokes women like to read are those which reflect ridicule upon men. On taking up a paper a woman invariably turns to the marriage column.

MUSIC TEACHER TO PUPIL—"You see the note with an open space: that's a whole note. Can you remember that?" *Pupil*—"Yes'm. A whole note is a note that has a hole in it."

THE Zulu lady wears her wedding ring in her nose. A double purpose is thus served. It discourages promiscuous kissing, and she is in little danger of losing her ring. She always sees where it is.

"What would you charge me for one cullet?" asked Liszt, when Prince Esterhazy, who owns immense flocks, inquired what the renowned musician would charge for playing only one piece at a party.

"BREAK, break, break," is the song of the surf on the rocks and beach at the Golden Gate, and "broke, broke, broke," is the sad echo of the mining speculator, miles away.—*Dardis Leader.*

"WHAT is the meaning of a back-bitter?" asked a gentleman at a Sunday-school examination. This was a puzzler. It went down the class until it came to a simple urchin, who said: "Perhaps it's a flea."

THE Japanese premier, Prince Kung addressed General Grant in English, so indeed, trying to compliment him by assuring him that he was born to command, he said: "Sire! Brave General! you was made to order."

OUR dear son Gustav lost his life by falling from the spire of the Lutheran Church. Only those who know the height of the steeple can measure the depth of our grief.—*Obituary column of a German newspaper.*

It is said that as soon as a chinaman marries an American lady in this country he amputates his queue. This is conclusive evidence that the heathen Chinee has been a close student of married life in this country.

A MINISTER, walking with a friend stopped on an icy pavement and sat down on the sidewalk. Quoth his friend, "The wicked stand on slippery places." "I see they do," replied the fallen preacher, "but I can't."

ACCORDING to the poet Campbell, "The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky." As long as they don't set "grandfather's clock" in the sky, we shall be willing to go up there. Their watch has never been set to music.

DEACON FRIGG, addressed his pensilvania companion that the kingdom of Satan was to be destroyed, and asked him if he wasn't glad of it. "Yes," he replied, "I suppose so, but it seems a pity to have anything wasted.

THE END OF ALL TURKOS—*Mistress* (to her late servant)—"Well, Mary, how have you been since you left me, and where are you living now?" *Ex-servant*—" Please, ma'am, I don't live anywhere, ma'am; I'm married, ma'am."

THE editor who squashed a juicy cockroach with the butt end of his lead pencil and afterwards forgetfully sucked the same, while wooing a coy expression, suddenly found a word, but it seemed to be foreign to the subject under consideration.