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There are hundreds of piano methods published which do not suit good teachers. Such teachers will find this book just what they want.

"I can scarcely name a successful singer in light opera," asserts Jessie Bartlett Davis, "who does not owe her present position largely to the training of that best of all schools, the chorus. One acquires there the difficult art of commanding the hands, the feet, the voice; of controlling that great horror, stage fright. In a word, one acquires in the chorus a confidence and a *sang froid* in facing an audience that all the singing in the world cannot impart. Not that I underrate the value of education, but between the conservatory with its theories and ideals, and the stage with its facts and realities, there is a wide, deep chasm, over which the chorus girl often leaps nimbly to success, but which is a pitfall, indeed, to the untrained feet of the debutaute who seeks to achieve fame at one bold bound. Of course, exceptional circumstances and conditions make exceptional cases; but, as a rule, the top of the ladder is reached only by the girl who has had ambition, courage and perseverance to begin pluckily from the lowest round—the chorus. In fact, my advice to every girl who seeks a career in light opera is, 'Start in the chorus.'"

LESCHETIZKY ON TECHNIQUE.

Theodore Leschetizky is on a short visit to London. Dal Young writes an interesting article in the *Musician* on the man and his method, in the course of which he says: "Leschetizky is assured that five-sixths of piano technique, and even of piano mechanique, is in the head rather than in the fingers. When one plays a wrong note, the reason is nearly always one of two—either one does not really know, at the moment, what note one meant to strike, or one does not know with what movement one meant to strike it. Even when one knows exactly what kind of touch one wants for a certain note, one must find out by study the exact movement of the hand or finger which will produce that tone with certainty, and one must train one's brain to think of that movement at the right moment. In the time of study these movements must be done by conscious and thought-out intention, even though they are repeated afterward by sub-conscious habit. A few wrong notes, and a good many wrong touches, are produced by defective training of the nerves of the hand, so that even when one has decided exactly what movement one wants to make, one's hand is not able to execute it. A very few more wrong notes, and some wrong touches (that is, touches different from what one intended to produce), come from the hand being muscularly weak or tired. The hand must, therefore, be elaborately trained, as if each finger were a wild beast to be tamed, beginning with one-note exercises, until it is both nervous and muscular. After that, wrong notes and haphazard touches and combinations of touches will be the result of pure ignorance."

APPRECIATION OF HANDEL.

A distinguished musician and antiquarian, and an enthusiastic lover of Handel, writes the following to *Musical News:*

"In *Musical News* of October 2, page 286, is a paragraph which is likely to be misconstrued, as showing contempt for want of appreciation of Handel—it commences "London musical amateurs."

Enclosed is a series of opinions of musicians who at least knew the ground of their faith, and were competent to give a judgment.

The enclosure is as follows :—

OF HANDEL;

HAYDN said : "He is the father of us all.

MOZART said : "Handel knows, better than any one of us, what is capable of producing a great effect. When he choses he can strike like a thunderbolt"

BEETHOVEN said : "He is the monarch of the musical kingdom. He was the greatest composer that ever lived. I would uncover my head and kneel before his tomb."

MENDELSSOHN said : "Handel's works are treasures of sublimity and elevation."

Readers of these columns, answered *Musical News*, who have followed the remarks made so frequently on the subject of tampering with Handel's music, and advocating the utmost reverence in editing and and performing it, would hardly misconstrue the few lines on October 2nd, which spoke of London amateurs being "gradually educated to something beyond Handel," as implying any contempt for or want of appreciation of the great composer. On the contrary, probably Handel himself would hardly feel flattered if he imagined his music had stood in the way of progress. His work was inimitable, and he and Bach together summed up and exhausted the possibilities of the art in the lines in which they worked; but great developments have taken place since. The orchestal symphony was unknown to them, though they foreshadowed it; they laid the imperishable foundations upon which others have built, and the more we study the superimposed design the more we are led to look back with admiration upon these glorious founders of our modern art.

It has been proved over and over again that the taste for music grows with the supply, and at the present moment the stir in the orchestral world seems to have created in London a new vast *clientele* for concert-givers. Listening to symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tschaikowsky, has not weaned Handelian lovers from their first love, but has rather drawn into the one great fold many others who would not have been at first attracted by the older forms of art. Everything that was good and true in Handel's music appeals to the listener as strongly, to-day, as it ever did, but the most ardent worshipper of his will hardly fail to admit that there *is* "something beyond Handel," (to quote again the expression used a fortnight ago). Handel and Bach were in the very forefront of the advance in their own day; if they were alive now they themselves would assuredly be among the most modern of the moderns. They, and Handel especially, will never be forgotten by our people; but the best reward for their labors that they would seek for themselves would be the knowledge, firstly, that their own music is treated with an ever growing reverence, and, secondly, that their shining example inspires others to go forward, not merely to sit still and admire. Out of the Egyptian darkness of ancient Modes and chaotic gropings after form, Handel and Bach, greatest among many great ones, lead the people gloriously to the very borders of the promised land. And the journey was not all preparatory; many were the glimpses of future satisfaction which were vouchsafed to the travellers, but the ultimate fruition of their labors was destined to fall to others. As the foundations laid by Moses of old were built upon by Joshua, so in Music the immortal work of the pioneers has provided materials and a solid base of operations for the efforts of later leaders. The undertaking is *one:* and the greatness of Handel and Bach seem most vast when viewed in the light of the achievements of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and Wagner, all of whom confess in word and in work, how much they owe to the two giants.

Mme. Marcella Sembrich, who has not been heard in this country for some years, arrived on board the *Normannia* on October 15th. Mme. Sembrich enjoys the distinction of sharing with Melba the fame of being the most accomplished coloratura singer on the lyric stage at the present time.

Her appearances lately have been confined to Russia, Spain, Germany, and Austria for the past ten years, appearing regularly every season in St. Petersburg. She regrets that she cannot be heard here in opera. To her repertoire, Sembrich says she has made only the addition of Massenet's "Manon," being satisfied with what she considers best suited to her especial capacity. Her season opens at New York, October 26th.

ATTRACTIONS AT THE LEADING THEATRES.

For the purpose of keeping our readers posted in dramatic affairs in St. Louis, it is the intention of the editor of the REVIEW to present in this column in every issue, until further notice, a brief *resume* of the leading theatrical attractions of the week closing with our date of publication, and a series of advance notices on the shows that are immediately to follow. The editor knows no better medium for this purpose than the columns of the *St. Louis Star*, which are noted for fairness in all theatrical matters and reflect the candid opinion of the writer having them in charge.

The theatrical season in St. Louis may now be said to be well under way. The best class of attractions are generally booked by the managers of the leading houses after the St. Louis Exposition closes.

During the past week at the Century Mr. Stuart Robson appeared in repertoire. The Henrietta, She Stoops to Conquer, and The Comedy of Errors were the famous comedian's offerings. Concerning The Henrietta, in which Mr. Robson revived many of the pleasant memories of his earlier years, the *Star* said :

"The Henrietta, which has done more for Mr. Stuart Robson and his former side partner, Crane, than perhaps any other play he or they ever attempted, was the Sunday evening presentment at the Century by Mr Robson and his company. Of him it can be said that age cannot wither nor custom stale that funny voice of his, and his company this season gives him all the assistance he needs in making acceptable Bronson Howard's most successful comedy. It is altogether right that Mr. Robson should occasionally reproduce The Henrietta. Since the era of its greatest popularity passed, a new generation of playgoers has grown up to parquette chair dimensions, and The Henrietta furnishes a very convenient link between the former better and present intermediate dramatic epoch."

At the Olympic the patrons of that popular house had the famous fairy and burlesque spectacle, entitled Jack and the Beanstalk, which played to phenomenal business in the East, but was not up to the scenic standard laid down by David Henderson in the palmy days of the American Extravaganza Company. The *Star* discussed the venture in a critical review, of which the following is an excerpt:

"The treatment of all the episodes in the stories as they are made available for this Jack and the Beanstalk, has been a little too broad. Excepting two or three vocal numbers the higher music presented is without special merit. The dance scores are not very bright, and those for the topical songs have patter and plunk rather than dash, grace and beauty. As to the principal interpreters the management has made a careful choice in nearly all instances. Madge Lessing as Jack Hubbard is the only young woman on the American stage just now entirely available for the part. She sings like Lillian Russell, but much more melodiously, and suggests the inquiry whether Russellian method of ripple and tremolo is the only one at hand for burlesque and comic opera. Her stage manner is altogether pleasing, very nearly fascinating, and she dances like a sunbeam. All her work shows the invincible combination of native talent, intelligent training and growing love of her art. A casual survey of the field of burlesque extravaganza leaves her its undisputed mistress. A young man who is giving a good account of himself is Harry Kelly, as Sinbad. Carrie Perkins, without whom nothing like fairy spectacle should be attempted, is an excellent Old Mother Hubbard, and her real live dog, who isn't mentioned in the programme, makes her a very realistic custodian of the diminishing larder. The stage pictures, special scenery, groupings, in fact the entire investiture of the offering, are elegant, and much care has been taken to keep the more maturely developed young women out of the fairy contingent, which is in accordance with the enternal fitness of things. Among the Forty Thieves there are many comedians of pose and figure. The movement of the play is strong. The moments of lag and lassitude are few. A large house witnessed it last night, and while the male persuasion predominated, it is neverthless a good show for women and children."

At the Imperial Theatre the stock company presented Hamlet to large audiences. The price of admission here does not exceed 30 cents for the best seat in the house, and the wonder is how the management can give such excellent performances at the small scale of prices.

Vaudeville, headed by Mary Norman, the society caricaturist, ruled at Hopkin's Grand. The business was of the phenomenal order.

In the coming week the theatrical purveyers submit the subjoined menu :

Century: Secret Service—William Gillett's famous war melodrama that created a furore in Paris where it was played in French at Mme. Bernhardt's Renaissance Theatre.

Olympic: Lillian Russell, Della Fox and Jefferson de Angelis in The Wedding Day, the new comic and romantic opera, concerning which there seems to be a wide difference of opinion.

The Imperial: A Celebrated Case, the French melodrama, is the attraction at Manager Gumpert's popular house. The stock company gave it an intelligent interpretation at the Sunday matinee.

Hopkins' Grand: Bartley Campbell's White Slave is being presented at the city's oldest play-house. Helen Robertson, formerly of the Frohman forces, appears in the title role. She is the new leading lady, and created an excellent impression on her first appearance.

CHURCH ORGANISTS.

Probably in no country in the world are there so many dexterous organ players as in our own. Their name is legion, says the *Evangelist;* all over the land young men have acquired the art of handling the organ with skill, they have mastered all its resources, and perform with accuracy the most difficult compositions.

Yet the *church* organist is a rara avis. I do not recall ever having heard a dozen of real ability, who addressed themselves to their duties with an intelligent comprehension of what the occasion demanded. They are mainly chosen for virtuosity, when in fact that has little opportunity for display in the ordinary Protestant service. The true art of the church organist begins when the virtuoso ends. The concert organist is to the church organist what the elocutionist is to the orator, for demand is made on the church players for the exercise of the very highest art, far beyond nimbleness of finger or foot.

The variations of Thiele and the fugues of Bach have no proper place in the modern church worship, the function of the player being, when rightly understood, to induce worshipful and devotional feeling, and prepare the audience for the solemn offices of the service. To this end he is called upon to *improvise*, to construct in interlude, prelude and response a series of musical epigrams demanding the exercise of the highest musical intelligence. Now here is just where our players fail. I have listened to the best performers in this and other cities and have been amazed at the total ignoring of the very rudiments of musical composition in their extempore work. Whether written or extempore, music in order to be music must, like speech, have *form;* like poetry it must have rhythm, measure and periodicity, and these seem to be almost universally ignored. An interlude must be in the rhythm of the tune it punctuates, it must have the length of phrase prescribed by the laws of music, it must have a beginning, a progression and a conclusion.

Music, like any language, to be intelligible must have form. Chords strung together without rhythm are as meaningless as the reading of beautiful, sonorous words down the page of a dictionary, they are merely jargon. And this is what we usually hear from our most accomplished performers—merely senseless jargon, a stringing together of chords, saying nothing, meaning nothing, without a musical idea, in short, *tuneful drivel.*

For this reason very largely, the organ takes little place in the worship, but is regarded with entire indifference by the audience. Their attitude shows complete unconcern, and the noble instrument becomes merely a stop-gap.

The method of choosing organists is absurd. A number are convoked who play music practiced very likely for years, and the showiest piece and the liveliest foot and finger win the prize. This is like testing a horse for speed, when you want him for draught purposes. The true method of determining the ability of a performer to do church work is to give him two tunes of widely different character to play, with interludes between the verses. If he gives out the tunes in exact, metronomic tunes, with a due regard for the character of the verses, if his interludes can be written down and make musical sense, having rhythm, measure, and periodicity, it may be considered that he is an artist, otherwise only an automaton.

It only remains for me to say that I find another grievous fault in the constant changing of the stops in giving out a hymn, and in the accompaniment of voices, a weakness and a frivolity which is painful to the listener, producing the effect of unrest and self-consciousness in the performer, who seems rather to be searching for odd noises than to be playing in the house of God with a serious purpose. It is musical trifling, which is altogether too prevalent.

Much yet remains to be said regarding the adaptation of music to the character of the service, whether to be "grave or gay," joyful or penitential, but doubtless this will be taken up by older and abler writers.

Alexander Guilmant, the French organist, will leave for America the latter part of November. He will give two recitals in New York, and then proceed westward.

MUSICAL LEADER

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THOMAS M. HYLAND, - - EDITOR.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

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SEIDL AND RIVE-KING.

Two of the greatest treats St. Louisans have enjoyed for some time were afforded by Anton Seidl and his grand orchestra and Madame Rive-King, the renowned pianist and composer at the Olympic theatre on the 24th ult. Seldom have more critical and thoroughly representative audiences been gathered than those in attendance at the matinee and evening concert. The orchestral numbers were admirably rendered. Mr. Seidl proving his usual mastery of tone color and of his orchestra. But the greatest interest was centered upon the soloist, Madame Julie Rive-King. To say that criticism was totally disarmed is but rendering justice to the wonderful powers of this great artist. Her playing of Saint Saens G minor Concerto and Rubinstein's Concerto in D minor were a revelation in utterly artistic work. The playing of the latter would have done justice to Rubinstein himself. For encore, Madame King played her own wonderful arrangement of "Wiener Bonbons" waltz, and received rounds and rounds of applause.

Madame King was fortunate in having a magnificent piano, the Wissner, at her command. Every demand of the pianist was met in a manner that excited the admiration of all present and drew out the most favorable comment. Too often an artist is handicapped by an inadequate instrument—in this instance the Wissner piano is sharing Madame King's triumphal tour.

ROSENTHAL NOT COMING.

Moritz Rosenthal, the pianist, will not come to this country this season, after all, in spite of his contracts.

After his recovery from illness last year, Rosenthal returned to Europe and renewed his contract to play here again this winter, as it was then believed that he would have recovered his strength fully by that time. On September 24th, however, he wrote that his physicians had advised him not to interrupt his rest by any attempt to return to the United States, and that he intended to remain on the Riviera, and make no public appearance until next spring, when he will play in London.

STRASSBERGER'S CONSERVATORY.

The opening recital of Strassberger's Conservatory of Music was given on the 4th inst. The programme was replete with magnificent numbers and included some of the most prominent talent in the city. The hall proved too small to hold the large attendance that gathered in anticipation of the rare programme. The duos for two pianos, played by Messrs. Charles Kunkel and Louis Conrath, were in themselves a treat that will never be forgotten by all present. Such unanimity in playing, and such dazzling effects, have seldom been witnessed in duo work. The following is the programme:

1. Piano Duo (for two pianos), suite in form of series of characteristic pieces—Conrath: (1) Tema, (2) Dialogo, (3) Momento Giocoso, (4) Scherzino, (5) Romanza, (6) Intermezzo. (7) Alla Roccoco. (8) Marcia Funerale, (9) Finale Marcia Trionfale; Charles Kunkel and Louis Conrath. 2. Violin Solo, "Valse de Concerts,"—DeBeriot; Dr. J. P. Nemours. 3. Piano Solo, "Spanish Dance,"—Moszkowski; Lulu Vogt. 4. Elocution, "Guess Me Out."—McDowell; Lillian Niebling. 5. Cello Solo, "Concerto,"—Goltermann; Louis Mayer. 6. Vocal Solo, "Murmuring Zephyrs,"—Jensen; Mary N. Berry. 7. Piano Solo, "Rhapsody Hongroise" No. 8—Franz Liszt; Katie Jochum. 8. Violin Solo, "Fantasie Caprice" Souvenir de Haydn."—Leonard; Guido Parisi. 9. Piano Duo (for two pianos) Overture "William Tell."—Paraphrased by Kunkel and Conrath; Charles Kunkel and Louis Conrath. 10. Emotional Attitudes; Lillian Niebling. 11. Piano Solo, "Last Hope."—Gottschalk; Paul Mori. 12. Meditation, "Ave Maria."—Gounod; Miss Mary N. Berry. Guido Parisi, Louis Mayer, Louis Conrath, and Paul Mori.

The above programme will be repeated at Memorial Hall some time in December. Mr. Strassberger deserves special credit for the splendid work done by his Conservatory. He has spared no pains to make every department a thoroughly representative one.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

St. Louisans will be glad to learn that Dr. Seidenadel, who removed to Chicago recently, has attached himself to the University of Chicago. St. Louis' loss in this case is Chicago's gain, and the University and Music will have an able and worthy advocate in Dr. Seidenadel.

The official "Record" of the University, II. No. 24, dated October 1, 1897, contains the following announcement:

DEPARTMENT OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.—The following additional courses in Greek are announced:

32a. Autumn Quarter: Literature and Theory of Greek Music. Auctores: Cleonides (Pseudo Euclides), Bacchius Senior, Gaudentius.

32b. Winter Quarter: Musical instruments. Auctores: Aristoxenus, Aristides Quintilianus (lib. II.)

32c. Spring Quarter: History of Greek Music. Musical notation. Auctores: Alypius; Plutarchus *de musica;* loci e Platone, Aristotele, Athenaeo.

The exercises in the course for the Autumn Quarter will consist of lectures on the literature and theory of Greek Music on Mondays and Wednesdays, 2:00 p.m., Greek authors will be read on Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2:00 p.m. The lectures on Mondays and Wednesdays are open to all without registration; but credit will be given only to graduate students who register for the whole course.

DR. SEIDENADEL.

The University of Chicago, flourishing under President Harper's presidentship and unfiring activity, is the only institution in America that offers regular courses on Greek music, based directly upon the Greek writers on this difficult and obscure subject.

Dr. Seidenadel was Fellow in Greek of the University of Chicago during the years 1896 and 1897, and has lately obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy (*magna cum laude*) in the Departments of Greek and Latin, after a rigorous examination, and after completing a dissertation on the opinions of the ancient Greek authors, especially Plato and Aristotle, about the effect of music, its power of expressing and effecting "Ethos" or "Pathos." The dissertation is the first, written in Latin language, by any Doctor of the University of Chicago. It will appear in print in the world-renowned publishing house of Breitkopf & Haertel in Leipzig. Dr. Seidenadel is, both in this country and abroad, well known as an able and most intrepid critic of music for daily papers, and as correspondent for several musical journals. In St. Louis, he was the President and Lecturer of the "Richard Wagner Society" for five consecutive years. He has held 76 lectures on Wagner's style and a complete analysis of seven of the music-dramas of this master before this club, besides 56 lectures before several prominent clubs in this country.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

A new pianoforte keyboard, having six rows of keys, has recently been exhibited in Manchester, England. An octave is formed by six keys in two contiguous rows. All the keys are on the same level, and each note is separated from the rest by an interval of two semi-tones.

Josef Hoffmann will visit America for a professional tour, under the control of the Chicago Orchestral Association—Theodore Thomas, conductor, beginning March 1st, 1898. The manager is Miss Anna Millar, Murray Hill Hotel, New York, and Auditorium, Chicago.

In Vienna there is a new kind of entertainment. Alfredo Saffredini has organized an opera troupe in which the singers are all children. Works by the Director, "Il Piccolo Haydn," "Salvatorello," and "Aurora," form the repertoire. These youngsters are said to do astonishingly well, and draw large audiences.

And now the English are beginning to preach against students of music going abroad to study. An English exchange says: "The private conservatories of Berlin are more busy filling (and overfilling) their benches than attending to the individual needs of their pupils. With the possible exception of Leipsic, there are no musical schools in the Fatherland to be compared with our own."

The recent Bayreuth festival has proven a rich harvest for Cosima Wagner. The receipts of the festival were $130,000, of which at least $100,000 is clear profit, as the artists sang wholly and entirely for the honor of the thing, and there were no expenses for scenery. In 1895, there was a large deficit, and the festival in 1882 barely made expenses. The next festival will be held in 1899.

Madame Melba gave an interesting account of her first appearance in public. "I was quite a young girl in Australia," she said, "when, notwithstanding the persistent discouragement of my father, who was averse to the idea of a singer's career for me, I engaged a hall and sent round a notice to all my friends, saying that I proposed to give an entertainment which I hoped they would patronize. However, unfortunately for me, somebody mentioned the little scheme to my father, and he, furious at my clandestine enterprise, begged everyone of his acquaintances to uphold his parental authority by ignoring the performance. But even then I wasn't disheartened, and when the day came I drove off to the hall, and at the hour announced for the commencement of my concert stepped on to the platform—to find myself face to face with an audience of two. And nobody else came."

The Perry School of Oratory and Dramatic Art, under the direction of Edward P. Perry, gave its first recital and reception on the 16th ult., at the Y. M. C. A. Building, Grand and Franklin Aves. The programme was participated in by Misses Minnie Peper and Helen Gilbert and Mr. Edward P. Perry. It proved a genuine treat, and was enthusiastically received by a select and critical audience.

Milton B. Griffith, the tenor, gave a song recital, assisted by Mrs. Nellie Strong Stevenson, pianiste, and Miss Clora Assman, accompanist, at the Lindell Ave. M. E. Church, corner of Newstead Ave. and Lindell Boulevard, on the 28th ult. The recital drew out a splendid audience, and was a pronounced success, winning Mr. Griffith many admirers.

Miss Charlotte H. Hax Rosatti, the well-known vocal teacher, has returned after an extended visit to Germany and France. She has opened a studio at Shattinger's Piano and Music House, 1114 Olive street, for the accommodation of her many pupils.

Miss Emilie Helmerichs has removed from 2625 South 7th street to 1947 Arsenal street. Miss Helmerichs is one of the most widely known teachers in the city and has met with uninterrupted success for many years. She has a large and progressive class of pupils and is deservedly popular.

When discussing the question of orchestral balance, about which we hear a good deal now-a-days, says *Musical News*, it is impossible to generalize with any degree of utility, *e. g.*, it is useless to say that a certain number of violins are necessary against a certain force of wind. The effect produced by each department of the orchestra varies immensely according to the physical strength and executive ability of the individual performers, and is also affected by differences in construction of the instruments themselves. A cylindrical flute at the present day can hold its own easily against the other members of the wood-wind family, and is a different instrument altogether from its conical eight-keyed progenitor, denominated "German." The position of instrumentalists, also, with respect to resonating bodies—walls, ceiling, etc.—has a considerable effect upon their results in combination. Then, again, the scoring of one composer needs a differently constituted orchestra from that of another. All these causes make it impossible to lay down any rules of a numerical nature with regard to orchestral balance. Perfect orchestral playing can only result when the same performers regularly and frequently meet together for rehearsal and performance on the same platform under a conductor who knows his business. A conductor who asks an orchestral player to play louder or softer, as the case may be, is sometimes met with the rejoinder, "But it is marked so-and-so." The player has been honestly observing his proportions, but probably they are quite unsuitable to the proportions of the *ensemble* at that moment, and each case must be decided on its own merits.

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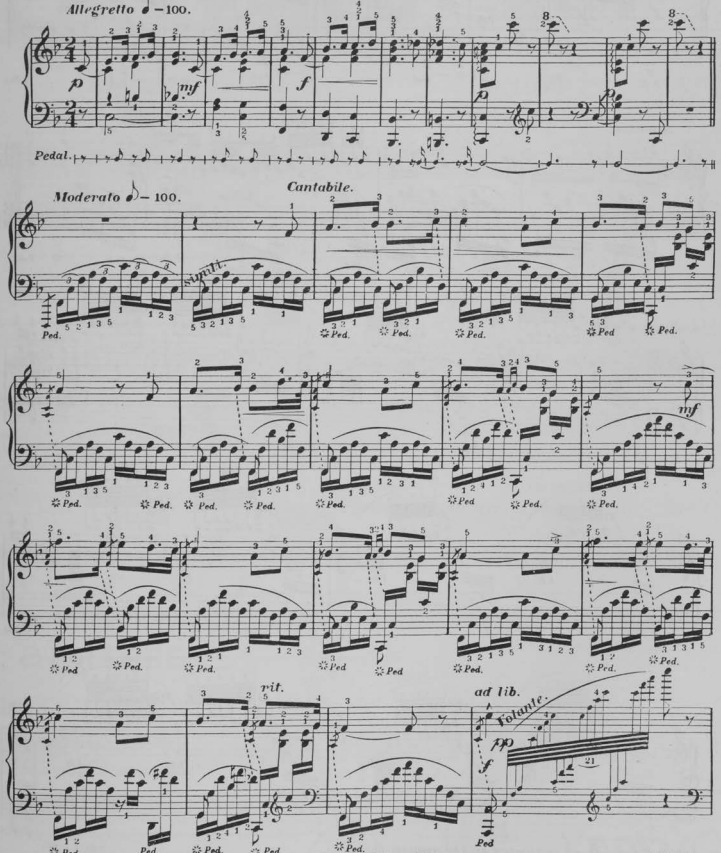
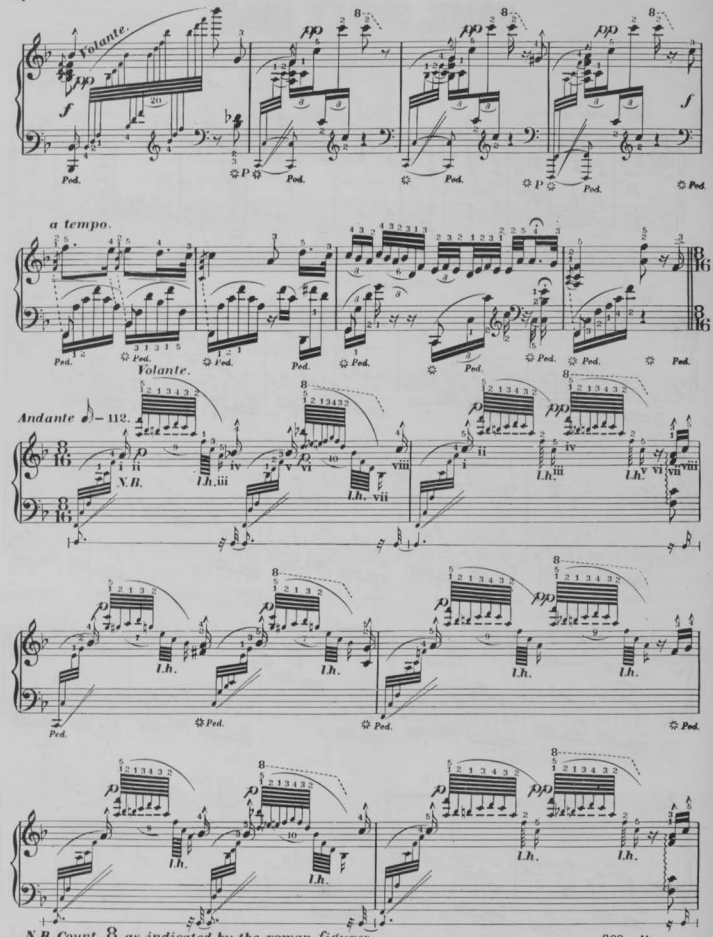
Julie Rive-King.





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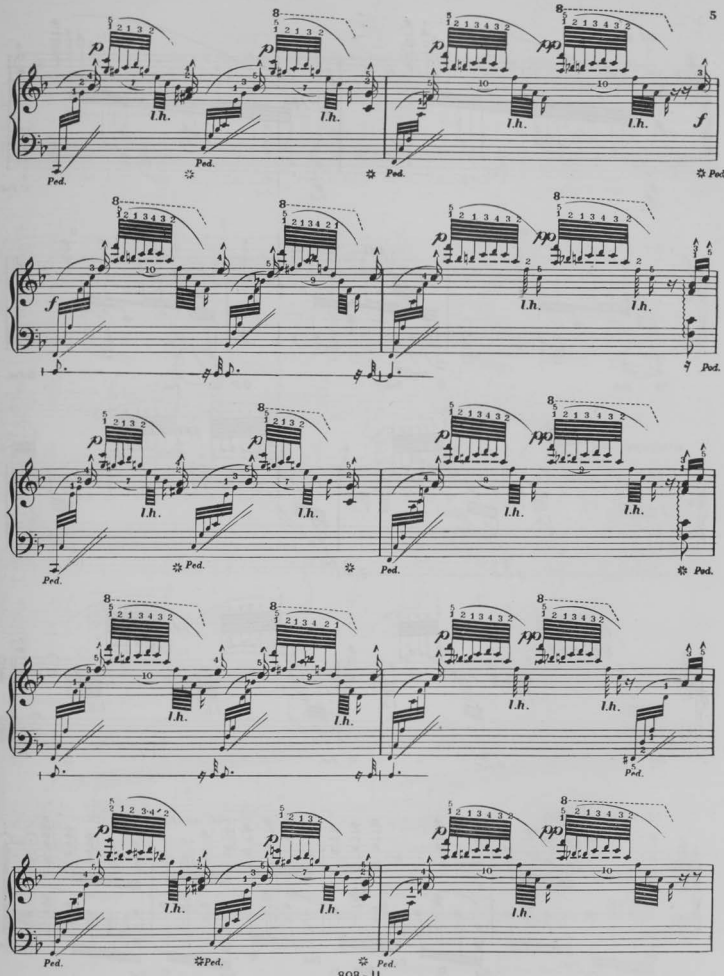
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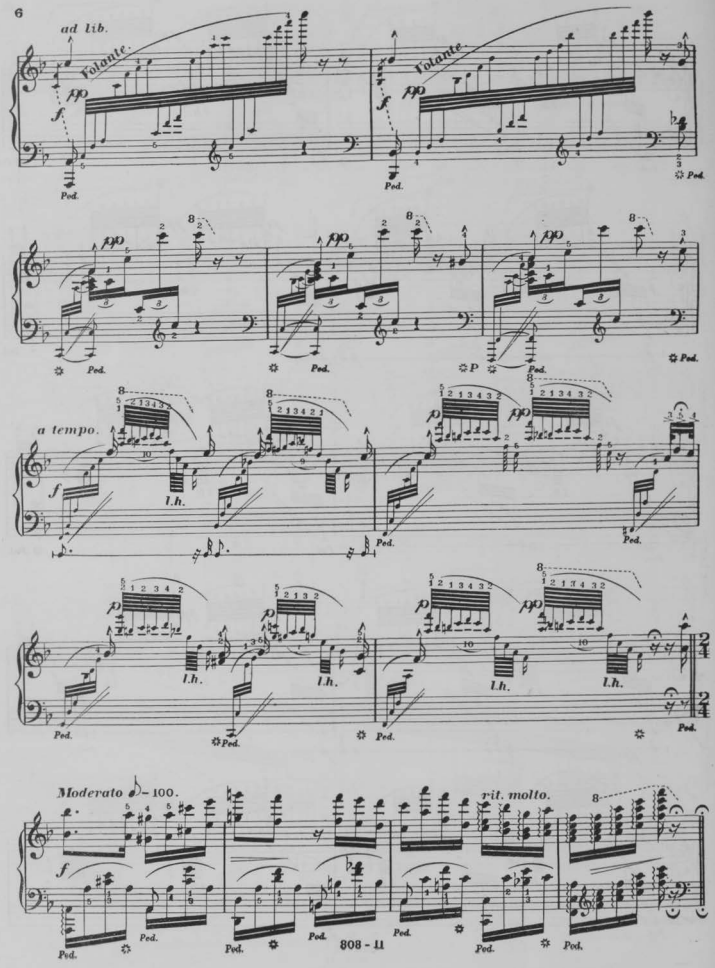
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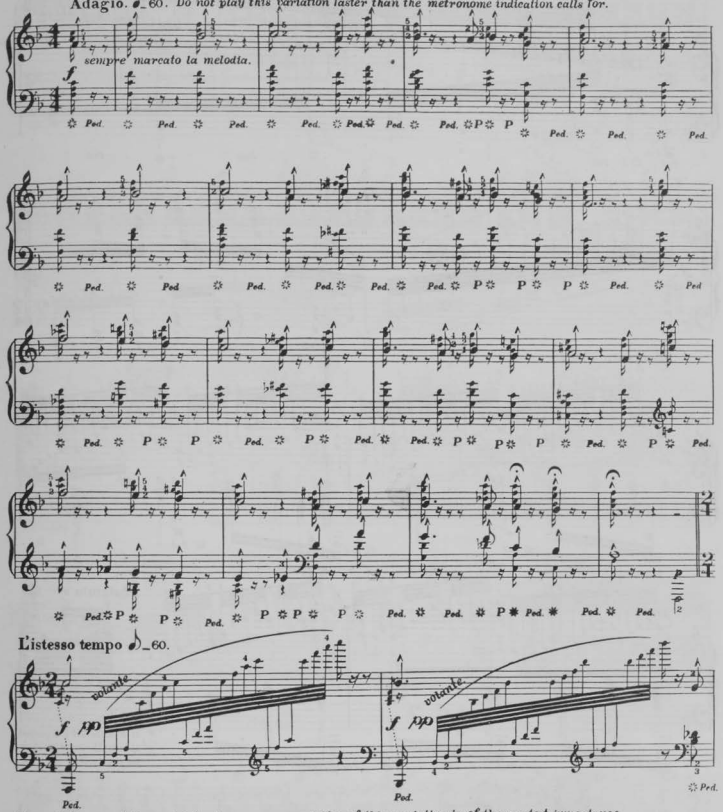
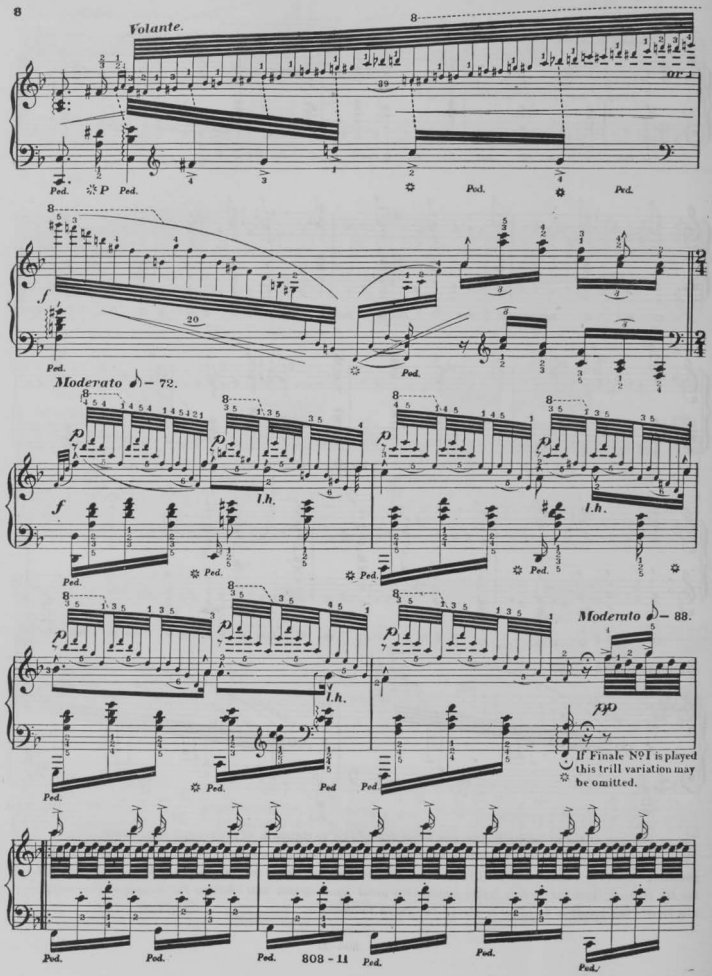
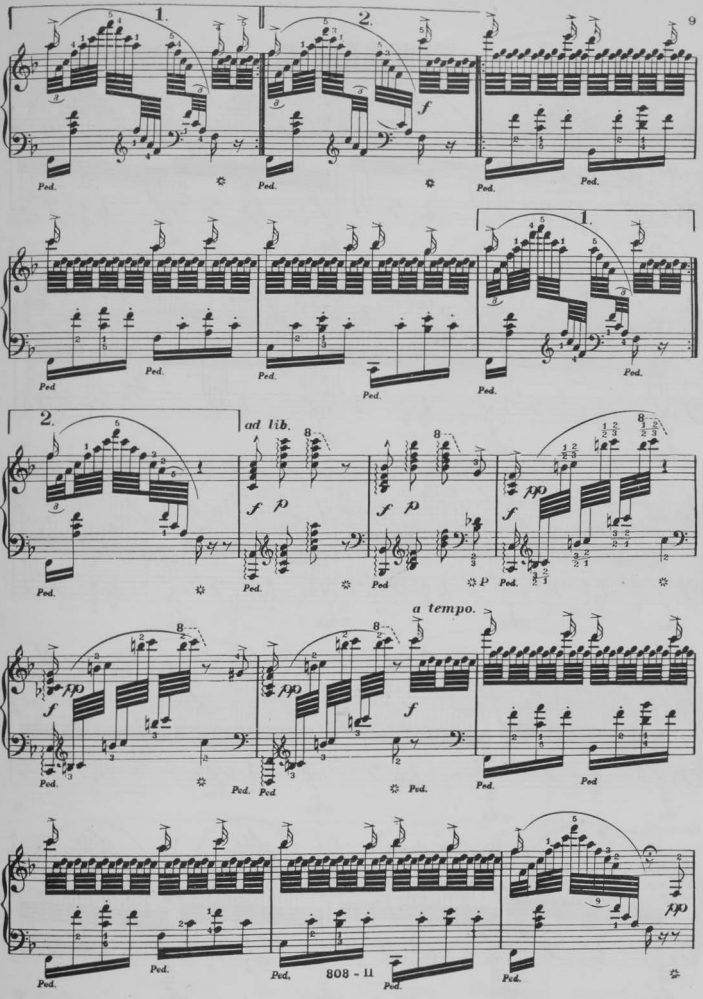
rit. molto.

Adagio. ♩=60. *Do not play this variation faster than the metronome indication calls for.*

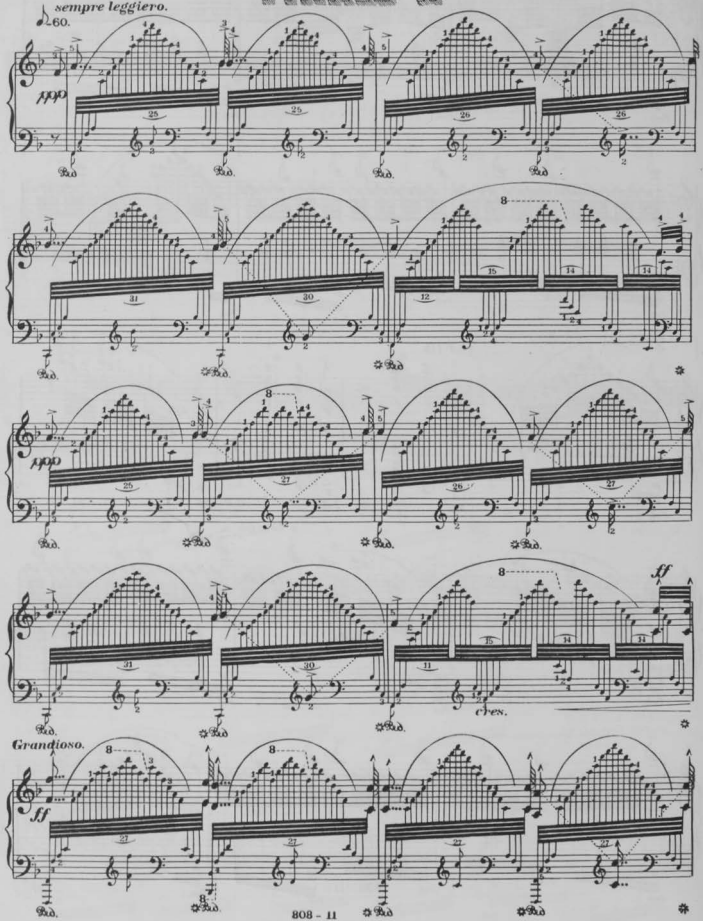


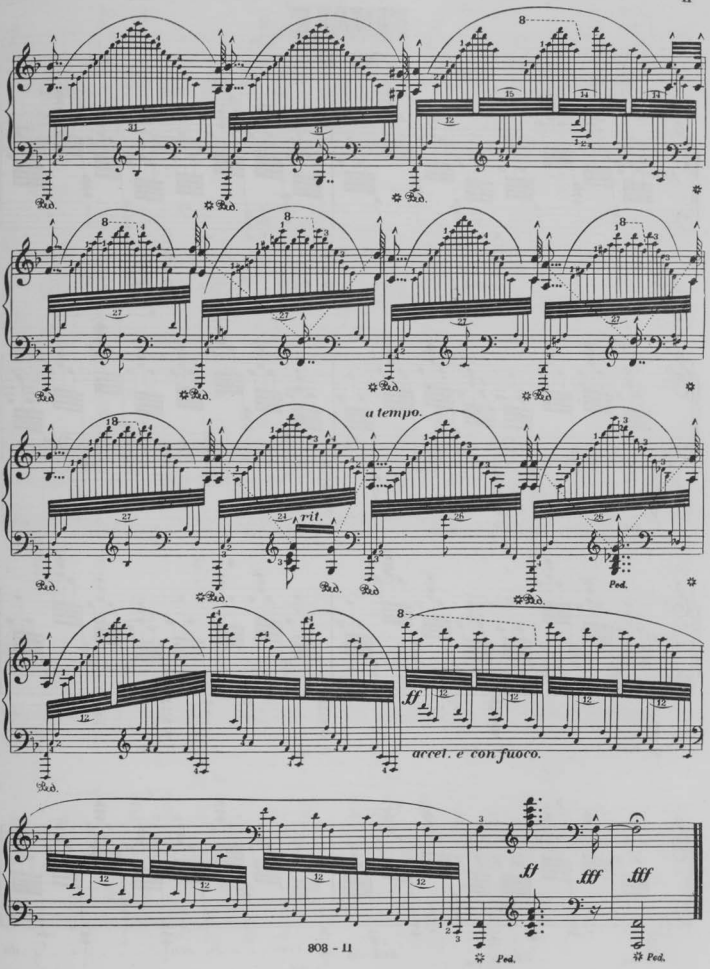
The artistic use of the pedal for the proper rendition of this variation is of the greatest importance. The pedal should be used only to sustain the notes of the melody (large type.) To do this release the pedal precisely when the chord is struck lifting all the fingers except those on the melody notes now before lifting the fingers from the melody notes employ the pedal again which will continue the singing of the melody and enable the hands to be lifted to strike the chord following.


Volante.
Ped.
P
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
f
Ped.
Moderato ♪ = 72.
f
l.h.
Ped.
Ped.
l.h.
Ped.
Moderato ♪ = 88.
l.h.
pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped
Ped
If Finale No 1 is played this trill variation may be omitted.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


1.
2.
Ped.
f
1.
2.
ad lib.
f p
fp
P
a tempo.

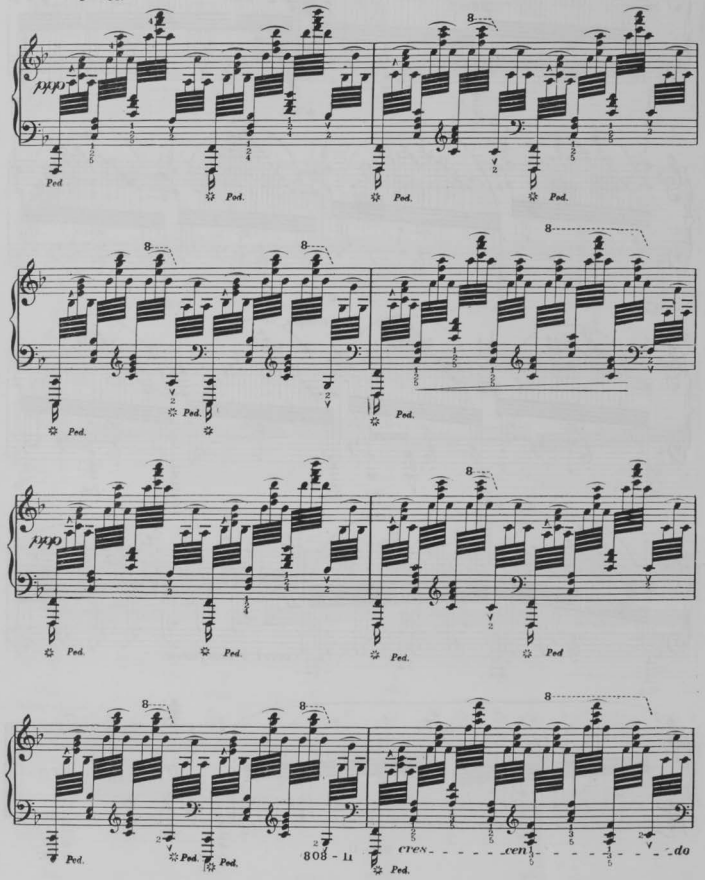
FINALE I.

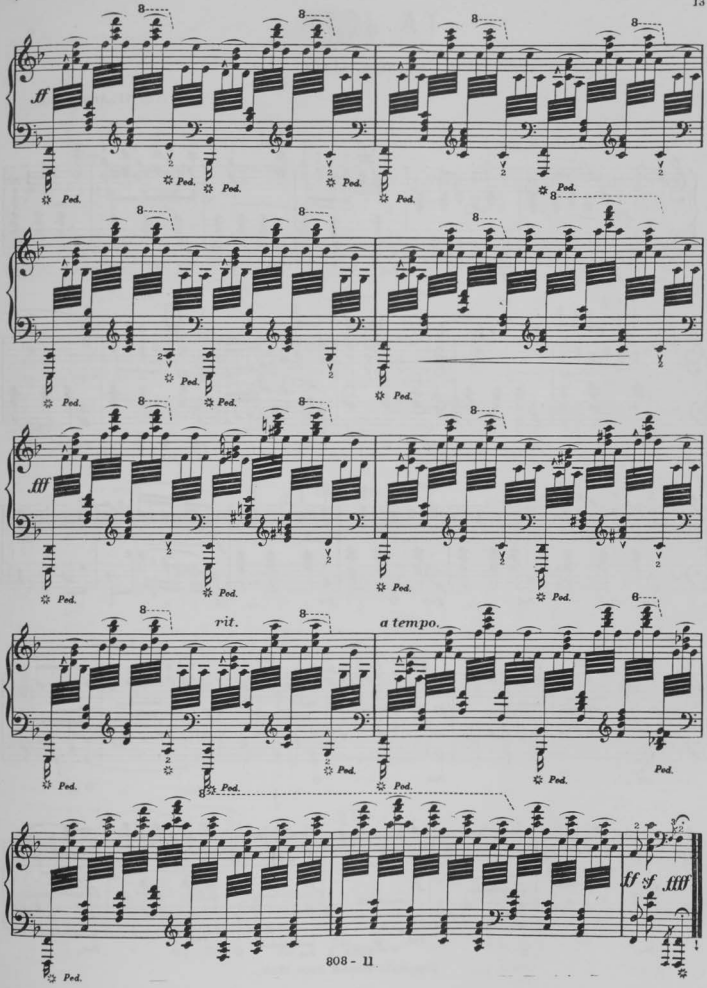



a tempo.
rit.
Ped.
ff
accel. e con fuoco.
fff
Ped.

FINALE.

Nº II.

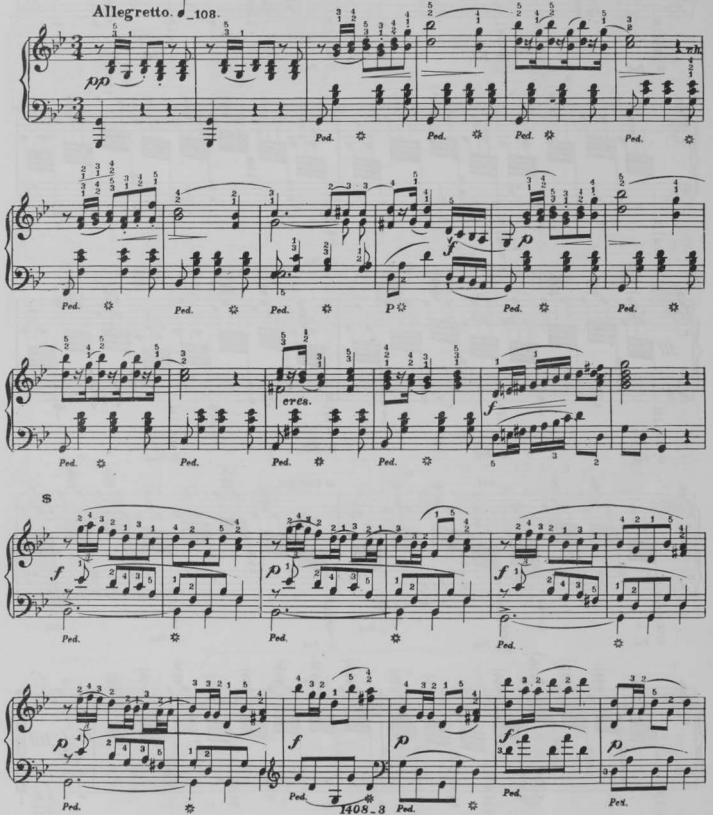


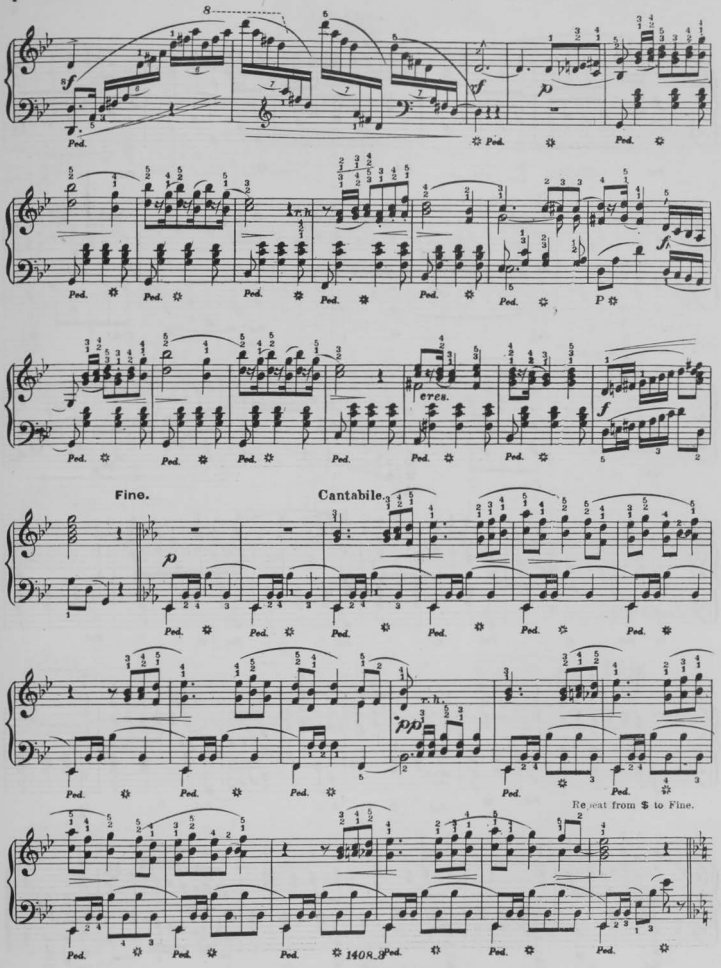

ff
fff
rit.
a tempo.
ff sf ffff
Ped.

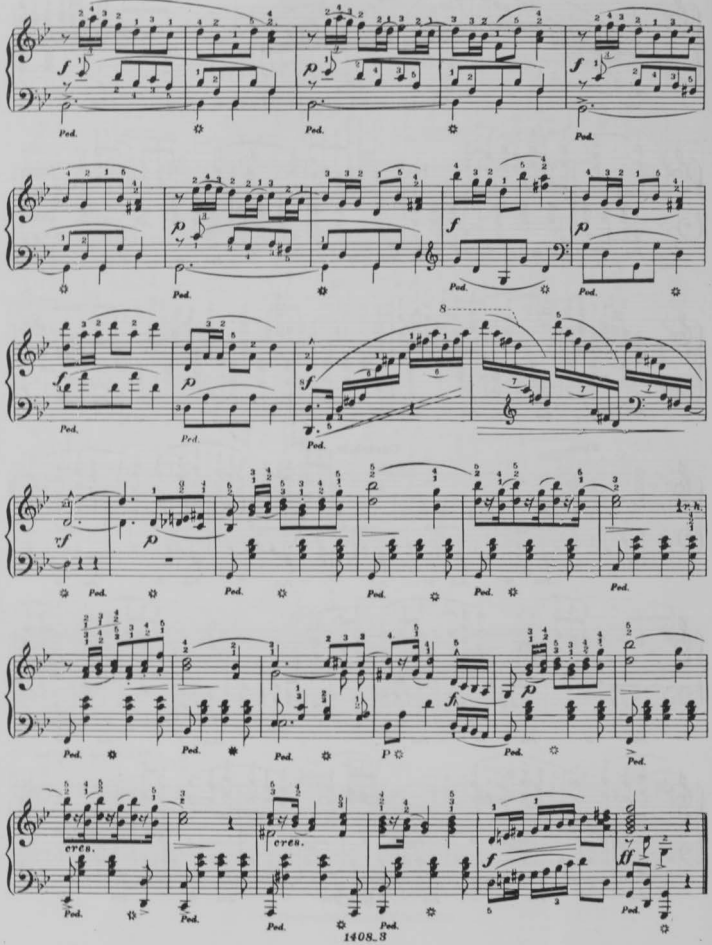
LA JOTA.

SPANISH DANCE.

Wm D. Armstrong.




Fine.
Cantabile.
Repeat from $ to Fine.

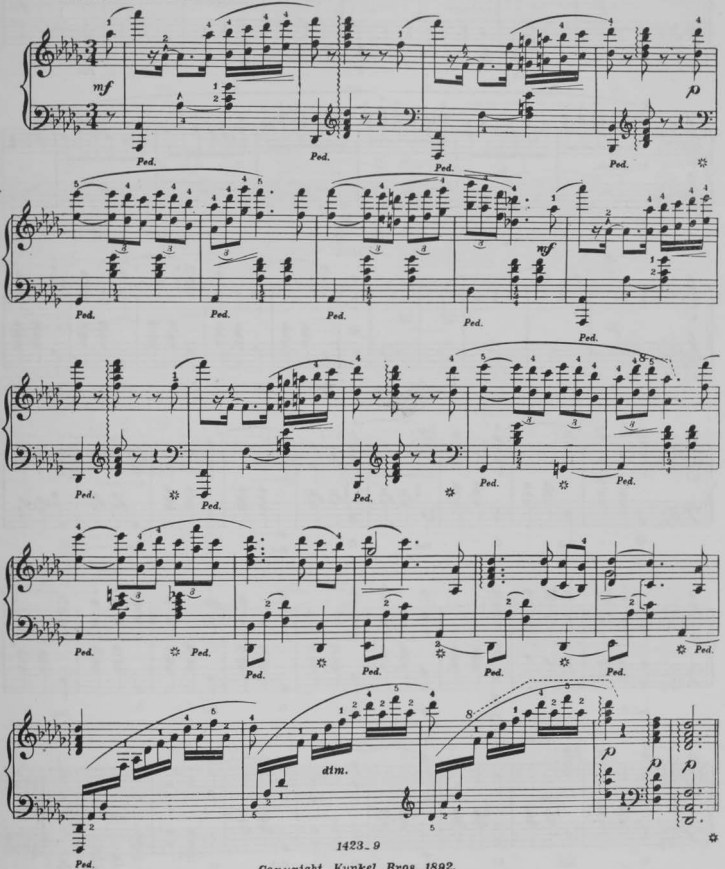

Ped.
cres.
ff

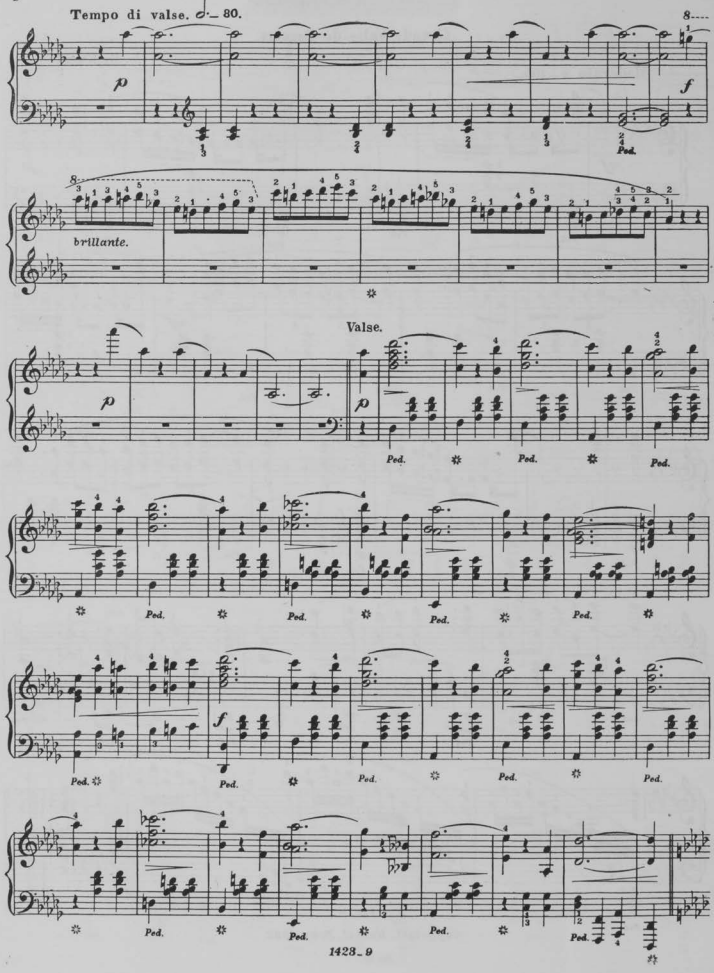
CORONADO.

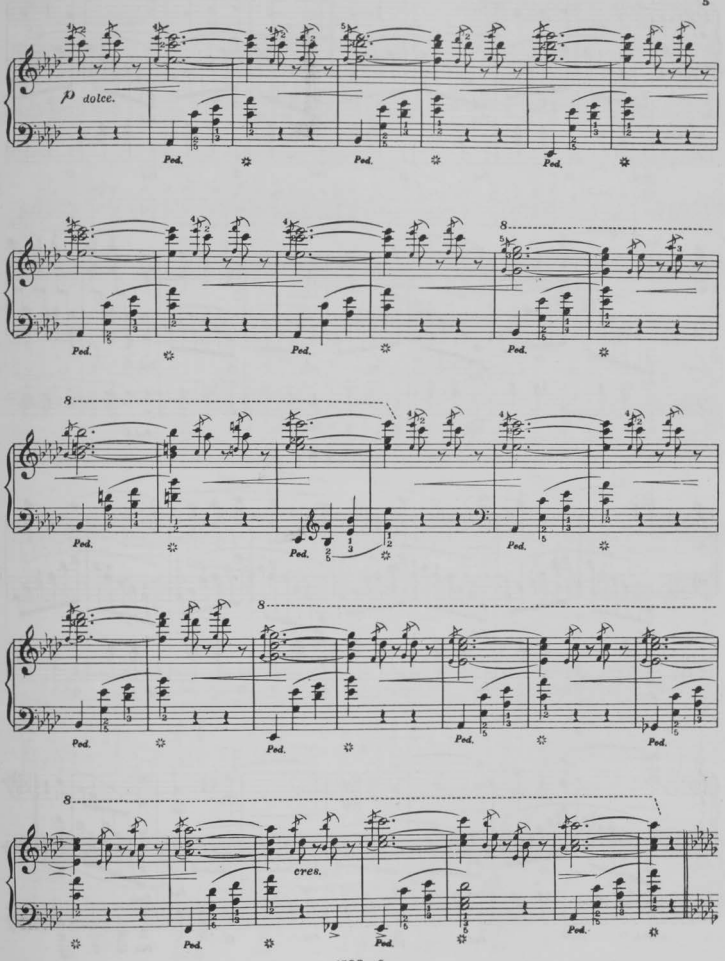
Grande Valse de Concert.

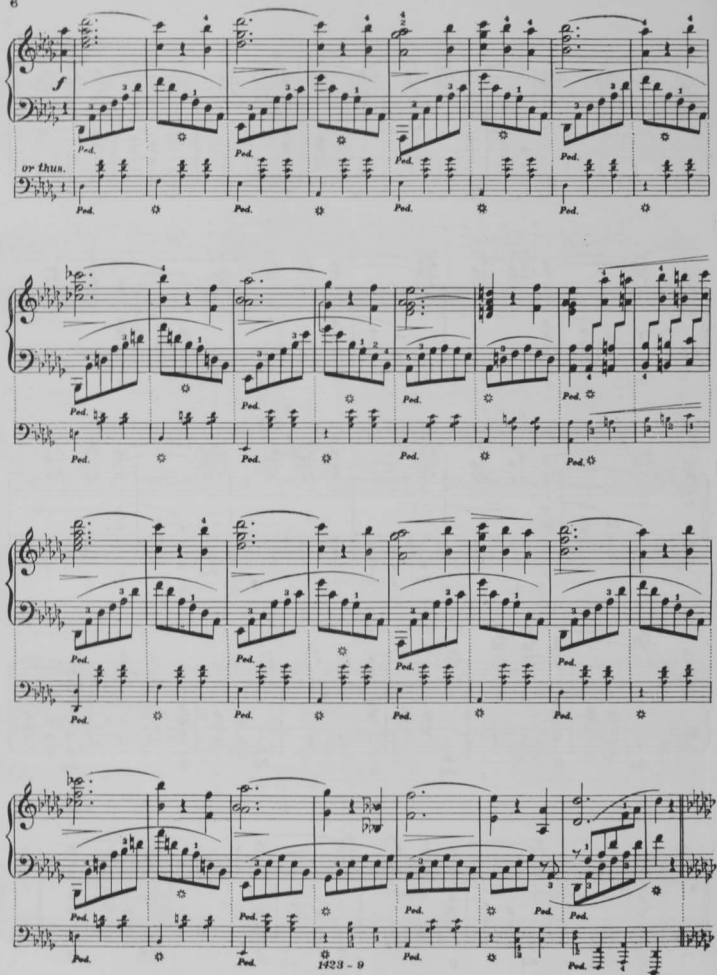
Moderato ♩ = 100.

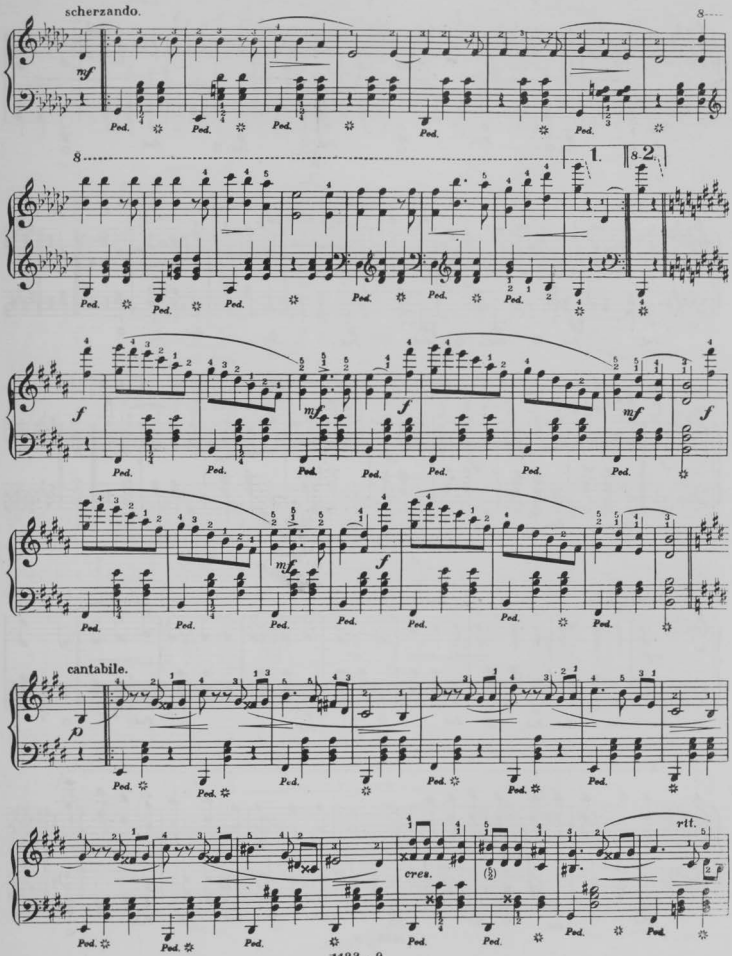
L. B. Ewen.

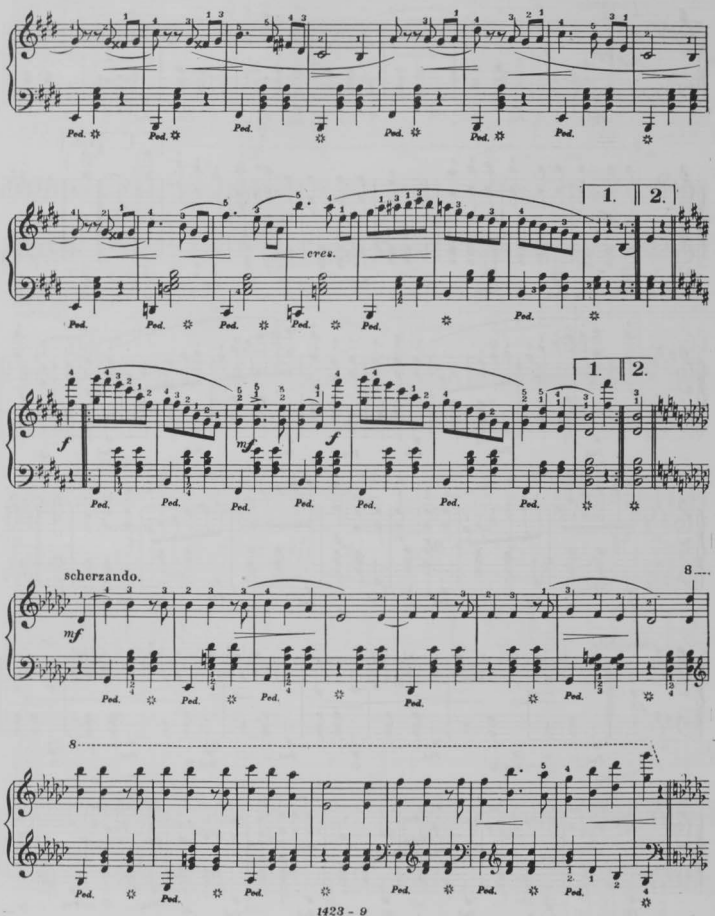


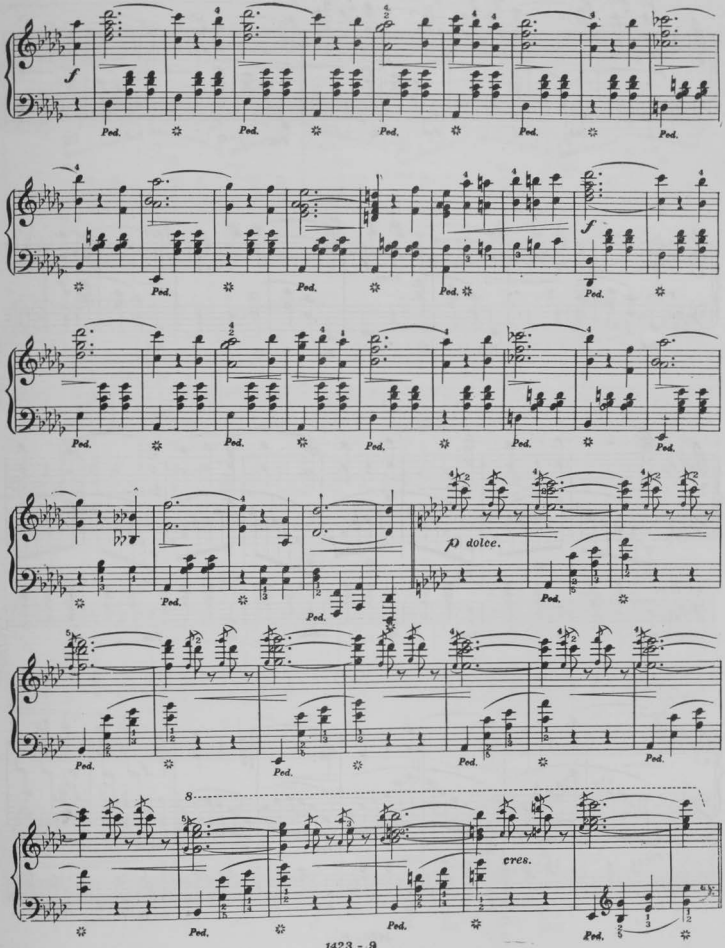

Tempo di valse. ♩. = 80.
p
f
Ped.
brillante.
Valse.
p
Ped.
f

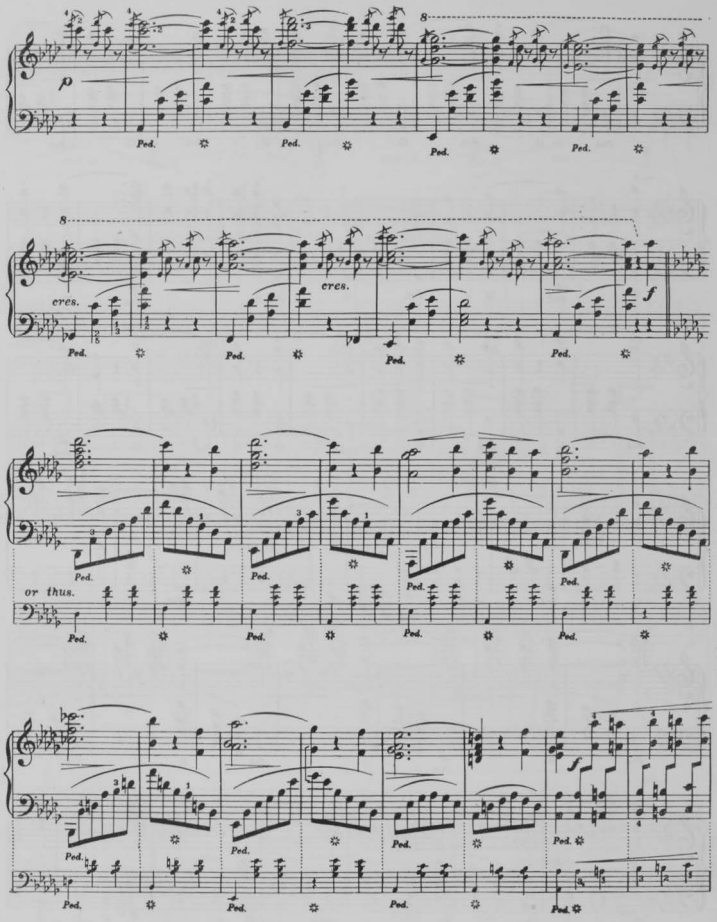

p dolce.
Ped.
8
cres.

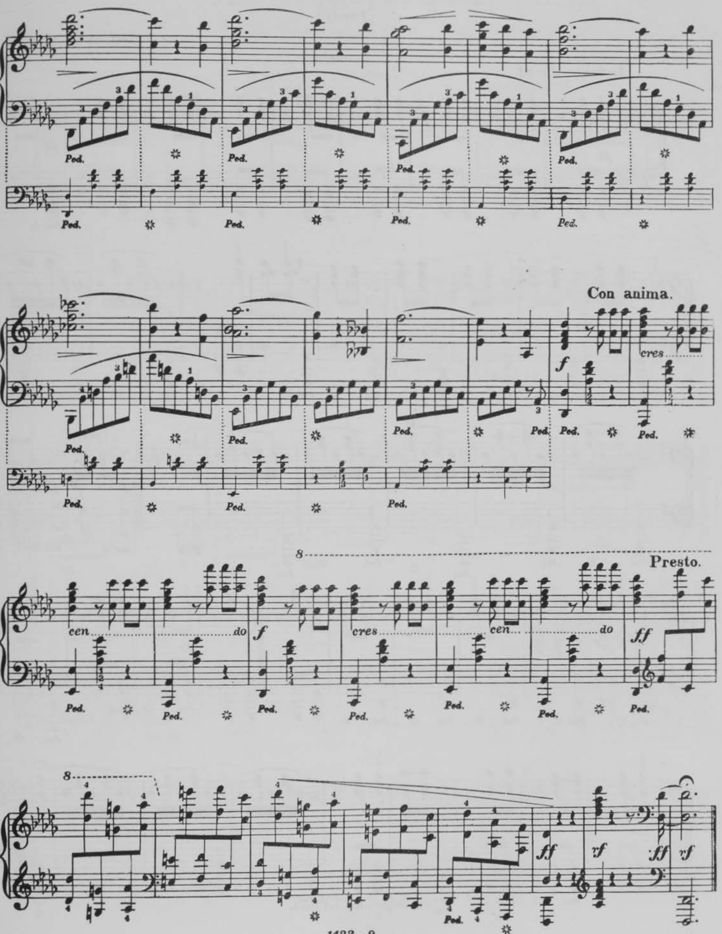

f
or thus.
Ped.


scherzando.
nf
1.
2.
f
mf
cantabile.
p
cres.
rit.


cresc.
1.
2.
scherzando.


f
Ped.
f
p dolce.
8
cres.


p
Ped.
cres.
f
or thus.


Ped.
Con anima.
f
cres
cen
do
Presto.
ff
rf
8

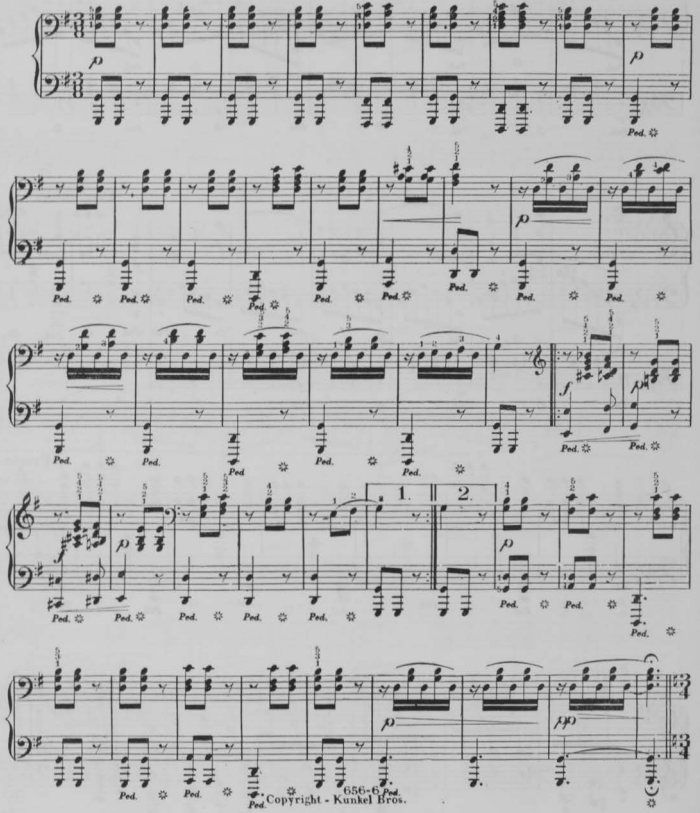
IL TROVATORE

(Verdi.)

Carl Sidus Op. 125.

Secondo.

Andante ♪ = 72.



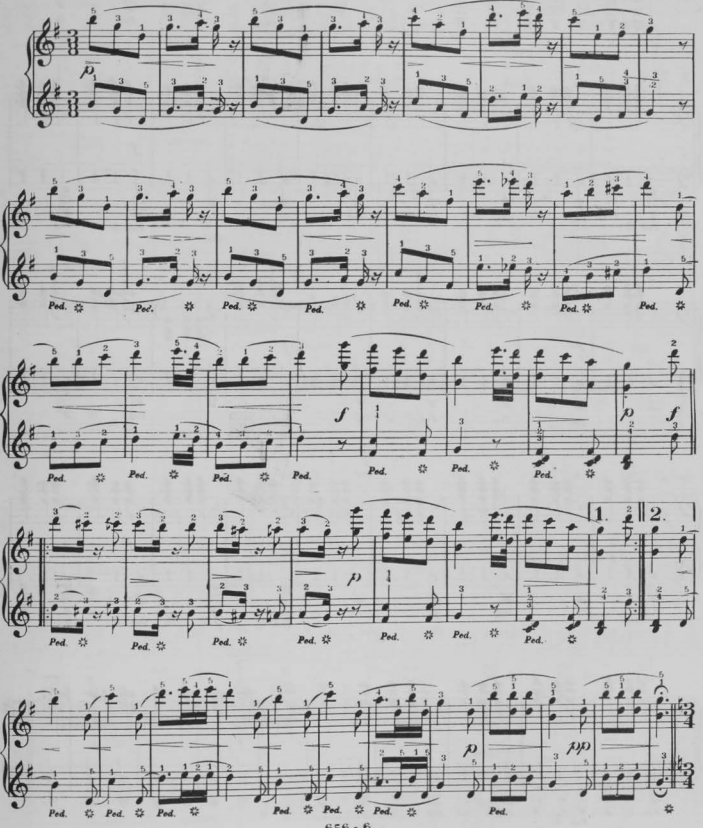
IL TROVATORE

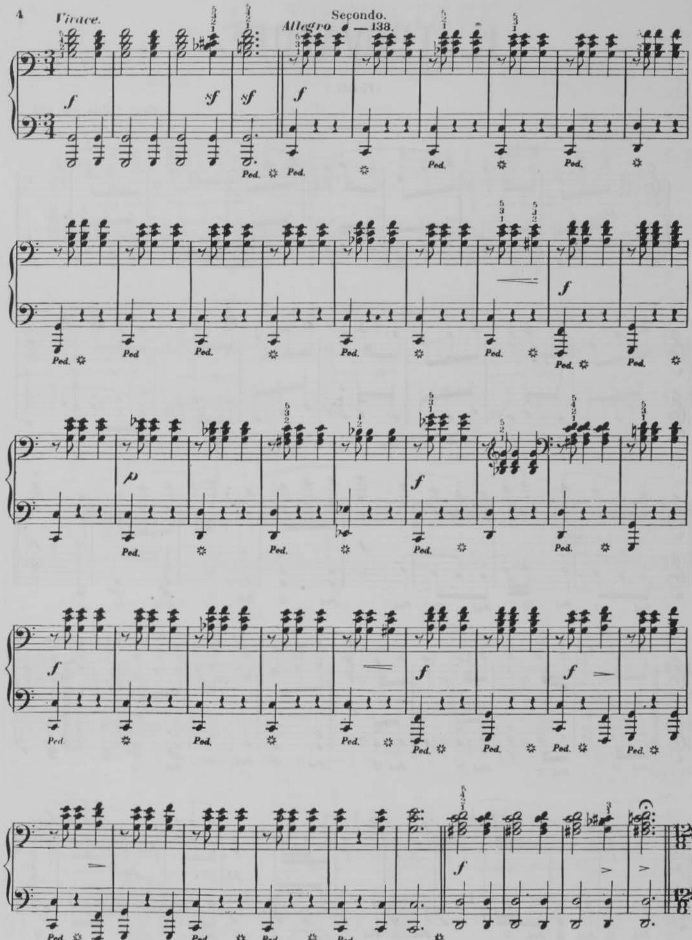
(Verdi.)

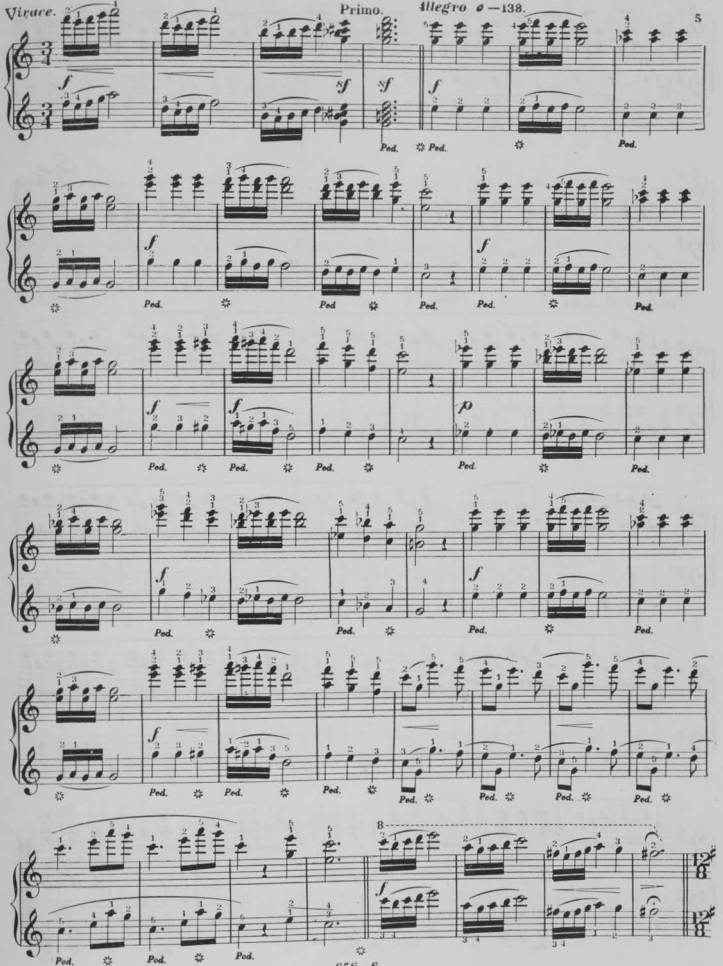
Carl Sidus Op. 125.

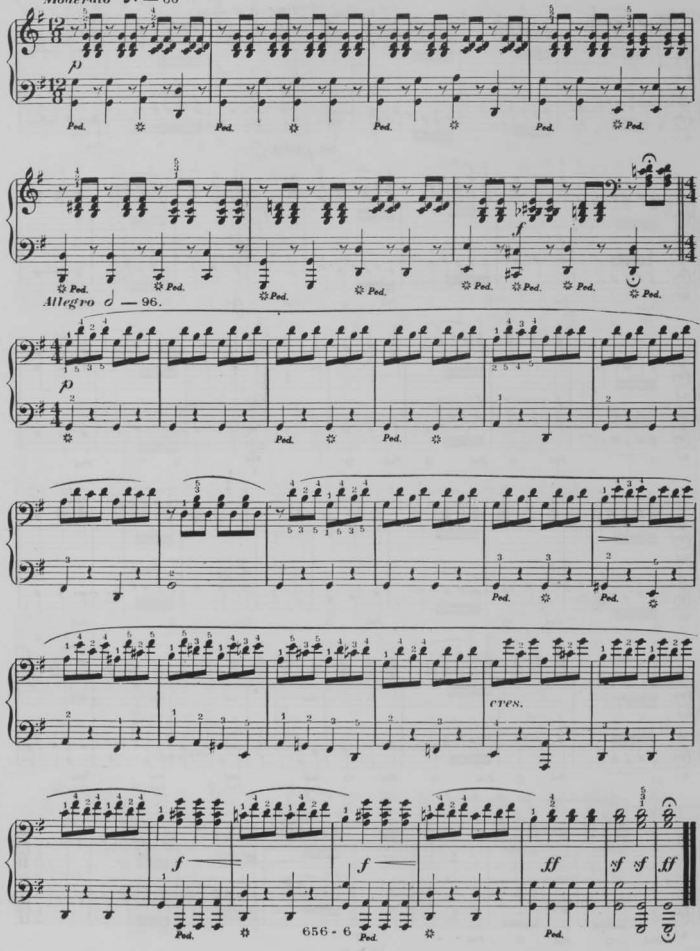
Primo.

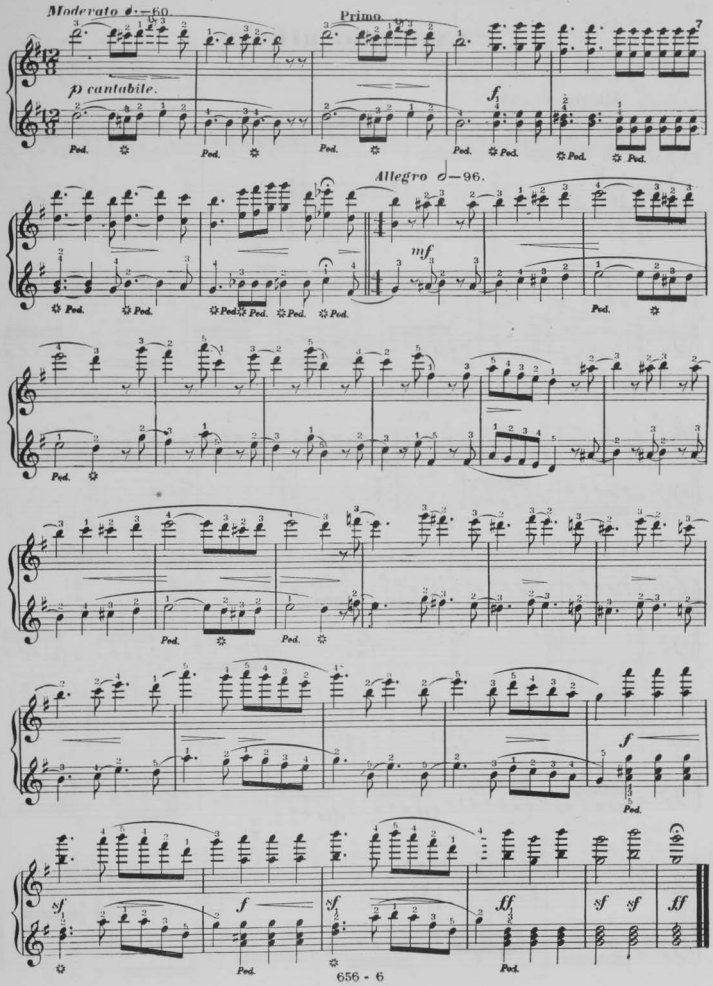
Andante ♪ = 72.



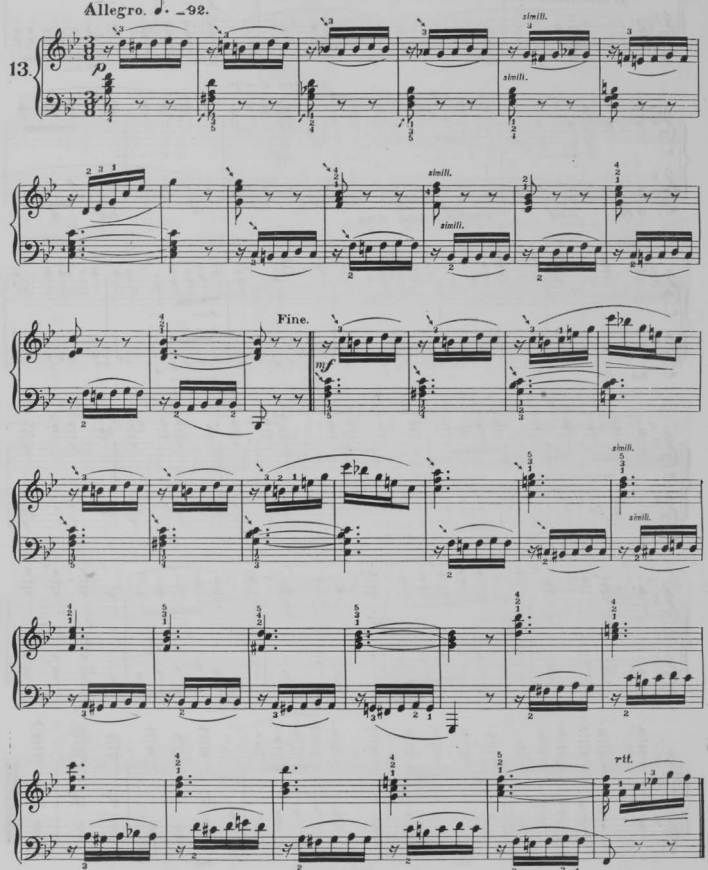

Vivace.
Allegro 𝅗𝅥 — 138.
f
sf
p
Ped.




Moderato ♩. — 60
p
Ped.
f
Allegro 𝅗𝅥 — 96.
cres.
ff
656 - 6

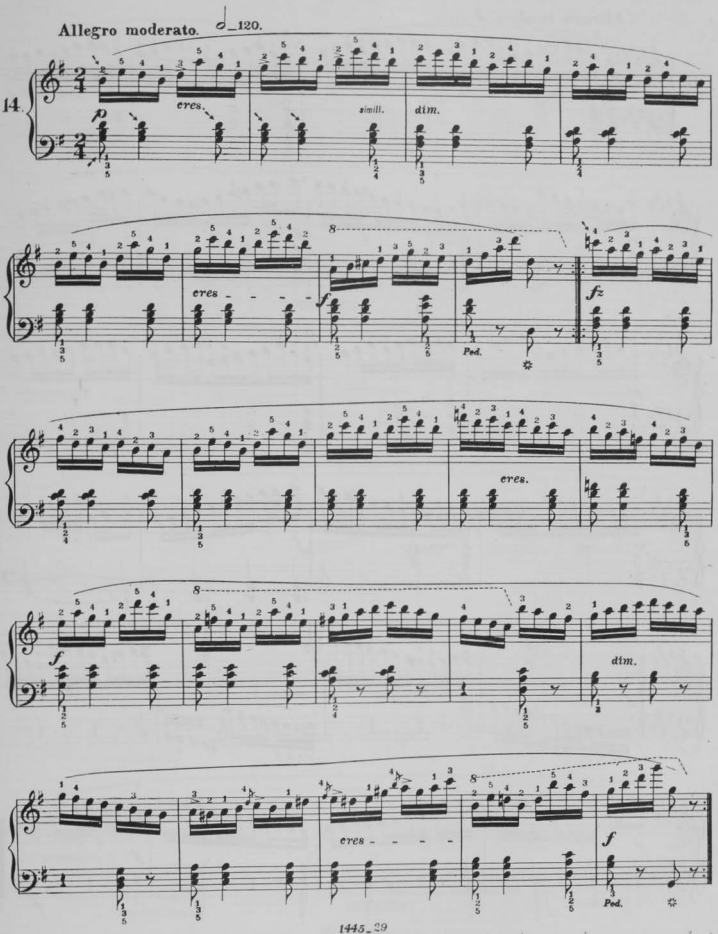

Moderato ♩.=60
Primo
p cantabile.
f
Ped.
Allegro 𝅗𝅥=96.
mf
sf
ff

LAUGHING RILLET.

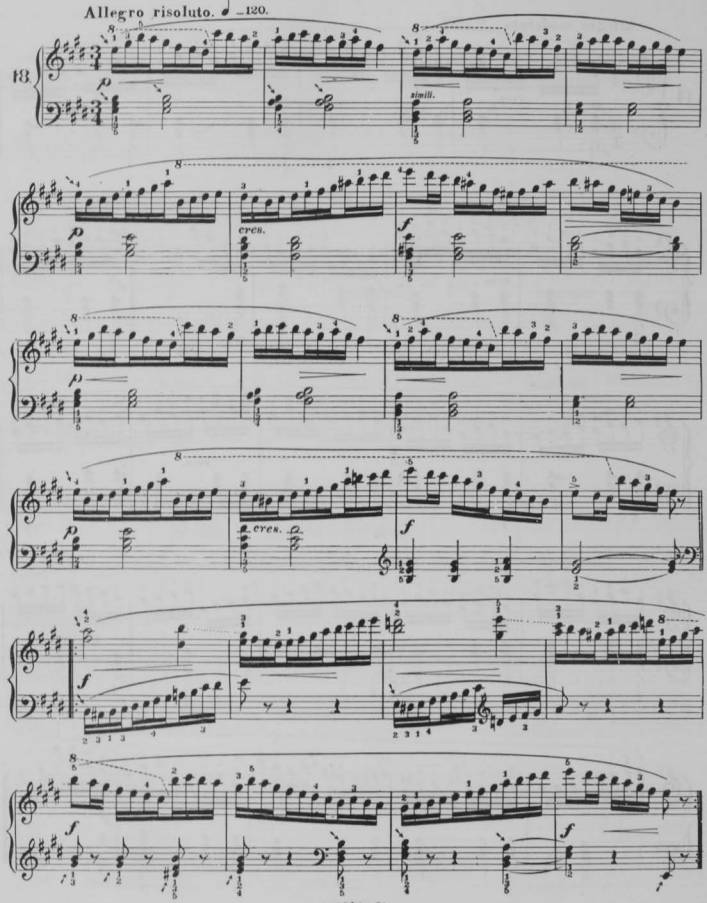


Repeat from the beginning to Fine.

TREMBLING LEAVES.



GENTLE ZEPHYR.



MOZART'S MUSIC.

It is decidedly remarkable how long it took Mozart's music to obtain a footing in Italy. He died in 1791, yet in 1803 he had scarcely been heard of in Florence, Milan, or Rome. To quote a contemporary account, about that time the news of the splendid triumphs which Mozart's music was obtaining at Munich and Vienna, reached the ears of the *dilettanti* of Italy. At first, it excited some little commotion, but that was soon quieted by the resolute incredulity of national vanity. "What," said they, "a barbarian reap laurels in the field of the arts!"—They had heard, though they never understood, some of his symphonies and quartettes; but his composing for the voice was thought altogether absurd and impossible. The same was said of him in Italy, as was remarked of Shakespeare in France, by the literari of the *ancien regime*,—"he is an energetic barbarian."

"In 1807, some Italians of distinction, whom Napoleon had taken in his suite, and whom circumstances brought to Munich, fell into conversation about Mozart; the result of which was, that they came to a resolution of trying one of his pieces, the 'Entführung aus dem Serail.' But to do justice to this opera, it was requisite to be a perfect orchestral performer; above all, it was necessary to be an excellent timist, and never to take any liberty with the measure. It was no longer a question of music that can be repeated by rote, or by hearing it sung once or twice over, like the 'C'est l'amour,' or the 'Di tanti palpati.' The Italian performers set to work, but nothing could they make of the ocean of notes that blackened the score of this northern artist. It was necessary that time should be scrupulously observed; that they should *start together*, and *come out* at the last note exactly at a given moment. Indolent amateurs would term such scrupulosity mere barbarism; this word was on the point of escaping from their lips, and they were on the very verge of abandoning Mozart for ever. However, certain young men of consideration, who had more pride than vanity, thought that it was ridiculous for Italians to yield on the ground of difficulty. They threatened to withdraw their protection from the theatre, if the German opera, then in rehearsal, was not produced, and at last the work of Mozart was given; but

Heu! quantum mutatus ab illo.

Poor Mozart! many of those who were present at this first representation, and who afterwards learnt to set a just value on the works of this great man, have declared that a more lamentable massacre could hardly be imagined. The concerted pieces, and particularly the finales, produced a cacophony that was altogether alarming; it seemed as if a pandemonium of evil spirits had broken loose. Two or three airs and a duetto were the only things that floated above the surface of this ocean of discord. The same evening two parties were formed. The *patriotism of the ante-chamber*, to use the expression of a celebrated critic, that great moral malady of the Italians, was aroused in all its fury, and issued its mandate through all the *cafes*, that no man born out of Italy would ever be able to compose a good air. The Chevalier M. was heard to pronounce the following sentence in that measured solemnity of tone, which so strongly characterizes him: 'Gli accompagnamenti tedeschi non sono guardie d'onore del canto, ma gendarmi.' (The German accompaniments are not guards of honour to the air, but gens d'armes.)

"Another party maintained that there were in Mozart not only different concerted pieces, but two or three little airs and duets that had genius; and, moreover, even had novelty in them. The sticklers for the national honor had recourse to their grand argument—that a man must be a *bad Italian* who could admire music made by an *ultra-montanist*. In the midst of these contests, the representations of Mozart's opera reached their term, the orchestra playing worse and worse every evening. The better sort of people observed, 'As the name of Mozart excites such hatred; as people are so desperate in their resolution to prove that he is *mediocre;* as we see him loaded with reproaches, from which even Nicolini and Pucitta (two of the feeblest composers of the day) have escaped; it is very possible that this stranger may have some genius.'

"This is what was said in the Countess Bianca's box, as well as in those of some of the first people of distinction in the town. I pass over in silence the gross abuse lavished in the public journals; every one knows that these were written by the agents of the police. The cause of Mozart seemed lost, and scandalously lost.

"However, a noble and rich amateur, one of that class of persons who have no great sense of their own, but who contrive to gain all the credit of it, by adopting every six months some paradox, which they furiously maintain on every occasion—this nobleman, having learnt, by a letter from one of his mistresses in Vienna, that Mozart was the first musician in the world, began to talk of it with an air of great mystery. He sent for the six best performers in the town, whom he dazzled with the splendour of his mansion, and amazed by the *fracas* of his English horses and calashes manufactured in London, and at last set them to play over to him, in private, the first finale of 'Il Don Giovanni.' His palace was immense; he immediately gave up to them a whole range of apartments. He threatened vengeance to anyone who should dare utter a word about the business; and when a rich man does this in Italy, there is no danger of his not being obeyed.

"It took the prince's musicians no less than six months before they could play the first finale of 'Don Giovanni' in time. Then first they began to see Mozart. The nobleman engaged six singers, whom he bound down to secrecy. After two months' sedulous practice, they were perfect in their parts. After this, the finales and the principal concerted pieces of the opera were rehearsed at his country-house, and with all the privacy and caution of conspiracy. He had an ear like all the rest of his countrymen, and found the music admirable. Secure of his object, he began to speak of Mozart with less reserve; he allowed himself to be attacked in various quarters, and at length laid a wager, which did not fail to excite universal interest, and to form the grand topic of conversation through the whole of that part of Lombardy. It was, that he would cause certain pieces of 'Don Giovanni' to be executed, and that impartial judges, who were to be chosen upon the spot, should pronounce that Mozart was a composer not inferior to Mayer and Paer, erring like them through an overweening fondness for German noise and racket, but, upon the whole, as clever as the authors of 'Sargine' and 'Cora.' The other party were convulsed with laughter; they knew that their good friend was not an Aristarchus, but this wager was the dullest thing he had ever been guilty of. At length the important day arrived. The concert took place at his country-house, the music excited admiration, and he gained his wager without a dissenting voice. This brilliant exploit served him as a topic of conversation long afterwards, and he gained the credit of being less a fool by half than he was thought formerly.

"This event made a great bustle; Mozart was in everyone's mouth, his music was eagerly inquired after, and at last his operas were brought forward. 'Don Giovanni' was given in Rome about 1811; the parts were not sung amiss, but the orchestra was sadly puzzled with this new and difficult music. The time was anything but correct, the instruments ran along one after the other in a manner very amusing to anyone but a good musician; it was like a symphony of Beethoven played by a party of amateurs. In 1814, 'Don Giovanni' was given at the Scala, and the success it obtained was incredible. In 1816, the 'Flauto Magico' was also attempted, but it fell; however, 'Don Giovanni' was resumed, and received with an enthusiasm little short of extravagance by everybody."—*Ex.*

THE ART NEAREST THE HEART.

Music is not only a passing, sensual pleasure; it often awakens emotions of a deeply spiritual character, which reveal to the individual a truer knowledge of the better nature within him than he himself has ever before realized. In listening to such music, says *Musical Age*, he suddenly finds himself rising to a plane of thought and feeling which is far removed from any he has ever before experienced. His material outer self, which hitherto dominated all his thoughts and actions, gives way to a realization of the nobler soul that dwells within but has been lying dormant until the kiss of music awakened it from sleep. It is like a person who, lost in darkness, has suddenly found himself; and when man once realizes how much higher a being he is than that human machine which merely lives to work, eat, and sleep, he sets himself a new standard. He knows that, be his walk in life ever so lowly, he has a soul capable of as rich development as a king's, capable of rising as high as the most favored among men, and he strives to lift it higher and higher, and seeks in all directions for food to satisfy and sustain his new-found treasure. He finds the treasures of literature at his hand in the public libraries; he may satiate his love of beauty, color, and form in the public galleries of painting and sculpture; he may pursue scientific study and investigation in public institutions for this purpose; or he may revel in the enjoyment of soul-inspiring music, provided he can afford to pay the admission fee. There the public institutions stop. For the one form of art which comes nearest the people's hearts, which may be acquired and practiced by nearly every one, and which could, therefore, enter into the daily life of the people, making it brighter, sweeter, happier, and richer, the State makes little or no provision.

Art is not a luxury for the rich, but a necessity for the poor.

Of all the arts, music is the best language in which to express an ideal.

Music is the natural language in which a people expresses its ideals, its emotions, its character. The folk-songs of the various races of Europe prove this.

This language should be taught to all, in order that all may be able to express their true feelings. Words may lie—music can not.

THE SO-CALLED "POPULAR" SONGS.

The present tendency toward the inane and mawkish in song production is really alarming. The demand for so-called "popular songs" is so pronounced, says *The Music Trade Review*, that publishers of reputation and standing are grinding them out weekly by the thousand, while meritorious ballads that would reflect some credit on our country—that would neutralize the apparently vitiated tastes of the masses—are not even considered on the grounds of "not being marketable."

It is well to ask in view of the general use of the term "popular songs," what is popularity? The stereotyped dictionary answer, "the state of being popular, or in favor with the people," which would cover the premises.

There are, however, qualities or varieties of popularity. "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night" is a "popular song;" Faust, the Huguenots, et al, are popular operas. Is the popularity of the one the same kind or quality as the popularity of the other?

Laura Jean Libby has written novels that are popular, so have Hawthorne and Dickens written works that are popular, but are they popular in the same sense? The distinction between the two is that the one is enduring, the other transient. Under the latter heading we would place the plague of trashy songs which now seem to obtain.

The dictionary definition of "being in favor with the people" appear to us to mean nothing more than being in favor with a certain number of people, for it is a well-known fact that the vast majority is utterly indifferent to art of any kind. Dickens and Hawthorne would be caviare to the class of the people who enjoy books of the Libby order, and the same virtually applies in the matter of the more ambitious musical works, whether in ballad or operatic form, as opposed to the music hall concoctions.

The so-called popular song appeals to a special class of people, therefore the word "popular" as generally used is a misnomer. To estimate the value of this popularity we have only to know the class of people from which it emanates.

If the musical advancement of this country were to be judged by the numberless songs which are usually termed "popular" one would be disposed to become decidedly pessimistic as to the future. The songs which seem to take hold with the masses to-day cannot in any sense be termed "songs of the people," as that term is generally understood in European countries. As Mr. DeKoven, speaking of the output of popular songs in last month's *Cosmopolitan*, says, "it would be difficult to attribute a very high standard of value to much of it, and still more difficult to find in the entire output even a modicum which, by any courtesy or stretch of imagination, could be called distinctively or characteristically American."

There are many pretty songs, clean and wholesome in verse and pleasing in melody, that properly find a special place in the affections of the public; but the present craze for the absurd nonsense which is advertised and forced into popularity through music halls and other mediums, shows that the public taste is vitiated and unhealthy. It would be lamentable if this so-called popularity were universal. It is not, and the distinction should be made clear and well defined.

The lack of fertility in the production of high-class songs in this country is unquestionably due to the fact that publishers are pandering on commercial grounds to the "cheap and nasty" in preference to that which is more elevating, more enduring, but unfortunately does not sell as well.

It is no longer thought *desirable* to play scales from end to end of the keyboard continuously, at the rate of one thousand per hour, for it has been discovered that this leads to routine or perfunctory practice, to reverie and general mental demoralization, and leaves undeveloped the will-power of the executant. A psycho-physiological activity is necessary. Hence, we now insist upon *accents* being made. Accent is evidence of the will stimulated into action. There is a determination that one note shall be stronger than its neighbors, and special force must be generated to realize this wish.

It may not be generally known that the largest school of music in the world is quartered in the old Guildhall, in London. It has one hundred and forty professors, and nearly four thousand pupils; and yet there are more applicants for admission than can be accommodated, and the corporation is about to enlarge its premises at a cost of more than twenty thousand pounds. A more commodious concert room and theater will also be built. There will then be space for at least five thousand students. The vast majority of these pupils are amateurs, studying music entirely for home use.

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BEETHOVEN'S LAST IMPROVISATIONS.

The following incident connected with the last days of Beethoven, which as the world knows were days of disappointment and deprivation, is full of pathos:

He had been deaf for twenty-five years, nearly half of his life, when, in 1827, a letter reached him at Baden from his nephew, the being dearest to him on earth. The young man wrote from Vienna, where he had got into a scrape from which he looked to his uncle to extricate him. Beethoven set out at once; but his funds were so low that he was obliged to make the greater part of the journey on foot. He had gone most of the way, and was only a few leagues from the capital, when his strength failed. He was forced to beg hospitality at a poor and mean-looking house one evening. The inhabitants received the exhausted, ill-tempered looking, dark, gruff-voiced stranger with the utmost cordiality, shared their meager supper with him, and then gave him a comfortable seat near the fire. The meal was hardly cleared away before the head of the family opened an old piano, while the sons each brought forth some instrument, the women meantime beginning to mend the linen. There was a general tuning-up, and then the music began. As it proceeded the players, the women, all alike, were more and more deeply moved. Tears stole down the old man's cheek. His wife watched him with moist eyes and a pathetic, far-away smile on her lips. She dropped her needlework and her managing daughter forgot to find fault. She was listening too. The sweet sounds left only one person in the room unmoved. The deaf guest looked on at this scene with yearning melancholy. When the concert was over he stretched out his hands for a sheet of the music they had used. "I could not hear, friends," he exclaimed in coarse tones of apology, "but I would like to know who wrote this piece which has moved you all." The piano-player put before him the "Allegretto" in Beethoven's symphony in A. Tears now stole down the visitor's cheeks. "Ah," he exclaimed, "I wrote it; I am Beethoven! Come and let us finish the piece." He went himself to the piano, and the evening passed in a true delirium of pleasure and pride for the dwellers in that humble musical home. When the concerted music was over he improvised lovely songs and sacred hymns for the delighted family, who remained up far into the night listening to his playing.

It was the last time he ever touched an instrument. When he took possession of the humble room and couch allotted to him he could not sleep or rest. His pulses beat with fever. He stole out of doors in search of refreshment, and returned to bed in the early morning chilled to the heart. He was too ill to continue his journey. His friends in Vienna were communicated with, and a physician was summoned, but his end was at hand. Hummel stood disconsolate beside his dying bed. Beethoven was, or seemed to be unconscious. Just before the end, however, he raised himself and caught the watcher's hand closely in both his own. "After all, Hummel, I must have had some talent," he murmured, and then he died.

A PROFESSIONAL CODE.

ARTICLE 1. I am the only man who understands and cares for Art; also the only man who is capable of working for it disinterestedly.

ARTICLE 2. All other players are self-seeking, and most of them play and sing very badly.

ARTICLE 3. Money paid to any other teacher is mostly wasted or worse.

ARTICLE 4. Through reflection and happy instinct I have come into a large capital of thought and understanding. As this is my business capital, it would be the height of indiscretion for me to communicate any of it, except a little of the esoteric part at so much an hour, and to one pupil at a time.

ARTICLE 5. When I die the chances are that the world will go to the dogs, musically. It will be unfortunate, but what can I do?

ARTICLE 6. Societies and affiliations are mostly detrimental to the interests of Art and Me. They tend to draw things down to a common level, thus hindering Progress and a Proper Recognition of My Position.

ARTICLE 7. It is said and must forever be impossible to bring the rank and file of the so-called musical profession up to any proper idea of Art as I understand it.

ARTICLE 8. At the same time, whatever can be properly done for them, I am willing to undertake if properly encouraged AND PAID.—*Musical Visitor*

The chief choral works to be performed at the Cincinnati Festival next spring, Theodore Thomas, conductor, will be Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," Berlioz' "Damnation of Faust," Schumann's "Paradise and Peri," Grieg's "Olaf Trygavason."

The attitude of men of genius (not musicians) toward music has been a fruitful theme for the musical essayist and paragrapher for many years. Even in this late day the subject does not appear exhausted, perhaps because all the men of genius in other lines have not been heard from; perhaps because writers feel sure of an audience on this subject. The latest to come to our notice on this is an article translated for the *Literary Digest* from the *Nuova Antologica*, in which Signor Arturo Graf, writing of the Italian poet Leopardi and music, notes the opinions on music of various other notable men in arts and sciences, in part as follows:

"Leopardi felt music deeply, exquisitely. No other art seemed to cause him emotion so profound, rapture so full and intense. 'Music, if not my first, is certainly my grand passion,' he wrote in April, 1820.

"Leibnitz said that music was a secret arithmetical exercise of the mind, which reckoned without knowing how to reckon; and of all the fine arts Kant held music alone in favor on account of the mathematical relation between its sounds, and in the occult knowledge of these relations he believed pleasure was born. . . . Schiller said that music expressed the mind; Schelling that it contained the type of the eternal idea; George Hegel that its dominion was superior to that of real life; Lamennais considered music as the symbol of eternal things; Vischer held this same idea. Beethoven deemed the revelations of music superior to those of philosophy, and Gounod, recalling a representation of 'Othello,' at which he had assisted in his youth, wrote: 'It seemed to me that I was in a temple, and that something divine was about to be revealed to me.' Carlyle defined music as a species of inarticulate and inscrutable language, which guided one to the borders of infinity, and gave him, for an instant, a glance into the abyss; and Poe said that music created in the human mind a supernatural beauty.

"Leopardi agreed with all these, and still more with Schumann and Berlioz, in whose fantasies he imagined a beautiful lady clothed with musical imagery. But more than with all these was he in accord (and this should be particularly noted) with Schopenhauer, with whom, without knowing it, he agreed on so many points. Schopenhauer was passionately fond of music and wrote with the mind of a philosopher and the heart of an artist.

Mascagni, annoyed by reports that he had resigned the position of director of the Rossini Lyceum at Pesaro and had attempted to resign from life by the unskilled use of a pistol, thus opened his heart to the Italian public: "Missing myself three times," exclaimed Mascagni, "I, who am so sure a shot!" However, what puzzled him was the cause of the attempt on his own life. "Let me see, might I have done it, feeling no more the musical vain? Certainly not, because in these days I work with just the same pleasure and facility as at the thoughtless time of the 'Cavalleria.' Perhaps because I am discouraged at the success of other composers? But I have never felt such vigor and confidence in myself as now. Because of money matters? I wish that all, including the author of the great news, might find themselves in my present financial condition. I shall only say that I pay more taxes than any other Italian composer. For want of work? I have more than I can possibly do. I had to refuse two orchestral concerts at Budapest, to abandon the idea of other concerts in Stockholm and Russia, while I have splendid contracts with both the musical publishers Sonzogno and Ricordi. Domestic trouble? The most perfect peace reigns in my house; all my thoughts are for my wife and three little ones, whom I adore. Then perhaps of some illness? I am as strong as a horse. I have no liver trouble; I get stouter day by day, and weigh eighty-six kilos. The trouble is, if some misfortune should really happen to me, no one would believe it, and I think with fear of when I shall be dead. My family will telegraph, send notices, write letters; but people, shrugging their shoulders, will say, 'Oh! it is one of the usual jokes.' So that I shall be considered alive who knows how long after my death? This also is a satisfaction."

"Polyhymnia," a collection of quartettes and choruses *for male voices*, by John W. Tufts, the well known author of "The Normal Music Course," "The Cecilian Series of Study and Song," etc., has just been published by Silver, Burdett & Company, of Boston, Mass. The collection is one of more than ordinary merit, being the work of a rarely skilled musician, and is admirably suited to college glee club and choral use.

Ffrangcon-Davies has been reciting poems, like the "Lost Soul," "Lorraine," etc., to the accompaniment of music in England. Stanley Hawley, who set them to music, accompanies him. They may come to America.

The Philharmonic Chorus of Berlin, Siegfried Ochs, conductor, will perform these works this season: "Orpheus," Gluck; "Samson," Handel; "Sylvester-glocken," Koessler (first time; "Der Hagestolz,"Arnold Mendelssohn (first time; "Walpurgisnacht," Mendelssohn; "Snöfried," Stenhammer (first time).