KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

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THE POETS AND MUSIC.

STRANGE as it may appear, many of the best and most musical English poets had little or no ear for music. Indeed, it would not be difficult to show that this is the rule to which such writers as Milton, Landor, Moore, Wilson, Longfellow, Rossetti, Swinburne, Morris and Tennyson are the exceptions. Let us illustrate by a few instances which suggest themselves almost at random. If ever there was a musical writer, surely it was Shelley, and although his sister speaks of his singing and Leigh Hunt says "music affected him deeply," we have the assurance of the latter's son, Mr. Thornton Hunt, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1863, that "Shelley had no ear for music, the words that he wrote for existing airs being, strangely enough, inappropriate in rhythm and even in cadence; and although he had a manifest relish for music and often talked of it, I do not remember that I ever heard him sing even the briefest snatch." Or take Coleridge, whose "Kubla Khan" is, perhaps, the most perfectly musical fragment in the language—we had almost said in any language. Here is what Mr. Julian C. Young says of him in "Memoirs of C. M. Young": "The melody of Coleridge's verse had led me, as in the case of Scott, to credit him with the possession of the very soul of song; and yet, either from defective ear or from the intractability of his vocal organs, not only his pronunciation of any foreign language but his own was barbarous, and his inability to follow the simplest melody quite ludicrous." Corroborative of this are these remarks of a distinguished critic in the *Quarterly Review*, of date August, 1834: "In some of the smaller pieces, as the conclusion of the 'Kubla Khan,' for example, not only the lines by themselves are musical, but the whole passage sounds all at once as an outburst or crash of harps in the still air of autumn. The verses seem as if *played* to the ear upon some unseen instrument. * * * We have mentioned this to show how the whole man is made up of music; and, yet Mr. Coleridge has no *ear* for music, as it is technically called. Master as he is of the intellectual recitative, he could not *sing* an air to save his life. But his delight in music is intense and unweariable, and he can detect good from bad with unerring discrimination." Another master of melodious rhythm was Thomas Campbell, author of some of the finest lyrics in literature. Of him an anonymous critic in a *New Monthly Magazine* for 1854 writes: "Of music Mr. Campbell had not the slightest idea. * * * His utmost taste for music amounted to a reminiscence of some jig-tune or some local ballad, and in the latter I observed that he dwelt on the words more than the tune.

Who, again, has not been enchanted by the musical witchery of Elia; by the matchless artlessness of his rythmic prose; the delicate, pathetic melody of "The Old Familiar Faces?" Yet in his "Letters of Lamb," Thomas N. Talfourd tells us that "Lamb was entirely destitute of what is commonly called a 'taste for music.' A few old tunes ran in his head; now and then the expression of a sentiment, though never of song, touched him with rare and exquisite delight. * * * But usually music only confused him, and an opera—to which he once or twice tried to accompany Miss Isola—was to him a maze of sound in which he almost lost his wits."

The mention of Lamb and Coleridge naturally recalls their dear friend Wordsworth, whose ode on "Intimations of Immortality" sets the high-water mark of poety of this century, and indeed of all the years that have passed since Milton wrote the epic of the Anglo-Saxon race. Yet of him Robert P. Graves, in his "Recollections of Wordsworth," writes: "Wordsworth had himself no musical sense, no more than the sense of smell. His sense of hearing, indeed, as well as of sight, was peculiarly keen, but like his friend Elia, he could not distinguish one tune from another." And Tom Moore, in his "Diary," confirms the statement. In speaking of music, and the difference there is between the poetical and musical ear, Wordsworth said that he was totally devoid of the latter and for a long time could not distinguish one tune from another."

Another great writer of that age, the greatest of English novelists, and one of the most genuine of English poets, was Sir Walter Scott. In Mr. C. R. Leslie's "Autobiographical Recollections" we read: "I am inclined to think that in music, also, Scott's enjoyment arose chiefly from the associations called up by the air or words of a song. In the same strain writes Mr. J. C. Young in his "Memoirs of C. M. Young:" "Nothing in Walter Scott struck me more than his ignorance of pictures and his indifference to music. There was not one picture of sterling merit on his walls! A young lady in the house sang divinely, but her singing gave him no pleasure. He was much too honest to affect to be what he was not; thus he admitted 'that he had a reasonable good ear for a jig,' but confessed that 'solos and sonatas gave him the spleen.' After dinner I had another opportunity of observing Scott's insensibility for music when detached from association: Two sisters sang duets in French, Italian, German and Spanish with equal address. One had a clear soprano voice, the other a rich contralto. Their vocalization was faultless; their expression that of real feeling. I was so bewitched with their singing that I could not refrain from an occasional glance at Scott to see if he were proof against such captivation; but the more they sang, and the better they sang, the more impenetrable did he appear."

Southey was even worse, if we are to accept the testimony of Miss Anna Eliza Bray, who, in her "Autobiography," in narrating a talk she once had with Southey, says: "We talked of church music, and I mentioned the 'Messiah' of Handel. He told me that he had no ear for music; he did not know what was in tune or out of tune; yet he did not dislike music; but some one had explained to him, and made him comprehend in what had consisted the excellences of Handel."

And so we might go on piling up evidence to the same effect, and including even some of our best song-writers, such as Burns and Hood. Nor is this want of a musical ear confined to poets. Great orators like Robert Hall and Thomas Chalmers have also labored under a like defect. Thus Dr. James Dodds in his "Biographical Study of Chalmers," informs us that: "Whether, like so many men of genius, who have been masters of the most delicious harmony in their writings * * * he was really destitute of what is usually termed an *ear* for music. From all that I can learn, he only had an ear for good marked *tunes*. * * * He was present at an evening party, where a very accomplished lady was discoursing most eloquent music from the fashionable opera of the day. When she was at the overture and the recitatives he looked perplexed, as if listening to a melody of madness; but when she struck upon some lively and expressive airs, he turned round with a look of great relief to the gentleman who was next to him, "Do you know, sir, *I love those lucid intervals!*"

Finally, had we the time, we might extend our investigations into foreign *littérateurs;* but both time and space forbid, and we must content ourselves with this one example, taken from an exchange: Strange to say, Victor Hugo was perfectly indifferent to music, and it was only by the exercise of considerable diplomacy that admittance could be gained to him by a musician, as such. Consequently, many and curious were the traps laid for him by artists, who, after their manner, were anxious to go forth with the sign manual of his approval. One day two Spanish ladies, richly dressed and decorated with several orders, called upon him and entreated him to hear the younger of the two, the daughter, play upon the harp. The girl was young, pretty, graceful, and named Esmeralda, while Hugo could never refuse anything to the fair sex. On the appointed evening the harp came, and the girl with it, much to the astonishment of the other visitors, who expected nothing less than a concert. Unfortunately, the performer, having once begun, did not know when to leave off, and went from a nocturne to a Gigue, from a scherzo to a "*Hommage au poëte*," expressly composed for the occasion, until the guests dropped off one by one wearied of music, which compelled their host to listen, and prevented him from talking. Hugo sat it out patiently and complimented the fair musician on her skill, but said afterwards with a gentle sigh, "It was very pretty, but I don't think we'll have it again."—*Chicago Music and Drama.*

VON BULOW TO COLONNE.

THE following very characteristic letter has been addressed to the celebrated French conductor by Hans von Bülow:

"My dear Monsieur Colonne, if musicians in London have no time to devote to music—as our great master, Hector,* asserted more than forty years ago—in Paris, Edouard, generalissimo of the symphonic army, has no leisure for aught else. I ought not to be so egotistical as to complain of this; however, while congratulating your fellow citizens on your ceaseless activity, I can not refrain from expressing my very great regret at having been obliged to leave Paris without pressing your hand, without enjoying a few minutes' chat with the great artist who did me the signal honor of presenting me at his magnificent Châtelet Concerts to the pick of the European public. Be kind enough, therefore, I beg, to accept—though not by word of mouth—my warmest thanks for your having realized the dream I cherished during the trifling period of a quarter of a century—namely, to appear once in my life among you in a less modest capacity than that of a simple witness of the disaster which befell 'Tannhäuser' at the Grand Opera.

"Shall I add to this protestation of my eternal gratitude the commonplace expression of my compliments on, and warmest admiration of, the model orchestra you have created. It has recently produced on me an impression even superior to that I once experienced from hearing Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony so deliciously interpreted at the Imperial Conservatory.

"But it is fit that I should add that one thing was wanting to this ideal orchestra: the vivifying breath of a powerful directing individuality. The same principle holds good of orchestral conductors as of . . . *rôtisseurs*. A man, according to a Brillat-Savarin, must be born a *rôtisseur*, but everybody can become a musician—I mean a . . cook. Among a hundred called, only one was chosen. Well, I have found such a one in you; a real orchestral conductor by the grace of God, and, thank God, also confirmed and sanctioned as such by the national intelligence.

"The prestige of your infallibility strikes me, however, as somewhat endangered by an act of generous imprudence on your part. Have you not designated me in public as *one of the largest subscribers* to the Berlioz monument? Surely that is impossible. Allow me, my dear colleague, to save you from being contradicted by begging you will kindly add the inclosed thousand-franc banknote to my first offering of three years ago† toward the glorification of the antipodes of Jacques Offenbach and his more serious but less gifted rivals.

"Down with *musiquette!* Hurrah for music! Hurrah for the Délibes, the Faures, the Lalos, the Massenets, and the Saint-Saëns, present and future!

"And so, fraternally saluting you, I remain,

Your very obedient servant,

HANS VON BULOW."

*Berlioz.

†When Herr von Bulow contributed 500 francs.

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THERE are editors and editors, editions and editions of musical works. The attempt of the musical hack to "paint the lily" by wantonly changing what the masters have written is ridiculous and should be frowned down, but there is plenty of work for competent editors in the line indicated by von Bulow in his edition of Beethoven's sonatas and by the revisors of the works included in Kunkel's Royal Editions. Such editors are benefactors to students and teachers.

THE editor of *Brainard's Musical World* thinks "the French are like children" because they hissed Van Zandt, and yet when the manager asked them whether they wished the opera of "Lakme" to proceed said they did. Of course, children from over the Rhine are unusually bright (the editor in question was a child there himself) but ordinary children, say common American Anglo-Saxons, you know, would be considered rather unchildlike if they should, like the Parisians, see and express a distinction (which the editor of Brainard's *World*, even with his "specs" seems to have overlooked—the "specs" must be cis-Atlantic) between the worthy work and the unworthy interpreter, and having stigmatized the latter should emphasize the stigma by approving the former.

PROFESSSIONAL JEALOUSY.

THE musical committee of the Apollo Musical Club, of Chicago, consisting of Messrs. Otis, Sprague and Brown, in making their annual report, dwell at some length upon an evil which is far from being confined to the Lake City—the apparent indifference of musicians to music. They say among other things:

"It is estimated that there are about 2,500 men and women in Chicago, engaged in the study and practice of music as a profession. This number includes students, church and concert singers, organists, pianists, composers, etc.

We will make this assertion, that a large majority of these people never go to any oratorio or symphony concert, or attend any concert where only pure music is to be heard, and only go when they get deadhead tickets.

Of the 262 names on the Associate Membership list of this club, there are not a half dozen representative people of the Chicago musical profession.

Again, it is estimated that there are about seventy-five church organists living in Chicago and vicinity. Some three years ago Mr. Frederick Archer, a celebrated English organist of skill and reputation, gave a recital in Hershey Hall. This gentleman boasts that he has required his technique with scarcely any aid from a teacher. One would suppose that these seventy-five organists would be interested to know just what hard, honest work combined with real love for art will accomplish. The attendance at this recital was about what might be expected; not more than four or five of our seventy-five organists were present. Mr. Clarence Eddy, in the progress of his "One Hundred Organ Recitals," met with a similar experience. These concerts consisted of a remarkable series of programmes, covering the best works of ancient and modern writers, with no repetitions, and were played to a meagre attendance on the part of the very class, one would suppose, best fitted to enjoy them.

Once more. At the performance of the 'Rose of Sharon,' in addition to the season ticket holders, and the usual army of deadheads, there were about 500 paying people present. From careful observation we believe there were not more than fifty representatives of our musical profession present that night. Make it an even hundred. Very well then, hardly four per cent. of the great composers, pianists, solo singers conductors, etc., etc., now flourishing in Chicago, possessed enough musical enthusiasm to care to witness the second performance in America of the most remarkable work ever written by any English composer, since Mendelssohn brought out 'Elijah' at the 'Birmingham Festival,' forty years ago!

But we have pursued this subject far enough to show that much of this talk of musical appreciation and art among those who should possess it is only sentimental gush!"

Before commenting upon these statements, we wish to pause long enough to commend Messrs. Otis, Sprague and Brown for their straightforward statement of facts. To call an evil an evil and to point it out fearlessly, is the first step toward its removal. We shall be quite as plain spoken as they in our remarks upon this subject.

It is true that much of the musical appreciation among professional as well as amateur musicians is only "sentimental gush;" it is also true that there is an indisposition upon the part of professional musicians to pay for tickets to concerts, etc., but we believe that the principal cause of their neglect of concerts, and particularly those of a local character, is petty professional jealousy. Of course, it will not do for any musician to recognize another as his superior, and to go to hear another play or sing, would be, they seem to think, an admission that that other could teach them something. It does not appear to enter into the heads of these people, who spend half of their lives in teaching, that they can learn from an equal or an inferior. Perhaps, if they could slip in unseen, they would attend a good many concerts, but if they are seen, they may be thought to pay some homage to one who is a competitor, perhaps an already too popular competitor, for the patronage of pupils or concert goers. We know that this statement is anything but complimentary to musicians, but we have had unusually good opportunities for studying the subject, and have done so, the result being that we are quite sure that we are not mistaken in our statement of the existence and influence of this professional jealousy. Indeed, every musician will acknowledge that our statement is true of almost every *other* musician. People outside of the musical profession have come to know the existence of this petty jealousy among the disciples of the "art divine," and generally regard it as a sort of mild but incurable mania, inseparable from a musical organization and musical labors. If we thought so, we should not have written a line of this article, but we think the causes of this state of things are, to a great extent, removable.

Let us turn for an instant to another profession—that of the law. There is none other probably so free from the evil of petty professional spite. Why is this? Why the contrast of mutual good will in a profession whose business is a constant succession of mental battles, with the mutual distrust and depreciation in a profession, the basis of whose work is harmony? Are lawyers such superior beings? Not at all. They are naturally, and as a class, neither better nor worse, neither more nor less human, in a word, than their musical brethren, but their profession is one that brings them much together. Now, to meet, even in a business way, one of whom you have spoken slightingly is not pleasant, and hence the lawyer, if his opinion of some of his professional brethren is not high, keeps it to himself; it is a matter of policy and personal comfort. This same feeling leads him to seek the good points in those with whom he is liable to be associated at any moment either as opponent or co-counsel, and as all have some good traits, he really comes to the conclusion that So-and-so is not such a bad fellow. Then again, there is the glorious privilege of fighting his battles out in open court, joined to the knowledge that the victor of to-day may be the vanquished of to-morrow. Upon the other hand, the musical profession, (leaving out members of orchestras, who are usually good friends) is of a solitary nature, it is only by chance and at long intervals that its members meet each other. They know each other merely by sight and by reports, and as evil reports travel faster and farther than the good, they usually know each other by evil report. The bad they hear of, the good they have no opportunity to see.

We have said enough to indicate what we believe to be the principal cause of an evil that makes the musical profession ridiculous and seriously hinders musical progress. We do not think that the removal of *this* cause would eradicate the evil, but we feel sure it would greatly lessen it. What compulsion does for the legal profession, choice should do for the profession of music. Musicians should associate more together, wipe out supposed old scores, organize into local societies and clubs in which the social and intellectual qualities can be jointly cultivated. Note that we say *local* clubs or associations. National or State societies are harmless, but we doubt whether they accomplish much good. They certainly do not reach the trouble we have been speaking of. It is easy for a musician to feel friendly toward another who lives a hundred or a thousand miles away; but in this case the "friendliness," if analyzed, will be found to be merely non-hostility, arising from indifference; and even if it were not so, your distant friend can be of little practical utility in furthering musical interest in your home.

Doubtless some will say that the plan is not practicable, that you cannot get musicians together, etc. We recognize the difficulties, the principal of which is the existence of the sentiments of suspicion, hostility and jealousy of which we have spoken, but we do not think they are by any means insuperable. At any rate, we should hail with delight, as the dawn of a better day for music, the general formation of societies of local musicians from one end of the country to the other.

WE were reading not long since, an account of the dream of a missionary to India at a time when it seemed as if the mission, the labor of a lifetime, was about to be destroyed. And this was the vision: The dreamer stood before a huge tree at whose trunk a number of men were hewing vigorously. Soon the tree was almost severed and the woodmen withdrew at a distance, leaving one of their number to give the few finishing strokes. All looked to see the monarch of the forest come crashing down to the dust, but it moved not; then a voice was heard crying: "It is of no use, the tree is rooted in heaven!" and, looking up, the dreamer saw that its gnarled limbs disappeared in the clouds and that no blows from below could stir a single leaf of its green foliage. The true artist too is a missionary, a prophet of the Almighty, for the true, the good and the beautiful, science and religion and art, are a trinity of divine manifestations; and while preaching the gospel of art to the benighted art heathen, in the midst of trials and discouragements—the offensive patronizing of a shoddy society, the indifference of the mob and the neglect or even the onslaughts of a mercenary press—it is well for him to bear in mind that the tree of art can not be brought down by petty attacks from below, because it too is *rooted in heaven.*

OBSERVATIONS ON MUSIC IN AMERICA.

(CONTINUED.)

IT will not be at variance with the subject of this paper if I express regret that my observations on musicin America—conceived, as I hope, in a judicial spirit and courteously stated—have excited a measure of ill-feeling in journalistic quarters beyond the Atlantic. Let me hasten to say that the spirit of annoyance is not universal. What, for instance, can be more creditable than the following remarks, extracted from KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW, a paper published in St. Louis: "We do not wish to have our readers lose this opportunity to see American music through English eyes. True, it may be through English spectacles. Mr. Bennett may be mistaken in some respects, or, if he is not, we may think he is. Be that as it may, we can only gain by reading his views. When the entire series of articles has been published we shall take the liberty of briefly reviewing them; in the meantime, we trust our readers will give these articles the attention they deserve." In strong contrast with the perfect propriety of these remarks is the very different spirit animating some others, especially those coming from certain Teutonic sources. My opinion about the results likely to flow from the predominating advocacy and influence of modern German music appears to have given umbrage in quarters where, if adhesion was not likely, courteous argument might have been expected. Some of my transatlantic *confrères* actually lose their temper over the matter. One devotes a whole paragraph to denouncing my carelessness, because I was told in Denver that the organist of St. John's Cathedral bore the name of Damrosch, when my informant should have said Hall. By the way, I am glad to have this mistake corrected, in however rude a manner. Mr. Hall, whose organ playing I justly eulogized, and whose choir I compared to the best in England, is an Englishman, and Fellow of our College of Organists. The Precentor, Mr. Stevenson, is an Englishman also. From both facts let the musical Anglophobists of America get what consolation they may. I cannot resist adding that one journal, the *Musical Courier*, in its resolve to be "nasty," actually described the non-existent organist, Damrosch, as a man of "little artistic account." Was ever a better illustration of "No case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney." Again, I am reproved for venturing to write about music in America after but three months' observation. I should accept the rebuke had I, in that time, attempted to master the condition of American society, or estimate the merits and defects of the principles on which the United States are governed. My task was very simple—viz., to hear music as often as possible, and decide upon the value of its performance. The gentlemen who, in New York and other cities, rush from listening to important works and scribble judgment before they have fully recovered breath, ought to know that it does not take a month to decide whether Mr. Thomas's orchestra plays well, or whether Mr. Tomlins, in Chicago, gives a good performance of the "Hymn of Praise." I am not egotist enough to suppose that the feeling shown by my American critics is limited in its origin and object to my humble self. It is a development from—to use no stronger term—a dislike of everything English. I make bold to distrust a good deal of the "gush" that pours forth at banquets, and on ceremonial occasions, concerning America's affection for the mother land. Three months' steady reading of the American press, from New England to California, and from Montana to New Mexico, at a time when difficulties were gathering in the path of England, clearly proved to my mind, not only a want of sympathy, but a tendency to rejoice, by anticipation, over the misfortunes, probable and possible, of the old country. American papers always write what will best please their readers, and on this question I found no difficulty whatever in coming to a conclusion. Teutonic musical journalists across the Atlantic have a double reason for joining in the manifestation. They fear that the land which chiefly supplies America with drama, and has flooded the States with "Patience," "Pinafore," and company, may, in the natural course of her rising artistic fortunes, acquire predominance on the platform of serious music. Hence their cue is to run down English compositions and English tastes, with all the ferocity of alarm. They proclaim our country to be the Nazareth of musical nations, and ask contemptuously what good can come out of her. In this hue and cry the bark of the *Musical Courier* is conspicuous, though, perhaps, not worse than its bite would be had it any teeth. The other day the journal in question hazarded the following extraordinarily logical proposition: "The recent unsympathetic reception by the New York public and by the critics of a new English oratorio which has been extravagantly lauded at home, is one more proof that New York is immeasurably in advance of London in musical culture." Having made this astounding deduction from the premises stated, the *Courier* felt encouraged to leave bad logic for the region where "facts" are manufactured to suit all customers. It said, referring to music in London, "The Richter concerts do not pay expenses, and Joachim plays before empty benches." The laughter of my English readers at the foregoing will not be less Homeric when they remember that this is the writer who discovered the little artistic worth of a fictitious organist. In the same article he so loses his temper as to "call names" at the *St. James's Gazette*; that paper happening to say—rightly or wrongly matters nothing here—that "Il Trovatore" (the *Courier* reprints it "Ill Trovatore") was performed in Berlin last season more often than any other opera. The New York sheet styles the assertion "an absurd lie" and "a monstrous falsehood," due to an endeavor of the London critics, "not content with the ignorance of their own public," to misrepresent the state of affairs in other countries. Poor Mr. Sutherland Edwards—who could have supposed that that amiable gentleman concealed under his benign exterior a purpose so scandalous and base!

I naturally regret that the German-American critics, in their dislike and dread of England, fall foul of individual Englishmen, but this is not going to divert me from the task I have set myself, nor in the smallest degree to influence the manner of its discharge.

In order to understand thoroughly the musical criticism of the United States it is requisite to take a comprehensive view of the American press. This, however, is too vast an undertaking for the space at command, and I must forego whatever advantage it would secure. But one or two points cannot be passed over in silence. Journalism amongst our cousins lies under a supreme obligation to be swift and tasty. Its courses must be served up to the national table "hot and hot," with plenty of condiments to give jaded palates a perception of pungency. The public demand this, and the appetite grows by what it feeds upon. Hence the restless energy with which the transatlantic journalist seeks out facts, and daring way in which he works them up with the aid of a strong imagination, and the "sensational" style in which they are laid before the reader. The question is not in any great measure one of accuracy, still less of good taste. All departments of journalism feel more or less the influence of this condition of things, and assuredly that of art criticism does not appear to be exempt from its effects. I am, of course, speaking generally. There are notable and brilliant exceptions, worthy the country whose best magazine literature may challenge comparison with any in the world. Exceptions apart, the fact is as I have stated, and as a result we find in American papers musical criticisms over which one hardly knows whether to laugh or cry. Sometimes they are the work of the "funny man," who is turned on now and then to crack a few jokes for the public delectation. There is no harm in the funny man. He understands his mission to make folks laugh, and does so with a considerable display of innocent personality, astonishing to punctilious Englishmen, but quite a matter of course with Americans, each one of whom, being a sovereign citizen, lives in the "fierce light that beats upon a throne." Occasionally, however, the funny man remembers, in the goodness of his heart, that his readers may want to know something about the music. At once he proceeds to immolate himself on the altar of duty, and display the most astounding ignorance for conscience sake. Not long ago the funny man of an important journal was sent to notice the doings at a Catholic Church, and fell into the lamentable error of descanting on the music. He told his readers that a certain Gregorian chant was "melodic, that is, sung by all the voices;" and that, in a "Passion" chorus, "the parts succeed one another in a cadence growing softer and softer, and almost dying away till the entire chorus swells in sweet but majestic burst." Again, he remarks of a melody that when its "two notes are sung slow, yet bold, full yet soft, with a melting modulation, they produce a feeling of sweet devotional melancholy, a mildened emotion that even the more artful and far-famed 'Miserere' cannot excite." I could supplement these examples by a crowd of others, gathered in the course of my American reading—gathered, not from provincial prints, but the leading papers of great cities, in which we should expect to find the funny man carefully checked, if not, in musical matters, firmly muzzled. Let me, however, be content with one supreme specimen. Referring to a symphony by Brahms, a New York weekly uttered the following: "The third movement is also simple in formation, consisting as it does of themes that appear in the following order: A, A, B, A; C; A, A, B, A; in which 'A' is a melody for violoncello that begins with three short waves or symmetrically formed arches succeeded by a longer wave, and is most cheerless and desponding. Yet it does not sound the very depths of the soul. On account of the expression of merely surface sorrow, venting itself in desponding plaints, this movement may be associated in idea with the slow movement of Mozart and Haydn." Reflecting upon this passage, and observing that a melody with three symmetrically formed arches followed by a wave cannot succeed in sounding the depths of the soul, I picture the funny man writing with his tongue in his cheek, and bent upon ascertaining how far balderdash would go down with the public. Let us now leave these musical notices *pour rire* for graver things.

There is plenty of serious musical criticism in America, and a fair proportion thereof may be described as both able and honest—honest in the sense that judgment is given without prejudice. The school of critics headed by John S. Dwight, in his active years, still exists, particularly in the veteran's own city, Boston, where, as might be expected, much sensible musical talk goes on. It is to be hoped that the list of critics of Anglo-Saxon blood and sympathies will lengthen in coming years. American music needs more men of John S. Dwight's stamp—men who have *connaissance de cause*, who can give sound reasons for the faith that is in them, and that are not blown about by every wind of doctrine coming from heresiarchal quarters. Only by an increase in the number of such writers can the influence of Germans and men of German origin be counteracted. These have contrived to seat themselves in places of journalistic power, especially in New York, and there—though I question not their sincerity—they exemplify to the world the proverbial danger of a "little knowledge." I have already pointed to the Anglophobia that possesses them, but this, unhappily, does not mark the limit of their narrowness. They even deal in "flouts and jibes and sneers," at the great classical masters of their own nationality; having, it may be supposed, an idea that the hall-mark of a progressive spirit becoming to America is found in denunciation of everything not created to-day, or yesterday at the earliest. Music with them means the works of Wagner, Liszt, and their imitators, who, without the genius of the one and the cleverness of the other, act as though the art appealed only to nerve-centres, like the sharpening of a saw. Hence these critics can scarcely tolerate the "old masters." In presence of Handel they sigh with weariness; of Bach one of them declared, not long ago, that he was too simple (!). Following the cue given by Wagner they treat Mendelssohn with lofty contempt, while, as for French and Italian composers, they are, of course, completely out of the running. Even Beethoven does not escape! When in America I read, and, having well rubbed my eyes, read again, that the great master's violin Concerto is "uninteresting." It may be said that prejudice such as this defeats itself, as being like vice—

> A monster of such hideous mien
> That to be hated needs but to be seen.

Unquestionably it does no harm with the intelligent minority—the cultured Americans who never fail to assure European visitors how much they bewail the short-comings of their newspaper press. But the vast majority of people in the United States, as elsewhere, are very much influenced by what they see in print. They accept the press as a teacher, and, for lack of wisdom to discern error, quietly believe what they are told. This is the misfortune of the matter. Tares, scattered by the hand of a child, readily take root, and spring up if the soil be fitting.

By way of illustrating much that has just been said, I will refer to the performance and reception of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's Oratorio the "Rose of Sharon," in New York. The rendering of that work took place after I left the country; concerning it and the attitude of the audience, therefore, I cannot speak, but the many printed criticisms now before me will serve my purpose, except that they leave me in some doubt as to the public opinion. According to a few reports, the English verdict on the "Rose of Sharon" was endorsed by that of New York, a majority contending, on the other hand, that disappointment prevailed. In the latter case the wish may have been father to the thought; but, anyhow, so the matter stands. The majority of notices, moreover, display the ill-feeling towards English music, and the distrust of, if not contempt for, English taste, respecting which I have already spoken. Here comes in a strange consideration. It clearly enough appears that the praise bestowed upon the "Rose of Sharon" by English critics had excited expectation in American musical circles.

Yet the New York *Evening Post*, in the plenitude of discernment, declared as follows, after the performance had taken place:—"The English have been dubbed an unmusical nation so often that they have become sensitive on this point, and endeavor to hide their nervousness by whistling—*i. e.*, by making a tremendous noise on the slightest provocation. This accounts for much of the success in England of the 'Rose of Sharon,' a success which will not be witnessed in this country." If the *Evening Post* knew this why did it not protest against the impression made by the English welcome of Mr. Mackenzie's work? Why did it not say to the misled American public:—"Take no notice of the applause that comes over the Atlantic. It is only the noise of a lot of nervous people 'whistling aloud to keep their courage up,' and propagate a delusion?" The *Evening Post* very well knows why it kept silence, till, emboldened by the consensus of its German-American associates, it thought there lay no danger in jibing at a nation which flourished in art, as Prince Bismarck has lately declared, when Germany was semi-barbarous. In this connection I will follow the Anglophobists—the upright and unprejudiced New York critics—a little farther. The *Evening Post* goes on to say:

"First-class operas or orchestral Concerts are seldom given there (in England) without a loss, whereas the most commonplace oratorio draws an audience of thousands. In Germany and France a hundred operatic performances are given to one of oratorio, and in this respect American taste fortunately goes with the Continent rather than with England. Religion is the mainspring of the English love of oratorio, for, if the music itself were admired, there is no reason why good operas and concerts should not be better patronized. Now Americans may be quite as religious as the English, but they do not care to confound art with devotion. Hence, in America, the oratorio is the most unpopular form of music—so unpopular, indeed, that sometimes it is deemed advisable to suppress the word oratorio in advertising the performance of a choral work. And in this aversion to oratorio the American people are guided by a correct instinct, for it is, at best, an illogical, unæsthetic, and hybrid form of art. There is some sort of a plot, a scenic background is imagined, the singers impersonate distinct characters; but there are no scenery, action, or costumes—nothing but evening dress and gloves." If I dealt in such expressions as "absurd lie" and "monstrous falsehood" what an opportunity is here for getting rid of some of them. In point of fact, however, a tirade like the foregoing is its own condemnation, and every intelligent and right thinking American must feel ashamed that it should go forth to the world as an example of his country's musical criticism. Happily there is a set off. The New York *Daily Tribune*, while accusing English music of having long kept to a "rut," says: "The prospect of a musical emancipation in England, achieved through the influence of a British composer of originality and force, can only be a pleasant one to the kinspeople of the English on this side the Atlantic. It may even be that such an occurrence will precede a proper recognition of native American talent." We may doubt the value of what the writer means by a "musical emancipation," but here, at any rate, no spirit of unfriendliness shows itself. On its part, the *New York Herald* expresses an opinion, with seeming equanimity, that the "Rose of Sharon" "bids fair to become as popular here as it has become in England." Making due allowance for these and a few similar utterances, the general tone of the New York press was one of hostility to the work because of its British origin; this feeling, as it seems, being strong enough to outweigh the consideration that Mr. Mackenzie shows a leaning towards the modern methods which German-American critics advocate as the be-all and end-all of musical art.

The opinion of the New York press upon the claims of the new oratorio *per se* may now be examined, with the special advantage that my English readers know the subject perfectly well. They might naturally anticipate cordial approval of certain features in the work, especially those connected with the dramatic scenes, and they might, in view of the traditions of oratorio, expect to find indulgence shown to the few examples of set airs and choruses. Let us see how this turns out. The *Times* admits that "Mr. Mackenzie shows structural skill, talent and taste as a harmonist, a thorough knowledge of instrumentation, characterized by somewhat too great prudence in the use of instrumental effects, and the reverential spirit that lends dignity to the lyric illustration of a Scriptural text." But, according to the same writer, he lacks creative force and originality, and "his dramatic oratorio is pretentious, long-drawn, and dreary." After complaining about the "unbroken monotony" of the orchestration, all the spite of the critic comes out in a sneer. "It is possible that Mr. Mackenzie's new departure may have been inspired by what he considers the failure of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn, to accomplish anything by the aid of their peculiar gifts. But it is far likelier that he stands in the position of the fox who deplored the worthlessness of the grapes in the old-time fable." The *Mail* contends that only Wagner could have done justice to the subject; that Mr. Mackenzie shows a lack of dramatic instinct, and, of all things, does not know how to handle leading themes effectively. "He has given these," observes the writer, "to several characters, but instead of varying them in form and sentiment according to the phases of the drama, and thus giving them renewed charm and interest, they are merely repeated again and again, as if a leading motive were nothing more than a passport." I have quoted this remark in full, because it shows how superficial is the critic's knowledge of the oratorio, or how little capable he is of recognizing a varied subject when he meets it. The *Critic*, which cannot see why a woman in trouble should comfort herself with the twenty-third Psalm, admits that Mr. Mackenzie's music "has moments of exquisite beauty," but points out many more instances of "impotent striving." Our friend, the *Musical Courier*, complains of monotony, exclaiming that "three hours of monotonous rhythm, harmonization and instrumentation becomes decidedly tedious." Yet the very work thus condemned is afterwards spoken of as "a thoroughly good and musicianly piece of composition." Trinculo came upon a "most delicate monster" in Prospero's Island, and it had two voices: "His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract." There is a monster, seemingly, in Manhattan Island. Which of its two voices are we to believe? Turning to the *Daily Tribune* I find that journal recommending itself for careful criticism in the subjoined passage:—"We confess, also, that we are unable to admire the conceit of presenting the first scene in Part three as a dream. Had the number been purely instrumental with the words as a motto, the incongruity would have been less apparent; but to hear the dialogue of the lovers, the march of the *Watchmen* and their rude words, and then to imagine that all that has taken place is the dream of the *Sulamite* is to ask one to set up a wall between his phantasy and his senses, which it is exceedingly difficult to maintain." Would the writer be surprised to hear that the "conceit condemned by him has its origin in the author of the original poem?"

"I sleep but my heart waketh. It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, 'Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; for my head is filled with dew and my locks with the drops of night."

The critic is good enough warmly to praise the music of the Dream; but, in his judgment, Mr. Mackenzie has no staying power on an even plane of excellence: "In parts his writing is as modern as Liszt's, in parts it is as old-fashioned as Handel's." We are not told whether the drop is from Liszt to Handel, or from Handel to Liszt; but the associaiion of these names with the "Rose of Sharon," even for purposes of comparison, belongs to the marvels of criticism.

Enough of quotation. As for the mass of printed opinion, let an American writer (in *Music and Drama*) sum up:—"At the present moment, after one performance, the work of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie stands condemned in New York as a weakling—a poor melancholy conception that has neither spirit nor dramatic fire in it, that is tedious and commonplace."

I need not point the moral of the foregoing to English readers, who will be unfeignedly sorry that their cousins across the water have no better musical guides, at the same time giving all credit for courage and independence to the few writers who, like Mr. G. H. Wilson of the Boston *Evening Traveller*, "A. L." of *Music and Drama*, and the editor of the *Keynote*, have shown, not only a spirit of justice, but power of discrimination. "A. L.," let me add in conclusion, lifts up his voice, Jeremiahwise, against the shortcomings of his *confrères*, and, after quoting some of their extraordinary utterances, remarks: "One cannot even laugh at such things; one can only mourn." He goes on: "Is it, then, impossible to gain a hearing in our day for a poetic musical work of such refined sentiment that it calls forth our tenderest feelings and our highest thoughts? Is it impossible to bring us down from heroic to gentle ideas? Is music alone to be free from the modern art-influence that tones down color, moulds figures in softer outlines, and describes natural scenes in more delicate tracery than heretofore? Is music alone to be always loud when all other art demands the subdued tendency? And can the low tone not speak as earnestly as the clangy sound? Because a certain number of critics would not accommodate their minds to understand the peculiar tone of this composition, must the American public therefore condemn it? I hope not." Here speaks the voice of the enlightened section of American society, and in its growing power lies the hope of American emancipation, in musical matters, from the domination of mischievous principles, having as their chief results noise, bombast, and vulgarity.—JOSEPH BENNETT.

THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE IN RELATION TO MUSIC.

WHILE many persons will eagerly scan the Revised Version of the Bible to see whether the alterations are likely to have a favorable or an unfavorable bearing on scientific questions or religious beliefs, or on matters relating to ethnology or history, some musicians will examine the changes with regard to names of musical instruments and musical terms to see whether any fresh light has been thrown upon the subject of ancient music in general, or that of Jewish music in particular. They must not expect to find extraordinary changes, for the revisers were bound "to introduce as few alterations as possible into the text of the Authorized Version consistently with faithfulness." With regard, therefore, to the names of Jewish instruments and terms relating to Jewish music, about which so much doubt and difficulty exist, it is evident that they could only venture on a new reading when convinced that the text was positively misleading; in some cases they possibly could have suggested an improvement, but were fettered by the principles laid down for their guidance. We propose to glance at some of the passages which have been altered, so as to give our readers a general idea of the changes which have been introduced, and shall add a word or two of comment on these variations, leaving to those specially interested in the matter the task of criticising them more minutely.

The first change occurs in Gen. iv. 21; here in the Authorized Version Jubal is spoken of as "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." "Organ," taken from the Vulgate *organum*, has been changed to "pipe." It has long been known that the word "organ," associated as it is with the most ingenious and complex instrument of modern times, by no means represented the *'uggab*, the shepherd's pipe, in use among the early Hebrews. Kitto, in his Pictorial Bible, published nearly half a century ago, naively remarks that "the *'uggab* certainly could not resemble the modern instrument of that name," but was probably "nearly identical with the pipe of Pan, in use among the early Greeks." In Job xxi. 12, and chapter xxx. 31, and again in Psalm cl., *'uggab*, in the Revised Version, is properly rendered "pipe." With reference to the last passage mentioned, it may be noted that the Authorized Version has "organs," reminding us of Martin's Bible, where, in Gen. iv. 21, we find "les orgues." Now, *'uggab* being merely a general term for wind instruments, we must say a word or two about the different kinds mentioned in the Old Testament.

There was the *halil*, a pipe of simple form. It is the word used in I Kings i. 40, "and the people piped upon pipes." We find it again in Is. xxx. 29; and it is translated "pipe" in Authorized and Revised Versions.

Then there was the *nekeb* mentioned in Isaiah and Jeremiah and other places, and the *nehiloth* supposed by Jahn in his Biblical Archeology to be a pipe double in its structure. But authorities are not agreed about the meaning of the last named word. According to some it is merely a collective term for wind instruments, as *neginoth* was for stringed instruments. In the new version the mysterious word *neginoth* has been changed into "stringed instruments" in the heading of Psalms iv., vi., liv., lv. lxvii., lxxvi., but the heading *nehiloth* to Psalm v. is left, although the reading "wind instruments" is indicated in the margin. In Daniel iii. 5, the Chaldean instrument *mashroketha* is supposed by good authorities to be of the *'uggab* genius, and it seems strange that in the Revised Version the word "flute" (which, by the way, occurs in no other part of the Bible besides Daniel iii.) has been retained; "pipe," as suggested by Kitto and others, as printed in Wickliffe's Bible and in Sir Lancelot Brenton's translation of the Septuagent version of the Old Testament, would seem to be the more suitable word. Dr. Adam Clarke, in his commentary on the Old Testament, makes this curious remark about this passage in Daniel: "My old MS. Bible has trumpe and pipe and harpe." More could be said about the Revisers' translation of Daniel iii. 5; it does not seem altogether satisfactory.

Let us now turn to stringed instruments. The *kinnor* is the first mentioned in the Bible. Jubal was the "father of such as handle the *kinnor* and *'uggab* (Gen. iv. 21). It is translated "harp" in the old and in the new version, but most probably this instrument was a sort of lyre or lute, for in Ps. cxxxvii. we read of the captive Jews hanging their *kinnors* upon the willows by the rivers of Babylon. But so much is clear: *kinnor* is always rendered as harp. Now there was another stringed instrument called *nebel* first mentioned in the Psalms. Most conflicting accounts are given of its size and of its shape, and to make matters worse, the word has been translated variously as "psaltery," "lute," and "viol," and even "musicke." The Prayer Book uses "lute." This *nebel* is supposed to have been a larger and more important instrument than the *kinnor;* in fact, the true harp of the Hebrews. Now with regard to the treatment of this word in the Revised Version, we notice that generally it is translated, and properly so, as "psaltery," but there are four passages—two in Isaiah v. 12, and xiv. II, and two in Amos v. 23, and vi. 5—in which; by comparing the two versions, it will be seen that as yet authorities differ about the right word to best express *nebel*. "If you understand a thing clearly," says some philosopher, "you can explain it to others." Perhaps the revisers were not quite certain as to the meaning of the word *nebel*, and so left "viol" in three of the passages above named. In the second (Isaiah xiv.) they have, however, curiously changed "viol" into "lute."

We have already spoken about the Hebrew word *neginoth*. We are now going to refer to it again in connection with the headings of the Psalms. In some cases the Revised Version makes these much more intelligible. Take for example, Psalm iv. In the Authorized Version it is entitled "To the chief Musician on Neginoth;" but in the Revised Version it reads, "For the chief Musician; on stringed instrument." Again, in Psalm vi. the Authorized Version has "To the chief Musician on Neginoth upon Sheminth;" but the Revised Version reads, "For the chief Musician; on stringed instruments, set to the Sheminith." Commentators are not agreed as to the meaning of the word "Sheminith;" but, anyhow, the new readings convey more sense to our mind than the old ones. There is the same difficulty with regard to the word "Alamoth" in Psalm xlvi. We would call attention to verses 20 and 21 of chapter xv. of the First Book of Chronicles, where these two words are used, and where, as in the Psalms, the Revised Version has "set to" in place of "on."

Neginoth is supposed, as stated above, to mean "stringed instruments." There is also the word *Minnim*, supposed to be a poetical expression for the same. It is so translated in Psalm cl., "Praise him with stringed instruments." The word also occurs in Psalm xlv. 8. The Authorized Version has "out of the ivory palaces whereby they have made thee glad." Dr. Stainer, in his "Music of the Bible," published a few years ago, suggested inserting "the stringed instruments" between "palaces" and "whereby." In the revised version this has actually been done, though without the definite article. The word *Higgaion* in the Revised Version has been left untranslated in Psalm ix. 16. In Psalm xcii. 4, it occurs again, though, perhaps, in a different sense, and is translated. A marginal note, as in the Authorized Version, would have been acceptable. We notice that the word *Selah*, the real meaning of which it seems impossible to find out, does not, as in the Authorized Version, form part of the text, but is written in smaller type and in parenthesis. It has been very rationally supposed that as it is only found in Psalms which have a musical superscription, it is probably a musical term. We would have added something about the expressions *Michtam* and *Maschil*, but space compels us to hasten to a close. The difficulty of understanding many of the names in the headings of the Psalms is sufficiently great, but the difficulty has been rendered greater if it is true, as one Biblical commentator asserts, "that many titles were wrongly placed at first, or have suffered a confusion since."

We have referred to wind and stringed instruments. With regard to instruments of percussion, we would, in conclusion, call the attention of our readers to two curious passages in 1 Sam. xviii. 6, and 2 Sam. vi. 5, and ask them to compare the different readings and marginal notes of the Authorized and Revised Versions.—*Musical Times.*

We learn from a New York paper that Bruno Oscar Klein has been made a Doctor of Music. Bruno Oscar, your degree is "no good." There is only one genuine degree-giving power in this country and "the first three letters of its name are" E. M. Bowman, St. Louis, Mo. Send stamp for terms and conditions.

DID NOT GET IT FOR A SONG.

OLD Dr. McDowell," as he is usually called, was in his day the leading surgeon in the west, but it is doubtful whether his eccentricities did not bring him more notoriety than his skill brought him fame. One good story, which we believe has never yet been in print, is told of him by his former pupil and chief clinician, Dr. James Nidelet. McDowell was a fair amateur violinist, as well as an eminent surgeon, and it may be due to the improvident ways of the Bohemian, that lurked in his nature, and of which his fiddle was the badge, that he was often short of funds and hence the victim of frequent duns. The Doctor's ingenuity, however, soon made of his violin a defensive (and perhaps offensive) weapon against bill collectors. When a party entered with a bill he would ask him to sit down, and soon inquired if he were fond of music. "Oh, yes, indeed!" was the usual reply—and the Doctor would take down "de fiddle an' de bow" and proceed to play piece after piece until, wearied out, the collector would thank him for his politeness and say he would call again. If the party said he did not like music, the Doctor would say: "Ah, then, that's because you've never heard me play: just wait until I play you 'Money Musk,' and the fiddle fiddled the importunate creditor out, just the same. A few doses of McDowell's fiddle and the collectors one after another would forget to "call again." One day, however, a Yankee undertook to collect a bill which had been presented by half a dozen fellows who had successively been "played out" by the eccentric surgeon, and so, one fine afternoon, Prof. McDowell saw entering his office a man who had strapped on his back a large oblong bundle. The stranger stated his errand—the collection of a bill from So and So. "A bill! Ah yes! Well, my dear fellow, are you fond of music?" "Perfectly crazy for it, Doctor; in fact, it's a sort of monomania with me." "Well, I'll play you a tune, make yourself comfortable!". "All right, Doc." said the Yankee, and looking nonchalantly about the room he spied a sofa on which he lay himself out at full length, placed the oblong package pillow-wise under his head, cocked up his feet, lighted a cigar and listened, now and then saying, "Well done, Doctor! Give us another." Finally the Doctor confessed (or at least claimed) that his *répertoire* was exhausted. "Of course, you read music!" said the collector, sitting up as if about to go, and passing the straps of the package again about his neck. "Of course!" replied the Doctor. "Well, then," continued the collector, bringing the package to the front and upon his lap, and rapidly opening it "play me that!" The musician was dumfounded when he saw a pile of music over nine inches thick which his visitor had brought for him to play. Of course, he saw through the trick, but he attempted to hold out. Piece after piece was played and met the warmest reception from the solitary auditor; the worse the performance the better he liked it; the Doctor had missed his calling; he was a second Paganini; he was a modern Orpheus, who could move even the stony hearts of bill collectors. At last McDowell's endurance was exhausted and, with a string of oaths that left a smell of brimstone in the air, he sent the collector off with the solemn promise that if he would come the next week and leave his blankety-blank-blank music at home, he would pay the bill. The collector was prompt, so was McDowell; the bill was paid and for once "Old McDowell" did not get his purchases "for a song."

FAMOUS TUNES.

THOSE who affect to undervalue music must be ignorant of the remarkable influence it has had on many great historical occasions. We do not speak of music of a scientific or abstruse kind, but simply of popular melodies which have been connected with great events. Take the famous "Marseillaise." There is a melody that has stirred the hearts of millions. Armies have marched to its invigorating strains, defying, as a famous writer has told us, "Death, Despots and the Devil." When did such a tune have such a baptism of blood and horror as the "Marseillaise," when the twenty-two Girondins, standing at the foot of the guillotine, began to sing it, and continued to do so while the slaughter of their companions went on, until only one of their number was left, yet still he sang undauntedly the stirring "*Marseillaise?*" To have written such a song a man must have had in his very soul the spirit of liberty. It was ascribed to Rouget de Lisle, a young artillery officer of Strasbourg, in 1792. It is strange, remembering the simple phrases and combinations of the air, what power it has had over the multitude. It has become the Hymn of Revolution, and is invariably heard wherever men have to struggle against tyranny and despotism. A song identified with the Stuart cause was "The King Shall Enjoy His Own Again" It was composed during the civil wars, and became very popular with the Royalists. Sir Walter Scott, who knew as well as any man the value of a popular tune, speaks of it in his novel, "Woodstock." Is was to the echoes of this tune that King James entered Dublin after his flight from England, and half a century later, curiously enough, the Pretender marched through Edinburgh, after the battle of Preston, to the tune, "The King Shall Enjoy His Own again." An opposition political song is "Lillibullero" which became the tune of the day. It was heard everywhere, although there was nothing of great merit in the words. The music was, however, by Purcell, and it has frequently been set to other words since its political significance was lost. War songs have had much to do with the success of a campaign, as all must know who have read the records of any great struggle. Think of the "Watch on the Rhine," the simple ditty that used to be vociferously chorussed by the German hosts. Remember the battle songs of Weber and other German composers when their beloved country was assailed by the French. It is not always the musical merit of the composition. Garibaldi's Hymn is far from being a grand melody, and the "*Ça ira*" of the great French Revolution, fierce and stormy as it is, can hardly be called good music. It was with grim psalms twanged through the nose that the Puritans dealt destruction on the Royalists, and the national melody so beloved by the Austrians has quite a devotional character. The Danish national song, "King Christian," is distinctly a fighting melody. The words breathe of flame, sword, and death, and the music is extremely martial in style. Our own simple "God Save the Queen" has a quiet dignity of its own, very characteristic of the people. It seems to declare strength, justice, and power to defend ourselves if needed, but it is as much a hymn as a secular melody. There is something conservative in its tone and style. "In the American "Hail Columbia" we can hardly help feeling as we hear it, that there is a sort of appeal on behalf of the great republic for recognition. The melody is more impulsive than "God Save the Queen," which has deeper historical significance, if, as some musical historians assure us, it dates back as far as James the First. The National Anthem has the subdued character of a religious strain, and Mr. Brinley Richards, in his "God Bless the Prince of Wales," has most happily combined the sacred tone with a kind of martial spirit. Of course, in "Rule Britannia" there is more of what is popularly called the jingo element. It is a bumptious ditty, rather aggressively declaring that no other nation on earth can in any way be compared with the land of John Bull. It was a famous tune in war time, however. The popular songs of Dibdin also had their share in awakening popular enthusiasm. Ironclads do not seem to stir up the poets and composers like the "Wooden Walls of Old England" in days gone by. Songs like "Black-eyed Susan," "Tom Bowlin," and "The Bay of Biscay" were something more than merely popular ditties. They stirred the hearts of our brave defenders. The insular contempt of foreigners in such a song as Richard Leveridge's "Roast Beef of Old England," is rather amusing. It had something the effect of Alfred de Musset's taunt conveyed to the Germans in the lines, "We have had your German Rhine," the truth of which did not make it any the more palatable to the Germans, for the poet received no less than forty challenges to duels from Teutonic officers.—*London Era.*

MASSENET'S NEW OPERA MANON LESCAUT.

MASSENET'S new opera, "Manon Lescaut," has been produced by Carl Rosa, at Drury Lane, London. The London *Times* notices the event with high appreciation, making the point that French serious music is too much neglected by English amateurs. The English adaptation of "Manon" was made by Mr. Joseph Bennett. The article says:

The libretto of "Manon" is, as the title implies, based upon the Abbé Prévost's famous novel, "Manon Lescaut," one of the few works of eighteenth century fiction which have preserved the dignity of a classic and the attraction of a popular story to the present day. To the essential features of that story the librettists, MM. Meilhac and Gille, have adhered with tolerable fidelity. Manon Lescaut in the opera, as in the novel, is a light-hearted daughter of the people, by no means incapable of passionate love, but loving amusement, and dancing and

jewelry above all other passions. The young Chevalier Des Grieux, fresh from the college, tender and affectionate, meets her by accident, and the result is inevitable. He sees in her the fulfillment of his tenderest dreams; she is but too willing to flee with him from the convent to which her relatives are about to send her, to the gay life of Paris. To that capital they accordingly repair, and are seen in the second act leading an idyllic life at a modest lodging in the Rue Vivienne. The Chevalier dreams of marriage and perpetual bliss, but Manon by no means relishes the idea of love and a cottage, and is easily persuaded by Bretigny, the rich *fermier général*, to forsake her true love for the splendor which unlimited wealth can buy. Des Grieux, in despair, turns to religion for consolation. He enters a seminary and preaches a sermon at St. Sulpice, delighting all the ladies by his fervent piety. Among his audience is Manon, who, regretting what her own fickleness has lost, makes her way to the sacristy and by dint of tears and passionate repentance, regains her lover's heart. Once more they elope and again plunge into the gayeties of Paris. But Nemesis is at hand. Guillot de Morfontaine, another of Manon's lovers, has the Chevalier arrested as a fraudulent gambler, and, to crown his revenge, obtains an order for the banishment of Manon to the American settlements. On her way to Havre her faithful lover meets her once more. To effect her rescue he bribes the soldiers of escort, and is about to flee with her, when the girl, heartbroken with shame and misfortune, dies in his arms.

THE MISERERE IN ST. PETERS.

EMILIO Castelar, one of the grandest of word painters, thus describes the Miserere at St. Peters:

There is one grand and sublime ceremony—the miserere of St. Peter. The music is exquisite, the effect surprising. Rome saw in the sixteenth century that Protestantism surpassed her in music, as she excelled Protestantism in the arts of painting, sculpture and architecture. To prevent this inferiority, they naturally sought a master of song, and found the sublime Palestrina, the Michael Angelo of the lyre. The Pope forbade the reproduction of his Miserere, in order that it should be heard only in that church, whose gigantic arches were completely in harmony with its sublimity.

One day a noble youth heard, entranced, the Miserere. This youth, who may be called the Raphael of music, learned it by heart, and divulged it to the world. He was Mozart. The German genius came to steal the secrets of the Latin genius in the eternal war between both races. No pen can describe the solemnity of the Miserere! The night advances. The Basilica is in darkness. Her altars are uncovered. Through the open arches there penetrates the uncertain light of dawn, which seems to deepen the shadows. The last taper of the *tenebrario* is hidden behind the altar. The cathedral resembles an immense mausoleum, with the faint gleaming of funeral marches in the distance. The music of the Miserere is not instrumental. It is a sublime choir admirably combined. Now it comes like the far off roar of the tempest, as the vibration of the wind upon the ruins or among the cypresses of tombs; again like a lamentation from the depths of the earth or a moaning of heaven's angels, breaking into sobs and sorrowful weeping. The marble statues, gigantic and of dazzling whiteness, are not completely hidden by the darkness but appear like the spirits of past ages coming out of the sepulchres and losing the shroud to join the intonation of this canticle of despair. The whole church is agitated and vibrates as if the words of horror were arising from the stones. This profound and sublime lament, this mourning of bitterness dying away into airy circles, penetrates the heart by the intensity of its sadness; it is the voice of Rome supplicating heaven from her load of ashes, as if under her sackcloth she writhed in her death agony. To weep thus, to lament as the prophets of old by the banks of the Euphrates, or among the scattered stones of the temple, to sigh in this sublime cadence, becomes a city whose eternal sorrow has not marred her eternal beauty. Thus she is enslaved. David alone can be her poet. Her canticle is majestic and unequaled.

Rome! Rome! Thou art grand! Thou art immortal, even in thy desolation and thy abandonment! The human heart shall be thy eternal altar, although the faith which has been thy prestige should perish, as the conquests that have made thy greatness, have departed! None can rob thee of thy God-given immortality which thy pontiffs have sustained, and which thy artists will forever preserve.

OUR MUSIC.

"RETURN OF SPRING,"............*Theodore Mœlling.*

This revised edition of this popular composition should displace all others, as being far superior in all respects.

"SUITE NORSE NO. 1,"..................*Edvard Grieg.*

The introductory note to this suite sufficiently indicates its character and purpose. The compositions of Grieg are not calculated to please all musicians. Their strongly Scandinavian characteristics will attract some because of their novelty and repel others by their strangeness. Grieg is, however, one of the modern piano writers which one must know, in order to be abreast of the times, and, in this view, all our readers will thank us for presenting these compositions to them in the very best style. This suite really consists of four separate and complete compositions.

"BRIGHT EYES," (Duet),......................*Carl Sidus.*

From month to month some of our readers watch the coming of the REVIEW for the sake of the duets it contains. Here is another, easy, genial, well adapted to teaching, as are all of the pieces by this author, and edited in elegant style. Try it with your pupils.

"MURMURING WAVES,"...............*Robert Goldbeck.*

This is a very poetic and artistic composition of only medium difficulty of execution. It is in the style of an author who deservedly stands high as a writer of *salon* music.

"TEARS FOR TO-MORROW, BUT KISSES TO-DAY."
................................*E. A. Andrews.*

We should prefer kisses to-morrow as well as today, but since "to-morrow never comes" it may be what we want, after all. Mr. Andrews, who is a lawyer, doubtless intended to interpose "the law's delay" between himself and tears, either by obtaining a change of venue or a continuance before the morrow. The song, in sheet form, has a chorus which is here omitted, as we thought but few of our readers would care to have the chorus. If wanted, send for the sheet music edition.

"RETURN OF SPRING,"................. Mœlling	$ 75
"SUITE NORSE NO. 1,"..................... Grieg	60
"BRIGHT EYES," (Duet).................. Sidus	60
"MURMURING WAVES,"............... Goldbeck	50
"TEARS FOR TO-MORROW BUT KISSES TO-DAY," .... Andrews	40
Total....................	$2 85

NEW MUSIC.

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

Kunkel's Royal Edition

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

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

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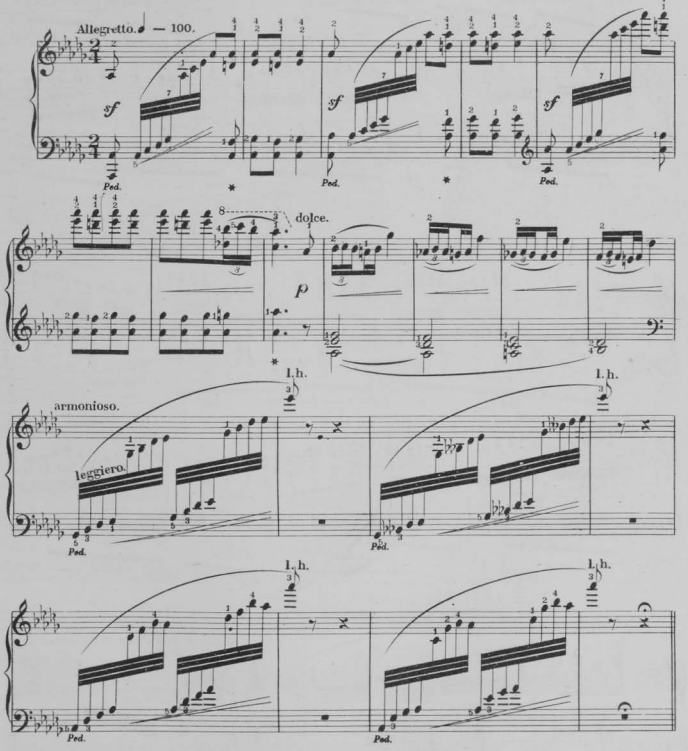
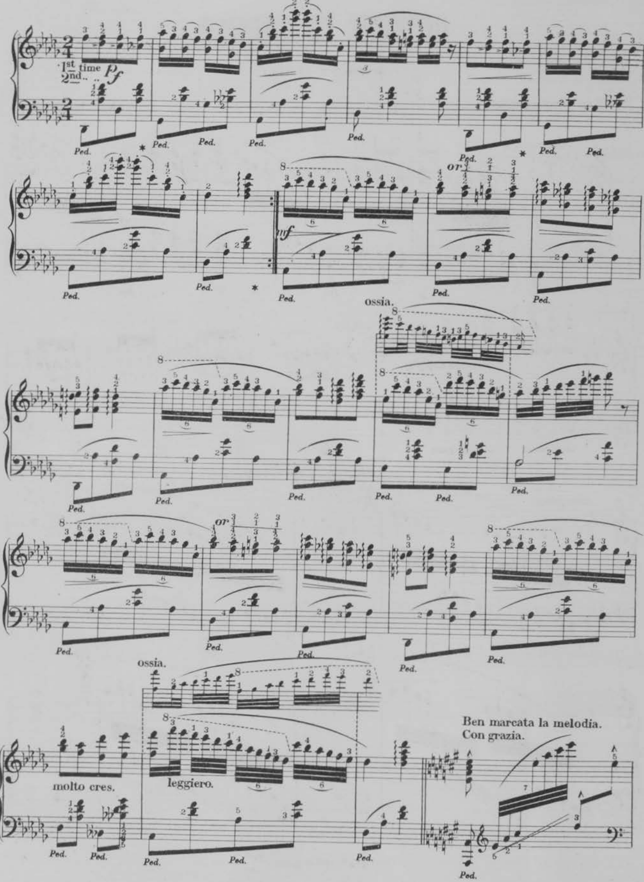
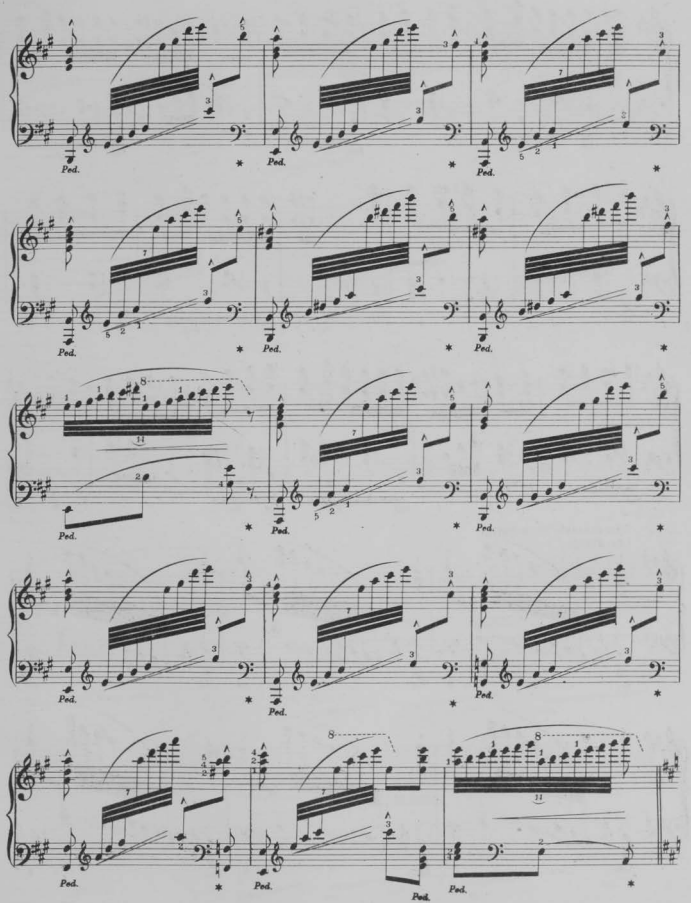
RETURN OF SPRING

POLKA-CAPRICE.

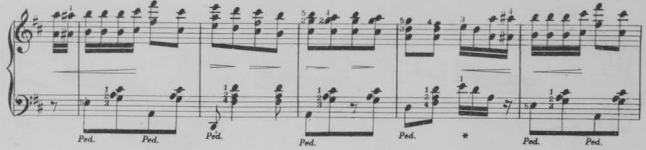
Edited by Charles Kunkel. Theo. Moelling.

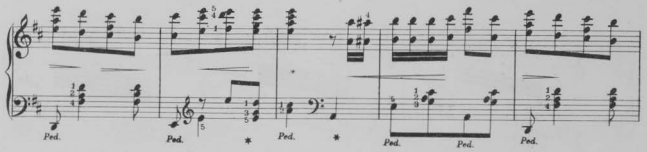


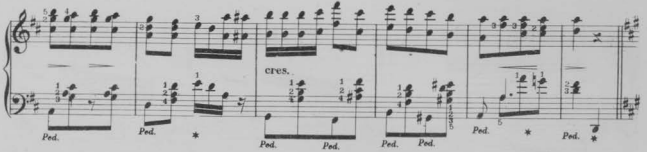

1st time
2nd ..
pf
Ped.
or
mf
ossia.
molto cres.
leggiero.
Ben marcata la melodia.
Con grazia.


Ped.
*
8
11

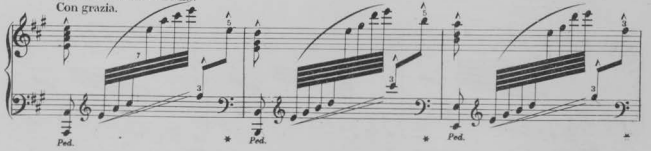
Con brio.

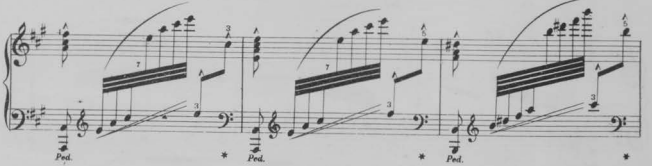


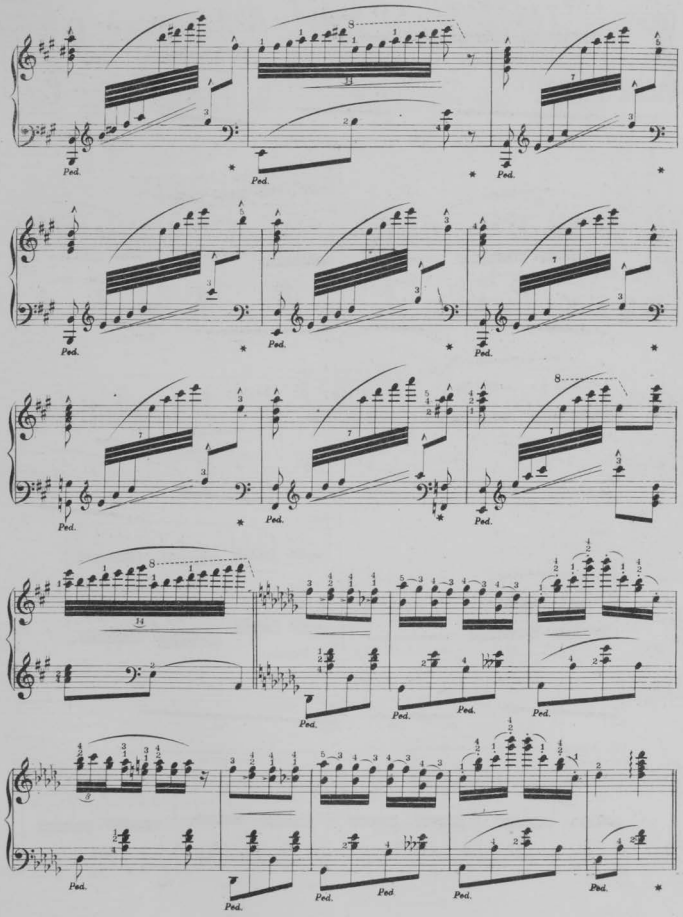


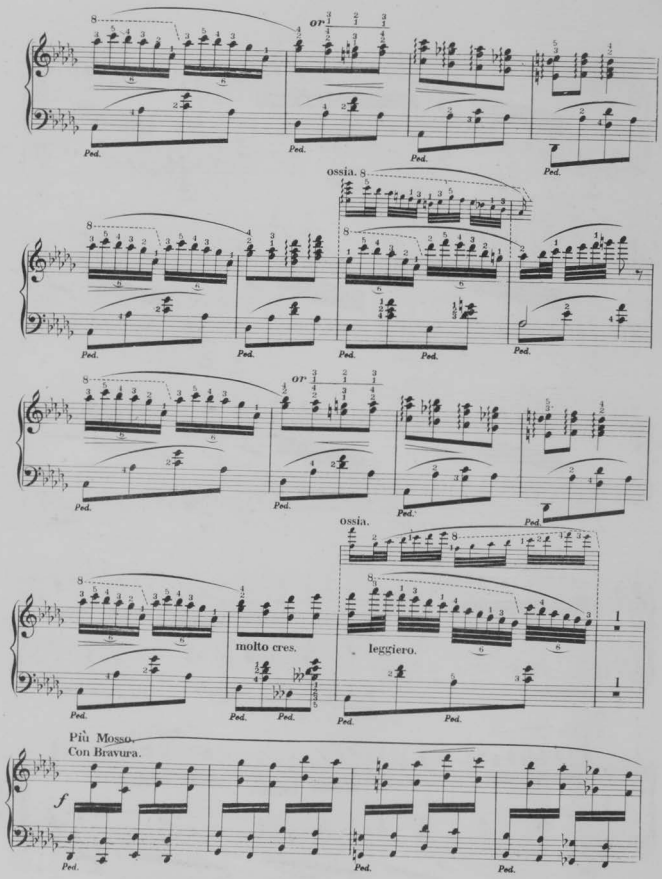


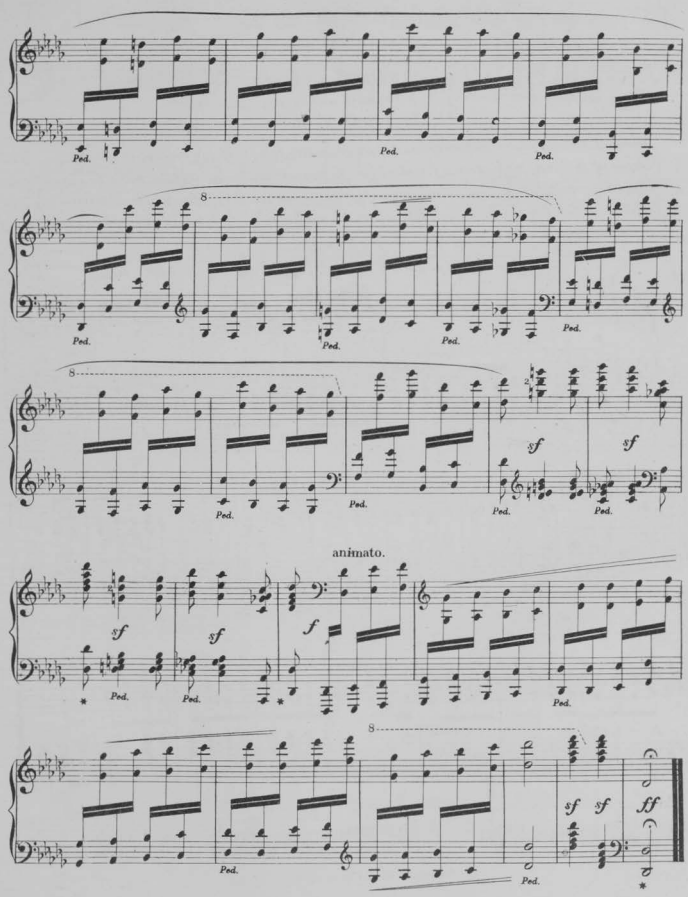
Ben marcato la melodia.
Con grazia.






Ped.
8
13
14


or
ossia.
or
ossia.
molto cres.
leggiero.
Più Mosso.
Con Bravura.
f
Ped.


Ped.
8
sf
animato.
f
ff

SUITE NORSE.

Edvard Grieg.

I

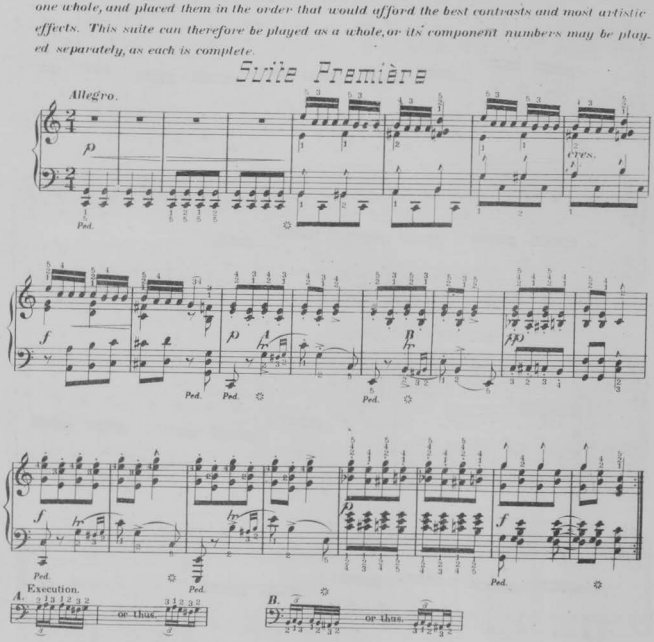
STABBE-LAATEN

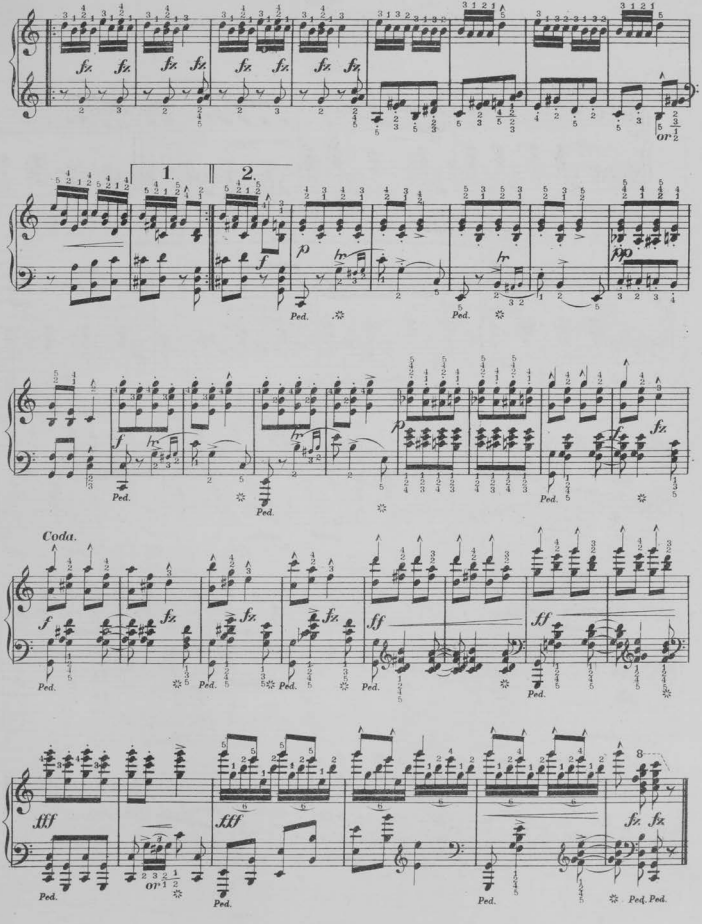
Humoristischer Tanz.

Op 17. № 18.

Many of Grieg's piano compositions, though gems, are too short for concert performance. The editor of this suite has selected from the best of these short pieces, such as could be welded into one whole, and placed them in the order that would afford the best contrasts and most artistic effects. This suite can therefore be played as a whole, or its component numbers may be played separately, as each is complete.

Suite Première

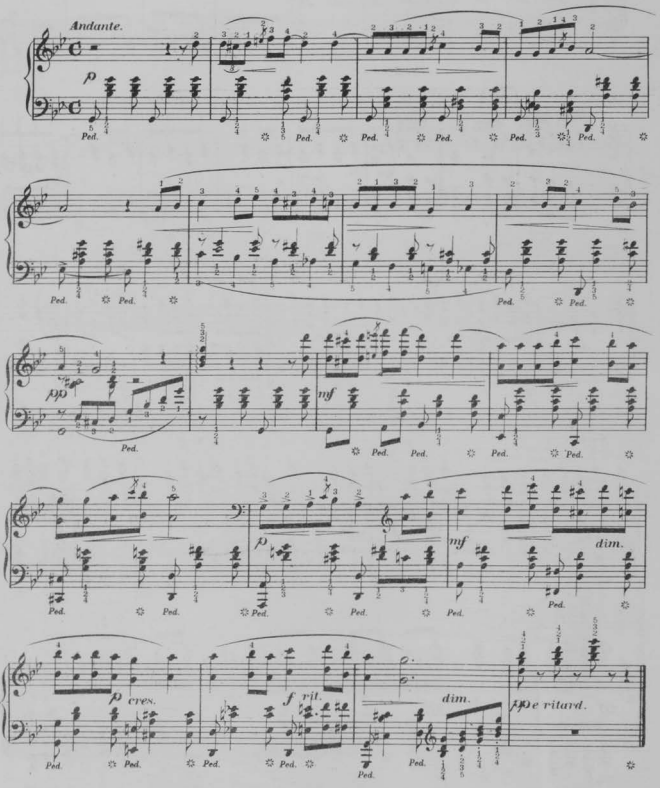



1.
2.
Coda.
or
Ped.

II

SOLFAGER UND DER WÜRMERKÖNIG

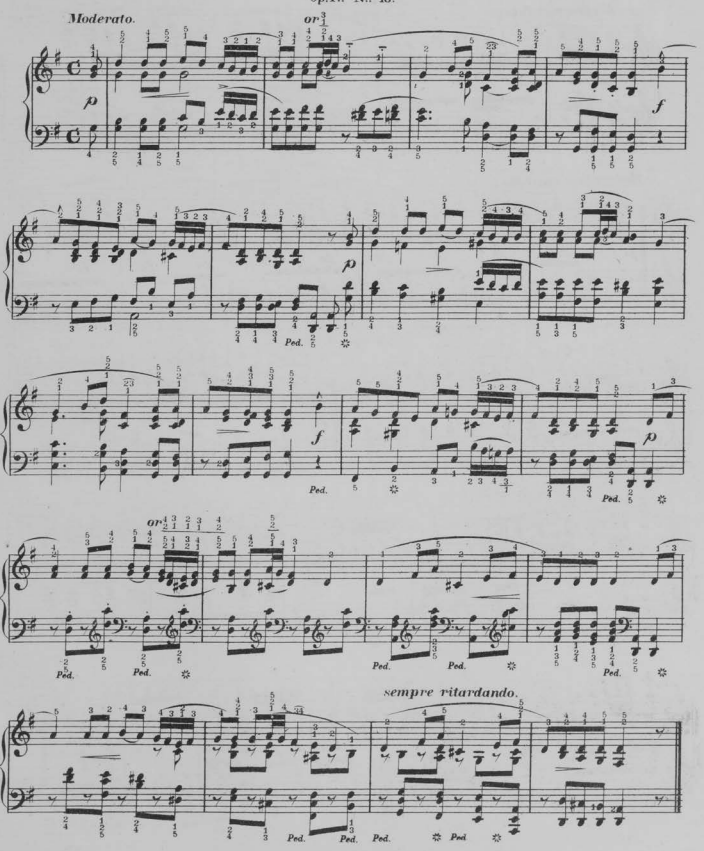
Op. 17. № 12.



III

REISELIED.

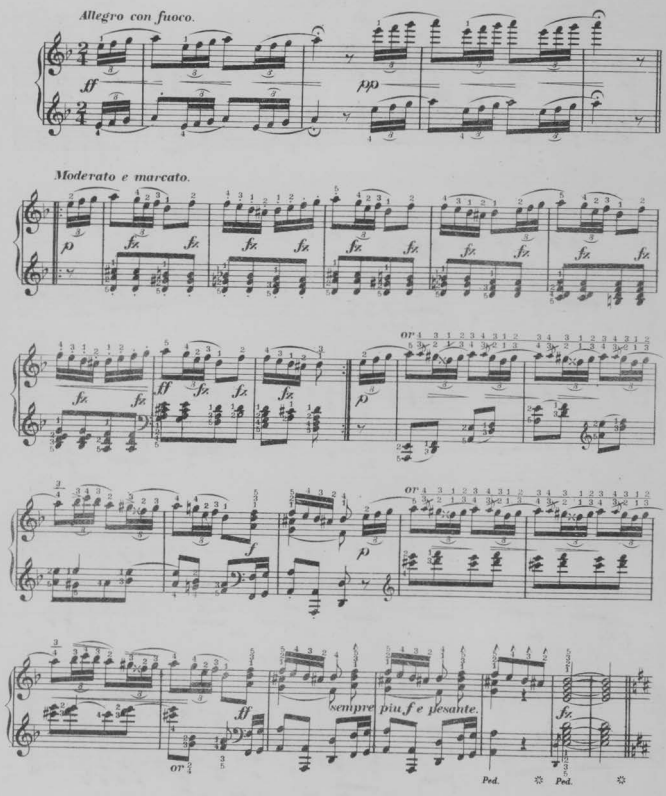
Op. 17. № 13.

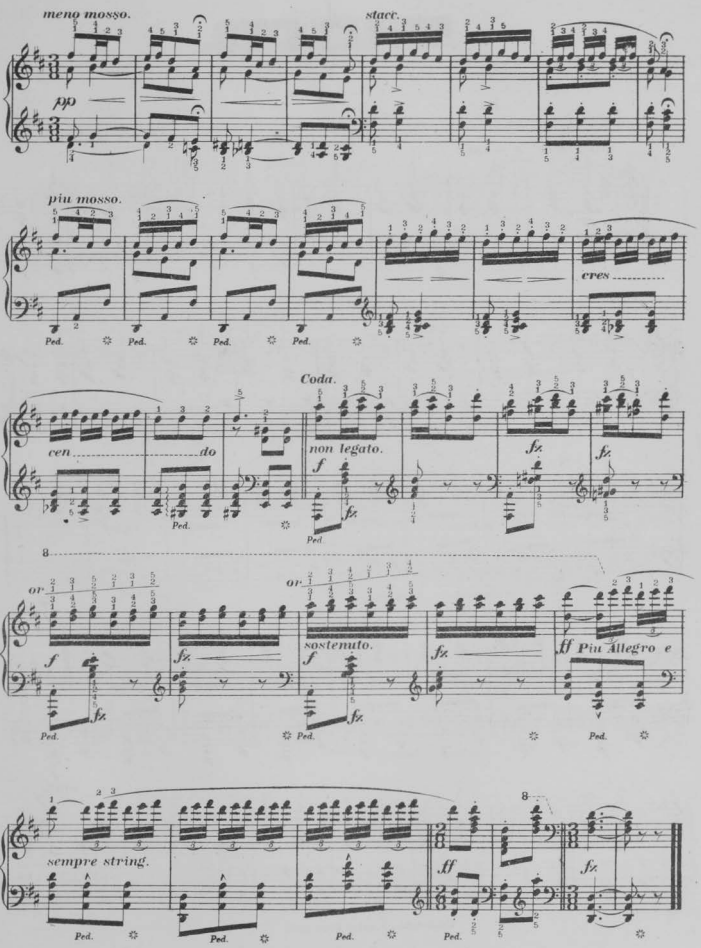


VIII

TANZ AUS JÖLSTER.

Op. 17. № 5.

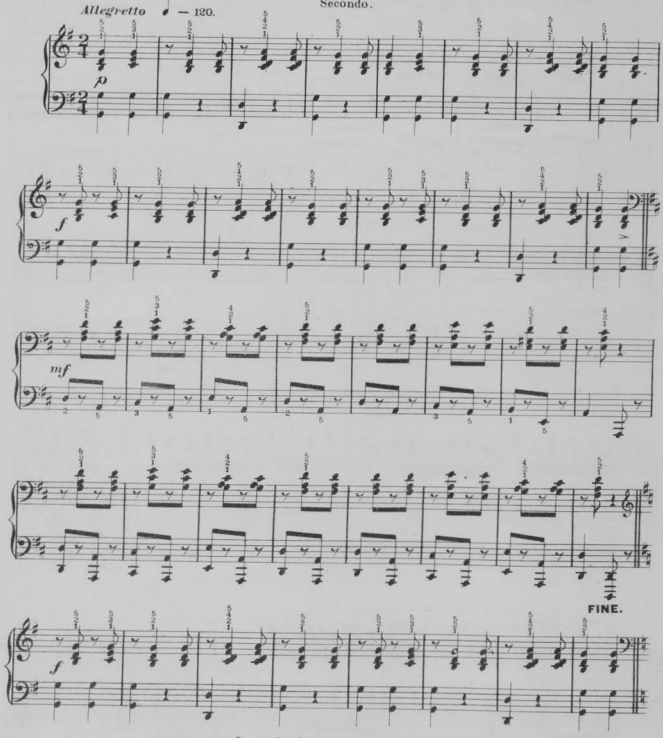



meno mosso.
stacc.
pp
più mosso.
cres
Ped.
Coda.
cen
do
non legato.
f
fz
or
sostenuto.
ff Più Allegro e
sempre string.
ff
fz

BRIGHT EYES.

Carl Sidus Op. 77.

Secondo.

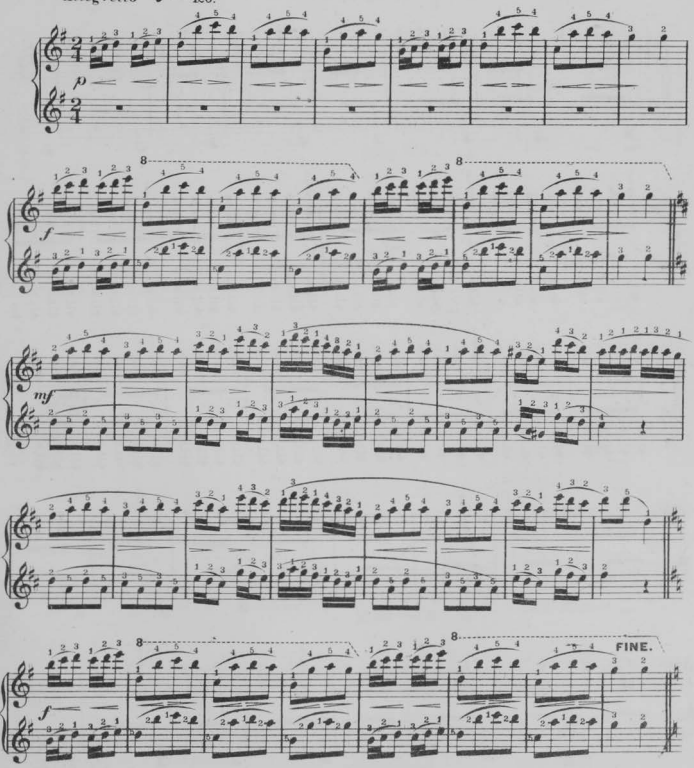


BRIGHT EYES.

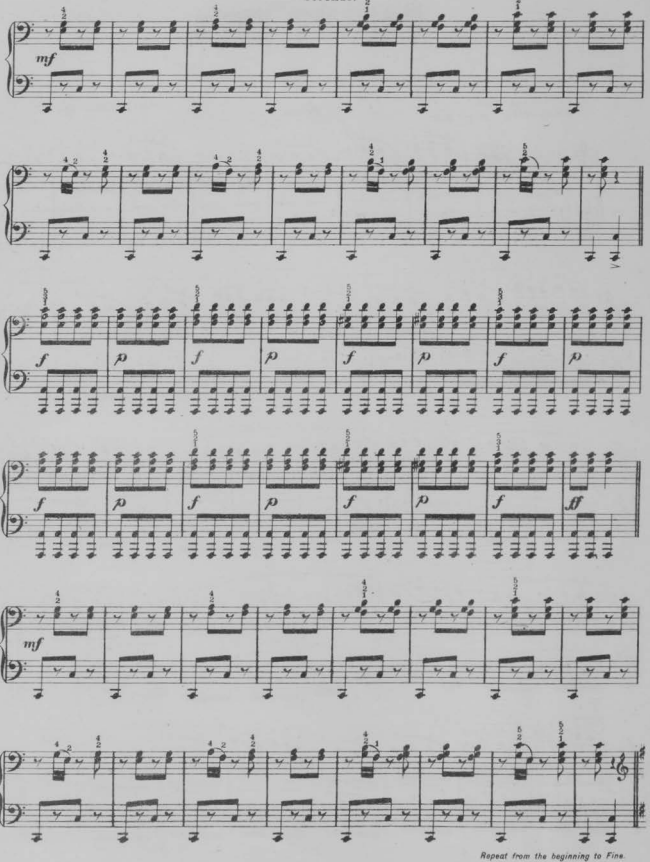
Carl Sidus Op. 77.

Primo.

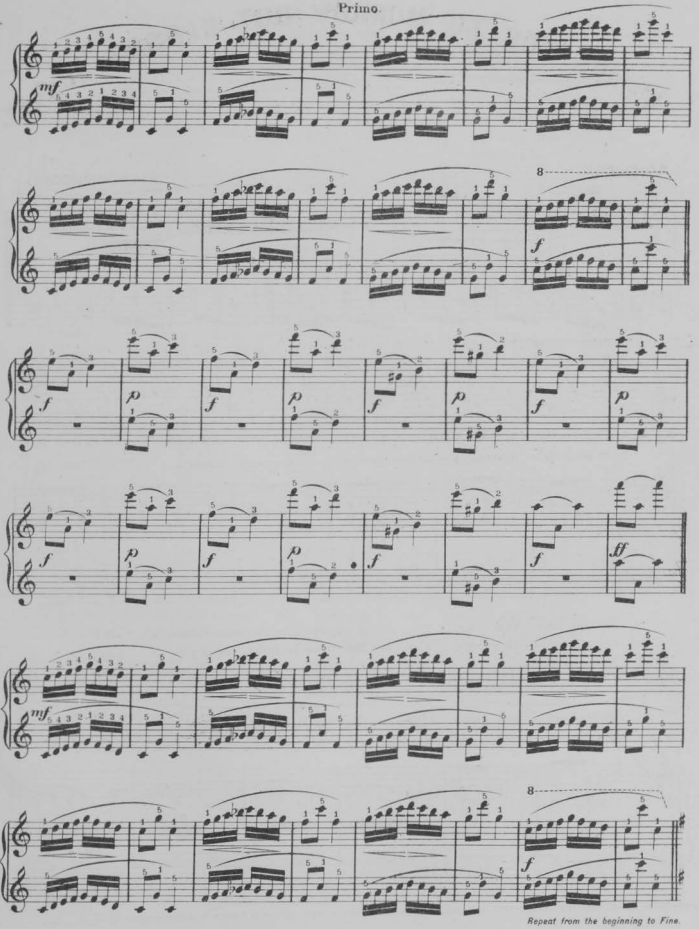
Allegretto ♩ = 120.



Secondo.



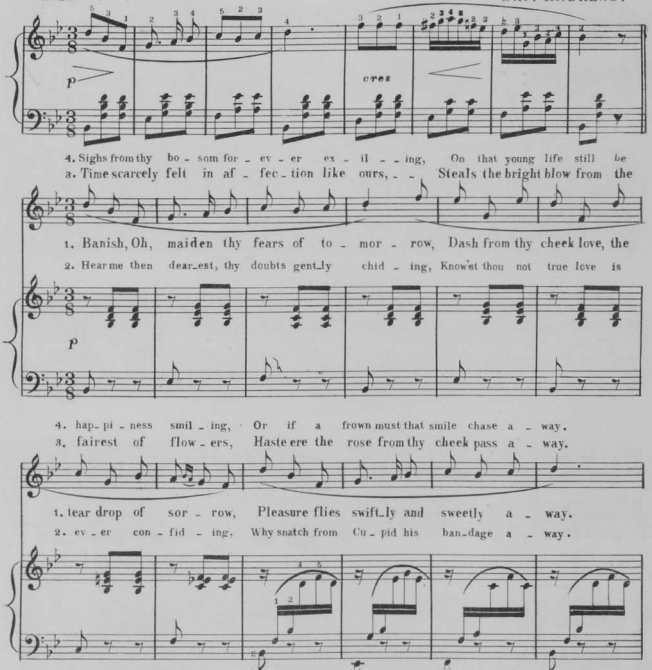
Repeat from the beginning to Fine.

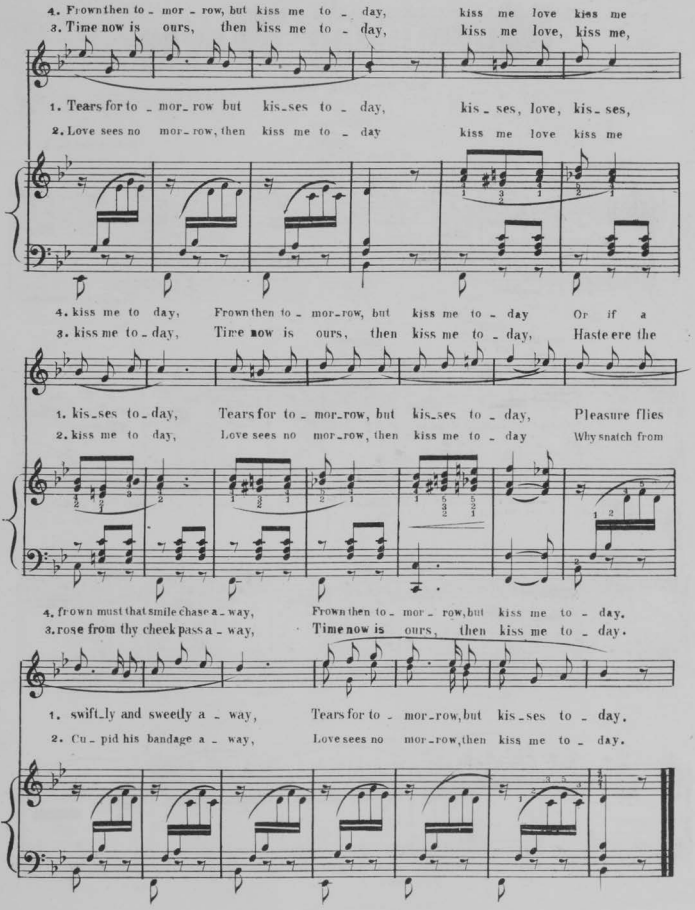


Repeat from the beginning to Fine.

TEARS FOR TO MORROW BUT KISSES TO DAY.

Andantino. E.A. ANDREWS.



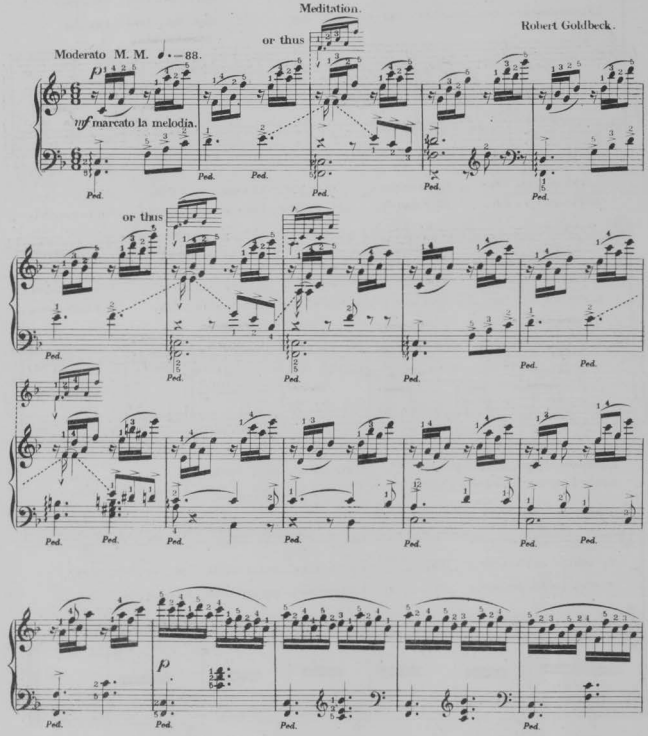

4. Frown then to - mor - row, but kiss me to - day, kiss me love kiss me
3. Time now is ours, then kiss me to - day, kiss me love, kiss me,
1. Tears for to - mor - row but kis - ses to - day, kis - ses, love, kis - ses,
2. Love sees no mor - row, then kiss me to - day kiss me love kiss me
4. kiss me to day, Frown then to - mor - row, but kiss me to - day Or if a
3. kiss me to - day, Time now is ours, then kiss me to - day, Haste ere the
1. kis - ses to - day, Tears for to - mor - row, but kis - ses to - day, Pleasure flies
2. kiss me to day, Love sees no mor - row, then kiss me to - day Why snatch from
4. frown must that smile chase a - way, Frown then to - mor - row, but kiss me to - day.
3. rose from thy cheek pass a - way, Time now is ours, then kiss me to - day.
1. swift - ly and sweetly a - way, Tears for to - mor - row, but kis - ses to - day.
2. Cu - pid his bandage a - way, Love sees no mor - row, then kiss me to - day.

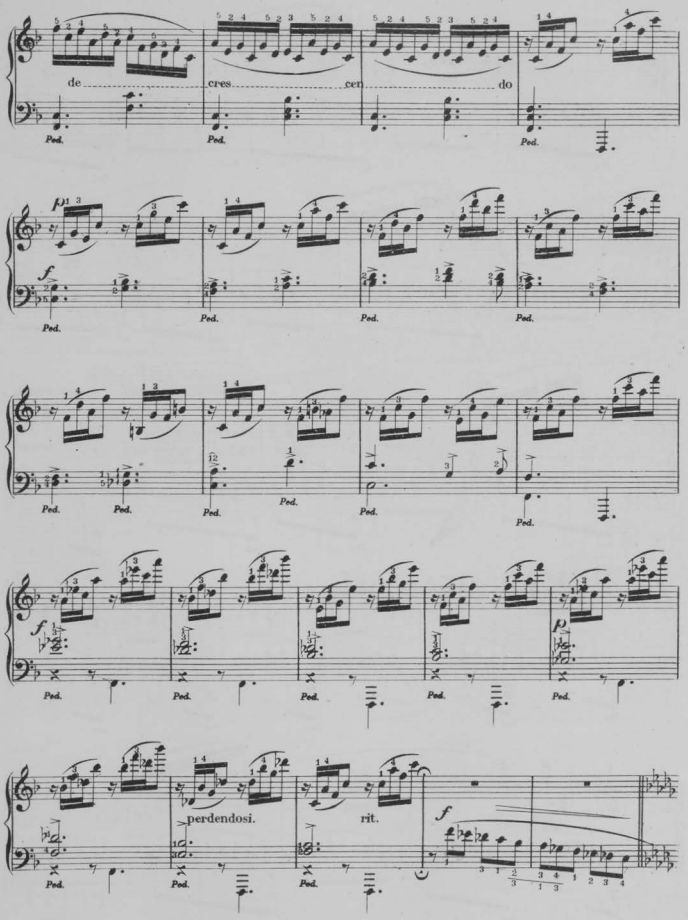
Murmuring Waves

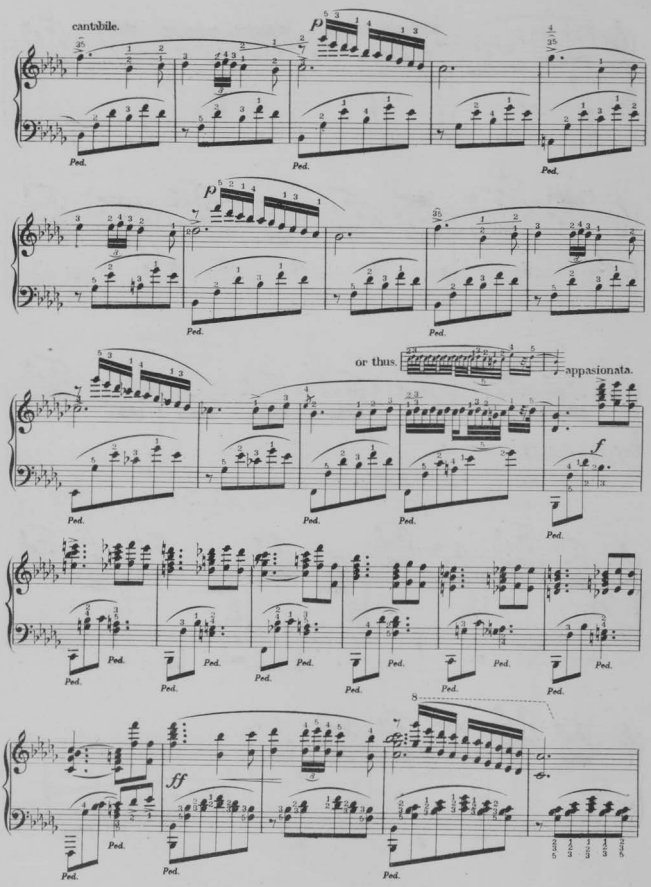
RAUSCHENDE WELLEN.

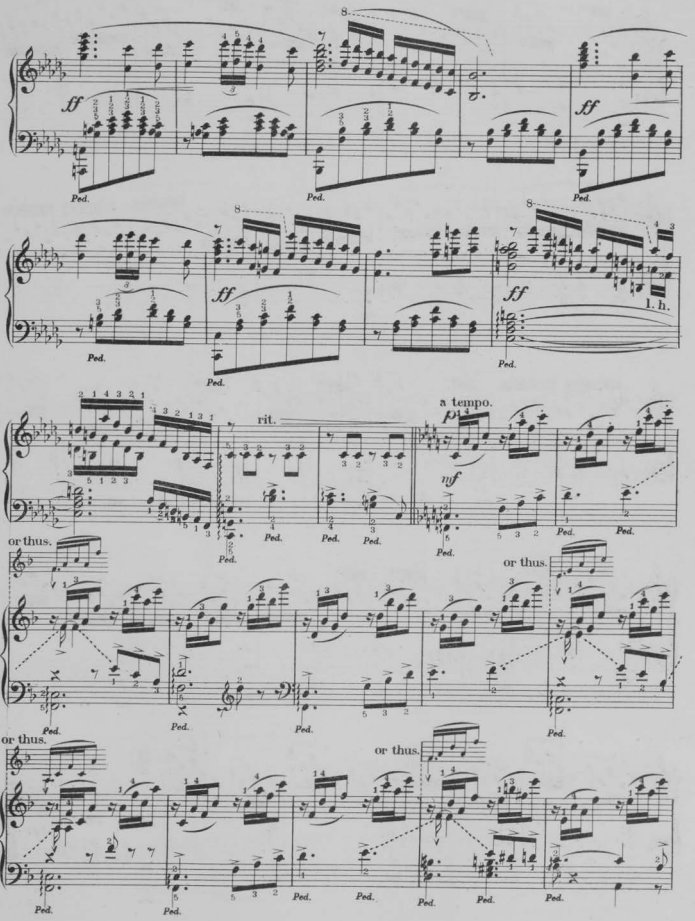
Meditation.

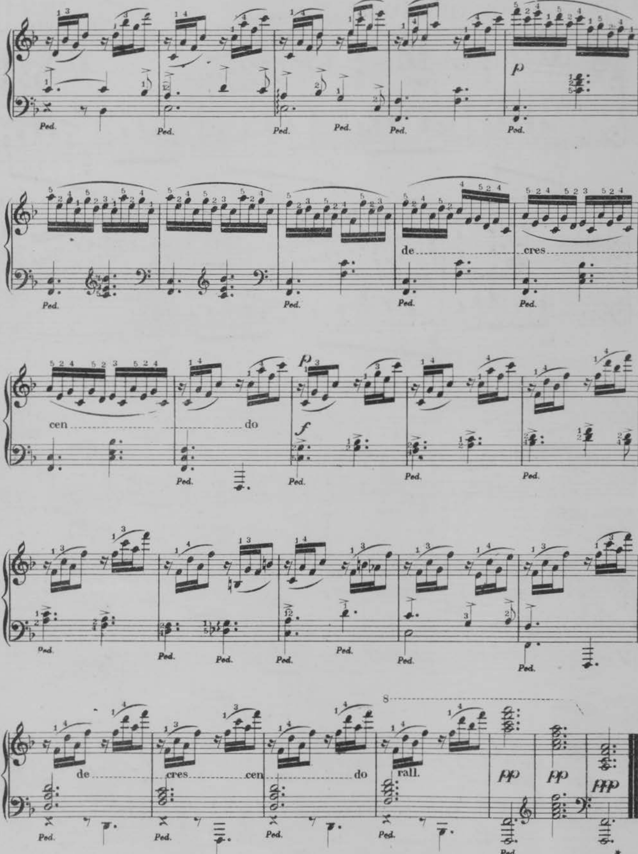
Robert Goldbeck.




de
cres
cen
do
Ped.
f
p
perdendosi.
rit.


cantabile.
p
Ped.
or thus.
appasionata.
f
ff
8


ff
Ped.
8
ff
Ped.
8
ff
Ped.
8
ff
l. h.
Ped.
rit.
a tempo.
pp
mf
Ped.
or thus.
Ped.
or thus.
Ped.
or thus.
Ped.
or thus.
Ped.


p
Ped.
de
cres
cen
do
p
f
de
cres
cen
do
rall.
8
pp
pp
ppp

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		$22 65

Brought forward		$22 65
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Lilian Polka	*C. Sidus*	35
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My Lady Sleeps	*E. R. Kroeger*	50
The Pauper's Lament	*G. E. Jones*	35
Some Day	*M. Wellings*	35
Credimi (Believe me)—Romanza	*C. R. Marenco*	35
When I breathe thy name	*P. Henrion*	35
The Stolen Kiss	*M. I. Epstein*	35
Sleep thou, my child	*I. D. Foulon*	35
I dinna ken the reason why	*I. D. Foulon*	35
So much between us	*E. R. Kroeger*	60
The Penitent's Prayer (Sacred)	*C. Kunkel*	35
You See Mamma	*F. P. Tosti*	35
Yes or No?—Grand Waltz	*C. Kunkel*	1 00
Moorish Serenade	*E. R. Kroeger*	50
Love's Morning Message	*Franz Abt*	35
Come to the Dance	*P. Henrion*	35
The Bridge	*Lady Carew*	35
Three Fishers	*C. Kunkel*	35
Tick, Tack, Cuckoo, Tick, Tack!	*C. Kunkel*	50
Love calls my soul	*Dr. E. Voerster*	50
Total Songs		$10 95

PIANO DUET—1883.

Danse Caractéristique, No. 1	*E. R. Kroeger*	1 00

Grand Total for Vol. 6....$42.55

VOLUME VII, 1884.

PIANO SOLOS—1884.

Snow-Flakes—Reverie	*S. H. Jecko*	60
Cupid's Arrow, Waltz	*C. Sidus*	35
Lucrezia Borgia, Fantasia	*C. Sidus*	35
Study	*Schumann*	25
Eolian Whispers	*Ch. Auchester*	75
Martha Fantasia	*C. Sidus*	35
		$2 65

Brought forward		$2 65
Under the Rainbow	*Ch. Auchester*	75
Margie Waltz	*C. T. Sisson*	35
Pure as Snow	*G. Lange*	75
Nearer my God to Thee (Grand Concert Paraphrase)	*Rivé-King*	1 00
Forest Bird Waltz	*C. Sidus*	35
Evening Chimes—Reverie	*Jean Paul*	50
Morning Chimes—Reverie	*Jean Paul*	50
My Idol (Song without words)	*E. R. Kroeger*	35
Valse Brillante	*E. R. Kroeger*	75
Rigoletto Fantasia	*C. Sidus*	35
March Humoreske	*E. R. Kroeger*	35
Polsa Gracieuse	*E. R. Kroeger*	35
Fragrant Breezes—Transcription	*Rivé-King*	60
Gavotte in A minor	*A. de Kontski*	35
Lauterbach Waltz—Variations	*A. Lutz*	60
March of the Goblins	*Rivé-King*	60
Veni, Vidi, Vici—Polka Brilliante	*C. Melnotte*	75
Zwei Albumblaetter	*E. R. Kroeger*	35
March of the Magi	*E. S. Klein*	35
Grandmother's Story	*C. Sidus*	35
Sylphentanz—Caprice	*E. R. Kroeger*	60
Mazurka in G minor	*E. R. Kroeger*	35
Polonaise in C sharp minor	*M. I. Epstein*	75
Editha Waltz	*Lisle Colby*	35
Bleeding Heart—Nocturne in D flat	*Th. Doehler*	60
Lucia di Lammermoor Fantasia	*Jean Paul*	60
Rustling Leaves—Valse Caprice	*E. S. Klein*	60
Heather Rose	*Gustave Lange*	35
Heather Bells Waltz	*J. Kunkel*	75
La Chasse	*J. Rheinberger*	40
Oleander Blossoms Galop	*C. T. Sisson*	35
Total Piano Solos		$18 65

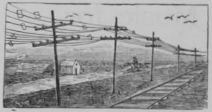
SONGS.—1884.

Love's Power	*A. Jensen*	35
La Jota	*M. Moszkowski*	60
Sleep, Baby, Sleep	*C. Kunkel*	60
I Wrote my Love a Letter	*Lady Dufferin*	35
Good Night, my Love	*E. R. Kroeger*	35
November	*A. G. Robyn*	50
My Mother's Picture	*Will de Ford*	35
The Rainy Day	*Ch. Kunkel*	35
The Soldier's Home	*Ch. Oberthuer*	35
Merrily I Roam, Waltz Song	*Geo. Schleiffarth*	75
The Hero's Return	*I. D. Foulon*	35
Alice	*J. Ascher*	35
Bedouin Song	*E. R. Kroeger*	75
Total Songs		$6 00

PIANO DUETS.—1884.

Wm. Tell, Fantasia	*C. Sidus*	60
March of the Amazons	*E. R. Kroeger*	1 00
Il Trovatore, Fantasia	*C. Sidus*	60
Rigoletto, Fantasia	*C. Sidus*	60
Bohemian Girl, Fantasia	*C. Sidus*	60
Lucrezia Borgia, Fantasia	*C. Sidus*	60
Charming Waltz, Waldteufel	*C. Sidus*	60
Fra Diavolo, Fantasia	*C. Sidus*	60
Joys of Spring, Waltz	*C. Sidus*	60
Child's Prattle, Rondo	*C. Sidus*	60
Faust, Fantasia	*C. Sidus*	60
On Blooming Meadows, Waltz	*C. Sidus*	60
Total Duets		$7 60

Grand Total for Vol. 7....$32 25



CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, June 12, 1885.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:

Don't imagine that Boston—musical Boston at least—is shutting up shop, and putting up the shutters. Don't think that the violinists have been beaten out and laid away in camphor until next season. No! to alter Tennyson, "Months may come and months may go, but Boston's music goes on forever." To be sure a few have gone to the seashore where they must shiver so (for the hot weather has not yet come) that they can only play tremolo. It is true that Boston's music just now is all in one line. The popular concerts are all we have to offer, but as we have these at the rate of three each week, we are by no means musicless.

Mr. Neuendorff is gradually bringing the programmes up to a very good standard. What do you think of a "popular" programme which gives Liszt, Berlioz, Wagner and Mozart in a single evening! And the pleasantest part of it is that the public seems to enjoy the classics better than it does Strauss, or Waldteufel. The concerts are a success. The hall is filled three times a week, the enthusiasm is constant, and the performance is good. *Mein Liebchen was willst du noch mehr?* The only faults I find (for fault-finding is my trade) is that the encores are too frequently accepted, thereby making the programmes too long: and the brasses and percussive instruments are too rampant. The scheme of giving native compositions regularly also works well. Thus far works by Foote, Woolf, Schlesinger, Neuendorff, etc., have been given. I do not know whether the last named ranks himself as an American composer, but he certainly may rank himself a thorough musician, and his readings have a dash and fire which is sure to arouse even the most lethargic audience. In one programme recently Berlioz's Carnaval Romain Overture, Auber's Fra Diavolo Overture, Wagner's Ride of the Valkyries, a Mozart Andante, Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise number two, Sullivan's *Danse Gracieuse*, and a Strauss waltz and galop were given. This will show you that the popular concerts are not altogether weak in their selections. It is real pleasure to the critic to lean back and listen to a light overture once in a while; a bit of music which does not make any demands upon his thinking powers, and in which he can yield himself up to the swing of the rhythm just like the rest of the public.

Chamber concerts have vanished altogether. The last one of importance was that of Mr. Chas. F. Dennée, a graduate of the College of Music (the higher branch of the New England Conservatory of Music), who certainly did great honor both to himself and to his instructor, Mr. A. D. Turner. He will be a prominent concert artist before he is much older. The New England Conservatory has graduated an especially large number of pianists this year. The piano department of the institution is especially strong, and is besides to have an important addition to its teachers this fall in the person of Carl Faelten, one of the most brilliant performers I have recently heard. And speaking of concerts, a delightfully informal one was given at the Conservatory a few days ago by Miss Emma Thursby, who paid a visit to the institution. She sang the Polonaise from "Mignon," Rubinstein's "Spring Song," and a few other selections, to the great delight of the students. Afterwards she dined with the students in the large Hall.

I recently had a tribute to Boston's musical reputation abroad, in the shape of a request that the city should aid the International Inventions Exhibit of London, by sending musical inventions, manuscripts, antiquities, etc., to the loan exhibition there. This leads me to say that Boston is to have such an exhibition of its own this fall. It will probably take place in the great Mechanics' Building, and will present all kinds of instruments, and musical inventions, and will give a practical presentation of the musical history of America, with which Boston is so closely connected. The New England Conservatory will loan its valuable collection of ancient and barbaric instruments, books, manuscript, spinets, old pianos, etc., and many other prominent Bostonians have promised to exhibit their musical treasures. Any of your readers who can loan articles of musical interest are invited to address Dr. Tourjee, Franklin Square, Boston. This will be the first exhibition of the kind in America, and that it may prove a great success is the earnest wish of many art lovers and particularly of

COMES.

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

The Mexican Typical Orchestra gave a series of concerts at the Exposition Building, and proved itself, in spite of newspaper puffing, a second class military band.

Concerts are a thing of the past; cat serenades are frequent and appreciated. It seems to be the fashion, however, to throw pieces of coal, bootjacks, etc., instead of flowers to the feline *prime donne* and *tenori*. Fashion is a strange thing.

Ford's Opera Company at Uhrig's and Thomas' (Max not Theodore) at Schnaider's Garden are doing up a number of light operas. Lemonade at Uhrig's, beer at Schnaider's is the principal difference.

The windows are open at night and the young lady with her foot on the "loud" pedal, banging on a piano out of tune and singing through her nose, delights her male admirer, who tells her she can sing like Paganini; while the neighbors think the two together make a small pack-o-ninnies. Was that a brick-bat?

MR. GEORGE SWEET, the eminent barytone, writes us that he has accepted an engagement for next season with the American School of Opera. We congratulate the managers upon their securing of the services of this eminent artist and teacher.

PLAYING FOR THE COWBOYS.

ONE incident, which broke in on the monotony of the trip with startling effect, occurred at Coolridge, New Mexico. The train had stopped, and Mr. Thomas and some of the other gentlemen had left the cars for the purpose of making some purchases. There was a crowd of some twenty or so cowboys, in the full regalia of the plains, at the station, and when they found out that the train was a special, and that the passengers were musicians, they determined to have some music. Charles Locke says: "The chief cowboy yelled for the head man of the party, and when Mr. Thomas was pointed out to him, faced him with the remark:—

"'We have not had even a circus this year, and we want some music.'

"'All right,' said Mr. Thomas. 'The man who told you that we were musicians shall play for you.'

"The man started for his instrument. Then the cowboys had a discussion as to what the tune should be. They were all much amused by the affair. First they favored 'Home, Sweet Home,' but the greater number wanted the 'Arkansaw Traveller.' So they had that in good shape. Finally the ladies in the special car were spied, and the leader demanded:—

"'Now give us some singing.'

"The leader first asked Miss Juch, who answered that her contract with the manager prevented her from singing unless at his instruction.

"'Look here,' said the cowboy, that won't do. We don't care for your contract. Now if the men outside should begin to shoot, don't you think that you would sing?'"

"He drew out his pistol as a joke. Then Miss Juch put her head out of the car window and sang to the cowboys, who nodded approval. But she had only fairly begun to sing when the train started out."

Madame Fursch-Madi insists that Theodore Thomas himself was the one who delighted the cowboys by his skillful rendition of the "Arkansaw Traveller." Frau Materna, although she now laughs very heartily over the adventure, was sufficiently alarmed at the time to seek a hasty retirement to her stateroom and double lock the door. Frau Materna, as indicated by her pictures, is a lady of generous proportions and a commanding presence. Her hair and eyes are brown, and her voice in conversation very pleasant. The madame said she was sorry not to be able to appear here in an entire opera.

Emma Juch, who visits this city now for the first time, in describing the cowboy affair, said: "Madame Materna had advised us not to sing in concert, but when the cowboys began to draw their pistols she screamed, threw up her hands and rushed to her apartments, followed by Heinrich, and locked the door.

"'You've got to sing, if she don't, yelled the big cowboy, and he began to handle that pistol in a manner that made my blood run cold.

"'Come, all ready! Sing, or we will distribute some leaden pills around here in short order, and some one will get hurt.'

"'Well,' said I, 'if I must sing, I suppose I may as well begin.' By this time the violinists had taken out their instruments, and, with trembling hands tried to play. The cowboys danced and swung their pistols, and called out for me to sing. Well, I had nothing else to do but to sing, and sing I did; but just then the train began to move, and the cowboys retired with whoops and yells. You don't know how we were relieved when we saw that awful band left behind. I know we shall none of us grow for a whole year."—*San Francisco Alta.*

THE NEW OPERA "LE ROI L'A DIT."

DELIBES' latest success is a comic opera called "Le Roi l'a dit." The libretto is by Goudnet, and the plot very amusing and original.

The Marquis de Moncotour, while out hunting, has the good fortune to find a favorite parrot belonging to Mme. de Maintenon. This he returns to the owner, and for the favor is promised an audience with the King, Louis XIV. At the presentation the following bit of dialogue takes place, on which the play hangs:

KING.—"Have you any children, Marquis?"

MARQUIS.—"Yes, Sire, I have four daughters."

KING.—"But certainly you have also a son?"

This last question is asked in such a peremptory tone that the poor Marquis takes it for an order, and in his confusion answers again: "Yes, Sire!"

(which is not true). "I knew it," says the King; "bring him to me and I will take care of his future."

"The King has said it!" (Le Roi l'a dit") and it must be so!" says the Marquis to his wife, in explaining the interview. But having no son of his own, the question is where to find one to take his place and to present to the King. For this purpose the Marquis consults his dancing master, and the latter promises to arrange the matter satisfactorily. Benoit, a stout country lad, who is making love to Javotte, the servant of the Marquis, is selected for the son, and after considerable polishing by the dancing master, he is made to look respectable enough to be presented to the King. But Benoit takes too well to his new station, and in a short time gets his pretended sisters and himself into all manner of scrapes. He ends his exploits in a duel with two lovers of the girls, in which he falls, and feigns being killed in order to save his bones. The news of this duel reaches the King, who at once appreciates the Marquis of the death of his son, and rewards him for his loss by making him a Duke. The Marquis rejoices over his good fortune, glad to be rid of such a disgrace of a son, when presently Benoit "turns up," and with open arms rushes to embrace his father, but the latter thrusts him away with the words: "I know you not! You are dead! I no longer have a son! The King has said it!" (Le Roi l'a dit.) Benoit's only chance lies in marrying the servant Javotte. Aside from these principal incidents there are some very amusing scenes between the other characters. For example, the rivalry of the four suitors for the hands of two of the daughters; and the suspicions of the Marchioness, who believes that the Marquis has been unfaithful to her and that Benoit is really an illegitimate son of the Marquis.

THE STRAUSSES.

THE name of Strauss is every where familiar. For half a century Strauss has been the recognized "waltz king," and Strauss' waltzes have been played by every band in Christendom. It is not, however, so generally known that this name is borne by four persons, all famous composers and leaders of Vienna. They are all of one family, the elder Strauss, of whom we have already spoken, being the father, and the other three sons. It was the bewitching waltzes of the father, Johann, who died in 1849, that first gave celebrity to the name. His charming "Songs of the Danube" was not less popular in its day than the "Beautiful Blue Danube," written by his son, while his "Sophie Waltz," whose plaintive strains have moved every lover of light music, has been made still more famous by the story of disappointed love associated with its composition and first playing. Johann, the eldest son and the greatest of all dance music composers, was born in 1825. When a boy, he played the first violin in his father's orchestra, but he soon organized a band of his own which rivaled that of the elder Strauss, and which has won the plaudits of every capital of Europe. Of his published compositions, numbering nearly four hundred, the most widely known and popular is "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," but many of his other waltzes are equally charming. Josef Strauss, the second son, died in 1870, at the age of forty-three years. He left nearly three hundred compositions. His waltzes have a beauty and freshness all their own, and deserve their great popularity. His "Village Swallows" waltz is as lovely as any of the Strauss music. Edouard, the youngest of the family is now delighting the Viennese with his magnificent orchestra. He has published more than two hundred compositions, and is rapidly increasing the number. One of his earliest waltzes, "German Hearts," showed that he had the genius of his father and brothers. From him the supply of the new Strauss waltzes must chiefly come, since Johann has devoted himself in recent years to the composition of light operas. The published compositions of the Strausses number about twelve hundred, of which between three and four hundred are waltzes.

PAGANINI was a kind of spectral apparition: tall, thin, with Y shaped eyebrows and immense fingers. Vieuxtemps was small and looked like a notary. Paganini never touched his violin except concerts, but Vieuxtemps studied continually. The former had a miraculous execution and played with anything he wished, the back of the bow, etc. Vieuxtemps instead, correct and severe, bestowed much time upon the material part of the execution. A son of a violin maker, he took great care of his violin and bow. Paganini was diabolical. Vieuxtemps marvelous. The former had more fire; the latter more method. Paganini's life was a romance, Vieuxtemps lived as a citizen. Both played with exactness—a wonderful precision, and both made a fortune. Vieuxtemps' estate is said to be worth three million francs.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

SENBRICH has been decorated by the King of Portugal.

RUBINSTEIN is at work upon a new concerto which he intends to play next winter.

CARL REINECKE, the celebrated head of the Leipsic Conservatory, is writing a comic opera, "Ovid at Court."

THE receipts of "The Mikado" at the Savoy Theatre, London, are larger than those of "Patience" and they were the largest of any of Gilbert and Sullivan's productions.

ADELINA PATTI'S European tour commences with Madrid in November; then she visits Lisbon, Monaco and Vienna. Later she sings in various cities of Germany and France.

WE see that an eastern "lightning tuner" advertises for a place. There is "lots" of lightning in St. Louis at this season of the year that needs tuning badly. Come west, young man!

THE street on which Wagner's villa, Wahnfried, is situated in Bayreuth, has been changed from the very unmusical name of the "Rennweg" (race course) to "Richard Wagner Strasse."

THE *Berliner Fremdenblatt* speaks in very flattering terms of the recently published composition, *Bogner Walzer*, of Mr. Phil. R. Perry, of Sedalia, Mo., who is now studying music in Germany.

IT is said that Mme. Adeline Patti is busy upon a series of articles for *Harper's Magazine*. This series will be largely autobiographical, containing many reminiscences of the diva's interesting career.

THE celebrated orchestra of La Scala, Milan, conducted by Faccio, will make a tour in the west of Germany, Belgium and Switzerland and visit Basle, Bern, Zurich, Strasbourg, Brussells and Antwerp.

MR. GEORGE CARTER of Vose piano fame, made us a pleasant little visit recently. He reports himself as highly gratified with the result of his labors. Work seems to agree with him, for he looks younger and stronger than ever.

NEWS comes from Weimar that a fire broke out in Liszt's villa. A lamp in his valet's room was overturned, and the hanging at the window took fire. Books, clothing, etc., were burned, but the fire, fortunately, did not reach Liszt's apartments.

MUSICIANS from the Congo in Africa have arrived at the Antwerp Exposition. Among them is a very curious composer called Kassokou, who plays a tambour, accompanying himself vocally in a very original manner. He plays also a tremendous flute.

MR. H. J. SCHONACKER, well known as teacher and composer, recently paid the REVIEW office a brief call. As he is an old friend of Mr. Kunkel, our publisher and he renewed the communion of "auld lang syne." We (the editorial "we") were much pleased to make his acquaintance.

IT appears that the king of Bavaria, the backer of Richard Wagner, is well nigh bankrupt. His enormous expenses for the selfish gratification of artistic pleasures, have so swelled his debts that some arrangement will have to be made in reference to them, and an appeal to the country will become necessary. Hurrah for royalty!

"A CINCINNATI piano dealer has found a music teacher who won't accept a commission on a sale from principle. The trade should unite and build a glass case and exhibit this man throughout the length and breadth of the land." So says the *American Art Journal*. We will agree in advance to pay a quarter of our hard earned wealth (quarter of a dollar, remember,) for a sight of this *rara avis*.

BOLLMAN BROTHERS have the management of the (St. Louis) Mendelssohn Quintette Club for the season of 1885-6. The concerts are to be given in the new Exposition hall. The club will consist of Mr. Geo. Heerich, First Violin; Mr. Valentine Schopp, Second Violin; Mr. Frank Gecks, Viola; Mr. Carl Frechlich, Cello; Mr. Victor Ehling, Pianist.

MISS MARIE CONDON, for two or three seasons prima donna of Duff's Opera Company, died of Bright's disease on June 5th, at her mother's, in New York, aged 26. She had studied for the opera in Italy, and when the parental purse gave out, as it did before she had completed her course, she received gratuitous instruction from George Sweet, the baryton, with whom she was later associated in the Duff Opera Company. She was a lady both off and on the stage, and this was to some extent in the way of her success in comic opera, as she seemed to be unable to quite forget her parlor manners while acting. This fact, however, gave her an air of refinement which, united to her agreeable personal presence, made the public feel a sort of parental interest in her.

MR. FREDERICK GRANT GLEASON, speaking of the "American College of Musicians," after explaining that the examiners will not be ready to examine until next year (they must have time to read up, in order to know the answers to their own questions) says that "The candidates must present themselves for examination voluntarily, if at all, and because they desire to obtain the degree." This is very kind, very reassuring to those timid musicians who have feared that the American College examiners would lasso them on the streets in order to secure a few specimens upon whom to try the toxic effect, if any, of their contemplated degrees. We can assure our readers that the amount of the dose of degree will be so diluted as to be without appreciable effect of any kind.

AUDRAN, composer of the "Mascotte" is writing a serious opera.

BLIND TOM who has unfortunately lost his modicum of reason was brought up at Warrentown, Virginia, to have his custody confirmed. The contestants are his mother, colored, and Mrs. Bethune, the widow of Blind Tom's late manager. The judge remanded Blind Tom back to Mrs. Bethune, who had formerly care of him. His insanity is said to be caused by over exertion and excitation.

THE *Chicago Music and Drama* informs us that the Western College of Toledo, Iowa, has conferred the degree of doctor of music upon Mr. H. S. Perkins, conductor of musical conventions and author of several tunes. Now will some one tell us where in——Iowa Toledo is, what sort of an institution the Western College is and what its faculty or board of trustees know about music? The next thing you know, we will have the village schoolmasters conferring the degree of D. D. upon every country parson. The American College of Musicians should look to its laurels, the Western College of Toledo, Iowa, is poaching upon its preserves. It should discipline "Dr." Perkins for accepting a degree from another source unless he will promise to accept two (paying the usual fees, of course) from the "American College of Musicians."

THE Salisbury, N. C. *Carolina Watchman* of June 18th, says: "The Music School of Prof. and Mrs. W. H. Neave have just given the citizens of Salisbury two most excellent concerts. They were of the highest order, and reflected much praise on these most efficient and thoroughly conscientious teachers. The first evening's entertainment was a miscellaneous concert, wherein the pupils were presented as soloists, either as vocalists or pianists. As the programme embraced nineteen selections, it will hardly be expected that they will be reviewed separately. The large audience that heard the performance was loud in its praise.

Last night the lovely operetta, (*Saroni's*) entitled: "Lily Bell, the Culprit Fay" was rendered. The stage was gorgeous in its beauteous array of sweet scented flowers, and the fairy girls—they were as beautiful and graceful as the ideal fairy—did their parts more like artists, than mere *debutantes*. It was beautiful! The audience, a large and cultivated one, was warmly enthusiastic throughout."

THE *Indicator*, of Chicago, says:

"A great number of Chicago artists are packing their knapsacks for summer sketching tours. The most singular thing about it is that the sketches are about as sure to hatch into pictures as are the boiled eggs upon which the old hen in the story sat. In the first place Chicago artists seldom seem to do more than sketch and in the second Chicago wealth seems to have no room on its walls for Chicago pictures. Let Fanning or any other dealer bring a lot of rubbishing copies painted by pupils in Roman studios here and advertise them as originals and Chicago purse strings are loosed at once, while the modest merit of home talent is allowed to shiver in the shade of cold neglect."

Now it is quite different in St. Louis. As soon as a local artist paints a picture there are dozens of buyers who fight to get into his studio to be the first to bid on it; a special detail of police has to guard the doors to prevent bloodshed. Why, even sculptors have to have their studios guarded by militia companies for fear that their unfinished work should be purchased from them at ten times the price they ask for it. If Mr. Fox doubts our statement let him ask Kretschmar, who had to leave St. Louis for Chicago in order to avoid that species of annoyance, and he will then know that like G. W. of historic? fame, we never tell a—*i. e.*, never improve upon the truth.

A FEDERAL army officer, who was in Columbus, Ohio, at the time of Lee's surrender, relates how "Old Hundred" was made to do the duty of a popular *Te Deum*. He says:

"That was a grand night. I was intoxicated with the wild spirit of rejoicing. I remember that while Gov. Brough was speaking from the brick-pile in the street, it began to rain hard. The governor had taken off his hat; and I stood so near that I could hear the drops spatter on his bald head, and could see the splashing glitter in the lamp-light. The people shouted to the governor to put on his hat; but, with a voice husky with emotion, he replied, 'No, not on such a night.' He was glad to stand uncovered on such a night, and, in the humbleness of a drenching, thank God for his goodness to the land and the people.

"Instantly every head in that tremendous crowd was uncovered, and with one voice they sung, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' I am not an impressible person, but I never before realized what 'exalted' meant. I can see now that scene in the rain, the drops splashing on a hundred bald, venerable heads, tears of gladness in thousands of faces; but I never expect to feel again the thrill that swept over me when twenty thousand voices swelled to magnificent volume the words of the doxology. I never knew the full meaning of the words and music until that night; and I have lived on a higher plane, and with more faith in humanity, since that experience. Those were times that brought out all that there was in a man."

DROPPING into the store of A. J. Jordan, the other day, to make a small purchase, we chanced to enter into conversation with the very gentlemanly manager, who, with characteristic tact and politeness, insisted upon doing the editor of the REVIEW the honors of the establishment. We knew that the house had the reputatian of carrying a remarkably fine line of goods, but we were not prepared for what was shown us. Cutlery from all the celebrated makers of the world—combination knives and forks for one-armed men, beef carvers that looked as if they were meant for Gargantua's kitchen, dainty ladies' penknives and dangerous looking Bowies, Lilliputian scissors and Brobdingnagian shears, razors in most elegant and convenient traveling cases and a sort of lawn-mower razor, with which one cannot cut himself, a new thing and a boon to many; table ware so beautiful as to give one an appetite, besides a thousand other objects combining the useful and ornamental all in an endless variety of designs, material and prices, such as must suit all tastes and all purses. We could then readily believe the statement of our guide through the well-appointed establishment, that while there are other western houses that carry a larger stock of common cutlery, there is none this side of New York that can compete with Jordan in fine cutlery or that can show so great a variety of goods in its line. To look through the store of A. J. Jordan is to visit a cutlery exposition. Those of our readers who are interested in cutlery (and who is not?) cannot do better than visit this establishment—No. 612 Washington Ave.

COMICAL CHORDS.

THE FASHIONABLE MISS.

Miss Pallas Eudora Von Blurky,
She didn't know chicken from turkey;
High Spanish and Greek
She could fluently speak,
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

She could tell the great uncle of Moses,
And the dates of the Wars of the Roses,
And the reason of things—
Why the Indians wore rings
In their red aboriginal noses.

Why Shakespeare was wrong in his grammar,
And the meaning of Emerson's "Brahma;"
And she went chopping rocks
With a little black box,
And a small geological hammer.

She had views upon co-education,
And the principal needs of the nation,
And her glasses were blue,
And the number she knew
Of the stars in each high constellation.

And she wrote in a handwriting clerky,
And she talked with an emphasis jerky,
And she painted on tiles
In the sweetest of styles,
But she didn't know chicken from turkey.

—*Ex.*

INDIANS are hair 'em scare 'em sort of fellows.

Is whooping cough a disease peculiar to coopers?

DON'T judge of a man's character by the umbrella he carries. It may not be his.

MRS. PARTINGTON declares herself "dead set" against the "reversed Scriptur."

A FLY is said to have 16,000 eyes. No wonder he is careless where he leaves his specs.

OLD Mother Hubbard must have been from Chicago—she had so much room in one shoe.

WHEN the young men invite the girls to moonlight walks, are they fishing smacks?

HOW to make a pair of back stairs—Let two women with new bonnets on pass each other on the street.

A ST. LOUIS maiden wants to know how to avoid having a moustache come on her upper lip. Eat onions.

DEAN SWIFT prophesied that he would die first at the top. He did not expect to ever become bald-headed.

IT was Artemus Ward who said there are two things in this world for which no one is ever prepared—Namely, twins.

"IF Jones undertakes to pull my ears," said a loud-spoken young man, "he'll just have his hands full." Those who heard him looked at his ears and smiled.

A TRAVELER in Utah says that he counted fourteen infantile heads in one door of a cabin on the Jordan River. If this be true, it was indeed a one-door-ful sight.

IT is said that kerosene will remove stains from furniture. It has also been known to remove the furniture, stains and all, with the stove and a red-headed girl thrown in.

"Who was it that said it is not good for man to be alone?" asked a Sunday school teacher of his class. A bright boy answered, "Daniel, sir, when he was in the lion's den."

AN old man-of-war sailor, who had lost a leg, became a retailer of peanuts. He said he was obliged to be a retailer, because, having lost a leg, he could not be a whole sailor.

THE first musical amateur said he would take the violin; the second, that he would take the viola; and the third, that he would take the horse-car and go home.

JONES, on hearing the Mexican Typical Band spoken of as a band of "picked musicians," at a recent concert, said: "Ah, I understand; they were picked before they were ripe!"

"IN choosing a wife," says the *Phrenological Journal*, "be governed by her chin." The worst of it is that, after having chosen a wife, one is apt to keep on being governed in the same way.

"ENCOURAGE home talent and put down Italian cheap labor; I'm a Missouri musician!" was the placard borne on the back of an organ grinder that lately paraded the streets of St. Louis.

"OH, dear!" exclaimed Edith to her doll. "I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in my life. Why don't you act like grown up folks and be still and stupid for a while?"

A woman may offer in excuse for her red nose, that she laces too tightly, but what shall a man say?—*Ex.* O, he can offer the same excuse. He also gets too "tightly" by so-lacing himself.—*Norristown Herald.*

PARIS: "I have just been painting a portrait of Gladstone," remarked a celebrated artist to the Earl of X., a furious Tory "Have you?" returned the other savagely. "I am glad of it. Curse him! I hate him!"

"TOMMY, did you hear your mother call you?" "Course I did!" "Then why don't you go to her at once?" "Well, yer see she's nervous, and it'd shock her awful 'fi should go too suddent."

THE baneful effects of drink. O'Mulligan.—"It's drink, sorr that's the curse of Ould Oireland. Drink!—that makes a man 'bate' his wife, starve his children, go out to shoot his landlord —and miss him too, bedad!"

He took his girl to Gloucester,
And there, by Jove, he loucester,
And as he happened to have his doucester,
He fell to and lustily coucester.

WE reproduce the following pastoral for the special benefit of our rural subscribers: "Don't kill the toads, the ugly toads that hop around your door. Each meal the toad doth eat a hundred bugs or more. He sits around with aspect meek until the bug is neared, then shoots he fourth his little tongue like lightning double geared. And then he soberly doth wink, and shuts his ugly mug, and patiently doth wait until there comes another bug."

THE organ blower in a London church once fell asleep during the service, of which fact the audience soon became conscious by the vigorous blowing of his own organ. Rev. Arthur Hall, the preacher, after hearing it for awhile, stopped and remarked:

"I do not object to a quiet nap on a hot day, and am flattered at being able to contribute to anybody's repose; but, while proud at being able to give the beloved sleep, I wish it distinctly understood that I draw the line at snores. There is a man snoring in the congregation, and I shall be obliged if somebody will waken him."

The offender was quickly roused.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

MR. GLADSTONE, the late English Premier, is said to have had a very fine tenor voice. His music teacher, the late Sir Julius Benedict, used to speak of him as having been a fine singer, and ascribes much of his eloquence as a speaker, to the vocal instruction and practice he had in his youth.

THE poet Heine's wife was a round, full-faced woman, with large black eyes, a smiling mouth filled with whitest teeth, and fully developed figure. Her voice in particular was a perpetual delight to Heine; his praises of it were constant, and he told Mme. Jaubert that during his long agony that voice had recalled his spirit "at the very moment when decidedly it was aking flight toward the unknown futurity." Her magnetic power over him was, he said, irresistable. One night as he was shaken by a murderous spasm of so terrific a nature as to seem the sure prelude of death itself, his wife took his cold hand, chafed and warmed it, and he heard her say, amid her sobs, "No, Henri, no! you shall not die; you must have pity on me! My parrot died this morning, and if I were to lose you I should be too wretched." Heine's quaint comment was, "It was an order, and I obeyed and kept alive when such good reasons were given, you know."

IN ONE of the hill towns of old Litchfield county is a soprano of a Congregational church noted for her voice. The other Sunday the white-haired old clergyman lined out the opening hymn, and the organist, after a lingering glance at his necktie in the little mirror, cocked his head on one side, slammed both hands down on the keys and kicked at the pedals. The choir stopped laughing and gossiping, cleared their throats and arose to sing. They struck into the hymn in good style, that is, all excepting the soprano. Not a sound from her musical throat! Her pretty face was at a red flush, and her jaws were working convulsively. When it came to her solo part she was dumb. The Choir couldn't believe their ears, the congregation craned their necks at the choir, and the old gray-headed clergyman pushed his specs away up on his forehead and stared. The choir sang a single verse and stopped. By this time the soprano was at a red heat, and the prespiration on her marble brow had just ruined her best Sunday bang. At last, with a final yank, she yanked her teeth apart and exclaimed in an undertone: "If I ever ketch that Jones young 'un that gave me that hunk of maple taffy I'll break her back." "Let us pray," said the old gray-headed clergyman, solemnly. But everybody within earshot of the choir stopped to grin first.—*Hartford Times.*

SEVERAL of the musical magazines published in the United States are congratulating themselves over the fact that, in spite of the hard times, their subscription lists have not diminished. Our publishers inform us that a comparison of the books on June 15th, showed an average increase in the subscription list for the year of nearly fifteen per cent. While this is a less increase than for three years before, it is gratifying. We ask our readers to speak of the REVIEW to their musical friends, i.e., to those who know good music from bad when they see it. The others had better subscribe for some other musical journal.