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KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

Vol. X. MAY, 1887. No. 5.

ON MUSICAL CONCEPTION.

HOWEVER strange it may seem, the grandest or the most delicate musical performance is in a way akin to the most ordinary every-day occurrence. There was a similarity in the workings of Liszt the piano virtuoso, as he played in the salon, and of the wood sawyer in the court-yard below. Our mothers, as they prepare the flour, knead the dough, and make the bread on which we feed, have a relationship with the greatest composers and the most famous violinists and singers, composing or performing at any time. In every case, each individual tried to do something, and generally in the best way possible. In every case, there were two ways of doing, and in most cases there were more than two ways. We will say that my mother, in making her bread, had to choose between Mrs. G.'s way, her own way, and perhaps some one else's way. There were differences, and she chose this difference and that difference, and putting them together she formed an idea, a *conception*, of how she would make her bread, and then —to speak plainly—she went ahead and made it. Whether the bread was good or not is out of the case; we have here to do with her idea of doing, her conception, and this selection of ways of doing is what I desire to first lay stress upon.

Musically speaking, Herr A., having found a great and difficult piano sonata, new to him, studies it carefully and forms an idea how he will play it. Another pianist plays the same work. To himself Herr A. says: "His playing of this part I don't like; but I do like the way he brings out such and such passages. I think I'll play them somewhat as H. played them, but I will accentuate the triplets." In this imaginary case Herr A. was forming his conception. We will suppose that having finally made up his mind, Herr A. plays the sonata, and that the critics rave over the "grand conception." Some of them called the performance the conception (alas!), but the performance was grand only because the mind had stored up a grand picture, a conception, of how to play the sonata, and had then forced the hands to realize it.

So much for this. But let no pupil who reads these lines imagine that I am giving him or her a pretext for studying on an independent responsibility. It is one of the good things of the world, for the pupil, that he, until a certain skill and some mental ripeness have been acquired, is dependent upon his teacher's conception. The teacher shows a way of doing, gives a conception, and at the same time takes pains that it is a good one. Perhaps he says nothing about conception; he regards it as a matter of course; but, my friend pupil, in thus showing you, the teacher has nevertheless given you a conception, and one day you will be awakened in some way or other, and on counting up your mental acquisitions, will find yourself richer than you thought,—the possessor of models from which you can work.

Conception has needs. It needs theoretical knowledge; it needs a grasp of the phrase, of phrasing, of form, of contrast; it needs considerable practical harmony, and often as much counterpoint as you can carry in your head; it needs analysis and also an idea of the composer and a knowledge of the kind of music to which any piece in question may belong. I do not think I overstate the matter when I say that the majority of teachers give their pupils far more information in these respects than the pupils ever realize. This information may come in the way of an example; but the teacher rarely tells what the example cost him. In his time your teacher, my friend pupil, had these needs which I mentioned, and he had to satisfy them by study and observation, as you will one day, would you be really independent.

I said that it was good that you had to take your teacher's conception. If you are wise, you will take all he can give you, and do wholly as he says. But this will not prevent you from observing much in the meantime, and in gathering a fund which, added to the teacher's information, will give you a good start when, once free, you begin to work for yourself.

Observation will show you that there are two grand kinds of conception,—the subjective and the objective. Mr. D. plays a Beethoven rondo and intentionally makes a *forte* where a *piano* is marked; he hurries and drags, although there are no signs for so doing. Perhaps, to your taste, he distorts the whole composition; but Mr. D. played from a subjective conception. Mr. E. appears, plays the same Beethoven rondo, minds every sign, and does nothing without a printed warrant on the paper. Mr. E. plays objectively. The music was the object, Mr. E. played it as it stood; his conception must have been objective. Mr. D. was the subject in his case; he played as he chose, and not as the music was marked; his conception must have been subjective.

Observation will also show you that the greatest performances and presupposed conceptions are objective and at the same time subjective, and I think you will find it very hard to keep self—that is, subjectivity—out of a performance. But, my friend pupil, your performance, however subjective, can always be based on a correct appreciation of the objective part of the composition, and this you should bear well in mind.

As years pass and you observe carefully, you will no doubt notice the tenderness of the melodic phrase, and how one little accent will impart a color before unknown and thus form a mighty help in conception. Von Bülow's conceptions and performances of the Beethoven symphonies were so new and wonderful in their day, because his orchestral players were taught to bring out the melodies as never before. By a slight emphasis here, an oboe made prominent there, or by a diminish in the upper parts that the basses might be heard,—by such simple and yet deep means, Von Bülow found the way to *reveal* these familiar symphonies—at least, so the cautious critics say.

You will find sentimental conceptions, and robust, and just, and all kinds, and you will find that the spirit and breadth of the man has much to do with his conception. After you have listened some years, you will remark that there are few leading conceptions of master works, and that however subjective the conception, there seems to be a life essence in a true work of art which always makes itself felt. You will find that inside of the two grand divisions of conception, there are subdivisions and often sub-subdivisions. But to bring out the pith of the work, the life-essence, the objective part will always constitute the noblest and truest purpose of a conception, and you as a performer will do well to bear it in mind. —B. CUTTER, in *Herald*.

THE POWER OF SONG.

IN one of the hospitals of Edinburgh lay a wounded Scottish soldier. The surgeons had done all they could for him. He had been told that he must die. He had a contempt for death, and prided himself on his fearlessness in facing it. A rough and wicked life, with none but evil associates, had blunted his sensibilities and made profanity and scorn his second nature. To hear him speak, one would have thought he had no piously nurtured childhood to remember, and that he had never looked upon religion but to despise it. But it was not so.

A noble and gentle-hearted man came to see the dying soldier. He addressed him with kind inquiries, talked to him tenderly of the life beyond death, and offered spiritual counsel. But the sick man paid him no attention or respect. He bluntly told him that he didn't want any religious conversation.

"You will let me pray with you, will you not?" said the man at length.

"No; I know how to die without the help of religion." And he turned his face to the wall.

Further conversation could do no good, and the man did not attempt it. But he was not discouraged. After a moment's silence he began to sing the old hymn, so familiar and so dear to every congregation in Scotland:

"O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee"

He had a pleasant voice, and the words and melody were sweet and touching as he sung them. Pretty soon the soldier turned his face again. But its hardened expression was all gone.

"Who taught you that?" he asked, when the hymn was done.

"My mother."

"So did mine. I learned it of her when I was a child, and I used to sing it with her." And there were tears in the man's eyes.

The ice was thawed away. It was easy to talk with him now. The words of Jesus entered in where the hymn had opened the door. Weeping, and with a hungry heart, he listened to the Christian's thoughts of death, and in his last moments turned to his mother's God and the sinner's Friend.

LONGFELLOW ANECDOTES.

MR. LONGFELLOW was known as a capital *raconteur*, and now and then told with great zest a story on himself. A gentleman once remarked about the rudeness of Mr. Ruskin, the artist and critic, believing it to be apocryphal, which prompted Longfellow to say that Ruskin, when introduced to him, drawled out: "Mr.—Long—fellow—you—know—I —hate—Americans," which had the effect of making him immediately feel at home. Mr. Longfellow, of course, received visitors from all parts of the globe, wherever his poetry has found readers, and that is wherever our language is spoken. Among them the young Englishman who came to see him a few years ago was not the least amusing guest. Having heard, on reaching Cambridge, that Mr. Longfellow resided there, he told the poet of his surprise at this information, for, said he, "I thought you were dead long ago—in fact, that you died before Washington." He also used to tell of a tourist of the John Bull family, who in visiting him apologetically remarked: "Mr. Longfellow, you have no ruins in your country, and so we came to see you." And the gentle-hearted poet said kindly and apologetically for the Briton: "People say things, you know, that they don't mean to say, out of awkwardness and embarrassment, for the sake of saying something." And here was another to the score of the tourist—the American tourist this time: The poet was invited to give his autograph, and complying, as he, alas! always did, he was followed to the table where he was writing, and politely overlooked by the visitors. "Why, how plainly he writes; hand doesn't shake at all!" was the observation of one of these onlookers to the other. And Mr. Longfellow, it is said, enjoyed these visitors! If he did, of course it was from his standpoint of the humorous student of human nature. But what a temper he must have had!

Kunkel's Musical Review

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SINCERE love for music is the root of all true musical growth. Given this love and the rest is a mere matter of time and cultivation. If, instead of sneering at the primitive, uneducated musical taste of the masses, musicians would see that that taste is the young tree upon which they can, and should, graft a better growth, and would act accordingly, they would really advance the cause of music among the people—a cause which (unintentionally, of course, but none the less really) they now not infrequently retard.

Just as, in politics, the division of parties on the basis of greater or less wealth and knowledge, whether such division proceed from above or from below, tends to bring about a separation of the people into antagonistic classes, and thus becomes hurtful to the best interests of the entire commonwealth, so, in music, drawing the line sharply between the musically educated and the musically ignorant cannot but result in the formation of musical castes, to the great and lasting injury of musical progress. It is not fences that are needed but bridges, and these the musicians must build.

THE average audience knows but little about artistic excellence and will applaud alike the conscientious and painstaking artist who has given a first-class interpretation of some meritorious work and the callow amateur who has awkwardly rendered some pretentious selection. It is not the artist who is most to be pitied for this state of affairs but the amateur, for the former knows the merits or demerits of his own performance, while the latter takes the verdict of the ignorant jury as settling the fact that he is the equal, if not the superior, of the artist and, therefore, dispensed, thenceforth, from further study. In this way, there is no doubt that many an amateur musician has been flattered and lulled into less than mediocrity, though having natural talents that might have, by proper study and practice, eventually given him a place among those who rank as artists.

To all our young readers, therefore, we would say: Beware of the applause of an ordinary audience. Be not deceived by it. It means perhaps that you have pleased the mass of the auditors, but it does not mean that you have pleased the critical minority, who alone are competent to judge and whose verdict alone is worthy of consideration or can secure you recognition as a real musician. The most that this applause can indicate is that you have natural gifts which proper training can develope into something worthy. It should therefore be regarded as an incentive to hard work rather than a certificate of perfection.

TO hear the wails uttered by certain writers because the United States has no "national music" one would think that no music written in any given country can be good unless it reflects the character of its inhabitants. Yet, no less authorities than Hanslick and von Bülow assert that the truest living exponent of what they call "German music" is Saint-Saëns, the Frenchman—and the world acknowledges his music as excellent. National music can only flow from a national life, and, so far, we are rather a people, heterogeneous and somewhat polyglottic, than a national unit in tastes and feelings. So long as that is the fact, it is useless to expect or hope for distinctly American music. It has been suggested that the negro melodies of the South might be considered as the genuine American *Volkslieder*. Nonsense that, of course. The Ameriean is not an African either in origin, tastes or appearance. But why seek for what does not and, in the nature of things, can not exist? The American musician who has something to say will surely be permitted to say it in the broad, universal forms of music, which he can make his own here as well as elsewhere. He need not keep silence because, forsooth, he has learned no special dialect. Indeed, his position is such that he should, more than any one else, be able to eschew all dialects and speak the purest musical language. And if there is a passing charm in a rich brogue, lasting beauty must be found in purity of speech—inarticulate as well as articulate. We can think of no country to-day where a great musician could compose with fewer conventional trammels, give greater swing to his imagination and freer expression to his individuality than in this land without "national music."

BOUCICAULT ON MUSIC.

DION BOUCICAULT, who calls himself a dramatist, probably because most, if not all, of his original dramas were original with French, Spanish or German authors before Mr. Boucicault was born, has an article on "Opera" in the *North American Review* for April, in which he endeavors to show that the Opera is an intruder upon the dramatic stage. As Opera is a form of art by itself, and really does not attempt to displace the drama, but simply claims its right to appear ugon the *operatic* stage, Mr. Boucicault might be left to fight and conquer his own man of straw did he not, in his self-appointed task, step out of his way to make an onslaught upon music as such. It is rarely, we think, that so much prejudice and ignorance have been compressed in so short a space as has been done by the "dramatist" in the following excerpt from the article in question:

"Let us remember that music contains no great abiding truths: we may be momentarily the better for it, but it is evenescent, it loses its charm by repetition, it becomes old-fashioned. The new music of to-day obliterates the old music of our fathers. Rossini and Douizetti put Mozart and Cherubini on the shelf. These were set aside by Gounod and pelted into a corner by Offenbach and Sullivan. It is not so with Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Molière Sheridan, Burns or Goldsmith. We never tire of their music, they never become old-fashioned, these great high priests of human nature! They do not pretend to have discovered a new language, the last of them does not efface his predecessors. Art is not a delirium, but music seems to unsettle by intoxication the brains of its lovers when indulged in to æsthetic excess. Let us return to earth. If from the whole of an opera we remove the words, and leave the music to stand alone, we find it incoherent, confused, without symmetry or direction, or completeness. Let this wordless opera be compared with a symphony, and its imperfections as a musical form will be apparent. If from the whole we take the music, and allow the words to stand alone, we reveal the meagre, weak and wretched frame called a libretto. We find a grand dramatic work of Shakespeare murdered for the use of its bones, of which we take up one like an osteologist, and say, "This once belonged to *Hamlet*." Let us ask ourselves frankly: If Beethoven had published the score of his great work as simply a piece of music, and had called it, as Mendelssohn might have done, "an opera without words," could any musician have discovered the plot, character, and passions in "Fidelio" by means of the music alone? Could he have imagined what it was all about? If Wagner had done likewise, would any Wagnerite pretend to say he could have had the remotest idea of "Lohengrin?" Music, in its simplest form may be called a sensuous acting upon the nervous system; it appears to be, to a great extent, a physical faculty of appreciating the quality and consonance of certain fine vibrations of the air. It excites passions and emotions, especially an excitement which might be called "*hysterica musica*," but it cannot describe or bring form or action to the mind. It is, as it were, color without outline. It emits joy, grief, triumph, despair, love; but unless we are helped to the knowlege by explanation, we fail to understand what is it joyful, plaintive, triumphant, or despairing about! It is a language of vowels without consonants. It is inarticulate. Among the arts, therefore, it is the most sensuous and the least intellectual. Being understood without effort, it gratifies equally the savage and the child, and the reptile; it inflates us with volatile emotions, requires no brains to enjoy its charms; it makes us dance without cause, and cry without reason, and so it is the most popular of all the arts."

It will be news to most of our readers—to all those of them at least who have any knowledge of the history or the present *status* of music—to hear that "the music of to day obliterates the music of our fathers." Most of us have an idea that Bach has now hundreds of admirers, where he had one during his lifetime; that Händel and Haydn have lost nothing in their popularity; that Beethoven's works are rendered by hundreds of orchestras throughout the civilized world, year after year, and so on down the list. Who, but Boucicault, ever discovered that Mozart and Rossini had been "pelted into a corner by Offenbach and Sullivan?" One might say with far more truth that Shakspere and Sheridan had been "pelted into a corner" by Boucicault. If the fact that *La Grande Duchesse*" has been played oftener than "Fidelio" of late years is to be taken as a proof that Offenbach has superseded Beethoven, a comparison of the number of representations given during the same period to Shakspere's tragedies and Boucicault's "dramas" would likewise demonstrate that Boucicault had superseded the "Bard of Avon." The simple fact is, however, that there is always and everywhere a majority of inferior intellects who, in music, delight in Offenbachian trivialities just as in the drama they take pleasure in Boucicaultian "rot." This element, however, counts for nothing in establishing the standing of either musical or literary work. Offenbach is almost forgotten, Boucicault soon will be, while the works and the names of Beethoven and Shakspere will endure indefinitely.

"Music seems to unsettle the brains of its lovers when indulged in to æsthetic excess" says Boucicault. What is "*æsthetic* excess?" Does Mr. Boucicault understand the meaning of words? But, passing over this, we ask: Where are the brains that have been unsettled by music? The assertion is so groundless that it can only have been made by one whose brain has been unsettled by something else than music.

There is truth, of course, in what Boucicault has to say about the indefinite character of the impressions made by music. "It is inarticulate" he says, and that is a true (though not an original) saying—but how absurd the deductions drawn by our "dramatist" from that fact! "Music," he claims, is a "sensuous acting upon the nervous system——a faculty of appreciation, etc." Music "an acting," or "physical faculty!" A "dramatist" ought to use language somewhat better than that. But again, let that go, and let us try to extract the meaning intended, since the expressed words fail to make it intelligible. It is, we think, that the enjoyment of music is purely physical. What ground is there for such an assertion? Simply that music is cognized by one of our five senses. But is that not true of all the arts? And as a matter of fact is not music the one of all the arts that is least dependent upon externals? Rather than argue the point, however, let us show the absurdity of Boucicault's position by applying his exact words to any other art, say, for instance painting. They would then read: "*Painting*, in its simplest form, may be called a mere sensuous acting upon the system; it appears to be, to a great extent, a physical faculty of appreciating the quality and consonance of certain fine vibrations of

light." The first word of the sentence and the last are the only ones we have changed; wherein are the statements it contains (as far as intelligible) less applicable to painting than to music?" Take Mr. Boucicault's own art, if you will, and what is the elocution on which he prides himself but a more indefinite music based upon "fine vibrations of the air" which "excite passions and emotions, especially an excitement which might be called *hysterica*" dramatica? ("Excites an excitement" is good. *Hysteria* would be better Latin than "*hysterica*" but it would not be so good Boucicaultian) But, again tearing ourselves away from the delightful contemplation of the beauties of Boucicaultian English and the Boucicaultian improvements upon the dead languages, we pass to Mr. Boucicault's conclusion, that: "Among the arts, therefore, music is the most sensuous and the least intellectual."

We have already touched upon the question of the sensuous character of music, and will return to it presently, but now we would inquire what Mr. Boucicault understands by "intellectual?" If by intellect he means the *reason*, our answer must be that none of the arts address themselves to that faculty of the mind, and, in that view, none of them are "intellectual." Where is the logic of a beautiful picture? Is the essence of poetry correct reasoning? Is it through mathematics that a drama becomes great? There is, of course, a certain law of balance and proportion in all the fine arts which some would call their logic—but even this is not cognized by the reason. The fine arts all appeal, more or less directly, to the emotions. To arouse these is their aim and end. Does Mr. Boucicault refer to the emotions as intellect? If so, it is evident that the art which can arouse them most directly and powerfully has the greatest affinity for the emotions and hence is the most "intellectual." Now, it is Mr. Boucicault himself, who, a little further on in this very article, says, rather spitefully: "The glamour, the intoxication produced by the music transmutes the poorest acting into admirable effort. The most wooden of tenors becomes a miracle of tragic passion when he pronounces an upper D from the chest." Once again, Mr. Boucicault compels us to turn aside, for an instant, to admire the chasteness and accuracy of his English, when he makes a wooden tenor "*pronounce*" an upper D from the chest"—a feat which we did not know had ever been attempted even by ventriloquists—but, returning to our subject once more, we ask: What is this magic power that transmutes "a wooden tenor" into "a miracle of tragic passion," if not the very essence of art?—not of "intellectual" in the sense of *reasoned* art, for there is no such thing, but of emotional art, and there is none other.

There is another great fault to be laid at the door of music, according to Boucicault: "It can be understood without effort." (Quite unlike Mr. Boucicault's literature!) If Mr. Boucicault knows the meaning of the word "understood," all we have to say is that his statement is that of a prejudiced ignoramus. Those who have spent years in the study of music are more modest. They do not pretend to understand music, worthy of the name, without an effort. And, by the way, how will Mr. Boucicault reconcile his attack upon music on the ground that it is not sufficiently definite and intelligible, in other words, can not be easily understood with this statement, uttered in almost the same breath, that "it is understood without effort?" Perhaps Mr. Boucicault, however means that music is *enjoyed* without effort. Even this, however, is only partially true, as could easily be demonstrated. Here Mr. Boucicault returns to his pet theory that music is a mere sensuous enjoyment and asserts that music "gratifies equally the savage, the child and the reptile." How does Mr. Boucicault know that? He might question the child and the savage, but, unless he be a reptilian how can he know the amount of gratification which reptiles extract from music? But that he is not, for he evidently extracts no gratification from music—somewhere below children and savages and reptiles there is an order of beings for whom, or which, music has no charms. Among these Mr. Boucicault classes himself. There was once a dramatist for whom Mr. Boucicault professes great admiration who wrote:

> "The man that hath not music in his soul
> Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds
> Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils!"

Perhaps, if he were alive to-day, he would, in view of the emnity to music of his self-appointed *confrère*, change his ideas upon the subject and erase the passage from his works—and perhaps he would point to the records of sundry divorce courts and stubbornly insist upon the demonstration of the truth of his original statement.

But we return to Mr. Boucicault's statement that music "gratifies *equally* the savage, the child and the reptile." It is evident that the point and intended sting of the remark lies in the word *equally*, but, alas for Boucicault, therein lies also its utter and transparent falsity. Bring together to Niagara a great painter, a child, a savage, Boucicault and a reptile and they will all be affected by the sight and sounds of the majestic waters. Equally? Who would say so? Not even Boucicault!

It is the crowning glory of music that it has charms, though not equal charms, for the highest and lowest orders of minds. "Greatness," wrote Pascal, (We quote from memory and perhaps not with verbal accuracy) "consists not in reaching one or another extreme but in reaching at once both extremes and filling the middle." The greatness of the Creator is seen as much through the microscope as through the telescope, in the construction of animalculæ as in that of sidereal systems. Of the fine arts, music is evidently that which most nearly fulfills the requisites of absolute greatness as defined by Pascal. It dwells in the palaces of kings and in the hovels of beggars; charms the sage and pleases the infant; rejoices with those who rejoice and mourns with those who mourn; it cheers the despondent and lifts their souls above present troubles; it speaks of rest and purity and heaven to the weary and sin-stained sons of earth; it permeates and uplifts the universe of created things—all but the region where Lucifer reigns, wh.ch, from all accounts, is sacred only to Mr. Boucicault's favorite art—the drama.

To resume, then, music is as intellectual as any of the arts; it is more independent of externals than any, hence the least purely physical or "sensuous;" it is fully as permanent as its sister arts; it demands the exercise of as much knowledge, imagination and taste as any for its creation or its fullest understanding and enjoyment; and finally, it is the most universal and powerful of all the fine arts and hence the greatest.

It is to be hoped that, should Mr. Boucicault again be seized with the *cacoethes scribendi* on music, he will give the subject some little study before rushing in "where angels fear to tread." It would not be unadvisable, at the same time, for him to keep a dictionary and a "Latin first book" handy, so as to avoid the numerous little accidents which occur in the article we have quoted from somewhat liberally.

Dr. Rush declares his conviction that the German people are largely indebted for their exemption from pulmonary diseases to the strength and volume which their lungs acquire in the practice of vocal music, which is well-nigh universal among the people, extending from childhood to old age. He thinks the education of the voice and practice of singing, involving, as it does, the proper exercise of the organs of the throat and the lungs, should form a part of our physical education.

ON ORCHESTRAL PIANISSIMOS BY STRINGED INSTRUMENTS.

WHEN listening to the performance of musical compositions, the greatest satisfaction one experiences, next to the development of the themes, is to observe that proper regard is paid to dynamic shading. This satisfaction is the more complete if the rendering of the composition is effected with a full, round tone, so that each part of that composition is heard plainly and distinctly at every place of the concert-room whether in *pianissimo* or *fortissimo*.

But while the production of an effective and tuneful *fortissimo* is comparatively easy, as permitting every performer to display such energy as is consistent with his instrument and disposition, the production of an equally effective and tuneful *pianissimo* is quite another thing, and the failure of *pianissimo* passages and phrases to create interest and emotion occurs often enough to call attention to this fact, although failures arising by imperfect *fortissimos* are not wanting.

The orchestral instruments displaying unsatisfactory *pianissimos* oftenest are the stringed instruments, *i. e.*, the violins, violas, violoncellos and double basses, as their efforts in this direction are often more *seen* than *heard*. And even in the latter case their tones come out so timidly and indistinctly as to be void of all interest.

This is all the more to be wondered at as the violins are the instruments which respond most readily to the slightest change of dynamic shading without becoming harsh in strong, muscular passages, or nebulous and effeminate in soft ones, as their tones have a healthy vibration which carries their sound to a great distance, provided their performers are not forced to apply less than the minimum of force and motion in bowing which is required to produce and sustain an audible, sympathetic tone.

The impetus to set a string in motion and the swiftness of bowing to keep it in the same, must be augmented in a like proportion, as it increases in thickness; accordingly, viola strings require a more decisive attack to be set in vibration, than those of violins; those of violoncellos require still more, and the strings of the double bass, as being the thickest, require the most decisive impetus. In the same proportion as the greater thickness of a string requires a more forcible impetus to bring about vibration, in the same proportion the lightness and elasticity of the bowing must increase to keep it in vibration, as the vibration of thick strings are very slow and disconnected; a fact which will manifest itself as soon as their bowing is done sluggishly. And as soon as this is done the carrying power of the bass strings ceases to exist, and the tone, if there be any left, is at most heard by the next neighbor, or the conductor at the farthest. To the audience, if it should extend so far, the tone will sound dry and colorless, if it be not lost altogether.

The danger of not hearing important passages—and in a musical composition every passage is important—increases in the same ratio as the size and acoustic properties of the concert room, and a *pianissimo* produced by the same body of performers, with the same degree of strength which fills a small hall, will not be found sufficient in a larger one, while in a still larger hall the tones will not reach the audience at all, even if the number of performers be increased, if the strings are not also bowed with a livelier swing. But the audience is entitled to hear every composition entire, *i. e.*, passages in *piano* and *pianissimo* included, be the house large or small, acoustically good or not, or whether such *piano* and *pianissimo* passages occur in the course of a composition or at its beginning.

Unfortunately, such unsatisfactory *piano* beginnings of orchestral compositions are not so rare as could be desired. Thus in Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," the initial tones F and C produced by the cellos and altos respectively, are hardly ever heard, while in Wagner's "Faust Overture," the opening passage for the double basses is generally rendered in such a suppressed manner as to be utterly lifeless, and it would hardly be recognized if it were not accompanied by the bass tuba. The same may be said about the general rendering of the beginning of the *scherzo* of Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony," where the rapid *tempo*, usually taken, endangers the audibility of the basses all the more, and the audience becomes aware that the performing of the *scherzo* has begun only when the violins set in, and this defect was displayed this very season by two different orchestras. The *motif* of the *andante* of the same symphony is given to the violas and cellos, and only accompanied at first by the basses, *pizzicato*, and on its repetition, by first and

second violins and basses, *pizzicato*, and clarinet, but the basses are seldom to be heard.

At a recent performance of Beethoven's "Seventh Symphony" the tone of double basses, cellos and violas was so thoroughly kept down in the earlier part of the *allegretto*, that no trace of the melody was discernible until the second violins began. In the first part of Beethoven's "Violin Concerto," there occur three very low tones (F natural, G and B flat) for the double bass *solo* against the otherwise unaccompanied *solo* violin, neither of which could be heard in either of the above two concerts. Surely the composer desired to have these tones heard or he would not have written them.

The first part of Beethoven's "Fourth Symphony" presents another instance where the *p.*, *pp.*, *ppp.* incite to a dangerous suppression of tone. This appears in the passage preceding the re-entrance of the principal *motif* in the principal key, and becomes doubly destructive for even the experienced listener, because of the rapidity of the *tempo*, and the feeble bowing allowed to the violinists. Should such overdone *pianissimo* be accompanied by a wind instrument of the milder power, it would be drowned altogether.

When an orchestral composition opens *pianissimo* with the higher tone of the violins, as in Wagner's introduction to "Lohengrin," the impetus necessary to bring and keep the strings in vibration may be much lighter, as the acuteness of the sounds retains its penetrating character, even if the bowing be ever so faint and delicate. Another instance where a *pianissimo* may be tempered down to the utmost degree without becoming indistinct, is the *Largo* in Weber's overture to "Euryanthe." If here the bowing is allowed to be done with swiftness, coupled with lightness and elasticity, the harmony will come out clearly and distinctly although the strings are muted. In executing a *pianissimo tremolo*, as in Weber's overture to "Freischütz," the bowing should also be quite free, so as to avoid all dryness, as would be the case if it were done timidly and under too great a restraint.

The *pianissimo* roll of the tympani is of great effect, if the heads of the drumsticks are soft, and if it is not too much subdued; but it is not unusual that the tone produced is next to inaudible, as in the initial seven measures of Wagner's "Faust Overture," and in the tympani *solo* of the finale of the first act of the same composer's "Parsifal."

But the subduing of the stringed instruments is not done to excess in *pianissimo* passages only, it is practiced in *forte* and *fortissimo* passages also, with this difference, however, that violins, violas, and violoncellos may excel in power and brilliancy as far as their capacity may admit, while to the basses the drawing out of a full tone is generally denied to such a degree that the real foundation is found wanting, and the effective rendering of a composition in such a case often represents rather a weighty superstructure, built on an insecure basis. This could be noticed during one of the recent concerts in the *poco andante* of the *finale* of Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony," where the first horn, which has the melody together with the basses and bassoons, was forced to such an excess of power, that it not only did not sound like a horn, but drowned all the basses and bassoons so completely that nothing could be heard of them. And yet, what is more noble and solid than the round, full, far-carrying sound of the double bass?

Every concert room, large or small, theatre or hall, has particular places which are acoustically more or less advantageous. In a general way the most favorable seats are those in the middle of the ground floor, and those on the first few rows of the balconies, and of these, again, the uppermost balcony affords better acoustic effects than the lower ones, as the lightness and airiness of the tones tend to vibrate upward. The less favorable seats are those next to the orchestra, particularly if the ground floor should be much below the orchestra, first, because of the above mentioned upward tendency of the tones, and, second, because the listener hears only what is going on just before him, thereby losing the *ensemble*. Other unsatisfactory places are such as are far back under the balconies, particularly if they are very low, and also positions in remote corners. The acoustics are the more deficient the more balconies exist, and the further they extend into the room, while concert rooms with fewer balconies are much preferable, particularly if they do not reach too far into the room, and are not too low.

Yet orchestral music is, and will be made in every conceivable place, and if the entertainment is intended for any claim of consideration, the compositions performed should be so produced as to give satisfaction to all. This includes, beside all other requirements, the audibility of the *pianissimo* parts in places whose acoustic properties are comparatively bad, and also the proper rendering of *fortissimo* passages, in halls that are too small, but whose acoustic properties are very good. This, of course, is the task of the conductor.

As regards this task, conductors seem to accept as self-evident that the audience has the same chance to hear the work of the orchestra as they have themselves. That this is not so is not so difficult to demonstrate. Tones which are just plain enough to be heard by the conductor will be lost to persons standing some way off, and the more so the less favorable his position be. A comparison may well be drawn with the art of theatrical scenic painting, whose products look coarse, rough, and not in the least artistic when seen close by, while they will appear as real works of art when viewed from the proper distance. A theatrical background-scene, painted with *Meissonnier's* nicety and delicacy, would merely represent a waste of grey in grey.

The remedy of this rests altogether with the conductor. If, after having instructed his orchestra as to his intention, he would listen to the performance of the same from a distance, he would often find the effects different from what he intended, and this difference would be greater the more numerous the audience, as the rehearsals generally take place in an empty room.

If circumstances should prevent the temporary absence of the conductor from his desk, an occasional attendance at other concerts would afford valuable experience.

A *pianissimo* musical passage rendered indistinct by being too much subdued, may be likened to an *aside* upon the dramatic stage spoken in such a low tone that no one in the audience except those in the front can catch the words. This would be manifestly wrong, since the meaning of the author is lost if any portion of his work is omitted or rendered indistinct by the performers. A side remark may be spoken on the stage in a lower tone of voice than that used by the other performers, and yet be given by a proper accentuation so as to be heard by the entire audience, thus conforming at once with the dramatic situation and giving the public the benefit of the author's full meaning, which, of course, would be completely lost if the performer pitched his voice in too low a key.—C. C. MÜLLER, in *American Musician*.

TO WHAT EXTENT ARE SPECIAL TEACHERS OF MUSIC NECESSARY IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS?

THE answer to this question will depend largely upon the methods of teaching employed. So long as our methods of teaching music make it necessary for the teacher to be a singer or player in order that he may sing for the children to imitate or lead the children in their singing, just so long will the teaching of this subject in the public schools be a failure so far as real education in music is concerned. Knowledge in music is in *thinking* and not in *memorizing*. All imitation work in the way of rote singing in teaching music is memory and not knowledge. It is only necessary to establish the major scale as a whole by imitation or rote; when this is accomplished pupils should be so directed in their practice as to enable them to sing all intervals without assistance. The major scale is the unit upon which all music is constructed; and by practice with this series of sounds all difficulties in the study of intervals can be solved by the regular teacher.

The most favorable time in the whole school life for acquiring a knowledge of these sounds, and thus laying a solid foundation for *intelligent* singing by note, is the lowest class in the primary school. While little children should have a limited number of rote songs for recreation (if tastefully sung), rote singing should not form the basis of instruction in music with young pupils. Children who are always led in their singing by voice or instrument never acquire the ability to sing well, independently of such aids. When teachers learn that sounds can be taught to the younger pupils much more easily than numbers, and that all difficulties in the study of intervals can be overcome by practice with the sounds of the major scale, thousands of teachers who at present regard the difficulties as insurmountable will teach music successfully.

Our greatest service to the cause of music in public schools is to improve and simplify our methods of teaching in such a way as to make available the teaching power of the regular teachers. When sounds are taught as numbers are taught, then the teacher's ability in teaching numbers is made just as available in teaching sounds. Success in teaching music is sure to follow if it is properly taught in the lower grades. If children in the lower grades are taught from the beginning to *think* in sounds, they will soon become independent and self-supporting in their work; but if they are taught to imitate the teacher or instrument, they are always dependent upon others. A short daily lesson in music will accomplish wonders when the subject is properly presented, and children are taught to exercise their musical powers. This elementary work in music can be more effectually accomplished by the regular teachers, who know the children individually and can give them daily practice, than by a special teacher who can see the children only occasionally. Skillful instruction and supervision are necessary until the regular teacher learns the process; when this is done we have as good a teacher of *music* as of any other study constantly in the school-room. The impression is very general that special teachers, or experts, in singing or playing must be employed to *teach* this subject. This false impression is the result of wrong methods of teaching, which require the teaching of a vocabulary of exercises and songs with which to teach the notation.

Skillful instruction and supervision for the regular teachers are fast becoming appreciated in all branches of study; such instruction and supervision will always be in demand, and music will be no exception.

There is no subject taught in our public schools to which true educational principles can be so easily and successfully applied as to that of music. And yet there is no subject taught in which these principles, so important in teaching all subjects, are so utterly ignored and disregarded. In applying the principles of object-teaching, music has the advantage over all other studies. We are never obliged to substitute anything for the real objects of thought; we have always at hand the *real things* (sounds) for constant study and investigation; no pictures or drawings, or signs of any kind, can give us any idea of the real but invisible and tangible, things in music. The elements of music are in themselves very simple, and can be successfully taught by any teacher when they are presented in their simplicity, and the mind is trained to one thing at a time. Simple as these elements are, we shall never teach them successfully until we learn to separate them from the notation, and train the mind in these simple things before the notation is given.

We believe that the value of music as an educational factor has never been realized, because the teaching of it has never been put upon the same educational basis as other studies. The full possibilities in music with the masses of little children are unknown, because we have yet to make the best presentation of the subject from the pedagogal standpoint. When the same intelligence and skill have been gained in teaching music that have been developed and applied in the teaching of other subjects, music will take its proper place in our public schools, and be as generally and successfully taught by the regular teachers as any other branch of knowledge.—H. E. HOLT.

A METRONOME FOR EVERYBODY.

IT will be good news to not a few of our readers who have long wanted a reliable metronome to know that Kunkel Brothers have concluded to give one of their unrivalled pocket metronomes as a premium for one *new* (not renewal) yearly subscriber. There is not one of our subscribers but can obtain at least one other and there is therefore no reason why any one should be without this little gem of simplicity and accuracy. We will not attempt to describe the instrument here, but we will say that any one receiving it as a premium who is not satisfied with it will be allowed to return it after five days' trial and to select another premium instead. Now is a good time to solicit subscriptions and to secure this unusually fine premium. Only a limited number of these metronomes have been set aside for premiums and the offer will eventually be withdrawn.

A Fearful Leap

into the abyss of poverty, over the precipice of shortsightedness is taken by thousands, who might become wealthy, if they availed themselves of their opportunities. Those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will be informed, free, how they can make from $5 to $25 a day and upwards. Some have made $50 in a day. You can do the work and live at home wherever you are located. Both sexes; all ages. All is new. You are started free. Capital not needed. Now is the time. Better not delay. Every worker can secure a snug little fortune.

MAY SONG.

How bright art thou
Sweet Nature, hail!
How shines the sun!
How smiles the dale!

From every branch
Forth blossoms gush,
A thousand voices
From every bush.

From every breast
Delight and mirth,
O bliss! O joy!
O sun! O earth!

O love! O love!
So golden bright,
Like morning clouds
On yonder height!

Thy blessing crowns
The dewy fields,
The teeming world
That perfume yields.

O maid! O maid!
How I love thee!
Howbeams thine eye!
How lov'st thou me!

As loves the lark
Its vocal lay,
And morning flow'rs
The breath of day,

So I love thee
With soul and truth,
Thou giv'st me heart
And joy and youth

For song and dance
And jubilee,
Be happy e'er,
As thou lov'st me!

From the German of Goethe by Baskerville.

MAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

"May is a pious fraud of the almanac,
A ghastly parody of real spring
Shaped out of snow and breathed with eastern winds,
Or if, o'er confident, she trusts the date,
And, with her handful of anemones,
Herself as shivery steal into the sun,
The season need but turn his hourglass 'round,
And Winter, suddenly, like crazy Lear,
Reels back, and brings the dead May in his arms,
Her budding breasts and wan, dislustred front
With frosty streaks and drifts of his white beard
All overblown.—*Lowell, in "Under the Willows."*

MAY.

EARLY SPRING.

Days of sweet rapture,
Come ye indeed?
Doth the sun give me
Mountain and mead?

Fuller the brooklets
Murmur their tale.
Are they the meadows?
Is it the vale?

Azure bright heavens,
Balmy and free!
Golden finned fisher
Teems in the sea.

In the groves rustle
Plumages gay;
Heavenly songsters
Warble their lay.

In the gay blossom's
Honied retreat
Hums the bee, sipping
Nectar so sweet.

With lulling odors
Is the air rife,
Teeming with motion,
Music, and life.

Soon doth the zephyr
Freshening rise,
Yet in the branches
Moaning it dies.

But to the bosom
Back doth repair.
Help me, ye Muses,
Fortune to bear!

Say what my bosom's
Tumult betrayed?
Back, ye fair sisters,
Is my sweet maid!

From the German of Goethe by Baskerville.

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

Memorial Hall was filled with an intelligent and appreciative audience on the evening of the 5th of April, who had assembled to hear Mrs. Bausemer and Messrs. Heerich and Froehlich render the following programme:

Trio—"Serenade," (*a.*) Marsch. (*b.*) Canon. (*c.*) Andante con Var. *Reinecke*, Messrs. Geo. Heerich, Carl Froehlich and Mrs. Franz Bausemer. Piano Solo—(*a*) Bourrée, *Bach*. (*b.*) Gigue, *Scarlatti*. (*c.*) Scherzo-Canon, *Jadasson*. (*d.*) Rivulet, *Kroeger*, Mrs. Franz Bausemer. Violin—(*a.*) Gondoliera, (*b.*) Gavotte, *Ries*, Mr. Geo. Heerich. Cello Solo—"Romanze," *Schubert*, Mr. Carl Froehlich. Piano Solo—(*a.*) Rigodon, *Reinecke*. (*b.*) Valse Caprice, *Schubert-Liszt*, Mrs. Franz Bausemer. Violin Solo—"Rondo Capriccioso," *Saint-Saens*, Mr. Geo. Heerich. Trio—"Opus 42," (*a.*) Allegro animato. (*b.*) Scherzo. (*c.*) Andantino. (*d.*) Allegro con fuoco, *Gade*, Messrs. Geo. Heerich, Carl Froehlich and Mrs. Franz Bausemer.

Messrs Heerich and Froehlich, as members of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, have been frequently heard. They are both masters of their respective instruments and both played excellently. Mr. Froehlich's solo being particularly well played and enjoyable. The interest of the evening, however, centered upon Mrs. Bausemer, who has not been heard in public for some time. She more than fulfilled all expectations, and again proved herself undoubtedly the best lady pianist in St. Louis. Her technique is highly developed and her readings are musicianly. Mrs. Bausemer ought not to keep her light "hid under a bushel" and we hope that the coming season she will appear in concert oftener than she has in the past.

Memorial Hall was well filled on the evening of April 20th by an audience, in which the Jewish element predominated, that had assembled to hear Miss Emma Dreyfus, prior to her departure for the Paris *Conservatoire*, in a concert managed by her teacher, Mme. Petipas, assisted by several of the Madame's other pupils. The programme, which was all of vocal music, was the following:

PART I.—"Betty," Cavatina, *Donizetti*, Mrs. J. Rowland. "*Il Crociato in Egitto*" *Aria, Mercadante*, Mrs. Sam. Samuels. "*La Reine de Saba*," *Gounod*, Miss Emma Dreyfus. "*Faust*," *Aria, Gounod*, Miss Hattie Webb. "Oberon," "Grand Scena," *Von Weber*, Miss Nannie Kilpatrick.

PART II.—"*Marie Stuart a Fotheringay*," *Bordese*, Miss Katie Medart. "*Galathee*," (*Cavatine*), *V. Masse*. Mr. Clifford M. Dolph. "*Le Domino Noir*," *Auber*, Miss Emma Dreyfus. "*Bianca E Faliero*," *Rossini*, Mrs. Eugene Karst. "*Il Guarani*" *Ballata, A. C. Gomez*, Miss Fannie Brunswick. "*Le Caid*," Aria, *Ambroise Thomas*, Miss Emma Dreyfus.

As in previous concerts of Mme. Petipas, the results of careful and intelligent tuition were apparent in every instance, even in the case of those to whom nature had not been overliberal in the matter of vocal talents. Miss Dreyfus proved to be the possessor of a voice of good power but rather unsympathetic quality, particularly in the upper register—a voice that is neither a light nor a dramatic soprano, lacking the flexibility of the former and the power of the latter. She pleased the audience, however, and received many floral offerings. The best voice by far of those heard at this concert was that of Miss Kilpatrick—a voice of pure and sympathetic quality and of great power. Under careful tuition and with faithful practice she might become a great singer. Mrs. Karst has been too long before the St. Louis public to be classed as a "pupil"—she sang, as she always does, very acceptably.

The Musical Union dispensed with its orchestra for its fifth concert and presented the following mixed programme:

"Fantasie appassionata," (Allegro—Andante—Thème varié) *Vieuxtemps*, Signor Guido Parisi. Concert Aria, "Infelice," *Mendelssohn*, Miss Jennie Dutton. Duo for two pianos, "Midsummer Night's Dream,"—Nocturne, Fairy Dance, Wedding March, *Mendelssohn*, Messrs. Charles Kunkel and Ernest R. Kroeger. Fantasie and Variations, "Fille du Regiment," *Fr. Servais*, Signor Lino Mattioli. Concert Waltz, *Dudley Buck*, Chicago Lady Quartette. Airs Hongrois Variés, *W. Ernst*, Signor Guido Parisi. Rondo for two pianos, "Opus 73," *Chopin*, Messrs. Charles Kunkel and Ernest R. Kroeger. *a.* Song of the Harp Girls, *Klein*. *b.* A Valentine, *Schlesinger*, Miss Jennie Dutton. *a.* Reverie, *E. Dunkler*. *b.* Danse Montagnarde, *L. Mattioli*, Signor Lino Mattioli. *a.* Watersprite, *Schumann*. *b.* On the Mountain, *Mair*, Chicago Lady Quartette. Grand Fantasie for two Pianos, "Les Huguenots," *Meyerbeer-Pixis-Liszt*, Messrs. Charles Kunkel and Ernest R. Kroeger. Mr. A. Epstein, accompanist.

Signor Parisi deepened the impression he had made upon his first appearance as an excellent violinist, while his fellow-countryman from Cincinnati, Signor Mattioli, proved himself a master of the technique of the 'cello. His tone, however, is not large and his selections were addressed to the crowd rather than to musicians. "The Chicago Lady Quartette" (What a name!) sing excellently together. But why did they select such trivialities for this concert—compositions that may do very well at a lodge entertainment, but which are out of place upon a first-class programme? The two piano playing of Messrs. Kunkel and Kroeger was exceptionally fine—the oneness of their execution being perfect. Miss Jennie Dutton, of Chicago, was the chief vocalist and proved herself a real artist. She has an excellent voice, a correct method of voice production, feeling, and that certainty of intonation and attack which imply musical knowledge and give the listener the comfortable sense of confidence in the singer. Miss Dutton is one of the coming queens of the concert stage. We understand she will make New York her home after May 1st, and we regret that the West should lose her.

The following is the programme of a concert tendered to Signora Caramano by her pupils, at the Foster Academy, on April 26th. We were not present, but hear that the concert was in all respects successful. Signora Caramano is an experienced teacher and a worthy woman and well deserved the compliment tendered.

PART I.—Piano Duetto, "Masaniello," *Melnotte*, Misses Ghio and Steinbrecher. Barytone Solo, "Di Provenza," *Verdi*, Mr. A. D. Weld. Soprano Solo, "Judith," *Concone*, Miss Theresa Badaraco. Soprano Solo, "Una Voce," *Donizetti*, Miss Tillie Fuld. Duetto—Mezzo Soprano, Contralto and Tenor—"Se M'ami," *Verdi*, Miss Jennie Sicher and Mr. L. C. Barabini. Soprano Solo, "Merrily I Roam," *Schleiffarth*, Mrs. Lottie Wallace-Jack. Duetto—Soprano and Barytone, "Soffria nel Pianto," *Donizetti*, Miss Neoma O'Brien and Mr. A. D. Weld.

PART II.—Piano Solo, "Nearer my God to Thee," *Julie Rive-King*, Miss Adelia Ghio. Soprano Solo, "Soft, Sweet," *Weber*, Mrs. F. Flesh-Morse. Duetto—Soprano and Tenor, "Come, Love," *Lucatoni*, Miss T. Fuld and Mr. Otto Hein. Contralto Solo, "If Romeo," *Bellini*, Miss Harriet Steinbrecher. Mezzo Soprano, "Yes or No," *Chas. Kunkel*, Miss Ella Friede. Soprano Solo, "Qui la Voce," *Bellini*, Mrs. C. Gaismayer-Almstead. Tenor Solo, "Quando le Sere," *Verdi*, Mr. L. C. Barabini.

We have purposely kept this column open until the last minute in order to be able to give a brief account of the two concerts given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Music Hall on the evenings of April 29 and 30. The following were the programmes:

FIRST CONCERT.—Overture (*Oberon*), *Weber*. Concerto for Piano-forte in E flat, *Liszt*, Miss Aus der Ohe. Aria, (*Orpheus*), *Gluck*, Helene Hastreiter. Violin Solo, Largo, *Haendel*, Mr. Kneisel. Symphonic Poem (*Les Preludes*), *Liszt*. Fantasie for violoncello, (*Le Desir*), *Servais*, Mr. Giese. Overture, (*Tannhaeuser*), *Wagner*.

SECOND CONCERT.—Overture, *Lenore* (*No. 3*), *Beethoven*. Two movements from the Concerto for Violin, *Mendelssohn*, Mr. Loeffler. Aria, (*Marriage of Figaro*), *Mozart*, Helene Hastreiter. Symphony in B flat, *Schumann*. *a.* Spinning Song, *Wagner-Liszt*. *b.* Polonaise in E major, *Liszt*, Miss Aus der Ohe. Danse Macabre, *Saint-Saens*. Hungarian Rhapsody, (No 2), *Liszt*.

We were gratified to see so many of our local readers at the concerts. On Saturday night, for instance, we counted one hundred and seventy-seven, whom we knew and whom we saw enter, some of them with their entire families. How many others, unknown to us, were on hand, we can not tell. We feel sure they felt repaid for having heeded the advice we had given them to attend these concerts, for two better concerts have never been given in this city. To dispose of the soloists first, we can say that Mr. Loeffler showed himself a painstaking and conscientious artist. Mr. Giese a remarkable 'cellist and Miss Aus der Ohe a pianist of great ability. Miss Hastreiter was less satisfactory. Her voice is rather too throaty and her execution might have been better.

The orchestra, however, deservedly got the lion's share of the attention and we can, in all sincerity affirm it is the best ever heard here, Thomas' not excepted. Its work was simply perfection. Boston is "stuck up" enough, probably, but we must admit that, in this case, it has a right to claim pre-eminence over all other cities of the United States. We have not heard what the result was pecuniarily, but we hope it was such as will encourage the return of the organization at some early date. The attendance at these concerts was good—we are sure it would be large hereafter.

When will St. Louis have some public-spirited citizen who will do for it what Col. Higginson is doing for Boston? The perfection of detail exhibited by such organizations as those led by Messrs. Gericke and Thomas can only be obtained where an orchestra is constantly kept together as such, and where means are at hand to secure the best talent possible. Our own "Musical Union" orchestra has vastly improved in the few years it has existed—but how much more could it be improved with such pecuniary backing as Col. Higginson gives to the Boston organization! Where are our æsthetic millionaires? Gentlemen, don't all speak at once—you might startle both us and Prof. Waldauer!

WHEN Shakespere wrote those lines about "patience on a monument," he did not refer to doctor's patients. They are to be found under monuments.

"IT is very difficult, now-a-days," remarked Mr. Kaime, "for common people to take a first-class dinner according to all the rules of etiquette. It requires practice and a first-class dinner—the latter is the hardest to get."

"WHO is that fine looking lady that just went out."

"That is my landlady."

"Looks healthy."

"Yes. She does not eat with her boarders, she takes her meals at Koetter's."

THEY were popping corn together and having a real sociable time, saying nothing, but thinking a great deal, when he broke the silence by the sage remark: "How nicely this corn pops!" Her reply made him prick up his ears. It was: "You see its got over being green." He popped at once, and was sent to pop to "poppy."

DRAMATIC WRITER.—"Yes, sir, dramatic writing is the most profitable branch of literature."

Newspaper Reporter—"That so?"

D. W.—"Certainly; you ought to try it. I am to get $5,000 for the play I am writing now."

N. R.—"Down?"

D. W.—"No, if the piece is successful."

N. R.—"I guess I'll stick to my eleven dollars a week."

A YOUNG lady of my acquaintance was once present at a musical party, where the lion of the evening was a celebrated flute-player. After he had performed, this young lady was presented to him, and there was a general silence in the room, which added to her natural embarrassment. She felt that she must say something pleasant, so, with a happy smile, she exclaimed: "Oh, how delightfully you play! Do you ever accompany yourself on the piano?"

The artist looked at his flute, then at his fingers, shrugged his shoulders, bowed low and said, "Never!" After a moment, she saw why everybody laughed.—*Harper's Weekly.*

VANITY OF A CANARY.—The habit of the canary to noisily join in any conversation that may be going on in the family circle, is a reason why many refrain from keeping this cheerful little bird as a pet. A naturalist has discovered a way of remedying the difficulty. He says: "We put in our canary bird's cage every day a little mirror, as large as the palm of our hand, taking care that neither sun nor light shall dazzle him, and he will look at himself for hours together with as much happiness as any young gentleman you ever saw. When we want him to stop singing, we have only to give him the mirror."

"ORIGINALITY is often confounded with strangeness or bizarrerie; nevertheless they are absolutely two different things. Strangeness is an abnormal and diseased condition, a mitigated form of mental aberration which enters into the class of pathological cases: it is well expressed by its synonim, *eccentricity, i. e.*, flying off at a tangent. Originality, on the contrary, is the straight radius which connects the individual with the common intellectual center. A work of art being the fruit of the universal mother, who is nature, and of a personal father who is the artist, originality is nothing else than a declaration of paternity, it is the Christian name associated with the family names, it is the passport of the individual indorsed by the community."—*Gounod.*

OUR MUSIC.

"LA BELLE AMAZONE,".....*Loeschhorn.*

This is one of Loeschhorn's best compositions and has been edited with great care for teaching purposes, as have all of the issues of the "*Royal Edition*" to which it belongs.

"GYPSY RONDO,".....*Haydn.*

This is one of Haydn's most popular compositions and is usually supposed to have been originally written for the piano. This is an error as it is one of the movements of his first trio. It has all the characteristics of Haydn's work.

"LOVE IN MAY,"..... *Oesten.*

This is another of the numbers of the "Royal Edition." The *finale* or *coda* has been largely rewritten, ridding it of some awkward progressions that always marred the piece as originally published. A comparison of the old ending with the new is solicited, when the superiority of the latter will become apparent.

"GAVOTTE IN G MINOR,"..... .....*Bach.*

Lovers of the old, classical style of music will find in this little gem just what they want, most carefully edited.

"MAIDEN'S PRAYER'S,".....*Badarzewska.*

From Bach to Badarzewska is quite a jump; but "*De gustibus non*, etc." If maidens will continue to pray this piece and thus make others pray for deafness, this is the best edition they can use.

"CHAMPIONS' MARCH,".....*Foulon.*

The author of this little piece is said to be a base-ball "crank" and this march was recently composed for and dedicated to President von der Ahe of the St. Louis Base-Ball Club and the members of his famous team, the "Champions of the World." This will explain the character of the composition, which has been purposely built on the popular plan and made as free as possible from technical difficulties. Teachers often ask for some easy march with well-marked rhythm and well-defined themes. This will probably meet their wants.

"THE LOVER AND THE BIRD,".....*Guglielmo.*

This song, like the *Maiden's Prayer*, needs no introduction to our readers, some of whom may think it needs roasting as a "chestnut." If they will compare all editions extant with this, however, they will find in the comparison good reason for the publication of the song in this paper.

The pieces in this issue cost, in sheet form:

"LA BELLE AMAZONE,".....	*Loeschhorn,*	75
"GYPSY RONDO,".....	*Haydn,*	50
"LOVE IN MAY,".....	*Oesten,*	60
"GAVOTTE IN G MINOR,".....	*Bach,*	35
"MAIDEN'S PRAYER,".....	*Badarzewska,*	25
"CHAMPIONS' MARCH,".....	*Foulon,*	25
"THE LOVER AND THE BIRD,".....	*Guglielmo,*	40
Total.....		$3 10

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LA BELLE AMAZONE.

A. Loeschhorn Op. 25.

Allegro marcato. ♩ = 120.

ff

p

sempre staccato.

grazioso.

f

martellato.

staccato.

p

cres. *cen.* *do.*

nf

decres.

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f

martellato.

la melodia marcato.

fz *fz* *ff*

marcato la melodia.

1.

2.

ff

f

mf

cres.

cres.

martellato.

ff

sf

f

p

f

dim.

p

staccato.

p e grazioso.

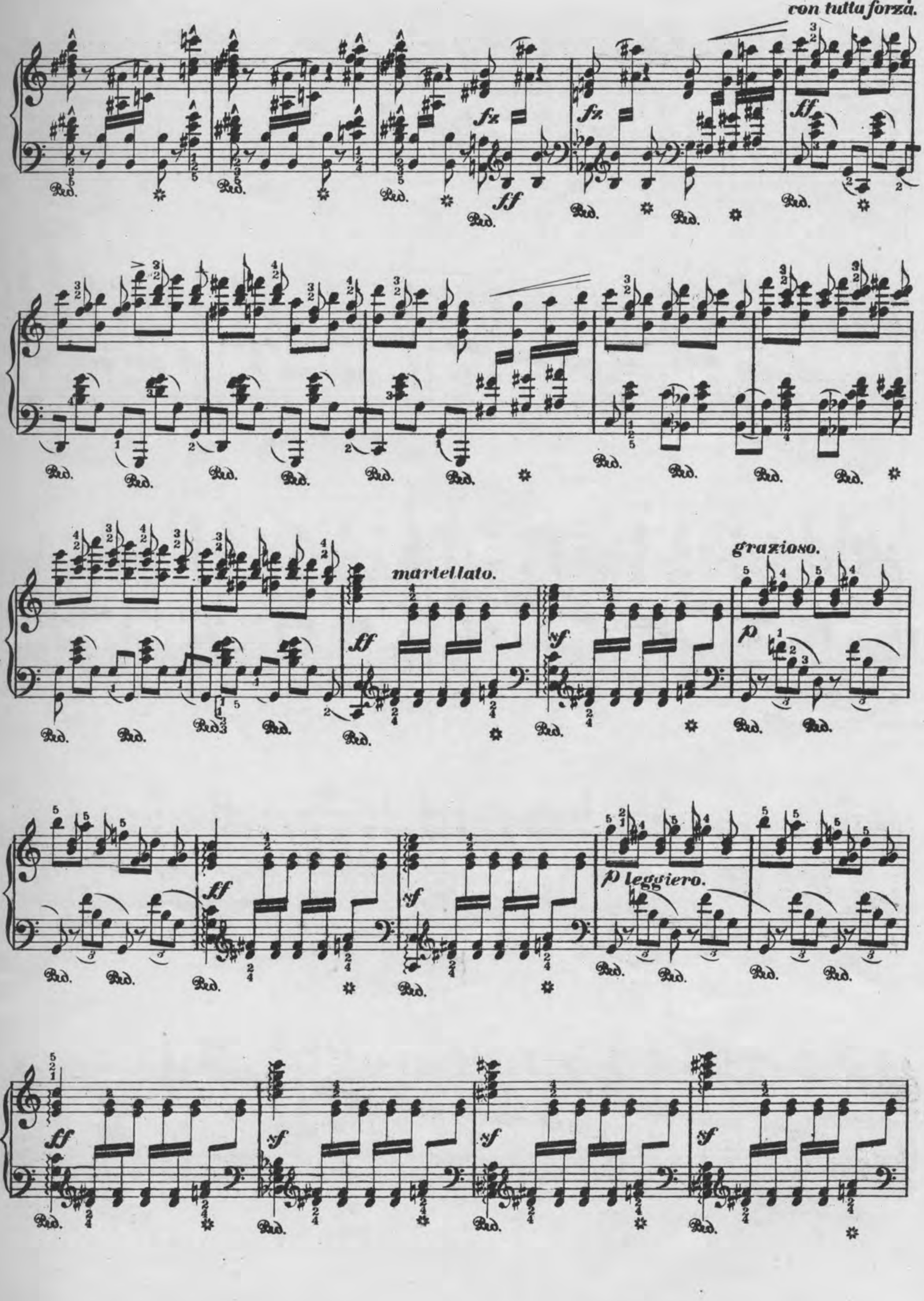
leggierissimo.

f

p

cres.

decres.


con tutta forza.
fz
ff
martellato.
grazioso.
p
sf
p leggiero.

sempre f

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

con tutta forza.

ff *martellato.*

Ped. Ped. Ped.

con tutta forza.

ff

Ped. Ped. Ped.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

con tutta forza.

ff

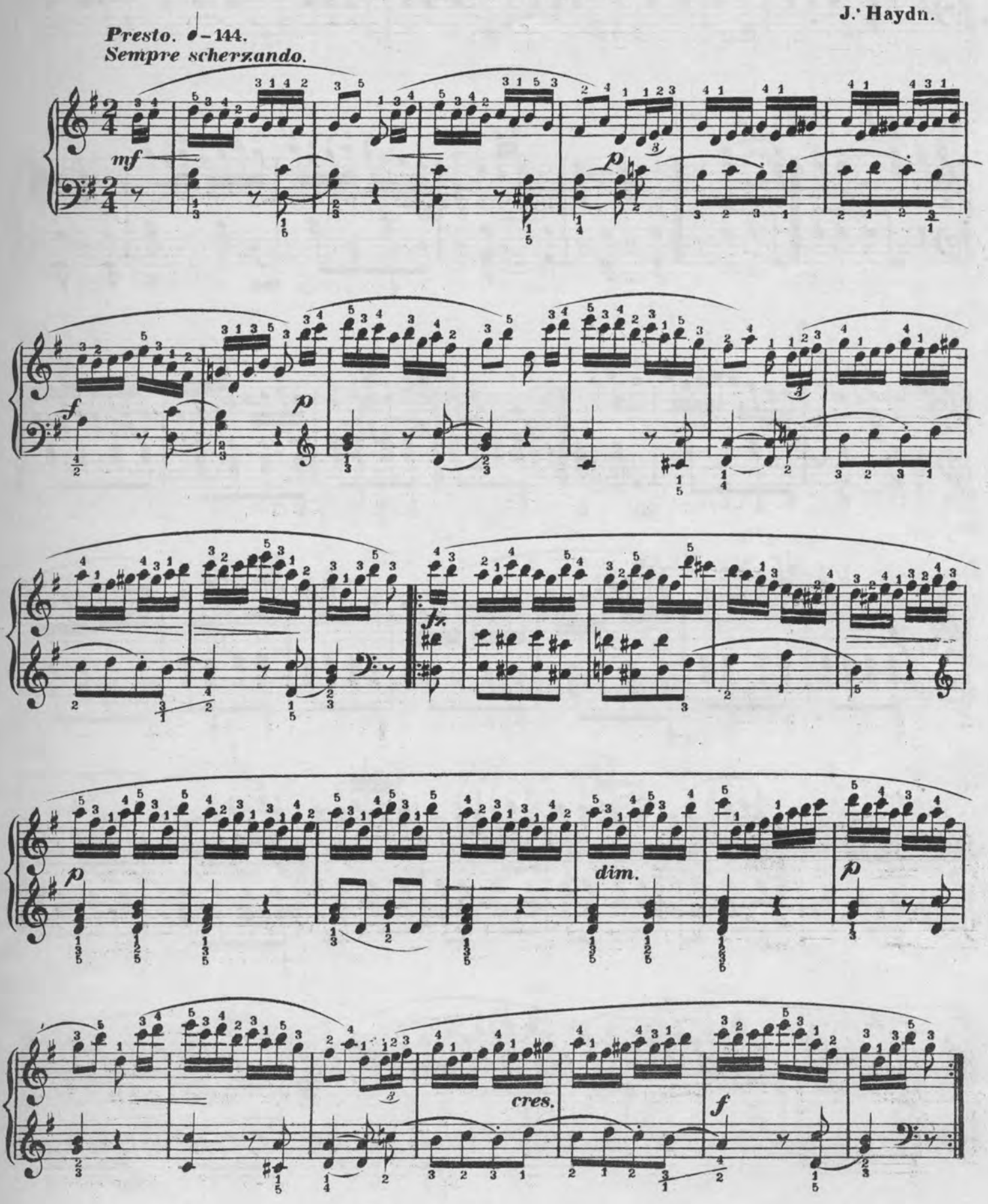
Ped.

GIPSY RONDO.

UNGARISCHES RONDO.

J.ᵗ Haydn.

Presto. ♩ = 144.
Sempre scherzando.



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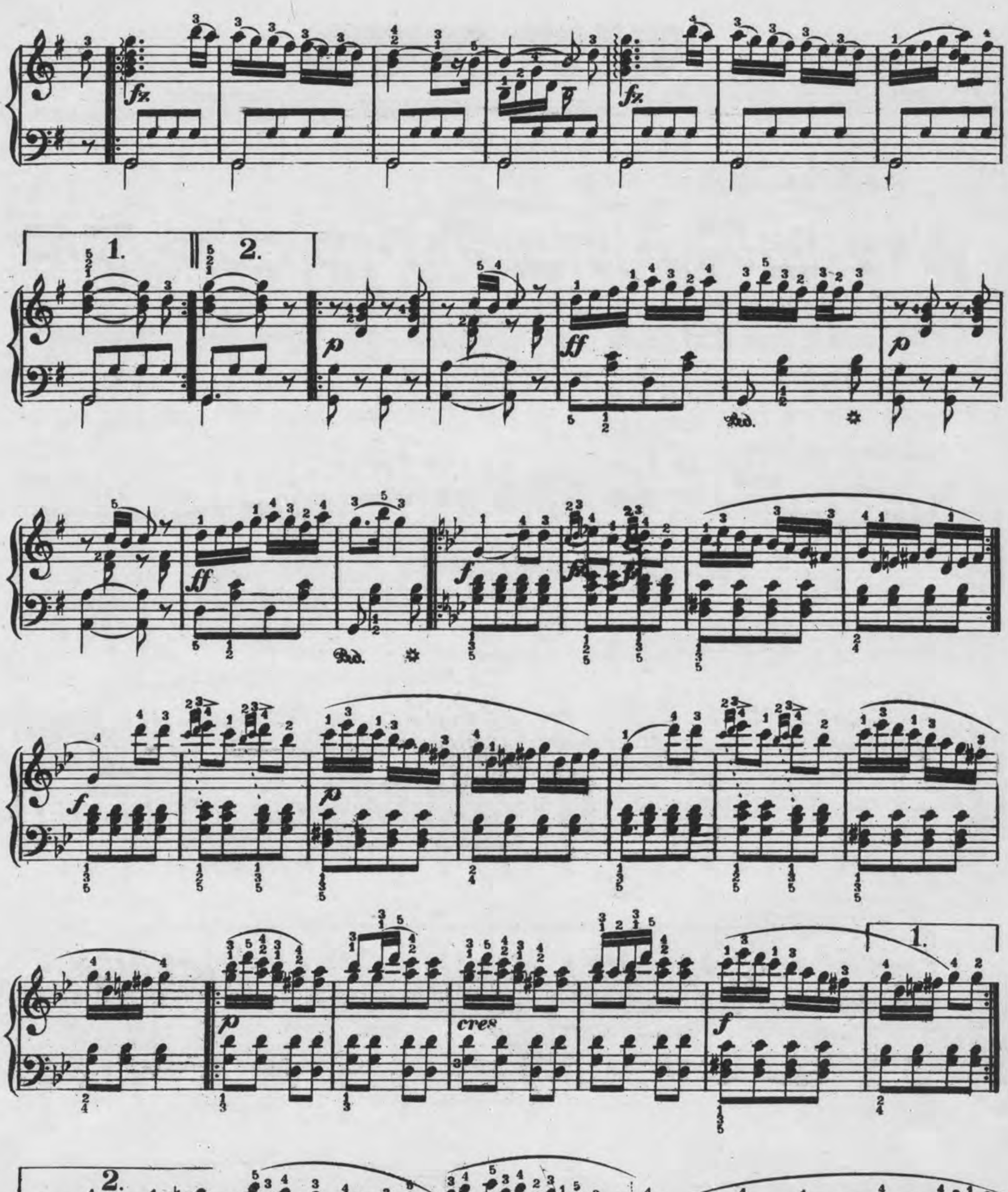

fz
fz
1.
2.
p
ff
Ped.
p
ff
Ped.
f
fz
f
p
p
cres
f
1.
2.
p

fz.

p

dim.

p

cres.

f

f

1.

2nd time f
1st time p

2.

p

cres.

p

1.

2.

fz

p

dim.

p

cres.

f

fz

p

cres.

fz

ff

ff

LOVE IN MAY.

(*MAIENLIEBE.*)

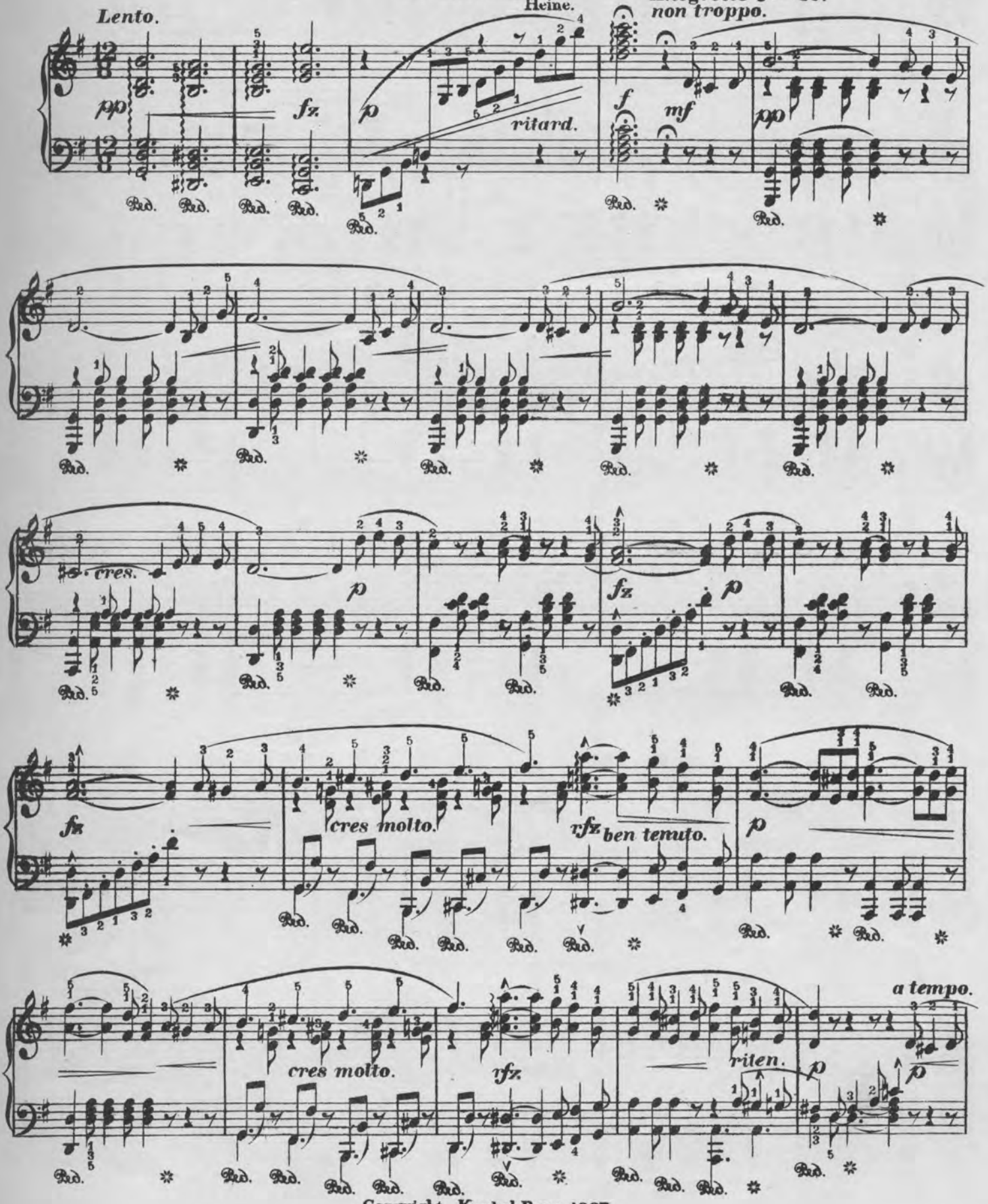
"Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Als alle Knospen sprangen
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen."
Heine.

Revised by the Author.

T. Oesten.
Op. 50. No. 1.

Lento.

Allegretto ♩. = 80.
non troppo.



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cres.

fz

decres.

p

ff

f

risoluto.

f

p

cres molto.

sfz

cres molto.

sfz

riten.

a tempo.

f

cres.

con forza.

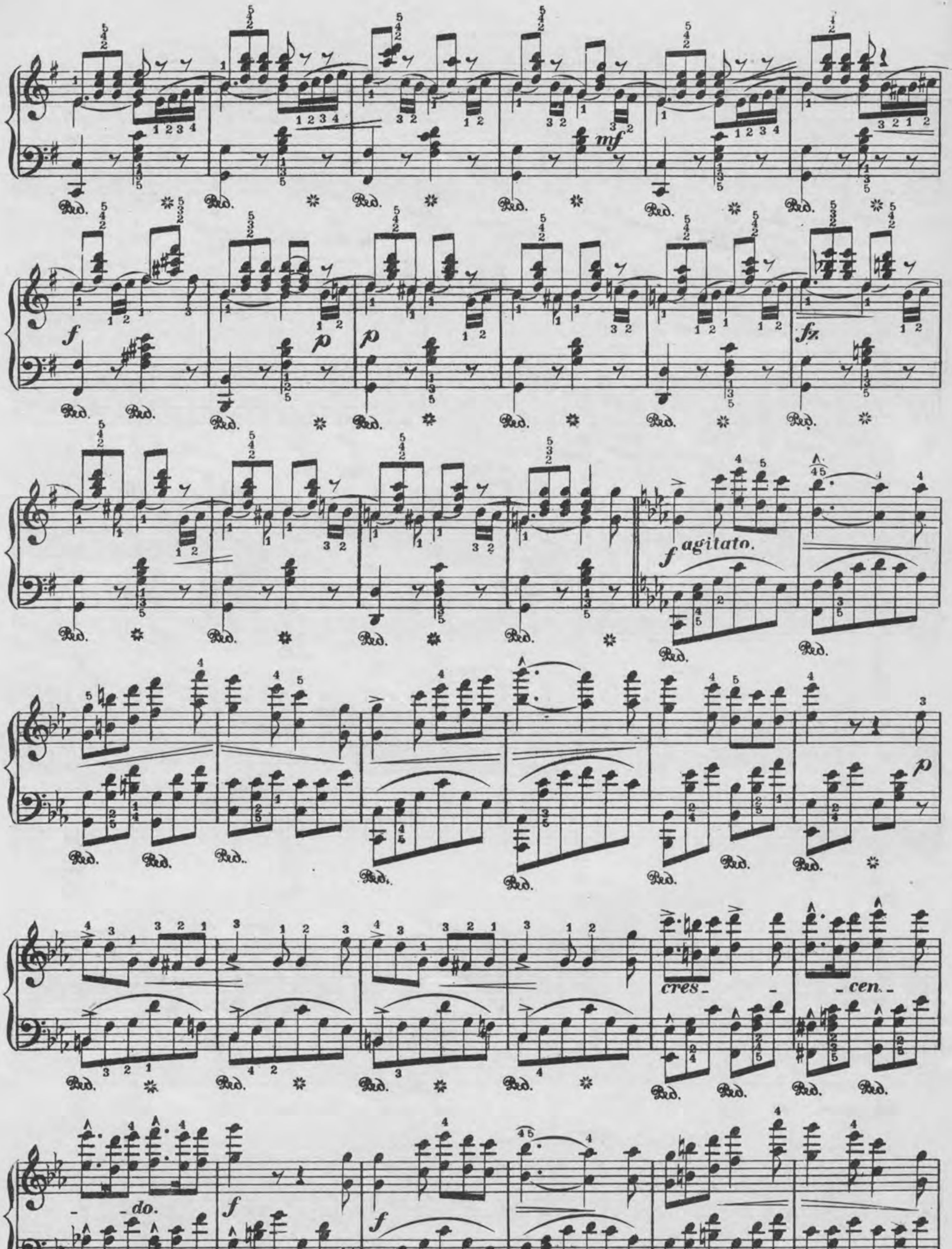
decres e rallent.

piu mosso. ♩. = 92.

leggiero.

fz

mf


mf
f
p
fz
f agitato.
cres. - cen. - do.

p

leggiero.

cres - cen - do.

f

decres.

rallent.

a tempo.

f *pp* *mf*

f decrescendo.

p

GAVOTTE G-MINOR.

Nº II.

J. S. Bach.

Allegro con spirito. 𝅗𝅥 = 104.

non legato. (not legato.)

ten.

marcato.

cres.

Execution.

molto cres.

Trio.(La musette.)
L'istesso tempo.(The same time.)

Fine.

ten.

ten.

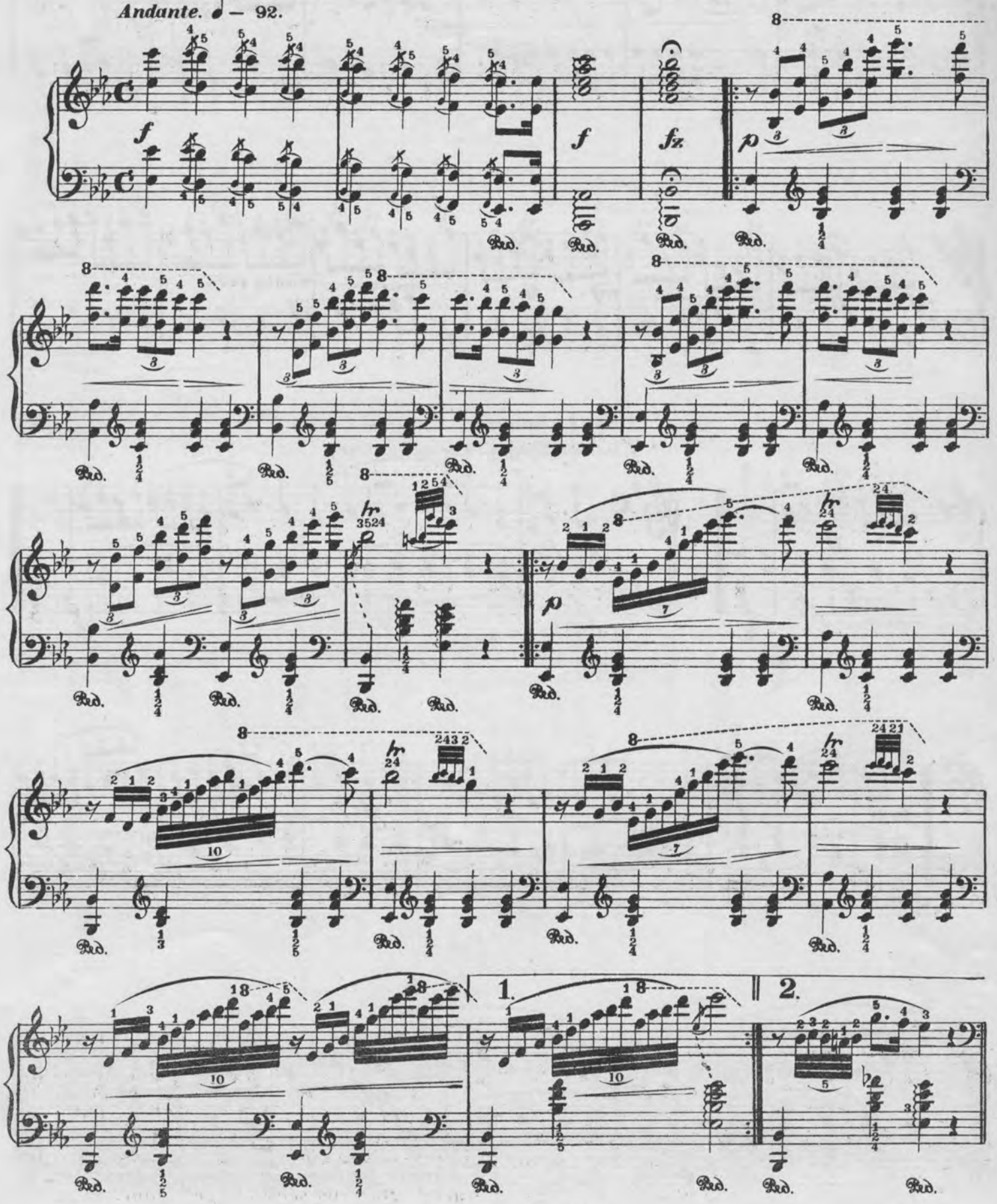
ten.

Gavotte Da Capo senza repetizione.

MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

T. Badarzewska.

Andante. ♩ — 92.



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marcato.

Piu Allegro.

1. 2.

cres.

rall.

a tempo.

ff

CHAMPIONS' MARCH.

I. D. Foulon.

Maestoso ♩ —120.

f *mf* *f*

mf

1. *f* 2. *dolce.* *p*

mf

f

Copyright_Kunkel Bros. 1887.

mf

f

FINE.

TRIO.

mf

p

f

p

1.

2.

tromba.

f

f

ff

mf

f

1.

2.

f

p

Repeat from the beginning to Fine.

THE LOVER AND THE BIRD.

P. D. Guglielmo.

Allegretto ♪ = 132.

p

Ped. ✲

ff *pp* *f* *pp*

Ped. ✲ Ped. ✲

rit. *a tempo.*

1. Oh! sing, sing on
2. Oh! sing, sing on,

rall. *p*

1. sweet - ly to cheer me, Bird, thy mu - sic sol - ace will bring,
2. e'en to de - ceive me, Bird, with vis - ions glit - t'ring and vain,

Copyright Kunkel Bros. 1887.

1.Thou wilt not fly! Why shouldst thou fear me! Sing of love, of love on - ly
2.Vain flat 'tring hopes! Oh, do not leave me! Sing of love, of love on - ly

Ped. Ped. Ped. *

1. sing. Those hon_ied notes of thine thro' me are thrill - ing; This heart long de_sponding, with
2. sing. Soon from my dreams shall I wak_en to sor_ - row; To_day give me rap_ture, I'll

Ped. * Ped. *

1. pleas - ure fill - ing. Oh! sing, sing on sweet_ly to cheer me, Sing of
2. weep to mor - row. Oh! sing, sing on, e'en to de - ceive me, Sing of

Ped. * Ped. *

1. love, ----- of love on - ly sing, sing, ----- sing, ---
2. love, ----- of love on - ly sing,

mf f

Ped. Ped. *

ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!

ah! ah! ah! songster pit - y me! Why can I nev - er

sing a song of rap - ture like thee!

1.

2.

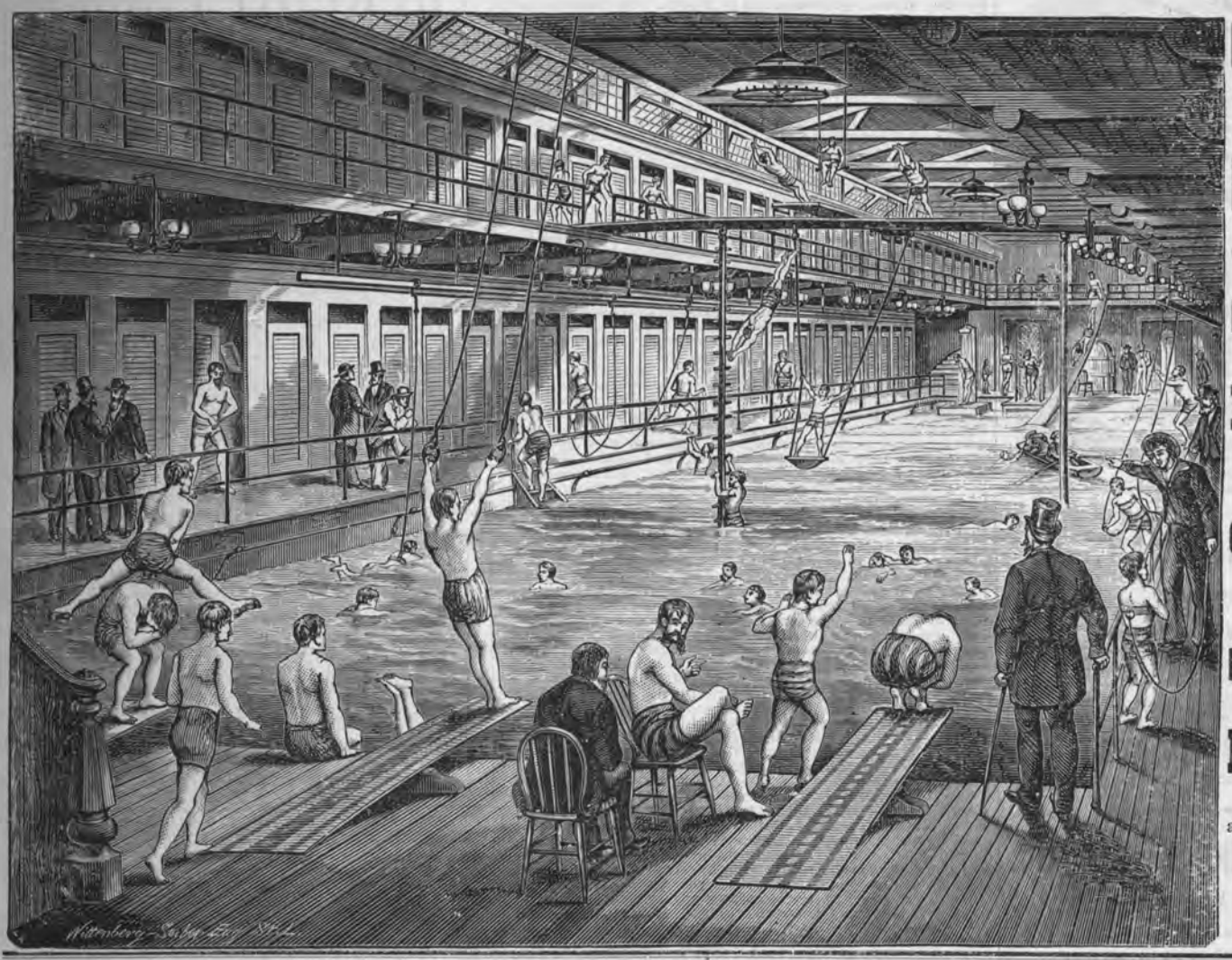
thee!

rit.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

THE doubt as to the authorship and nationality of the beautiful and popular melody of 'Home, sweet Home,' still appears to be unsettled. Controversies are every now and then started in the newspapers on the subject. With a view of putting an end to them, once for all, I write this letter—so that the publicity it will obtain in the widely-read pages of *The Daily Telegraph*—if you will be kind enough to give it a place—will be sufficient to prove to the most incredulous that the air is English, and was the composition of the very eminent and gifted musician, the late Sir Henry R. Bishop. During the progress of our work on the National Melodies of England, published in the *Illustrated London News*, in a series of musical supplements to that journal, commenced in 1851, and continued at intervals until 1854, I was thrown into friendly and constant intercourse with that gentleman. In one of our very many conversations on well-known English melodies, I took occasion to ask him for information on the subject of 'Home, sweet Home,' the authorship of which was often attributed to him, and as often denied by many, who claimed it as a National Sicilian air which Sir Henry had discovered and rearranged. He thereupon favored me with the whole history. He had been engaged, in his early manhood, by the once eminent firm of Goulding, D'Almaine, & Co., musical publishers of Soho Square, to edit a collection of the national melodies of all countries. In the course of his labors he discovered that he had no Sicilian melody that he thought worthy of reproduction, and, as a 'Sicilian melody' had been announced in the prospectus which Messrs. Goulding and D'Almaine had issued to the trade, Sir Henry thought he would invent one. The result was the now well-known air of 'Home, sweet Home,' which he composed to the verses of an American author, Mr. Howard Payne, then resident in England. When the collection was published the melody became so popular that, to use a common phrase, 'it took the town by storm,' and several musical publishers, believing it to be Sicilian, and non-copyright, reissued it at a cheaper rate than that at which it could be procured from Messrs. Goulding, D'Almaine & Co. The result was a series of actions for piracy and breach of copyright against the publishers who were implicated. When the cases came on for trial, Sir Henry Bishop was called as a witness, and deposed on oath to the facts as above set forth, and as he stated them to me many years afterwards. Messrs. Goulding and D'Almaine obtained a verdict on this evidence against the pirates, with merely nominal damages.

"This statement ought, I think, to end all doubt and controversy on the subject, and divide the honor of the authorship of the touching song and the beautiful melody between the United States and England, in both of which nations it has become national in the most affectionate sense of the word."—DR. CHARLES MACKAY, in *Daily Telegraph*, London.



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BOSTON.

BOSTON, April 18th, 1887.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—The season begins to show signs of approaching dissolution although concerts are plenty as yet. But the different series are dropping off one by one. Boston gets its music in blocks. For example there is the Boston Symphony (24 concerts and 24 public rehearsals); Boston Chamber Music Society (8 concerts); Euterpe (5 concerts); Kneisel Quartette (6 concerts); Louis Maas (4 concerts); Handel and Haydn Society (3 concerts); Apollo Club (8 concerts); Cecilia (4 concerts); Boyslon Club (8 concerts), etc., etc. All but the last three have finished their season's work, and already the musicians think of summer resort hops and seashore dances, although it is now snowing heavily and six inches of "beautiful snow" on the window sill seems to remind one that winter is not entirely vanished yet.

The Handel and Haydn Society gave its Easter Oratorio with great success last week. It was Haydn's "Creation," and of course the chorus, accustomed to cope with the difficulties of Bach or Handel, was quite at its ease, in the simple measures of Haydn. The three great finales brought each part to a triumphant close, and the decision of attack and perfection of ensemble was commendable. The orchestra also did finely in the picturesque accompaniments, the earliest of instrumental tone pictures. The contra-bassoon was unavoidably absent, and its place was taken (as it often is) by bass tuba. I do not like these substitutions, although this one could not be helped; but it made me think of the time when Boston had always to put up with a bass tuba for contrabassoon, a piano for harp, cornets for trumpets, tenor trombones for bass and alto, and even oboe for English horn. This was only two or three years ago. Now, all this is changed, thanks to our orchestra. The soloists of the "Creation" were excellent. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel made their first appearance since their return from Europe, and gave the duet of Adam and Eve in a perfect manner. I am always delighted with the singing of this couple, for they are real musicians, and that is what can very rarely be said of singers. Mr. W. J. Winch sang the tenor solos. He is often too sweet and languishing for my taste, but he is always in tune and time, and is every way careful and conscientious. Tenors are so very rare nowadays that it will not do to be too severe in judging them. It is better to be born with a tenor larynx in one's throat than with a silver spoon in one's mouth. The Henschels have been giving a series of vocal recitals here which deserve as warm praise as can be conveyed in cold type. They sing in every school, Italian, French, Old English and German, but I think them at their very best in German *Lieder*, and in folk songs. Such clearness of enunciation, such perfection of shading and expression can seldom be heard, and if they sing in your city I advise all music lovers to hear them. I am especially glad that they give some of the ballads of Carl Loewe at their concerts, for this great German writer is not appreciated sufficiently either in America or Europe He is the very prince of ballad composers, and his works in this form are full of dramatic power. His "Erlking" for example, is fully as dramatic as Schubert's, although not as musically great. Mrs. Henschel's voice is of admirable *timbre*, sweet and clear, and under perfect control.

The Kneisel Quartette have ended their concerts and have gone West with the orchestra At their last concert they had the assistance of several other artists and gave the Beethoven Septette in a manner which could scarcely be surpassed. The horn player (Mr. Xavier Reiter) is an especially great artist, and he gave the difficult passages for this instrument with marvellous shading and beauty. A fine feature of this concert was a sonata for harp and violin by Spohr, which Messrs. Kneisel and Schuecker played with faultless finish. Spohr's wife was a very fine harp player, and he wrote several works for this instrument to display her abilities. It is a pity that American ladies do not take up the harp as a drawing-room instrument instead of the pitiable banjo, or thin-toned mandoline.

Mr. Louis Maas ended his series of Chamber Concerts at Miller Hall very successfully. The Kneisel Quartette assisted, and of course the ensemble was something to be long remembered. Mr. Maas is as great in chamber music (concerted) as he is in solo work, and that is saying much, for he is one of the very greatest musicians that America has within its borders. His violin sonata performed at this concert by himself and Mr. Kneisel is a most musicianly composition, and proves how easily he manages the classical forms. He has also recently completed a violin concerto which is even greater than the sonata, especially in its romantic slow movements.

One would think that Boston had musical clubs enough for all purposes within its limits, yet such is proved not to be the case for the New England Conservatory of Music has recently founded a new one for old music. It is called the Palestrina Society, and it is to give its attention to music of the old Italian school, which is a noble field of labor. It is under the direction of Signor Rotoli, and is not composed only of students but of many talented singers from outside the Institution, and it promises to do excellent work in the near future.

Speaking of the Conservatory leads me to add that the recent term examinations in harmony, theory of music, musical form and composition, have proved the quality as well as quantity of the students is improving. Very few failed to pass the examination, and several graduated with especial honor. The course becomes more and more a true collegiate one, and augurs well for a large crop of composers and skillful musicians. But where in the world is the weak-brained "professor" of the "Silvery Waves" and "Maiden's Prayer" type to go, when this army begins to press upon him? COMES.

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New York, April 20th, 1887.

Editor Kunkel's Musical Review:—Our *dillettanti* are happy once more. Patti, the diva, the lyric queen of the world has come back to the Metropolis and has consented to give a season of opera at the Metropolitan Opera House. The programme of last week included *Traviata*, *Semiramide*, *Faust* and *Carmen*, the performances of which were witnessed by large and fashionable audiences. "*On dit*" that the proceeds of the whole week reached the handsome amount of $48,000.

Patti is still a great artiste, but it is to be hoped that she will soon, very soon, understand that she had better bid farewell to the lyric stage. The readers of your Review will, perhaps, call blasphemy what I am about to write, but I will nevertheless dare to say that her rendering of *Marguerite* and that of *Carmen* failed to raise me from my seat. Patti's conception of Goethe and Gounod's sweet and poetical "heroine" is far behind that of many other far less famous *prime donne*. Her treatment of the part shows a *Marguerite* who falls through passion and not through innocent but ardent love for *Faust*. She acts like a woman who is anxious to search into the unknown and not like a pure and chaste maiden who is ignorant of the danger before her. Her rendering of the musical score is faultless, and yet, in listening to her I did not feel that delirious and sympathetic sensation I had experienced before in hearing other *Marguerites*, Nilsson for instance. Mind you, I do not mean to say that I find no merit in Patti's interpretation of the part. I think it only good and her reputation should forbid her to try a *role* in which she can not be unquestionably great. Adelina Patti has been and still is the queen of the lyric stage, but the time is fast coming when she will have to resign the scepter she has carried for over a quarter of a century. Will she know when and how to do it? She owns a princely castle in Wales and has a fortune of several millions. Her voluntary retirement would be now a triumphal one. Later on, next year, tomorrow perhaps, it will be considered as the resignation of an invalid. She ought to think carefully over the matter.

A painful sensation has been created in New York by the news of the serious difficulties experienced at Omaha by the National Opera Company. The 275 people that compose this organization were stopped over forty-eight hours in that city, because the management had not money enough to pay for the railroad expenses to San Fancisco. The round sum of $10,400 was required to buy the tickets with, and, as the treasurer's cash box was empty, Charles E. Locke was obliged to telegraph for funds to his good friends and bankers in New York It seems that the money was raised and sent to the right party along with a letter in which the great manager of the National Opera Company was energetically notified that any further demand for money would receive no answer whatever. The company is now playing in San Francisco at the Grand Opera House, but it is safe to say that this trip will prove the beginning of the end. And who but knows what the end must be! The only fact that the management found itself without resources at Omaha is a positive proof that the company left New York *a l'aventure*, depending entirely upon the possible proceeds to be made while *en route*. Any man who has the least experience in theatrical business will say that such an undertaking is the acme of insanity. The railroad expenses alone will amount to nearly, if not over, $40,000. Add to that the salary list, which reaches surely $20,000 per week, and you will easily see what is likely to happen very shortly. I understand that the tour will last seven weeks, which means a total expenditure of two hundred thousand dollars. Where the management will get that amount from to face its obligations is certainly more than I can say. But as I know something about Frisco and the cities where the company will stop while *en route*, I think I can safely say that over fifty thousand dollars will be lost before the season is over. The general manager is a pretty clever (?) man, nobody can deny that, but if really Mrs. Thurber and her associates have repudiated all responsibility with the last venture (and I have very strong reasons to believe it) where will he find the means to cover the loss? Perhaps the members of the company can answer that question! It is to be hoped, however, that if disaster is to befall the National Opera Company, the National Conservatory of Music and Singing, which has so far been considered as its sister institution, will not have to suffer from it. There are seventy pupils, twenty men and fifty young ladies who are studying under competent teachers, and already three or four of them are expected to be engaged for next season. It can not be denied that the management of the National Conservatory has accomplished a great deal in a comparatively short time, and that every one connected with it has taken his duty at heart. Among the teachers attached to the school, there is Monsieur Jacques Bouhy whose record is most flattering and whose reputation all over Europe is second to that of no other lyric artist.

In my next letter, I will tell you all I know about the National Conservatory of Singing and its teachers. Porthos.

An orchestral concert given at the Opera House of Mexico, Mo., on April 15th, under the direction of Messrs. Treloar and Schirmacher, is reported to have been a success both artistically and financially.

The "Marine Band" of Washington is one of which everybody has heard and a few brief details may not be uninteresting to our readers. The members of the band are all enlisted men, who get $21 a month. The leader, Sousa, also an enlisted man, gets $90 a month. This famous band first performed at the White House on New Year's day, 1822, and has made music at every great entertainment, levee, reception, funeral or parade held at the capital since it was organized. Its origin was a funny one. Some of our ships, cruising in the Mediterranean in the early years of this century, picked up a lot of Italians who were playing on the streets of a little seacoast town. They were kept on shipboard for their music, and on reaching this country were sent to the capital to play at parties and balls. This little handful of Italians was the nucleus of the Marine band. Some of the descendants of these musicians are now among the wealthiest professional and business men at the capital. The members of the band live in the Marine barracks, are allowed to marry, keep shops and stores and play at the theatres and at private parties, when not required for official occasions, so that their $21.00 a month becomes a *bonus* rather than a salary. The band always plays at presidential receptions the original state tune of "Hail Columbia." the music of which was written in Washington's first term by Pfyles, the leader of the only orchestra in New York at the time. In John Adams' time Judge Hopkinson wrote "Hail Columbia," and put it to Pfyles' tune. Up to that time the music was known as the "President's March."

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PATTI ANALYZED.

THE return of Patti to New York, writes Adam Badeau to the Chicago *Herald*, suggests to me many memories. I was at her *début* at the Academy of Music more than a quarter of a century ago I was present at the rehearsal when she sang *Lucia* in a bonnet and shawl, and even then extorted applause from a critical and invited audience of connoisseurs. Earlier than this she was a musical prodigy and used to sing at her brother-in-law Strakosch's concerts, traveling about the country. It was uncertain then whether the young voice that promised so much would ever be developed, and her elder sister, Carlotta, was thought by many a finer artist. At the beginning the future prima donna could not act. They said she might become a vocalist, but that was all; she was awkward and nervous, like other novices. Who can fancy to-day that Patti was ever either awkard or nervous?—the model of self-poised, self-possessed, executive art! the opera queen, who is equally at home as *Marguerite* and *Semiramide*, the Assyrian monarch and Goethe's maiden; *Amina* and *Linda*, *Carmen* and *Lucia?* In London, however, they praised her acting as much as her singing; they thought the cathedral scene in "*Faust*" as fine as anything on the lyric stage, and the mad *tremolos* of *Lucia* equal in tragic power to the utterances of *Rachel* in "*Phèdre*," or of *Grisi* in "*Norma*." The London *Times* of ten or fifteen years ago also bepraised her till one almost doubted the sincerity, or at least the spontaneity, of the plaudits, and most of the other journals followed suit. But the English have their fashions in art to a greater extent than Americans imagine, partly, perhaps, because they have so little appreciation of what is great or genuine in art; for the English genius is exhausted in literature; there is neither power nor taste of the highest order left for painting or architecture or the drama to-day. Witness Leighton and Gilbert Scott and Irving—all learned, elaborate, artificial, second-rate executants. Naturally, the English thought Patti a great actress. They could not perceive that she always simulates and never feels; they could not detect that she was cold and hard in whatever required expression or dramatic quality. They had not the sympathetic chord themselves and could not know that it was not touched by a master hand.

Accordingly, Patti was for a long while the fashion in London. She had married a genuine marquis, and was received at court; so, of course, she was a great actress as well as singer. I have been at court concerts many a time at Buckingham Palace—when the Prince—aye, and the Princess of Wales—went up and complimented her upon her singing, and Mme. la Marquise de Caux made a courtesy as graceful as ever she performed on the stage, and as correct in etiquette as any of the prim peeresses about her could execute After that you may be sure everybody else thought her charming. She was invited to little dinners at Richmond Hill by ambassadors, and taken out on drags by noble lords with noble ladies by her side. She was very pretty in those days. She retained her freshness of look and voice a long while, and her toilets were ravishing. Her manners, too, were agreeable, although she was rather too conscious off the stage as well as on, but very captivating all the same.

And she sang deliciously. If you do not care for soul, there was nothing else to ask for. Vocalism, execution, facility, truth of tone, purity, sweetness, exquisite quality—something like the flavor of *pâté de foi gras* after champagne—the finest perfection appreciable to the most cultivated taste, and yet a simplicity in result which is only attainable by the highest art, and that taught her to touch the popular fancy in "Home, Sweet Home." *Everything but soul.* But never could she reach the power of infusing a sympathetic quality into that wonderful, flexible, tractable, elastic, extensible organ, which, in its own peculiarities, is unrivalled in our time. Probably Malibran may have equaled her, but I said, "in our time." For all I know, there were singers before the flood, with purer and higher soprano notes, and who could execute the *fioriture* passages of the "Traviata" or "Lucia" with greater taste or skill; but I don't go back so far. I have heard all the great prima donnas for thirty years, and in that time no one has rivaled Patti in her own domain of exquisite and artificial art.

And certainly no one has shared her triumphs. Every capital in Europe, from Madrid to St. Petersburg, has witnessed them; Rome, Naples, Milan, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, have welcomed her. She has been petted by more monarchs, and had presents from more millioniares, than anybody of this or the last generation—except Tom Thumb. The

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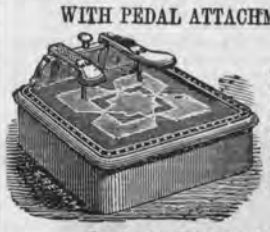

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bracelets and "rings and things," as Petruccio says; the golden as well as laurel crowns that have been lavished upon her; the emperors that have sent for her after the opera, or visited her between the acts; the empresses who have allowed her to kiss their hands; the students who have dragged her carriages (it is always students who drag the carriages; will any student of human nature tell us why?); the crowds that have risen when she appeared; the managers that have quarreled about her engagements; the bouquets that have nearly buried her; the salaries that have been showered upon her—would require an especial number of this paper to enumerate. Then her private history! Brought up to suppose she was a sort of *Wilhelm Meister's* sweetheart; leading all through her childhood almost the mountebank life; petted by fine ladies as a delicate monstrosity; singing at concerts when she was four years old; then suddenly leaping into the position of the very queen of opera, in the days when opera was still the fashionable amusement of the great world—as it is no longer out of New York. For the metropolitan people are behind the times. The English fashionables have forgotten they ever had boxes at Covent Garden or Drury Lane; they now affect the play, and run after Irving or Kate Vaughn or Nellie Farren.

Opera houses with them are an old story; while ours, and the people who frequent them, are *nouveaux* But, in the days of Patti's prime, duchesses and grand duchesses, as well as grand dukes, still looked and listened, both in Germany and Britain. She was an especial favorite at the Tuilleries, while the Tuilleries existed; the Second Empire admitted her to its not very exclusive circles. The Marquis de Caux was a member of the imperial court; the Emperor and Empress themselves were both *parvenus;* neither could say much about their mothers or their own early lives, so they didn't inquire too particularly after Patti's quarterings. One lineage was as long descended as the other, and Patti's royalty lasted later than that of those who patronized her.

This success, you may say, was all very well for a court like that of Napoleon III., as much of a sham as that of Gerolstein; but almost the same thing occurred in England. Patti was not only asked to court concerts to sing, but to court balls to dance; her name was placed on the Court Circular, among those of the marchionesses; after those that began with B, and before those that began with D. And this was all the stranger, because at that time the English treated artists *de haut en bas.* I have often been at concerts at private houses, where the great people of the stage were hired to perform, and were kept rigidly off from the great people who came to listen. Perhaps a duchess might go up and say how pleased she was to be pleased, but the singers must keep their places and wait to be spoken to, and not move about as guests. Their supper was always served to them apart. Patti was not treated in this way. Even Nilsson never achieved the same position. I met the Swede soon after I went to London, at the house of the Countess of Essex, but that noblewoman had herself been a public singer, and though the stain of genius was covered by the coronet, she did not forget her origin, and always treated artists as if they were ladies and gentlemen. At that very dinner Nilsson sat next the present Lord Rothschild, who seemed to admire her vastly, and people were wondering whether he would offer her his hand or his handkerchief. But I thought the *prima donna* laughed too loud and opened her mouth too wide (she sat opposite me); her manner suggested that she had, indeed, been a *Mignon.* She bared her arms and showed the sinews that proved she had been a circus player. She was not the artist off the stage that Patti was, and could not play so well the role of a *grande dame,* to which she was not born.

But priggish or proper England did not retain its regard for Patti to the end. Because the empire fell, or because she left her husband, she lost her place in the great English world. The divorce and the life with Nicolini shocked the dowagers, who wouldn't have minded so much if she had kept her coronet, and though she likes England, and has a castle in Wales, she is invited no longer by the *haute volée.* Besides which, her charms are waning; her voice, though still marvelous, hardly retains its original freshness and the fashion of this world passeth away.

So Patti, who reserved herself for Europe when voice and youth, and rank and reputation were in their prime, graciously returns to the land of her childhood, where she made her first successes and reaped her first resources, now that she is Madame Nicolini, not Madame de Caux, and it is 1887 instead of 1857.

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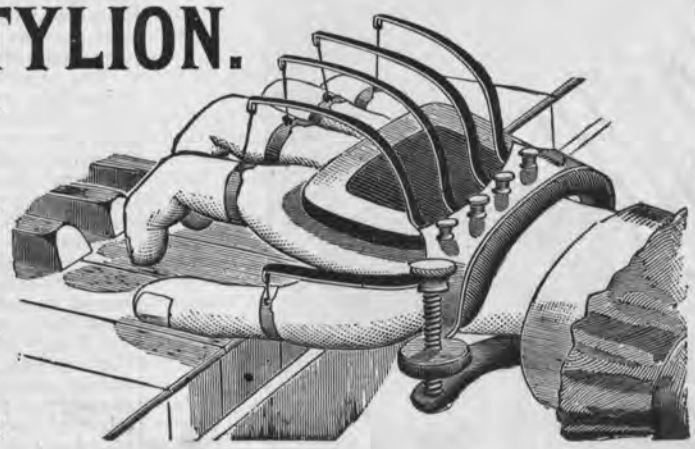

MAJOR AND MINOR.

ALBRECHT & Co., the Philadelphia piano makers have failed.

MR. CARL ROSA has now converted his English opera enterprise into a limited liability company, and the British public are about to be invited to subscribe for shares. The share list was to close on April 21.

KOETTER sends to his *table d'hote* patrons postal cards on which is printed the day's dinner *menu*, and also a collection (fresh daily) of witticisms, etc., entiled "Wit and Wisdom." His customers show their wit and wisdom by patronizing his dinners.

THE London *Musical Standard*, speaking of criticism, very truthfully says: "If the player or his friends are so thin-skinned as not to be able to bear adverse criticism, there is one sovereign panacea against rough handling—don't play in public." To which we say, Amen!

MUSIC, sculpture, poetry, painting—these are glorious works; but the soul that creates them is more glorious than they. The music shall die on the passing wind, the poem may be lost in the confusion of tongues, the marble will crumble, and the canvas will fade, while the soul shall be quenchless and strong, filled with a nobler melody, kindling with loftier themes, projecting images of unearthly beauty, and drinking from springs of imperishable life.

GRETRY went one day to consult a physician, who asked him, "How do you compose music?" "As one makes verses and pictures. I read, say twenty times, the words which I wish to paint with sounds. It takes several days for my head to become warmed. Then I lose my appetite, my eyes are inflamed, my imagination is excited; and so I write an opera in three or four weeks." "Well, well, you must stop all that, or you will never be cured." "I know it," replied the musician; "but which is the best way—to wear out or to be bored to death."

A CERTAIN inhabitant of Reggio, so the story goes, went to Parma to see a representation of "Aida." The performance was not at all satisfactory to our amateur, who wrote to Verdi, demanding to be indemnified for his time and traveling expenses during the little excursion. Verdi was so good-natured as to accede to the demands, and even requested the amateur to never again attend a performance of a new opera by him. The inhabitant of Reggio sent back a receipt in due form, with an agreement never again to attend an opera by Verdi, except at his own risk and peril.

VIOTTI, the famous violinist, was once invited by Marie Antoinette to give a concert at Versailles. He went, and played before a room full of noblemen and distinguished personages. Suddenly, and while he was playing, an officer announced, "Room for the Count d'Artois!" At this interruption, every one rose, saluted, and shook hands with the Count. After ten minutes confusion, there was again a calm; and the Count being seated, was prepared to listen, like ordinary mortals. Unfortunately, Viotti, feeling himself insulted, had put his violin under his arm and disappeared. And never again would he consent to play at Court.

THE number of Liszt's published works has been found to be 1121, according to a Viennese authority. Of these, 385 are said to be original works; the rest are transcriptions and arrangements of his own or other music. Among his original pieces, 37 are for orchestra, 56 for voices and orchestra, 28 for voice and organ, 87 for voice and piano. The words which Liszt has used for his melodies are taken from Goethe (18 poems), Lamartine (11), Victor Hugo and Herder (10), Schiller (9), Heine (8), Fallersleben (7). Byron (5). Lenau, Uhland and Herwegh (4). This Austrian commentator has not included the names of Dante, Petrarch and other Italian poets in his list.

THE "National Opera Company" met with a batch of trouble at Omaha on April 13th. They should have left the place at 1 o'clock A. M. for San Francisco, but the union Pacific Railroad refused to move a wheel until Manager Locke paid $8,400 on transportation. Superintendent Hayes, of the Wagner Sleeping Car Company, also appeared on the scene and held both train and baggage until he was paid $2,000. After considerable telegraphing Washington Connor, the Wall street broker, wired funds sufficient to help Mr. Locke out, and about 8 o'clock P. M. they proceeded in the direction of San Francisco. The receipts of the three performances at Omaha were only $7,000, of which the opera company received $5.000.

WHEN Mr. Robyn and Mrs. Pittman sold their opera "Manette" to Wm. A. Thompson of the "Thompson Opera Company," the *Post-Dispatch*, with a great flourish, published that the sale had been made outright for $25,000. The opera was neglected and Mr. Robyn and Mrs. Pittman brought suit to have the sale cancelled. To this Thompson consented and judgment by consent was therefore rendered annulling the contract made, of which the following is the memorandum:

"ST. LOUIS, MO., May 1, 1885.

This is to certify that in consideration of one dollar paid, we have this day agreed to give Wm. A. Thompson, of the 'Thompson Opera Company,' the exclusive right to produce the comic opera of 'Manette,' of which we claim to be the sole authors of music and libretto; the terms of same have been agreed upon as follows:

Wm. A. Thompson will give said Pittman & Robyn 10 per cent. of the profits accumulating from such productions.

ALFRED G. ROBYN.
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THAT gas is rapidly taking the lead as a fuel for cooking purposes is fully shown by the large sales of stoves being made by the St. Louis Gas Stove Store, No. 1115 Olive Street. Read their advertisement and learn the many advantages derived from the use of gas, which is undoubtedly the fuel of the future.

IN the preface of a little book written by Martin Luther, we find the following significant words of the great Reformer: "I do not think that through the Scriptures all fine arts should be condemned, as many would-be theologians do. I want to see the arts, especially that of music, in the service of Him who has given and created it." Therefore he mentions: "Children must learn to sing, and teachers must be able to teach singing. Music," he adds further, "stands nearest to divinity! I would not give the little I know for all the treasures of the world! It is my shield in combat and adversity, my friend and companion in moments of joy, my comforter and refuge in those of despondency and solitude."

MR. LEGOUVÉ relates that Malibran, the great *diva*, met Thalberg, the great pianist, in Italy, one day, and begged him to play some piece for her. He manifested his willingness to do so, but requested her to sing first. Malibran felt ill disposed, but she was obliging and sang. But she sang poorly. "I told you so, Mr. Thalberg. I can not sing to-day!" Thalberg said not a word, but, letting his fingers glide over the keys, he struck forth most melodious music from the instrument before him. Malibran, whose head had sunk low in her moody humor, raised it gradually as the music struck her ear, and when Thalberg had ended, she exclaimed—"Oh let me sing now! now I can sing!" And she did, and with such richness and power that all were astonished. Fine music had the same effect upon her that the "spirit stirring fife and drum have upon the soldier. She was inspired by the sound.

EUGENE D'ALBERT is at present touring in Russia, and seems to meet with phenomenal success, if there is any truth in newspapers. One of these calls him "the youngest but the first of living pianists;" another describes him as a Bülow and Rubinstein rolled into one; and the third declares that Rubinstein himself could not play his own compositions as well as the young Englishman plays them. Coming from a Russian critic this is saying not a little, and suggests the question, Why should not D'Albert come to this country and play to us Beethoven and Chopin and Rubinstein as he has to the French, the Germans and the Russians? Apart from the musical treat to be expected, our public would have the opportunity of showing that it can forgive in a great artist the want of tact and petulancy of a boy; or rather that it judges of and admires that artist regardless of his sayings and doings away from the platform. In that manner we might indeed teach a lesson to the Germans, or at least to that noisy and stupid section of the German public which recently made itself conspicuous by hooting first at Saint-Saëns and then at Bülow for "national" reasons.—*Musical World*, London.

SAYS Church's *Musical Visitor:*

"We make the following extract from a letter before us, not so much to show the gullibleness of the writer as the cupidity, dishonesty and general cussedness of human nature as sometimes manifested in so-called professors and teachers. The writer applied to certain persons for advice and the following quotations show what was given under the disguise of that name: 'All professors who have examined my voice say I stand at the head of the world in compass. * * * * * * Prof. —— of St. Louis, says I have voice to throw away; more voice than there is music written. * * * * * * Another professor said I would have to go to the old country to have music written for me. It does seem strange that an American lady must go abroad for music. If our composers can write in one octave why not in four?" All this would be laughable were it not for the lack of honesty and moral courage manifested by the 'Professors'." The question arises whether the *Visitor* does not owe it to itself and the public to name the humbugs who were guilty of these foolish statements. If Brother Murray will put us in possession of the facts in full, so that we can find out how far the St. Louis "professor" was correctly reported, we shall take care to give his name all the publicity he could desire.

WHEN Philip II, King of Spain, went to Brussels in 1519 to visit the Emperor Charles V, his father, among the festivities of the occasion was a procession in which were some of the queerest things imaginable. At the head marched an enormous bull from whose horns flashed forth fire, while between them was seated a little devil. Before the bull, a boy covered with a bear-skin was seated on a horse with tail and ears cut off. Then came the archangel Michael, in brilliant costume, and holding a balance in his hand. But a stranger sight than these was a chariot in which were carried the strangest sort of a band. There was a bear playing the organ; for the pipes there were some twenty-narrow boxes, each enclosing a cat, whose tails projected, and were connected with the keys by threads, so that, when a key was depressed, the corresponding tail was pulled, and a lamentable sound issued from the throat of poor pus. The chronicler, Juan Christoval Calvete, adds that the cats were arranged, according to their voices, in the order of the scale. Following this abominable machine came a stage on which danced, to the infernal music of the cat-organ, monkeys, wolves, deer, and other animals.

"THE anti-administration journals," says the *Indicator*, "are making a great pother because President Cleveland has had a private entrance made to his box at a Washington theatre. This is what Henry Watterson's paper has to say about it: 'At a time when all that is mean and sordid in our shoddy society is turning itself inside out to ape the manners of the titled and rich aristocracies of Christendom, when ill-got wealth is tumbling heels over head in the scramble for a coarse, currupting pre-eminence in parvenuism, when the old stately courtesy of simple manhood and womanhood which once were a grace and charm all their own in our public walks and ways are now being ingulfed in the hog-wallow of the new-made greatness, with its imported trappings, it was most fit and needful that a Democratic President and his Democratic administration should rise above the mud and mire of cant, and plant themselves upon the high and solid ground of self-honoring reality, with its homely lessons of modesty and truth. A private entrance to a private box because the crowd "annoys" him. Fah and out upon such tomfoolery! On what birdlings doth this our birdie feed that he hath grown so sensitive?' This seems unnecessarily severe. In view of the ostentation of most theatre parties occupying boxes, Mr. Cleveland's course seems modest and commendable. Perhaps the advocates of Jeffersonian simplicity think that the President should sit in the gallery and throw peanut shells into the parquette."

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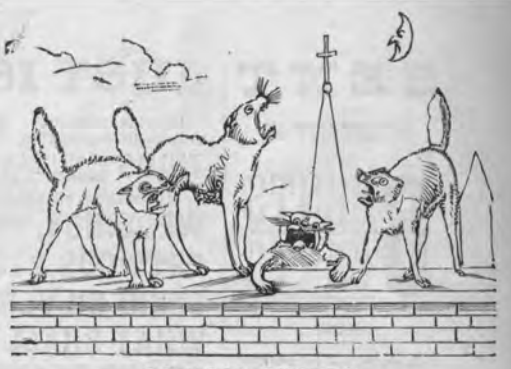


COMICAL CHORDS.

THE man who has a scolding wife wants but little *hear* below.

CLEVELAND never puts his foot in it. He gets in only his V-toes.

DOGS may go to the happy land of canine, but cats go to purr-dition.

"IF woes o'ertake thee, smile!" sings the poet. But what if the bartender won't trust you?

"THIS," said the school-boy, picking up the master's ferule, "this is the board of education!"

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

THE bravest boy will quail when he appears in public for the first time after he has had his hair cut by his mother.

THE following playing rules were adopted by the fly convention (league and American association) for the present season.,,!.;'!:",,

"WHAT are the last teeth that come?" asked Prof. Ludwig Bremer of his class in physiology. "False teeth," was the intelligent reply.

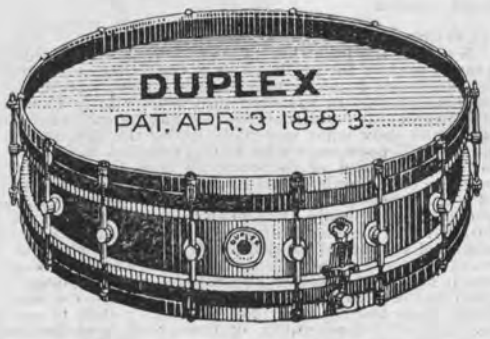
AN ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches around. An ordinary man's arm is thirty inches long. How admirable are the works of nature!

"YOU'VE lost all your teeth!" said a lady to an Irish beggar. "An' its toime Oi parted wid dem, Mum, phwen Oi'd nothin' for 'em to do, Mum."

"Have you Brown Eyes?" asked a young lady of one of the clerks at Wynne's music store, the other day. "Yes, Miss, but of what interest can that be to you?" "Oh, it's the music I want."

BUNCO STEERER—"Why, my old friend Backer! How do you do? I am glad to see you."
Stranger—"My name isn't Backer."
Bunco Steerer—"What! Ain't you Quincy Backer of Pleasantview?"
Stranger—"My name is Constantinopolitanischerdudelackspfeiffenkopfmachergeselle, and I live in Tettabahanasse, Mich. Pretty name, isn't it?"
Bunco Steerer—"Yes, sir. Beg pardon I—"
Stranger—"Yes, long name. Takes you some time to spell that out to that other rascal across the street, don't it? Tell him I'm on to his game. Try some other one on me next time. Good day."

PATENT DUPLEX DRUM.



It is a known fact that the snarehead of a drum, in order to respond to the slightest touch of the stick, should be very thin and have much less tension than the tough batterhead. To accomplish this was a problem, which remained unsolved until we invented our Duplex Drum, the heads of which are tightened separately.

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