

KUNKEL'S

MUSICAL REVIEW.

JULY, 1881.

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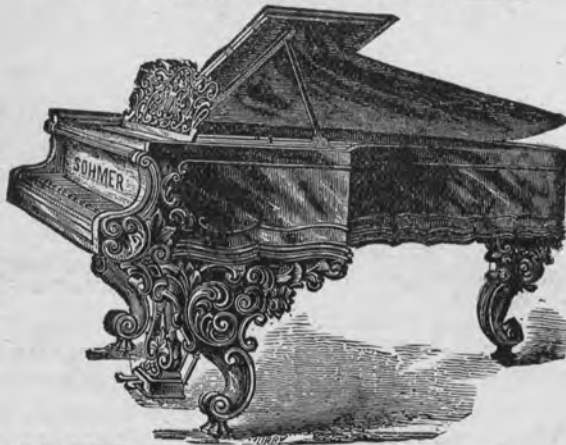


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A JOURNAL

Devoted to Music, Art, Literature, and the Drama.

Vol. III.

JULY, 1881.

No. 11.

BLESSED DREAMS.

The sunset's smile had left the sky,
The moon rose calm and fair,
As low a little maiden knelt
To breathe her nightly prayer,
And thus her brief petition rose,
In simple words and few—
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true."

O, I have stood in temples grand,
Where in the rainbow gloom
Rose pompous prayers from priestly lips
Through clouds of dense perfume.
But ne'er a one has seemed to me
So guileless, pure and new—
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true."

Ah, little maiden, kneeling there,
Beneath the sunset skies,
What need have we of other prayer
Than yours, so sweet and wise?
Henceforth I breathe no studied plea,
But bow and pray with you—
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true."

—*Florence Percy.*

COMICAL CHORDS.

GOES by water—the toper.

MARSHALL music—"You are my prisoner."

SONG of the moonshiner: "I love thee—still."

THE Jew's Harp is very ancient. King David had one.

"LET'S go and dynamite," said a hungry Nihilist to another, on a bomb.

DO traveling singers, with chest voices, have to pay anything extra for baggage?

WHEN a young man wants to protect a young lady he naturally puts his armor round her.

"I'm afloat, I'm afloat?" she screamed. "Put up sail and scud," said a tortured listener.

ONE of the leading ministers of Boston plays the violin. A sort of a fiddle D.D., so to speak.

WHY are people who stutter not to be relied upon? Because they are always breaking their word.

WHAT kind of music does an excessive tobacco masticator remind one of? Why, an over-cuever, to be sure.

WE offer this paragraph as evidence that color blindness is universal. While to every one who reads it, it will appear black, it is actually read.

THIS is his first season on a farm, and he has planted ten acres with old tomato cans. He expects the ground to produce a heavy crop of canned tomatoes.

WHAT made By-ron?—*McGregor News*. Probably a Bulwer after him.—*Modern Argo*. Or a Cow-per-sued him. Or, again, perhaps, he ate too much spring Lamb. We'll try once more: What made By-ron? *Maid of Athens*.

ANY intelligent jury would have acquitted Othello of wife murder; for when he committed the deed he was so enraged that he was not himself—he was s' m' other man!!

SERVANT—"And please 'm, when I am out may I call and tell the piano tuner to come to-morrow? for I notice when you plays as the instrument seems to want tuning very badly."

THERE was a row in the gallery of a Dublin theater, a scuffle, and a voice shouted: "Turn him out!" Another, "Throw him over!" "Ay!" added a third, "and don't waste him, boys. Kill a fiddler with him."

"The temperance men mean business in the matter of clearing out the whisky. They're just full of it," cried an excited temperance orator. He hasn't been invited to speak since.

A CHAP from the country stopping at one of the hotels in New York, being asked by the waiter whether he would have green or black tea, replied: "I don't care a cuss what color it is, if it only has sweetenin' in it."

NOT QUITE WHAT HE MEANT, THOUGH.—Milkman—"Tell yer mother she'll 'ave to pay me ready money for milk in futur'; I ain't a going to chalk up any more." Boy.—"Wot are yer a going to use instid then, Mr. Simpson?"

VALUABLE information from a bachelor: June is one of the unlucky months for marriages. The other unlucky months are January, February, March, April, May, July, August, September, October, November, and December.

"THE Germans are a frugal people," says an American writer, after visiting the Berlin Opera House. "As soon as the opera was over, the man in front took wads of cotton from his pocket and stopped up his ears to save the music he had paid for."

"JAMES," said a motherly woman to a young man whose first sermon she had just heard. "James, why did you enter the ministry?" "I had a call from the Lord," said the young man, and then came the reply, "But are you sure it was not some other noise you heard?"

A Paris letter says: "At the recent Mackay ball the toilet of the hostess was a poem." So? Kind of an airy costume for a ball, too; but then we are glad to know it was a poem. Just think! Suppose it had only been a two-line paragraph! Oh, dear, oh, dear!—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

WIDE mouths have come into fashion on women. The fashionable belle has cut the puckering string of her mouth and no longer murmurs: "Prunes, prunes, prunes." She can kiss two men simultaneously and give good satisfaction, where before only one could find room at a time.

A FULL-BEARDED grandfather recently had his beard shaved off, showing a clean face for the first time for a number of years. At the dinner table his three-year-old granddaughter noticed it, gazing long with wondering eye, and finally ejaculated, "grandfather, whose head you got on?"

MRS. BUMPKIN went to church last Sunday, and when she came back to the boarding-house she was enthusiastic over the service.

"Well, Mrs. B.," said a lady, "what did they have?"

"Oh, a lovely sermon, and such singing!"

"Ah, what did they sing?"

"Everything!"

"But what pleased you most?"

"Well, I thought the handsones was nice, but the voluptuary by the choir, and the 'Glorious in Excelsior,' was just too magnificent for any use."

There was a grin from the smart young man on the other side of the table, but Mrs. B. never knew what caused it.

A MUSICAL beet—Beethoven.—*Chaff*.

And now just wait to see the paragraphers pass that along. We shan't assist.—*The Score*.

THE REVIEW is seldom affected that way, but (perhaps it was due to the hot and debilitating weather) when that *Beethoven-in-sight*, it could not help but remark that Elson ought not to carrot all if some would be wit nosing around should *rutabaga-telle* or *turnip* a mild punnygraph such as he can *spinage* after age. No *pun-kin* be otherwise than dry and if we *artichoke* on such dry wit and be *gourd* to madness by our brother "ijits," we shall have to ask more *celery*. *Lettuce* have *peas*; no longer *poke* such things at us for they would have made even Beethoven forget his *kail*. Wicked paragraphers will *cabbage* this and not acknowledge the *corn*, but all such public opinion will *squash*.

P. S. The above is *barley* sufficient; we only tried to *cauliflower* here and there and we hope our readers will think *thisle* do and will not be inclined to use harsh *apple*-ations against us and thus *nettle* us. *Beans* as this might make our readers melancholy we will stop, though most of them will doubtless say: "Oats all right!"

P. S. No. 2. Our French joke: Pourquoi la sangsue est-elle la plus musicale des betes? Parce qu'elle fait des ouvertures de betes aux veines. (De Beethoven.)

Kunkel's Musical Review.

I. D. FOULON, A. M., LL. B., - - - EDITOR.

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THE REVIEW was the only paper that had anything like a correct biographical sketch of Gotthold Carlberg, the musical journalist, who lately died in New York. Our sketch was abridged from one written for us by Mr. Carlberg himself over two years ago.

"Unless otherwise stated, everything in the *Musical People* is original, and written for this paper, and printed herein for the first time."—*Musical People*.

After reading the articles not "otherwise stated," no one will be inclined to deny the above statement; it may, however, seem unnecessary!

THE sale of the special edition of Goldbeck's Harmony which was closed on the 20th of June was very large, although it did not foot up to within a few thousands of the limit of 25,000, which the publishers had set. The book makes an elegant volume and is cheap at \$1.50. It is, beyond possibility of doubt or cavil, the best book on the subject published.

F. A. NORTH's sprightly little sheet, *The Monthly Musical News*, says, in its last issue:

"The *Musical People* in a recent article says that: "Genius in financial and practical matters of every-day life, is crowned with success; but genius in musical or artistic form is usually misunderstood, and is very apt to be passed by unnoticed."—This holds good only in some cases, for our experience is to the contrary. Do we celebrate the anniversary of great business-men and financiers, or hang up their portraits in our homes? But Dante, Raphael, Mozart, Shakespeare, and even lesser lights in art and literature are held as household gods among us, whose memory we hold ever green. If the writer in the *Musical People* counts dollars as the only expression of success, then he may be correct."

The *Musical News* did not penetrate the true inwardness of the remark of the *People*, when he wrote "genius in musical or artistic form ("Genius in

form" is good (?)) is usually misunderstood and is apt ("Apt" is still better!) to be passed by unnoticed, the editor of the *People* had in mind his own experience as a musical genius.

As we had predicted, the demurrer in the suit of Pearce vs. Mapleson *et al.*, was sustained by Judge Adams and judgment entered for the defendants. Plaintiffs have appealed. The next thing will probably be a voluntary dismissal of the appeal—if not, it will be an affirmance of the judgment of the Circuit Court. Under the circumstances, it is probably as well, that since they must have their jokes (?) at the expense of "those blarsted Hamericaus," our English brothers cracked them when they did, since, had they waited for the actual occurrence of the trial, which they prematurely reported, they might have had to wait forever.

MR. ROBERT GOLDBECK, the eminent composer, teacher, and pianist, was married to Miss Lizzie Henschel, on Saturday, the 25th of June. The ceremony, which was strictly private, was performed by the venerable Rev. Dr. Post. The happy couple left the same day over the ever popular Vandalia line for an Eastern tour. The REVIEW's best wishes, which in this case will doubtless be realized, will accompany the newly wedded pair wherever they go. Since, like Dr. Syntax, though much earlier, our friend has decided

"To take for better or for worse,
Heav'n's best of gifts or direst curse,
That adds a smile or frown to life
In the fixed image of a wife."

We feel like congratulating him that he has secured a lady who is in every respect eminently fitted to be "an help-meet for him."

CHOPIN's frequently quoted remark to the effect that music is essentially an aristocratic art, which is now making its annual tour in the musical papers, only serves to show how nonsense will pass for wisdom if only it has some great name to back it. All arts are "aristocratic," if by that it be meant that they are debased when made to minister to what is low or immoral. In this respect, music stands on a level with its sister arts, neither higher nor lower. In reality, music is the most democratic of all the fine arts, that which is most accessible to the masses, as well as that which they can best appreciate. An ordinary painting, not a daub, costs hundreds of dollars, and master-pieces are worth fortunes. How many men have, or can have, as their own, even one statue of the masters? It is not so with music; a few dollars buy the works of the masters, a little time and study make them part and parcel of one's being, so that they are recalled and enjoyed, even in the stillness of the night, or the solitude of the desert, by the humble as well as by the proud, by the poor as well as by the wealthy. Music! why it is the only one of the arts that ever makes its home among the lowly; that takes even the street Arab out of the filth, ignorance and degradation which he knows too well, to give his soul an occasional glimpse of the sunshine

an occasional breath of the pure air of song-land. Music is not essentially aristocratic; it is universal, therefore, essentially democratic, Chopin to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE RELATIVE AGE OF THE FINE ARTS.

Music, the last of the fine arts to receive anything like an adequate development, must, from the very nature of things, have been the first that was attempted in the earlier ages of the world. Based as it is (as we have already shown in this magazine) upon the natural expression of the feelings through the intonations of the voice, its rudiments—unless, indeed, spoken language be a direct gift or inspiration of God to man—its rudiments, we say, must have preceded those of articulate speech, and in any event must have been co-existent with it from the beginning. This theory, while it must remain a theory as to pre-historic times, is not only plausible, but is borne out by observation. No people, however rude and savage, has ever been found among whom music of some sort did not exist, even where the most ordinary, manual arts were unknown and unappreciated. Likewise, all the authentic records we have of the nations of antiquity indicate that music was the earliest known of the fine arts.

Poetry must have followed next in order of time. In the earliest ages, men, living among the scenes of nature, but seeing in every one of its operations the intervention of mysterious and supernatural power, with imaginations unchecked by the cold hand of science, unacquainted with abstract ideas, must have been filled with thoughts which they could express only by the assistance of imagery; and therefore the earliest forms of language must have been essentially poetical. From the poetical in thought to the expression of that thought in measured cadence, in verse of some sort, is but one step, and we universally find that the oldest monuments of the ancient literatures are poems.

In the recitation of these poems, gesture and facial expression, and probably the dance, which is universal to this day among savage and barbarous peoples, were doubtless united to a sort of musical declamation, and from this combination sprang the dramatic art, which, in crude form it is true, has been found in existence among many of the most savage tribes, from South Africa to Kamtschatka; though, of course, among them the drama very naturally takes the form of violent physical exhibitions, for which the play itself, primitive in the extreme, seems to be but a sort of pretext.

The plastic arts, architecture, at least so far as any attempt at beauty of construction is concerned, as well as sculpture and painting, which served to beautify and complete the work which architecture had begun, must have followed later.

When we contemplate the ruins of a Parthenon, and when modern sculpture confesses itself unable to compete with the works of the ancients, it seems passing strange that they should never have approached even distantly the excellence of the moderns. But may there not be at least a partial expla-

nation of that fact in what follows? The fine arts all owe their origin to religion. The Olympic, Pythic, Isthmian and Nemean games of the Greeks were instituted, as is well known, in honor of the gods; the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, were inspired by the same desire of honoring or worshipping the deities of their native lands; and not only in Greece, but also in Egypt, in India, and later, in Rome, we see the fine arts in their infancy devoted exclusively to the service of the gods, and, very largely, shaped and colored by the character of the motive from which they sprang and of the object to which they were dedicated. Now, the religions of antiquity were essentially material, while music in its highest forms is essentially spiritual. Material, sensible forms and colors, such as those which constitute the elements of architecture, sculpture, and painting sufficed to express the religious emotions, to satisfy the religious imagination of the ancients; through them their religious sentiments could receive their most adequate expression, and them they cultivated, and often brought to a degree of perfection since then attempted in vain. With the development of Christianity, however, as its inner life became more wide-spread and conscious, the old art-forms became inadequate to express the emotions of its votaries. The religion of the soul demanded for its highest expression the language of the soul—music. The historical fact that modern music had its birth in the Christian Church is too well established to need discussion; and, to our mind, that historical fact is not a fortuitous circumstance, but rather the necessary result of the laws that govern the development of the human soul. Music, earliest of the fine arts, was the last developed, because it was only in the atmosphere of Christianity that its proper development was possible.

THE DRAMA.

In all sentient beings, we find a strong desire to give expression to their feelings. Even in the lower animals we may detect certain emotions from their outward manifestations; while in man the impulse to speak forth his thoughts and feelings, as they crowd upon his soul, is universal; indeed it is inseparable from human nature. This man does, not only by gesture and speech but also by impersonation, and this impersonation or assumption of character is the first step toward the drama; hence, in the drama, we see a picture of life resuscitating the past, an exact counterpart of what is moving and progressive in human experience. Now, just as surely as every imitation of action by action is in germ a drama and that imitation is natural to man, in fact a part of man, just as surely has the drama come to stay among us, and any attempt to remove it would be as futile as it would be unwise. Against the drama in literature, no one seems to raise his voice, for he who would do it would prove himself an ignorant fanatic. The drama in the theater, on the other hand, seems, at the present day, to be abused on all sides. But if the drama in literature has conquered man's primitive barbarism, the drama in the theater has triumphed over it; and if the drama in the theater as well as the drama in literature, is among us and is to remain as an important factor in the social and intellectual life of the people, as a source of much pleasure and culture, the indiscriminating abuse of theaters which present such charms—the attempt to drive good people away from

them—is a damage to the cause of morality. It is our business rather to make the best of it, and to do all in our power to make it pure, to secure plays free from equivocal situations; plays that leave no stain and excite no unwholesome imaginations.

The dramatist who puts vice on the stage, should be abhorred and driven away from society, as the enemy of mankind. He assumes to be actuated by the highest motives, to be making an example of vice and preaching a sermon on morality, but while frankly displaying its folly and danger, he at the same time decks it with flowers and paints it in colors which, for the time, make us forget what it is. Indeed a beautiful sermon on vice! But the audience, while hugging the delusion, can not fail to see that it is more interested in the villainy than in the moral of the piece. It is against such plays that we should turn our batteries; they are immoral in the highest degree, they tend to destroy all that is worthy in human nature. It is also against the actor and actress who take part in such plays, that we are to exert our influence. They are a disgrace to the stage, their presence is pollution! But above all it is the people who patronize such dramas that we are to denounce, for the theater is never ahead of those who patronize it. Since the stage is but a mirror, which reflects accurately the qualities of the inner man, if he be moral, it will be moral, if he be pure, it will be pure, for its life depends on its power to please the public, and it is bound, by every consideration of interest to reflect the moral sense and moral culture of those upon whom it depends. If an immoral play succeeds, it is simply because those who witness it are tolerant of immorality. Hence they first of all are to be held accountable for the results. It is only by discriminating between virtuous and vicious plays, between virtuous and vicious players, and, above all, between the virtuous and the vicious patrons of the theater that the drama is to be kept pure and ennobling in its influence.

Z. S. F.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF BERLIOZ.

Lesueur now wished Berlioz to enter his harmony class at the Conservatoire, but did not think it necessary to introduce him just then to Cherubini, the formidable head of that institution. As a matter of fact Berlioz and the Florentine had met before under circumstances which the younger man feared his elder would remember. This meeting came about in this way: Responsible for the good order of the Conservatoire, Cherubini had provided separate entrances for the male and female students, of which arrangement Berlioz being ignorant, he, one day, going to the public library, passed in at the door set apart for ladies. A servant tried to stop him, but in vain; Berlioz pushed on, and had soon forgotten the incident in the work of reading a score of Gluck. A few minutes later Cherubini entered with the servant, who, pointing out Berlioz, said "There he is." Cherubini, was so angry that he could scarcely articulate. "Ah, ah, ah, it is you," he said at last, with an Italian accent which rage made more droll. "It is you who enter by the forbidden door!"—"Monsieur, I did not know your rule; another time I will conform to it."—"Another time! what brings you here?"—"You see, Monsieur, I come to study the scores of Gluck."—"How do the scores of Gluck concern you? Who gave you leave to come to the library?"—"Monsieur (I began to lose my coolness), I consider Gluck's scores the most beautiful in dramatic music, and I want nobody's leave to study here. From ten to three the library is open to the public, and I have a right to profit by the fact."—"The right?"—"Yes, Monsieur."—"I forbid you to come again."—"I shall come, all the same."—"What do you call yourself?" cried he, trembling with rage. "Pale in my turn, I answered, 'Monsieur, you will perhaps know my name some day; but to-day—you shall not learn it.'"—"Stop him, Hottin (Hottin was the servant); I will put him in prison."

Both master and man, to the stupefaction of lookers-on, then chased me around the table, upsetting forms and desks, without power to catch me, and I escaped, saying with a peal of laughter, 'You shall have neither me nor my name, and I shall come back soon, again, to study the scores of Gluck.'" In prospect of entering the Conservatoire, Berlioz was a little anxious about the retentiveness of Cherubini's memory. Curious enough, Hottin afterwards became Berlioz' orchestral attendant, and the most furious partisan of his music.

The history of *Romeo and Juliet* is connected with one of the most interesting episodes in the lives of two musicians—Berlioz and Paganini. In the month of December, 1833, Paganini attended a concert in Paris, and there heard for the first time the *Symphonie Fantastique* of Berlioz. The impression which the work made upon him was a profound one. "Monsieur," said he to the composer, "vous commencez par où les autres ont fini;" and from this time forth there existed a strong sympathy and cordial friendship between the two men. Not long after Paganini left a commission with Berlioz for a concert piece for the viola. The Frenchman set about the task, but not in the manner in which Paganini expected. Berlioz handled masses; his mind was engrossed with dramatic effects on a large scale, and he could not get it to move in the rut which produces bravura pieces. He planned a work for the viola; but it was a symphony for full orchestra, with an obligato part for the instrument which Paganini loved to play. It grew into the work which we know as *Harold en Italie*, which is founded on Byron's poem, and in which a solo viola gives expression to the emotions of the wanderer. For a phenomenal virtuoso like Paganini, who achieved his greatest triumphs by bewildering and mystifying his listeners, the plan had no attractions, and he left for Paris long before the completion of the composition.

Five years afterward he was again in Paris, and amongst the listeners at a concert of the Conservatoire. Hector Berlioz conducted the orchestra, and the principal number on the programme was the new symphony. If the great violin-player had been profoundly moved by the *Fantastic Symphony*, he was utterly overwhelmed by *Harold in Italy*, and after the music the virtuoso, full of years and renown, approached the young and comparatively unknown composer, knelt before him, and, in the presence of all the musicians, humbly kissed his hand. But this was not the full measure of his gratitude. Hearing of the sadly straitened circumstances of his friend, he sent to him, by the hands of his son, an Italian letter and inclosure of the following purport:—

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Now that Beethoven is dead, Berlioz is the only man to bring him back to life again; and I, who have listened to your godlike compositions, worthy of a genius like yourself, think it my duty to beg you to accept, as a mark of my homage, twenty thousand francs, which will be paid you by M. le Baron de Rothschild, on presentation of the enclosed; and believe me ever your most loving friend,
Paris, December 18, 1838. NICOLO PAGANINI.

Full of gratitude for this unexpected deliverance from the fetters which poverty had thrown around him, Berlioz planned a "great passionate work that should be worthy to be inscribed to the great artist to whom he was so much indebted." These are his own words. The work which grew out of this resolution is the dramatic symphony, *Romeo et Juliette*, which was first performed in November, 1839. Paganini never heard it. He was ill at Nice when it was brought out, but Berlioz sent him the score. He died before Berlioz had completed the changes found to be necessary on the hearing.—*Musical Times, London.*

AS AN exhibition of the intrinsic worth of St. Jacobs Oil, we think the case referred to, that of Mrs. O. W. Hubbard, of this town, cured of Sciatic Rheumatism of long standing by the Oil, is certainly striking, and, beyond all doubt, conclusive as to its efficacy. The remedy has our endorsement.—*Sparta (Wis.) Herald.*

Chopin and the Romantic School.

"Shortly after his arrival in Paris, in 1832, a new school was formed both in literature and music, and youthful talent appeared, which shook off with éclat the yoke of ancient formulas. The scarcely lulled political effervescence of the first years of the revolution of July, passed into questions upon art and letters, which attracted the attention and interest of all minds. *Romanticism* was the order of the day; they fought with obstinacy for and against it. What truce could there be between those who would not admit the possibility of writing in any other than the already established manner, and those who thought that the artist should be allowed to choose such forms as he deemed best suited for the expression of his ideas; that the rule of form should be found in the agreement of the chosen form with the sentiments to be expressed, every different shade of feeling requiring, of course, a different mode of expression? The former believed in the existence of a permanent form, whose perfection represented absolute Beauty. But in admitting that the great masters had attained the highest limits in art, had reached supreme perfection, they left to the artists who succeeded them no other glory than the hope of approaching these models, more or less closely, by imitation, thus frustrating all hope of ever equalling them, because the perfecting of any process can never rival the merit of its invention. The latter denied that the immaterial Beautiful could have a fixed and absolute form. The different forms which had appeared in the history of art, seemed to them like tents spread in the interminable route of the ideal; mere momentary halting places which genius attains from epoch to epoch, and beyond which the inheritors of the past should strive to advance. The former wished to restrict the creations of times and natures the most dissimilar, within the limits of the same symmetrical frame; the latter claimed for all writers the liberty of creating their own mode, accepting no other rules than those which result from the direct relation of sentiment and form exacting only that the form should be adequate to the expression of the sentiment. However admirable the existing models might be, they did not appear to them to have exhausted all the range of sentiments upon which art might seize, or all the forms which it might advantageously use. Not contented with the mere excellence of form, they sought it so far only as its perfection is indispensable for the complete revelation of the idea, for they were not ignorant that the sentiment is maimed if the form remain imperfect, any imperfection in it, like an opaque veil, intercepting the ray of the pure idea. Thus they elevate what had otherwise been the mere work of the trade, into the sphere of poetic inspiration. They enjoined upon genius and patience the task of inventing a form which would satisfy the exactions of the inspiration. They reproached their adversaries with attempting to reduce inspiration to the bed of Procrustes, because they refused to admit that there are sentiments which can not be expressed in forms which have been determined upon before hand, and of thus robbing art, in advance even of their creation, of all works which might attempt the introduction of newly awakened ideas, newly clad in new forms; forms and ideas both naturally arising from the naturally progressive development of the human spirit, the improvement of the instruments, and consequent increase of the material resources of art.

"Those who saw the flames of Genius devour the old worm-eaten skeletons, attached themselves to the musical school of which the most gifted, the most brilliant, the most daring representative, was Berlioz. Chopin joined this school. He persisted most strenuously in freeing himself from the servile formulas of conventional style, while he earnestly repudiated the charlatanism which sought to replace the old abuses only by the introduction of new ones.

"During the years which this campaign of Romanticism lasted, in which some of the trial blows were master-strokes. Chopin remained invariable in his predilections, as well as in his repulsions. He did not admit the least compromise with those who, in his opinion, did not sufficiently represent progress, and who, in their refusal to relinquish the desire of displaying art for the profit of trade, in their pursuit of transitory effects, of success won only from the astonishment of the audience, gave no proof of sincere devotion to progress. He broke the ties which he had contracted with respect when he felt restricted by them, or bound too closely to the shore by cordage which he knew to be decayed. He obstinately refused, on the other hand, to form ties with the young artists whose success, which he deemed exaggerated, elevated a certain kind of merit too highly. He never gave the least praise to anything which he did not believe to be a real conquest for art, or which did not evince a serious conception of the task of an artist. He did not wish to be lauded by any party, to be aided by the manoeuvres of any faction, or by the concessions made by any schools in the persons of their chiefs. In the midst of jealousies, encroachments, forfeitures, and invasions of the different branches of art, negotiations, treaties, and contracts have been introduced, like the means and appliances of diplomacy, with all the artifices inseparable from such a course. In refusing the support of any accessory aid for his productions, he proved that he confidently believed that their own beauty would ensure their appreciation, and that he did not struggle to facilitate their immediate reception.

"He supported our struggles, at that time so full of uncertainty, when we met more sages shaking their heads, than glorious adversaries, with his calm and unalterable conviction. He aided us with opinions so fixed that neither weariness nor artifice could shake them, with a rare immutability of will, and that efficacious assistance which the creation of meritorious works always brings to a struggling cause, when it can claim them as its own. He mingled so many charms, so much moderation, so much knowledge with his daring innovations, that the prompt admiration he inspired fully justified the confidence he placed in his own genius. The solid studies which he had made, the reflective habits of his youth, the worship for classic models in which he had been educated, preserved him from losing his strength in blind gropings, in doubtful triumphs, as it has happened to more than one partisan of the new ideas. His studious patience in the elaboration of his works sheltered him from the critics, who evened out the dissensions by seizing upon those easy and insignificant victories due to omissions, and the negligence of inadvertence. Early trained to the exactions and restrictions of rules, having produced compositions filled with beauty when subjected to all their fetters, he never shook them off without an appropriate cause and after due reflection. In virtue of his principles he always progressed, but without being led into exaggeration or lured by compromise; he willingly relinquished theoretic formulas to pursue their results. Less occupied with the disputes of the schools and their terms, than in producing himself the best argument, a finished work, he was fortunate enough to avoid personal enmities and vexatious accommodations."—*From Liszt's Life of Chopin.*

"I HAVE no patience with a man who can't remember a thing no longer than it's being told him," exclaimed Jones, impatiently. "Now I can carry a thing in my mind a month, if need be." "You're a lucky dog, Jones," replied Pendergast, quietly; "it isn't everybody that has so much room in his mind as you have."

"I DON'T think a majority of the members of church choirs ever get to heaven," observed an old lady who was accustomed to construe her Bible very literally. This opinion very naturally occasioned some surprise, and she was asked why she thought so. "Because," said she, "all angels are required to sing, and that's something most members of choirs can't do."

New York.

NEW YORK, June 16, 1881.

MR. EDITOR:—By the omission of one word in my last letter you placed me on record as sending Mr. Thomas to Europe. I wrote Mr. Thomas' agent, etc.

Mr. Thomas will conduct a series of concerts in Chicago this Summer.

Young Dengremont has returned and was the recipient of a beautiful medal, last week, from the Brazilian residents.

Max Strakosch has made an assignment. He has sustained great losses the past two seasons; his liabilities are \$32,000, assets \$5,000. He will, eventually, pay every dollar, if he lives, for "Max" is an honest man. Mme. Etelka Gerster will be his chief attraction next season. His intention is to give both opera and concert.

Wilhelmj and Vogricht have gone to Australia, and Camilla Urso to Brazil.

Clara Louise Kellogg will arrive here July 7th; no announcements as to her movements next season, but it will likely be concert.

The concert companies that are talked of here now for next season are Adelina Patti Company, Kellogg Company, Gerster Company, Thursby Company, Dengremont Company, Joseffy Company, Rivé-King Company, Heyman Company—all first-class. There is also a rumor that we are to have a new musical journal, with Mr. Otto Floersheim, and a well-known lady writer as the editors, which will make a strong team.

Mr. Fred Brandeis, one of our best local composers, is writing a piano-forte concerto, which is pronounced very striking and original by those who have heard it. He has given the world many meritorious compositions, but he considers the concerto his *chef-d'œuvre*.

Our teachers have all had a prosperous season, Wm. Mason, Richard Hoffman, Max Pinner, A. R. Parsons, S. B. Mills, B. Bökelman, M. Von Suter, and Mr. Mosenthal have all been so full of business that they have been compelled to turn pupils away.

This city is decidedly the best place in America to study music; as the opportunities of hearing good music often are greater here than elsewhere and most of the time of our principal teachers, both instrumental and vocal, is filled by pupils from different parts of the United States. A great many go to Boston, but the majority of those that go there are "Conservatory" pupils. Of the many conservatories in Boston, that of Mr. Carlyle Petersilea can be recommended as one of the best, from personal knowledge of the writer.

All our piano-forte manufacturers claim to be doing "a booming" business, the two leading houses, Messrs. Steinway and Chickering, have done the largest business the past season they have ever experienced.

Mr. Burrell, of Chickering's, is in poor health and is off on a vacation.

Mr. Chas. F. Tretbar, of Steinway & Sons', has started on a western tour, accompanied by his accomplished wife.

The junior partner of Sohmer & Co., is dangerously ill. This firm are making rapid strides in public favor, they make an excellent instrument. C#.

Nikolaus Rubinstein.

Dr. Duncker's reminiscences of the late Nikolaus Rubinstein, in the Berlin *Montags-Blatt*, contain some interesting stories of the extraordinary generosity of the great Russian artist. His activity in Moscow as a teacher and organizer made him even more popular than his famous brother, Anton Rubinstein. During the Russo-Turkish war Nikolaus Rubinstein handed over to the Red Cross society no less a sum than 30,000 roubles, the product of his own concerts. Three years ago he was burdened with a debt of 20,000

roubles in consequence of the thoughtless and prodigal generosity with which he had helped, or sought to help, some borrowing friend or acquaintance. When his admirers in Moscow learned of his distress, they quickly collected the whole sum and sent it to their favorite artist. Although he was a stiffly-built, under-sized man, contrasting awkwardly with the elegant and tall figure of his brother Anton, Nikolaus was in great favor with the Russian ladies. His friend says that he broke many hearts in his time. This may be an exaggeration, for Dr. Duncker only gives one illustration of his assertion.

Several years ago a young lady shot herself after the close of one of the symphony concerts in Moscow, at which Nikolaus Rubinstein had charmed all hearers. As the luckless suicide was found to have numerous portraits of the fascinating artist, it was presumed that a hopeless passion for him had moved her to destroy herself. The Mayor of Moscow and a number of its eminent citizens were on their way to Paris to attend Rubinstein's funeral, but before reaching the French capital they were summoned to return home by a telegram which announced the recent fearful tragedy at St. Petersburg. Dr. Duncker says that no man will be more missed in the old Russian capital. There are many artists whose future has been secured by his foresight in their care and training, and very many more who owe their rescue from material want and misery to his every ready and self-sacrificing assistance.

Sound-Bar and Post in Violins.

The sound-bar is a strip of pine wood running obliquely under the left foot of the bridge. It not only strengthens the belly for the prodigious pressure of the four strings, whose direction it is made to follow for vibrational reasons, but it is the nervous system of the violin. It has to be cut and adjusted to the whole emotional system; a slight mistake in position, a looseness, an inequality or roughness of finish, will produce that hollow teeth-on-edge growl called the "wolf." It takes the greatest cunning and a life of practical study to know how long, how thick, and exactly where the sound-bar should be in each instrument. The health and *morale* of many an old violin has been impaired by its nervous system being ignorantly tampered with. Every old violin, with the exception of the "Pucelle," has had its sound-bar replaced or it would never have endured the increased tightness of strings brought in with our modern pitch. Many good forgeries have thus been exposed, for in taking the reputed Stradivarius to pieces, the rough, clumsy work inside, contrasting with the exquisite finish of the old masters, betrays at once the coarseness of a body that never really held the soul of a Cremona. The sound-post, a little pine prop like a short bit of cedar lead pencil, is the soul of the violin. It is placed upright inside, about one-eighth of an inch to the back of the right foot of the bridge, and through it pass all the heart throbs or vibrations generated between the back and the belly. There the short waves and the long waves meet and mingle. It is the material throbbing centre of that pulsating air column, defined by the walls of the violin, but propagating those mystic sound waves that ripple forth in sweetness upon 10,000 ears. Days and weeks may be spent on the adjustment of this tiny sound-post. Its position exhausts the patience of the repairer, and makes the joy or misery of the player. As a rough general rule, the high built violin will take it nearer the bridge than the low built, and a few experiments will at once show the relation of the "soul" to tightness, mellowness, or intensity of sound. For the amateur there is but one motto, "Leave well alone." —*Hawes, in Good Words.*

"I NEVER contract bad habits, said Robinson to his wife. "No, dear, you generally expand them," was her reply.

Miscellaneous.

LOVE AND PAIN.

Love held to me a chalice of red wine
Filled to the very brim;
About the slender stem the clinging vine
Was closely twined and round the jeweled rim;
Love held to me a cup of blood-red wine,
And made me drink to him.

Around, the desert of my life lay bare,
A waste of reeds and sand,
Love stood with all the sunlight in his hair,
And yellow crocus blossoms in his hand;
And all around the cruel scorching glare,
The waste and thirsty land.

To his white feet the loose gray raiment hung,
His flush'd lips smiled on me,
Across his pale young brow the bright curls clung,
I would have fled, but lo! I might not flee
While through the heavy air thy clear voice rung,
And bade me drink to thee.

I took the graven cup, my lips I set
Close to the jeweled rim,
And to Love's eyes there stole a faint regret,
Then a bright mist made all the old world dim;
And in the golden cloud our blind lips met,
And I drank deep to him.

O Love, among the orchard trees I lay,
Spring grasses at my feet,
The flickering shadows fell upon the way,
The pale narcissus made the fresh air sweet;
Among the blossoming orchard trees I lay,
Waiting my Lord to greet.

Through the green woods the birds sang shrill and gay,
And then a sudden sound
Of coming feet, a glimpse of raiment gray,
And shaken blossoms falling to the ground;
Sweet was my dream of Love and Life and May,
And blossoms scattered round.

And swift toward me his light footstep came,
O Love, I woke to see
Strange eyes upon me, dark with some spent flame,
So like to thine, O Love, and yet not thee;
Thine was his raiment, and he bore the name
Known but to Love and me.

The yellow crocus blossoms in his hand
Were crushed, and wan, and dead;
Lo, as a wanderer on an unknown strand
He stood beside me with disrowned head;
"Love comes not twice," he cried, "to any land,
But I am in his stead!"

He held to me a chalice of red wine
Filled to the very brim;
The twisted snakes about the tall stem twine
And closely coil around the jeweled rim;
He held to me a cup of blood-red wine,
And bade me drink to him.

"Love came, but never will he come again,
Drink though to me;
Love did forsake, but I, his brother, Pain,
Will now for ever more abide with thee;
The dark earth-mist has gathered round us twain;
Drink thou to me!"

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

MAJOR AND MINOR.

LEVY is to receive \$500 and expenses a week during the summer, at Brighton Beach.

MR. LOUIS COHN, the popular piano teacher, will spend the summer in Little Rock, where he has numerous friends.

MRS. KATE J. BRAINARD, the accomplished music teacher of the Mary Institute, is spending the summer in England.

THE seven hundredth performance of Meyerbeer's opera "Les Huguenots" was recently recorded at the Paris National Opera.

MR. WALDEMAR MALMENE, formerly of St. Louis, has been appointed organist of St. John's Episcopal Church, West Side, Cleveland.

WE are indebted to Mr. H. H. Duncklee, one of the most intelligent musicians of Newark, for late copies of the Newark papers.

MR. J. C. ALDEN, whose concert polka "Satellite," is creating a *furor* wherever played, is a resident of Boston, and a pupil of Carlyle Petersilea. He is summering at Bridgewater, Mass.

FREDERIC CHOPIN dedicated thirty-nine of his seventy-four compositions to women, but to Georges Sand, who probably exercised more influence over him than any other woman, not one.

M. GOUNOD's new opera, "Le Tribut de Zamora," continues to be the principal attraction at the Grand Opéra, the first ten performances of the work having produced the round sum of 194,000 francs.

M. COLONNE, the famous leader of the Chatelet Concerts in Paris, has, in company with the members of his orchestra, proceeded to Lisbon, where he has been invited to give a series of symphonic concerts.

GOLDBECK's Harmony is now ready for delivery. It is the latest, and beyond all comparison, the best work upon the subject. It will be sent to any address post-paid upon receipt of the price, \$1.50. Address the publishers, Kunkel Bros., St. Louis, Mo.

MERKEL & SONS, agents in St. Louis for the Kranich & Bach pianos, recently received one of that firm's baby grand. It was sold almost immediately and gave the purchaser such satisfaction that several of his friends have ordered similar instruments.

THE French Government is soon to be asked by Camille Saint-Saëns and several other musicians, to make the study of music obligatory in that country. It would not be as astonishing as some people think, if the petitioners succeeded in their endeavors.

A VERY enjoyable and artistic matinee musicale was given on June 15th, at Knabe's Concert Hall, Baltimore, by the pupils of Prof. H. B. Roemer, assisted by Mrs. Annie Roemer-Kasper. This lady, who has not appeared in public since her marriage, rendered Meyerbeer's aria from "Huguenots," remarkably well, trilling beautifully. The song, "Good Night, My Only Love," by Abt, and a ballad, she gave with much feeling. Among those who participated were Misses Dangan, Troxell, Emory, Jones, Likes, Wilson, R. Strauss, Bar, Hubner, Mackee, Schwarz, Henderson, Magruder and S. Strass. All displayed proficiency, and reflected much credit on the teacher. Prof. Jacob Goodman, on behalf of the class known as the "Immortal Fourteen," with a neat speech presented Prof. Roemer with a magnificent basket of flowers. Among the large audience present were Mr. John T. Morris, Prof. A. S. Kerr, W. H. Wardenberg, Chas. F. Raddatz, Heszler, Henry A. Lang and Carl Otto Schoenrich. The Knabe pianos used upon this occasion, kept up the well-deserved reputation which they have for unsurpassed beauty of tone and excellence of action. Knabe is, by exception, a prophet not without honor in his own country.

AN interesting and important invention for the manufacture of pianofortes has just been patented by Herr C. René, of Stettin. The *interest* of the invention consists in the fact that by his process Herr René is enabled to reduce wood intended for the construction of instruments from a comparative green to a perfectly mature state, equal to the old and well-seasoned material. The *importance* of the invention need hardly be pointed out, since it has long been a problem for the trade how to obtain by artificial means the material required, more especially, for instruments intended for the varying temperature of tropical climates. This problem Herr René appears at last to have solved. While dispensing entirely with the preparations of vitriol, sulphuric ether, etc., hitherto in vogue, and which have proved in many respects unsatisfactory, Herr René's process imitates as nearly as possible the action of nature herself in the seasoning of wood by the application of oxygen, heated by means of electric currents. Under this treatment the new wood becomes thoroughly hardened, able to withstand permanently the influence of any climate, and, of course, gains considerably in its resonant qualities. Thus the utility of the invention speaks for itself, and is already attracting the attention of German manufacturers.

MAX MARIA VON WEBER has passed away. Max Maria, as every reader of the biography of his great father knows, was born on April 25, 1822, at Dresden, and had thus just completed his fifty-ninth year. He was the eldest of the composer's two sons (the second, Alexander Victor Maria, died before he had attained his twentieth year), and although not without musical talent himself, he wisely abstained from following his father's career, but chose a technical one, in which he made a decided mark. For a number of years he was engaged in the service, first of the government of Saxony, and later of Austria, as scientific telegraphist and railway expert, and in 1878 accepted a high post in the Prussian Ministry of Commerce at Berlin, where he was acknowledged to be one of the first railway authorities of Germany. In his leisure hours Weber also contributed to the light literature of the day, wherein he exhibited a pleasing and attractive style. His literary name, however, will be most surely preserved in the picturesque and exhaustive biography of his father, published in 1864, which yet awaits a worthy English translation. Max Maria von Weber was buried at Dresden, by the side of the composer of "Freischütz," a few days before the four hundredth performance of that opera was celebrated at the Dresden Hof-Theater.

Musical.

Never is a nation finished while it wants the grace of art;
Use must borrow robes from beauty, life must rise above the mart.

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

In spite of an occasional cool breeze, there is no denying that summer is upon us, summer, the season when Apollo and the muses wisely forsake their accustomed shrines to betake themselves to the shady groves, yeapt, "summer gardens," where limpid (?) streams of *cerevisia* (*Anglice* beer) flow at command, for a small consideration, paid to the Satyrs (*Anglice* waiters) who haunt the place. True, Apollo and the "sacred nine" with "Cinderella at School," tried the Olympic, but they were sweated out and Apollo (in this case, Mr. Daly,) found himself out of pocket. Served him right. There is never anything Olympian about the old Olympic, but in warm weather there is much about it—temperature, fragrance, etc.—that reminds one of the other place.

At Uhrig's Cave "C. E. Ford's Comic Opera Co." "hold the fort" with *Olivette* and will soon bring out *Billee Taylor* and *La Mascotte*, while at the Pickwick "Curti's Roman (Roamin?) Students" that used to be "Curti's Spanish Students," have been delighting the good-natured audiences.

For the week beginning June 27th a concert troupe consisting of Miss Dora Gordon Steele, *prima donna*, Anton Strelezki, pianist, and J. W. Laurence, recitationist, under the management of W. J. Raymond, will hold the boards at the Pickwick Theatre. Miss Steele is a dramatic soprano whose reputation is excellent. Anton Strelezki, the pianist of the troupe is a true artist and possessed of a most remarkable memory. He plays from memory almost everything from Bach to the best modern authors. Mr. Laurence is said to be a fine elocutionist.

Almost the last concert of the season was that of Robert Goldbeck, which took place at the Pickwick Theatre on May 26th, the day on which our last issue went to press. We have already published the interesting programme; it remains for us to record the complete success of the entertainment.

In this concert Mr. Goldbeck appeared in the triple capacity of pianist, teacher and composer, and it would be difficult to say in which he appeared pre-eminent; the poetical conception, the artistic shading of his renderings of all his selections marked him the finished pianist and interpreter; his style, broad in the Beethoven sonata in D minor, graceful and lyrical, if we may use the term, in his own compositions, "Dreaming by the Brook," and "Love's Devotion," vigorous in the Liszt compositions and his own "Ungarisch," proved a very varied talent.

The compositions just mentioned and others which appeared upon the programme exhibited Mr. Goldbeck in the light of a composer of rare merit; this, however, is nothing new, his reputation in that capacity has been made long since, although he is still a young man.

Those of Mr. Goldbeck's pupils (vocal pupils all) who assisted him did not eat credit to themselves and to their teacher. Miss Cornelia Petring, after but one term's instruction, sang in a manner which would have made the envy of many a so-called *prima donna*. Her voice is something phenomenal and if she will continue to seriously pursue her studies until thoroughly schooled, a brilliant career is assured her. Miss Schuler, Mrs. Dean, Miss Leiss, Miss Foster, and Messrs. Doan and Bollman all acquitted themselves so well in their several parts that it would grow monotonous to praise them individually as they deserve.

Mr. Heerich deserves our thanks for not having repeated the parts of Prume's *Melancholie*, but the good judgment which he exhibited in this respect seems to have abandoned him in his selection of a composition of similar character in answer to an *encore* which was loudly demanded by the enthusiastic audience.

It may not be out of the way to state for the benefit of those who sent the publishers of the REVIEW orders for the composition "Dreaming by the Brook," which was played for the first time in public at this concert, and who had to be told that the piece was yet unpublished, that it is now on the market. This composition is dedicated to Rafael Joseffy, whose style of playing it suits admirably.

A Decker Bros.' piano was used by Mr. Goldbeck at this concert.

On the 2nd of June, the parlors of the Pilgrim Church were filled by a select audience who had assembled to listen to a concert given by the pupils of Mr. A. G. Phillips. Mrs. Hardy, the Misses Glore, Gage Kimball, McLean, Meyer, Stanard, and Weyl, and Messrs. Cole, Ellwanger, Maginnis, and Tomlinson took part in the varied programme. Prof. Phillips is deservedly becoming one of our most popular teachers of vocal music.

The concert of the Cecilian Club at the piano rooms of Story & Camp was a very enjoyable affair. By special request Mr. Charles Kunkel played one number and chose as his selection the *Polka de Concert* "Satellite," which created immense enthusiasm.

J. L. Peters' new music store is now entirely completed. It is the finest music store in the United States, next to Schirmer's New York, and well worth a visit from both strangers and residents. Peters carries the most complete stock of music in the West including the publications of Novello of London, Peters of Leipzig, etc., etc. His stock of organ music is especially fine.

Alexander Warster, the renowned German theatrical manager, has made arrangements to open with an excellent German troupe at the Apollo Theatre in the latter part of September. Mr. Paul Dilg will be the general manager and treasurer. This combination of a tistic and business talents is sure to secure success.

We were shown a day or two since, by Mr. Kieselhorst, at his new music rooms, 2708 Laclede avenue, a Miller Grand which in tone, action and beauty of finish is remarkable.

The French residents of St. Louis will celebrate the French national fete at Schnaider's Garden on the evening of July 14th by a grand concert, to be followed by a banquet.

Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, June 23, 1881.

MR. EDITOR:—Just now there is a hiatus in musical affairs, and there will be scarcely an event worthy of notice before next fall, excepting the summer garden concerts. At the Academy of Music, there is nothing going on. The Oratorio Society has gone into summer quarters until September, when they will begin rehearsing Mendelssohn's Oratorio of St. Paul. As an outgrowth of the Oratorio Society, the "Industrial Exposition and Musical Festival Association" has been formed, and it is hoped and believed, will speedily erect a fine building, capable of accommodating five or six thousand people. More on this subject next month.

The Rossini Musical Association has elected the following officers: President, S. Kimmell; first vice-president, Chas. Quartley; second vice-president, Geo. Wightman; secretary, C. A. E. Spamer; treasurer, R. A. Harris; librarian, H. F. New; conductor, H. W. Porter, and after a big treat and a picnic adjourned for the summer.

The following brief pen sketches may be of interest to your subscribers:

V. W. Caulfield, organist and musical director of Emanuel P. E. Church and organist of the Lloyd Street Synagogue, was born in Ireland and is of a musical family. He is a first-class musician and is enjoying a liberal patronage.

Robt. J. Winterbotham, organist and musical director of St. Paul's P. E. Church, is a young gentleman of superior musical ability. Has a number of private scholars. His prospects are bright. He is unmarried.

W. H. Whittingham, formerly salesman in the piano and organ rooms of Otto Sutro, is organist and musical director of St. Luke's P. E. Church. Is a young man of good musical taste and ability, and unmarried.

The first-class musicians all purchase their music at Sutro's music store and, in fact, make it their headquarters.

EVERY MONTH.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The Music Teachers' National Association meets this year at Albany, N. Y., on the 5th, 6th, and 7th instants. The following is the programme:

TUESDAY, JULY FIFTH.

9 A. M.—Opening session and organization. Address by the President. Address: "Sources of Musical Enjoyment," J. C. Filmore Milwaukee, Wis. Address: "Piano Playing and Technique," Louis Maas, Boston. 2 P. M.—Piano recital, Louis Maas, Boston. Address: "Musical Criticism," Waldemar Malmene, *Mus. Bac. Oron*, Cleveland, O. Address and piano recital, Silas G. Pratt, Chicago, Ill. Address: "People's Music," Eugene Thayer, Boston, Mass. Organ recital, Eugene Thayer, Boston, Mass.

WEDNESDAY, JULY SIXTH.

9 A. M.—Address: "Song Eloquence vs. Chaos," H. S. Perkins, Chicago, Ill. Address: "Shams in the Profession," W. A. Ogden, Toledo, O. Address: "Music and Religion," Mr. Luening, Milwaukee, Wis. Discussion: "Tonic Sol Fa System," opened by Theodore F. Seward, Orange, N. J. 2 P. M.—Piano recital, Albert R. Parsons, New York. Discussion: "Music in the Public Schools," opened by N. Coe Stewart, Cleveland, O., followed by W. L. Smith, Lansing, Mich., and others. Address: "Half-truths of Vocal Culture," F. W. Root, Chicago, Ill.

THURSDAY, JULY SEVENTH.

9 A. M.—Address: "The Practical Value of Studying Theory to all Students of Music," Arthur Mees, College of Music, Cincinnati, O. Address: "The Need of a Practical Text-book in Harmony," Calvin B. Cady, Ann Arbor, Mich. Address: "The Problem of Piano Teaching," Dr. W. S. B. Mathews, Chicago, Ill. 2 P. M.—Piano recital, W. H. Sherwood, Boston, Mass. A Plea for the Music Teachers' National Association Charles W. Sykes, Chicago, Ill. Reports of Committees. Election of Officers. Miscellaneous Business. Organ recital, A. A. Stanley, Providence, R. I.

ALBRECHT & Co., of 610 Arch street, Philadelphia, are enlarging their facilities for meeting the increased demand for their excellent Grand, Square, and Upright Pianos. They certainly make first-class instruments and sell them at remarkably low rates.

A FRAGMENT.

Yes, thou art gone, and yet thou still art here,
For in my heart thou dwellest evermore,
And from that home thou whisp'rest: "Do not fear,
My love is thine; I'm faithful to the core!"

Like as the dew that cheers the with'ring flow'r,
Like balmy sleep that cures the wounded soul,
Like smiling dawn, when past night's darkest hour,
Those words of love uphold, refresh, console!

—J. D. F.

ADELINA PATTI.

We take the following from a somewhat sensational letter to the *Herald*, from its Paris correspondent, Mr. J. H. Haynie.

Nothing which concerns M^{me}. Adelina Patti can be a matter of indifference to the people of Boston nor to lovers of music generally. The woman whom most persons declare to be the greatest of living prima donnas, but who, in my humble opinion, is not, has decided on visiting America for the purpose of singing in concert in the larger cities. Just now she is over in London, but she is not singing, much to Manager Gye's regret, who finds himself running behind at Covent Garden.

When the opera season opened, Gye expected that Patti would appear at his second performance; but thus far she has not done so, and the excuse is illness, of course. I am in a position to give the name of the disease with which she is ailing, and when I have mentioned it, I am sure that the majority of my readers will agree with me that her days are almost numbered. M^{me}. Patti is troubled with acute bronchitis, and once that complaint becomes a settled fact with her, good-by to that marvelous voice which has made her reputation so great as a prima donna. She sang a short engagement here in Paris this past spring, and she was obliged to make excuses several times for her non-appearance. It was an attack of acute bronchitis on each occasion, which kept her at home, just as it is the same dread disease which keeps her out of Covent Garden in London. The musical critics and the *impresarios* shake their heads knowingly, and meanwhile a sly hint is thrown out that Patti will retire forever from the lyric stage at the close of her London engagement.

I believe that the rumor will turn out a true report; but you may rest assured that Patti will not entirely give up singing until she has revisited America and loaded herself with golden dollars. M^{me}. Patti is the most mercenary artist in the world. She is very wealthy, but she is far from satisfied. She knows she will be a financial success in your country, if not an artistic one, and she is going to cross the broad Atlantic, you may depend on't. It will not be for some months to come—not before autumn—but that is not so very far off, after all.

I think she will be her own manager. Last winter some correspondence passed between her and Mr. Henry E. Abbey touching an engagement in America. One day, it was while we were with Sarah Bernhardt in New Orleans, Abbey said to me:

"I think I have secured Patti for next season."

"Yes; that is indeed good news. But are you sure of it?"

"Well, yes, reasonably so; there is a cablegram saying she will come."

A day or two later Abbey resumed the conversation. "Patti has submitted her ultimatum," said he. "What do you think she demands?"

"Certainly a very great sum."

"Well, can you guess it?"

"I thought for a moment, and then I replied, hesitatingly: 'Perhaps as high as \$2,000.'"

"Double that figure," he replied quickly. "She wants \$4,000 a performance, and all traveling expenses for herself and suite. I would give her \$3,000, but I would like to make a little something myself."

"Then why don't you offer her \$3,000?"

"So I have, but she refuses to accept it."

I heard no more about Patti until I arrived in Paris. I had a long conversation with an *impresario* who has known her well since she left America, and who has, on several occasions, been her confidential agent. Indeed, he would be at this time did he choose to serve the most spiteful and most quarrelsome *artiste* on the lyric stage. M^{me}. Patti wants this gentleman to go with her to America, but under no circumstances will he do so. He says she has a bad temper; that she too frequently abuses anybody, and does not hesitate to swear in the most profane and disgusting manner. Nevertheless, the great prima donna is going to America, and she is going to "paddle her own canoe," unless, indeed, some American manager steps in and pays the enormous sums she asks for her services. To give her that sum would entail an expenditure of at least \$5,000 on the bold man; beside which Adelina would insist that he deposit a cool \$100,000 as an evidence of his ability to pay his debts. Who is there on your side of the water who can "down with the dust" to that amount?

If she could be secured at reasonable figures, there would be a great deal of money in the speculation, acute bronchitis to the contrary, notwithstanding. There would be a perfect *furor* over the lady all over the country, but how many persons could afford to pay \$5 a ticket or more to hear her sing? And it would soon be known throughout the length and breadth of the land that her voice, no longer marvelous, was fast failing. It is true that to-day she is, perhaps, the greatest singer living, but that is simply because she has a wonderful natural organ. She is not an educated *artiste*, nor can she act

one particle. She is singularly ungraceful on the stage, and poses for effect, just as Herr Wachtel used to do. Time and again Patti has come on the stage long before her cue, simply that she might exhibit her latest new dress. She is a very vain woman, and she takes all kinds of liberties with the score. The great composers dread her, and, although she has lived and sang in Europe for more than twenty years, not one of them has ever written an opera for her; not one single *rolé* has she ever created.

I am inclined to think that Nicolini would be a tremendous success in America. Nicolini's voice has certainly improved during the past two years. Besides, he is handsome, and his relations with Patti would make him quite popular with fashionable folk. I dare say society would bow down to this sweet tenor. Of course, all good Americans would cry aloud for Adelina's sake, on the ground that she is an American. But she is nothing of the sort, and what is more to the purpose, she dislikes America very much. It is true she used to live in New York, but she was not born in that city nor elsewhere in the United States. She is a child of the theatre, and has no real home. Her father was a Sicilian and her mother a Roman. She was born the 19th of February, 1843, in Madrid, Spain, where her parents sang during the Italian season. The first language she spoke was English, for she went to New York with her parents when she was but an infant. Her father, Salvatore Patti, was a good tenor, but her mother was a great *artiste*. She made her reputation in Italy as Signora Barilli, the name of her first husband. Once she excited the jealousy of Grisi, who refused to sing in the same city as Signora Barilli. The Patti family used to live in Eighth street, near Washington square, New York City. Adelina used to run wild, and was one of the worst tom-boys of the neighborhood. She had then, as now, a very bad temper, which she seems to have inherited from her mother. The latter used to knock her husband down and walk upon him "after the opera was over," and on one occasion she picked up her daughter Carlotta, and in a fit of great rage, hurled the crying baby out of the second-story window. The child broke its leg and Carlotta has been lame ever since. Adelina used to make a good deal of noise about the house, and one day Max Strakosch, an Austrian, then living as a pianist in New York, and who was courting Amalie Patti, said he proposed teaching her how to sing. Max married Amalie, who then possessed a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice, which, unfortunately, she soon lost. Max taught Adelina a part of *Rosina* in "Le Barbier," and went over some operas with her when she traveled in Europe as a finished vocalist. This was, with the trifling exception, absolutely the only musical education this "song bird" ever received.

There was a tolerably happy home, that of the Patti's—father, mother, Amalie, Carlotta, Adelina, and Carlo—until the Italian *impresario* failed and disappeared without paying the salaries he owed. Adelina's parents were without livelihood, and care and want soon overtook them. Her father took one thing after another to the pawnbroker, but they were near starving for all that.

One day the father conceived the idea of bringing out Adelina, then a child of seven years, as a concert singer. She was placed upon a table near the piano so that everybody might see her, and attendance and applause were plenty. She sang nothing but *bravura* airs, but she made money, and the home articles soon came back from the pawnbroker's. By and by M. B. Ullmann went to New York as *impresario* of Italian opera, and Strakosch, who had, meanwhile, married Amalie Patti, joined hands with him.

Adelina was crazy to appear in opera, but, as she was only fifteen, Ullmann said she was altogether too young for the leading part. However, he yielded to Strakosch's advice, and in 1859 Adelina Patti made her *debut* in "Lucia di Lammermoor." The next year she visited Boston, Philadelphia and other large cities of the United States, and since then the world knows all about her. She speaks English fluently; also French, Italian, and German.

In 1867, she came to Paris for the first time. She sang at the Opéra Italien to crowded houses. She had an elegant suite of rooms in the Avenue de l'Impératrice, and held some elegant receptions. Many distinguished men were among her admirers. M. Gustave Doré, the great painter and illustrator, was dead in love with her. So was the Marquis de Caux. The latter was victorious, and they were married in London in 1868. She did not marry him for love, but for position. But society doors did not fly open to him. Her husband turned out to be a good-for-nothing fellow, and so she fell in love with Nicolini.

SAY, for instance, a dog loses his paw and a rooster loses his maw, does it make orphans of them?

THEY say Liszt wears his coat buttoned up to his chin. Now, who sewed the button on his chin?

A GENTLEMAN who is staying at Hot Springs, Ark., writes to his wife that the place is much like home—it's so easy to get into hot water.

A ST. LOUIS girl thanked a man who gave her his seat in a street car, and he married her and proved to be worth \$100,000. (We circulate this lie in the hope of inducing the girls to be a little more courteous.)

TRIAL BY JURY.—Some believe that even this form of trial is not perfectly free from prejudice. But in our section, St. Jacobs Oil has been tried by that great jury—the public—and been judged the infallible cure for Rheumatism and all painful diseases.—*St. Louis Chronicle*.



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FLAMINA.

BY COUNT A. DE VERVINS.

(Continued from our last.)

Flamina had not only great talent, she had also a great soul and was very beautiful.

Don Cæsar had seen her only once, under the following circumstances: One day, while promenading, probably in quest of some adventure, he saw a swarm of young lords, magnificently mounted and richly clad, the flower of the Madrilene aristocracy, escorting a broad carriage in which, reclining upon velvet cushions, was a woman who did not seem to him to listen with all the attention which they surely deserved, to the flattery and witticisms which her escort must have been lavishing upon her, for all seemed to be equally eager to please her, one while sharpening the ends of his moustache, already as sharp as needles, while at the same time he caused his steed to curvet and skillfully change his gait, others speaking to her while bending over the saddle, as if they were addressing a queen.

Don Cæsar was walking in the centre of the road over which the brilliant cavalcade was advancing, and he must necessarily have stepped to one side to make way for it; but our *caballero* did not like to give precedence to any one, in the first place because he was poor, and still felt that he was as noble as the king, and again because he doted on battles,—not that he loved blood, on the contrary, his disposition was that of kindness, but he was fond of struggle, of conflict, of the clanging of swords and of the emotions of the fight, obeying in all this the demands of a nature that was too vigorous or of an organization that was too active for the life of idleness which he was leading. For all these bad reasons therefore, he motioned the squadron of gentlemen to turn out of his way. The arrogance of the act was unprecedented; but I have told you that Bazan was the most eccentric and the bravest Lord of Castille and Andalusia, and I might even add of Estramadura and Leon.

At sight of him, the less valliant instinctively reined their horses in, while the more "bachelorous," as Froissart would say, went forward. It was only then that Don Cæsar saw the face of Flamina, who, not understanding the disorder into which her aristocratic escort had been thrown, partially raised herself upon her cushions with the listless and somewhat haughty gracefulness of a lady of high rank, to see what was happening. Their glances met and these two choice souls discovered their sisterhood. During half a minute, as they looked at one another almost face to face, they experienced something like the feeling which brightens the countenance of two fellow-countrymen who meet thousands of miles away from the home of their childhood. But the emotion of each manifested itself according to the nature of each. Flamina was at first struck with the manly beauty of Don Cæsar, then she read in the pride of his glance, in the disdainful haughtiness of his bearing toward the gentlemen who were escorting her, as well as in the expression of his smile, that was at the same time bitter and mocking, the whole life of Bazan. With her woman's penetration and the sagacity of a superior mind, she saw beneath the mask of the skeptic a great soul writhing in the grasp of unknown sorrows, like Laocoon in the embrace of the serpent—he spread his faded doublet so proudly only because he was ashamed of it, he seemed ready to challenge the world only to defy irony and insult. She said this to herself, and her glance, which at first was only a glance of curiosity, grew warm, sweet and tender, and she gazed upon him in that way, divided between admiration and pity, until she saw from Bazan's looks that her eyes were betraying her thoughts; then she blushed and turned her head away.

As for Don Cæsar, he was thrilled by the sight of this wondrously beautiful woman, whose brow was decked with the crown of genius and in the depths of whose eyes nestled all the endearments of which the hearts of poets dream; and Bazan was more a poet than any of his contemporaries, although he had never written a distich. When Flamina's eyes grew so tender as she looked at him, he felt himself grow pale, then, bowing, he uncovered his head and the feather of his hat sweeping the earth, he stepped backward to the side of the path, where he remained standing, his head erect, but without arrogance, until the carriage of the celebrated singer had gone by.

Since then, no similar chance had brought them together, but they both treasured the recollection of their meeting.

Bazan whose imagination was ever active, as was proved by his adventures and eccentricities, often thought of the admirable creature whom he had seen but an instant, but whom he believed he had judged correctly. Whatever her birth might be, everything about her was aristocratic and she lived like himself, outside the pale of aristocracy, or if she entered its sacred precincts for a few hours it was only to shine like a meteor that flashes athwart the sky to disappear into the darkness whence it had come, or at best like a star that rises to set again, after having run its appointed course in the heavens; for it is the role of great artists, to arise in the darkness and enlighten and fructify minds and hearts with the warmth of their genius, as it is the role of the sun to cause the harvests to grow and the roses to bloom. These and other similar thoughts caused Bazan to become attentive and serious when Don Jose spoke the name of Flamina, and it was for these reasons also that he consented to marry her, much more than for the sake of escaping a death which he feared not, since, as the singer had guessed, he was weary of poverty and of the kind of life he was leading.

On the other hand, Flamina had become weary even to melancholy; the art which alone she had loved seemed to have lost for her half of its charms; thoughts such as she never had had before now crowded upon her. Sometimes, while at her studies, she would stop suddenly in the midst of her vocalizations, droop her head and fall into reveries which must have been bitter, for often a tear would shine upon her eyelids, tremble an instant upon her long lashes and glide down her cheek. If she thought of her successes, she would at first smile at the thought with a legitimate pride, then she would murmur: "All those noblemen praise and flatter me because I am young, beautiful, talented—but after that, when youth, charms, and voice are gone, I shall remain alone. I shall have memories, but those memories will interest my vanity only! All those proud Lords and the King himself have only protestations and flatteries, which at bottom are insults, for they all covet but not one loves me!" And I know not how nor why, but at such times Bazan's image would always present itself to her mind. Upon the stage, when the house seemed about to break down beneath the thunders of applause, when she was overwhelmed with *bravos* and flowers, she bowed with exquisite grace, smiled with a ravishing expression, but this applause which formerly intoxicated her, now left her almost unmoved, and she could not understand it, although one night, when her success had been even greater than usual she had murmured to herself: "I wish Don Cæsar were here!" But she did not notice this revelation of her heart and continued to love Bazan without knowing it. It was necessary that a decisive event should take place in order that she should be enlightened.

This event, which was like the blow that strikes fire from the flint, was the call which Don Jose had to make upon her in order to secure her consent to the marriage which he had projected so as to give her a title that would make her admission to the court

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possible. In the mind of Don Pedro's faithful (?) minister, the King's triumph would then be insured.

The negotiations were difficult, for Don Jose did not know that Flamina had ever seen Don Cæsar and he knew her to be virtuous and proud, unselfish and, thanks to her talents, wealthy enough to remain indifferent to all offers of riches—and she was too well known to attempt duress or violence. It was therefore necessary to delude her, and this was precisely what inspired Don Jose with confidence; for the most illustrious genealogists of Spain traced his descent in a direct line to the serpent which was so fatal to our first mother. Notwithstanding the shrewdness with which reptiles are credited, the beginnings of the minister's negotiations were far from brilliant; the uprightness and good sense of the young woman came near destroying the scaffolding upon which he had resolved to build another story to his fortune, and had it been any one else than Bazan, whom her heart loved in secret, Don Jose's eloquence would all have been wasted. When, after having tried to interest her pride by speaking to her of the honors and the pomp of the court; when after having discreetly alluded to the feeling of the King, in order to make her understand that she might obtain from him whatever she might desire; when after that, I say, he came to speak plainly to her to marry a famous Lord, Flamina burst out in a fit of loud laughter, for at first she thought he was thinking of himself, and she knew him so well that his allusion to the King's love did not exclude this supposition.

Notwithstanding his disappointment, Don Jose was not discouraged, and he resumed with the air of good nature which he frequently assumed when he was preparing his worst treasons: "Laugh, laugh as much as you please, *Diva*, but we have resolved it, and we will make you a countess!"

"I doubt it, my lord, and that for several reasons!"

"What are they?" he asked.

"Oh, they are numerous," answered Flamina; "for instance, I have been so often told that I was the first singer in the world that I have come to believe it a little. Now, you must grant that it can not suit me, being the first singer in the world, to become the last countess in Spain. Upon the other hand, I am in love with my art solely, and your prejudices of caste would compel me to give it up. I have also always thoroughly despised those women who surrender themselves either through cupidity or ambition. Whatever may be the price paid, it is always a bargain, and I have too much respect for my body as well as for my soul to sell them. A self-sacrifice, based upon some great devotion, sometimes excuses a transaction of this sort, but such is not my case. Finally, I will never consent to become a member of a family which would receive me only to please my protectors, but which would perhaps not always be able to conceal its disdain. My husband himself, proud of his nobility and humbled by a misalliance, which he would, perhaps, reproach me with later—"

"That could not be," interrupted Don Jose, hastily seizing the first argument which he could victoriously answer; "the gentleman whom His Majesty wishes to give you for a husband belongs, it is true, to the most eminent nobility of the kingdom, but if he were to give you a noble name, you would have given him still more, for he would owe to you life and all the favors which my august master would shower upon him."

"I do not understand!" said Flamina.

"And yet it is quite simple! Do you not know that Count de Bazan is to be executed to-morrow morning?"

"Count de Bazan! Don Cæsar de Bazan?" Inquired she with an altered countenance, for she felt all at once as if her heart would break.

"Thank God there is but one!" said Don Jose. But fearing to injure the result of his negotiations by expressing an unfavorable opinion of the husband

whom he was proposing to her, he added promptly: "Yes, Don Caesar! Don Caesar de Bazan who is related to the Medina Coelis, to the Medina Sidonia, to the d'Ossunas; in a word, to all the best nobility of Spain, to the nobility which is next to the throne—"

"And what care I for his nobility?" promptly interrupted Flamina, whose heart grew heavy and whose eyes filled with tears: "I see only an unfortunate man who is about to die, and whom—whom you say I can save?"

Don Jose was struck with the change in her voice and the emotion which he read in her every feature, for he knew that, next to respect for herself, nothing more fully protects a woman than true love, and this made him uneasy concerning his subsequent projects. Therefore, with some anxiety, he asked the famous singer whether she knew Bazan.

"No," answered Flamina, "I have seen him once only—in the Prado, several months ago and only for a minute." As she spoke, her voice was harsh, her sentences broken; it seemed as if she were repressing sobs. Nothing of this escaped the shrewdness of the shameful negotiator, but as he had already settled upon his future course toward Don Caesar, he passed this by and said to Flamina, as he held his hand out to her with a smile: "So it is understood! I can now go to Don Caesar and tell him that—"

"What has he done?" asked Flamina, instead of answering.

"Do you not know indeed?" replied the minister.

"Certainly not! How should I know?" she retorted almost angrily, for her anguish and the placidity of her interlocutor exasperated her.

"Why, three days ago he killed Don Ramon Carral, the nephew of our Grand *Corregidor*; that's all; and indeed it is due solely to the exceptional circumstances which now procure me the honor of calling upon you, that the King consents to pardon him." And after a short pause he continued: "But I am awaiting your decision, for at six o'clock he is to be put into the chapel." I have already explained what was called "putting into the chapel."

Flamina remained for an instant absorbed in thought, then looking up she said in a tone that seemed full of tears: "Grant me until to-morrow to decide, my Lord!"

"To-morrow it will be too late," said Don Jose, coldly. There was another silence, which Flamina broke at last by saying: "You can go to Don Caesar, but,"—and now she spoke firmly—"I must see him alone for a quarter of an hour before the ceremony takes place." Don Jose bowed in sign of acquiescence, and seemed to be about to depart.

"Where are we to be married?" asked the singer, who seemed to have fully recovered her self-possession.

"There is a chapel at the Carcer Real," he answered.

"And at what time must I be there?"

"If you agree to it, the marriage will take place at eight o'clock; such, at least, is the desire of His Majesty."

"It is well, my Lord; I shall be at the chapel at half-past seven o'clock, where I shall await Count de Bazan, with whom it is understood, is it not, that I shall converse without witnesses?"

"But why this clause, or rather this fancy?" said Don Jose, with his evil smile.

"I insist upon it," answered Flamina, "and I await your answer."

"Well, let it be so; it is understood, Countess!" said he, smiling and addressing her, by anticipation, by the title which she was soon to bear, and bowing he departed to go to Bazan.

Flamina left her palace at seven o'clock, accompanied by only one of her maids, and proceeded to the chapel of the Carcer Real, to which, in pursuance of

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the orders left by Don Jose, she was freely admitted. The choir was brilliantly lighted, but a dismal object lay between the steps of the altar and the balustrade near which the young woman had kneeled. It was a coffin covered with a black cloth—the coffin which it was customary to carry behind the convict on his way to the place of execution.

The guard who had shown her in noticed the frightened gesture which she made at this sight, and as he probably understood its cause, he dragged the sinister box behind the altar, and then went out, leaving Flamina at her prayers.

In the meantime, time sped; it was almost eight o'clock, and Don Cæsar did not appear. The poor girl's soul was a prey to the most horrible anxiety, when at last a small door opened and he whom she was expecting appeared. But he was not alone. A young man accompanied him. It was Lazarillo. Don Cæsar motioned him toward the rear of the chapel, whither he went and stood near the maid who had accompanied Flamina, while he himself walked toward his fiancée, who arose, trembling with emotion, at his approach.

"Madame," said he, as he held his hands out to her, "Don Jose has informed me—" But he could say no more. A feeling hitherto unknown stopped his voice, and he remained looking at her, divided between love, admiration, and gratefulness, in the presence of the beautiful creature who came like an angel from heaven to snatch him from the jaws of death.

"My Lord," stammered she, as she yielded her hand to him; and, like him, she was unable to finish her sentence. They remained thus for perhaps a minute, Don Cæsar endeavoring to overcome an agitation of which he was almost ashamed, and Flamina trembling, but pleased at the sight of the emotion manifested by Bazan, because it enabled her to gauge the depth of his love for her.

At last "the old man" reappeared. Don Cæsar became again the one whom everybody knew. He stooped with charming gallantry to kiss the little hand which trembled in his own, and said to Flamina: "In good sooth, Madame, I have more than once offered my soul to the devil for a thousand ducats, and of course, at that price, Satan would not take it, but you—"

She interrupted him by casting upon him a glance somewhat hesitating, somewhat timid, but tender and reproachful, and said to him: "Do not talk in that strain, Don Cæsar; be yourself with me. I am soon to be your wife, and I am already your friend." She had not dared to say, "already I love you," because her heart had kept all the purity, all the modesty of childhood. But she continued: "I have desired to talk with you before accepting your name, because I have important things to impart to you." Don Cæsar tried to speak. She again silenced him, saying: "No, first hear me! We have but little time, and you must know what I wish to tell you." He expressed his obedience by again kissing her hand, and Flamina continued, with some embarrassment at first, but presently with all the lucidity of a soul that has fully mastered its thought: "You will not judge harshly the confession which I am about to make to you, because the peculiar circumstances in which we are placed explain and excuse it. One day I met you in the Prado. I had frequently heard you spoken of before, but I had never seen you. Since that day I—love you. And that is why, when Don Jose informed me at the same time that you were sentenced to death, and that I could save you, I consented to do as he asked me to in the name of the King."

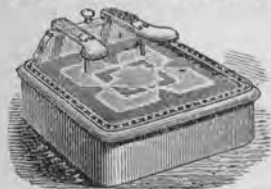
"And of the queen, in whom you have a powerful friend, as he said to me."

"I never have spoken to the Queen, and she is certainly in ignorance of what Don Jose has done," answered Flamina, looking at Don Cæsar as if her words ought to have been a revelation, and she added:



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vestry where all signed the records already prepared upon the register of the chapel.

The only incident deserving special mention was the presentation of Lazarillo to Flamina. "Formerly Madame," said Don Cæsar, "I owned five castles and I had vassals by thousands, to-day I have but one page, but he is brave, clever and devoted and that is why I give him to you!" and turning to Lazarillo: "Love her better than me and die to defend her, if need be!"

All the formalities having been gone through, Don Cæsar offered his arm to the new Countess de Bazan, to conduct her to her carriage; but then the captain of the *Carcer Real* approached Don Jose and spoke to him in an undertone.

"That is so!" answered the minister in a very loud voice, and addressing Don Cæsar: "Count," said he, "the Señor Capitano calls my attention to the fact that you are to sign your release upon the records of the prison, in order to make your exit legal; so please accompany him, I shall see the Countess to her carriage where you will meet us shortly."

Flamina pressed Bazan's arm and in a voice full of anguish, though low, she said: "Do not leave me; I am afraid!"

Don Cæsar reassured her with a look, motioned to Lazarillo to follow her, and as he could not object to a proceeding which he knew to be necessary, he kissed Flamina's hand and followed the captain.

He had passed through a long, dark corridor and, following his guide, was entering a still darker passage, when suddenly four men seized him, threw him down and bound him securely, before he had recovered from the surprise of the attack.

Eight days later he was delivered to a ship master who transported him to the coast of Morocco where he was sold as a slave.

[Concluded in our next.]

REFERRING to the destruction by fire of the theatre at Nice, the *XIXth Siecle* gives the following list of Paris theatres destroyed in the same way: The Grand Opéra was burnt down in 1763; the Délassements Comiques, in 1781; the Théâtre Lazari, in 1798; the Cirque, also in 1798; the Théâtre Français, in 1799 and 1815; the Cirque Olympique, in 1826; the Gaité, 1837; the Théâtre Italien, also in 1837; the Vaudeville, in 1838; the Diorama, in 1839; the Théâtre des Nouveautés, in 1866; the Théâtre de Belleville, also in 1866; the Hippodrome, in 1869; the Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin, 1871; and the Grand Opéra, in 1873. In the French provinces, the principal fires of this kind occurred at Bordeaux, in 1853; at Angers, in 1865; at Brest, in 1866; and at Lyons, in 1880.

An official report on the Fine Arts Budget, which has just been published, contains interesting information concerning the subvention theatres of Paris. They are four in number. The Opera receives a subsidy of \$160,000; the Theatre Français, \$480,000; the Odeon, \$20,000; and the Opera Comique, \$60,000. During 1880 the doors of the Theatre Français were occasionally thrown open to all comers, when, although fifteen people crowded into stalls seated for five, the representations passed off in perfect order. Some performances given at reduced prices were successful at the Odeon, but failed at the Opera Comique. The experiment of a free representation will probably be tried at the Opera in the ensuing season. In spite of the subvention the Opera last year made a net loss of about \$3,000. The Theatre Français spent \$280,000, and with the subvention contrived to make both ends meet.

THE monumental stone placed in the cloisters of Santa Croce in memory of Bartolomeo Cristofori is as follows:

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(To Bartolomeo Cristofori, harpsichord maker of Padua, who invented, in 1711, at Florence, the harpsichord with piano and forte, the Florence Committee, assisted by Italians and natives of other countries, placed this memorial here in 1876.) Above the inscription is an oak garland, carved in stone, with a ribbon bearing the following fragment of a verse of Lucan's: "Digiti cum voce locuti" ("The fingers spoke with the voice"). In the centre of the garland is a hand, which holds the design of the hammer invented by Cristofori. Above it are the seven notes of the scale of C.

Ex. 222.

1 2 3 4

good. good. not so euphonious. rather disconnected.

The two upper thirds of the chord of the Dominant 7th, placed at a distance from the foundation tone, do not sound well. It is best to avoid that combination.

The same chords at greater distances:

Ex. 223.

1 2 3 4

No. 3 is better than No. 4, because the Tenor part is more flowing. The direct movement between Bass and Tenor at 4 is rather inelegant, producing covered consecutive unisons. The lower c in the Bass is therefore preferable. The following greater distances should not be too frequently employed.

Ex. 224.

1 2 3 4 5

acceptable.

Ex. 225.

1 2 3 4

too distant for vocal 4 part writing

The reader has observed that when the chords of the Tonic and Dominant 7th rest upon their foundation tones, either the one or the other must be incomplete so long as the leading tones move according to their natural preference. To have both chords complete, these natural preferences must be sacrificed. Hence the frequent exceptional moves of the leading tones for the purpose of obtaining full harmonies.

Inversions of the Chord of the Dominant 7th.

FIRST INVERSION—CHORD OF THE 5-6.

Ex. 225.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Piano. less euphonious. not good.

§ 105. With inversions the chords cannot easily move by greater distances; one or two parts may, however, occasionally move freely:

Ex. 226.

etc.

It is to be observed that when the chord of the Dominant appears in one of its inversions, both chords are easily made complete.

In Ex. 232 the 5ths are more visible to the eye, on paper, but to the ear they do not even form the principal effect in the succession. That which strikes the ear most impressively, is the pleasant succession of thirds formed by Bass and Treble.

The return by the same chords is likewise generally used:

We append a few examples taken from BACH and BEETHOVEN.

J. S. Bach: *So lang ein Gatt im Himmel lebt.*

J. S. Bach: *Das hat Er alles uns gethan* (3d line of 1st stanza).

In all these examples the 5ths are incurred and the subleader is allowed to ascend.
In the following example the *return* by the same chords is illustrated:

Beethoven Sonata, op. 14, No. 2.—Second movement.

NOTE.—It may here be observed that while instrumental writing is generally regarded as representing the free style, it is nevertheless subject to the laws of *strict 4 part writing* the moment this style is assumed, were it only in a series of a few chords. On the other hand in vocal writing (representing the strict 4 part style), the composer may at any time assume the free style and its attendant greater license when introducing five,

six or more voices. Finally, any style, even the freest, must, as a whole, remain subject to the general and special laws.

Further Examples of the Chords of the 3-4 and Tonic.

subleader ascends.

Ex. 241.
Voices.

The c (quarter note) in the Tenor part of Ex. 241 would not have been acceptable, the covered octaves between Soprano and Tenor being too perceptible. An example is appended, in which the 3d of the chord of the 6th of the Tonic is acceptably doubled. To give this we had to anticipate the 3d inversion of the chord of the Dominant 7th.

Ex. 242.

Here the subleader (F) descends according to its natural inclination, yet no consecutive octaves result.

Third Inversion—the Chord of the Second.

Ex. 243.
Piano.

* Avoiding the doubling of the 3d by the melodious and very serviceable move to g in the treble.

§ 108. The chord of the second (2) is a very useful and beautiful chord; it has an originality of its own, and, we might almost say, a distinguished individuality. It contributes largely to make the bass flowing, i. e., imparting to it conjunct movement.

Other Examples of the Chord of the Second.

§ 109. At No. 5 of Ex. 244 the 3d (a) is doubled acceptably, and the leading tone (e) is allowed to descend to avoid a repetition of the doubling of the 3d.

Ex. 244.
Voices.

Piano.

In the following example the chord of the second is brought in by its kindred inversion, the chord of the 3-4.

Ex. 245.

Examples combining all the previous Chords.

§ 110. We have now arrived at a point where very pretty artistic work can be done, the manifold inversions at our command permitting a flowing and beautiful Bass. We desire at present to initiate the reader into an elegant and finished style by means of two simple chords, or at least three, if

we regard the chord of the Dominant and Dominant 7th as different chords. In this manner we may hope to accomplish so important an object. If we succeed in impressing the student lastingly with the universal system of using and managing the favorable positions and combinations of chords, the initial step, which the following exercises will conclude, will have been well and securely taken. Bases will be furnished for practice of similar chord series.

Repetition of the same Chords.

§ 111. In writing more extended examples, we have two important resources at our command: 1st, the repetition of the same chords; 2d, to write a new chord at each step.

It is evident that repetitions must occasionally be introduced, when we have but two or three chords to deal with; to avoid monotony in such cases, either Bass or Treble, or both together, must move. The middle parts may likewise move.

Ex. 246. *Voices.*

1. The last chord of Ex. 246 is preceded by the chord of the Dominant 7th in its fundamental position, to give strength to the close. 2. This last chord of the Dominant 7th is incomplete, but the preceding chord of the 3-4 invests it with completeness, taking the two chords as a total.

Instrumental or free style.

Ex. 247. *Piano.*

Repetition of the same Chord, but varied by Inversions.

Ex. 248. *Voices.*

§ 112. EXPLANATIONS.—1. The 1st Part ends with the authentic imperfect, the 2d with the authentic perfect Cadence or close. 2. Observe the movements of each single part. In the repetition of chords disjunct movement becomes a necessity to avoid monotony. 3. Near the close of the 2d Part the chord of the 4-6 is introduced, prepared by the chord of the Tonic, in its original position, resting upon a 3d.

Ex. 249. *Piano.*

EXPLANATIONS.—1. In the 2d chord the third (e) is doubled, but no consecutive octaves result, each e moving in a different direction. 2. Had we doubled the third in the 6th chord, parallel octaves would have ensued between Tenor and Bass from the 5th to the 6th chord. We therefore refrained from doing so. No 12 is a chord of the 4-6, prepared by the chord of the 6th, which rests upon a third.

The Subleader may ascend in the same Chord.

§ 113. In the following example the subleader may ascend, because the same chord continues and resolution is effected when the chord of the Tonic comes in.

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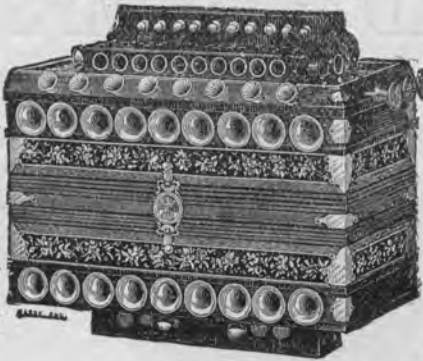
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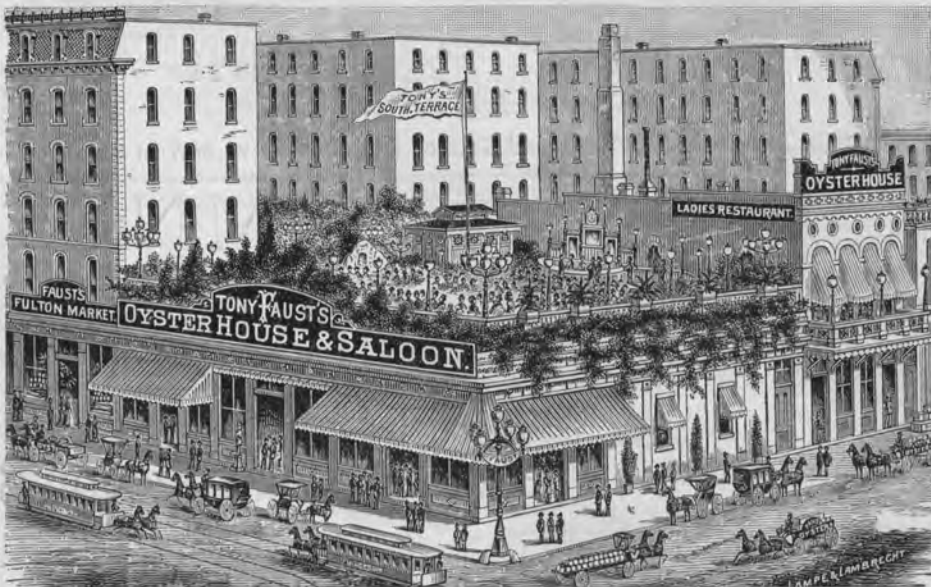
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LESSON TO "ANGELIC CHIMES."

BY CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

A. Render the introduction (the first eight measures) with precision and with some animation. However, take care not to hurry or play it too fast.

B. Attack with a flexible, yielding wrist the first note of each group of notes as indicated by the slurs (phrasing). Follow this direction also in all cases where the hand takes a new position. By this means, you will be able to draw a beautiful, full tone from the instrument. Elegant piano playing and phrasing depends entirely upon this simple but important rule.

C. Be careful to use the pedal precisely as marked throughout the piece. Its proper use is especially necessary in the introduction, as the singing of the notes representing the melody and the harmonic effect (blending of the notes) depend upon it entirely. Until your ear and musical feeling have been so thoroughly educated as to unconsciously prompt you to use the pedal correctly, press down the pedal when so marked and lift the foot from it again at the stars (♠).

D. Observe that the first measure in the right hand contains two distinct parts, melody and accompaniment. The melody represented by the E, which is a dotted half note, is three quarters while the rests and notes above it (the accompaniment) are also three quarters in full. The notation of the bass is explained in the same manner.

E. Notice that most of the grace notes in this part are tied to the note following, hence not struck again. Strike the grace notes throughout the piece before the bass notes. That is, strike the large notes simultaneously with both hands. As a general rule, grace notes are struck on the beat and take their value from the note following, but in this piece the effect is more beautiful when the time of the grace note is taken from the preceding beat. Musicians differ as to the correct mode of playing grace notes, whether they should be executed on the beat or before it. Dr. Hans von Bülow and many other authorities adhere to the former.

F. Sustain these notes and all others similarly marked.

G. An elegant rendering of this *tremolo* passage demands a very flexible, yielding wrist and the holding of the fingers and hand in an almost perpendicular (three-fourth slant) position, so that the key to be struck may be touched with all the fingers at the same time. When the fingers are thus held, they can be easily drawn over the key one after another with great rapidity and ease. The ordinary correct position of the hand used in playing scales must be discarded in playing *tremolo* passages as it prevents the fingers from acting with freedom on one and the same key. *Tremolo* passages are generally considered difficult of execution, whereas they are in reality very easy if only a correct position of the hand and fingers is observed.

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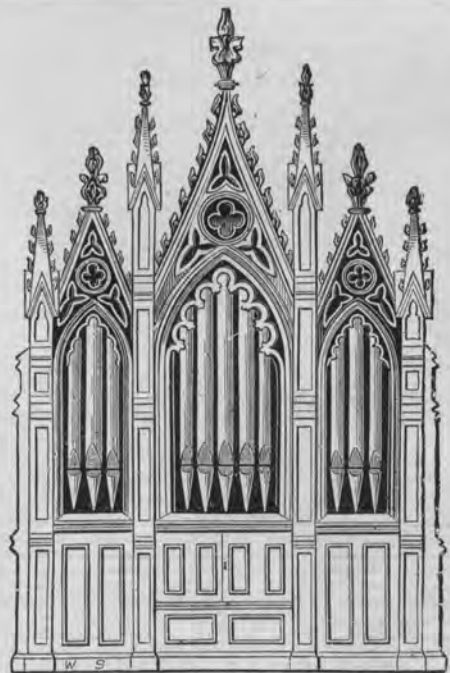
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(ANGELIC CHIMES.)

An Evening Reverie.

J. J. VOELLMECKE.

Moderato.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each consisting of a piano accompaniment (left hand) and a chime part (right hand). The piano part is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The chime part is written in a simplified notation with stems and flags, often including fingerings (1, 2, 3) and dynamic markings. The first system is marked *Moderato.* and includes sections labeled A, B, and D. The second system includes sections labeled C and Ped. The third system includes sections labeled E and Ped. The fourth system includes sections labeled 1 and 2. Dynamics range from *f* (forte) to *p* (piano). Performance instructions include *con espressione.* and *Ped.* (pedal). The score concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

Giocoso. **F** **F** **F**

Ped. \oplus *Ped.* \oplus *Ped.* \oplus *Ped.* \oplus

Ped. \oplus *Ped.* \oplus *Ped.* \oplus *Ped.* \oplus

a tempo.

Ped. \oplus *Ped.* \oplus *Ped.* \oplus *Ped.* \oplus

rit. *a tempo.*

Ped. \oplus *Ped.* \oplus *Ped.* \oplus *Ped.* \oplus

con espressione.

Ped. \oplus *Ped.* \oplus *Ped.* \oplus *Ped.* \oplus

8
p
Ped.

Leggiero.

G
1 + 2
3-2-1
3-2-1
Ped.

3-2-1
3-2-1
3-2-1
Ped.

3-2-1
3-2-1
3-2-1
Ped.

3-2-1
3-2-1
3-2-1
f
Ped.

Repeat from the beginning to S; then go to Finale.

Finale.

Harmonioso.

8
p
Ped.

THE CUCKOO AND THE CRICKET. (DER KUCKUK UND DIE GRILLE.)

Secondo.

CARL SIDUS. Op. 74.

Moderato. (Moderately fast.)

The musical score is written for piano and right hand. It consists of two systems of staves. The piano part is on the left, and the right hand part is on the right. The tempo is marked 'Moderato. (Moderately fast.)'. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 4/4. The score includes various dynamics such as *p*, *f*, and *mf*, and articulation like slurs and accents. There are also fingerings and slurs for the right hand. The word 'CUCKOO.' is written above the notes in several places. The score ends with a double bar line.

THE CUCKOO AND THE CRICKET.

(DER KUCKUK UND DIE GRILLE.)

Primo.

CARL SIDUS. Op. 74.

Moderato. (Moderately fast.)

The musical score is written for a single instrument (Primo) in G major and 4/4 time, marked Moderato. It consists of six systems of music. The first system is labeled 'CUCKOO.' and features a melody with triplet patterns (3 1) and dynamic markings of forte (f) and piano (p). The second system is labeled 'CRICKET.' and features a melody with rhythmic patterns and 'X' marks above notes, indicating a specific sound effect, with dynamic markings of forte (f) and piano (p). The third system is also labeled 'CRICKET.' and continues the rhythmic pattern with dynamic markings of forte (f) and mezzo-forte (mf). The fourth system is labeled 'CUCKOO.' and returns to the triplet melody with dynamic markings of forte (f) and piano (p). The fifth system is a duet section with dynamic markings of piano (p) and a crescendo (cres.) marking. The sixth system continues the duet section with dynamic markings of piano (p) and a crescendo (cres.) marking.

Secondo.

First system of musical notation. Treble clef with a grand staff. The right hand plays a series of chords, and the left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* and *p*. A finger number '2' is written below the first measure.

Second system of musical notation. Treble clef with a grand staff. Dynamics include *f* and *p*. Finger numbers '1', '3', '2', and '1' are written below the right hand. A finger number '4' is written below the left hand. A '+' sign is present above the right hand in the fourth measure.

Third system of musical notation. Treble clef with a grand staff. Dynamics include *p*. Finger numbers '3', '2', '3', '2', '3', and '1' are written below the right hand. Finger numbers '2' and '1' are written below the left hand.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble clef with a grand staff. Dynamics include *p*. Finger numbers '2', '1', and '3' are written below the right hand. Finger numbers '1' and '2' are written below the left hand.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble clef with a grand staff. Dynamics include *f*. Finger numbers '3', '2', and '1' are written below the right hand. Finger numbers '4', '3', '2', and '1' are written below the left hand. A '+' sign is present above the right hand in the fourth measure.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble clef with a grand staff. The section is labeled 'CUCKOO.' and features a specific melodic motif. Dynamics include *p*. Finger numbers '3', '1', '3', '2', '3', and '1' are written below the right hand. A note in the left hand is marked with a '+' sign. The final measure contains the instruction: '1st time *p* 2nd time *f*'.

Heart Tried and True.

Ein Herz bewähret Treu.

Words by I. D. FOULON.

Music by Chas. KUNKEL.

3. Dein gross Ver - trau'n mich nie ver - lässt, Mit Ei - sen - ket - ten hält mich's
 2. Wenn zwei - felt' ich an dei - ner Lieb', Nur ein Ge - dan - ke es ver -
 1. Die - sel - be du in Freud' und Leid, Zum Lie - ben, Trau - en stets be -

1. Thou who, the same through good or ill, Still lov - est on and trust - est
 2. When fool - ish fear thy love would doubt, A sin - gle thought puts fear to
 3. My life to thine, thy trust, I feel, Hath bound with bonds more strong than

3. fest, Und nie die Fes - seln ich be - reu Von ei - nem
 2. trieb, Denn, wahr - lich, ich sag's frank und frei, Auf die - ser
 1. reit, Der Mu - se Blu - men ich dir streu - Nimm sie, o

1. still, Be - fore thy shrine these flow'rs I strew: Take them, O
 2. rout; For well I know heav'n's arch of blue Holds not one
 3. steel! But ah, the chains I ne'er shall rue That make us

3. Herz, so gut, so treu! Nicht Schön - heit mich ge - fäs - selt hält, Denn sie ver -
 2. Erd' kein Herz so treu! Vom Feind be - droht, kein Freund in Sicht, Der Glaub' an
 1. Herz - be - wä - het treu! In dei - ner Lie - be ich mich sohn', An dei - nem

1. Heart so tried and true! Love, in thy love, my love is blest, Heart, in thine
 2. heart more tried and true! When foes be - siege and friends be - tray, When faith in
 3. one, O Heart so true! 'Tis not thy beau - ty I would praise, For that will

3. geht auf die - ser Welt; Nur dei - nem Herz ich in - nigst
 2. Gott und Mensch ge - bricht, Denk' ich an dich, werd' ich auf's
 1. Her - zen fühl' ich Wonn'; Was brauch' ich mehr hie - nied', du

1. heart, my heart doth rest; What need I more, earth's life - time
 2. God and man give way, I pledge my faith to both a -
 3. pass with pass - ing days; But glad would I earth's life - time

3. weih [Die rein - ste Lieb', weil es so treu! Nur dei - nem
 2. Neu Be - seel't mit Hoff - nung, Lieb - chen treu! Denk' ich an
 1. sei Mein Le - bens - stern, be - wä - ret treu! Was brauch' ich

1. through, Than thee, O Heart so tried and true! What need I
 2. new At thought of thee, so tried and true! I pledge my
 3. through, Praise thee, O Heart so tried and true! But glad would

3- Herz ich in - nigst weih, Die rein - ste Lieb', weil es so
 2. dich, werd' ich auf's Neu Be - seel't mit Hoff - nung, Lieb - chen
 1. mehr hie - nied', du sei Mein Le - bens - stern, be - wä - ret

1. more earth's life - time through, Than thee, O Heart, so tried and
 2. faith to both a - new At thought of thee, so tried and
 3. I, earth's life - time through, Praise thee, O Heart, so tried and

treu!

true!

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Two years ago J. S. Potter, who was then the American Consul in Stuttgart, presented Prince Carl of Prussia with a selection of American music, including the national airs, some of the negro melodies, and several war pieces which became famous during the Rebellion. These Carl arranged to suit himself, and had published for military and concert music. They have since become very popular, and are to be found in most of the music stores throughout Germany. At the grand military manoeuvres and review of a portion of the German army before the Emperor, the Crown Prince, the King of Wurtemberg, etc., which took place about a year ago near Stuttgart, the troops marched past the Emperor and his suite to the music of these American airs, played by Carl's band: "Marching Through Georgia," "Tramp, tramp, the Boys," "Dixie," "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," "Bonnie Blue Flag," "Who's that Knocking?" "Swanee River," "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home," and other familiar melodies arranged as a pot-pourri. They were played as they never were played before except by this famous band. Every one was delighted; it was something new, inspiring, and enlivening. Officers and men were almost wild as with a new inspiration. Even the Emperor and his suite could with difficulty keep quiet in their saddles. Finally the Emperor sent an officer to inquire of Carl what music he was playing. Returning from his errand, the officer doffed his brass helmet hat and, bowing low, said: "He says it is American music, your Majesty." "Return and tell him to repeat it," said the Emperor.—*Musical Critic.*

A GRAND "Beethoven Hall" has been inaugurated at Barcelona with a festive performance directed by M. Massenet, who composed a march expressly for the occasion. At the Liceo Theatre of the same town Rubinstein's opera, "Die Macchabäer," will be performed in October next.

HERR NESSLER, the composer of the opera "Der Rattenfänger von Hameln," has completed a new operatic work, "Der wilde Jäger," the subject of which is akin to that of "Der Freischütz." The new work is to be brought out at the Leipzig Stadt-Theater during next winter. Herr Nessler is an Alsatian by birth.

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SMITH AND JONES.

Jones—Why, Smith, you're all out of breath; what does it mean?

Smith—I've just had to leave the office of the editor of KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW rather suddenly.

Jones—How was that?

Smith—Well, you know, I called upon the editor, and I says, "Mr. Editor, I've a few items for you!" "Take a seat," says he, "and let's hear what they are?" "Well," says I, "the first one you might put under the head of answers to correspondents. Here it is: What is the difference between an accident and a misfortune?" *Answer*—If Emily Soldene should fall overboard in crossing the Atlantic, it would be an accident; if she were fished out it would be a misfortune."

Jones—Well, what did he say?

Smith—He looked me straight in the mouth, and says he: "Wasn't that dictated by a spirit of rivalry?" and before I could answer he says: "Let's hear the next!" "The next," says I, "is a kind of a joke; this is it: The difference of opinion which exists between ex-Senator Conkling and ex-Judge Robertson concerning President Garfield is purely one of syllabification and capitals—see?" "No," says he; "I don't see!" "Well," says I, "Robertson thinks he is the good Mentor Mentor and Conkling thinks he is the good men tormentor!"

Jones—What did he say to that?

Smith—Nothing, but he looked kind of inquiringly at me and waited. "The next one will also do for 'Comical Chords,'" says I; "I want five dollars for that; now listen: Why were the inhabitants of the globe in the time of Noah treated like the inhabitants of the United States to-day? Because they were O(i)vetted to death!"

Jones—What did he say then?

Smith—Well, he said, says he: "Is your name Elson, Elson of *The Score*?" "No," says I, "My name is Smith, Obadiah Jehosaphat Smith!" "Mr. Smith," says he, "I fear this sort of literary work will be too great Audran upon your cerebrum. No one Elson earth than the editor of the *Score* can come into my presence with such stuff and live. I'll send you to your Ma's cot" (my poor mother has slept in a coffin these twenty years), and saying this he hauled out a monstrous shooting iron.

Jones—And then?

Smith—I didn't wait for the elevator, and that's why I was out of breath just now. Let's go; I'm afraid the villain is pursuing me!

Smith—What makes you grin all over so? One might think you'd drawn a prize in a lottery.

Jones—So I have; here's the ticket—see for yourself.

Smith—Why that's a ticket over the Vandalia line, via Chicago, to Northern summer resorts—you've shown me the wrong ticket.

Jones—Not at all. This ticket cost me but a few dollars, and with it I am sure to draw rest, pleasure, recreation, and health. Isn't that a prize?

Smith—Yes, to be sure; but I've been thinking of going to the springs in Virginia.

Jones—Well, the Vandalia sells tickets for those too—and what's more the employes are gentlemanly and obliging.

Smith—Where's the office?

Jones—100 N. Fourth street, St. Louis.

Smith—By-by; I'm going to invest in that lottery!

THE late Dr. Macadam used to tell of a tipsy Scotchman making his way home upon a bright Sunday morning, when the good folk were wending their way to the kirk. A little dog pulled a ribbon from the hand of a lady who was leading it, and as it ran away from her, she appealed to the first passer-by, asking him to whistle for her poodle. "Woman!" he retorted, with that solemnity of visage which only a Scotchman can assume, "Woman, this is no day for whustlin'."

MISS BROWNSTONE says that if she has a dog she wants one of those great Sarah Bernhardt dogs that dig those dear old monks out of the snow in Switzerland.—*E.e.*

STILL Chili weather in Peru.—*Boston Post.* We Bolivia.—*Toronto Globe.* Andes this a joke?—*Exchange.* Uruguay humorist not to know a joke when you see one.—*Toronto Globe.* The REVIEW does Hayti see this thing go on!

A YOUNG German was once pressing his suit, and in the midst of his ardor questioned the object of his choice as to her possible financial future. "I have heard," he said, "that your good father owns two large estates in Silesia!" "Yes," was the naive reply, "and he owns two more in Pommerania." The suitor hesitated a moment as though to catch his breath, and then, falling on his knees, and looking the young lady imploringly in the face, cried out: "And can you, my darling, doubt my affection under such circumstances?"

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