VOL. 3. No. 10.

KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

JUNE, 1881.

Contents.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.

KUNKEL BROS., Publishers,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

ENG. BY LAMPE & LAMBRECHT ST. LOUIS.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., and admitted for transmission through the Mails at Second Class Rates.

She sweetly smiled and said, "My love
How stupid you must be;
Have you not heard the praises sung
By maidens fair and free,
Of thread that's pure and smooth and strong,
That never knots or breaks,
The silken thread that maidens use
Who seldom make mistakes?"

KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

A JOURNAL

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

VOL. III. JUNE, 1881. No. 10.

THE BARBER'S LOVE.

"Fair maiden, wilt thou share my fate?"
A love-sick barber cried;
"Oh no," said she, "I can not be
A little *shaver's* bride.

"Thy *lip, pomade*, doth wound me deep,
And cutteth sharp and keen;
Soap precious art thou to my heart,
Which *hones* no other queen.

"And since to be my bonny bride
Thou wilt not condescend,
I fear my days have run their race,
And reached their *lather* end.

"This form must crumble in the dust,
These lips in death grow dumb,
This barber's *mug*, so fair and snug,
Mustache-n pale become."

—*Unknown Bard.*

"O, scissors! Wherefore talk like this?"
The maiden fair replied,
"And *razor* row because, forsooth,
I will not be your bride.

"*Comb, whisker* round; some trim young lass
You'll win if you'll but try;
Don't *beard* dolt, brush off the tears,
And ne'er *curl* up and die!"

Alas! he would not heed her words,
But took a gun—poor soul—
"And blew his brains out?"—No, not much,
He *banged* his barber's *poll*.

—*Yawcob Strauss.*

COMICAL CHORDS.

DO fishermen castanet for Spanish mackerel?

A MUSIC-ALE is not necessarily a concert in a beer garden.

KICK your corn through a window glass, and the pane is gone forever.

"SIX into four you can't," as the shoemaker mildly suggested to a lady customer.

SONGS of the baker: "Tell me where is fancy bre(a)d," and "If dough-ty deeds."

ADAM ate the apple, and his descendants have been en-coreing the little mischief ever since.

IT is said the ordinary life of a bee is only ninety days. The end of a bee, however, is very lively.

"I TAKE no *note* of time," says the poet. Many musicians are "jes so," as Solon Shingle remarks.

A BOSTON man has a nose that can smell music when he can't hear it; a musical scent, as it were.

HE was fond of singing revival hymns, and his wife named their baby Fort, so that he would want to hold it.

MICHIGAN has a man with three arms. He is the only fellow alive who can take two girls to a singing school and enjoy it.

THIS is how it is put on a sign in a Massachusetts town: "Violins, umbrellas, and other musical instruments repaired."

THE singer is better off than most mortals. He is happy when he finds his cake in do. Si?—*Lowell Courier.* La mi!—*Camb. Tribune.*

THE relatives were arranging a marriage. "I would call your attention," said the fond father, "to the fact that Leonie doesn't play the piano, nor sing, nor paint; in fact she hasn't a *single disagreeable accomplishment.*—*French Paper.*

SAID a musical editor of another: "He may be a good scholar but he can't parse a beer saloon."

WHEN a musical performer is unable to properly express a composition, how would it do for him to try mailing it?

A CELEBRATED music composer is getting up an opera that will introduce a chorus of hogs. It is for the next festival at Cincinnati.—*Boston Post.*

A JUSTICE of the peace in Greenfield, Mass., who married an elderly couple the other day, was paid his fee in dried apples. The wedding was a swell affair.

"YOU say it was two hours before midnight that you waited for the lady?" — "Yes." — "Then you're like Bernhardt." "Why?"—"Because attenuated."

DRINKING beer may quench the thirst, but it will not refresh the memory.—*N. Y. News.* That delicate matter is one of the unpleasant duties of the bartender.

It is useless for physicians to argue against short-sleeved dresses. The Constitution of the United States says: "The right to bear arms shall not be interfered with."

THE invitation given in the new song, "Meet me at the Bars," seems to be very generally accepted, judging from the crowds we see at those where the screens are removed.

"MIKE DOOLEY, who lately left his lodging, will take notice that if he does not return soon and pay for the same, he shall be advertised," is the way an advertisement in an Irish newspaper read.

They were at a dinner party, and he remarked that he supposed she was fond of ethnology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor had told her not to eat anything for dessert but oranges.

IN the spring the female fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of bonnet,
With a maze of gimp and ribbons
And a bunch of feathers on it.

THERE is an advertisement in an English paper that is interesting. Two boys are wanted for a church at Bournemouth, who "have good treble voice and ear." One is probably to have a treble voice and the other a treble ear!

NO BENEFIT—An Indiana newspaper writes: Mr. Geo. F. Helderle, of Peru, Ind., says that he had suffered very much with rheumatism and used many remedies without benefit. He found the desired relief in St. Jacobs Oil.—*Atchison Champion.*

HERR PROFUNDO (apologizing for the prima dona's non-appearance): Laitees unt shentlemen, Mees Cary will not sing to-night, she have a little horse. (Laughter.) No, no! I should ave said she ave a small colt!! (Goes off swearing at the difficulties of the English language.)

"BUT my deah fellah," said a newly arrived Englishman to the Galveston hack-driver who called him "colonel," "but, my deah fellah, I don't belong to the army, you know." "That don't make any difference; here in Galveston we call almost every loafer and dead beat colonel or major. Hev a kerridge, general?

IN a book recently issued, which has for its object to teach people to "make home happy," it is boldly asserted that a man is "what a woman makes him." It is not easy to carry this theory to its logical conclusion. Supposing a wife makes her husband a smoking cap? This will show how careful people should be who advise others on domestic matters.

AND now they say that Theodore Thomas didn't refuse, while in Cincinnati, to beat time with a ham. The trouble originated in his inability to keep a firm grip on it, and when he was whacking out something very difficult, it would get away from him, and take the trombonist in the eye or the 'cellist in the shirt front, and they didn't like it.—*Boston Post.*

DU MAURIER, the artist who ridicules the pretensions of society in *Punch*, was recently at "a small and early," and applied a test to discover whether or not a singer was an amateur or a professional. He said to the lady in his benevolent manner, "Are you in good voice?" She replied "Capital voice—never better." Du Maurier said, "She is a professional. If she had been an amateur she would have had a cold."

Kunkel's Musical Review.

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

SUBSCRIPTION—(Including Postage.)

Four Months,	$ 50
Six Months,	75
One Year,	1 50
Single Copy,	15

☞ *All matter intended for publication in the* REVIEW *should be addressed to the editor, care of Kunkel Brothers, St. Louis, Mo., in time to reach St. Louis at the latest by the 23d of the month preceding the month of publication.*

Subscribers finding this notice marked will understand that their subscription expires with this number. The paper will be discontinued unless the subscription is renewed promptly.

SINCE the publication of the specimen pages of Robert Goldbeck's Book on Harmony, we frequently receive letters from musical people, desiring to know whether Mr. Goldbeck would give lessons in harmony by mail. We are authorized to state that arrangements can be made to that effect by directly addressing R. Goldbeck, care Kunkel Bros., 311 S. Fifth st., St. Louis, Mo.

TWO or three of our exchanges complain that there are "musical *cliques*" in the cities where they are published. Our good city of St. Louis is free from that reproach, and is likely to remain so for some time to come, because it takes more than one man to make a *clique*, and St. Louis musicians universally "flock apart by themselves." In that way they feel sure to be in good company and to commune with none but truly artistic souls.

AS WE had predicted, the case of Pearce *vs.* Mapleson *et al.*, was not tried on the 6th of May, but will soon come up on a demurrer. That is probably the last that will be heard of it; at any rate it will now have to go over to the October term, when, should it be tried, our English confrères can republish the cheap fun which they prematurely attempted to poke at our American courts, in their accounts of a "trial" that had not yet occurred.

THE SOUTHERN HOTEL OPENING MUSIC.

That a millionaire, who boasts of his public spirit, should have asked and received a bonus of $125,000 to rebuild the Southern Hotel; that after it was built, he should have allowed, if not encouraged, the business men of St. Louis to contribute some $10,000 additional to defray the expenses of an opening ball; that at the banquet the best of the viands should have been a *menu* elegantly printed in the worst of back-kitchen French; and that speeches should have been made lauding to the skies the liberality shown by the enterprising proprietor in allowing his fellow-citizens to spend money for him; these and many other things connected with the opening of the new Southern Hotel, are matters on which we have our opinion, but which it were out of place to discuss here. But that the committee having the arrangements in charge, and who were more than lavish in many useless expenditures, should, for the sake of saving the paltry sum of $90, have awarded the contract for furnishing the music to the Arsenal Band, rather than to the St. Louis Grand Orchestra, is a matter which does concern us, and for which we can conceive of no excuse save that perhaps the music furnished by the military band was more in keeping with the balance of the entertainment than would have been the superior work of the St. Louis Grand Orchestra.

It may be true that the Arsenal Band is composed of as good material as the majority of military bands, but it will hardly be seriously claimed that good musicians would enlist for $15 a month and their board. At any rate, no one who has heard the performances of the St. Louis Grand Orchestra and of the Arsenal Band will, unless he wish to write himself down a numskull, pretend that the latter can at all compare with the former. From a musical stand-point then, the members of the committee who had the matter in charge, must either confess their own ignorance, or their belief that the large company of the "élite" of St. Louis society, who were supposed to be present at the Southern ball, were incompetent to distinguish between good and poor music.

Granting the musical ignorance of the committeemen, it would seem that their business sense ought to have led them to employ the men who, with their families, are residents of the city, who pay their quota of taxes into the municipal treasury, and whose presence is itself a source of profit to the mercantile community. But no, the few dollars appropriated for what should have been the most prominent feature of the occasion, the music, must be paid to Uncle Sam's cheap pensioners!

It is an admitted fact that St. Louis musical taste is far from what it ought to be. Shall we be compelled to believe that its business men have no business tact?

THE UTILITY OF MUSICAL MAGAZINES.

Nowadays, when not only the learned professions but even the mechanical arts have each their special periodicals, it need not be argued that an art as universal, a science as boundless as that of music, should have its own papers and magazines. The success of many such publications in securing large lists of subscribers is in itself proof sufficient that the musical public want just what is furnished them by the musical press. But it may be doubted whether the larger proportion of the subscribers to musical journals fully realize the many good purposes served by a properly conducted musical magazine.

Talking to our own subscribers, we may be allowed to use our own REVIEW as an illustration. Since it has passed into an adage (most adages lie, but this happens to tell the truth) that—

> "A little nonsense now and then
> Is relished by the best of men."

—(which, being interpreted, means, of course, musical people), some space is devoted to "Comical

Chords," and more than one crabbed musician (strange that there should be crabbed musicians!) while he has audibly grumbled at what he called our "waste of space on foolishness," has read every line of "Comical Chords," and secretly enjoyed what he pretended to blame. We have also been credibly informed that the digestion of more than one meal had been facilitated by the trifles gathered in these columns. The editorial discussions of current topics, the accounts and criticisms of musical works and performances, however faulty they may be in themselves, must, in all cases, have at least one beneficial result, in setting the readers to thinking for themselves. The news carefully collated from all parts of the world and presented in short paragraphs under "Major and Minor," constitute an interesting panoramic view of what is going on in the musical world. The biographical notices of eminent musicians, living and dead, the accounts of new musical inventions, compositions, and discoveries, the best thoughts of the best musical writers and teachers put in a terse, practical way, must furnish the minds of those who peruse them with data and suggestions which they would vainly seek for elsewhere. The music provides on the one hand a cheap supply of material for study and practice, and on the other an excellent means of becoming acquainted with the best of the latest musical compositions. When, as in the REVIEW, the music has been carefully selected, so as to give nothing but works of genuine merit, and espepecially when, as in the REVIEW again, these selections have been carefully annotated by eminent teachers, the music becomes a means of musical education which can not be over-estimated. Even the advertising pages are valuable to the careful reader, for he will often find advertised there the very thing he has long wished he might find. Then too, a magazine such as ours is a musical missionary; the unmusical members of the families who receive it find in it from month to month much that interests them; if nothing else the choice stories it contains, and, unconsciously almost, the other pages are read over and an interest in music and musical literature is aroused in those who, but for the magazine, would never have taken the least interest in musical questions.

OUR readers' attention is, for the last time, called to the advertisement of the special introductory terms of Goldbeck's Harmony, on page 469. The offer there made will positively be withdrawn after the 20th instant and the price of the work will, thereafter, be $1.50 per copy. Orders not accompanied with the cash will not be entered. Please bear this in mind. The publishers' contract with the author positively forbids their entering as orders for the special edition advertised, any orders not accompanied with the cash. By the time this number of the REVIEW reaches the majority of our readers the first forms of the book will probably be on the press.

MR. KIESELHORST, formerly of Olshausen & Kieselhorst, has opened new piano warerooms on Laclede Avenue, St. Louis. He has taken the agency of the Miller. Mr. Kieselhorst has a good piano to push, and he is a good man to push it.

Polyphonic Writing.

The greatest, profoundest, and most beautiful style of four-part writing is that in which each voice is independently developed, the chord combinations being merely the result of the harmonious blending of the different parts. This indeed is the process of composition of the masters, as evidenced by their polyphonic (see index) style of writing. *Part-thinking* is the attribute of the master, *chord-thinking* that of the less skillful. We must nevertheless take into account the fact that the science of Harmony in the sense of "Physical Beauty of Sound" is essentially a modern achievement, and that, so long as it does not obscure or crowd out of existence the polyphonic style, its influence is highly conducive to the progress and expansion of musical art.

Bach and Handel are the representative writers of a perfect polyphonic style (Canon and Fugue), springing (in ways that need not to be explained here) from a deep feeling of religious devotion. Haydn, imbued with the same spirit, but tempered by a child-like love of nature, is the link between Bach and Handel and Mozart and Beethoven, who again may be considered the originators of a style in which human feeling and passion struggle for supremacy. They naturally associated with their artistic forms and classic style a grander expansion of Harmony and external or physical beauty of sound. Mendelssohn and Schumann followed in their footsteps — Mendelssohn reviving religious fervor, expressed in the more captivating accents of modern Melody and Harmony. Liszt and Wagner have sought to cultivate to the utmost boldness of Harmony, beauty of sound and development of material force. Lately Kiel, Brahms, Rubenstein, and others have sought to combine with these external and dazzling qualities the depth and manyfold voicing of the old masters. This, therefore, is clearly the music of the immediate *future*, and it is gratifying to notice strong currents of this tendency everywhere in the great world of music — of Europe and to some extent of America. It may be added that the general musical public is not yet sufficiently cultivated to accept this style in opera, and that it is at present confined to the oratorio, cantata, symphony, and smaller instrumental and vocal works, which are recognised and supported by the most refined among the musical people. — *From Goldbeck's forthcoming Treatise on Harmony.*

A Strange Discovery.

Prof. Tyndall, of London, has just invented a new scientific apparatus that, when properly used, gives most singular results, and shows that the wonders of the photophone have only just begun.

The photophone has already been described. It is an instrument invented by Prof. Bell for causing a beam of light to convey a telephonic message to a distance.

In the new apparatus, a beam of light from a lime light, or even a candle, is thrown upon a common glass flask having a long neck. To this is fastened a rubber speaking tube that may be placed to the ear, so that any sounds in the flask may be heard through the tube.

Between the flask and the light is placed a circular disk of metal, having narrow slots, or openings, placed like the spokes of a wheel round the edge. When the disk is at rest, the beam of light may pass through one of the slots and fall on the flask.

If, now, the disk is made to turn rapidly on its axis, the light will reach the flask in a series of flashes, as it shines through the slots one after the other. Here the curious discovery comes in. When the flask is filled with a gas, or a vapor, say the vapor of sulphuric ether, common street gas, or oxygen, perfumes like patchouli or cassia, or even smoke, and the beam of light is made to fall on the flask in a series of alternate flashes, the operator, listening with the speaking tube at his ear, will hear strange musical sounds inside the flask.

The pitch of these tones will correspond exactly with the speed with which the disk is made to turn, and each kind of gas or vapor in the flask will give a different kind of note, some soft, some loud, and some very sweet and musical.

This is certainly the most remarkable discovery since the photophone, and it shows that light may be made the means of making sounds audible at a distance, even when the eye can see no difference in the light. It even suggests the idea that that we may yet be able to hear the sounds of the fires raging in the sun.

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.

The Saxophone Quartette has been reorganized. Its members now are Messrs. Enzinger, Knittel, Boulanger and Ostendorf.

Mr. A. J. Goodrich has resigned his position at the Conservatory, and will leave St. Louis the 6th inst. for Ann Arbor, Mich., accompanied by Madame Goodrich, and Miss Robertson, of Baton Rouge.

At the Third Annual Entertainment of the Pioneer Society, Miss Mattie Loth played *Jean Paul's* "William Tell Fantasia," and Mrs. J. P. Weil "Satellite Polka de Concert," by *J. C. Alden, Jr.* Both pieces were rendered with taste and spirit.

On the afternoon of May 6th the pupils of the Mary Institute gave a "Musical Rehearsal," under the direction of Mrs. Brainard. To mention the name of Mrs. Brainard as the directress is to say that the programme was judiciously chosen and arranged, and that the "rehearsal" was in all respects successful and creditable to the participants.

"L'Afrique," the new "satirical opera," libretto by *Schuyler*, music by *W. C. McCreery*, held the boards at the Olympic during the week beginning May 16th, and drew full houses. To call the opera satirical is a misnomer; it is rather a mitigated form of the *opera bouffe*. The music of Mr. McCreery is highly creditable to one who is not a professional musician. Many of the *arias* are fresh and taking, and the opera, as a whole, is a success. The vocal effects are always good, sometimes excellent. The orchestral scoring, which, we understand, is the work of Mr. Mayer, was all that could be desired. The participants (all home talent) all did well; but Miss Carpenter, the leading soprano, and Mr. Branson, the principal tenor, deserve special mention for the excellence of their vocalization, as well as for the effectiveness of their acting.

A musical entertainment was given at "The Pickwick," on May 12th, by the singing classes of Mix C. Hax and some of the instrumental pupils of Profs. Chas. and Fred. Schillinger, assisted by the Washington Amateur Orchestra. This combination of several classes is one which might be imitated by many of our music teachers. The "Sonnambula Fantasie," played by Miss Laybach, *Melnotte's* "Trovatore Duet," played by Misses O. Kayser and E. Mayer, and Miss Beach's rendering of *Weber's* "Concert-Stueck in F minor," and Miss Rehbein in the two movements of *Beethoven's* Sonata Pathetique deserves special mention among piano selections.

Miss Ottilie Beckman sang an aria from "Robert le Diable" in very good style, and Mr. Koch earned an encore by his excellent singing of his aria from "Ernani."

Prof. Fred. Schillinger, both as conductor and violinist, enhanced the good impression of his abilities given by his pupils.

The following is the programme of the concert to be given May 26th, one day too late for detailed notice in this issue, at "The Pickwick," by Robert Goldbeck:

1. Piano—Sonata in D minor, op. 31, No. 2, *Beethoven*. *a*. Allegro. *b*. Adagio. *c*. Agitato. Mr. Goldbeck. 2. Vocal—Qui la voce—Puritani, *Bellini*. Miss Cornelia Petring. 3. Vocal—Quartette—Sunset, *Goldbeck*. Miss Henrietta Leisse and Pauline Schuler, Messrs. T. C. Doan and Oscar H. Bollman. 4. Piano—*a*. On Wings of Song, *Mendelssohn-Liszt*. *b*. Hungarian Rhapsody, *Liszt*. Mr. Goldbeck. 5. Vocal—Convien Partir, *Donizetti*. Miss Henrietta Leisse. 6. Voice and Violin—Spring Flowers, *Reinecke*. Mrs. Albert F. Dean and Mr. George Heerich. Second Part.—7. Vocal Quintette—Oh, how can I e'er forget thee? *Goldbeck*. Mrs. Dean, Misses Petring and Schuler, and Messrs. Doan and Bollman. 8. Piano—*a*. Song Without Words, *Mendelssohn*. *b*. Mazourka, *Chopin*. *c*. Arabeske, *Schumann*. Mr. Goldbeck. 9. Vocal—*a*. Margaret at Her Spinning Wheel, *b*. Hark, Hark, the Lark, *Schubert*. Mrs. A. F. Dean. 10. Violin—La Mélancolie, *Prume*. Mr. George Heerich. 11. Vocal—Staccato Polka, *Mueller*. Miss Jessie Foster. 12. Piano—*a*. Dreaming by the Brook, *b*. Love's Devotion, *c*. Ungarisch, *Goldbeck*. Mr. Goldbeck. 13. Vocal Quintette—Princess and Gardener, *Goldbeck*. Mrs. Dean; Misses Petring and Leisse, Schuler (Princess), and Mr. Bollman (Gardener).

The third musical soiree of the Beethoven Conservatory took place at Association Hall on May 24. This was one of the best, if not the best entertainment ever given by the Conservatory. A "nocturne for violin and piano," composed by Mr. George A. Kissel, and played by himself and Prof. Waldauer, exhibited a great deal of talent for composition. Mr. Kissel, who has been for the last two years under the tuition of Prof. M. I. Epstein, is quite a young man, only about eighteen years old, we believe, and this composition indicates that he will yet make a name for himself among the better class of musical writers.

The Alden Concert Polka "Satellite," one of the most effective and brilliant concert pieces ever written, was played by Miss Mamie Clark in excellent style. It was certainly the most popular piece of the evening, and brought the fair performer four successive recalls.

Miss Kathleen Henry in the *Allegro* of the *Reinecke* "Concerto in E minor," and Miss McEwing in the *Weber* "Concerto in C major," exhibited excellent schooling and taste. The Epsteins are evidently doing good work in the Conservatory.

The singing of "The Kerry Dance" by Miss Flora S. Whitney was an excellent rendering of this popular song. Her elocution was unusually good, and she seems in a fair way of mastering the difficult art of singing easy songs. Mr. Goodrich's masterly schooling was seen in the manner in which she rendered her selection.

Mr. Waldauer appeared twice, and his playing was, as ever, capable and scholarly. An enlarged field of usefulness is open to the Conservatory.

The musical soirée we spoke of in our last as being about to be given at the piano warerooms of Conover Bros., under the management of the Epstein Brothers, took place as announced. Notwithstanding the fact that the strike of the street-car drivers and conductors was in full force, quite a large audience was present.

The brothers Epstein appeared at their best in their selections, which were all brilliantly rendered. Mr. A. I. Epstein's playing of the Rivé-King arrangement of the "Wiener Bonbons Waltzes" was unusually fine. It is doubtful if the gifted composer could herself have improved upon the interpretation of Mr. Epstein. The octette of Rubinstein, of which two movements were played, was the novelty of the programme. It was played in good style; indeed, considering that several of the performers were merely *amateurs*, the peformance was remarkable. The piano part, played by Mr. M. I. Epstein, was especially noticeable for its excellence.

The assisting vocalists all acquitted themselves creditably. Miss Fisher, in "Ernani, fly with me," was at least up to her ordinary standard of exeellence. The same may be said of Miss Russell. Miss Pauline Schuler sang "Ah, mon Fils!" in a most excellent manner, and was warmly encored. She has a splendid voice, and will surely make her mark as a vocalist. Mr. Otto Bollman sang very acceptably. He is improving.

Mme. Petipas, whose name did not even appear upon the programme, played the accompaniments in a way which stamped her as a genuine artist. Mme. Petipas has recently come among us from Canada, without puffery or flourish of trumpets, but the work both of herself and pupils at this entertainment is recommendation enough for competent judges. We welcome her as a valuable addition to St. Louis musical talent.

Musical Peckniffs.

"Nym Crinkle," in the *Sunnyside Press*, very truthfully says:

The honest boor who declares that he likes the "Anvil Chorus" much better than the Seventh Symphony, has a clear, moral advantage over the dishonest amateur who declares that he prefers the Seventh Symphony to the "Anvil Chorus."

This advantage is one of sincerity and frankness.

There is a well marked scale of taste, as there is a scale of sounds, and scarcely any two persons can be found who are upon the same round of this very long ladder.

Our ears get cultivated without our consciousness. We all remember that when we took our first music lessons, we could not detect the difference in the intervals of the natural scale. Our teacher told us that from the third to the fourth and from the seventh to the eighth were only half steps. By and by we *felt* it. So it must be when the cultivated friend tells us that the music of Beethoven is much purer and sweeter than that of Verdi, and we do not understand it. Our ears are not yet able to appreciate the superiority of one composition over the other—that is all.

Then let us say so! The moment we pretend to like Beethoven because we have observed that intelligent and experienced musicians do so, we are trying to make people believe that we are occupying a higher round on the ladder of taste than we really do.

It is here that snobbery steps in.

But it is always a great deal better for art that simple honesty should not step out.

The pretense of admiration for intellectual music, because such admiration argues an advanced taste, is the worst sham with which modern music is beset.

It has led to an evanescent and shifting kind of fashionable idolatry. It has presented us with the spectacle of genteel audiences assembling to worship that which they do not comprehend, because such worship argued intellectuality.

It has raised and diffused the error that music can express ideas. It has set up popular pets where we wanted masters, and kept sterling and honest merit out of sight because such merit did not agree with the factitious standard.

We can not, of course, expect all the men who have never learned the alphabet to go about confessing it. But we can certainly demand of those who have never learned it, that they shall not go about insisting that they have.

It is not yet a finally adjudicated question whether intellectual attainment enhances the sensuous enjoyment of music. All intellectual development no doubt opens up to us new sources of enjoyment, but are they not always in the direction of intellectuality. As to the intensity or quantity of pleasurable emotion produced in man by musical sounds, who shall say that the tom-tom of the savage is not more efficacious to the rude nature than the violin is to the civilized man.

The Indian, who, when taken to the opera and asked his opinion of it, replied with a grunt, "one man play fiddle, another play fool," was at least a sincere amateur and critic.

But can we say as much better of the developed man who, after listening to three hours of opera in which not one note appealed to his sensuous nature, declares that his soul has been satisfied?

The constant effort of the modern intellectual mind is to give even absolute music definite purpose and literary shape. Whereas it is essentially without form and void, so far as ideas are concerned.

Wagner has used all the skill of a metaphysician to make men believe that music expresses thoughts. He has employed all the craft of a mathematician to wed one art to another, as if any art which used the means of another was not acknowledging its own weakness.

But we must, after all, come back to the elemental truth that music does not, and can not, express anything but feelings, which are essentially and totally distinct from thoughts.

And there we are met at once by the unanswerable fact that though all men can not think until they are developed, all men can feel by nature.

It is necessary to ground ourselves upon these stark truisms occasionally, because musical snobbery would set up an exclusive and inner consistory of tones for the elect. It would have us dispense with feeling altogether, and lavish a formulated admiration on the thought which fabricated, not on the emotion that created. It would have music paint, carve, photograph, mimic, interpret, argue, declaim and satirize. It would measure the vibrations of a tonic sigh, and accept the impression only when the vibrations are up to the standard. It goes to the concert with a literary spirit level and a trancendental lexicon, to prove to us in sound what Corot, in Paris, and, more recently, Whistler, in England, have been trying to prove in color—that if you pretend to comprehend the incomprehensible, you will pass for better men than all who are honest men.

Corot believed in reducing the cosmos to a grey chaos. Whistler desires to erect the universal into an inspired vagueness. Great thought is necessary to succeed in either of these undertakings, and for that the world will honor them, for the world thinks they have succeeded. Corot's pictures resemble nothing so much as a brilliant musical criticism, in which the mind swims and is lost.

Rossini once said—it was at the time of Meyerbeer's brilliant *debut* in Paris, when George Sand and all the other essayists wrote him into sudden glory, very much as the *precinces* laid hold of Liszt—Rossini said that much of the modern music was chiefly valuable for the rhapsodies it stimulated. Ever since that time literature has given itself the task of finding out what the musician means, and we have to-day a large class of cultivated people who possess a purely literary sense of Beethoven. They have read about him and his work until they are filled with the thoughts of his examiners. They come to the enjoyment of his compositions very much as an engineer comes to the enjoyment of a landscape. They bow to him—if they bow at all—very much as fashionable tourists bow to celebrated statues.

But this is something wholly distinct from the musical apprehension. You may be sure when the listener insists upon judging Beethoven with a historical map in his hand, that he is not enjoying, he is laboring.

Music, when it performs its mission perfectly, affects the judgment through the sensibilities. We can not make a diagram of the ethereal pleasure. It is only the quacks who pretend that sunlight can be bottled, and a song pressed out for preservation in a herbarium.

Intellectual snobbery narrows the domain of emotional delight. It would give to its own set exclusively what belongs to the race, and make a man give the password and the grip before he shall be acknowled as a creature of feeling.

If these fellows have any conception of a heaven it can not be like that of Jeremy Layton's poor widow, who believed it was a place where she could sit forever in a white apron and sing psalms. No, they must picture it as a vast summer garden, where the saints employ themselves while listening to the angel orchestra, in criticising the tempo, and searching for consecutive fifths.

New York.

NEW YORK, May 19, 1881.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—All quiet in the musical world. The great festival is over. Damrosch covered himself with glory; so did Campanini and Whittney. Gerster, Cary, and Miss Henne received their share. Mrs. Imogene Brown, Toedt, and Stoddard added nothing to their reputations. Mrs. Imogene Brown was the weakest plank in the festival. She is a fair church soprano, "only this, and nothing more." Why such inferior singers are pushed into such prominent positions is "one of those things no fellow can find out." Cary and Gerster did not make the success their friends looked for. Mme. Gerster is not at home in that style of music. Dr. Damrosch has gained many warm admirers by his real masterly work. The first festival ever held in this city has proved both an artistic and a financial success, far beyond what even the doctor's most sanguine friends had dared to hope. The acoustic qualities of the large armory of the Seventh Regiment are admirable, seating 12,000, which includes chorus and orchestra. The soloists could be heard distinctly in every part of the vast building. The chorus numbered 1,200; the orchestra 250. The distribution of the instruments was as follows: 40 first violins, 40 second violins, 30 violas, 26 violoncellos, 26 double basses, 6 flutes, 4 oboes, 2 English horns, 4 clarionettes, 2 bass clarionettes, 8 bassoons, 12 horns, 16 trumpets, 14 trombones, 4 tubas, 10 tympani, 2 bass drums, 3 cymbals, 2 harps. There were seven performances, four evening, and three matinees. The important works were Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum" and "The Messiah," the fifth and ninth symphonies of Beethoven, Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel," of Berlioz's "*Grande Messe des Morts, Requiem.*"

The last two were the novelties. A great many opinions of these compositions have been given by different writers. I say *writers* for the reason that no competent *critic* or *musician* will give such decided opinions about such important compositions, after a single hearing. Both works were listened to with great attention by the musical portion of the audience, while the "unwashed" pronounced both "great bores."

To the "Tower of Babel" Rubinstein has given the name of "Sacred Opera," of which he is writing a series. He has already written three—"Paradise Lost," "Tower of Babel," and the "Maccabees." The "Paradise Lost" in the first edition he called an oratorio.

The action of the opera all lies within a single scene. It was unfortunately placed immediately after Handel's "Te Deum." Although undeniably Rubinstein is a man of great genius, he is no match for the Saxon giant, and his work suffered by the comparison.

Mr. Thomas sails for Europe in a few days to secure soloists for the three festivals that he is engaged to conduct next Spring—New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. He will thus be enabled to bring over the best talent in Europe, which could not be done for a single festival. Rumors of "Patti and Joachim" are in the air. Without a doubt the festivals next spring at the places abov enamed will be the most important ever held in America, if not in the world. Mme. Gerster and her impressario (that was) have not parted friends. Mr. Gardini declares his wife will never sing for him again. Rumors in the air "that she will sing for Max Strackosh." I doubt it very much. Herr Josefly will remain with us another season, and will make a tour of six months, which will include California. Abbey, who is now in Europe, will make an effort to engage either Saint Saens or Carl Heyman, for a tour next season, so we are not likely to suffer any drought in that line. It is not stated which piano manufacturer will be made happy, as the bids are not all in yet.

We are being "Olivetted" and "Mascotted" to death. You will suffer in the same manner soon; the country will be overrun with "Olivette," "Mascott," "Billee Taylor," and the dear only knows how many other comic opera companies next season. The shoe dealers ought to do a good business.

MR. J. C. FREUND, formerly of the *Musical Times and Trade Review*, has returned to the city. He has had the necessary capital offered him to start his paper again. He has not yet decided whether he will do so or not.

In the death of Mr. Gotthold Carlberg musical journalism has lost one of its brightest lights. He leaves a wife and child. He died very suddenly of aneurism of the heart.

There was some little stir over the Beau-plan Ambré operatic smash-up. Ambré and her husband claim to have lost $86,000 this season. The poor people who were stranded here by them were sent home by the French line yesterday, the funds being raised by subscription. No confidence is placed in the statement made by Mrs. Tournié that her husband had eloped with Mme. Ambré. Mme. Ambré left with her husband.

Max Strackosh has returned after a most disastrous financial season. In fact, all the musical ventures last season proved unfortunate, except Mapleson's Opera Company. Mapleson made a great deal of money, much more than he lost last season.

There is some talk of Henry Mapleson joining forces with Col. Haverly and giving English opera again. I am a "doubting Thomas." I don't believe Haverly will do anything so foolish.

Wilhelmj and Sternberg have returned. It is said Mr. Sternberg will remain and settle in New York, and that Wilhemj will do the same. The latter makes a great deal of money selling violins, a business which he finds very profitable. He always has one worth *any price*, which a certain celebrated violin maker will certify to, and when forced to name a price, modestly puts it at $500, as being *no price at all for it*, yet Wilhemj will take $300. He is willing to sell it at a sacrifice so that the students of the violin may obtain good instruments. This is very small business for a great artist like Mr. Wilhemj to be engaged in. I wonder if Remenyi sells violins also?

The advance sheets of *Goldbeck's Harmony* that have been published in the REVIEW, have created a lively interest among musicians—professional and amateur—here, and the work will undoubtedly meet with a large sale. It is worthy of such a profound musician as its author is known and acknowledged to be by the entire musical world. It is the *clearest* and most comprehensive work of its kind that has so far been given to the public, and should be in the hands of every musical student.

C♯.

A LEARNED man in Prague has discovered that Bismarck is descended from a music teacher of about A. D. 1000, and this has set Bizzy busy practising vocal exercises to see whether the talent has descended to him. He goes round the palace singing "In dat schweet by unt pye" and "Tarling ve vas getting olt," until Kaiser Wilhelm says he can't stand it any longer, and this will probably lead to further complications in Europe.—*Score.*

A MICHIGAN journal relates the following: Amos James, Esq., proprietor of the Huron House, Port Huron, Mich., suffered so badly with rheumatism that he was unable to raise his arm for three months. Five bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured him entirely.—*Pottstown Daily Ledger.*

MAJOR AND MINOR.

Le Canada Musical is now a thing of the past. R. I. P.

BEETHOVEN is to have a statue in Central Park, New York.

IT is said that a statue of Ole Bull will probably pe placed in one of the public squares of Boston.

THE *Musical Review* of New York has "passed in its checks." It died of too much Wagner.

M. AUDRAN, composer of "Olivette," and other popular operettas, is a tenor singer in the Paris Opera House.

A. MCMARTIN, founder of the Musical Review did not long survive his paper. Amateur journalism loses in him one of its best representatives.

THE last appearance of Gerster prior to her departure for Europe, was with Thomas' orchestra, at the Boston Music Hall on May 14th. The Miller Grand was used upon that important occasion.

THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean* speaks highly of the rendering by Mr. Geo. Schleiffarth of "Bubbling-Spring," *Rive-King*, and of his own "Moonlight Fancies" at an entertainment recently given by Union Lodge No. 9, I. O. O. F.

THE Chase Piano Company writes: "We are now doing the largest business ever done in the history of the company. Our new buildings are progressing rapidly and by October we hope to be able to meet the growing demand for our pianos."

THE Faculty of instruction of the Petersilea Academy of Music of Boston, one of the best music schools in the country, has received a valuable accession in the person of Mr. Lavallée formerly of the Paris Conservatoire and recently director of the Academy of Music of the Province of Quebec.

MANY thanks to Albert Weber for invitation to his wedding, which occurs on the 7th inst. The REVIEW would like to be there, but since it can not, it sends its best wishes to both bride and groom. We presume that *Weber's* "Invitation to the dance" will be a feature of the wedding programme.

THE English department of Education has recently issued a return which shows that in 28,532 departments of schools in England and Scotland the following musical systems are in use: Hullah's in 691 schools, the old notation with movable *do* in 676 schools, more than one system in 61 schools, and tonic sol-fa in 3,987 schools. The remaining 23,117 schools teach by ear, using no system.

IN London there are 800 music publishers and dealers in musical instruments. The number of teachers of music is over 3,000; during the year 1880, over 1,300 public concerts were given and about 200 Italian and 50 English operatic performances. London has seventy amateur choral or instrumental associations. The number of pieces of music published in England during 1880 was 2,800.

HAYDN'S productivity was enormous. From his 18th to his seventy-first year, he composed 113 symphonies and overtures; 163 pieces for viola da gamba; 20 *divertissements* for various instruments; 3 marches; 24 trios; 6 solos for violin; 15 concertos for various instruments; 30 sacred works; 83 quartets; 66 sonatas; 42 duets; 5 operas with German text for puppets; 5 oratorios; 366 Scotch airs; 400 minuets and waltzes; and 25 operas.

THERE is an interesting relic of the past in Pesth at the present moment - the violin of Louis XIV, made by Amati at the express order of the "Great" monarch. The sides are adorned with fleurs-de-lis, while on the back are painted his Majesty's arms and motto. Down to 1789, this instrument was kept in the Garde-Meubles, Paris, but subsequently, after many adventures, came into the possession of Lipinsky, the violinist, who left it to his family.

A PARLOR *soiree musicale* recently given by the pupils of Miss Helen Beecher at the residence of Mrs. D. L. Zabriskie, at St. Charles, Illinois, created quite a stir in that little city. The playing of *Siebert's* "Trembling Dew Drop Mazurka" and of the Fantaisie on *Ernani* by Anna Zabriskie, a young Miss of only eleven summers, was really remarkable. The opening duet "Butterfly Caprice" *Melnotte*, played by Miss Lizzie Beecher and Estella Goodhue, and the closing trio played by Prof. Hatch, Mr. Stewart and Miss Beecher, were also remarkably good. "Bliss all Raptures Past Excelling," *Robyn*, sung by Miss Mary Beecher was the most notable of the vocal numbers. Miss Helen Beecher is doing good work in St. Charles.

MME. JULIA RIVE-KING has decided not to give any concerts during the coming season. This will, of course be regretted by music lovers throughout the country. At the request of many who have desired to avail themselves of her instruction, Mme. King has consented to devote herself during the coming year to teaching exclusiveiy. She will take a limited number of advanced pupils. Mrs. King is one of the best pianists of this or any other country, and also a thorough theoretical musician. We understand that Mrs. King has not yet made up her classes, but should any of the readers of the REVIEW desire to avail themselves of her invaluable knowledge and skill, we would advise them to make their application as soon as possible, as Mrs. King is sure to be besieged with applications. The REVIEW is the first paper to make this authoritative announcement, and therefore its readers will have the first opportunity to apply for admission to Mme. Rivé-King's classes. Her permanent address is Steinway Hall, New York.

Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, May 23, 1881.

MR. EDITOR:—The Oratorio of the Messiah, by the Oratorio Society of Baltimore, was a brilliant success, considered artistically, as regards the rendition of the music, and financially, as regards the receipts from voluntary subscriptions and admissions to the public rehearsal. That it was, is not to be wondered at. The press threw open their columns in its behalf with an abandon that was refreshingly lavish, to say the least of it, and even the ministry made a spontaneous effort to assure its success. one eminent divine attending all of the rehearsals and singing at the concert, and another, on the Sunday preceding the concert, during his sermon, telling his hearers, with eloquent and thrilling force, of the early history of Handel, when he wrote and first produced his great Oratorio of the Messiah. How, when he failed to draw an audience, he made it a matter of special prayer, and how, finally, his prayers were answered, his efforts crowned with success, thousands crowding to hear it and thousands being converted to Christianity through its influence, and finally advising his congregation to avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing it, and then in his concluding prayer, invoking the blessing of Deity upon the singers; that they might be duly impressed with the words they sung, &c., &c. The singers, from 500 to 600, occupied terraced platforms on either side of the stage, the orchestra in the centre and the director and solo singers to the front. It was a gala sight, the varied dresses and different style and expression of hair, countenance, &c., the fluttering of fans, the decorations in the way of evergreens and flowers and trimmings; the dazzling splendor of the calcium lights thrown upon all of this produced an effect that may be seen but never described. And then the audience, large, brilliant, enthusiastic, when the magnificent Hallelujah chorus was sung, arose "en masse" and remained standing until it was finished. Everything passed off pleasantly. The weather was hot—"red hot." One of the tenor singers who sat high up, and, by the way, sings in one of our church choirs, said it was hot as —— the bad place. Better look out; he may have an opportunity of making the comparison. All did well, and were enthusiastically zealous in their efforts to make a success of the affair. Mr. Sutro, who has recently been elected President of the Oratorio Society, was ubiquitous; now in the orchestra, now in the chorus, and now sitting in the balcony of the gallery with his wife (a very bright, intelligent and prepossessing little lady, the daughter of Hon. A. H. Handy, of Mississippi, and one of the best amateur piano players in Baltimore). This concert has given music an impetus that nothing else could have done, and created an interest and enthusiasm that will last for years, and greater than all of this, has developed a capacity that has fairly astonished the community.

The following is a list of officers of the Oratorio Society, elected May 2, 1881: President, Otto Sutro; Vice President, Edgar G. Miller; Treasurer, William H. Graham; Secretary, William A. Hanway; Librarian, A. K. Shriver; Directors, Robert Garrett, Edward Otis Hinkley, D. L. Bartlett, Frank P. Clark, E. G. Daves, Charles A. Vogeler, Innes Randolph.

The Rossini Musical Association gave Handel's Oratorio of Samson at the Academy of Music, May 3. The chornses were fairly rendered and the solos well sung. The audience was large, but a sicker crowd you never saw; they are used to a light, miscellaneous style of programme, with a great deal of variety, and therefore could not "stomach" the grave, solemn and, to a certain extent, monotonous effect of an Oratorio. A few more efforts of the kind will either lose them their audience or else gain them an entirely different set of hearers. Don't be rash!

The Oratorio of Judas Maccabeus, by the Peabody Chorus Class, was a dead failure—chorus small, audience small; actually had to hire singers to help out on the choruses! Fie! for shame!

There was a nondescript concert at the Academy of Music, May 9, at which it was hoped that his excellency, the President of the United States, would be present. He didn't come, however, and the public generally followed suit. The audience was light—painfully so, the programme stale, the performance tame and poor. The affair was gotten up by a very energetic little lady for her own benefit—a kind of self-presented testimonial—but it didn't pan out! But we will pause just here and take up our portrait gallery.

William Tarbutton, Professor of Music in the Eastern and Western Female High Schools of Baltimore, is a native of the eastern shore of Maryland—past sixty years of age, full figure, of venerable and imposing appearance, well versed in music, and has probably helped to turn out more good readers of music than any other teacher in this place. His enemies, like his failings, are few; his friends, like his virtues, many. He is a valuable member of the Oratorio Society.

John Theophile. Professor of Music in the Southern Home School for Young Ladies, No. 197 N. Charles street, and Madame Lefevre's Young Ladies' Academy, No. 59 Franklin street, and organist of Grace M. E. Church, is one of our very best piano and organ teachers. After having faithfully studied music and qualified himself to teach in his own country, he visited Leipsic, Germany, and remained some time, studying at the Conservatory of Music there. He has quite a number of private pupils—is gentle, modest, unassuming and unaffected; is the composer of quite a number of really meritorious pieces.

EVERY MONTH.

MISS GOLDSTICKER, a native of St. Louis, whose stage name is Rosina Isadore, had a very narrow escape from burning in the fire of the opera house at Nice.

GHOSTLY MUSIC.

Spiritualism, which is represented by those who believe in it to be vastly superior to Christianity, differs, of course, from the latter in its revelations as to the state of music in the other world. The Church has always held that the angelic host sings and plays on the harp and trumpet in a way altogether beyond the reach of criticism. Though a good deal can be done with harps and trumpets, we are not shut up to the conclusion that these are the only instruments used by the blessed ghosts in Paradise. Probably the term *trumpet* is a general one, and includes trombones, sax-horns, and other instruments on which the chromatic scale can be played. However this may be, the Church has always taught that the angels are accomplished musicians, and has never thought it worth while to repel the blasphemous suggestion that accordions, banjos, and such like debasing reservoirs of vulgar noise are known beyond the bounds of this miserable earth.

But Spiritualism, on the other hand, shows us that the state of musical culture among ghosts is no better than that which characterizes an Indiana country town. The average ghost plays on only the most execrable instruments, and sings only the most empty and aggravating songs. As for producing a decent tone with the trumpet, or playing the simplest melody with a harp, the ghosts of Spiritualism have never even ventured to make the attempt. When a "materializing séance" is held the medium always requests the circle of believers to sing, alleging that under the influence of music ghosts materialize with comparative ease. But what are the songs that are sung in spiritual circles? The "Sweet By-and-By" is a fair sample of them. They are invariably the illiterate sentimental songs popular among people who know absolutely nothing about music. They are sung through the nose with the mechanical sameness of the barrel-organ, and with a dragging of the time that is simply maddening. One would think that if the singing of the "Sweet By-and-By" could induce any ghost to materialize, it would be a large ghost with a heavy club and a wild desire to brain the singers. Unfortunately, this is not what ordinarily happens. The singing is followed by the appearance of ghosts, who are in the best of tempers, and apparently perfectly satisfied with the "music" which has lured them from the other world. Of course this is fatal to our respect for ghosts. If a ghost will deliberately come to earth to hear people whose voices are as cracked as their brains sing the "Sweet By-and-By," they are wholly unfit to be noticed by persons of any sort of musical culture.

This being the kind of musical taste which prevails in the other world, we need not be surprised to find that not a single ghost has yet materialized who can play on a decent instrument. What is even worse is the fact that the entire ghostly world seems to be given over to the accordeon. Occasionally a ghost will strike the strings of a guitar so as to produce a discordant noise; but the accordion is positively the only instrument which ghosts will play in public. If Spiritualism is true, it is evident that the first thing a disembodied spirit does is to learn to play on the accordion. Men who in this world would have smitten to the earth the wretch who should have tried to place an accordion in their hands, will, in their ghostly estate, take up the instrument from the medium's table, and proceed to encourage its asthmatic wheezing.

It is certainly very strange that we should thus deteriorate after death. The late Daniel Webster was confessedly one of the greatest men of any age. He never played on any instrument, and, in fact, had no liking whatever for music; but his views of the accordion were such as become a statesman, a Christian, and a gentleman. Yet, now that he is dead, he has devoted himself with much assiduity to the accordion, and when he condescends to materialize for the benefit of a roomful of Spiritualists—as he frequently does—he is pretty sure to say: "Gimme that there accordion and I'll play a little suthin;" whereupon he plays the "Sweet By-and-By," "Mollie Darling," or "Beautiful Spring." George Washington is equally bad, and even Shakespeare has repeatedly shown that he shares the ghostly fondness for accordions.

Inevitably, this casts a gloom over the future world. If, when we are dead, we sink to the accordion, and find pleasure in the "Sweet By-and-By," we are decidedly better off here than we will be hereafter. So far as we can learn from materialized ghosts, there is not a harp nor a brass instrument in the other world, and, if there were, there is not a ghost who could play on them. Were we to adopt the hypothesis that only the ghosts of bad men had the power to return to earth, and that their familiarity with the accordion is acquired while undergoing punishment, we might feel a little encouraged; but, in point of fact, the ghosts of the very best and noblest men play the accordeon, so that the hypothesis suggested is clearly untenable.

Our best plan is to decide that Spiritualism can not be true. It is far more probable that mediums lie, and that Spiritualists are deceided, than it is that Daniel Webster and Dante play the accordion. Let us cherish our old belief in celestial harps and angelic trumpets, and hope that in the future life we shall be free from the sight and sound of the accordion. Perhaps the fallen angels, having dropped and broken their harps, torment miserable sinners by singing "The Sweet By-and-By," and accompanying themselves on the accordion; but surely, in any other part of the universe of ghosts, that wretched instrument and revolting song must be unknown.—*N. Y. Times.*

I. L. SCHOEN, of New York, an excellent violinist by the way, is paying a visit to his parents in this city. He looks exceedingly well, and as he is a good fellow, we exceedingly regret that his stay among us is only temporary.

THE SINGER'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF RUSSIA.

CHAPTER I.

[This truthful little sketch from the *Musical Herald* is not signed but bears internal evidence of being from the pen of L. C. Elson.]

MINKA felt that they both loved her,—Wobbleoff, the tenor, and Bombitsky, the pianist of the court. She had never been loved by any one before, and she felt she was doing a Rushian business. At eve, the tenor would come to her humble hut and sing *Put me in my little Kibitka*, *The Samovar's-man*, and other of the most noted works of Lvoff, Lvite, Lvdanks, and other noted Russian composers. Bombitsky would then sneer, and say that such singing ought to cause his arrest as a Nihilist, and would efface the impression by Moszkowski's *Silvery Waves*, and Tschaikowski's variations of *Home, sweet Home*, until the tenor was wild with jealousy. Then he would melt Minka to sad tears by the cadenzas of Strauss' waltzes, which he played with the left hand alone, holding her hand clasped in his right. "Strauss shows which way the wind blows," muttered the tenor; and he meditated a deep revenge.

CHAPTER II.

Minka felt that she loved Bombitsky. She desired to send Wobbleoff to pursue the even tenor of his way; but she felt that he was a base man, and might commit some desperate deed. She had endeavored to have him arrested for uttering false notes; but the chief of the police was secretly a Nihilist, and would not interfere with a brother conspirator. That night, the tenor might have been seen (had the police done their duty) crawling cautiously through a window of Minka's house. Once inside, he wended his way to the piano, and smeared a substance over the keys. Having done this, he cautiously crawled out again.

CHAPTER III.

The following night, the lovers were again together, their happiness only marred by an occasional false note from Wobbleoff, who was singing, "Will you love me when I'm old?"

"I don't know what changes my sentiments may undergo by that time," responded Minka; "but you may call again then, and I will inform you whether I will or not. Play me something, Bombitsky."

"Ha!" interrupted the tenor: "he always plays the same things, and always without notes. I doubt if he can play anything at sight."

"I can play any composition at sight, even with one eye closed," responded the proud pianist.

"It is well," sneered the tenor, "I have here with me a new composition of my own, a Nihilistic symphony in seven movements. You will observe that it begins *pppp* and continues very softly until this chord (a diminished seventeenth), which is to be struck *fffff*. Do you think you can give this sudden climax?"

"I have force enough for two more *f*'s if you wish them," calmly replied the pianist, as he sat down before the instrument.

He began very softly, so softly that one might have heard a (belaying) pin drop. Minka sat beside him in ecstasy, although very little of the sound was audible. The fatal diminished seventeenth chord approached. It came. Swooping his arms wildly in the air, he let them crash down upon the piano,—BANG!!!!!

The fragments of the two lovers spread over three counties. The tenor, who had fled, had smeared nitro-glycerine upon the keys, and achieved his diabolic revenge. He was never heard of more. By order of the benevolent Czar, the remains were carefully swept up; but, as they could not be assorted with certainty they were buried in one grave, where they still remain, a fearful testimony to the singer's revenge.

Gluck Before Wagner.

Wagner's adherents are wont to represent him as the Messiah of a new revelation in reference to operatic music, but Gluck's letter to the Grand Duke Leopold, of Tuscany, asking his permission to dedicate to him his opera of "Alceste," which we herewith reproduce and in which he briefly explains his musical theories establishes that over one hundred years ago, he had anticipated Wagner in the leading features of his system. But let us hear Gluck:

"When I undertook to compose music for 'Alceste,' I proposed to abolish entirely all those abuses introduced by the injudicious vanity of singers, or by the excessive complaisance of masters, which have so long disfigured the Italian opera, and instead of the most splendid and beautiful of all entertainments, rendered it the most ridiculous and tiresome. My purpose was to restrict music to its true office, that of ministering to the expression of the poetry, and to the situations of the plot, without interrupting the action, or chilling it by superfluous and needless ornamentation. I thought that it should do what brilliancy of color and skillful light and shade effect for a correct and well-designed drawing, by animating the figures without distorting their contours. I wished, therefore, to avoid arresting an actor in the most excited moment of his dialogue, by causing him to wait for a tiresome ritornella, or, in the midst of half-uttered words, to detain him on a favorable note, either for the purpose of displaying his fine voice and flexibility in some long passage, or causing him to pause till the orchestra gave him time to take breath for a cadence. It did not appear to me that I ought to hurry rapidly over the second part of an aria, possibly the most impassioned and important of all, in order to have the opportunity of repeating regularly four times over the words of the first part, causing the aria to end, where, in all probability, the sense did not end, merely for the convenience of the singer, or to enable him to vary a passage according to his caprice. In short, I have striven to banish the abuses against which reason and good sense have so long protested in vain. My idea was, that the overture should prepare the spectators for the plot to be represented, and give some indication of its nature; that the concerted instruments ought to be regulated according to the interest and passion of the drama, and not leave a void in the dialogue between the air and the recitative, so that the meaning of a passage might not be perverted, nor the force and warmth of the action improperly interrupted. Further, I thought that my most strenuous efforts must be directed in search of a noble simplicity, thus avoiding a parade of difficulty at the expense of clearness. I did not consider a mere display of novelty valuable, unless naturally suggested by the situation and the expression, and, on this point, no rule in composition exists that I would not have gladly sacrificed in favor of the effect produced. Such are my principles."

TENOR VERSUS BARITONE.

Is there not a good deal of sense in what follows, written by "An Indignant Bass" to the New York *Hour:* A saying which has grown to be accepted as proverbial is, that "variety is the spice of life," and it has become an aim amongst us moderns to discover a new sensation. Operatic composers have fallen into a certain groove and have stuck in it *usque ad nauseam*, thereby continuing the perpetration of a horrible injustice to an estimable class of men. Why should the possessors of baritone voices be doomed to the representation of *roles* the mainspring of whose action is always villainy of the deepest dye? And why should the tenors be cast for the parts which portray everything that is heroic and lovely? This narrow view of things on the part of composers is eminently against nature and is calculated to give a very incorrect and unhealthy tone to the minds of the female portion of

the musical world which attend operatic performances. It can scarcely be denied that, if the laws of nature were not modified by fashion, the strong, hearty, full-flavored man would be the favorite of the fair sex. It follows, therefore, that the baritone voice, which answers to these conditions in the man, should be cast for the successful lovers, and that the tenors should be relegated to the parts of scheming, fickle, half-hearted rascals that, if the truth were told, they frequently are in real life. Here, sir, is a new point of view for musical composers and, as we are a progressive people, is it not for our native musicians to seize the opportunity of advancing towards operatic realism. Even that great musical iconoclast, Wagner, has not perceived the falsity of the relative positions which tenors and basses assume.

GOTTHOLD CARLBERG.

Gotthold Carlberg, at one time musical editor of the *Music Trade Review*, and since then connected in similar capacities with several Eastern musical journals, recently died in New York, his adopted home.

Mr. Carlberg was born in Berlin, Prussia, June 15th, 1838. The celebrated organist Thiele was his first instructor on the piano. Young Gotthold was then but four years old, but showed great natural musical talent. His father, a banker, intended him for the medical profession, but allowed him at the age of nine to study the violin under Prof. Greenwald and at fifteen to begin the study of harmony, on condition that he would not neglect his other studies. At eighteen, seeing his son's bent for music, his father gave him permission to devote his entire time to its study and to choose it as his future profession.

In February, 1857, he came to America and in October, 1858, became musical editor of the New York *Staats-Zeitung*. There he became a pupil of Carl Anschuetz with whom he studied counterpoint for nearly two years. In 1861 he returned to Berlin where he became editor of the *Neue Berliner Musik Zeitung*, and engaged in other musical work. In 1863 he went to Vienna to study the cultivation of the voice under Luigi Salvi and C. M. Wolf. In 1869 he published through Hartheben in Vienna two works: "*Ueber Gesangskunst und Kunstgesang*," and "*Die Kunst Sanger zu Werden*." In 1870 Mr. Carlberg became musical director at the *Teatro Grande*, Trieste, and in 1871 he went to St. Petersberg where he met Prince Galitzin with whom he, for the second time, came to America. He settled in New York, which remained his home to the day of his death. Financially his latest enterprises were not successful and his disappointment is supposed to have hastened his death. Carlberg was an incisive and independent writer and his death is a real loss to musical journalism.

HENRY BEHNING, Jr., called on us recently. He reports business as in a very flourishing condition, and the outlook for the coming season extremely encouraging. He has established several agencies in the West.

MR. CARL RICHTER has been engaged as Vocal Teacher in the Beethoven Conservatory. He enters upon his duties on the 6th inst. Mr. Richter is already well known in St. Louis as a capable musician.

Those of our readers who may wish to visit the Summer resorts of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, or the Springs in Virginia, will find tickets for sale at the Vandalia Line office, 100 N. Fourth Street, St. Louis. The Vandalia people are noted for their courtesy, and they will give full information on application. The rates are extremely favorable, and people contemplating summer trips would do well to take this matter under consideration.

DR. BARTOL has recently given out a most original idea: He proposes the substitution of *music* for stimulants (alcoholic and other)! This will at first seem novel, but we do not despair of yet seeing the stimulant seekers filing into Music Hall and shouting for "One Symphony Straight," "Two Sonatas Sour," "One Mixed Chorus," "Two Chromatic Punches," "One Orchestral Smash," etc., etc., and then going home with a headache, and tapering off the next day on hymns and soda. We can imagine the short polyphonic passage between the conductor and the person who won't pay for what he ordered, and his *presto* movement out! But perhaps, the ordinances will forbid anything but "tonic."—*Score.*

FLAMINA.

BY COUNT A. DE VERVINS.

Don Cæsar de Bazan, the hero of this story, is a personage whom several dramatic authors have introduced upon the stage, because he represents less an individual than a character. He is to the youth of a by-gone age what Mr. Prud'homme is to the modern French *bourgeois*, John Bull to the Englishman and Jonathan to the Yankee—a type, but the type of a class and an epoch only, while the folly and vanity of Mr. Prud'homme, the red hair, the voracious appetite and the terrible jaws of John Bull as well as the tricks and eccentricity of Jonathan are always true. But we must not philosophize—that would be too sad and I have resolved to be gay to-day at least. Let us then turn our backs upon the present to peer into the past and I shall tell you a story of former days.

The scene is laid in Spain in 17— under the reign of a monarch whom I shall call Don Pedro, in order not to swell the list of the writers who attribute to real kings all the crimes and ignominies brought forth solely by their imagination, whenever such monstrosities can add anything to the interest of their tale. The result is that those who have learned history in novels alone (and they are many) have, of those poor kings, an opinion which is not absolutely just. But I am escaping from philosophy only to take refuge into politics, falling from Charybdis into Scylla. In order not to commit the same fault again, I will simply tell you my story:

As I have promised you to be gay, I shall begin by introducing you into a cell of the *Carcel Real* of Madrid, and as it is rather dark, I must describe for you its two present occupants. One is a lad of from fourteen to fifteen years of age, the other a fine looking nobleman of twenty-eight or thirty. When I say "fine looking nobleman," I must explain. Only a few days before, the Duchess de Mendoza, as she was promenading in the *Prado* with the Duke of Alvar, had met him, and struck with his haughty mien, the elegance of his form, the nobility of his gait and the regularity of his features, had asked her escort with much interest: "Who is this man who is dressed like a beggar and looks like a prince?"

He was therefore very fine looking, but as the Duchess has just now revealed it to you, his costume did not correspond with his good looks, and this is what necessitates the explanation I have just made. The hat he wore was outrageously out of shape, although jauntily cocked up over the right ear and provided with a long feather. But what a feather! His doublet was of white silk ornamented with slashes of blue satin, but it had lost nine of its twelve aiglets, and the rain and the sunshine had —— —— shaded it, on the elbows, in the back, and upon all the folds made by long usage, with tints more or less deep, which announced to all beholders a long history and numerous vicissitudes. His breeches and stockings, which had once been light blue, like the slashes of his sleeves, were neither newer nor in better condition than his doublet, and his belt, made of thick and ill-tanned leather, seemed to have come from the equipment of some soldier who was fonder of solidity than of elegance in his accoutrements. But I must say that the sword which hung from that belt was worthy of a king's panoply, it was long and thin, like all Toledo blades and its basket-hilt which was of solid silver, as was also its scabbard, was surely one of the finest pieces of work which had gone out of Florence or Milan in two centuries. But just now our personage was without this sword, for, remember, he was in prison and therefore unarmed.

His companion was, as I have also stated, a lad of fourteen or fifteen, tall, slender, very dark haired and dark skinned, who must have had at least as much Moorish or Gypsy as Spanish blood in his veins. He

wore the uniform of the fifers of the King's foot-guards, and that was indeed what he was.

The nobleman called the youth Lazarillo and he himself was, as my readers have already guessed, Don Cæsar de Bazan.

Don Cæsar de Bazan! The name alone is a poem! To this day, it awakens in the mind of all the *Caballeros* of Castille and Arragon the recollection of an entire epic in which numberless duels, tales of love and foolish prodigalities are woven together, crossing and blending like the colors and designs of a Smyrna carpet or an Indian shawl. The name means generosity, courage, wit, nobility of heart and extravagance of imagination, united to the most careless and jolly of philosophies. In a word, it is, in its way, unique, celebrated and great as that of the Cid Compeador! Ten times a millionaire at twenty, he was ruined five years later; but in the meantime he had dazzled the city and the Court by his adventures and eccentricities. Then, when he had nothing left but the small pension to which he was entitled as a *Knight of Calatrava*, he bravely resigned himself to it, for he was endowed with one of those admirable organizations which can accommodate themselves to all conditions without ever stooping to meanness. Instead of resorting to make-shifts or soliciting some State office which would have maintained him at Court, but in a necessarily precarious position, the proud *Caballero* unhesitatingly abandoned a society which he had ruled from the summit of his extravagancies, to become the hero of the populace, among whom he lived and solved the difficult problem of remaining noble while living among the mean.

True, he knew no one, but upon the other hand he was known by everybody, because he "thrashed" the *alguazils* of the king and of the Alcalde-Major, with a lordly freedom which aroused the enthusiasm of the people. He not unfrequently drew his sword in the street in broad day-light to defend either a woman who had been insulted, or to deliver some poor devil set upon by robbers; then with a gesture which was his only he motioned the curious away, saying to them: "Come, keep off you knaves!" And with his hat awry, his hand upon the hilt of his rapier, he proudly walked to some low gaming house out of which he seldom came until the morrow, half drunk, feeling his empty pockets and saying to himself with imperturbable good humor: "Well, I have just played with clowns and they have cheated me as if they had been real noblemen!"

It is to an adventure of the sort I have just spoken of that we owe the pleasure of meeting him now at the *Carcel Real*. But this time it was a grave matter; so grave indeed that, unless, like Marshall Biron, he should fight with the executioner, it was likely that Don Cæsar would never again fight with any one. He had been sentenced to death and was to be executed on the morrow of the day when our story begins.

This is what had occurred: Don Cæsar was leaving the tavern (for, alas, save when he went thither, that was always the place whence he came) when he saw, as he was crossing the Alcala square, a captain of the foot-guards beating a fifer of his company, the boy of fourteen or fifteen whom we already know, and striking him so brutally that all those who stood around them felt indignant, though no one dared to say anything to one of the king's officers. As for Don Cæsar, he did not hesitate to interfere, in the first place, because all acts of violence all abuses of brute strength shocked his aristocratic instincts, and in the next place because his sword which was very fine, as I have said, was perhaps somewhat bewitched, for it danced of its own accord within its scabbard whenever there was a fight in the neighborhood. The result was that Don Cæsar drew his sword and slew the captain in the presence of his soldiers, in the square of Alcala and in broad daylight. The scandal could not have been greater; yet, there was in those days much toleration for faults of this nature and

Don Cæsar might have escaped capital punishment, had not the officer whom he had slain been own nephew to the *Grand Corregidor* of Castille, that is to say to the man upon whom all his judges were dependent. He was unanimously sentenced to be shot, by the soldiers of the captain and upon the very spot where he had killed him. The only favor he received was that the child whom he had so terribly protected and who had given himself body and soul to his deliverer, might visit him at all hours in his prison and even share his captivity until the day of his execution, if he so desired.

It was noon, and at six o'clock the monks of the *Annunciad* were to come after him to conduct him to the chapel where a pious custom of devout Spain demanded that those who were sentenced to death should be shut up for twelve hours, so that, in their solitude, they might think, repent, and implore the clemency of God, when they could no longer expect anything from that of men.

Lazarillo's eyes were very red and his face was swollen from much weeping. Bazan, on the contrary, seemed very calm. Reclining upon a wooden bench, his back against the wall, he was now silent, but from time to time a slight smile flitted over his lips, probably at the recollection of some gay adventure whose memory he evoked for the last time. All at once his smile became broader, indeed it changed to genuine laughter. Lazarillo cast upon his companion a glance of awe-stricken wonder.

"By the very holy Virgin of the pillar," said he, "how can you laugh at such a time, my Lord?"

"Oh," he answered, still laughing, "it is because I recall a good joke! Only think, my little Lazarillo, I was once before sentenced to death; only that time I was to be beheaded instead of shot. On the day of my execution— —"

"Which did not take place?" interrupted Lazarillo.

"No, I met a priest who was carrying the last sacraments to a dying person, and the law, as you know, orders the pardon of those sentenced to death under such circumstances. Besides, the old king was fond of me, I had numerous friends, for, I was still rich and— —"

"Why," again interrupted Lazarillo, more interested in the present than in the past, "the king might now— —"

"It is not likely," replied Don Cæsar, who divined his thoughts, Don Pedro does not know me. I had left the court before he ascended the throne, and as he was raised in the Asturias, I don't think that he ever saw me. But, to return to our story, I was telling you that I was being driven to the place of execution, when a venerable looking old man, with a long white beard, his face bathed in tears, his bosom rent with sobs, sprang before the horses, at the risk of being run over by the horsemen of my escort, crying: "Mercy, mercy for Don Cæsar!"

"It was your father!" said Lazarillo, much moved at the sorrowful scene.

Don Cæsar laughed outright and answered: "Why, no, he was one of my creditors!" And when his hilariousness had subsided, he added: "It was old Moses from the *Calle del Carreo*, to whom I owed a few thousand doubloons, and as all my estates would have escheated to the crown, if I had been executed, you understand his interest and his despair."

Just then the door of Don Cæsar's cell was thrown wide open and there walked into it a nobleman of some forty years of age, dressed in black velvet, his breast covered with the badges of the orders of Calatrava, of the Golden Fleece, and of San Giacomo. His neck was stiff in his tarred ruff, his glance was harsh and deceitful, but his thin lips were shaped into a smile which he seemed to wish to make amiable and benevolent. He was accompanied by the captain of the *Carcer Real* and his principal assistants, who followed him obsequiously. Bazan and even Lazarillo recognized him immediately, for he was known and

hated by all Madrid; it was Don Jose de Santarez, Marquis of Olivarez, minister of the pleasures still more than Minister of State of His Majesty the King, Don Pedro.

Don Cæsar arose as he entered and bowed to him with charming, but somewhat ironical gracefulness, and said: "Your Excellency will surely pardon my not offering you an arm-chair." Don Jose condescended to smile, then he dismissed with a gesture, those who had come with him, but he did not lower his glance to Lazarillo, who besides, had withdrawn into the darkest corner of the cell; it is also probable that Don Jose carried his head so high that his glance could not reach down to the little fifer. As soon as the door had closed at the majestic beck of the minister, he turned slowly toward Don Cæsar and spoke to him with all the solemnity implied by their respective situations and the haughty conceitedness which was natural to him.

"Count de Bazan, I hasten to inform you that I am sent to you by His Majesty the King as a bearer of good news— —"

"Indeed!" interrupted Don Cæsar, smiling, "are you bringing news of an inheritance?"

"Let us talk seriously," said the minister, reassuming his supercilious air, that is to say his natural air, "an inheritance would be of but little use to you, since you are to die to-morrow."

"Humph!" remarked philosophically the incorrigible Bazan, "we die somewhat every day!"

"But His Majesty," continued Don Jose, "in consideration of the illustrious services rendered in former years to the crown and to the country by members of your family, offers you his pardon."

"Why, His Majesty has had a capital idea!" said the indefatigable scoffer, "and I shall be much obliged to you, my dear Marquis, if you will convey my thanks to him."

"Upon condition," continued the minister — —

"Ah, there is a condition!" interrupted Bazan again. "Let us hear what it is!"

"Their Majesties, for I am speaking now in the name of my master and of his august consort, their Majesties I say, desire that you should marry."

"That I should marry!" cried Don Cæsar, astounded.

"Listen and you will understand me," continued Don Jose with redoubled solemnity. "You have heard of Flamina, that wonderful singer who came from Italy a few months since?"—Bazan lost his ironical smile and became attentive—Don Jose continued: "Her immense talent has conquered everybody, the public as well as the Court. Her Majesty, the Queen, has desired to see her and has been captivated by her wit, her education, which is excellent, and her virtue which is no less great than her beauty and her talent. All these merits have inspired Her Majesty with a genuine interest in the celebrated singer whom she would like to keep permanently near her; but, in order to be admitted at Court she must bear another name than that of Flamina. Now," continued he, without being able to entirely conceal his embarrassment, for he knew the pride and the proud independence of Bazan, "there is no name more noble than yours!"—And as Don Cæsar remained silent, he resumed in the most insinuating tone: "Notwithstanding your follies, I have alway felt a great interest in you, and that sentiment suggested to me to propose to Don Pedro to pardon you and to give you an office which would permit you to resume your place at Court, on condition that you should there present the protégée of the Queen, which you can only do by marrying her."

Don Jose, against his custon, was almost telling the truth, for it was indeed he who had suggested to the King the combination by which Flamina could be introduced to the court, but the Queen did not know her, or at least never had seen her save upon the stage, while, on the contrary, the King entertained for her feelings whose warmth was increased by the very fact

that Flamina seemed the less disposed to share them.

The celebrated singer was an Italian and had been three or four months in Madrid where she had worked a revolution in the art of music, for she had imported into Spain the first operas which were seen by the Court. I say "the Court" because this sort of entertainment was for a long time limited to the class which alone seemed competent to appreciate the new beauties with which the Italian masters had endowed the stage.

It will be remembered that after the dismemberment of the Roman empire, what was left of the Greek and Roman civilization had taken refuge at Byzantium. Europe was then under the sway of barbarians, arts were but little cultivated, and until the beginning of the sixteenth century the only compositions worthy of the name of music were religious compositions, which were surely great, majestic, and solemn, as is attested by the works of Palestrina, Orlando Lasso and their cotemporaries, but in their works monody, with all its power of expressing individual feeling, was unknown. The "moralities" and "mysteries" a species of dramas drawn from the Bible or from religious legends, inartistically arranged by the monks or the priests, and at first played exclusively in churches, had the same sacred character and the songs they contained were always choruses.

But after the conquest of Constantinople by Soliman, the Byzantine artists were compelled to seek a refuge in Europe to escape the persecution of the Turks, and it was principally to Italy that they flocked and produced by their influence the new era which we very properly call the *renaissance*, for it was really a regeneration, a new birth of arts and letters in the West.

In translating the Greek dramas, the Hellenists were soon brought to recognize that music had played an important role in them and that certain scenic effects or other beauties were, so to speak, inseparable from it; but as no one knew what Greek music had been, studies and researches began, in which numerous illustrious men took part, at the head of which are numbered Giovanni Bardi, of the family of the Counts of Vernio, Vincenzo Galilei, father of the immortal astronomer, Pietro Strozzi, Girolamo Mei, Ottavio Rinuccini, Giulio Caccini, and a little later Jacopo Peri.

It was Vincenzo Galilei who gave to the music which I shall here call profane, to distinguish it from sacred music, the first impulse. He began by writing a dialogue between Bardi and Strozzi in which they discussed together the merits of ancient and modern music; then he composed a vocal solo with viola accompaniment, whose theme he borrowed from Dante's *Inferno* and a little latter he set to monody some of the lamentations of Jeremiah. Giulio Caccini followed in his footsteps and published in 1601 under the title of "New Music" an entire series of songs for one voice, and the following year Ludovico Viadamo published his "Church concerts," written for one, two, and three voices, with organ accompaniment. Viadamo's compositions are considered far superior to those of his predecessors, for they contain all the qualities which we demand of our modern music, breadth and suavity, harmony and melody.

The way had then been opened by the masters whom I have just named, when Emilio del Cavaliere, a Florentine artist, gave to the stage two pastorals: "*Il Satiro*" and "*La disperazione di Fileno*," drawn from the works of Laura Guiddiccioni, and which may be considered as the first two operas of modern times. It was however Jacopo Peri, one of the frequenters of the Corsi palace, who first succeeded in obtaining the approval of musicians and Hellenists, by writing the musical score of "*Daphne*," words by Rinuccini, followed by "*Euridice*," which was still more successful.

Claudio Monteverde, of Cremona, had followed J. Peri and surpassed him greatly. Among the other works of this master, "*Ariane*," in which the artist exhibits as much scenic ability as musical science and genius, is justly admired.

Fifty years later, the new art and the new method had made immense progress; that was the time of Francis Colletto, otherwise Cavalli, of Giacomo Carissimi and of Marco Antonio Cesti, who have all written recitatives full of life and variety. Alessandro Scarlatti, pupil of Carissimi and founder of the Neapolitan musical school also made many improvements in dramatic music, as the music of the opera was at first called. He perfected the recitative, the *arias* which he composed are yet models of freshness, melody and musical feeling—finally the orchestration of his operas is always graceful and proves a surprising amount of knowledge, for the time when he wrote.

From Italy, the new style of music, that is to say opera, passed into France where it was imported by Cardinal Mazarin. In that country the first composer was R. Cambert, but his efforts met with but little success and French opera really came to life only under Jean-Baptiste Lully. In England and Germany it was Italian artists who introdued the opera; in Spain, it was Flamina.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

Hard Work.

"What is your secret of success?" asked a lady of Turner, the distinguished painter. He replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work."

Says Dr. Arnold: "The difference between one boy and another is not so much in talent as in energy."

"Nothing," says Reynolds, "is denied well directed labor, and nothing can be attained without it."

"Excellence in any department," says Johnson, "can be obtained only in the labor of a lifetime; and it is not to be purchased at a lesser price."

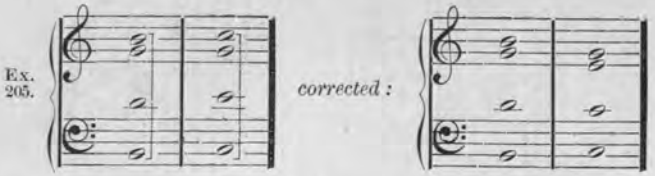
"There is but one method," says Sidney Smith, "and that is hard labor; and a man that will not pay that price for distinction had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of the fox."

"Step by step," reads the French proverb, "one goes very far."

"Nothing," says Mirabeau, "is impossible to the man who can will." "Is that necessary?" "That shall be. This is the only law of success."

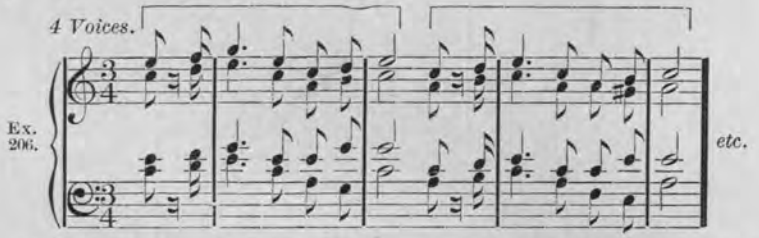
"Have you ever entered a cottage, ever traveled in a coach, ever talked with a peasant in the field, or loitered with a mechanic at the loom?" asked Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "and not found that each of those men had a talent that you had not, knew something that you did not? The most useless creature that ever yawned at a club, or counted the vermin on rags under the sun of Calabria, has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor. I believe that labor, judiciously and continuously applied, becomes genius."—*Exchange.*

Ex. 205.



The musical reader will perceive that the four preceding examples furnish, even after correction, awkward, unbeautiful, undesirable successions. We may therefore readily conclude, that the doubling of the leading tone, in the chord of the 6th of the Dominant, is rarely acceptable. ADVICE:— In playing these and other examples upon the Piano, pains should be taken that each tone in the chord is so clearly struck, that the ear, attentively directed upon the progressions in question, will intelligently perceive the voicing (or consecutive moves) of the parts, thus cultivating the critical power for details. It may be repeated that consecutive octaves do not necessarily sound badly; the fault lies rather in the inelegance and poverty of writing, and lack of varied independence in the movement of parts, thus proceeding by parallels. Nay more, there are many occasions, even in 4 part writing, but more frequently in free operatic or symphonic style, when a series of consecutiee octaves is beautiful and positively necessary. The ear, and through it the mind, cannot forever, in unrelieved constancy, listen without uneasiness to the rich and complicated effect of a strictly polyphonic style. In the following example, for instance, the effect of the consecutive octaves, occurring twice, at even periods, could not be improved upon by substituting 4 independent parts.

Ex. 206.



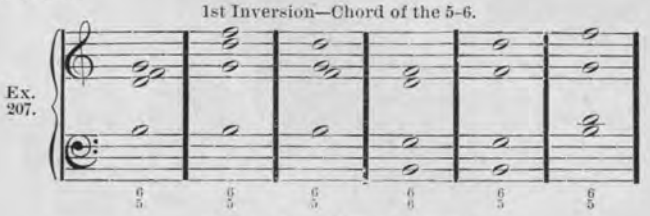
It is evident that the highest art of musical writing consists in knowing, through careful study, where the strict law must be adhered to, and where it may be suspended, for the purpose of gaining greater beauty or expressing higher aspirations.

Inversions of the Chord of the Dominant 7th.

§ 95. Of these we will give only the most favorable positions, for brevity's sake, as the reader has learned, by this time, to vary the combinations by dispersions and displacements. The remarks made concerning the Chord of the Dominant, apply also to the Chord of the Dominant 7th. It may be added, that positions favorable in the key of C. are not necessarily equally favorable in all other keys. There are differences in keys much higher or much lower.

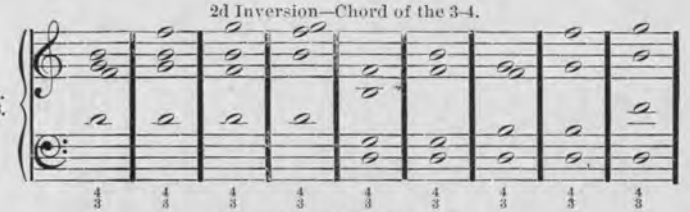
1st Inversion—Chord of the 5-6.

Ex. 207.



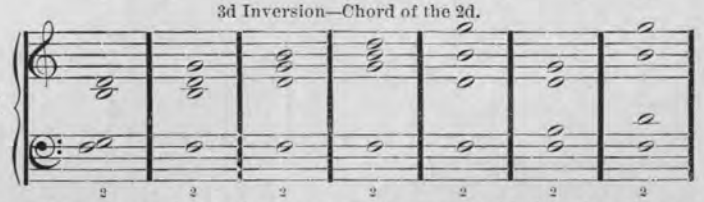
2d Inversion—Chord of the 3-4.

Ex. 208.



3d Inversion—Chord of the 2d.

Ex. 209.



It will be observed that the Bass tone is never doubled in the other parts, as that would render the chord incomplete. Such incomplete chords may however, as before stated, occur in successions of chords when rendered necessarily unavoidable, or even desirable, for the sake of fluency in the voices, or reasons of euphony. Some of the inversions of the chords lie rather high or low in the key of C. Such may be more favorable in other keys, those for instance of G or F, in which they are transplanted into a medium region. In the following examples we shall introduce those keys. Transparency and

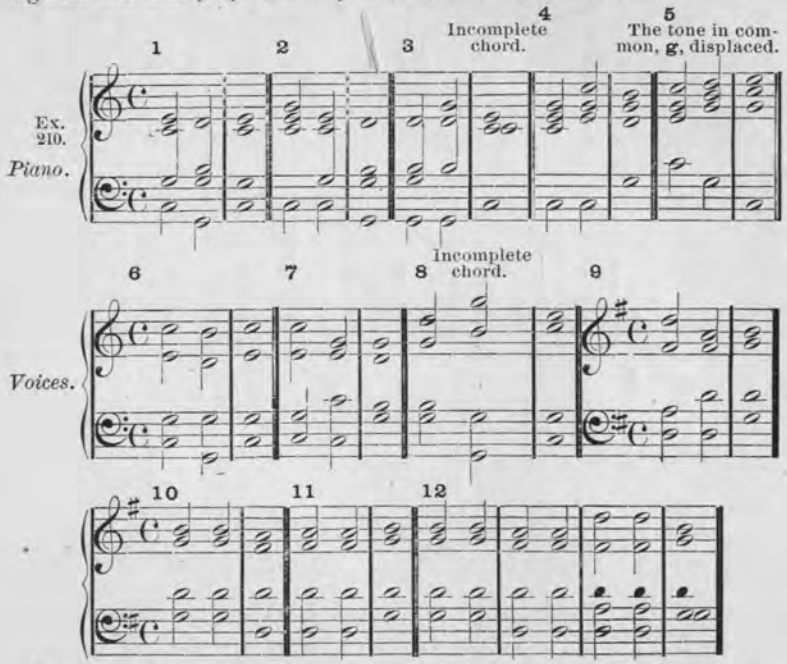
beauty in the merely physical sound of the harmonies, are considerations of care and weight to a musical writer when making choice of keys.

Successions of the Chords of the Tonic, Dominant and Dominant 7th with their Inversions.

§ 96. We have now advanced sufficiently far in the study of Harmony to enter upon the practice of chord series. If the reader has well digested the preceding explanations and rules, no difficulty will be experienced in advancing with the author at a rapid step.

Chords of the Tonic and Dominant upon their Foundation Tones.

§ 97. It will be remembered that the chords of the Tonic and Dominant are harmonially related to each other, because they have one tone in common, and melodially because the chord of the Dominant contains the leading tone which is sympathetically inclined to move to the Tonic.



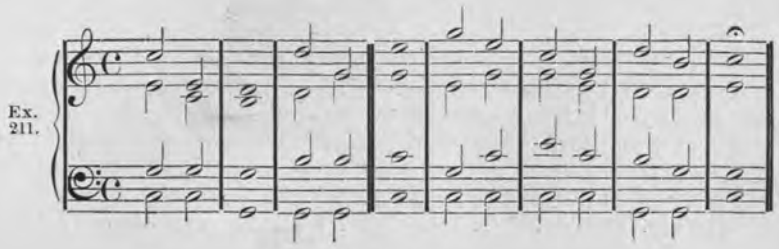
EXPLANATIONS.—1. These chord series do not necessarily form the beginnings of pieces; they may occur anywhere, except that those closing with the Dominant could not *end* a piece. 2. The Bass moves throughout by foundation tones. 3. The leading tone invariably ascends half a step when the chord of the Tonic follows that of the Dominant. 4. Where the chord of the Dominant follows that of the Tonic, or *vice versa*, the tone which they have in common is retained in the same part, except at No. 5, where the melody **c d e** induced disjunct movement in the Alto and Tenor parts of the first two chords. 5. Conjunct movement generally prevails in the upper parts, except where the same chord occurs twice, in different positions, as at Nos. 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9 (and at 5 from displacement of the tone in common), when disjunct movement necessarily ensues. 6. The difference between the chord series for Piano and those for Voices lies in the strictness of compass for the latter. 7. Uniform, conjunct and disjunct movement of single parts, and direct, oblique and contrary movement between two parts, all occur frequently in the above examples. 8. Nos. 10, 11 and 12 show that the same identical chord structure may be repeated with advantage. 9. At Nos. 3 and 8 we have introduced incomplete chords to illustrate their occasional acceptability.

Fanciful Melody.

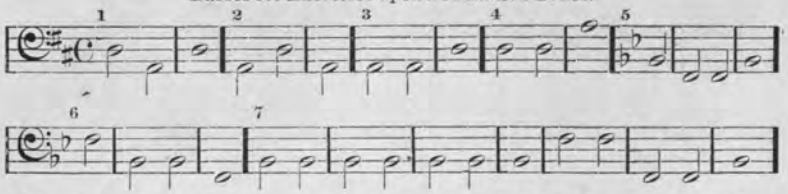
§ 98. Simple as the chord series of Tonic and Dominant are, they admit of varied fanciful melody. The inventive faculty of the student may be exercised by building upon the Basses given below, chords made agreeable in their succession by a good fluent melody for the Soprano.

In the following Example the parts have been moved about, more or less, where the same chord is repeated. Thus variety of effect is insured, and the repeated chords are saved from monotony.

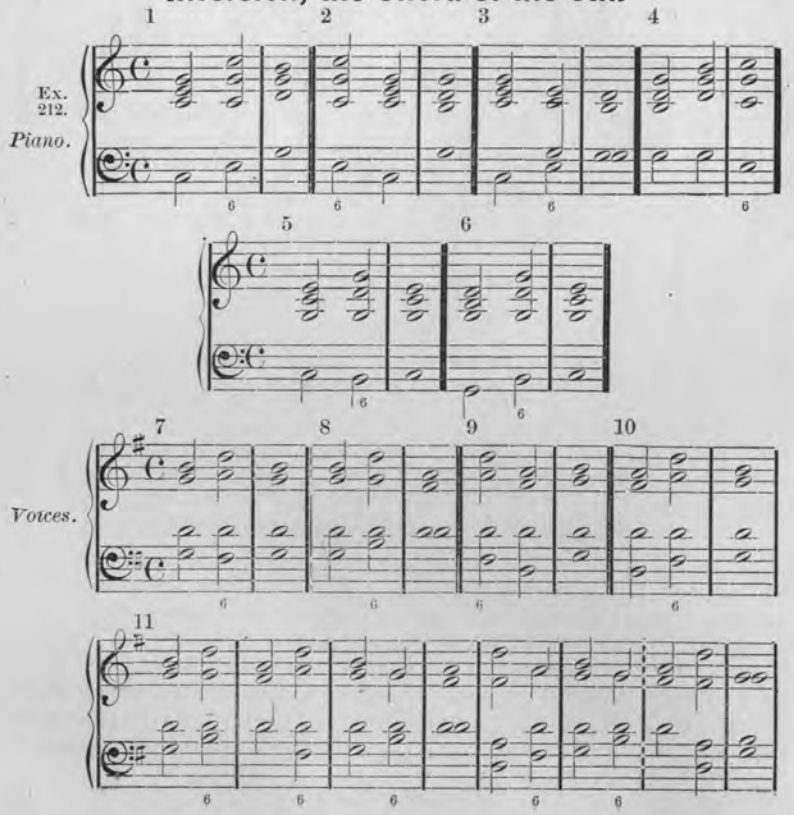
Fanciful Melody.



Basses for Exercises upon Foundation Tones.



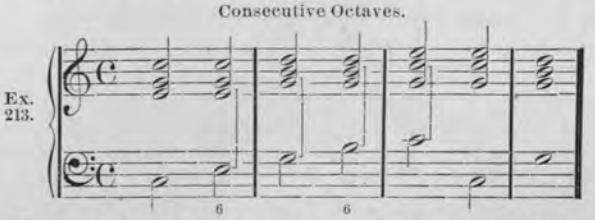
The Chords of the Tonic and Dominant and their first Inversion, the Chord of the 6th.



EXPLANATIONS.—1. In the majority of the foregoing examples we have caused the chord of the 6th to appear in its most favorable combination of tones, that in which the foundation tone is doubled, as in Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, and in several places in No. 11. 2. At No. 3, the 3d (e) is doubled with good effect. Below we append examples, in which the doubling of the 3d causes faulty progressions; such should be guarded against. 3. In no case has the 3d of the chord of the Dominant been doubled, that being the leading tone. The doubling of the leading tone occurs rarely in the works of the masters (that is, at 4 part writing). It does not sound well, and in unskilled hands, might readily produce consecutive octaves. The 3d of the chord of the Tonic, on the contrary, is frequently doubled, showing how essentially the chords of the Tonic and Dominant differ from each other, although exactly the same in the arrangement of their intervals. Elsewhere the chord of the Tonic has been called one of Repose, that of the Dominant one of Motion. 4. The doubling of the 5th (always referring to the chord of the 6th) occurs at No. 8, and in several places at No. 11. It is correct to double the 5th, but the effect is not so rich than that of chords in which the foundation tone is doubled. The manner in which the parts progress, often necessitates the doubling of the 5th, and perhaps it is as well that all chords should not be equally rich.

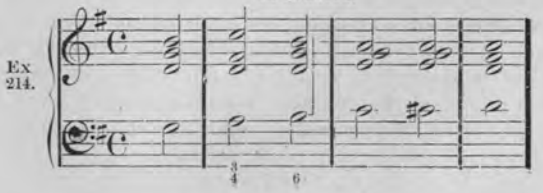
Faulty Progressions through the Doubling of the Third.

Consecutive Octaves.



Fluency of the single parts attained through the Doubling of the Third.

3d doubled.

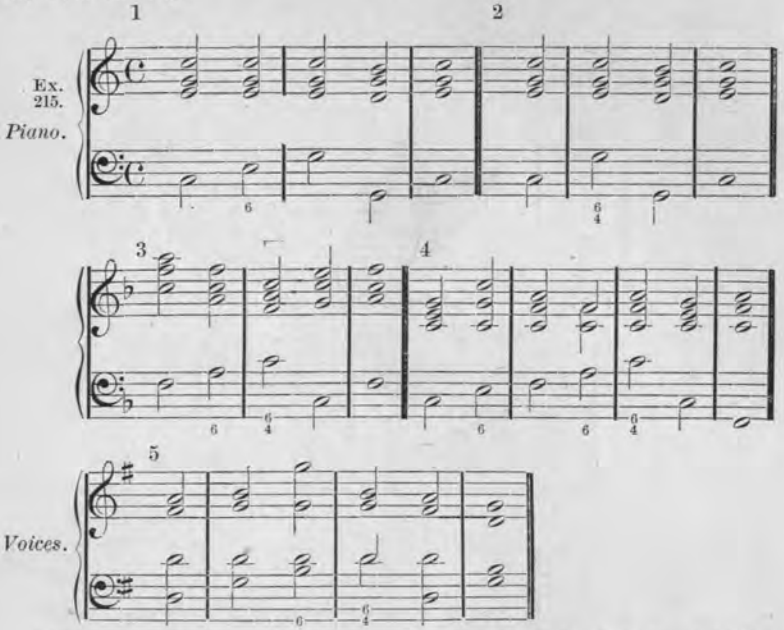


§ 99. The reader is reminded that when speaking of doubling the 3d, the 3d of a chord in its original position is meant: in Ex. 214 the 3d is **b**, of the chord **g b d**. The fluency of the Soprano and Bass, and the other parts in consequence, could not have been attained except through the doubling of the 3d. This shows that there are cases in which the doubling of the 3d is not only a necessity, but a virtue.

NOTE.—Observe that the chord of Ex. 214 in which the 3d is doubled, is the chord of the Tonic (Key of G), not the chord of the Dominant with its leading tone.

The Chord of the 4-6 of the Tonic.

The chord of the 4-6 properly prepared and resolved (see paragraphs 67, 68, 69 and 70):



§ 100. The human ear, we may say, is attuned to chords built of thirds' for when we hear a single tone, the accessory tones (*aliquot* or overtones), which are evolved as it continues to sound, form in essence just such a chord built of thirds. Any deviation therefore from this combination can be but temporary, and must speedily return to a chord, based upon a third, to satisfy the ever present demand for a permanent chord of repose, dwelling within our ear. A chord of the 4-6 then, resting, as it does, upon a 4th, is a deviation from the natural chord, and must be followed by one resting upon a 3d, or, in technical language, it must be *resolved*. The chord of the 4-6 may therefore in a certain sense be regarded as one of dissononce, and the tone which causes the *quasi*-dissonance, is the 4th. The strictly correct resolution takes place by having this 4th descend half a step, as at Ex. 216, No. 1 (motion from 3d to 4th chord). From the same reasons the ear may delight for a length of time in being led away through mazes of consonance and dissonance, but it cannot be satisfied unless the musical piece returns finally, at its closing point, to the chord of the Tonic.

Preparation of the Chord of the 4-6

see §§ 67, 68, 69 and 70.

NOTE.—At Ex. 215, No. 3, the resolution of the dissonant 4th (**f**) is free, the resolution tone (**e**) being supplied by the Soprano.

Incidental Chord of the 4-6

see § 70 with Exs. 149 and 150.

§ 101. It is of the utmost importance that the reader should understand the difference between the chord of the 4-6 which is properly resolved (and generally prepared), and that which is merely an *incidental* chord of the 4-6.

1. The chord of the 4-6 of the Tonic (second inversion) is that which, with some few exceptions, appears prepared and resolved.
2. The chord of the 4-6 of the Dominant is that which appears *incidentally*.

These two chords of the 4-6 contribute to show the essential difference between the chords of the Tonic and Dominant. From the salient characteristics of these two chords of the 4-6 we conclude that that of the Tonic is the most important. That of the Dominant is merely a link chord, and as such does much less prominent service than the original position and first inversion (chord of the 6th) of the same chord. That (4-6) of the Tonic is consequently used much more frequently than that (4-6) of the Dominant.

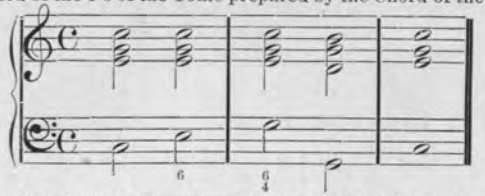
Preparation of the Chord of the 4-6.

§ 102. There are many ways of preparing (introducing, ushering in) the chord of the 4-6. At the present we are dealing with two chords only, Tonic and Dominant, and we confine ourselves to explain the particular kind of preparation obtainable under the circumstances. Other kinds of preparations will be explained in their proper place. In the following examples the chord of the 4-6 is prepared by the chord of the 6th, or by the chord of the Tonic in its original position. Both these chords rest upon a 3d.

KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW, JUNE, 1881. 473

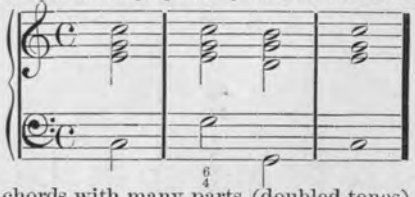
1. Chord of the 4-6 of the Tonic prepared by the Chord of the 6th.

Ex. 216.



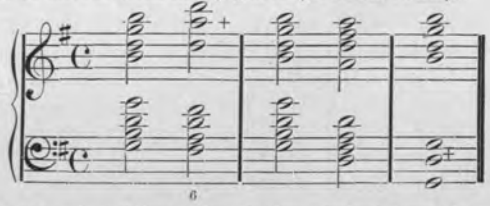
2. Chord of the 4-6 prepared by the Chord of the Tonic.

Ex. 217.



An example of chords with many parts (doubled tones):

Ex. 218.



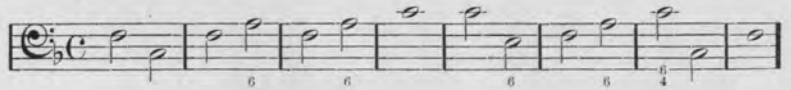
EXPLANATIONS.—1. In these chords the original tones have been several times doubled. In consequence of this successive octaves and fifths, in the same parts, ensue. These are not faulty, since there would be none were we to reduce the same chord series to strict 4-part writing, thus:

Ex. 219.

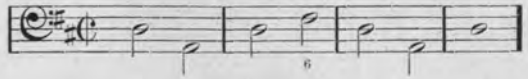
3. In the chords marked with a cross, at Ex. 219, the third has been omitted. In the chord of the Dominant, the f sharp omitted is the leading tone. Its omission in the Treble improves the general sound. In the chord of the Tonic, the omission of the 3d (b) gives the entire chord transparency. It has been mentioned before that a Third, low in the Bass, has a growling effect, which is not agreeable.

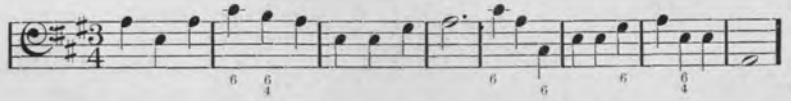
Basses for Exercises with Inversions—Write both for Piano and Voices:

1



2

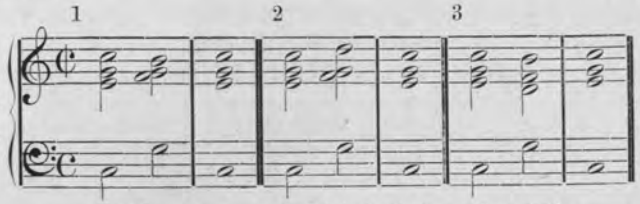




The Chord of the Tonic and Dominant 7th upon their Foundation Tones.

§ 103. The chord of the Dominant 7th contains the leading and subleading tones. 1. The Leading ascends in preference. The Subleader descends in preference.

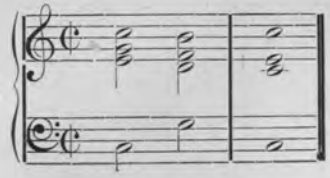
Ex. 220. *Piano.*



good. correct, but not so euphonious. not so good.

No. 3 is not so good, because the Subleader is made to ascend. It could have been managed as follows, when however the closing chord is incomplete:

Ex. 221.



LESSON TO "TWILIGHT MUSINGS."

BY CHARLES KUNKEL.

A. Give the melody of this movement with elasticity and freedom, and endeavor to draw from the instrument a full singing tone, observing well the dynamic marks of light and shade, *piano and crescendo*.

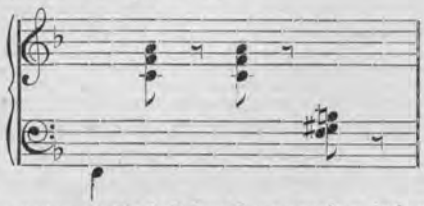
The melody is played with the right hand excepting where the left hand contains the melody note along with those of the accompaniment it has to strike, as at E.

The melody, as the student will notice, is written almost entirely in the bass clef. All the notes in the bass clef on this page, with stems turned upwards, belong to the melody; those that are turned downward, to the accompaniment.

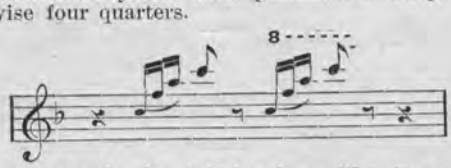
Be careful to heed the phrasing as indicated. Unless it receives proper attention the rendering of the melody will suffer.

That the student may understand the time and progression of the melody and accompanying parts clearly we will analyze them.

These notes of the first measure represent the melody, and are four quarters full.



These notes of the left hand, appearing below and above the melody, are accompaniment and represent likewise four quarters.



These notes for the right hand are likewise accompaniment, representing, with the rest, again four quarters.

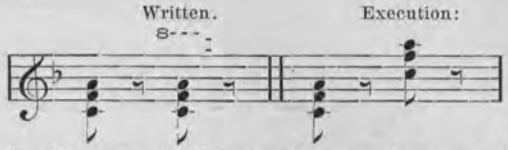
The student, after having fully comprehended that the movement of the melody is independent from that of the accompaniment, will have no trouble to render the same in perfect time. It is advisable to play the various parts, as given above at first, each alone with the right as well as the left hand.

B. M. M. stands for Maelzel's Metronome—an instrument, or rather a clock, said to have been invented by Maelzel in the year 1815 to enable composers to indicate the precise time in which a composition should be performed. Parties not in possession of a metronome can take the exact time thus indicated by a watch. For instance ♩=60 at the beginning of a piece signifies that sixty quarter notes are to be played in a minute—one quarter to each second. If ♩=90 that ninety half notes are played in a minute, one-and-a-half notes or three-quarter notes to each second.

C. The pedal must be employed with the greatest of care; both in order to keep the harmonies clear and distinct, and to give the melody its proper support.

The half note C of the melody, which can not be sustained by the finger as the hand travels off to perform the upper notes of the accompaniment (example 3) is sustained by the pedal, otherwise it would cease to sing or vibrate.

D. The octave mark above the third quarter affects the notes of the left hand as well as those of the right hand.



E. The notes "Gs" in brackets, are the same note. The notation of one being in the treble, the other, in the bass clef. They (the two notes struck as one on the piano) are struck with the left hand for obvious reasons.

F. This C belongs to the melody. Had it been written in the bass clef it would not have been so easily read.

G. Observe the *fermata*, making quite a stop, likewise heed the *ritard*. The three grace notes preceding the D must be given in time without dragging. The *ritard* affects the D and C only.

H. Do not hurry this part, and be careful to play it as indicated by the dynamic marks.

I. From here to the third measure a steady increase of tone should be made, likewise a slight *accelerando* may be made producing good effect.

K. Observe the *ritard*, making it very gradual.

L. From here play in ordinary waltz time.

M. The half note A, with stem up and down, represents two parts (voices); the upper moves on at three. This manner of writing is preferred by many composers to this.

Observe also that all the notes but the upper note F are tied. Hence, not struck again.

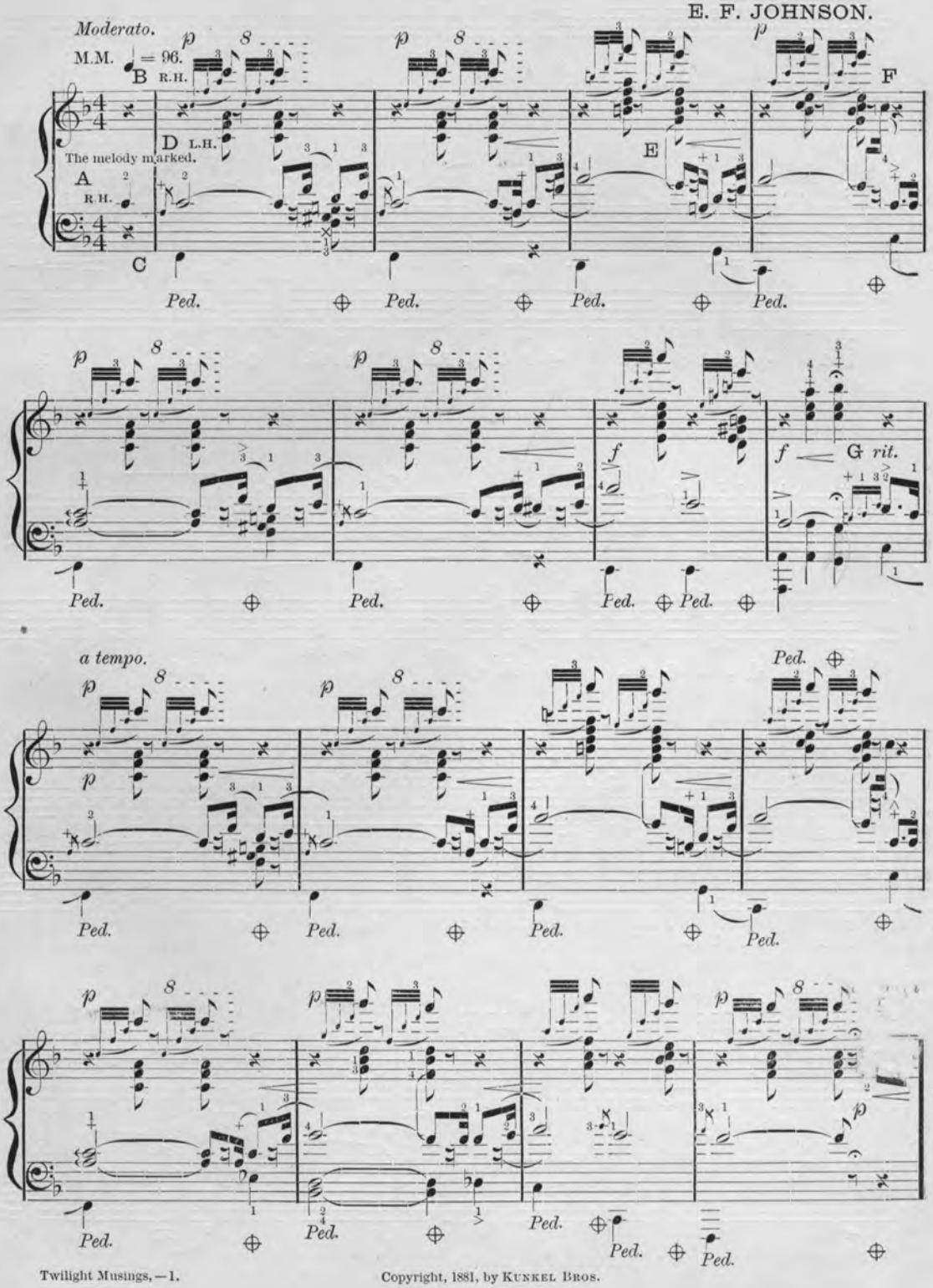
N. Give the triplets very evenly and heed the accented bass notes as marked. The emphasizing of the octave on the second beat produces a beautiful antagonistic—a sort of a syncopated counter-rhythm. In repeating the part, play it very *piano* and an octave higher with both hands.

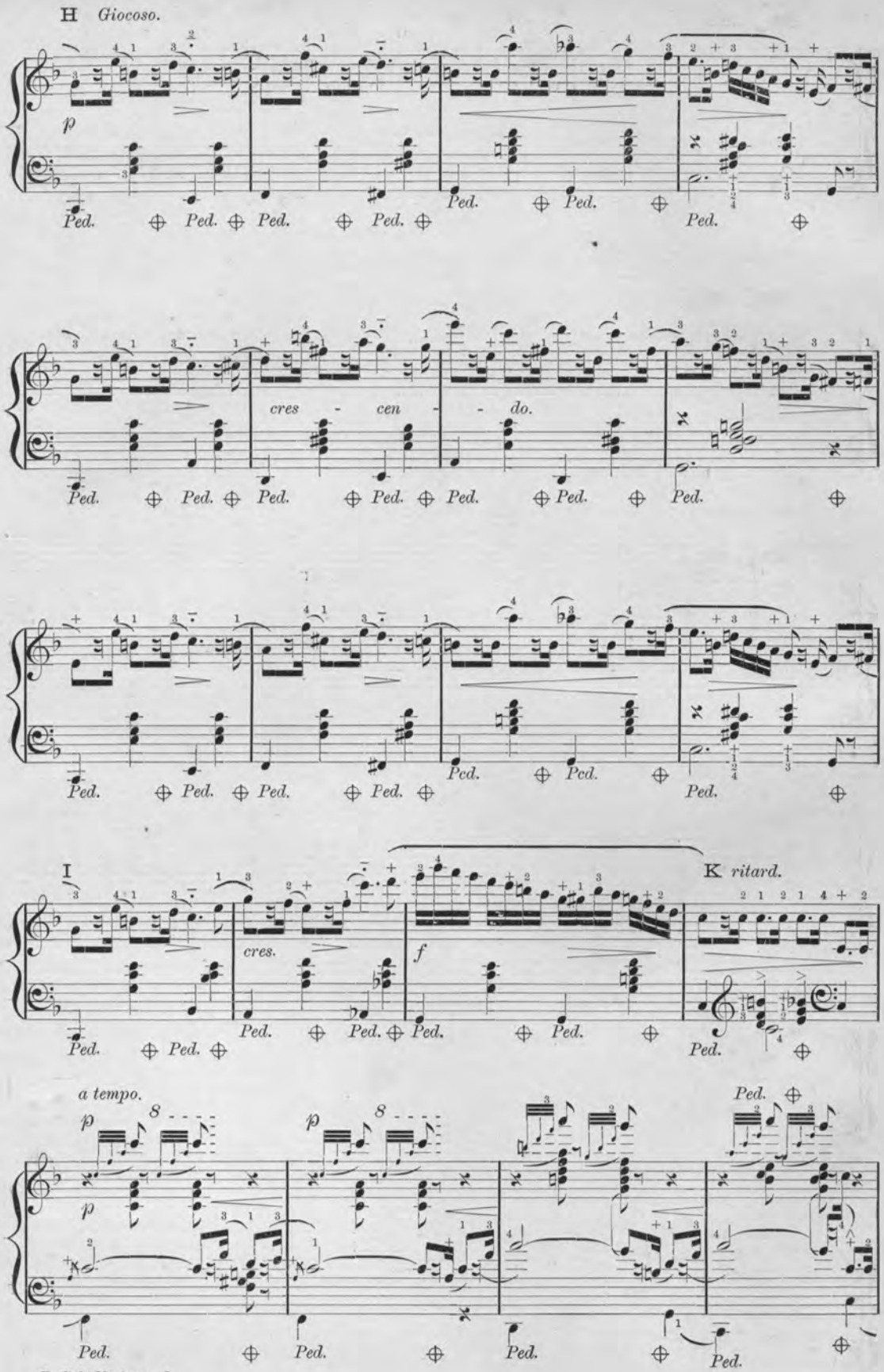
O. Sustain the half notes and lift the hand after striking the notes of the third quarter as if it had been gently propelled by a spring.

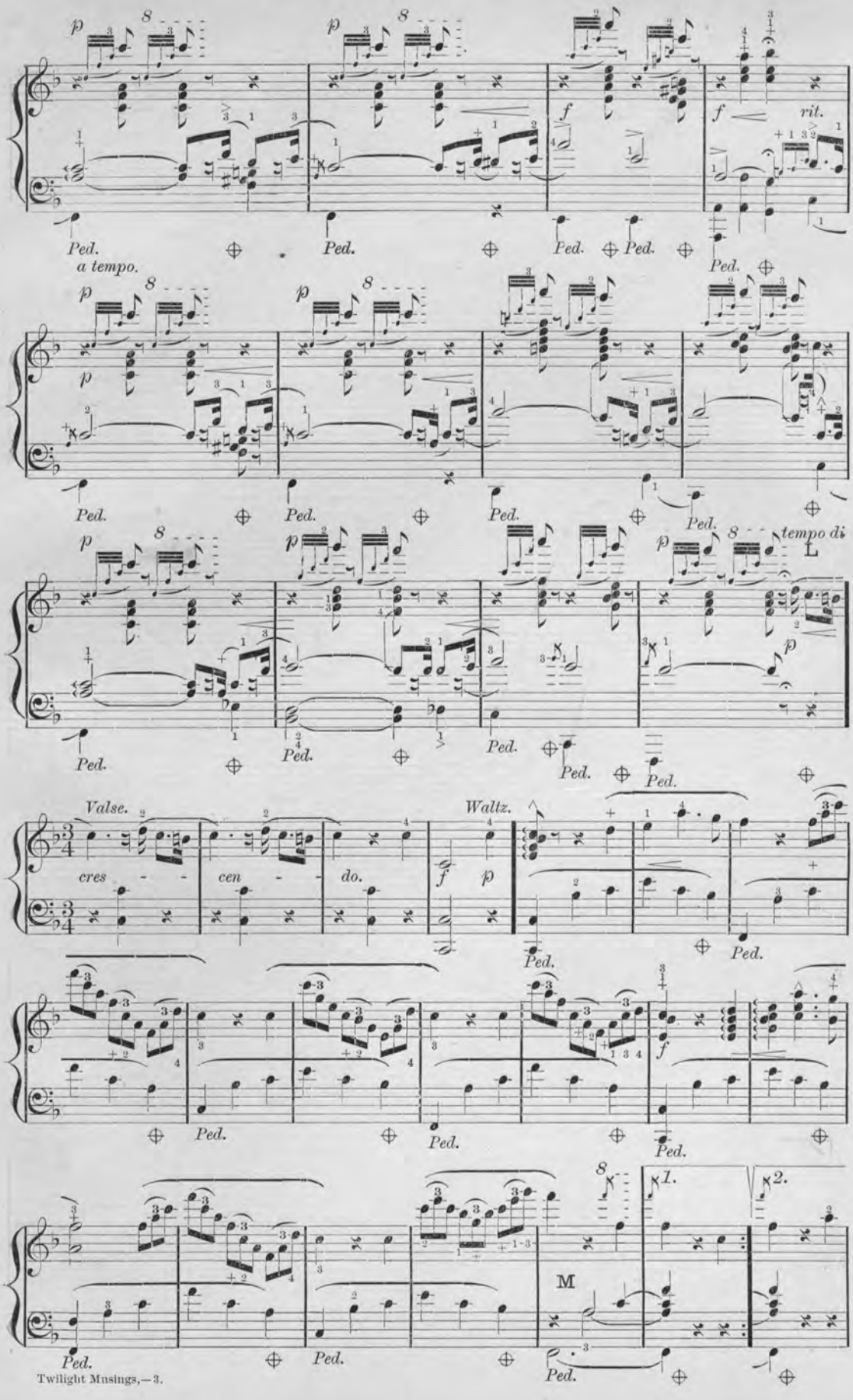
TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

REVERIE.

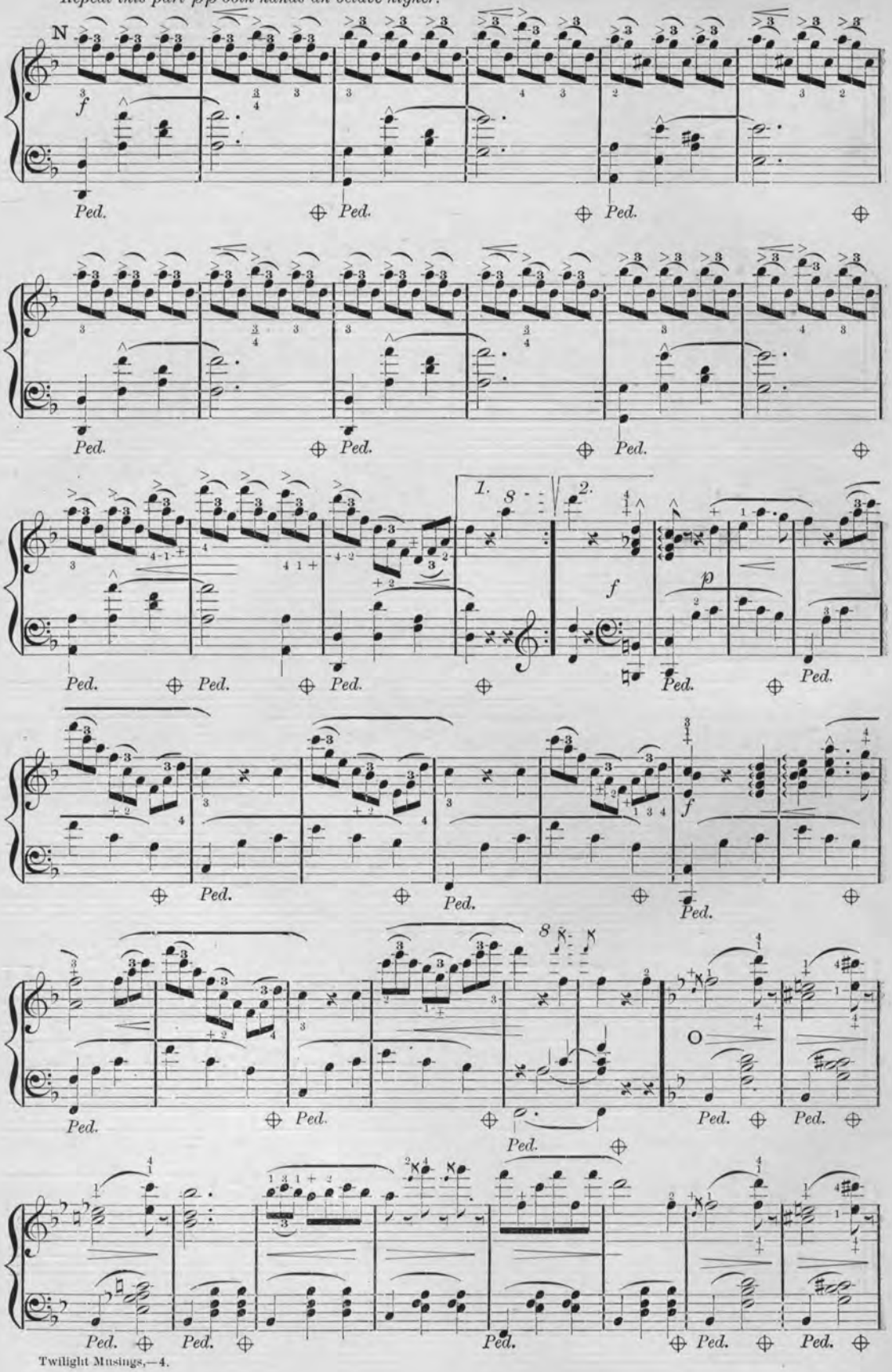
E. F. JOHNSON.

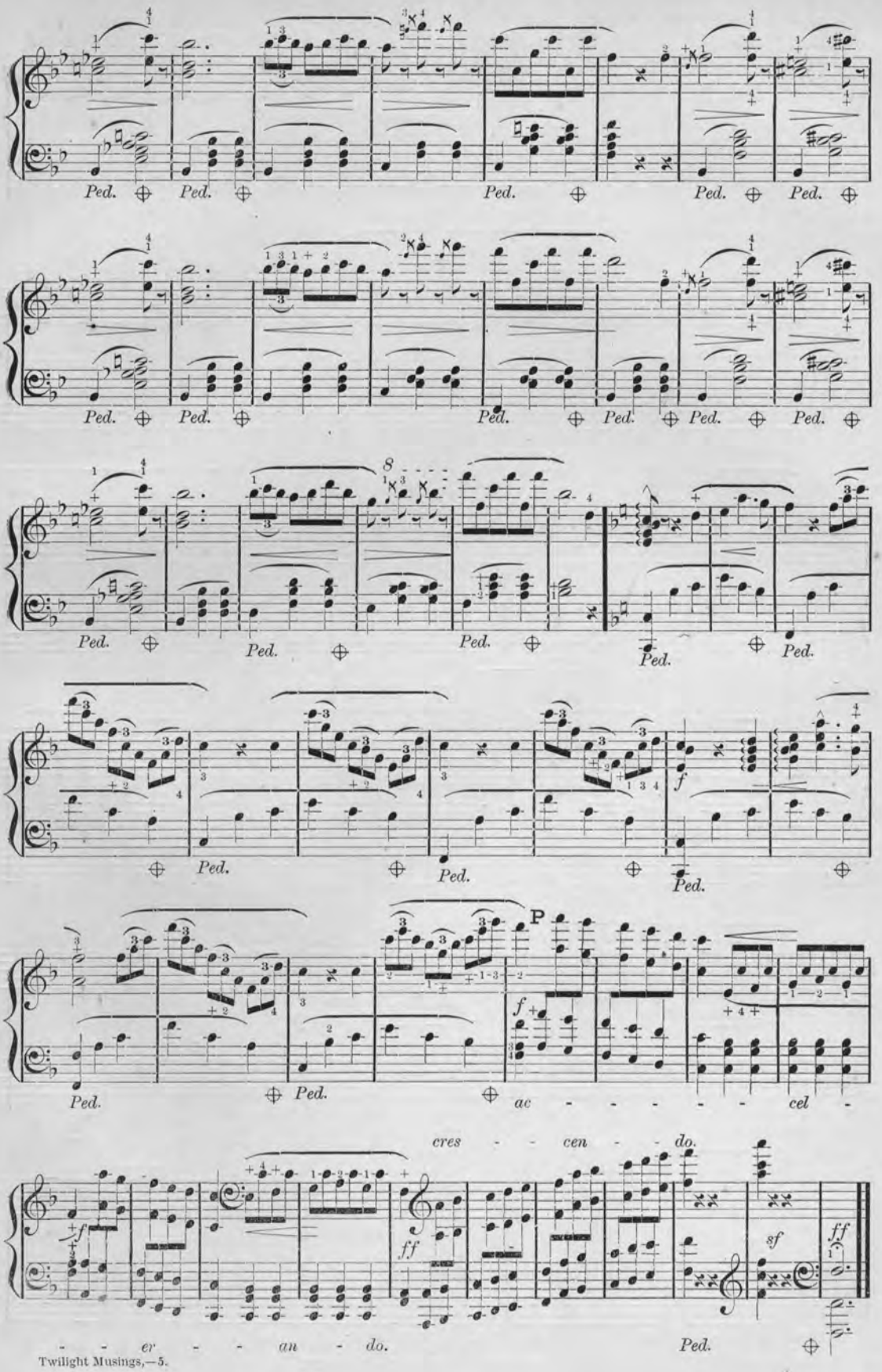



H Giocoso.
p
Ped.
cres - cen - do.
I
cres.
f
K ritard.
a tempo.
p
8


p
f
rit.
Ped.
a tempo.
tempo di
Valse.
Waltz.
cres - - cen - - do.
M
1.
2.

Repeat this part pp both hands an octave higher.




Ped.
8
f
P
ac - - - - - - cel -
cres - - cen - - do.
ff
sf
- - er - - an - do.

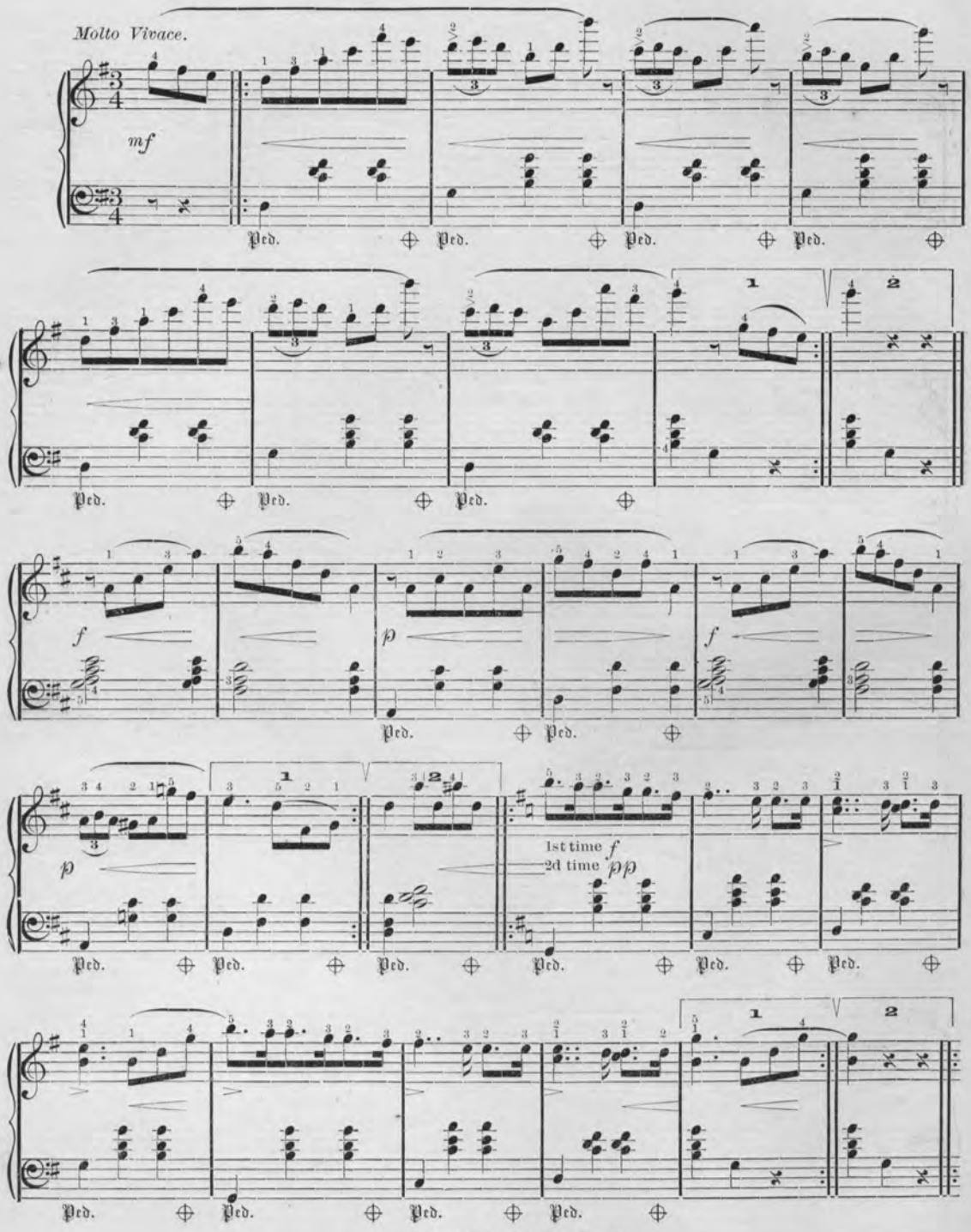
Le Printemps.

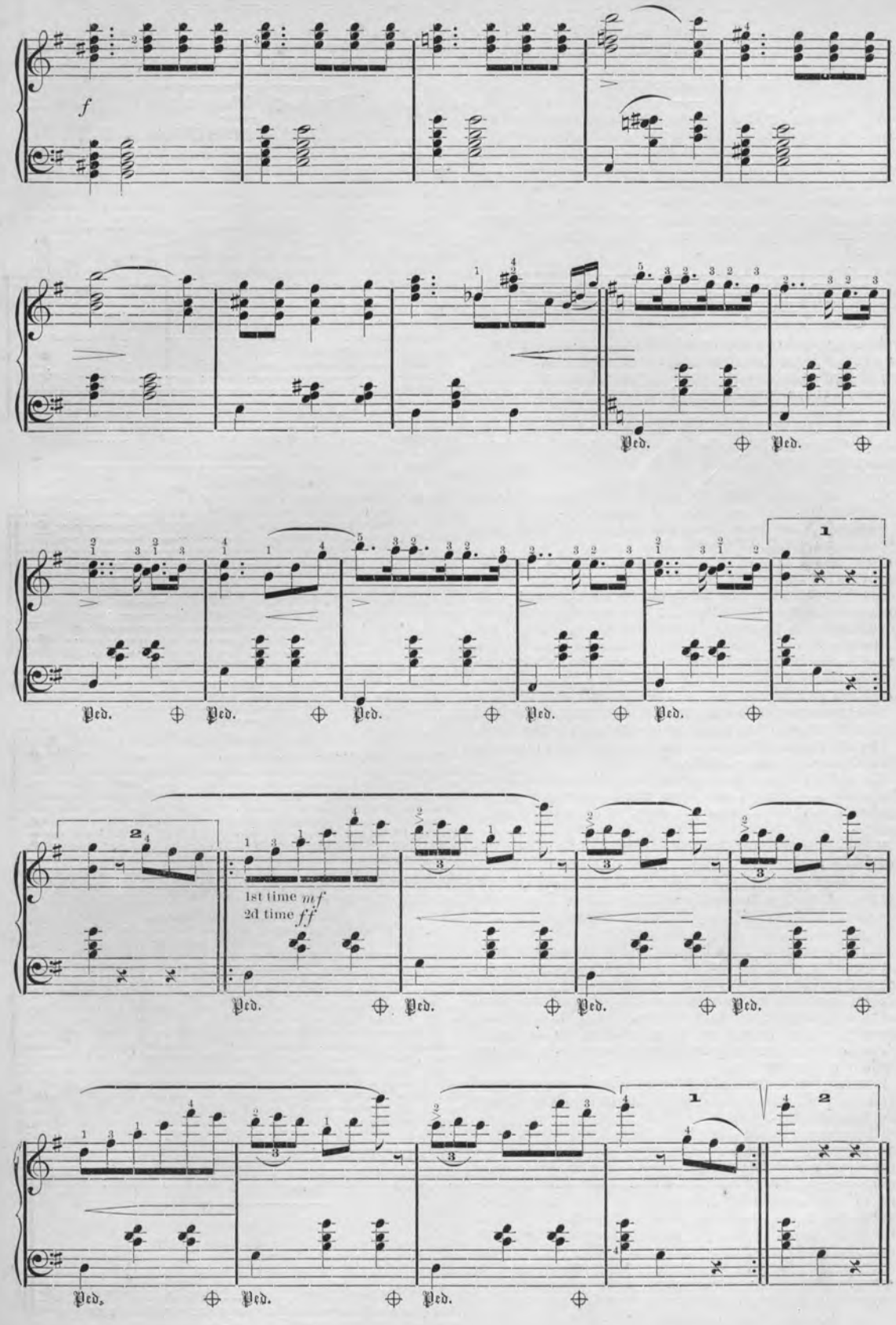
(SPRING.)

VALSE.

F. CHOPIN.

Oeuvre posthume, op. 70.




f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
1st time mf
2d time ff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

LESSON TO 'ONE LITTLE MOMENT MORE, MAUD'

BY A. J. GOODRICH.

A. Remember the advice given in previous lessons. Read the words first in order to determine upon the correct reading. Then sing accordingly. Do not forget, however, that the mensural proportion of rhythm must be preserved whenever the value of a certain note is altered in order to correspond to the natural pronunciation of such words as *little*, *happy*, *never*, and the like. One example of this will be sufficient:

As much value must be added to the second note as was taken from the first note, and *vice versa*. But if the dotted quarter note were only held the value of a quarter, there would be but seven eights in the measure.

B. The punctuation marks, before and after the name, "Maud," are to be observed by slightly separating the tones. The third measure should be sung like the first.

C. The words here are quite confidential, to be sung lightly, but pronounced distinctly.

Separate one tone from another whenever there is a comma, dash, or semi-colon.

The phrase marked *accelerando* is to be sung a trifle faster as far as D.

D. Separate the first from the second B here; also, the second from the third B; the note above *Maud* must come in promptly upon the second beat, but without a strong accent. The note above *guess* should be held nearly three beats and be only slightly disconnected from the note above *'tis*, as the sense is not complete until we come to E.

The two notes written against *ear*, must be joined together smoothly so as not to re-pronounce the word.

In such cases always accent the first note and sing the second one more lightly.

E. Dwell upon the tone B above the name *Maud*, diminish it slightly, and sing the conclusion of the strain in an *ad libitum* manner, with considerable accent.

F. This strain in E♭ seems to be more in the *cantabile* style: therefore sustain the tones their full value.

G. Hold the A♭ about two beats, and separate it from the declaration which follows. "I've loved you long and well," may be sung more slowly and with more tone.

H. The melody here is designed to harmonize with the counterpoint in the accompaniment, and should be sung in time. For the next measure, see D.

I. The words here should be sung as if punctuated in this manner: "And yours, (was it for me, Maud?)" The reference is, of course, to the *sigh*.

The last sentence requires strong accents, and some anxiety of expression.

Breathe only at the places marked with an inverted comma, and always endeavor to inflate the lungs slowly and fully.

The general character of this ballad requires a light and persuasive tone of voice, and a distinct enunciation of all the words in the poem. Young ladies and gentlemen who sing ballads without any understanding of the sentiment involved, or the manner of expressing it, would be as greatly surprised as pleased to hear Madame Nilsson or Georg Henschel interpret even a simple song like this one. The effect they produce is owing, not so much to their voices or execution, as to their intelligence, and the scrupulous care with which they observe every sign and symbol that is calculated to make the meaning strong and plain.

The second verse is to be sung in the same general manner; though such exceptions as at G will readily occur to those who have studied the previous lessons.

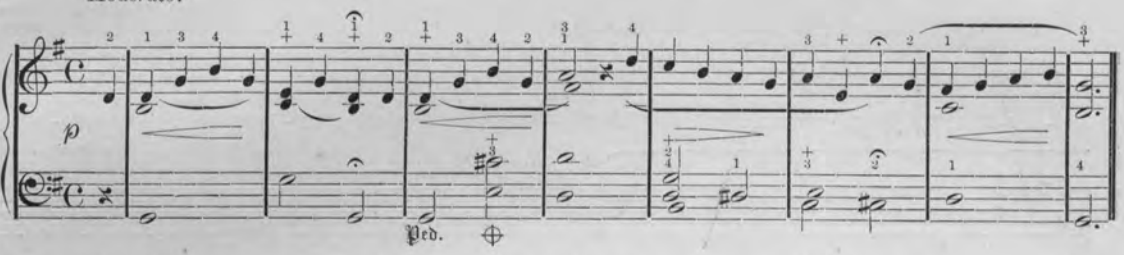
One Little Moment More, Maud.

Noch einen Augenblick, Maud.

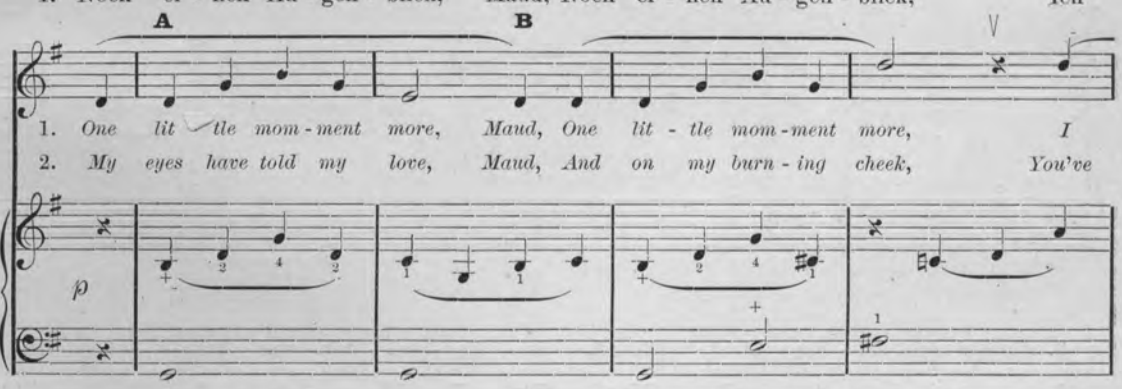
BALLAD.

Words by JOHN C. SAXE. **Music by C. ESTABROOK.**

Moderato.

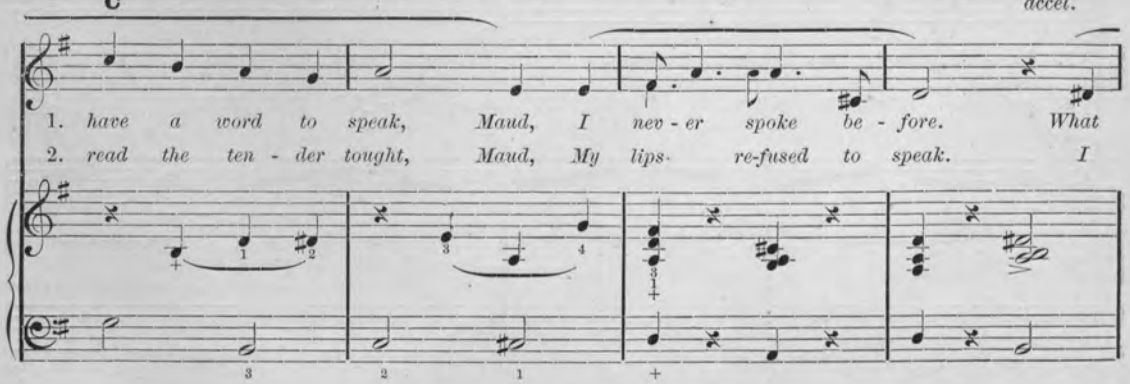


2. Mein Blick ver - räth mich dir, Maud; Im bren - nen - den Ge - sicht Du
1. Noch ei - nen Au - gen - blick, Maud, Noch ei - nen Au - gen - blick, Ich



1. *One lit tle mom - ment more, Maud, One lit - tle mom - ment more, I*
2. *My eyes have told my love, Maud, And on my burn - ing cheek, You've*

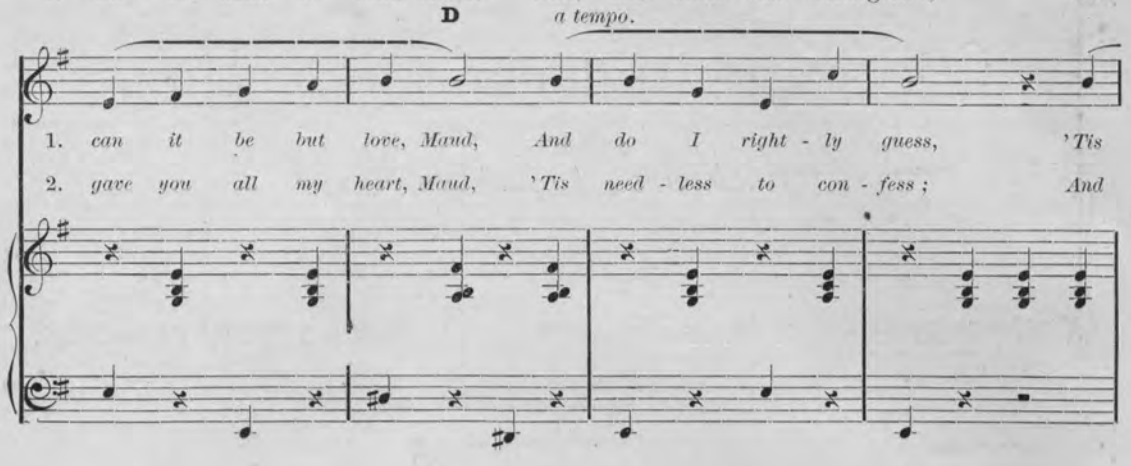
2. lies'st die Wahr - heit 'raus, Maud, Selbst wenn der Mund nicht spricht. Mein
1. hab' ein Wort für dich, Maud, Halt's län - ger nicht zu - rück. Nur



1. *have a word to speak, Maud, I nev - er spoke be - fore. What*
2. *read the ten - der tought, Maud, My lips re-fused to speak. I*

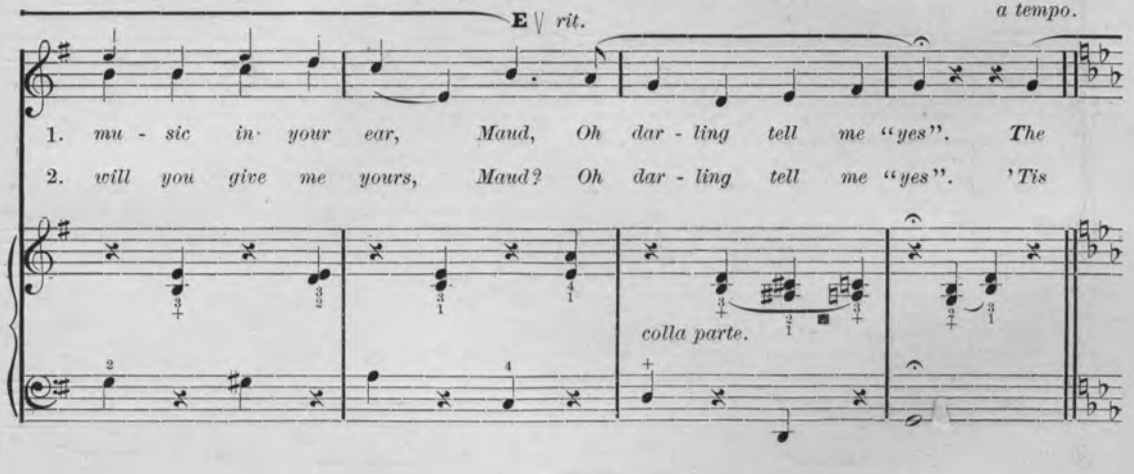
2. Herz ge - hört nur dir, Maud — Viel Wor - te ich nicht find, Ge-

1. Lie - be kann es sein, Maud, Und, ist's nicht Täu - schung hier, Mu-



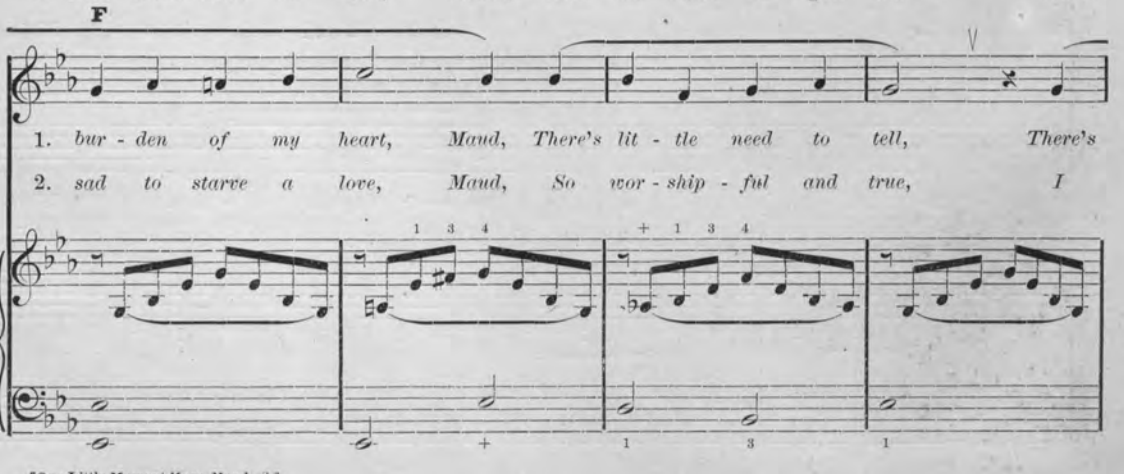
2. hört dein Herz auch mir, Maud? Sag' "ja", lieb Herz, ge - schwind. Ver-

1. sik ist's dei - nem Ohr, Maud, — Sag' ja, du glau - best mir. Wo-



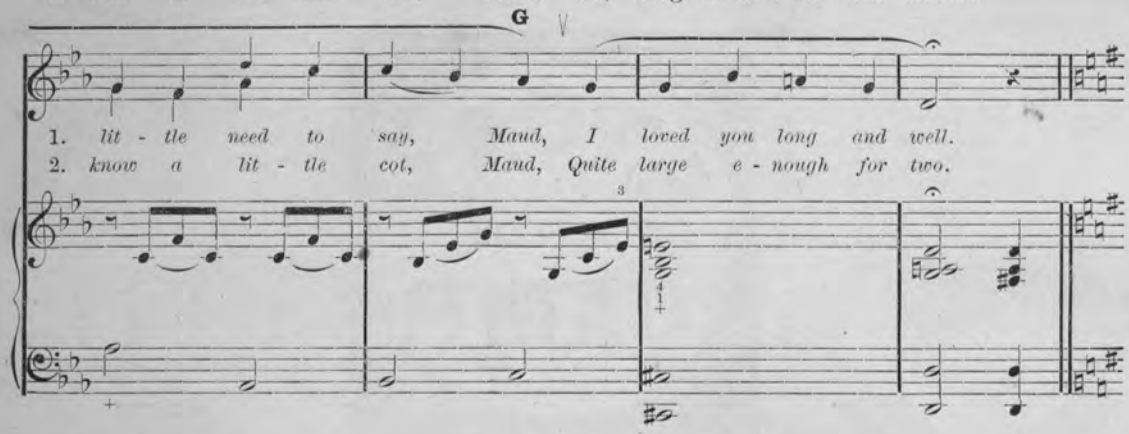
2. schmäh' nicht sol - che Lieb', Maud, So En - gel - rein und treu — — Ich

1. von mein Herz ist voll, Maud, — Was soll wohl sa - gen ich — Nicht



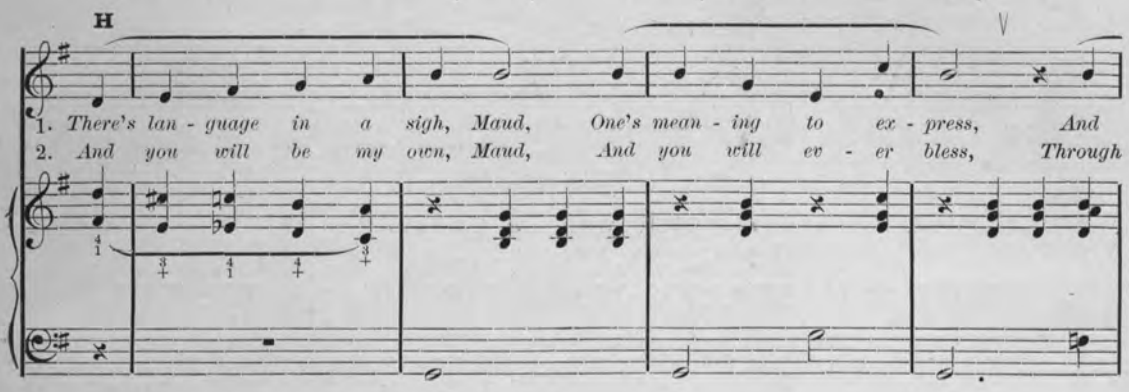
2. weiss ein klei - nes Haus, Maud, Ge - nug - sam gross für zwei.
1. Wor - te rei - chen aus, Maud — Ja, lang' schon liebt' ich dich!!!

G



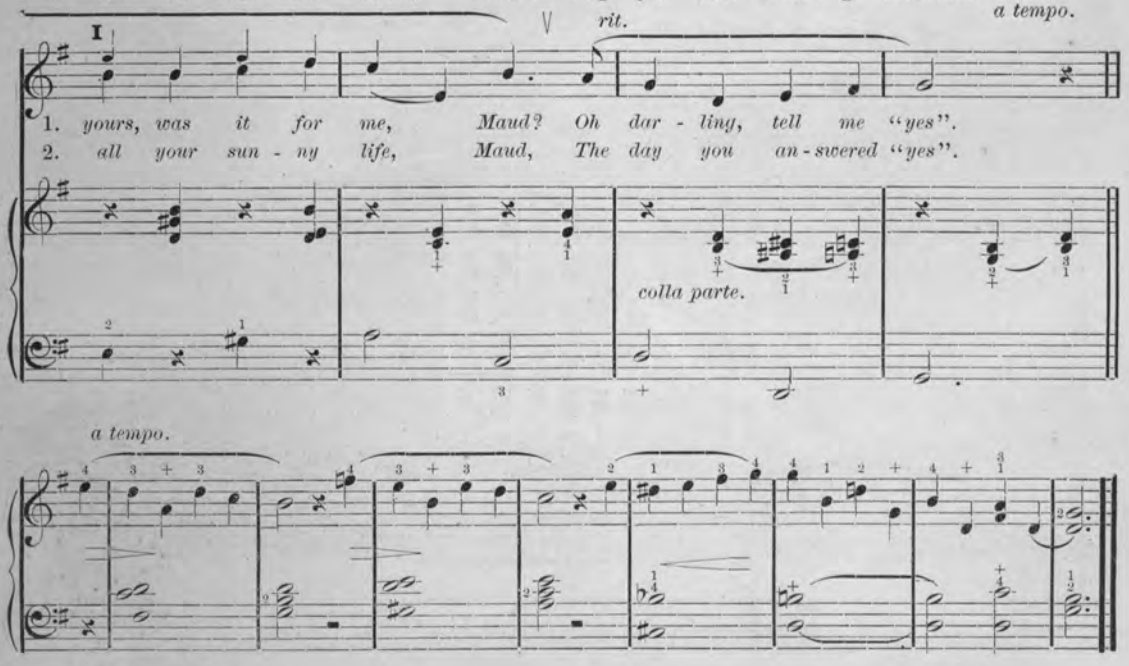
2. Nur mir ge - hö - rest du, Maud, Und nie wirst du be - reu'en, Im
1. Ein Säuf - zer of - fen - bart, Maud, Das Herz, wie oft man find't, Galt

H



2. Sonn - schein dei - nes Glücks, Maud, Dein "Ja, es soll so sein!"
1. der von dir für mich, Maud? Sag' ja, lieb Herz, ge - schwind.

I



SMITH AND JONES.

Smith—The papers say Patti is coming to the United States.
Jones—Well, my paper says she is not.
Smith—And, by the way, my paper says Dengremont is eighteen years old or more.
Jones—And my paper says he's only fifteen.
Smith—I dare say they all lie.
Jones—Yes, they do, old boy, they do.

BEETHOVEN'S LAST CONDUCTING.

It was in the autumn of 1822, says *Le Menestrel* that Beethoven's *Fidelio* was reproduced on the boards of the Kærnthnerthor theatre. As soon as it had been decided that the opera should be put on, the question was discussed as to whether Beethoven should be asked for his co-operation by conducting it. Beethoven's cruel infirmity, which continued to grow worse, should have caused the rejection of this idea, but the desire of seeing him once more at the head of an orchestra rendered the persons concerned incapable of due reserve. The unfortunate composer was, therefore, asked to direct the study of his work, and, unconscious of his misfortune, unhesitatingly accepted. It was resolved, however, to give him as a coadjutor to *Capellmeister* Umlauf, who was to stand behind his chair and restore order among the instrumental host, if, by chance, the composer's deafness should throw them into disorder. Unluckily, this precaution proved insufficient, as we shall see. On the day of rehearsel, Beethoven, accompanied by Schindler, went to the theatre and took his seat at the conductor's desk. The overture went off without any hitch, but at the very first vocal number—the duet between Jacquino and Marcelina—there was confusion among the artistic phalanx. Alas! it was only too certain that the master did not hear a note of the vocal parts, and could not, therefore, be relied on to mark the proper moment for each artist to join in. Amid the general confusion Umlauf restored silence, parleyed for an instant with the two singers, and gave the signal: *da capo*. Again it was impossible to go through with the number to the end; the instrumentalists followed faithfully the beat of their conductor, but the singers, getting perplexed and troubled, were unable to keep time. This state of things could not continue, and it was imperative, at whatever price, to inform Beethoven of the impossibility. But no one would undertake the ungrateful task. Duport dared not venture; for Umlauf there was something particularly delicate in making such a communication, and it was only natural that he should endeavor to escape the task. While the point was being discussed, Beethoven moved about uneasily in his chair, turning his head right and left so as to read in the physiognomies around him what was going on; but on every side he beheld only mute impassibility. "Suddenly," says Schindler, "he called me in an imperious voice, and, holding out his tablets, ordered me to give him the solution of the enigma. Trembling all over, I traced the words: 'Let me entreat you not to proceed. I will explain more fully when you are at home.' He gave one leap from his chair, and, getting over the pit-railing, exclaimed: 'Let us go quickly!' He then ran at one breath to his lodgings, then in the Pfarrgasse, Leimgrube suburb. When he got indoors his strengh failed him. He fell inertly on the sofa, and, covering his face up with his hands, remained motionless till dinner-time. After he sat down to table, too, it was impossible to extort a word from him."—"That fatal November day," adds Schindler, "was the most sorrowful one in the career of the poor composer, who was so terribly tried. However great his anguish may have been on previous occasions, never before had he received so fearful a blow. Only too frequently I had an opportunity of seeing him exposed to vexation, and more than once I beheld him bent down under the weight of his misfortunes, but I had always known him, after a moment's prostration, raise his head and triumph over adversity; on this occasion, however, he was stung to the quick, and to the day of his death lived under the impression of the terrible scene."

AT the funeral of Lord Beaconsfield the organist was directed to play Beethoven's "Funeral March," as the body was borne through the nave of the church, and "Oh, Rest in the Lord" as the procession left the building. The great statesman was a devoted lover of these two selections, especially the aria from "Elijah"

PREMIUMS.

Kunkle's Musical Review.

☞All our subscribers receive, as a premium, the full amount of their subscriptions in music of *their own* selection. Thus, a four months' subscription entitles the subscriber, without further charge, to *fifty cents'* worth of music, a six months' subscription to *seventy-five cents'* worth, one year's subscription to *one dollar and fifty cents'* worth.

☞Send for our new and elegant Catalogue of modern and classical music.

THE PUBLISHERS.

WM. KNABE & CO.'S

PIANO FACTORY,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Grand, Square and Upright Piano-Fortes

These Instruments have been before the Public for nearly fifty years, and upon their excellence alone have attained an *unpurchased pre-eminence*, which establishes them as unequaled in **Tone, Touch, Workmanship and Durability.** Every Piano fully Warranted for five years. Prices greatly reduced. Illustrated Catalogues and Price Lists promptly furnished on application.

WM. KNABE & CO.,

112 Fifth Avenue, New York. **Nos. 204 & 206 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore**

READ & THOMPSON, Wholesale and Retail Dealers for the KNABE PIANO,

915 OLIVE STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

CHICKERING & SONS'

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT

PIANO-FORTES

57,000

SOLD SINCE APRIL 1st, 1823.

The use of the Chickering Pianos by the greatest Pianists, Art Critics and Amateurs, has given to the Chickering Pianos an universal *prestige* and reputation far above all other Pianos manufactured in this country or Europe. The overwhelming verdict of the very highest art talent, including Dr. Franz Liszt, Gottschalk, Dr. Hans Von Bulow, Louis Plaidy, Stephen Heller, Carl Reinecke, Marmontel, Arabella Goddard, and hundreds of other masters of the art, places the Chickering Pianos of to-day at the head of the *entire list of Pianos made in the world.*

Illustrated Catalogues and Price Lists mailed on application to

CHICKERING & SONS,

Cor. 18th Street and 5th Ave.

Chickering Hall, New York, or **156 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.**