



a Monthly Magazine.



VOL. I.

MARCH.

NO. 7.

OFFICE No. 1012 NORTH COMPTON AVENUE.

ART AND MUSIC.

Vol. I.

FOR MARCH, 1882.

No. 7.

CONTENTS

PAGE.

OUR LOCAL ART TREASURES, - - - - -	189
FROM ARTHUR TO ARTHUR, - - - - -	198
COLOR, - - - - -	203
SONNET, by Newton S. Otis, - - - - -	203
STUDIES IN ART, Architecture, By Count A. DeVervins, - - - - -	204
LINA ANTON, - - - - -	208
SCHUBERT, by A. E. Kroeger, - - - - -	209
METHODS OF BREATHING, by P. H. Cronin, M. D., - - - - -	214
MUSICAL GOSSIP, - - - - -	216
THE DRAMA, - - - - -	218
MUSIC, "A Bold Lover," by Wm. Schuyler, - - - - -	219

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MORNING WALK, - - - - -	Etched By Carl Guthertz.	Printed by J. M. Kershaw.
THE HOMESTEAD, - - - - -	Etched by J. M. Barnsley.	Printed by J. M. Kershaw.
ST. LOUIS SKETCH CLUB, SKETCHES FROM ARTHUR TO ARTHUR.		

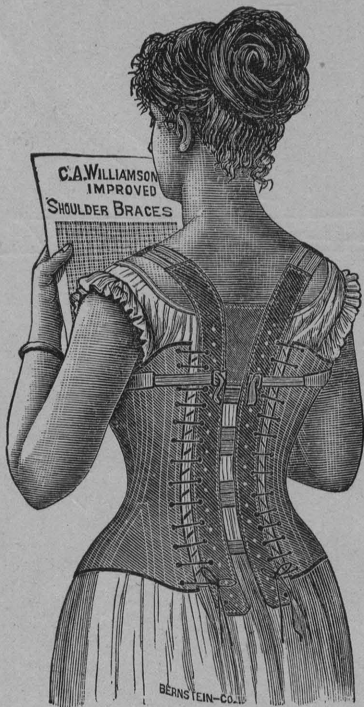
IN THE TEXT.

Initial Letter T. Original Sketch by Carl Guthertz, - - - - -	189
Interior View of the Art Gallery. Sketch by W. S. Eames, - - - - -	190
The Cornish Coast. Sketch by J. M. Barnsley, - - - - -	191
A Fishing Haven in the Zuyder Zee. Sketch by J. M. Barnsley, - - - - -	192
A Winter's Tale. Sketch by Carl Guthertz, - - - - -	193
The King's Gateway. Sketch by J. M. Barnsley, - - - - -	194
The Ride for Life. Sketch by J. M. Barnsley, - - - - -	195
Evangeline. Sketch by Charles Holloway, - - - - -	196
Priscilla. Sketch by Charles Holloway, - - - - -	197

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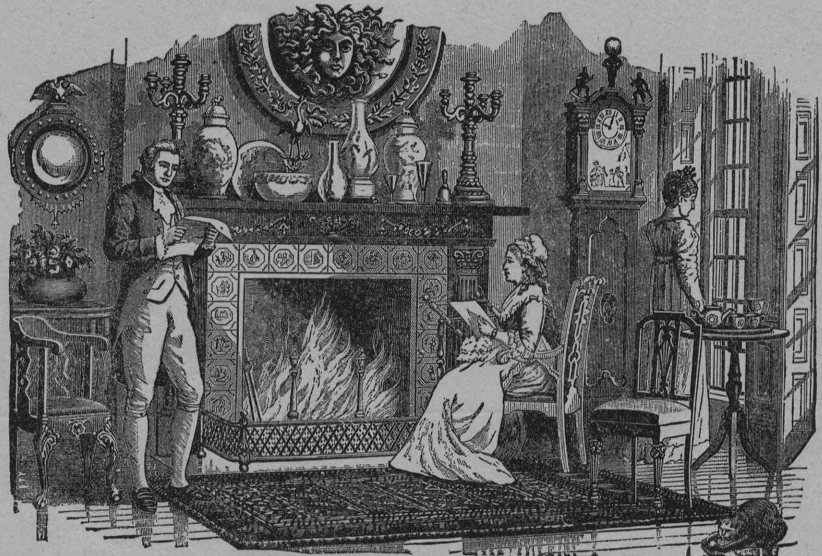


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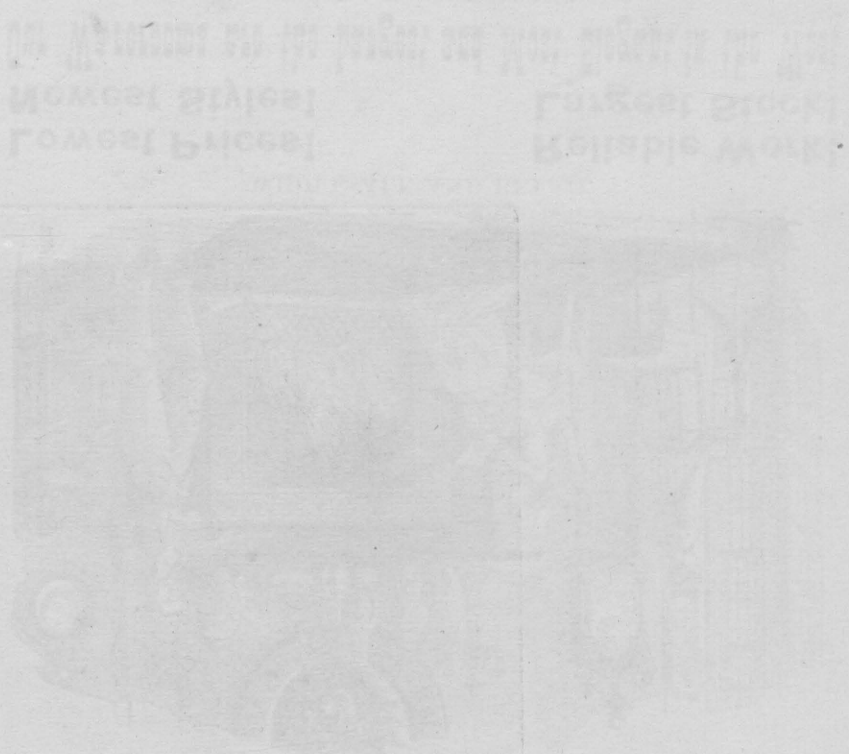
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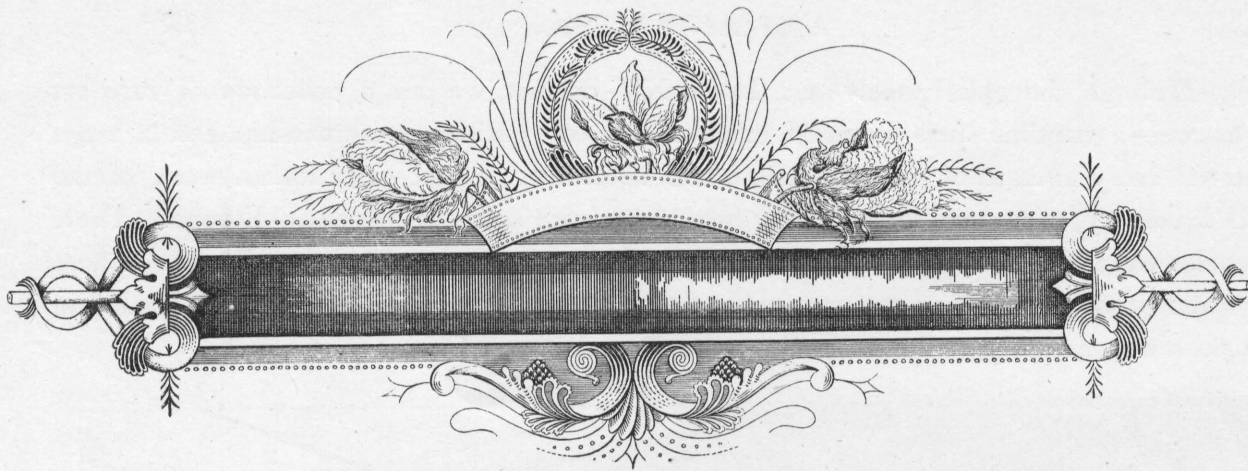
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OUR LOCAL ART TREASURES.



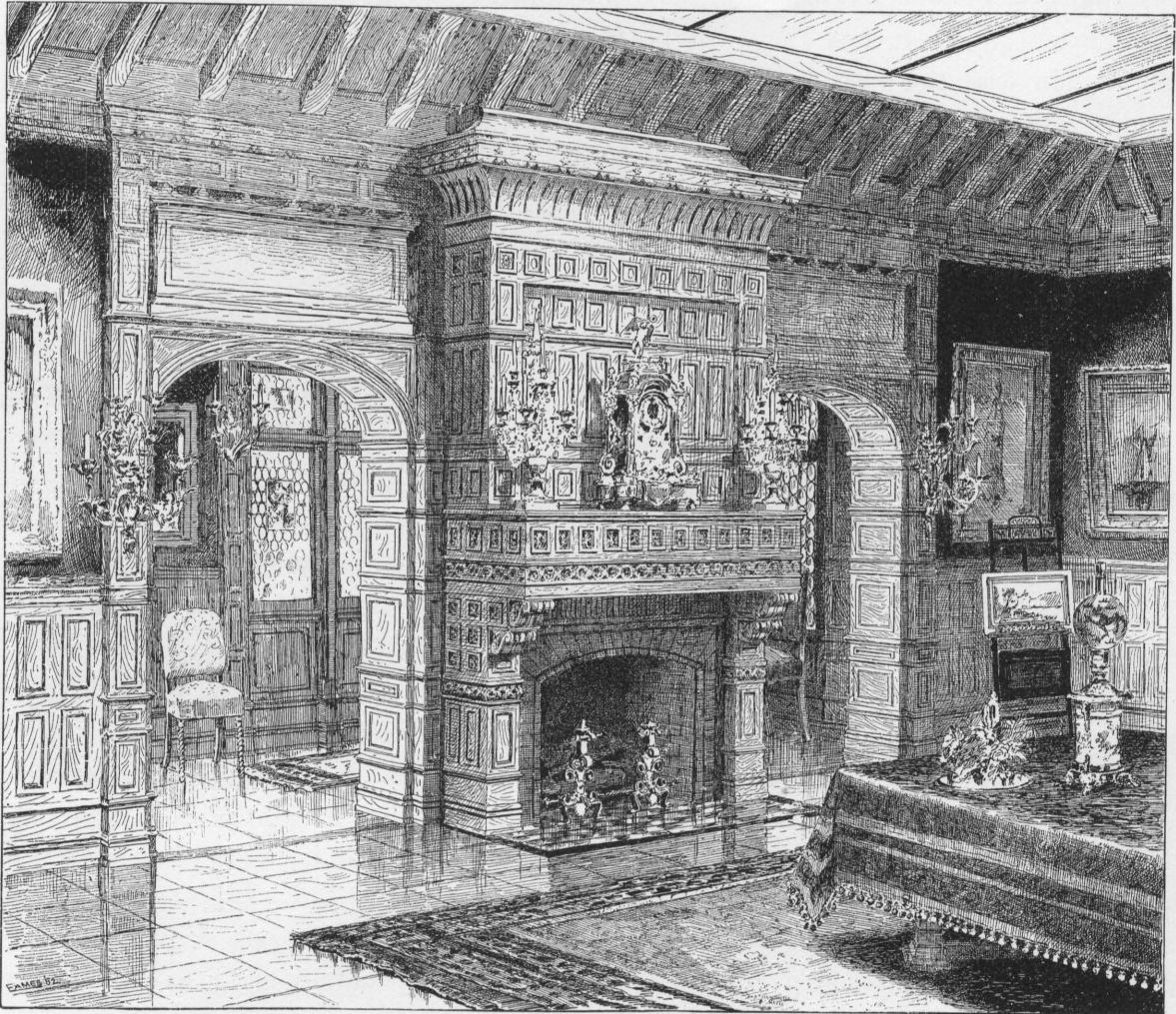
THROUGH the courtesy of J. Gilbert Chapman, Esq., we are enabled to present to our patrons and readers a brief notice of the collection of pictures and articles of vertu in his residence on Lucas Place. This collection is one of great excellence and importance, the pictures in the main gallery being all of large size, and marked examples of the highest art.

To the right of the main hall as we enter the house is the gallery, an imposing room some thirty-five feet in length, finished throughout in rich, warm butternut wood, highly polished, as is the parquetry floor of oak.

A richly cushioned sofa and tapestried chairs invite one to ease, from which to survey the architectural effect that is both impressive and emotional. Proportion and harmony have been successfully maintained by the architect, Mr. Isaacs, who has here given evidence of skill and good taste. The usual rectangular stiffness of galleries is relieved by a long spacious recess, entered from two large openings on either side the chimney. The windows of this inner room are decorated in each panel with medieval glass, bearing the arms and crests of various ancient cities.

The imposing chimney-piece and groined ceiling recalls the best type of early English baronial architecture. It is suggestive of Haddon Hall, which it surpasses in detail, yet equals in every simple line. Beneath the shelf are delicately carved panels of wild flowers and rich carvings in vine and leaf, which are well worth critical examination. In the cavernous fire-place is a curious pair of hand-made wrought iron fire dogs, an exact copy of those at the Château of Pierrefond. On the mantle shelf above, stands a superb old Marquetry clock, on either side of which are a pair of August Rex Bock Vases, of great rarity and beauty, while at the extremities stand Candelabre in gilt and crystal of exquisite workmanship.

Through the glass panels of a Louis XV cabinet, we see a collection of rare art treasure—a nautilus shell mounted in silver gilt, of curious workmanship, and a large carved ivory tankard of curious design, both specimens of that early Italian work of the XVI century, so famous and so rarely found in private collections even in Europe. These articles were obtained at the sale of Prince Lobenhoff's great collection at Berlin. There is a mounted Ostrich Egg of a somewhat later period, Circassian and Turkish Blades of curious workmanship, and rare specimens of Porcelain and Glass.



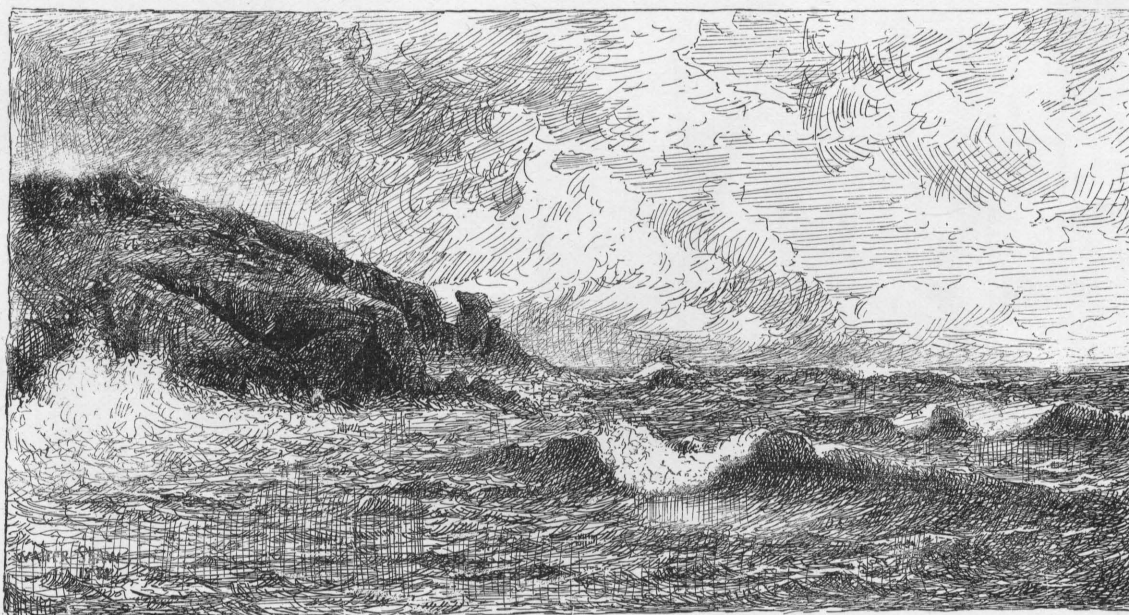
INTERIOR VIEW OF THE ART GALLERY

DRAWN BY W. S. EAMES.

A curiously wrought sideboard of oak displays among its treasures, a service of old Dresden china 1780-90—once an expression of favor from John, King of Saxony, to the Baron Von Schleinitz. The decoration is in landscape, being a portraiture of cities and famous castles in Germany framed in bands of gold, and deep lined with gilt within. The delicate clear drawing and exquisite painting is a marvel of human skill. There are rare old Berlin and Delft vases, an early Wedgewood urn, a carved ivory box, very old and curiously wrought, besides old Italian Glass set in jewels, and rare specimens of old Bohemian glass.

We now turn to a contemplation of the pictures, which in the gallery are largely of that robust English school so little known and so seldom seen in this country, in comparison with the work of Continental artists.

It has been justly said that the advance of art in any country depends not more on the artist himself, than upon those that patronize him. If the patrons have not a high enlightened standard, the artist will have a low one, the demand regulating the supply in this as in other transactions of life. If the higher and wealthier classes are enlightened on these subjects, the tone and feeling of those who practice the arts, will be raised to an incalculable extent; if the reverse they will be lowered. Had Pericles or the earlier Popes not been familiar with the processes and exigencies of art, the arts of their respective periods would never have attained the elevation that marks them.



WALTER SHAW. PINX.

THE CORNISH COAST.

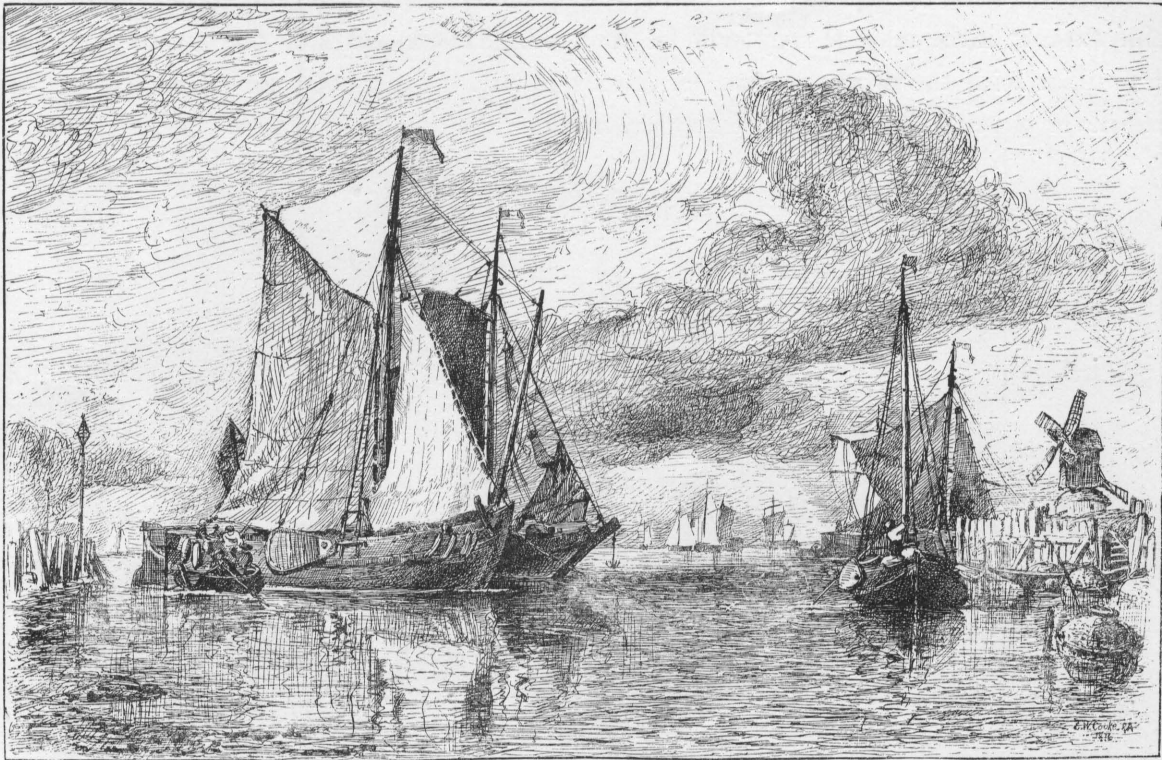
J. M. BARNSLEY, DEL.

Artistic culture among the community at large, is therefore not only a great elevating public influence, but it leads to the necessity of greater accuracy and a more thorough education of the artist himself. In this country, and also largely in England, is elemental education and training too largely neglected. We color before we can draw—hence it is that so few artists can give correct deliniation of the human form in action, or when moved by the affections or passions. Hence the multiplicity of artists whose gradations and contrasts of color, light and shade, produce picturesque effects that attract and please, but exhibit more feeling than thought.

The French and German schools have produced many great draughtsmen, yet in some of their best and most intricate work, there is the feeling that it may be a colored photograph, in which the heart and head had less to do than the hand. Detail in furniture and dress give evidence of that intense study, which the great masters of the past bestowed upon the

human form and its various moods of passion. Messonier and his pupil Detaille, who are men of great power in color and detail, are said to employ the camera as an assistant to their art.

Excellence in art always implies labour in the preparation of work, studious research and increasing knowledge of life and nature. The schools and their patrons must go hand in hand—the latter encouraging and demanding fresh triumphs—to the end that our land



E. A. COOKE, R. A. PINX.

A FISHING HAVEN IN THE ZUYDER ZEE.

J. M. BARNSLEY, DEL.

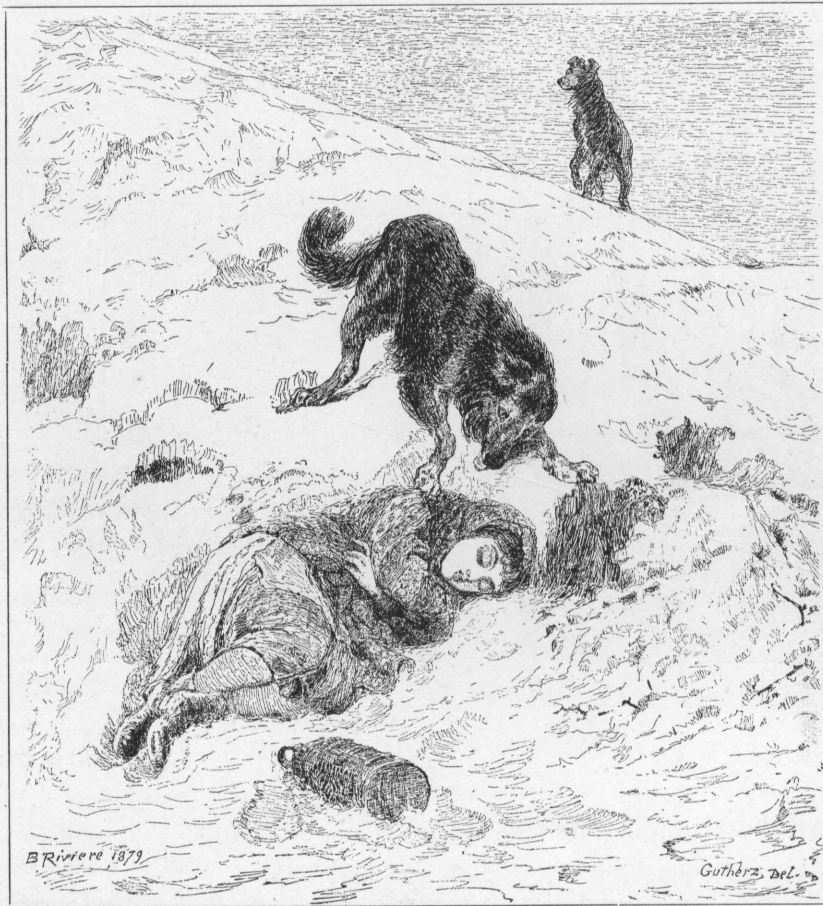
may be filled with those refining and elevating types of beauty, that will furnish the means of improvement for the generation that shall succeed us.

Having watched with growing interest and increasing admiration the work displayed at the Academy Exhibitions during a long series of years, Mr. Chapman has been collecting his pictures largely from this source, and now possesses important examples of Turner, Millais, Cooke, Riviere, E. Niccoll, Boughton, Shaw and Barnes, which we hope he may find it his pleasure to enlarge and preserve for some good purpose in the end.

To the right of the entrance door is a marine view, "The Cornish Coast" (52x28 inches), by Walter Shaw, a rising English artist, who gives evidence of genius and power which is rapidly bringing him into marked prominence in England. His first work displayed at the Academy, was in the Exhibition of 1879. A marine view of such fidelity and strength, as to cause expression of warmest admiration from Millais and Alma Tadema

whose stamp of approval placed the young artist in envied prominence. This picture is one of his best productions. It is a view of the sea rolling in upon a rugged coast ; the break of the surf, as it dashes into spray upon the cliffs ; the sportive expression of the waves, and a strong gray sky, are all treated in a masterly manner. In the Academy Exhibiton of 1881 were two of his works the exact size of the one before us, which elicited most flattering mention in all the art criticisms. One was a mid-ocean view called "A Comber." A large wave in a barren expanse of ocean.

In the opposite corner of the room hangs another powerful marine view of marvelous strength, by E. A. Cooke, R. A., called "A Fishing Haven in the Zuyder Zee" (56x36



BRITON RIVIERE, R. A. PINX.

CARL GUTHERZ, DEL.

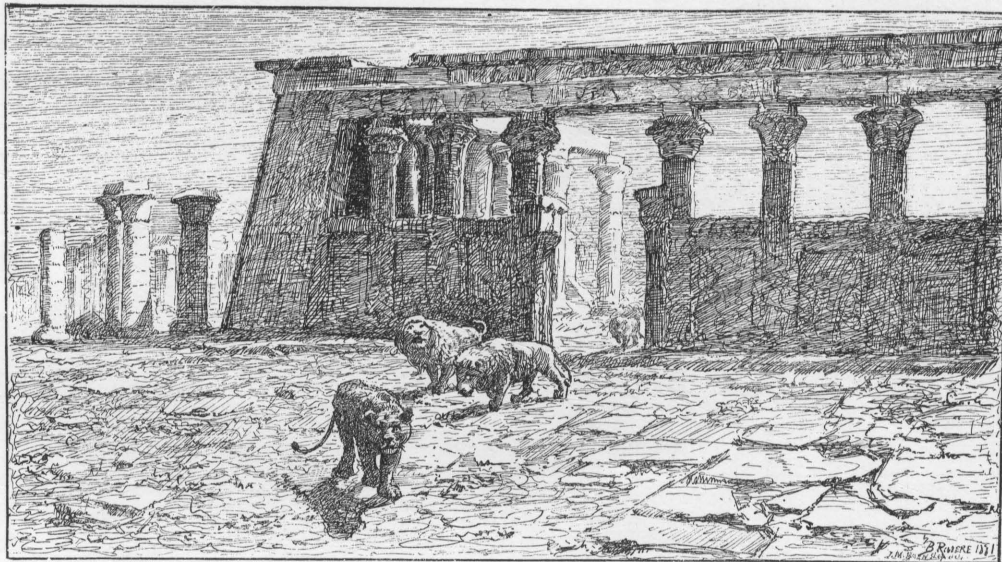
A WINTER'S TALE.

inches). It represents a fleet of Dutch fishing sloops moored in a quiet haven, where coast and harbor surroundings are given in accurate detail and strength. The boats have seen service ; the sails stand out, some new, others patched and weather stained as we ever see them in every working fleet. The sailors busy with repairs, seem actually in motion, so vivid is the action drawn. The heavy threatening sky, announces the approaching storm, and the wondrous effect of glassy, mirrored water in the far distance, is a charming piece of realistic painting. Cooke died in 1880. This picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy

Exhibition of 1876, at Burlington House. The English Government is making a collection of Cooke's work, as far as practicable, and now have nearly fifteen of his pictures at South Kensington.

To one who has passed hours amid any of the great private collections of England or at the semi-national collections such as Dulwich, where earlier masters of this school, like Gainsborough, Sir J. Reynolds, Copley and Landseer are seen, will find how well the mantle of their great genius is now borne by some of our cotemporary artists. Each generation produces its few great masters, and to-day Millais, Riviere, Faed, Tadema and Watts are probably the most honored and admired of their school.

In the centre of the north wall hangs an important canvas by Briton Riviere, R. A. Its subject "A Winter's Tale"—48x48 inches. The picture has but lately been engraved, and will shortly be published by Messrs. Agnew & Co., of London. It is a subject of pathetic



BRITON RIVIERE, R. A. PINX.

J. M. BARNSLEY DEL.

THE KING'S GATEWAY.

and touching interest. A Highland girl, evidently on an errand sent, wandering on a Scotch mountain has lost her way, and at length overcome with fatigue and cold, lies down and has fallen into the sleep of exhaustion. A search party with Collie dogs are out, and the dogs at last have found her. One of them striving to awaken her attention by pawing her shoulder gives evidence of his delight and pleasure, in his intelligent and expressive face. This picture attracted marked attention and most flattering notice at the exhibition of the Royal Academy 1880.

Vis a vis to this picture is another celebrated and important work by Riviere called "The King's Gateway" (48x32 inches). A clear Asiatic night, the moonlight floods with wierd glory a noble Assyrian ruin. "Dead" is written everywhere—dead the power, dead the palaces and dead the builders thereof. A group of lions wander out upon the broken

pavement of the amphitheatre, and the striking symmetry of their action as they move toward you is only equaled by the faithful drawing of animal life. There is an air of sovereignty in their tread. In humility we own "Yes, still the King passes." A pure, artistic motive inspires this work—this sombre reflection on humanity.

We turn for reanimation to "The Ride for Life" (57x36 inches), by Ad. Schreyer, a work thrilling in its realism. The scene is a grey cold landscape in Russia. An officer of noble rank, driving through a wooded highway, is set upon by the traditional banditti of this hostile country—a gang of wolves. The driver, in the calmness of extremity, grasps firmly the lines and bends on the maddened and terrified animals all his power of control, knowing



AD. SCHREYER, PINX.

J. M. BARNESLEY, DEL.

THE RIDE FOR LIFE.

that on their speed depends escape; the officer, in reversed attitude, handles the rifle—not a shot to be lost, and with what skill the boldest of the pursuers attests, whose writhing in the throes of death intimidates his followers, who are seen in a moment of hesitation—a pause happily chosen by the artist to relieve the intensesness of the scene.

In this he has shown himself the master of emotional, as well as he is of prismatic, effects.

The agony of fright is wonderfully depicted in the countenances of the horses; and in their action and the tremor of muscle is revealed the terror which animates and paralyzes by turns. Schreyer was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Belonging to a distinguished family, he enjoyed every advantage to be derived from social rank, travel and instruction.

The extreme corners of the inner wall are adorned with two celebrated works by G. H. Boughton, A. R. A. Both pictures are in the style in which he is felicitous—the commingling of female figures with landscape. His drawing is always full of grace, both of form and gesture, and his heroines are clothed in the sentiment of lives darkened by the

shadow, more often than gladdened by the sunshine of life. The first of these is "Evangeline," young and fair, with a beauty softened by the prophetic shade—

"When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flâgons of home-brewed ale."

This picture is a simple Norman peasant girl, with a landscape showing a summer harvest on the coast. In the strong and pensive face, the easy grace of her movement and the picturesqueness of her costume there is great charm.

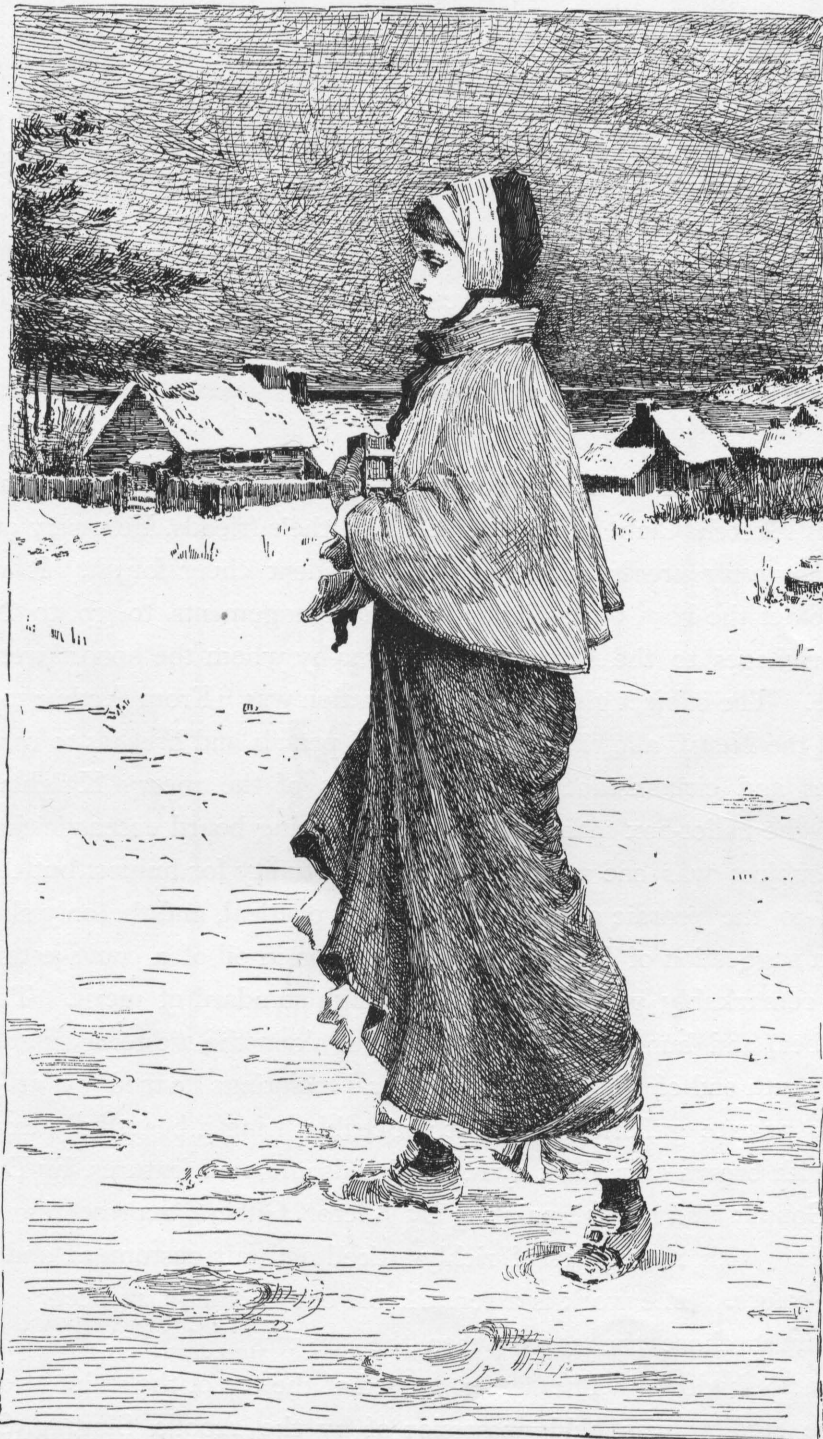


G. H. BOUGHTON, A. R. A. PINX. CHARLES HOLLOWAY, DEL.
EVANGELINE.

In sharp contrast, just opposite, is his "Priscilla," a sweet, yet thoughtful face, representing the Puritan maiden, hooded and cloaked, treading her way through a New England snow to church—one of that noble band who braved the wilds and privations of a new land, that they might worship God after the dictates of their own conscience. The landscape is most striking, showing the low-roofed huts of the colonists covered with snow, with the curved

shore of Plymouth Bay in the back ground. This work is said to have made Boughton an Academecian, and placed him well up in the foremost rank of English artists.

These two pictures are of a series of four works which he has painted, representing the



G. H. BOUGHTON, A. R. A. PINX.

PRISCILLA.

CHARLES HOLLOWAY, DEL.

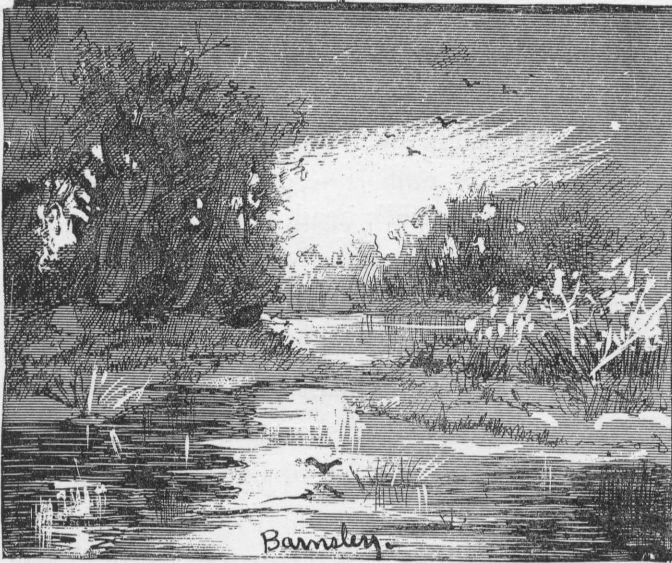
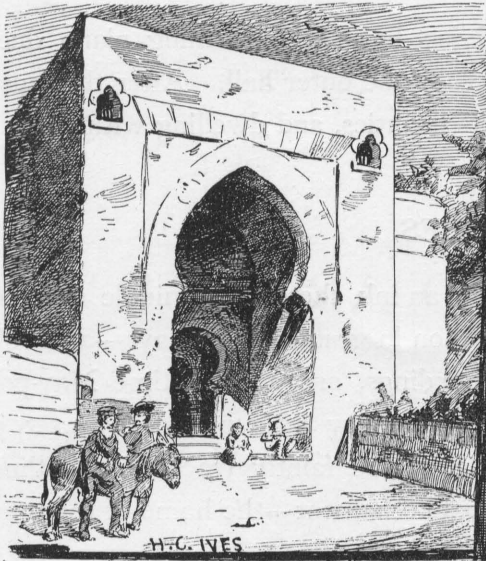
heroines of America's early history and poetry. The "Evangeline" is in *Summer*. The "Priscilla" is in *Winter*. "Rose Standish" in *Autumn*, and "Katrine" from "Sleepy Hollow" in the *Spring*. The two latter pictures are in England.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

“FROM ARTHUR TO ARTHUR.”

THE SKETCH CLUB'S PENCILS AND BRUSHES WANDER THROUGH THE BRIGHTEST
SCENES OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

MR. CHARLES R. POPE, the theatrical manager, entertained the members of the St. Louis Sketch Club and his friends and their friends, February 9th, when there was a goodly company present, and plenty of excellent cheer for all. It was Mr. J. M. Tracy's night to act the host, but as he had made arrangements to go to New York, he accorded his privileges to the actor and manager by whom the honors were carried with exceeding grace. The subject given out for illustration was "From Arthur to Arthur, or the Old World and the New," allowing the sketchers' pencils and brushes to range through all ages and scenes and circumstances, from the days of the merry Knights of the Round Table, down to the ballot-box manipulating and returning board eccentricities of American politics. The subject was one which afforded opportunity for humor, but the sketchers all seemed to run to the prosaic and practical, or the poetical, and the only sketch that at all approached to a suggestion of fun was a representation in oil of a court jester. Still all the sketches were remarkably well done, and of a high standard of merit. They were about a dozen in number, and hung in bright ash frames along the western wall of the reception room. At the south end of the room were several paintings loaned by art-collecting citizens from their private galleries, the most noticeable being a beautifully expressive face of a young girl with brown hair, dark eyes, and handsome oval features, by Defregger; "La Cigale," by J. Goupil; and a large painting by Victor Gilbert, representing "The Flower Market in Paris," with its throngs of richly-attired and fair customers, and its multiplicity of bright floral colors. The work is a remarkable one in many respects, it being noticeable that the artist chose the scene when the sun was slightly obscured, and its light so faint that it cast no shadows. The writer arrived at the top of the stairs leading to the club room, when the landing was held possession of by the Apollo Singing Club, under the direction of Prof. Wm. Pommer. The club had also just arrived, and were serenading Mr. Pope and his guests, standing at the entrance to the club room. They sang the serenade in such exquisite style that after Mr. Pope and Mr. Thompson, the President of the Sketch Club, had welcomed them, and they were ushered inside, another selection was asked for,



when they gave a march. The Kunkel brothers had just finished a charming piano duet, when Prof. Pommer's warblers first lifted their voices in the outer hall. After the music the company wandered around the room inspecting its beauties, and dwelling with particular interest upon

THE NEW SKETCHES.

Wm. Schuyler illustrated the evening's subject in an ink sketch, the middle space of which was devoted to a pen drawing of a country mansion in grandfather's days—a double frame dwelling, with wide verandas and floral surroundings, and the old-time May-pole flying a streamer in the meadow opposite the house. This pretty little picture was set in an India-ink frame of smoke and grime through which could be faintly traced the outlines of high chimneys and massive factories with an occasional tenement—the home of the present time.

Ernest Albert contributed a sketch in oil—a moonlight study in the "New World," having chosen a fine bit of foliated mountain scenery with a leaping stream running through it for illustration.

Frank E. Gates' sketch was in oil, illustrative of the lines in Tennyson's "Passing of Arthur," which describes his death; Sir Bedivere being seen in the foreground, with the wounded and dying knight reclining in his arms.

E. Monnier's contribution was a porcelain tile in beautiful bright colors, depicting a couple of children in old-style costume, kissing each other over a garden wall.

Russell Riley was represented by a sketch of American scenery in oil, a fine piece of coloring abounding in beautiful effects.

W. L. Marple's sketch represented a gray morning in the new world. It was a landscape presenting a wide sketch of country, and having but a single sapling tree in the foreground to break the view. The atmospheric effect was very striking and beautiful, and the contribution was favorably commented upon by the assembled artists and their friends.

Charles Holloway had a sketch in oil, showing Sir Bedivere carrying Arthur in his arms from the battle-field to the chapel, when the bold knight

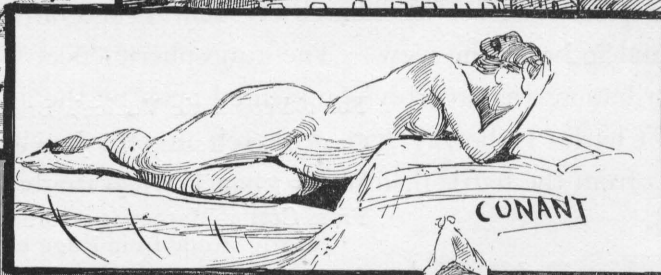
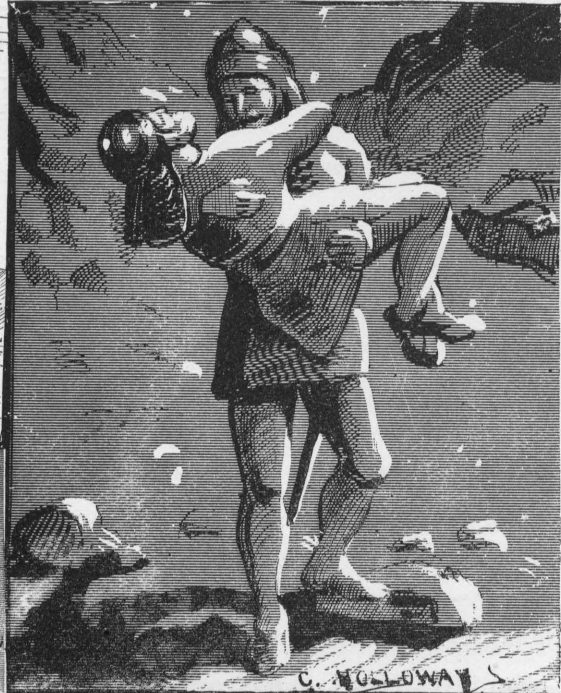
Swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.

Carl Gutherz contributed a pen-and-ink sketch of a child's head, which was pronounced by many the best of the set.

Charles I. Brown, of Minkato, Minn., sent a pen and ink sketch of a picturesque, bluff-broken scene on the Minnesota River.

J. R. Meeker's sketch was in oil, an American landscape, with a storm gathering in its half-clouded sky. The life of the picture, filled with darkness, showed cattle huddling in the shelter of wide trees, while the right of the scene was full of light, hazy and fading before the sweeping rain-clouds.

J. H. Fry painted in oil a man of Damascus handling "A Damascus blade," which was the title of the contribution.



J. M. Barnsley had a beautiful oil sketch interpreting the lines of Tennyson's *Enid*:

"The marches—
Gray swamps, and pools, and haunts of heron."

George W. Chambers contributed a representation in oil of a court jester prancing about in a pensive and studied way.

A. J. Conant's pen-and-ink drawing from the nude was named during the evening, by one of the most distinguished and religious visitors as "Godiva, after her summer trip through Coventry, taking a rest and reading one of Zola's novels."

H. C. Ives painted one of the old gateways of the Alhambra with a couple of modern Moors and their donkey standing before it.

Gus Thomas presented a small figure in clay of Billy Florence in his famous character of Hon. Bardwell Slote.

F. W. Ruckstahl's contribution was also in clay—a tablet with the head of an old man in relief, "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything." The old fellow's phrenological remains suggested that he might at one time have been a member of the Liberal League.

Paul Harney's sketch, which is in oil, and depicts a love scene between Tennyson's Vivian and Merlin were not in the collection, but were sent to Mr. Pope.

Mr. Pope's contribution was a very choice lunch of cold dishes, with foaming lager and poetical quotations to give them additional relish. It was voted a highly artistic and appreciable offering, and the guests took to it very kindly. Mr. Albert Todd explained the poetical quotations on the bill of fare to the assembled company, and added some mystifying lines by "a friend of his," which were well received. The bill, which was elegantly gotten up, had on its front page a double picture, Venice and its palaces on one side and a mountainous bit of American scenery on the other. Under this picture Mr. Todd's friend had written

For old romantic Venice's Bridge of Sighs
Our granite Boston has ye sweet mince pies;
Whose power for sighs their colic testifies
From Cotton Mather to Arthur the Wise.

Mr. Todd's explanatory speech caused frequent outbursts of laughter. His French was excused, because, unlike Mrs. Gen. Gilfloy, he hadn't been long enough abroad to be accustomed to it. After the speech Mr. Pope said he would introduce Campanini, the great tenor, and Mr. Frank Ridgely came forward smiling, and sang a baritone solo, giving some Italian selection, and responding to an encore with a jolly sea song. Mr. F. X. McCabe sang a solo; Mr. Pope recited Marc Antony's address, and gave some humorous readings; the Kunkel Brothers played the piano; the Apollo Club warbled again, and, amid a general hallelujah over the beer and sandwiches, the night's entertainment came to an end. Many prominent business and professional men made the acquaintance of the jolly sketchers for the first time on the evening named.

The drawings here representing the sketches were made by F. G. Gates.

COLOR.

COLOR is found everywhere. All life is color, and I believe all the universe is color. The analyzation of the sunbeam shows that light and heat are composed of color. And I believe that black nowhere exists in nature; that that which we call black is but the mixture of the three colors—red, blue and yellow. It is certain that we can produce black with Prussian blue, purple lake and Indian yellow.

Were it possible for us to look upon this world from a distance, it would reflect all the opaline beauty of the pearl. At a greater distance it would fade to white.

Like sound, distance neutralizes, and silence falls, but proximity proves distant notes.

Though the tone be more or less emphatic, still tone it is. So the color may be more or less distinct or broad in Art phrase—still in every mite color exists, and by the aid of chemical science we may separate it into distinct tones. It is a fact worthy of note that age or the action of time materializes color, as the absence of vitality turns all material life to grey. Ashes are grey, and grey is the combination of all color and the death of all color.

Then why should *black* be chosen as the garb of grief? Why don a hue which gives such violent contrast to light, and is in reality the intensity of color, and seems to effect a disturbance in light?

Above all moments, the moment of morning should be passive, and bring us into the mood of reflection. It is reflections that we mourn. If we pass that moment, we partake of the present or future. The bright of color its present; the white or light may belong to the future; but where shall we place the black? Methinks in Hades—surely it belongs to the *shades*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SONNET.

BY NEWTON S. OTIS.

[After the Italian of Michael Angelo.]

I do believe, of all desires of man
 Which pure may be, are raised by beautiful things
 From earth to God, from whom all beauty springs,
 Then such my love; for as her form I scan—
 Forgetting all things else—the gentle plan
 Of her creator God I view, which brings
 My soul to bow to Him; and other things
 Seem nothing worth, e'er since my love began.
 So thus, the soul by nature tempted forth,
 Enamoured through the eyes, doth e'er repose
 Upon those other eyes; and from the earth
 Doth soar unto the Primal Love, and glows
 With admiration for His work; and so
 Admiring, greater love for Him doth know.

Brooklyn, January 30, 1882.

STUDIES IN ART.

BY COUNT A. DE VERVINS.

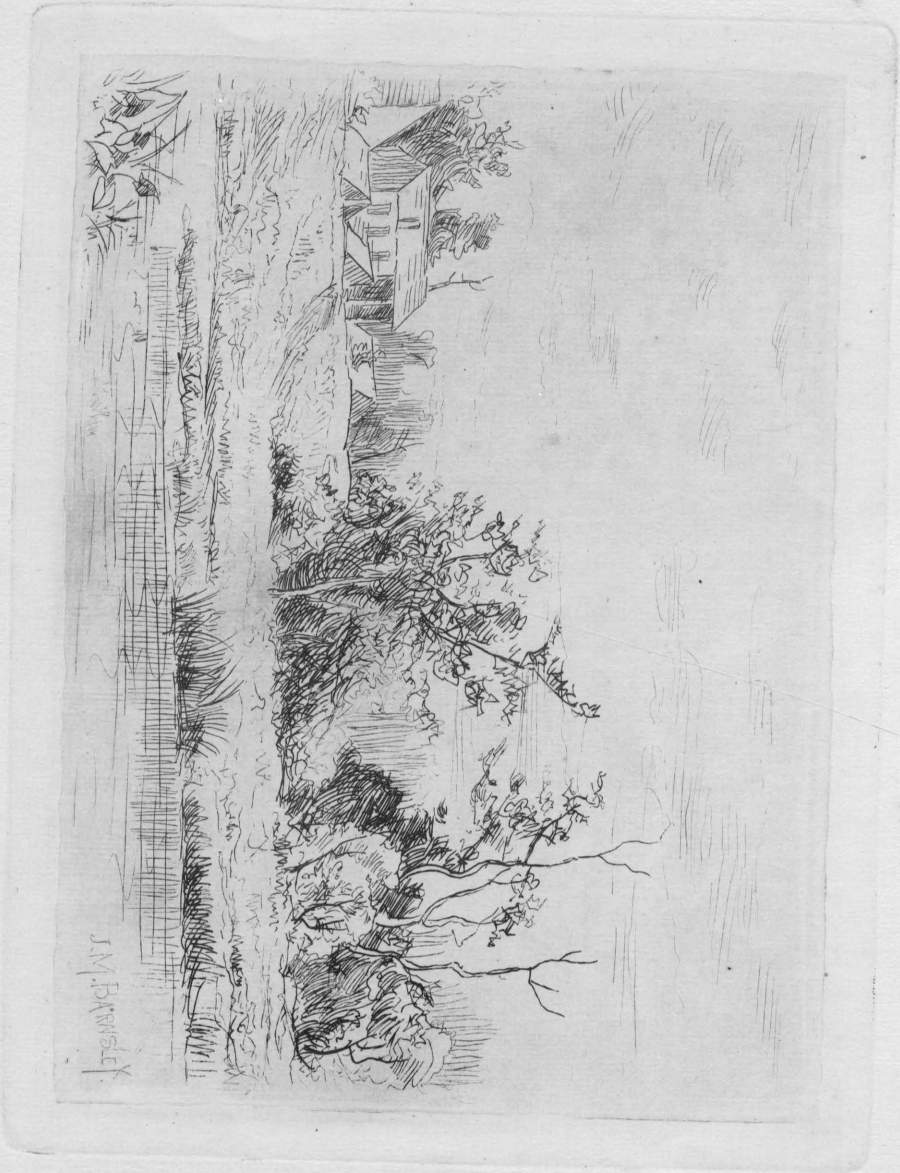
ARCHITECTURE.

ARCHITECTURE is the most noble, the most majestic and the most imposing of all the Arts which I will call *plastic*, to express those which give a material and tangible form to the creations of genius, such as Sculpture, Drawing, Painting, Ceramics and the rest, for all are its tributaries! All contribute to its grandeur, as the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi and the Amazon contribute to that of the ocean.

I will even add that, not only does Architecture reign over all the Arts, but further, that it appropriates all the sciences to represent to our eyes in works which sometimes reach the sublime. All the wonders which the spirit of man has been able to compass when kindled or enlightened by that light from above, which is called Genius.

In fact, not only Geometry, but all the branches of Mathematics, the most abstract, must have been familiar to those who reared the temples. The cathedrals and the palaces, whose magnificent symmetry and imposing majesty strike us with an admiration verging on helpless stupor, so much do these works surpass the proportions—dimensions—of our ordinary conceptions: Hence, in the absence of science, one must have at least the instinct of Art to understand them or appreciate them; for one cannot pay to the author of one of these grand works the tribute of admiration to which he is entitled, unless we take into consideration that he has created it all: Here a fresco has been wanted, such as the *Last Judgment* in the Sixtine Chapel; there a mosaic has been wanted; elsewhere a colossal statue; and their proportions and their character have been dictated by the proportions of the edifice, which has sprung from the brain of the architect. And further, the painter, the maker of mosaic or the sculptor, be they Raphael, Parmesan or Canova, come only after Michael Angelo and the Bramante. That is to say, after those stupendous geniuses who embraced all the arts in their gigantic works, traced in blocks of marble or granite. Each has proved his strength by a lavish expenditure of imagination in the accomplishment of his task; but they are like the four *elements* which the ancients reckoned to explain the creation of the world, which were introduced only to constitute, according to the designs of the Most High, the harmony on which He had determined.

But those who see in an edifice only a mass of stone placed upon one another, constructed to serve no matter what purpose, will think I am mistaken, and that it is precisely the sculptures, the paintings, and in a word the details of ornamentation, which constitute the artistic character of the building. If it is a *building*, we are agreed, but if it is an



J.M. Barwick

edifice or a *monument*, we must differ. The master-pieces of Architecture have a beauty which is peculiar and personal—a beauty which strikes us in the *Coliseum*, which translates to us by its dimensions and its style, the greatness of that people of kings. In the *Parthenon*, in the *Capitol*, in the Cathedral of *St. Peter* at Rome, and in almost all the Basilicas of the Middle Ages, era of profound beliefs, in which a burning faith begot so many prodigies, which we are not skillful enough to equal, because the scepticism which has eaten our decaying society, stanches in us, every source of Divine inspiration. If one wishes to realize how true this is, let him seek one of those gothic churches whose erection the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries witnessed. When he penetrates beneath its bold and lofty vault, which seems to spring upward to the sky, it is as if a new country had opened before him, which takes possession of him, which casts around him an atmosphere of melancholy, revery steeped in mysticism, and faith and vague aspirations towards another world.

The God who can understand our imperfect nature seems to dwell in this great chamber, and to desire to put Himself in direct relation there with the humble creature who comes to bow before Him. There is nothing of the dwelling places of man; all that captivates us without is forgotten; one feels in the house of the Great, the Mighty, and the Awful, and one experiences a sentiment of humility which leads us to believe that it is an effect of paternal goodness that He condescends to receive us—so weak, so poor, and so little—into His temple.

It is the idealization of a realized faith, it is all the beliefs of our childhood which are affirmed before our eyes, it is the point of communion where the meeting of the lowness of humanity with the majesty of heaven takes place sweetly and mysteriously. After having experienced these impressions, which attest the greatness of the genius whose work has such effects on the imagination and the heart, if we rise in thought above the edifice to seize the plan of his conception, we must begin to consider it from below on every side to appreciate with what art all its parts are disposed, grouped and interwoven; we must seek the principle by which the numerous buttresses, the projecting towers, the retreating laterals, and the curving apsis harmonize; we must penetrate beneath these naves with their endless ribs which spread out from the clustered columns above the great pillars; we must contemplate the capricious intertwinings of the *roses* which by their many-colored panes soften the play of the light, encircle the altar with a halo, and leave the further parts of the choir in a pensive and almost mysterious gloom. Then we must rise to the summit of the towers and pinnacles, and command with them the dizzy expanse of aerial space, and the country which spreads round about; we must follow with the eye the bold strange outlines which the *belfries*, the *gables*, the *gargoyles* and the *finials* of the steeples cast against the sky, and when we have done this we will not have paid more than a partial tribute to these prodigious edifices; for, without speaking of the paintings, the mosaics and the host of statues which swarm from top to bottom, of the fauna and flora, real or imaginary, spread over the ledges or animate the portals, if we wish to seize the the principle of the intervening of lines, the key of all the purposive elaborations which, in deceiving the eye contribute to the

majesty and solidity of the whole, if we wish to lose none of the multiplied thoughts which have been materialized in the stone, the soul would be confounded, and the effect produced by so much imagination and boldness, so much skill and taste, by so much science and genius should be to elevate the soul which then seeks its creator with more love, seeing what a work has been wrought by the hand of his creature. Now it is this very result which is the essence of art, and as no one of the plastic arts manifests itself to us in a fashion so dazzling, so grand and sublime, I repeat that architecture is of all the arts the most majestic and the most noble.

But in touching on its poetic side, that is to say on its largest side, the subject which I have undertaken to treat, I increase the difficulties of a task to which I can devote only a few pages, whereas it would require volumes. In fact the history of Architecture embraces that of every people and demands on that account an exhaustive treatise or an extremely summary sketch; its vocabulary alone is a language in itself, and nearly all of these words have a history of their own, their excellencies and their defects. Thus, a book would have to be written on the *gothic vault*, on the *cupola* and the *dome*, if we undertook to relate their origin and the phases of transformation on which they have gone through. I must, therefore, confine myself here to trace a sketch of this grand art, to which I constrain myself with regret, for if I may apply to myself the expression, I would say that I have my heart full of my subject, and I will attempt in subsequent number of this review to inspire my readers with the desire to penetrate further into a study which without exaggeration can afford them boundless pleasures.

Architecture, properly speaking, consists not only of the erection of an edifice for the use to which it is intended, but further, in its execution from the two-fold point of view the beauty of its *parts* and the harmony of the whole. Vitruvius recommends three things; *solidity*, *utility* and *beauty*. The last seems to be the one which places architecture at the head of all the arts; for *solidity* demands only the knowledge which the architect can acquire from study, where he is utterly destitute of genius; *utility* demands only an ordinary amount of judgment, for the disposition which it dictates results immediately from necessity; but *beauty* exacts imagination and genius, for it depends on proportion, dimension, harmony, symmetry, choice of ornament and color, and it will not be universally felt if it does not satisfy that instinct of the aesthetic which is called "good taste," and it will not be real that is to say if it does not idealize matter.

But to compass these objects, especially the last, men must have sought and groped a long time; in other words, Architecture could not develop with any degree of brilliancy except among a people already advanced in civilization. Vitruvius, whom I cite for the second time, because he is the only ancient who has treated this matter, and whose works have come down to us, Vitruvius claims that we must seek the origin of Architecture in the habitations which primal man erected for himself, and that these habitations must have been similar to birds' nests, or to the dens of wild beasts; having in mind when he said this, doubtless, the fable of the *Troglodytes*, who lived below the earth, or the buildings of the *lake dwellers*, who reared their hovels or *crannoges* above the waters of lakes. Others

think that the dwellings of our first ancestors were cabins constructed of earth, of trunks of trees and branches, or tents made of skins of beasts, before they knew how to weave any. This last opinion seems the most likely, and we may add that after their dispersion on the face of the globe, men, submitted to the influence of the climate in which they dwelt, employed the material which offered itself in most abundance. Thus, in the East men must have lived in tents, for the Chinese pagodas recall continually the form of this shelter. In Europe they must have devised houses of wood. The columns of the Greek style, with their stylobate or isolated pedestal, their slender shaft and their entablature, which recall the foot, the trunk and the head of a tree, with the projection of the roof. In fine, the countries which were destitute of forests had to build with stone and earth. Later on, the peak of the tent becomes a pillar and the tree a column. Then it was noticed that earth in drying in the sun hardened like stone, and bricks were made. The Assyrians had the idea of joining them together by means of a substance which they noticed floating on the Is, one of their rivers—asphaltum—and it was thus that, little by little, but proceeding only by degrees, men and societies attained to the erection of those great edifices which give to the archæologist the measure of their taste and the degree of their civilization.

Nevertheless we cannot follow the development of architecture among nations, except in Post-Hellenic times. The works of the Celts, who afford us all the gigantic monuments, which are called *cyclopean*, because they seem to have been wrought by giants. The prodigious structures of the Indians, the Assyrians, the Persians and the Egyptians, no less than those of the Jews and the inhabitants of Asia Minor, show us that these people had attained; but all that preceded the great works by which we judge them; works, which are to-day, only *grand ruins*, has disappeared. The *menhir* and the *dolmen* of the Gauls: the *Kylas of Ellora* or the temple of *Tanjore* among the Indians; the ruins of *Ninevah* and of *Babylon*, *Birs-Nimroud* or the *temples of the Seven Spheres of Borsippa*, in Assyria, or in Chaldaea; the temples and palaces of *Persepolis* and *Susa* among the Persians; the *pyramids*, the *sphinx* and the *obelisks* among the Egyptians; the ancient *tombs of the kings of Judah*, and the ruins of the valley of Jehosaphat among the Jews, show that all these people have given proofs of power and genius in their time, for the architectural style of each one is *peculiar* to it: but having only fabulous traditions of their political history, how can we have anything on the history of their arts? Moreover, this branch of architecture constitutes a science of itself, *Archæology*, and I must not think of entering here upon this great subject. I will, then, begin at once with the Greeks, because it is their style, and the Roman which more particularly inspired the masters of the *middle ages*, the golden age of architecture.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LINA ANTON.

THE subject of this sketch is a pianiste of the highest ability, and although a St. Louis girl in the fullest sense of that term, her reputation as a musician is not confined to any one locality. Naturally of poetic temperament, which is the *sine qua non* for music; Miss Anton possesses all the requirements that go to make a virtuoso together with a thorough musical training, from the best of instructors. The elementary or first rudiments of music was imparted by her mother. Afterwards when that brilliant and eminent pianistè, Frauelein Von der Hoya, located here as a teacher, that lady recognized at once the great talent of the child, took especial charge of her and instructed her in the most intelligent manner, giving her the same advantages that she herself enjoyed, while a pupil of the Leipzig Conservatory and of Ferdinand Hiller, in Cologne. Besides such favorable circumstances for the talented child's progress, the musical atmosphere which surrounded her in her father's house, has probably done the greatest part towards making her the artist that she now is.

P. G. Anton, the father, a fine musician, and on intimate terms of friendship with the foremost musicians of this country and Europe, and treated by them as their equal, made his house their headquarters (when in the city). Here also the local musicians would meet, and all would play and practice to their hearts content in the words of the great masters. Miss Anton was always present, and by witnessing and taking part, obtained suggestions from the greatest living pianists, and ripened, so to speak, in this atmosphere to an artist of the present high rank. Her first appearance in public was made when not in her teens, and since then she has been constantly before the public, both in the East and West, gaining enconiums and praise all along. As a public performer she has no superior. Calm and dignified she takes her seat at the piano, and the sea of faces does not perturb her any more than if she were in her own home practising alone. This self-possession before a vast audience is desirable, which many of the most renowned pianists do not possess. Talent first, steady nerves next, for what is genius and talent without nerve power? Another advantage Miss Anton has over many, is, of being a thorough musician, and able to follow and even prompt an orchestra with as much ease and *sang froid* as she plays the piano. She understands scoring, which is of great help in playing a concerto with orchestral accompaniment.

Here are a few of the many ovatures she received: In November 1874, at the Lafayette Union Chapel opposit Lafayette Park, April 1873, at the Second Baptist Church, then located at Sixth and Locust streets; May 1873, at the Temple, at Wilhartz's benefit; Jan-

uary 1873, at the Haydn Orchestra Concert with orchestra; May 1873, at the Cecilia Singing Society concert, and at concerts of the Arion des Westens. etc. Every performance was crowned with success, and her engagements the following years were very numerous. Of a charitable disposition, she never refused to lend her aid, and appeared in scores of concerts of that character. One of her greatest triumphs was in New York in 1874, and in the same year at Baltimore, in the concert of the Peabody Institute, under Asgar Hamerik's direction. Even at that early date the eastern critics pronounced her (to be) one of the most brilliant pianoists in the United States. Legato or Staccato playing, to either she can do full justice, which is more than can be said of many brilliant performers. The Philharmonic Quintette Club owes its existence and present high standing mainly to her exertions, as well as the New York Quintette Club, the best organization of the kind in the country. Her playing in the St. Louis Musical Union Concerts this season proved a grand success and she is the first recipient of the high honor of a complimentary benefit concert tended by an Orchestra which was given at Mercantile Library Hall, on the 19th of April, and was largely attended. It was the musical event of this season. At this concert she played fully a half a dozen selections by memory. In fact her repertoire, which is large as only few living pianists can boast of, is entirely memorized.

SCHUBERT.

FRANZ SCHUBERT, the greatest of all song writers, and a most remarkable manifestation of the Divine power which speaks to us pre-eminently through music, was born on the 31st of January, 1797, in Vienna, where his father, a poor, hard working man, taught school. Franz was the youngest of four sons, born to his father in the first marriage. At an early age he evinced a strong inclination for music, and taught himself the first exercises on the pianos of a factory, with one of the boys, in which he was acquainted. At the age of seven he was sent to a teacher to take lessons in playing, but was advanced already as far as his master. His father then gave him instructions on the violin, and afterwards sent him to the leader of a church choir to take singing lessons. His progress was extraordinary. His teacher said of him: "Whenever I wanted to teach him anything new he knew it already. In reality, therefore, I gave him no education, but merely entertained myself with him and marvelled at his talents." This singing teacher also taught him the

organ, and gave him instructions on harmony. At the age of eleven, being in possession of a clear soprano voice. Schubert was admitted as one of the singers in the Court Chapel where he also played the violin in the orchestra. Here he became acquainted with the symphonies of Hayden and Mozart, and his little heart expanded wonderfully under the influence of their melodies. Particularly Mozart's symphony in G minor, of which he used to say that one could hear the angel's sing in it, and the symphonies of Beethoven, which appeared about that time and puzzled the musical world, made a deep impression upon Schubert. His progress in musical knowledge was so great, that at the age of thirteen he became the leader of the orchestra, and began to note down his musical conceptions upon paper.

Salieri, the leader of the church choir, of which Schubert was a member, and thorough musician, had noticed the eminent talents of his scholar, and accordingly resolved to assist its development. He sent Franz to an instructor in the theory of harmony, but the instructor soon discovered that his scholar knew as much, if not more, than he could teach himself. "He has learned it from God," said the teacher. This impelled Salieri to take Schubert under his own direction. Franz, therefore, took his compositions during the next four years to Salieri for inspection, to learn from him how to achieve greatness.

In 1815, when Schubert was in his eighteenth year, he composed over one hundred songs, half a dozen operas, several cantatas, symphonies, quartettes, sonatae, dances, etc. All this in spare hours of the day not devoted to the school room or study. Among the works of this year, was the "Erlking," which, perhaps, for a ballad, has never yet been equalled in grandeur. It was not made public until seven years later, and even then it was found difficult to obtain a publisher for it.

The year 1816 gave rise to almost an equal number of songs, of which we may mention "The Wanderer," "Songs of the Harper," "Parting," etc., etc. In the same year he wrote several quartettes, for male and mixed voices, of great beauty; a number of waltzes, sonatas, concerts; a cantata, "Prometheus," which excited much admiration, and the symphonies in B flat and C minor.

In 1817, Schubert composed, besides the usual number of songs, overtures, quartettes, etc., five grand sonatas, which deserve to be far more generally known than they unfortunately are. Schubert's sonatas are at present conceded to be only inferior and almost equal to those of Beethoven. They have a rich fund of charming melody, and are worked out with admirable skill. His three sonatas in G, A minor, and D, are usually considered the best; but those known as his "three last sonatas," surely equal, if they do not excel them, particularly in connectedness and perfect finish.

During all this time, Schubert had not earned a single dollar from his many musical productions, a great number of which rank now amongst the highest efforts of musical genius. The only exception was his cantata "Prometheus," which he composed by request, and for which he received forty florins. His innumerable productions were written down—true genius like!—simply because he felt it his mission to write these revelations of divine life. He made no effort even to have them published.

In 1818 he went to Hungary to assume the position of musical tutor in the family of Count John Esterhazy. During this period he composed incessantly, and became acquainted with Hungarian music, which he subsequently worked out in symphonies, sonatas, etc.

Returning to Vienna in 1819, we find him composing the celebrated piano quartette opus 114, an overture for the piano, a cantata, a quartette, and a vast number of songs.

Of more importance is his oration "Lazarus," which was composed in 1820. It is characterized by a profound religious feeling and wonderful beauty. In the same year, Schubert composed the 23d Psalm; the sublime chorus, "Song of the Spirit over the Waters" (by Goethe); the celebrated fantasia in C for the piano; and a number of songs. In 1821 Schubert's compositions were finally brought before the public in print. Comparatively very few of Schubert's works were published during his lifetime—not one-fifth of his songs and very few of his larger productions. This was owing to the vitiated taste of the public—the publishers always objecting to the difficulty of Schubert's music—and partly to the then appearing works of Beethoven, who furnished sufficient food for the more educated class of music lovers, and who had a name, while Schubert was just emerging from obscurity.

Made happy and independent by the publication of his songs, and the receipt of a few hundred dollars, Schubert worked diligently on, and thus his best dramatical compositions, *Rosamunde*, *Fierrabras* and *The Conspirators*, as also the beautiful and celebrated cycles of songs, "The Pretty Miller's Daughter;" his great symphony in A minor, and his mass in A flat, were written in 1822 and 1823.

In the year 1826 he composed the famous "Winter's Voyage," already alluded to, the fine instrumental quartettes in D minor and G major, and a large number of songs, amongst them the well-known "Serenade." This beautiful composition was composed as Schubert was returning from an excursion into the country. Stopping at a beer house with some of his friends to take a little rest, Schubert took up a volume of poems and began to turn over the leaves. All at once he stopped, and remarked, pointing to the poem: "A fine melody strikes me, if I only had some music-paper!" A friend drew the lines on the back of a bill of fare, and Schubert wrote down the beautiful song.

In 1827 he made another excursion at the invitation of the family Pachler, with whom he spent some happy weeks, finishing his "Winter's Voyage," composing one of his finest instrumental pieces, the trio in E flat, and a number of other compositions.

Returning to Vienna in 1828, he finished his grand symphony in C, and had the satisfaction to attend a concert, at which none but his own compositions were performed. The house was crowded, and the success all that could be desired. A repetition of the concert was suggested, but this, his first concert, was also his last. The two following Schubert concerts were given to defray the expenses of his funeral. In this last year of his life, Schubert's activity was immense. Besides the C symphony, he wrote the mass in E flat, the grand instrumental quartette in C, the cantata "Miriam's Song of Victory," the three last sonatas, and a number of songs, quartettes, etc. His last song was "The Pigeon Carrier."

He began to suffer in the summer of 1828. In September the illness grew worse, but his

health seemed about to be restored in October. On the last day of that month, however, the illness returned in a more serious form; he was confined to his bed, and on the 19th of November his soul left the world, which it had filled with so much new beauty.

A more quiet, simple, uninteresting life than that of Schubert could not be written. There are no incidents, no episodes, no adventures in it; not even a single love story. If he ever did love, the fact is not known, and there are no signs that he did. He only sang, as if with a foreknowledge of his earthly death, he wasted his time neither in search after money, reputation, nor love. Every energy in the man was exerted to pour out in the few years of his life all the wealth of melody, and harmony, which God had poured into his heart for the delight of mankind. He had no other object than to fulfil this, his mission in the world; and would to Heaven that each of us fulfilled ours as faithfully.

Unpretending, like Schubert's life, was his personal appearance: a round, thick face, low forehead, bushy eyebrows, stumpy nose, curly hair, not attractive certainly. His figure, moreover, of middle size; round shoulders, fleshy hands and arms, and thick, short fingers, which, nevertheless, understood pretty well how to glide with fairy like sweetness over the keys of the piano. His manner, easy and natural, without excitement or passion. "Thick bellied friend," he is often addressed in letters.

He had a most amiable character: kind and friendly towards all; humble and unpretending to a rare degree; light-hearted and enthusiastic, inspired with a deep love for the beautiful and good; an excellent son and brother; true friend, without an enemy.

He was of a social disposition, and enjoyed good company with peculiar zest. He delighted to surround himself with a circle of easy, good natured, cheerful men of his own disposition, and was the centre of their mutual entertainments, which went by the name of Schubertiades. In short, he had a character very like that of our Washington Irving, only more quiet, more silently profound, more artist like.

His education had been a very ordinary one, and his limited travels had not given to his character and manners that color of culture of which Handel, Mozart, etc., could boast. Nor had he ever engaged in profound studies like Beethoven. Perhaps this was the reason why some of his friends could account for his marvellous productions only by ascribing them to a sort of somnambule condition. They looked upon Schubert as producing his grand works under the influence of a musical somnambulism. And in this view there is certainly some truth for the true genius artist. Shakespeare, Raphael and Beethoven are, in so much as he is a genius, an unconsciousness revealed of the divine, also a somnambulist, i. e.: he receives the beauties of his productions from a source which no mortal eye, not even his own, can see. His soul bathes in the divine life, and is there impressed with wonderful visions of music, poetry or pictures, which it now feels impelled, driven to shape, into form for human comprehension. It is in the shaping that the artist appears, and shows his superior mastership, his knowledge of human nature, of the laws of color, of the effects of harmony, and modulation. Genius many possess; art still more; both gifts combined are seen only in the world's few great men.

But Schubert was *not* a mere musical somnambulist, his wonderful mastery of the art of music is visible in almost every one of his productions. He was, it is true, inspired to a marvellous extent with the most entrancing melodies, each perfectly distinct from the other; but to these sweet tunes the artist combined accomplishments strangely independent, and yet so utterly wedded to the melodies that you cannot tear them apart, nor determine, often, whether the melody is in the song or the accompaniment.

His usual time of composing was in the morning hours, when even depraved humanity feels fresh, cheerful, and content, and when the man of virtue and energy feels more than ever divine; his soul thrilling yet, with its recent contact with the Godhead. His continual composing uninterruptedly until dinner time, and in those sacred hours, the humble, unattractive man becomes transformed to an object of beauty and greatness. His eyes glistened with the strange fire of other worlds, and his voice assumed the awful supernatural sound which falls upon the earthly as the voice of a divine power. The rest of the day was regularly devoted to social enjoyment, excursions in the country, etc. He loved wine, but to no excess; was very fond of women, but without passion. His whole life was music, and to read it, we repeat, one must study his works.

During his brief existence he wrote about 600 songs, of which about now 300 have been published; 16 cantatas and oratorion, 10 symphonies, 17 operas and operettas, and a countless number of other compositions for piano-forte, orchestra, string instruments, etc., in all, over a thousand different compositions. Truly an astonishing industry and productiveness, the result of which deserve to be handed over to mankind in a proper and enduring form.

We have no space to dwell upon a more minute characteristic of Schubert's music. Still, we would call attention once more to the piano compositions, and particularly to his sonatas, of which Schumann has made such exquisite sketches. It is on the field of songs however, that Schubert has attained the highest development, even surpassing Beethoven.

Schubert's songs have an entrancing charm, peculiar and great, owing as well to the originality of their form as to their unparalled wealth of melody and their truly popular character. The manner in which he connects man with nature in his songs, making of the accompaniment an almost living landscape, is as original, as grand. The simplest melody receives under his hands, that genuine artistic character, which Goethe's charming lyrics have also, to so high a degree.

By virtue of the immediate character of its effect upon us, music is the most culturing of arts, namely in so far as culture consists more in a noble tendency of character than in mere intellectual sharpness; and the noblest, sublimest music is indisputably the music of Beethoven and Schubert.

A. E. KROEGER.

METHODS OF BREATHING.

BY P. H. CRONIN, M. D.

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AT BIRTH, the male and female of the human family have little in their general contour to denote that one is destined to be a ruler of men, and the other to be the arbitress of the fate of him she loves, whether king or peasant. This is particularly the case when children are born twins, or of the same family.

As years go by, the little ones, with constantly increasing powers, usually seek diversity of exercise, subject to certain conventionalities. If however, boy and girl be educated alike, mentally and physically, but little difference may be noticeable. In outline of form, the same narrow hips and nearly the same width of shoulders are seen, with slight variations, until a certain crisis in development is reached, known as puberty. This stage passed, the boy become a man and the girl a woman.

Of the the general physiology of these sudden and wonderful transformations, it is not my purpose to speak, for only certain special changes concern us, as singers. The rest pertains to the province of the physician.

Before puberty, boy and girl alike, sing with nearly the same quality of tone, and while in London, I was struck with the peculiar beauty and richness of the boy voices in St. Paul's choir. Manhood and womanhood reached, however, the male voice, after the well-known process of "breathing," lowers in pitch an octavo, female voice, though fuller and stronger than in girlhood, suffering no change in pitch. Though the female experience little vocal change, properly speaking, we note a surprising alteration in certain vocal accessories, particularly the *breathing apparatus*. The pelvic cavity is now perceptibly enlarged, and the diaphragm acts but lightly, and scarcely displaces the abdominal viscera. The chest walls by their mobility and free lateral expansion, afford ample room for *deepest* inspiration and the heaving bosom tells us that "woman sighs."

It is said by certain "authorities" that it is quite an absurdity to claim that man and woman differ in their mode of breathing, and if such difference exists, it is the result of fashion's deformity, corsets and the like. These self-appointed authorities really defeat themselves in argument. Their free admission that corsets can be worn by women with *little inconvenience*, physically, goes to prove that a wise creator, in perfecting woman as a prospective *mother*, gives her sex a wide toleration for such pressure as is made by the corset,

though this toleration was *never meant* to further fashion's freaks. If such pressure as the corset makes, would be made upon the manly forms of such senseless talkers, as "authorities" sometimes are, they would soon cry *peccavi*. Many of our finest female singers came from the peasantry of Europe. A class among whom the corset is rare, and such physiologists as Flint and Huxley do not usually accept the forms in fashion plates as *their* models of female physical perfection. Though this latter class is the usual source of supply for the "leading physician," quoted in a city journal not long since.

Let us now look at two statues, one, that of Venus di Medici, the other of Apollo Belvidere, both forming the ideal of physical perfection in man and woman. In our study of Venus we note a head, dare I say it, almost too small for intellect, as compared with the magnificent brow, calm as heaven's arch, and rising above the God-like orbs of her companion. His loins are narrowed as they near the hips; his pelvis containing no variable organs requiring space for extraordinary development; but its depth and solidity enable it to give origin and insertion to powerful muscles. His general contour stamps him as a being physically constituted for the promptest action.

In the form of Venus, we have a reversal of the masculine outline. The shoulders of Apollo are one-third wider than his hips, and his trunk suggests the idea of an *inverted cone*. Her hips, on the contrary, form the *base* of a cone, with the apex at the shoulders. Such is the artist's ideal of nature's handiwork, and I have called your attention to it to show that the sexes are not alike in physical structure any more than they are alike in voice, speech, locomotion or general muscular movement.

Man, as we have seen, being free from the functional activities peculiar to the opposite sex, is at liberty, at all times, to displace the abdominal viscera, and, as Flint says, "his breathing is the abdominal type," and his "*deep*" breathing is in accordance with this freedom. Woman, on the contrary, supplies by the mobility of the chest walls and greater comparative space in the thorax, the want of *downward* displacement, as is often instanced in cases of dropsical enlargement or tumors, which, when weighing nearly as much as the woman herself, are *tolerated*, though a hearty meal would seriously interfere with the breath-taking of the sterner sex. Hence *depth* of female breathing is entirely different from the deep inspirations of the male, and seldom brings in play the auxiliary upper thoracic muscles, as is the case in emphysema of the lungs in both sexes.

The great mistake, with many writers on the subject, is that their reading and thinking are not so *deep* as their breathing. They take examples from *general anatomy* and *general physiology*, and would probably be as positive that man could as gracefully swing a "demi-train" as his differently constituted female companion.

The great evil that I have aimed to destroy, is the *abnormal use* of the abdominal muscles in the so-called "methods" that form the stock in trade of so many "Voice Builders." I do not blame those teachers so much as I censure the medical "authorities" who, with less thought than they would exercise in the purchase of an office chair, glibly give their *opinion* on subjects they have never studied.

Conditions exist in the female organism, where a physician, who understands the *action*

of remedies, would hesitate to provoke emesis or kindred muscular action in a lady patient, and yet from an "authority" that "knows," an exercise of the same muscles as are brought into play in the one case is said to be no harm in the other. Man is free from all such danger, and the "authority" ought to know it.

In cases that have come under my notice, of the bad results of the "method," I have first ordered the laying aside of the corset and removal of all impediments to free muscular action. This was followed by no improvement. I then advised *natural breathing*, and I can point with pride to the result in every case.

I hold, then, that God has shown us how to breathe, and that nature should be our teacher. Her method should alone guide us, and no attention should be paid to the familiar catches of abdominal, diaphragmatic costal clavicular, and no end to the other "methods of breathing."

Do not allow your ideas, nor mind, to be centered on *any particular muscles* nor *se* of *muscles*. Remember that the *throat* is not an organ, but a grouping of many organs, and aiding to make up the human organism. Body and mind should be kept in proper balance, but not by watching hand, eye, head nor foot. The perfect singer is perfect so long as *self* is forgotten. But the moment consciousness of effort, *mental* or *physical*, is perceptible to the singer or actor, just that moment nervous force predominates and mars the result. This is also true of the violinist or pianist, and neither of them dare "fix their mind" on the *extensors* and *flexors* of the hand, though mechanical execution depends on their integrity.

A singer may not be able to reach *heaven* with his voice, but if his hearers' *hearts* can be reached, and *their sympathies* respond to *his* utterances, much more is gained than results from the highest vocal rocket.

Remember that "*beauty* results from *proportion*. It is the manifest order of many reduced to one that pleases us, and whatever in art falls short of *Truth*, whether moral or metaphysical, falls short of the beautiful, which is the *splendor* of truth," as I shall endeavor to show in my next.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

THE Liberal Literary Club gave a concert on the 26th of April, at 1137 Washington Avenue. The principle feature of the evening was a piano duet, played by Mrs. J. H. Williams and Jennie June.

MR. THEO. HARRIS, who has been a liberal contributor to this magazine, leaves May 1st, for Concord, Mass., his father's present home, where he expects to remain for some time to come.

MISS ADEL LACIS, a young lady of nineteen years, singing alto at the Holy Communion Church, will sing at the Legion of Honor concert May 1st. It is reported in musical circles that she has a remarkable alto voice.

MAX BRUCH Arminius Oratorium will be given at Belleville by the Belleville Linderdrantz in the first week of May, with grand orchestra. Miss Lina Anton, Pianiste; B. Falkenhaimer, Baritone; W. Rhine, Tenor and Miss Vogel, of Belleville, Soprano.

MR. E. S. PAYNE, a well known opera singer, has been in the city for the past few days, representing the Henry F. Miller Piano Forte, of Boston, Mass.

DR. CRONIN, J. H. Kieselhorst and Ernest Kroger were at St. Charles on the 28th of April, taking part in Miss Newland's complimentary concert, tendered her by the St. Charles College.

THE St. Louis Grand Orchestra will commence to give their weekly concerts at Schnaider's Garden, June 1st, and will give two concerts weekly; whole number of concerts twenty. Concerts to be given Tuesday and Friday evenings. Felix Saneger, business manager, Louis Mayer, conductor.

MR. E. L. MCDOWELL, the elocutionist, has issued a chart, called McDowell's Voice Builder and Elocution Chart, which will be a great help to beginners in singing and elocution. There are some very excellent methods explained for breathing, inhaling and expanding the voice.

THE next concert of the Beethoven Conservatory will be given the first week in May at Memorial Hall.

MR. WALDAUER has a number of free scholars at the Beethoven Conservatory instructed at his own expense.

THE Testimonial Concert tended Miss Lina Anton, by the Musical Union, at Mercantile Library Hall, April 19th, was in every particular a grand success. There was not only a large audience present which bespeaks Miss Anton many friends and admirers, but the many present expressed through their hearty applause, the high appreciation our musical people had of this gifted pianist. Unquestionably Miss Anton's best effort of the evening was the Henselt Concert, in which she evinced artistic feeling, and precision. The other numbers were equally well rendered. This was the third Concert, this winter Miss Anton played in connection with our favorite Musical Union Orchestra, and at each of these she performed pieces that would have tested the ability of any pianist. She not only played them well, but with a finished rendering that will long be remembered.

Mrs. Latey, Messrs. Bronson and Saler did their parts well, and we unite in the verdict of the audience, they did splendid, all three being in excellent voice. The Orchestra needs no comment at our hands, Mr. Waldauer and his picked fifty, have been so highly and deservedly eulogized heretofore, that any praise would be but repetition of what has already been said. This much we must say, that this organization deserves every possible recognition from the St. Louis people, and one they will always be able to refer to as a pride to the Future Great.

THE DRAMA.

The Union Square Theater Company have played to full houses at Pope's Theatre, the past week in "A Celebrated Case." This is a strong and well constructed drama, and keeps the audience in a high state of excitement from the first act (in which the wife of Jean Renaud is murdered) to the last act when the denouement comes, and Jean Renaud is cleared of the monstrous crime of the murder of his wife, and for which he suffered punishment for twelve long, weary years. The principal interest attached to this play, is that Mr. James O'Neill made his first appearance in the city, as Jean Renaud, and in this trying and difficult role, he made a very agreeable impression and a grand success. He impressed his audience at once with his fine delivery, which is clear and powerful. His acting is excellent, and his movements show that he is an actor of rare merit.

Miss Carrie Turner as Madelin, in the prologue, and Adrienne in the play was very good, so was also Miss Maud Granger as Valentine DeMornay. As the imposter, the Count DeMouray, Mr. Leslie Grossen was good. The others did their parts equally well. "A Celebrated Case" will run part of this week, and to crowded houses, for it deserves it. "The Danicheffs" will also be played several nights this week by the Union Square Opera Company. Next week Leavitt's Gigantic Minstrels will hold forth at Popes, and on which occasion Mr. W. F. Dickson, the Assistant Treasurer, will take his first annual benefit Monday, May 8th, on which occasion this Beautiful Theatre will be put to its utmost capacity. After Leavitts, Miss Emily Melville will play a return engagement for one week at Popes.

The Peoples' Theatre has had a very successful week in the popular, Adams' "Humpty Dumpty." It is the best show of its kind on the road, yes, we might say, the best in the country. Mr. George Adams as clown and pantomimist cannot be surpassed. He is a show by himself. The specialty features are all good. The trained dogs are the best seen in this city in connection with a show.

Mr. Harry Noxon had his benefit last Saturday evening, and the house was filled to its utmost capacity, and Mr. "Humpty Dumpty," was as happy as a duck in water. The attraction for this week at the Peoples', is Hyde and Behman's Star Specialty Company. After Hyde and Behman's, comes the talented Charlotte Thompson.

The Pickwick Theatre was crowded last Thursday evening, upon which occasion, The Booth Dramatic Club presented, "The Merchant of Venice." This Amature Club is doing very excellent work, and who knows, but in a short time they will turn out one or two stars for season 1883.

SUCCESS.

A BOLD LOVER.

Words by T. B. Aldrich
Con tenerezza.

Music by Wm. Schuyler.

1. Up to her cham-ber win-dow A slight wire trel-lis goes, And up this Romeo's

lad-der Clam-bers a bold white rose. I lounge in the i-lex shad-ows, I

see the la-dy lean, Un-clasp-ing her silk-en gir-dle The curtain's fold be-

tween, She smiles on her white-rose lov-er, She reach-es out her

A BOLD LOVER.—Concluded.

accell. *ritard.*

hand, And helps him in at the win - dow, I see it where I

colla voce. *ritard.*

The first system of music features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note, followed by eighth notes, and ends with a quarter note. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. Performance markings include 'accell.' and 'ritard.' above the vocal line, and 'colla voce.' and 'ritard.' above the piano part.

agitato.

stand. To her scar - let lips she holds him, And kiss - es him ma - ny a

agitato.

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a dynamic marking 'p' and is marked 'agitato.'. The piano accompaniment is also marked 'agitato.' and features a dense texture of sixteenth notes with '6' fingering. A dynamic marking 'p' is present in the piano part.

cres - cen - do. *al*

time, Ah, me, it was he that won her Be - cause he dared to

The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is marked 'cres - cen - do.' and 'al'. The piano accompaniment continues with dense sixteenth-note patterns and '6' fingering.

pp *adagio.*

climb! Ah, me! it was he who won her, Because he dared to climb!

f *pp* *adagio.*

The fourth system concludes the piece. The vocal line is marked 'pp' and 'adagio.'. The piano accompaniment features a dynamic marking 'f' and 'pp' and is marked 'adagio.'. The piano part includes a triplet of eighth notes.

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