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MARCELLA SEMBRICH.

ABOUT SOME FAMOUS COMPOSERS.

he continually changed and tried to improve. Thus he wrote his operas over nearly one hundred times, until he was satisfied. When composition grew too slow for him, he set his tea-pot upon the stove, and with its merry tune, found that he could proceed faster.



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MUSICAL JOURNALS.

USICAL journals should be a means of musical education, and therefore should gauge their teachings to the class of people whom they intend to reach. Whom does they usually intend to reach? The great mass of the musical classes; the of culture who love music for music's

the people of culture who love music for music's sake; who know little and care less about the theories of different schools, although they can appreciate their results. These are the people who, after all, establish the national taste for music, and who look to the musical press for guidance and instruction. How can this instruction best be given? By revering, as if they were fetishes, the work of a few masters and repeating on all the tones and semi-tones of the gamut the perfections of a few great works, whose very excellencies often make them unintelligible to any one save those of the highest musical culture? We do not do so in literature. Noble as is Milton's epic of "Paradise Lost," we do not say that no other work can be worthy of study or attention, and still less do we commit the folly of giving it as a first reader to our children and to the youth, or of compelling those who have no taste for its peculiar beauties to hear it and nothing else. The day is past when the literary accumulations of centuries can be consigned to the flames because, "If they are good they are all contained in the Koran and are therefore useless, and if they are bad, they should be burned for being bad," whether that Koran be Mahomet's or Beethoven's. Music is, in one sense, a branch of literature, and as good current literature prepares its readers for the appreciation of the works of deceased masters, so also the good music of the day may serve as an introduction to the classical productions of the past. It is a strange idea of progress, which would stop every printing press because from some of them comes a shower of pestilential literature; but it is no less peculiar a fancy that would stop all publication of new music, and close every music store because of the many worthless productions that are thus given a circulation. We know that music may be good and yet popular, and, so far as we are concerned, we propose to give to our readers nothing which does not combine both of these elements; and we propose to be up with the times by publishing always the best among the very latest compositions. In so doing, we think we shall not only please our readers, but properly fulfill what we believe to be the mission of the musical press, in spreading at once musical intelligence and musical education.

ORIGINALITY.

HENEVER a new composition is brought

to the attention of the musical public.

the first question asked, though usually the last settled, is: Is it original? There is perhaps no quality which is so strenuously contended for by the admirers of an author, and so persistently denied him by his opponents, as that of originality. Both parties seem to regard imitation as a confession of inferiority, and affirm or deny its existence as if that alone would forever settle the relative excellence of the authors in question. Nor is it to be wondered at that the discussion of this question should prove almost endless, for, as a matter of fact, the most original writer or composer can only be relatively so. A large, indeed the larger part of our tastes, thoughts and knowledge is transmitted to us from those who have preceded us; and if we said nothing, wrote nothing, composed nothing, some part of which at least had not been said, written or composed by others before, speech, writing and composition would soon be numbered among the lost arts. There is in the human mind and in human thought a solidarity which runs through all nations, and ages and from this there results a unity in art and in literature, which, though it lessens the possibilities of originality, makes true art to speak an universal tongue, and thus adds much to its influence and greatness. In music as in other things, it is neither possible nor desirable that we should free ourselves from the influence of those who have gone before. The musical language which the great masters have used is the existing language of musical art, and from that as a basis subsequent composers must necessarily start, how-

It is a mistake to think that imitation is a confession of inferiority. The Grecian temple had as its original the log buildings which the primitive inhabitants of Hellas used to construct. Year after year, the ancient Greeks imitated, but in imitating improved their log cabins, until in their stead there stood forth such structures as the Parthenon, the glory of architecture. And right here is the distinction between that imitation which is a confession of inferiority, and that which, on the contrary, is an assertion and a proof of superiority, that in the first case the imitation is inferior to the original, while in the latter it is its superior. In the latter case indeed, we lose sight of the chronological order of the productions, and the later seems the original; the old has been absorbed and recreated in new beauty, and the new beauty makes us forget the old material. These are true and brave words of

ever much they may afterwards enrich its vocabu-

Lowell:
"Though old the thought and oft exprest,
'Tis his at last who says it best—
I'll try my fortune with the rest."

A more or less erratic talent explores new paths to eminence; it seeks out the strange in order to obtain the striking; but genius, conscious of its own powers, disdains to turn aside because others have gone before, and only thinks of surpassing its predecessors, well knowing that if it be first in rank, few will care whether it was first in time.

THE PRACTICAL MAN.

EXT to the blind worshipper of the past, "laudator temporis acti," the most disagree-able member of modern society is certainly he who, upon every conceivable occasion, announces himself as the "practical man." As vain as superficial, as it as vain a feel by nature an entimist by

superficial as vain, a fool by nature, an optimist by habit, he ever assures you that "This is a practical age!" and gives you to understand that as an exponent and representative of his age, he stands ty and not merely as policy.

head and shoulders above his fellows, who have not yet learned to repeat, parrot-like, the same oracular statement. If you ask him what he calls practical, he will reply, "The useful!" If you then ask him what he calls useful, and he condescends to enlighten you at all, he will soon convince you that he means the materially useful. That which cannot be converted into dollars or creature comforts is for him unpractical. Mathematics, as far as it enables him to compute interest on his investments, is practical and worthy of his attention, but its application to the purpose of higher astronomy is unpractical, useless and visionary; methaphysics cannot claim his attention for one moment; literature is a waste of precious time, and the fine arts might have been well enough for the old Greeks and Romans, but can find no favor with a superior being, such as he thinks himself to be.

Sometimes, alas! he is a "musician." In that case, he is pretty sure to be a "professor of music," who, although believing in his inmost soul that music is not one of the practical things of life, and feeling almost ashamed of having adopted it as his profession, consoles himself with the thought that it is practical as to him, since it brings him some income. Music is to him a trade, a means of making a livelihood, and nothing more; for him the fires of artistic inspiration do not glow; his compositions are seldom unfavorably criticised-he rarely composes; but when, led on by the delusive hope of gain, he attempts composition, his song has no wings-it is, like himself, "of the earth, earthy." Upon the other hand, he knows that, in his position he must make a show of learning, and he is ever ready to tear to pieces the work of his less eminently "practical" brethren, for he is indeed "a man wise in his own conceit," and therefore "there is more hope of a fool than of him." If it were not for this fact, it would be an easy matter to show him that the things which he contemns as visionary seem such to him only because he occupies a low plane of thought, and is unable to rise to the height of their importance. But let him go; say nothing to him about the superiority of spirit over matter; do not trouble him with ethics, æsthetics, or any similar matters, for when you have done he will quietly inform you that you can't teach him anything; that he has long since settled these questions for himself and for you also, if only you would confide in his superior wisdom as a "practical man," and you will realize that you have been casting pearls before swine."

WE have been frequently asked recently which of the two companies, Mapleson's or Abbey's, is the better. Both are undoubtedly fine, but, from the best sources of information at hand, we think it must be admitted that Mapleson has the better troupe, and to those of our readers who cannot afford to patronize both companies extensively we should advise the preference of Mapleson. This is a matter in which we should not let nationality influence us. Experience counts for a good deal in operatic management and that Mapleson the Englishman has while Abbey the American has not. It is probably true that Abbey's troupe is, as claimed, the more expensive, but it is equally true that Mapleson's position and experience enables him to make a dollar in his hands go as far as two in his rival's. It is no secret that much of the money expended by Mr. Abbey in salaries, was in the nature of bribes to artists who had already signed with Col. Mapleson, and therefore does not represent the true value of the artists engaged. Abbey's questionable transaction with Mapleson's artists are of a nature to alienate from him the good will of those who believe in honesty as hones-

ADELINA PATTI.

DELINA PATTI, a very full biographical sketch of whom we published in our issue of January, 1882, is now the "star" of the Mapleson Opera Troupe. She was born at Madrid, Spain, February 19th, 1843. Her parents removed to the

United States when she was but five years old. She made her début in Tripler Hall, New York, under her brother-in-law Maurice Strakosch, in Lucia, on Nov. 24th, 1859, when she was only about sixteen years of age. She is regarded by many as the greatest soprano living-she is certainly an excellent singer, especially of fioriture.

A LEAP-YEAR EPISODE.

Can I forget that winter night
In eighteen eighty-four,
When Nellie, charming little sprite,
Came tapping at the door?
"Good-evening, miss," I blushing said,
For in my heart I knew—
And, knowing, hung my pretty head—
That Nellie came to woo.

She clasped my old, red hand, and fell
Adown upon her knees,
And cried, "You know I love you well,
So be my husband, please!"
And then she swore she'd ever be
A tender wife and true—
Ah, what delight it was to me
That Nellie came to woo!

She'd lace my shoes and darn my hose And mend my shirts, she said, And grease my comely Roman nose Each night on going to bed; She'd build the fires and fetch the coal, And split the kindling too—Love's perjuries o'erwhelmed her soul When Nellie came to woo.

And as I, blushing, gave no check
To her advances rash,
She twined her arms about my neck,
And toyed with my mustache;
And then she pleaded for a kiss,
While I—what could I do
But coyly yield to that bliss
When Nellie came to woo?

I am engaged, and proudly wear
A gorgeous diamond ring,
And I shall wed my lover fair
Some time in gentle spring,
I face my doom without a sigh—
And so, forsooth, would you,
If you but loved as fond as I,
And Nellie came to woo.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE SINGERS' OFFERING.

GCN view of the recent death of Mario the famous Italian tenor, we have thought it appropriate to reproduce from our own columns of some four or five years ago, of some four or nive years ago, the charming sketch "The Singers' Offering," from the prolific and graceful pen of our good friend Count A. de Vervins.

Ville-Jossy is a large burgh of Touraine, which one sees lazily sleeping upon the river bank when one goes down the Loire, from Blois to Tours. Its white, vine-covered cottages, with their green blinds and red roofs, the hills against which they seem to lean, from the midst of which spring forth the elegant turrets of a château in the style of the renaissance, or the terrace of an Italian villa, and the vineyards which cling to the neighboring hillsides—in a word, everything around it, gives it an air of comfort and makes it one of the pretiest burghs which can be found, even in that charming country, which has been justly called "The Garden of France." But to tell the whole truth, I must add that Ville-Jossy presents this enchanting aspect only when the sun is radiant, when beneath its bright beams the river rolls in silver waves, when the green trees are full of twittering birds and love-built nest, when the eglantine blossoms upon every hedge, and when, through the halfopen window, or beneath the partially raised curtain, one catches a glimpse of some beautiful maiden

actively engaged in her modest household work. But when it rains, when the ditches along the road from Tours to Ville-Jossy overflow with muddy water, when the distracted trees bend and creak beneath the efforts of the wind, when the little birds are cold in their nests under the outspread wings of their mother, and when all the windows are closed, I assure you that Ville-Jossy is not a cheerful place.

Now the story which I am about to tell you

Now, the story which I am about to tell you opens on just such a day as that. Until noon the weather had been splendid, but all at once the sky had become clouded, a warm wind had sprung up from the east, piling up the black clouds above the burgh, the villas, the hills, and the road of Tours. Then the storm-king lifted up his voice and began to reprove the elements and to batter with the numerous discharges of his lightning artillery the clouds which had pretended to eclipse the light of the sun. At last, frightened by the thunder, beaten with the strokes of lightning, the clouds began to

ADELINA PATTI.

Weep, and so bitterly that the oldest citizens of Ville-Jossy declared that since the deluge no such a rain had ever been seen. Was I not right in calling them "oldest citizens?"

Luckly for mankind, however, this new deluge lasted forty minutes and not forty days; for in our days everything degenerates and dwindles—men as well as things. Still, this was enough to thoroughly soak two travelers whom I will now introduce to you.

The one was a man of some fifty years of age, very tall and corpulent, though all his motions were graceful to a degree hardly ever found among very large men. He had a magnificent head, and he carried it in the style of Danton or Mirabeau, and the nobility of his features, the pride of his gaze had often caused him to be compared to the Olympian Jove. His companion was much younger and not so large. He was thirty years of age, but looked not over from twenty-three to twenty-five. A long black mustache shadowed an exquisite mouth, whose outlines expressed something of Ande Aded, as he let down the apron of his marquis, casting a scruse us for stopping you on this road in this horrible weather, but my my cut my they my cut my friend the Marquis de Candia, and I are going to the chateau de Nangis."

"Why, you are more than nine miles from it?" interruptive of reverted to the good priest had to laugh.

"Well," said Luigi, "we are in a nice fix! I'd rather be murdered than walk nine miles more!"

"And what a condition we are in!" said the marquis, casting a sorrowful glance upon his muddy boots, his pantaloons that looked like corkscrews, and the sleeves of his coat which yet dripped with rain and dyed his cuffs.

"The fact is that we are not in court dress," and the sleeves of his coat which yet dripped with rain and dyed his cuffs.

"The fact is that we are not in court dress," with the priest, leaning upon the apron of his gig, kindly gazed upon them—"the apron of his gig, kindly gazed upon them—"the out my five the priest, who thought it cruel to prolong their anguish, "w

haughtiness; his beautiful eyes shone like two black diamonds, and beneath his abundant hair, which curled naturally and had the hue of the raven's wing, his complexion, of that warm paleness which the Italians call morbidezza in the arts, revealed a Southern origin. Both were dressed with that careless elegance which is characteristic of good breeding; but just now our two travelers were in a pitiful state, and one must have been a woman or a thorough man of the world, to discern and recognize all the personal excellences which we have just enumerated, beneath the coat of slime and the splashes of mud which covered them.

"We will melt before we get there!" said suddenly the younger of the two.

"Especially," replied the other, "since we must have taken the wrong road! We ought to have turned to the right, surely!"

"What is this metropolis of which I catch a glimpse yonder?" replied the young man, trembling lest his companion should be right.

"That must be Blois," said the large man gravely. "Since the distance between Blois and Tours is only one hundred and

"That must be Blois," said the large man gravely. "Since the distance between Blois and Tours is only one hundred and eighty miles, we must be pretty near it, considering the time when we left Tours; but we'll soon find out, for I hear a carriage." He stopped and slowly turned around, for he had to carry two small mountains of clay, which though they were not as high as the Himalaya, were painfully heavy, and they awaited the approach of the gig drawn by a vigorous nag.

"Per Baccho! It's a priest!" said he as soon as he was able to distinguish the driver of the vehicle.

"I lust the thing for you Man

said he as soon as he was able to distinguish the driver of the vehicle.

"Just the thing for you, Mxstro di Capella," replied his young companion. "As church people, you will understand each other, and he will forthwith drive us to the baroness' in his old shay—Come now, Luigi, be eloquent and persuasive!"

"Are you crazy?" answered Luigi; "if I talk of getting into his carriage, seeing us in this plight, the good man will think that we intend to murder him; he will lay the whip with all his might upon his Bucephalus, and we will not even get the information we wish to obtain." They were still talking this nonsense when the buggy caught up with them and stopped.

"What do you wish gentlemen?" obligingly asked a whitehaired and benevolent-looking priest.

Luigi composed himself, that

priest.
Luigi composed himself, that is to say, suddenly lost the half smiling half jeering air which he had when alone with his friend, and bowing with exquisite grace, he said: "Father, please excuse us for stopping you on this road in this horrible weather, but my friend the Mar-

And he added, as he let down the apron of his

buggy; "If you will do me the honor of accepting my humble hospitality, in a quarter of an hour we shall be at the parsonage. There you will dry yourselves, you will rest, I shall send to the château de Nangis for your baggage, and to-morrow"——
"Upen my word, Father," said the marquis, "you are really doing a good deed, and, at the risk of being indiscreet, I accept with pleasure."
"As for me, I have but one fear!" said Luigi, very seriously.
"What is that?" asked the priest.
"It is that your horse will not be able to draw all three of us, if I get in."
When they arrived at the parsonage, the priest's servant was standing in the door. The goodnatured girl came out to hold the horse, and without noticing the strangers, whom she seemed not

natured girl came out to hold the horse, and without noticing the strangers, whom she seemed not
to see, she said, with an expression of real anxiety:
"Father, did you get the five thousand france?"
"No!" answered the priest laconically, calling
her attention to his guests by a glance.
But she paid no attention to it, and said: "Alas,
alas, what shall we do? The builder came again
to-day."

"All right," interrupted the priest, "all right,
lane see that the buggy is taken in, and send me

"All right," interrupted the priest, "all right, Jane, see that the buggy is taken in, and send me the sexton with his carryall; he must go immediately to the château de Nangis, and then, he added, pointing to the strangers who had just alighted, "you will cook us a good dinner, for since these gentlemen have done me the honor of accepting my hospitality until to-morrow, they must not regret it. I leave that to you Jane."

Jane, notwithstanding her forty-eight years, blushed scarlet as she looked at the strangers, to whom she courtesied, as they followed the aged priest into the parsonage.

blushed scarlet as she looked at the strangers, to whom she courtesied, as they followed the aged priest into the parsonage.

The curate of Ville-Jossy had just shown his guests to their room, where Jane had already lighted a large fire of vine-boughs, when he was told that the sexton was at the door with his carryall, awaiting his orders. The marquis wrote a word to the Baroness de Nangis at whose château he and his friend Luigi were going to spend a few weeks, and gave it to the priest, who left them to give his instructions to his messenger.

When they were alone: "That priest is a capital fellow!" said the marquis taking off his coat, while Luigi blew like a porpoise as he pulled and tugged at his boots, which would not come off.

"Yes" answered he, after having heaved a sigh of relief just as the boot concluded to obey.

"I think he is troubled about something," said the marquis, holding his coat out towards the large clear flame which filled the fire-place.

"On account of the five thousand francs——the——old maid was talking about," said Luigi, between two tugs at the second boot, which was still more stubborn than the first.

"What if we should give him those five thousand francs?"

Luigi stopped short, although his boot was only

francs?

"What if we should give him those five thousand francs?"

Luigi stopped short, although his boot was only half off, and, with his eyes as round as lotto balls, he said to his friend: "Have you five thousand francs? What! We come out here into the seclusion of Touraine to see the baroness, of course, but also for the sake of economy; and you want to give five thousand francs to that priest, whom you have known searcely half an hour!"

"Luigi, you are ungrateful! if he had asked you for five thousand francs before he picked you up on the road, you would have promised them to him to be carried no matter where."

"I should not have promised them, because I haven't them," answered Luigi, pouncing with renewed vigor upon his boot, "but the fact is that if I had them——that if I had them——I wouldn't give a continental!"—— Fluff! the boot was off.

"Well, I have an idea of my own!"

"Ah! if you have an idea of your own, it's a different thing," said Luigi, laughing and spreading himself before the fire.

"But I should like to know what for. The servant spoke of a builder——this old priest has surely not had a château built——It must be for his church."

"Bah! what's the good of trying to find out? We

"Bah! what's the good of trying to find out? We know that he needs the money, and if I had the five thousand francs, that would be enough for me; but as I haven't, nor you either, it seems to me that all your investigations or shrewd endeavors to find out a thing which does not concern you would be simply indiscreet—Still, we are better off here than the road," added he, in order to give a different turn to the conversation.

But the marquis again said: "I have an idea of

But the marquis again said: "I have an idea of my own: we shall see."

During the dinner, the priest, notwithstanding his efforts to conceal it, was preoccupied, and Jane was sad in spite of her bustling about the guests.

When the servant brought the cheese and the

fruit, the marquis rested both his elbows on the table, and suddenly said to the priest: "You need

"Why, yes —— indeed "—stammered the priest, who grew very red and seemed quite taken aback by the bluntness of his guest.
"But do you need them very much?" continued

"Does he need them very much, Holy Mother!" cried Jane. "Why, for the last two weeks the poor dear man has lost his sleep over it. When I bring him his coffee, he lets it get cold and remains there by the half hour looking at his cup. Does he need them!——Ah!" and Jane raised the corner of her apron to her eyes.

"Come, Jane, you are an indiscreet woman; keep still!" said the priest in a tone which he tried to make severe.

"Well, my dear Father, we will

"Well, my dear Father, we will give them you to-morrow."
"But,"—— said the priest, more and more be-

"But," repeated the marquis, "to-morrow, just after mass, I shall hand you the five thousand france."

"Why, you do not belong to the parish, Marquis, and there is no reason why you should make this enormous gift. It is for the church; it is but right that the wealthy should give to the poor, to build

that the wealthy should give to the poor, to build a house of prayer, but you are a stranger here!"——

The marquis answered the remarks of the priest only by the question: "Are there many chateaux in the neighborhood?"

"Why, yes; and to-morrow you will see at high mass an attendance which will remind you of St. Roch or the Madeleine of Paris; for during the whole summer, the fine ladies of those churches are rusticating, and few sections of the country have as much aristocracy as our neighborhood—
then there are the invited guests, the friends who, like you, come to spend a few days.

"Very good!" interrupted his guest, "then permit me to ask two or three more questions: Have you an organ in your church?"

"A magnificent one," said the priest, with a sigh. That is the very thing that ruined us! We have an organ which cost us fifteen thousand francs."

"Then you have an organist?"

"Then you have an organist?"
"Of course!"

"Now, if you have an organ and an organist, you must have the music of a few fine masses by the

must have the music of a few fine masses by the masters."

"Oh yes, I have there," said he showing a chest full of books, papers and musical scores, "Haydn's, Weber's, Mozart's Masses, and some Masses by Palestrina, and others."

"That's capital! One more question: Can you procure twenty-five or thirty well-upholstered chairs? for," said he, smiling at Luigi, "those ladies must get their money's worth."

"To be sure," said Jane, who did not see the object of all these questions, but who was always full of zeal, "by asking of the doctor, the notary, the justice of the peace and the tax-collector, we could get at least fifty!"

"Well, you will attend to that this very evening, Miss Jane," said the marquis; and turning to the priest." Here is my project "continued he "and

"Well, you will attend to that this very evening, Miss Jane," said the marquis; and turning to the priest: "Here is my project," continued he, "and if you approve of it, you shall have your five thousand francs to-morrow, I assure you."

"Let us see how!" said the old priest, with a somewhat incredulous smile.

"My friend," replied the marquis, "was once Mustro di Capella for the king of Naples; that means that he has a magnificent voice and is an excellent musician."

"Ab! the gentleman is a chanter!" exclaimed

"Ah! the gentleman is a chanter!" exclaimed

The two friends burst out laughing, and the priest cast a look of reproof at the servant, who did not at all understand the anger of her master, for nothing seemed to her more honorable than to sing the praises of the Lord in His holy temple.

"My friends pretend," continued the marquis, "that I myself have a pretty good tenor voice. I propose, then, Father, that we shall sing for you a musical mass of one of the masters, and set the price of the reserved seats at two hundred francs each."

each."
"Two hundred francs!" exclaimed in unison, the

old man and the servant.
"Yes," said the guest quietly, "we might ask three hundred, but since five thousand francs are

"But do you think," faltered the priest, "that however rich they may be, our neighbors of the châteaux"—

"I promised you the five thousand francs," said the young man mirthfully, and turning to Jane: "Get me some pens, ink, paper, and envelopes!"

The old maid rushed out, pressing against her heart the plate which she held in her hand, and returned five minutes later with the objects asked

returned five limits of the for.

Then the marquis, sharing his paper with Luigi, they wrote half a score of very short letters, dictated by the marquis, and running as follows: "Madame—The Marquis de Candia and his friend Luigi will to-morrow sing a high mass in the parish church of Ville-Jossy. The price of reserved seats is two hundred francs. Please accept the assurance of—etc."

The priest and Jane gave the addresses of the wealthiest and noblest families of the neighborhood, wealthiest and noblest tamilies of the neighborhood, and an hour later ten messengers were on their way with the missives: for, in the villages of Touraine, the priest's servant is a power, and Jane, who never abused her influence, knew, however, how to use it when necessary, and she could have found twenty gratituous messengers instead of ten, if it had hear necessary. had been necessary

had been necessary.

Then our two friends began to take stock of the old chest in which they found the pastoral letters of the bishop, the sermons, the books, and the musical scores of the pastor. They selected a mass and returned to their room, leaving the priest hovering between hope and doubt, and the servant in an indescribable condition of nervous excitement.

The next morning the sky had cleared; thirty The next morning the sky had cleared; thirty handsome chairs were set in a row, were set in two rows between the choir and the ordinary seats; a small table covered with a little cloth, carried a large platter, destined to receive the contributions imposed upon the privileged ones; the altar was illuminated as on a Whitsunday, and the choir was filled with flavors.

filled with flowers

illuminated as on a Whitsunday, and the choir was filled with flowers.

At last the bells chimed gaily and the turnouts began to arrive. The news had spread, I know not how, as far as Tours, and briska followed landaus, wuraths succeeded phaetons, and berlins postchaises. Never had Ville-Jossy seen so many carriages. The thirty upholstered chairs were occupied a quarter of an hour before the priest appeared at the altar, and every minute other ladies guided by their escorts through the flock of the faithful who filled the aisles, sought a seat upon a common chair, although they had previously deposited their two hundred francs. The good priest watching all this stir through the partially open door of the vestry, could not understand it at all, and Jane, while piously telling her beads, frequently cast a fortive but well-pleased glance at the large platter upon which the gold was piled, and between two Ave Marias mentally reckoned how much all that would amount to. She was much inclined to believe that there must be not far from a million. She

would amount to. She was much inclined to be-lieve that there must be not far from a million. She was mistaken, however, for the snm promised by the marquis was only doubled.

When the priest of Ville-Jossy, clad in his finest vestments, came forth from the vestry and ad-vanced to the altar, a sort of sigh of pleasure, ran through the congregation; then a complete silence

After the first prayers of the priest at the foot of the steps, the organ softly preluded; then all at once, a voice pure as that of a seraph, a voice of wonderful compass, and soft, sympathetic and pliant as one would not think it possible for a human voice to be, struck up a beautiful Kyrie, then, in the Gloria, a bass, without a rival down to the present time, mingled its tones with those of the tenor and held the audience spell-bound, long after, the tones of the organ had died away in an harmonious sigh. The Preface was chanted by the officiating priest, who was not the least moved of the assembly, for his thoughts seemed to wander, he felt as if he were under the impression of prodigious events. He was in a state which partook of ecstasy and stupor; he had never thought that human voices could pour forth such floods of harmony. Then, at the solemn moment of the elevation of the host, there rang out a Salutaris of inexpressible sweetness—for the song was heavenly, and it would take an angel's pen to retrace its inflections, its shadings, and the emotions which it awakened in all hearts. The Agnus Dei, that cry of anguish of the Christian soul, was at first poignant as a remorse, heart-rendering as a dying complaint, then it became an evocation, warm, burning and tender as a prayer going up from the bottom of the abyss, but carried to the foot of the ever bright throne of the Holy of Holies of the Most High, upon waves of incense and harmony.

At the close of the service, the organ-loft was invaded by the elegant people whom the marquis had took place.
After the first prayers of the priest at the foot of

At the close of the service, the organ-loft was invaded by the elegant people whom the marquis had invited to share in his good work, and who considered it an honor to shake hands with him and with Luigi. At the head of all the ladies came the Baroness de Nangis, claiming her guests. Many were the ladies who envied her when the two

"Ah, Father, we will get angry," said the marquis, almost offended. "This money is neither yours nor ours; it belongs to your church and to the poor of your parish, and you have not the right to refuse it."

"Well, let it be so!" said the pastor, very much moved; "I accept it for them, but tell me who you are, in order that I may at least know for whom to pray, and what name the poor should bless."

The two artists looked at each other; hesitated for a second; then the marquis, answering Luigi's inquiring look, said: "Why not?"

"Indeed, why not?" repeated Luigi. Then turning toward the priest, he said: "My friend is Ginseppe Mario, Marquis de Candia, and I am Luigi Lablache, both of the opera, as you perhaps know, Father."

Yes, indeed," answered he. "Lablache and "Yes, indeed," answered he. "Lablache and Mario are two great names which everybody knows, and I, better than any one else, will know that, though great in fame, you are still greater in heart. May God protect and bless you;" and the hand of the good priest outlined a sign, before which the two great artists bowed their heads.

PECULIARITIES OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

T is an accepted theory that when a musical tone is produced in a room or hall, everything which responds to it sounds in harmony with it. This seems to be in accordance with mathematical and acoustical cordance with mathematical and acoustical principles, yet I am now in a position to prove by practical experiments that it is a fallacy, and that not only harmony, but positively unharmony, pure and simple, may be produced. This applies, in fact, to everything, not excluding the air. We may, however, consider this as a matter of very little importance as compared with our musical instruments, which we find to produce inharmonious sounds in such a way that we say it is the nature of the thing; and before I finish this letter I believe it will be plain to every reader that few, if any, instruments exist which do not, as part of their nature and construction, produce inharmonious sounds. Before I describe my experience I may remark that I have often been surprised to find that some pieces of wood—or, indeed, any other material of the same size and to all appearances of material of the same size and to all appearances of the same texture, quality, etc.—sound free, loud and harmonious, whereas the others sound weak and inharmonious. I am well aware that allowance must be made for a number of circumstances which may account for the above, but still, to my knowledge, they are not sufficient to account for the great difference existing. Having no siren, I could not measure the number of vibrations except by commeasure the number of vibrations except by comparing them with those of a pianoforte, which is correctly tuned to Scheibler's scale, C, 528 vibrations per second. I first tried some pieces of wood (which, when struck, sounded very sweet in comparison with others), and found that the tone produced on one side was either the octave, a fifth, third, or other sound in harmony with that produced on the other side of the wood forming and the other side of the wood forming and the start of the wood forming and t third, or other sound in harmony with that produced on the other side of the wood, forming an angle with it; and by close observation I could hear the two notes at the same time, the tone produced on the side which I struck predominating. Those pieces sounding weak and inharmonions produced, when struck, a seventh and other inharmonions notes with those notes produced on the other side, forming a right angle with it, and the beats could be clearly heard. A piece of Virginia pine wood, four feet long and three-quarters of an inch square, which sounds G, 198 vibrations per second, on that side where the rings of the wood lie flat, and a semitone higher on that side where the rings face edgeways; this consequently sounds the flat, and a semitone higher on that side where the rings face edgeways; this consequently sounds inharmonious. Finding I could not get a piece of wood in which the hard grains or rings lay quite flat, or having the vertical rings in a right angle with its plane, I glued up a piece of wood of veneers, which had been cut with a knife from around the trunk of the tree, parallel with the rings. This piece sounded on its surface the note E, 165 vibrations per second, and

note E, 165 vibrations to the second to the end. If I strike the prong of the tuning-fork on the wider side it sounds C, 528 vibrations per second, and if on the smaller side, A, 880 vibrations per second. It is easy to see that we cannot produce a wave on either side, when struck or bowed, without producing a smaller wave on that side forming an angle with it. Thus we find a wave produced on the edge with one blow and at the same time. Now, it will be seen that the wave on the first side or surface runs to and fro from end to end of the wood 65 times, or 880 feet per second, while that on the edge runs independently 1,584 times, or 8,448 feet per second without interfering with each other. Now, if we look at the practical side of the matter, we find the separate parts as well as the sound-board of a pianoseparate parts as well as the sound-board of a piano-forte, and indeed the whole case should be so constructed as to produce no inharmonious sounds from any part. As a tuning-fork sounds two distinct notes, either harmonious or inharmonious, would not the reed in a harmonium follow the same would not the reed in a harmonium follow the same rule? May not the secret of constructing a good violin bow have something to do with this? If a flute is made of wood it ought to be planed till both sides sound the same note, and then rounded off; I do not see why it should not be oval-shaped. I think this subject opens a wide field for practical appliances, and last, not least, railway engineering. If you want to avoid sound, never use metal in appliances, and last, not least, railway engineering. If you want to avoid sound, never use metal in square, round or circular form, but construct the sides as inharmonious with each other as possible.

E. M.

HAT Gen. Gneisenau was to old Blucher, that was old Peter to his director T., whose excellent theatrical company visited the northern part of the province of Brandenburg forty years ago.

also looked upon by the ample to which the company the company to the com

Brandenburg forty years ago. He was also looked upon by the actors as the example to which the younger members of the company looked up with sincere admiration. But his peculiar and undisputed superiority was as an inexhaustible and unrivalled storyteller and entertainer, who understood how to bring merriment and life into every social gathering, no matter how gloomy it might have been before. Therefore, he was everywhere a welcome guest, and matter how gloomy it might have been before. Therefore, he was everywhere a welcome guest; and those who knew that the receipts of the wandering troupes of those days were "gigantically small," as Peter used to say, will not be surprised that Peter always liked to be considered a "star," especially on benefit nights, and nothing was taken amiss from him, as he did everything in the most jovial manner. If, for instance the coffee happened to be somewhat too transparent, he would say to the host, in the most serious manner, "No, thank you, I really never drink tea," upon which he might depend that the coffee would be stronger on his next visit.

In return for this it is easily understood what

In return for this it is easily understood what

In return for this it is easily understood what amount of fun, in the shape of songs, jokes and stories, the host would expect from his guest.

Our artist was never at a loss on these occasions, for his imagination and powers of invention were truly astonishing. He would tell of his travels through the wide, wide world; how he passed through fields of cigars, where Havanas grew like asparagus, so that all that was necessary was simply to cut them off close to the ground and they were ready for use. Again when he would relate his ready for use. Again, when he would relate his miraculous escape from that horrid shipwreck on the wild cliffs in the Mediterranean sea, everyone would have wagered that he must have perished if, at a lucky moment, a vessel had not passed which picked him up and landed him on the coast of ltaly.

Fra Diavolo," added Peter, with triumphant assurance, for he now had his listeners where he wanted them. "Was it not myself who captured the renowned bandit?"

"By the powers! is it possible? Oh, you must tell us all about it."
"Very willingly," said Peter, with feigned condescension. "I was stationed at Rome, where I had enlisted in the Pope's Zouave regiment to save myself from starving. One day the command was given to search for the renowned robber and high-wayman and my company was ordered in the neigh-

given to search for the renowned robber and highwayman, and my company was ordered in the neighborhood of Terracina, where it was said that Fra Diavolo was hidden among the Abruzzi."

Here one of the company was about to inquire what kind of a thing the Abruzzi were, but Peter, foreseeing the inquiry, warded it off by jumping off his seat, raising his voice, and, putting himself in a tragic position, continued: "There! there! shouted my captain, 'there sits the rascal in the bottom of a clay-pit!' And, upon my soul, there he sat! 'Peter, you have courage—you are a Prussiano—drag him from there, while we surround him!'

"I needed no second order. I advanced upon

he sat! 'Peter, you have courage—you are a Prussiano—drag him from there, while we surround him!'

'I needed no second order. I advanced upon him, and asked him in Italian to surrender. To my great astonishment—for I was prepared for a severe struggle—he crept good-naturedly from out the clay-pit, and saluted me in the most gentlemanly manner. Probably he saw that he could not resist a whole company; or—perhaps he had already heard of me. There he stood before us—my gracious, what a fine fellow! I tell you, gentlemen, a perfect picture of a man, who seemed to be born for a real heroic tenor! So we took him in our midst, marched him to the nearest city; and, on the road, we spoke to each other most cordially—just as we gentlemen are doing now. Nothing was therefore more natural than that we should ask him to sing us a song. As he was so good-natured, I touched my cap and said:

"Signor, cantate!"

"Like a thorough gentleman, he was ready, immediately he took up his post and sang his favorite air from the opera—'Among the soldiers I have friends,' of course in Italian.

"Gentlemen, I give you my word of honor, I never, in all my life, heard anything like it! Magnificent, wonderful voice! But I must speak the truth—I had expected something different—a heavenly voice, magnificent singing, but—(he shrugged his shoulders, his lips curled, with the expression of characteristic regret) but there was no talent for acting in him—no acting, gentlemen!"

Here old Peter stopped, in order to watch the effect of his tale. As he noticed that some were sceptical, and inclined to doubt him, he continued, with seemingly just indignation:

"What! you will not believe me? Well, I shall prove it! I can do it. Know then, gentlemen, that, after the capture, Pope Gregory XVI. had me called to him; he praised me and made me presents, and, in consideration of my bravery, he named one of the finest churches in Rome after me. Yes, gentlemen, he called it St. Peter's church."

All the doubters were now silent; they felt themselves beaten.—F

Frank B. Carpenter, the portrait painter of presidents and cabinet officers, has a great many interesting recollections concerning them. In speaking of his reminiscences recently, he said he had never heard a man laugh more heartily than Secretary Marcy did one day, when his colored servant wanted to see him about some unimportant matter. He looked through the library, but the Secretary was not there. Coming out, he met another servant, and in a rich, full voice, but overflowing with the music of fun, he exclaimed:

"The Marcy I to others show,

'The Marcy I to others show, That Marcy show to me."

Secretary Marcy overheard it and was convulsed. "He was fond of good stories," added Carpenter, "and told good ones himself,"

picked him up and landed him on the coast of Italy.

"Yes, gentlemen," said he, "then I was delighted to set my foot once more upon terra firma, and you should have seen the astonishment of Zerlina, when I told her of my adventures."

"What Zerlina?" asked one of the company. "What Zerlina! why, of course, the daughter of the landlady at Terracina, who has been immortalized in Auber's opera."

"Why, is it possible! Has she really lived? Have you known her? Tell us the truth about that story."

"In truth I have known her, and everything is true of the story, with the exception of the death of

THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny But a little cloud appears; There's never a life so happy But has its time of tears; Yet the sun shines out the brighter Whenever the tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright,
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream so happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

ELEMENTARY MUSICAL TUITION.

RECOLLECT once being told by a celebrated professor that in his classes there was always one pupil who profited by every lesson, and that was himself. So conscientious an admission as this is indeed rare from one constantly engaged in tuition; but all who know how much more difficult it is to teach than to learn must feel that every year adds to their store of experience, and cannot but admire the genuineness of the reply given by an eminent planist to a lady, who applied to him for "finishing" lessons, that "he would be happy to do his best, but that he had not yet finished himself." The truth is that, as a rule, although persons may admit the necessity of bestowing time and attention upon the acquisition of an art, they do not consider that an almost equal amount of time and attention is necessary to study how to convey a knowledge of that art to others; and thus it is that, trading upon the ignorance of parents and guardians who desire that those entrusted to their care shall "learn music," showy pianists, unformed singers, and shallow theorists often make a better income than those who have always zealously labored to place their pupils in the right path, unmoved by the gentle admonitions directly or indirectly conveyed them during their course of instruction. Let the truth not be disguised that at many private seminaries professors of music are engaged, not because they are talented and hold a high position in the world of art, but because they can many private seminaries professors of music are engaged, not because they are talented and hold a high
position in the world of art, but because they can
"introduce a pupil." At others, ladies who have
studied music as an accomplishment are themselves
the proprietors and teachers of the establishment,
placing, however, the name of an eminent player or
singer in the prospectus, at minous terms, if such

fingers can be joined with a fifth? "Practicing the scales" every day is usually considered as easy a matter as going out to take a walk; but the truth is that it requires a trained ear to detect whether two consecutive notes, even, are played with precisely the same tone. How much more difficult then to play three, and pass the thumb under upon a fourth without the slightest perceptible jerk to the player or listener; and yet this is what children are permitted to attempt, either without any supervision at all, or under the direction of a governess, who, although a "brilliant pianist," has never perhaps studied even the elements of the art she professes to teach. No wonder, then, that "playing the scale" is too often regarded by children as a sort of treadmill for the fingers, to which they are condemned for the crime of being young; and the fact of their ardently longing for the time of their emancipation is pretty evident from their almost invariably ignoring scale practice as soon as they possibly can; indeed I was once told by a pianist at the ripe age of thirteen, that her little sister "ran up her scales," but that she had "got beyond them." That in the majority of schools the great aim is to "play fast" may be proved by the number of exercises for "velocity," and the very few for "equality," which are used; and as rapid music, with juvenile players, always generates rapid practice, there can be no wonder why the touch is often irretrievably destroyed at an age when it should be steadily in the process of formation. All this is, of course, bad enough; and hard, indeed is the task of the master who is called upon in after years to "finish" what has never been commenced; but when we consider the blank state of the young pupil's mind upon the principles of the art on leaving school, it would in truth be strange, even supposing that her executive powers had been carefully trained, if she could give the slightest meaning to the simplest piece until she had been, bar by bar, coached up in it by a teacher who w fingers can be joined with a fifth? "Practicing the scales" every day is usually considered as easy a matter as going out to take a walk; but the truth is

one of the various embellishments to be met with in the simplest composition.

And now, to take these subjects in the order here mentioned, I would ask how any accurate knowledge is to be gained by the method in which they are usually attempted to be taught in schools. A pupil is told to look at the signature of a piece in order to know what key it is in, and always to believe that it is in a major key, unless she finds that the fifth (which is not the fifth but the seventh) is continually raised. Of course, if she had never been "taught" there would be some hope for her, as she would then have no confused ideas about the "relative minor," and simply name the note upon which the whole piece is founded, reckoning whether the third from it is large or small. Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique," for example, would be said by any child to be "in C" (if she were not tempted by her "teaching" to say that it is in B flat major), and it would then require but small calculation to find that the third is minor, according to the signature. That the minor key is constructed out of the materials used for what is termed its "relative major" is a matter of musical history, with which a pupil should have nothing to do at first. The fact is, that in modern music the question should be whether a piece is in a certain tonic major or minor, and it is absurd to suppose that there is any difficulty in determining this. Granted that by adopting this method we get rid of many time-honored notions inseparably bound up with obsolete scales, we at least teach in accordance with the age we live in; and from experience I can say that I never heard a young pupil succeed in naming the key by adhering to the old system, and never heard her fail by following the new.

The importance of counting time is also fremently directored the instructory and ansaturation and any time to the read her fail by following the new. the proprietors and teachers of the establishment, placing, however, the name of an eminent player or singer in the prospectus, at ruinous terms, if such instruction "be desired;" and at some schools it is walk known that so little is music regarded that even those who send their daughters there are not aware by whom they are taught. To enlarge, therefore, upon the utter want of musical knowledge displayed by the majority of anateurs whilst the opportunities for acquiring it are so limited, would be manifestly absurd; but a few observations upon the subjects most commonly ignored or misunderstood in early training may perhaps meet the eyes of those who select Professors, or have them selected for them, and lead them to make inquiries before committing a pupil to their charge.

In the first place, as our hands are not formed for the Pianoforte, it is obvious that we have to form them. Four fingers and a thumbare not easily brought under such perfect subjection as to insure equality of execution, without a long course of diligent and patient study; and at the commencement, therefore, it is as necessary to be taught how to hold our pen over the paper to produce a mark; but the intelligent master fores and will not therefore allow a pupil to commence in a position which he knows to be a wrong one. Seeing that the thumb is short, strong, and separated from the fingers, like an unruly child, it will unquestionably baille all attempts at discipline, if vigorous measures be not adopted at first. "Five-finger exercises" are all very well if practiced in all keys, and so that a coin placed upon the hand shall remain undisturbed; but if the thumb be allowed to slide off the keybobard, and remain there until it is wanted again, how long will it be before the four them are of the played to her, and when, thoroughly distant and the provided the proper in the proper in the first played to her, and when, thoroughly distant played to her, and when, thoroughly distant played to her, and when, thoroughly distant and provided the

her imitation of what she hears (like a drawing "touched up" by the master) passes with those who know no better as the result of the excellent teaching she is receiving. Counting, in learning to play, like spelling, in learning to read, is merely a means to an end; and an experienced performer, therefore, can dispense with the first, as an experienced reader can dispense with the second; but both are necessary in early training; and were a child taught that the value of a note is as important as its pitch, no misapprehension on the sub-

both are necessary in early training; and were a child taught that the value of a note is as important as its pitch, no misapprehension on the subject could ever occur: indeed it may be said that any young player who pursues the method of carefully counting every note and rest will find that the real difficulty is to play out of time.

Coming now to the subject usually headed in instruction books "The various species of time," it can scarcely be imagined that much sound knowledge can exist on the matter, considering that, in reality, it has nothing whatever to do with the "time" in which a piece is to be played, but merely relates to the measure, or rhythm. As the word itself, then, conveys no meaning to students, it is not likely that the two figures usually placed at the commencement will help them in doing more than arriving at a knowledge of the number of notes contained in a bar; so that 2 means 2, 6 means 6, 12 means 12, and 9 means 9; the rhythm (of course, represented by the grouping, which is utterly ignored) being, although the most important matter, scarcely spoken of. Ask a child what 6-8 time is, and you will be told (if she remember the words she has been taught) that it is six quavers in the bar, which is, of course, like saying that 6-8 signifies 6-8. Tell her that it has two beats in the bar, and she will wonder what you mean; for she will of course imagine that six quavers, made up anyhow, must be 6-8 time. All this false teaching arises from the fact of the quantity instead of the measure (in "compound time" as it is termed) being represented by the upper of the two figures. Were it ever the custom to teach that you may take four, two or three notes of any kind in the bar—that when these notes are without dots they must each move in twos, and when with dots they must each move in twos, and when with dots they must each move in twos, and when with dots they must each move in twos, and when with dots

figures. Were it ever the custom to teach that you may take four, two or three notes of any kind in the bar—that when these notes are without dots they must each move in twos, and when with dots they must move in threes, there would be nothing more to learn, for the license of writing triplets in simple time is known to every child. That any young pupil will arrive at this fact herself I am inclined to doubt, for in the little teaching she has had, the truth (as far as compound time at least is concerned) is carefully hidden.

Were pupils taught to unbar their music in order to get at the phrasing intended by the composer, they would at once be able to sing with their fingers as they would sing with the voice; but whilst the lingering notion prevails that the bar lines do no more than regulate the measure, there can be little hope of any clear ideas on the subject. To finger a passage as you phrase it; and although this is clearly enough expressed upon the paper, we rarely find that pupils do more than imitate the master, because they are not taught those principles which can ever make the music come from themselves. Take, for instance, the second subject in Beethoven's Sonata in G minor (Op. 49, No. 1)—a well known school piece—and were it taught as a child would be taught to read a book—in phrases instead of single notes—it could be fingered in no other way than with the fourth finger on the first F in the second bar, and the thumb on the next F, because the first ends a phrase and the second begins one; but the pupil who even fingers it correctly, having no reason for so doing, plays both F's with precisely the same touch, because all she knows is what she has been told—that the principal accent takes place on the first bar," and can scarcely comprehend that the beginning or end of a phrase can occur in any part of the bar that the composer pleases; indeed that the first note of a bar is often the last note of a phrase never enters the mind, and the listener therefore hears each sentence chopped up into bars

as appoggiaraturas; indeed, in the majority of in-struction books, the two are positively confounded together. If this ignorance then exists in the teacher, how can we wonder at the ignorance of the

Of course I could extend these observations to a much greater length—for the theme is sufficiently fertile—but my object is simply to draw the attention of those who have the care of young people, to the manner in which the work of musical education is too frequently conducted. It behooves parents and guardians, therefore, to think for themselves in the matter, and to exercise a little care in the choice of masters for a branch of education which is now rapidly ceasing to be treated as a mere showy accomplishment. A sound musical training should be guaranteed in every establishment of any position; and this cannot be expected whilst either apathy or ignorance is permitted or overlooked at the lessons; for to insure steady and satisfactory progress in the pupil, it is necessary that the master shall not only teach all he knows, but that he shall know all he teaches.—H. C. Lunn.

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COLOR AND MUSIC.

TTEMPTS have been made, from time to time, to build up theories of color based on analogies drawn from sound. The sensation of sound, however, is more particularly connected with time, that of sight with space; and these facts necessitate a fundamental difference in the organs devoted to the reception of sound waves and of light waves; and, on account of this difference between the eye and ear, all such musical theories are quite worthless. Thus, our perception of color does not even extend over one octave, while in music seven octaves are employed. When two musical sounds are mingled we have accord or discord, and the ear of a practiced musician can recognize the separate notes that are struck; but when two masses of colored light are mingled, a new color is produced, in which the original constituents can not be recognized even by the eye of a painter. Thus red and green light, when mixed, furnish yellow light, and this yellow is, in no way, to be distinguished from the yellow light of the spectrum, except that it is somewhat paler, and looks as though it had been mixed with a certain amount of white light. Again, in music the intervals are definite and easily recognized relations, as for example, that of the fundamental with the fifth or octave; we can calculate the corresponding intervals for colored light, but they cannot be accurately recognized, even by the most skillful painter. In painting, we are constantly obliged to advance from one color to another by insensible steps, but a proceeding like this, in music, gives rise to sounds that are ludicrous. These facts, which are susceptible of the most rigid proof, may suffice to show that a fundamental difference exists between the sensations of vision and hearing, and that any theory of color, based on our musical experience, must rest on fancy rather than fact.

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

We have so far refrained from saying anything about the Kunkel Popular Concerts for the reason that we did not wish to use the columns of the REVIEW to advertise concerts in which both publisher and editor were interested. The novelty of the concert plan has however caused considerable comment and for that reason, as well as for the further reason that the plan itself has in some quarters, been maliciously misrepresented, leads us to reprint here the complete explanation of the plan from the circulars that were sent out all over the city.

"THE KUNKEL POPULAR CONCERTS.

It is a common complaint that the American people in general, and the St. Louis public in particular are unmusical, but it has been for years the belief of the originators of this series of concerts that no nation nor city exists that can absolutely be called unmusical, and that where musical enterprises do not receive proper appreciation and support it is because their managers have failed to adapt them to the wants and social conditions of the people among whom they are started. Music is universal, and, from the bootblack to the king, there is not a human being but loves some style of music. Furthermore, the large majority of people of all classes can and do appreciate that which is really great in musical compositions, for in music as in all the arts, that which is truly great appeals directly to the emotions of all mankind, though not to all in an aqual degree. The music of St. Louis concerts bas, as a rule, appealed to some one class; either it has been trivial and a source of disgust to educated musicians or it has gone to the other extreme and been of such a character as to please only those who could appreciate the intellectual part of music. So common has this custom become, that the people at large have come to associate the idea of good music with that of a musical foreign tongue which only the initiated can understand and to which they do not care to listen. This mistake will be avoided in these concerts and only such compositions as

noted that the best available vocal talent in St. Louis has been secured, and that it has been, by thorough rehearsing, brought to a condition of perfection impossible in organizations made up of such material as that of which choral societies are perforce composed. The best solo instrumental talent, both home and foreign, will also appear at these concerts from time to lith the seconcerts were to be absolutely free to those who will attend. As hall-rent, printing, the singer, etc., must be paid for, it is now in order to explain how these concerts can be be made to cost the public nothing. This is accomplished by a system which enables those who may wish to attend these concerts to make one dollar do the work of two itsetend these concerts to make one dollar do the work of two itsetend these concerts to make one dollar on the work of two itsetend these concerts to make one dollar on the work of two itsetend these concerts to make one dollar on the work of two itsetend these concerts to make one dollar on the work of two itsetend these concerts to make one dollar on the work of two itsetend these concerts to make one dollar on the work of two itsetend these concerts will be one dollar do the receives hereof. On surrender of this order within eight days from the date thereof, please deliver to bearer one dollar's worth of goods, at retail rates, and charge the same to the account of the sold that though the orders must be presented within eight days of the dollar of the terms thereof. It is to be noted that though the orders are must be presented within eight days of the during the scason. These houses are also under contract to Kunkel Brothers to accept in payment for the said orders a certain per cent. less than their face value. This percentage varies with different businesses but is about the difference between the wholesale and the retail prices of the goods. This difference will be the real income of the concerts and the concerts will therefore be paid for by the houses which will honor the orders and not

was the following:

1.—Chorus: "The Heavens are Telling." ("Creation.")

2.—Selections from "Hymn of Praise." Mendelsohn.

a.—Chorus, (No. 4.) "All ye that cried unto the Lord"

b.—Duet and Chorus, (No. 5.) "I waited for the Lord and
trust in the Lord." The duet by Miss Matthews and
Miss Steinberger.

c.—Tenor Solo, (No. 6.) "The sorrows of death had closed
all around me." Mr. E. A. Becker.

d.—Choral, (No. 8) Let all men praise the Lord."

3.—Sofrano Solo.—Scena and Cavatina. "Tacea is notic."
("Il Trovatore") Verdi. Mrs. Alice Hart.

4.—"Hallelujah Chorus" ("Messiah") Handel.

5.—Chorus, "Merrily Sound the Bells." (Glee) Hatton.

6.—Contralto Solo.—"My Noble Knights." ("Huguenots")
Meyerbeer. Mrs. Pauline Bollman.

7.—Plano Solo.

a.—"Supplication" (Transcription of Jensen's "Lehndeine
Wang' an mein Wang'," Julic Rive-King.
b.—"Water Sprites" (Polka Brillante.) Charles Kunkel.

Mr. Geo. H. Wiseman.

9.—"Miserfere Scene." ("Trovatore") Verdi. "Leonora,"
Miss Lizzie Matthews. "Manrico," Mr. Ed. Cooper.

10.—"Soldiers Chorus." ("Faust") Gounod.

This concert was in all respects a triumph. The chorus
work was excellent the solo numbers were all civen in the

This concert was in all respects a triumph. The chorus work was excellent, the solo numbers were all given in the best of style. That the vast audience was well pleased was sufficiently shown by the fact that out of ten numbers six were encored in a way that fairly shook the house. A chorus of twenty voices, though they be the best in the city, is not so large as we should like to hear in selections such as "The Heavens are Telling," or the "Hallelujah Chorus," but they are better and more effective than four times the number of such dummies as compose the majority of choral organizations.

The programme of second concert, January 24th, was the following:

.—Selections from "Stabat Mater." Rossini.
a.—Introduction. Chorus "Stabat Mater."
b.—"Quis est homo?" Duer. Miss Elia Keating and Mrs.
Neille Uhl-Blachly.
c.—"Pro Peccatis," BARYTONE SOLO. Mr. Joseph Saler.
d.—BASS SOLO and Chorus. "Eia Mater." Solo, Mr. Wiseman.

f.—Solo and Сновиз "Inflammatus," Solo by Miss Lizzie Matthews. 2.—PlaNo Duer "International Fantasia." Epstein. Messrs. Charles Kunkel and Otto Bollman.

Matthews.

2.—PIANO DUET "International Fantasia." Epstein. Messrs. Charles Kunkel and Otto Bollman.

PART II.

2.—CHORUS. "Let All with Merry Voices Sing." Hatton.

3.—CONTRALTO SOLO. "Sle-p Thou, My Child." Foulon. Miss Adele Laeis.

4.—Soppano SOLO. "Gems of Scotland." Julie Rive-King. Mr. Charles Kunkel.

6.—Barytone. SOLO. "So Much Between Us!" E. R. Kroeger. Mr. Geo. H. Wiseman.

7.—CHORUS. "The Frogs' Sluging School." H. N. Bartlett.

8.—CHORUS. "The Frogs' Sluging School." H. N. Bartlett.

8.—CHORUS. "The Frogs' Sluging School." H. N. Bartlett.

8.—CHORUS. "The Stand March from Tannhauser." Wagner.

We were not at all satisfied with the choral work of the first part of this concert. The high standard reached in the first concert, in this respect, was not kept up. Neither the attack, the ensemble nor the shading were what we had a right to expect. In the "Stabat Mater" Mr. Saler, though in good voice, sang the "Pro Piccatie" unsatisfactorily. The beautiful quartette "Sancia Mater" was on the programme, but had to be abandoned on account of the illness of Mrs. Cunningham, and the sore throat of Mr. Koss. In the "Eia Mater," Mr. Wiseman, who is a barytone, had to substitute at a moment's notice for Mr. Koss, a baseo profundo, and while he acquitted himself creditably, the selection was not well within his voice. It was not until the "Inflammatus" was reached that the singers seemed to wake up to their full duty. This number was rendered in first-class style, Miss Matthews singing her solo with true artistic feeling and expression, and in a voice of silvery clearness, and richly deserving the vociferous encore she received. The piano duet, "International Fantasia," Epstein, closed this part in a way to put the audience in a good humor. The work of the second part of the programme was much better. The chorus work was good and the soloists one and all, both in their original selections and in their encore songs, for they all received enthusiastic recalls, acquitted themselves very creditably. As to Mr. Kunkel

second his own "Water-Sprites" Folks. If we seem hards in criticizing that which the public and the local press manimously approved, we beg leave to state that as these are own concerts, there is a double duty imposed us to tell the truth about them.

The third orchestral concert of the St. Louis Musical Union, under the conductorship of Mr. A. Waldener, was given at the Natatorium, Jan. 24th, 1884, and was, taken as a whole, the most satisfactory of the three thus far produced this season.

The programme opened with Beethoven's Leonore Overture No. 3, and was played with commendable precision. The second number, Saint Sains "Danse Macabre," which has been heard at these concerts in former seasons, showed a marked improvement, especially so in reference to the repose with which the orchestra performed the difficult morecau. Miss Laura Fisher concluded the first part of the programme by singing Mattels Concert Waltz. This lady has an excellent method, her phrasing and intonation are correct, but alse! she lacks that magnetism, that spontaneous fire that thrills and season. Part I, began with Wagner's brilliant and effective overtire, "Rienzi," and it was indeed brilliantly and effective overtire, "Rienzi," and it was indeed brilliantly and effective overtire, "Rienzi," and it was indeed brilliantly and effective overtire, "Rienzi," and it was indeed brilliantly and effective overtire, "Rienzi," and it was indeed brilliantly and effective overtire, "Rienzi," and it was indeed brilliantly and effective overtire, "Rienzi," and it was indeed brilliantly and effective overtire, "Rienzi, and plasantly in the cocasion was not "ailing" performed Chopin Ballade in G minor and Liszu's Heroic Polonaise in E major, in a manner, that would have done credit for ny planist. This rendering was musically, well conceived, and taken in its entirety, bore the stamp of the thorough artist. The sixth and seventin numbers, light in character, pleased the less manically active to the following intended to the programme. The first progr



OUR MUSIC.

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This beautiful little song will please the many cultured mothers who read the REVIEW. It is what a lullably should be-simple, soulful and tender. This little song is simple enough for the nursery, good enough for the concert stage. Mme. Christine Nilsson who has accepted its dedication, pronounces the song "very beautiful," and has promised to sing it in the concerts she may give after her present season of opera is over.

"MARCH OF THE AMAZONS," (Duet)..........Kræger.

This composition of our young friend Kræger, will, we think be highly appreciated by the more advanced pianis's who receive our paper. The originality of the themes and the skill with which they are treated cannot escape the notice of competent judges-while the beauty of the whole will strike all musical people, however imperfect their theoretical knowledge of music. This is one of the duets for advanced pianists, to which we referred editorially in our January issue.

"Study." Schumann.

This study of arpeggios, with change of hands, makes capital practice for pianists; it is at the same time a beautiful composition, worthy of being played for itself. We call the attention of our readers to the careful fingering and other directions which are not to be found in any other edition.

"EOLIAN WHISPERS,"......Auchester.

The name of this composition is sufficiently indicative of its general character, It is some time since we have had the pleasure of presenting to our readers a composition of this skilled writer. We have been promised at least two more compositions from Mr. Auchester's skilled pen during the current year-and the readers of the Review shall have the benefit of them.

"Martha." (Fantasia)......Sidus.

Sidus, the friend of our younger pianists, furnishes them, in this issue, with a very pretty fantasia on the ever-popular and melodious "Martha." The careful indications of fingering, etc., etc., make this piece more than a mere recreation-a combination of the useful with the agreeable seldom equalled, never surpassed.

The pieces	horo givon	nont in	about	Fann.
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THE opinions of eminent musicians on the subject of "Musical Normals" that were to be continued this issue, have been crowded out, but will be given next month.

NEW MUSIC.

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

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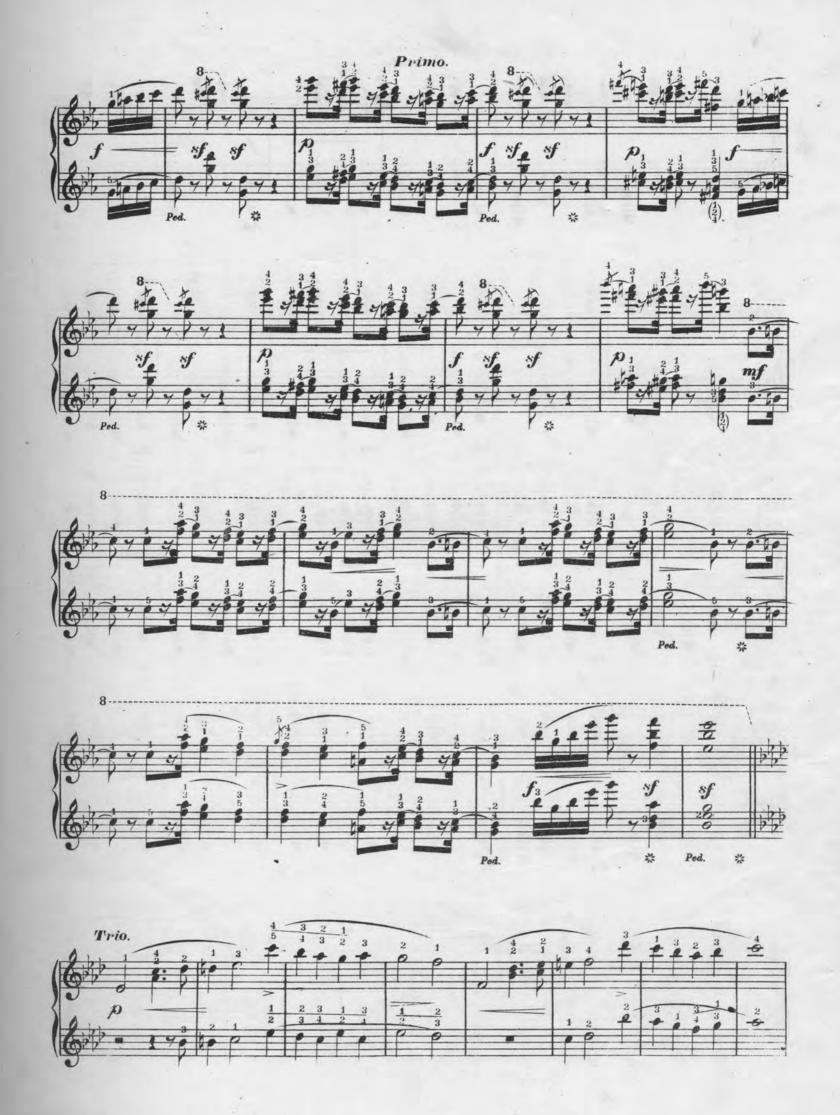
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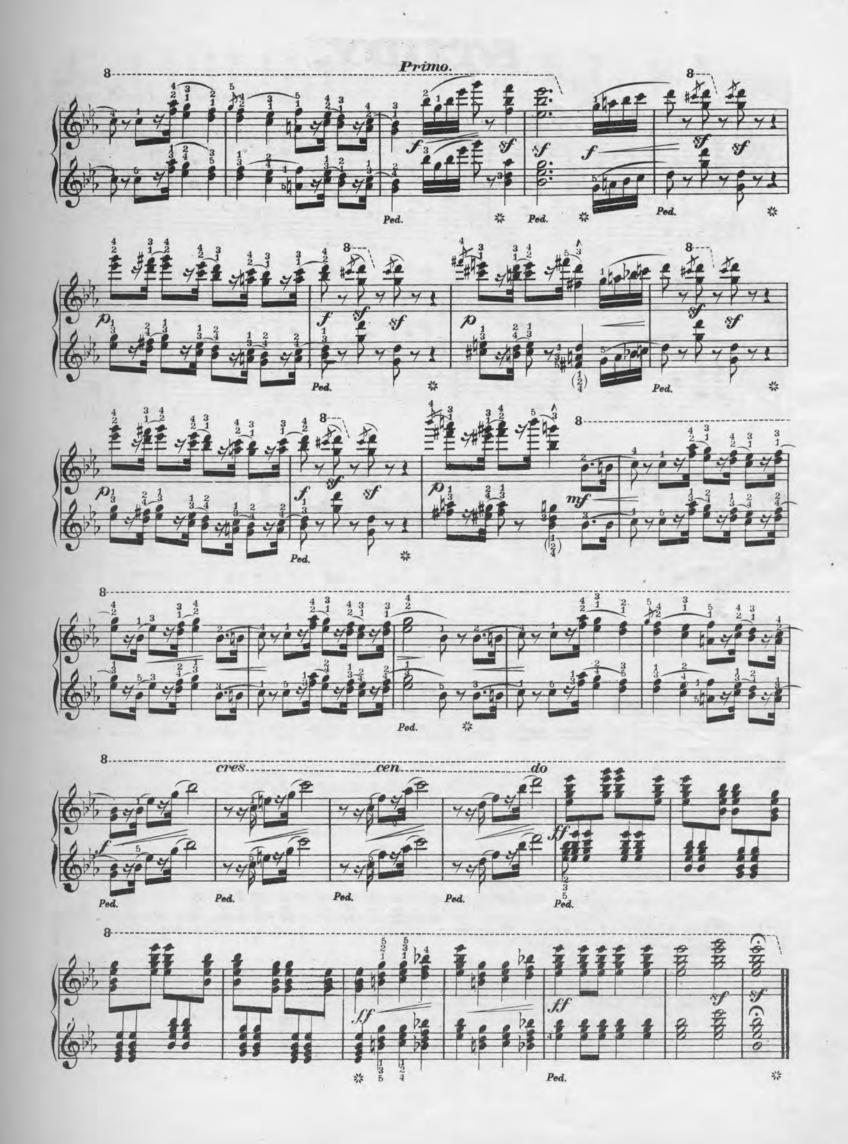












STUDY.



- 4. This piece must be played throughout with lightness, elegance and grace. Special care must be given to the attack of the first and the leaving of the last note of each triplet. Not the slightest break or jar must be noticeable in passing from one hand to the other. The hands must alternate in performing their respective triplets, not unlike those of a skill. ed juggler tossing a ball back and forth
- B. The small notes in the three measures marked B. are in reality ossias intended for large hands. If they are played, the large notes above them should not be played.
- Note. This beautiful piece although very simple is often to be found on the concert program. mes of the greatest pianists.

GENERAL REMARKS.—In the following studies, all notes or chords marked with an arrow, must be struck from the wrist, otherwise the attack (attaque French ansotz German) will be clumsy stiff and hard. After the notes or chords so marked have been struck, a strict legato must be preserved throughout, as indicated. By legato is meant the keeping down of each key during the full length or time-value of the note, and until the following note is struck. It often occurs that the second of two chords which immediately follow each other should be connected with the first almost legato.

To accomplish this, all the fingers of the first chord which are not used to strike the notes of the second chord, should be held down on the notes of the first chord, until the second chord is struck. The fingers so held down form a sort of pivot or fulcrum for the other fingers, which can then strike the following chord with freedom and elasticity. In order to assist the student to distinguish the notes which are to form the pivot and which must be played absolutely legato, they have, in these sheen connected by dotted lines with the following chord. Strict attention to these general remarks, and to the notes accompanying each study will lay the foundation of correct and elegant piano playing.



Tolian Whispers.

Mazurka Caprice

Charles Auchester Op. 31.









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MARTHA.

(Flotow.)

Carl Sidus 0p.135.



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CORRESPONDENCE.

CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, O., January 24th, 1884. Editor Kunkel's Musical Review:

CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI., O., January 24th, 1884.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:

We are evidently on the verge of a big opera fight. The clans are gathering their forces, and striving to gather in the "sinews"—the ducats of the people. What the result will be remains to be seen. I question whether the management will make much more than expenses. Already for the "benefit of art," there is some mud being thrown, and before the war closes there will more be daubed on some one. Abbey has Music Hall, a larger number of artists, and the prestige (if such it can be called) of continuing "our Annual Opera Festival." On the other hand, Mapleson has the Patti and Josie Jones Yorke who will prove a strong power here. Besides those attactions Mapleson's Company will render the opera in Hauck's New Opera House, which is one of the handsomest in the country, and in every way superior to our great Music Hall for seeing and hearing. To tell the truth I have not really sulcyed the opera, Grand Opera, since the inauguration of our so-called Opera Festival at Music Hall. That place is too large, and it is a big "ad" for our "Musical Centre." Large numbers of seats have been sold and thousands of dollars have been pald into the coffers of the rival managements, but I think the mere fact that it is possible to bring two Italian Opera Companies into our city at the same time, angurs well for the persons who have to pay for the delicious treat only to be obtained through opera. It bodes good to us, but not to the stars: inasmuch, as the fear that a rival company may come in to share profits, will tend to deter managements in the future from paying or agreeing to pay fabulous prices to the stars: inasmuch, as the fear that a rival company may come in to share profits, will tend to deter managements in the future from paying or agreeing to pay fabulous prices to the stars. Another good accruing to the denizens of this musical centre will be the dispelling of the illusion, that any one man is necessary to the carrying o

publish it.

Mr. James Vincent, for many years organist in some of our city churches, has removed with his family to Galveston, Tex., in the hope that his health will be benefitted by that climate. He has the best wishes of his many friends.

Mr. D. H. Baldwin one of our prominent piano dealers is quite iil. For some time there were serious doubts of his recovery. Mr. T. J. Sullivan has recovered sufficiently to be out again. Trade is not by any means what was expected, or what it ought to be. The opera festivals will help local trade, but Chicimati local trade would not keep a fair-sized music house alive.

BOSTON.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, January 17th, 1884.

More opera. After Mapleson's rather disastrous season, came Abbey with his troupe. At the beginning it seemed as if the same ill-fortune was to hover over the new arrival as over the departing colonel. It would certainly have been deserved, for the first week was taken up wholly with the tireseme old repertoire which must have been ancient when the opera was invented. Lucia, Faust, Sonnambula, Trovatore, and other works equally shop-worn, were presented to the audiences who had heard the same kind of hackneyed melodies only the week before. The troupe too, although somewhat more varied than Mapleson's, had many serious defects which rendered a reasonable ensemble impossible. There were no tenors, and there were no dramatic bosses. Stagno's voice has a thin acrid quality which is only exasperating to the musical auditor, and Campanini struggles along with the remants of a once noble voice in a manner that only reminds of bygone glories. I hope in his case however that the trouble is only temporary. I cannot speak of Signor Kaschmann's voice, for it was not audible. Once or twice indeed it seemed about to burst forth, but Signor Vianesi turned on the full brass at him, and he gave up his landable intention. Novara was hard and unemotional in the bass parts. The chief success of the troupe was Sembrich, who seems to be a really musicianly soprano, one of the few who really feel and understand their

music as well as execute it. All through the first week, save when Fanst and Mignon were given, the andiences were very silm, so that this dire's greatest success—in Lucia—was not witnessed by many people; but the public soon learned that an ew star had arisen, and that the Sembrich nights were not "off nights," so that the appearance in the Barbiere became an absolute ovation. She is not a great actress, unfortunately, but her ease in coloratur singing, and the purity of her highest mession should be make an antience entinstatic.

Messon should be on make an antience entinstatic.

Messon should be on make an antience entinstatic.

Messon and her embonpoint works against her in some vokes, yet she is thoroughly dramatic in all her work, and in Glocomda won a triumph. If we and Valleria and Furseh-Madi, both excellent prime donne to the list of sopranos, and the ever great Scalchi to the altos, and the brilliant, dashing Del Puente to the barytones, we have mentioned every good point in Mr. Abbey's troupe. Yet stay, the orchestra is one of the strongest we have heard in Am-rican representations of opera, and the printing of the printing of the strongest we have heard in Am-rican representations of opera, and the printing of the

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, ILL., January 30, 1884.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:

I need not tell your readers that Chicago has the honor just now, of entertaining the three greatest of prima donnas (at least so the managers say) of the present time, and as accident would have it, all in the same hotel, the Grand Pacific—Patti, Nilsson and Gerster. I need not, for the papers near and far have chronicled this historical fact, and how we appreciate it is shown by the attendance at both theatres; Col. Mapleson, at McVickers and Abbey at Haverly's. A great deal is being said pro and con about the two organizations. From personal observation I must admit that the Mapleson troupe is the most satisfactory of the two, musically and "on general principles"—Abbey has been severely criticised as a conscienceless speculator, is accused of using the "divine art" as a "mile cow" which he drains to fill his deep pockets, and still meets with financial disasters. The Indicator prefaces a lengthy article as follows:

financial disasters. The Indicator prefaces a lengthy article as follows:

THE ABBEY OPERA COMPANY.

"Contrasted with the standard of excellence it claims to have reached, it is a failure. The reason why—The interests of music held in the clutch of a conscienceless speculator."

All our dailies write in the same strain, and in spite of these paragraphs people flock into a theatre filling it to more than its capacity; a building which is condemned as a "fire trap" besides. We Chicagoans are a strange people indeed. Mapleson, at McVicker's promises a superior season and the last three nights have so far substantiated his claims. I cannot go into details as to repertoires, artists and other matters of interest, the room not permitting. You will soon be able to judge for yourselves in St. Louis, how far my assertions are verified. I will add that Nilsson in "Faust" and Patti in "Crispino e la Comare" have so far made the greatest success. Campanini has been "unwell," Copoul taking his place; Signor Nicolini is well spoken of, Scalchi and Sembrich are highly praised and the orchestras (especially Abbey's) have been found as "insufficient" in ability—the choruses are "indifferent." Prices are "way up," many tickets for Patti nights have been sold at \$20 each. This opera crave has brought a delightful "change" from the usually "high-worded" criticisms, by shortly noting the play and players, and adding, in the way of a two-column article "who was there," how they,

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The Musical Instructor, April 182-83, may be obtained in 12 numbers, at \$1.00, or the same in a handsomely bound volume at \$1.50. Subscription to GOLDBECK'S MUSICAL AET, a publication more than twice the size of the "Instructor," may be secured by inclosing \$2.00 to

ROBERT GOLDBECK.

706 Olive Street, St. Louis.

(the audience) were "dressed," "how they behaved," etc., etc. (see Chicago Daily News). It is oppressive to notice in these "criticisms" the absence of musical names. We do not find it stated, that Professor So-and-So, or Miss So-and-So the "well known teachers" were seen in the "gallery;" instead of this, we only read the names of "the butcher and the baker and the caudle-stick maker." who occupied the boxes and dress-circle." In other words, those who could enjoy the music, cannot afford to go, for "art and wealth" do not dwell in harmony together, and the real, genuine artist is not made to amass a fortune, especially if he be a composer. Such is life Speaking to one of our leading pianists a few days ago, I asked him the cause of the total disappearance of "concerts." He tells me piano playing is becoming so common that people will only go on a "free ticket." This seems to be a fact here. This dearth of concerts is very discouraging to American talent, and the writer of this, having watched "popular taste" closely, notices that people will go to "a comic opera," a variety or minstrel performance, rather than listen to a meritorious concert. Times, I hope, will change, and a new era soon dawn, as long as variety halls are crowded and concert halls are empty there is no progress in music in spite of "Musical Normals."

The Chicago Church Choir Co. has just returned from an extended trip west. The success has not been flatering, especially "financially."

The "Fay Templeton Opera Co." has drawn immense houses at the Criterion Theatre week before last, giving "Olivette," the "Mascotte," and "La Belle Coquette," a new opera (not comic—rather spectacular) by Audran, which did not make a great impression "Rosita," or "Cupid and Cupidity," is in active preparation and will be heard in Chicago in March.

The Children's Chorus, under the direction of Mr. Tomlins, grava a fest concert Thursday last and the singing of sky hnn.

opera (not comic—rather spectacular) by Audran, which did not make a great impression "Rosita," or "Cupid and Cupidity," is in active preparation and will be heard in Chicago in March.

The Children's Chorns, under the direction of Mr. Tomlins, gave a first concert Thursday last, and the singing of six hundred children was a novelty, both instructive and pleasing. Mr. Seeboeck's concert, for the benefit of his new comic opera, "The Missing Link" was a financial failure, and the prospects for its production by Hess look as gloomy as the libretto of this alleged "comic opera." Mr. Geo. Sweet is now in our city, located at Weber Music Hall, teaching. He is meeting with flattering success, and certainly deserves it.

Trade is very dull. The Julius Bauer & Co. factory (Pianos) now employs sixty skilled workmen, and the instruments (chiefly uprights) turned out by this firm are magnificent instruments and should please the most cultivated taste. The Weber piano rooms, Whitney's, Reed's Temple of Music, all do but little. W. W. Kimball's organ factory is running full time. The Howland piano-case factory was sold by the Sheriff a few days ago. Mr. Whitney denies the report that he intends discontinuing the Chicago branch this spring; his new Theatre, the "Standard," is doing a big business, Lyon & Healy exhibit in their show-window a model of a "patent resonater sounding board" (Lyon's patent). Mr. Fest, a gentleman lately embarked in the piano business, advertises, "Pianos cheaper than ever sold anywhere." I wonder who makes them T' Charles Avery Wells of the Musical Critic and Trade Review (N. Y.) is in town, reporting business with him on the increase. I am glad of it, I am convinced that a few good Musical Journals do more good than all the "Musical Normals" in Christendom or anywhere else, for "words are things that last forever."

MONTREAL

MONTREAL, CANADA, January 21st, 1884.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:
Since writing you last I have the pleasure to submit you my monthly report for January, 1884.
Queen's Hall. December 20th the Mendelssohn Choir gave a concert to a full house at this Hall. Amongst the sacred numbers selected was Mendelssohn's "Ave Maria" in eight parts, which received a fitting interpretation. Mrs. Osgood being somewhat indisposed, she was unable to do herself thorough justice. Her rendering of Raff's "Serenade" was so charming that she had to be called again, and sang "Disappointment," a ballad by Miss Hood, with as much success as the previous one. Mr. Hilton presided at the organ and Mr. Gould led the choir.

that she had to be called again, and sang "Disappointment," a ballad by Miss Hood, with as much success as the previous one. Mr. Hilton presided at the organ and Mr. Gould led the choir.

Theatre Royal (J. B. Sparrow, Manager). "Harry Miner's Comedy Four" was presented at the Royal to good houses on the 24th, 25th and 26th of December last.

The so long talked of "Her Majesty's Grand Opera Company," with Patti, the prima donna, arrived in Montreal on the 23d of December, and appeared before good houses on the 24th, 26th and 29th of December. Mme. Adelina Patti appeared in "La Traviata" with thunders of applause. Then on the 29th "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mme. Etelka Gerster, accompanied by Signor Vicini, Signor Gallassi, Signor Lombardelli, Signor de Vaschetti, and Mile. Valerga. The way in which Her Majesty's Company rendered the above operas was such as to prove that Mapleson in no wise exaggerates the strength of the organization he has gut together. If any ensemble of artists is able to give grand opera as it should be given, it is Colonel Mapleson's company, and though results in a pecuniary sense have not been as satisfactory to those who had sufficient enterprise to bring such an opera company here as they could have wished, it is to be hoped that they will not feel discouraged, and that we may look forward, as has been hinted, to future representations by similarly capable aggregations, under the auspices of the great impressario at prices somewhat less suggestive of a grasping desire for shekles. We do not blame the management for the mistake in regard to the prices; they were over confident as to the figures Montreal people would pay to hear grand opera. Our theatre-going public is not yet educated to the exorbitant charges to which New Yorkers are forced to submit, and they think twice before they expend \$7 to hear even Patti.

Academy of Music. "A Parisian Romance" was produced at the Academy before a large and critical audience on the 17th of December, with Richard Mansfield in the principal role

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E. TOURJEE.

Music Hall, Boston.

the 14th of January the Theatre Royal has been leased by Mr. Jacobs, in partnership with Mr. Sparrow, and is thrown open to the public as a ten-cents show.

On January 29th, Maurice Grau's French Opera Company will give a season of operas to Montreal people.

As I think it will interest your American people, who may wish to come to Montreal on carnival week, I enclose you an official programme of the doings of the days. You can publish it if you wish.

Wishing you the compliments of the season,
I remain yours truly,

FERD. PAGÉ.

We publish the programme in question so that "our American people," especially in the South and West, may see the nature of the winter sports of the Dominion.

nature of the winter sports of the Dominion.

Monday, Feb. 4. Morning and Afternoon—Grand Hockey Tourament on out-door Skating Rink. Evening—Inauguration of Ice Palace on Dominion Square, illuminated by electric light, with pyrotechnic displays every evening during the week. Special illumination of the grounds of the Montreal Tobogganing Club, Sherbrook Street West. Hockey match at Victoria Skating Rink.

Tussday, Feb. 5. Morning—Commencement of Curling Bonspeil. Hockey Tournament continued. Contractors Drive and Banquet. Afternoon—Snow-Shoe Races, Montreal Lacrosse Grounds. Evening—Fifteen Mile Race, Victoria Skating Rink. Fancy Dress Carnival, Crystal Skating Rink. Grand Opening and Illumination of the Tuque Bleue Toboggan Club Grounds, Sherbrook Street.

Wednesday, Feb. 6—Civit Hollday and Grand Gala Day of Carnival. Morning—Skating and Promenade Concert, Victoria Skating Rink. Trotting races at Driving Park. Curling Bonspeil continued. Hockey Tournament continued. Afternoon—Grand Sleighing Parade, marshalled on Dominion Square. Lacrosse, the national game of Canada, on Skates. Evening—Grand Torchlight procession of Snow-Shoe clubs of the city and vicinity, and impromptu concert on return. Attack and defence of the Ice Palace, with special display of Fireworks.

The Reday.

the city and vicinity, and impromptu concert on return. Attack and defence of the Ice Palace, with special display of Fireworks.

Theresday, Feb. 7. Morning—Curling Bonspeil continued. Hockey Tournament continued. Afternoon—Trotting Races at Driving Park continued. Snow-Shoe Steeple Chase over Mount Royal. Evening—Grand Fancy Dress Carnival at Victoria Skating Rink.—Ice Temple, Grotto and Fountains. Groups of skaters will illustrate the chief historical celebrities of Canada, the leading pursuits and the principal sports of the Dominion.

Friday, Feb. 8. Morning—Hockey Tournament continued. Curling Bonspeil continued. Skating and Promenade Concert at Victoria Rink. Afternoon—Trotting Races continued. Races and Games on the out-door Skating Rink. Evening—Grand Ball at the Windsor Hotel. Skating competition, Ten Mile Race, Crystal Skating Rink. Races and Games, Victoria Skating Rink. Grand Opening and Illumination of the Grounds of the Park Toboggan Club, Mount Royal.

Saturday, Feb. 9. Morning—Termination of Hockey Tournament and Curling Bonspeil. Afternoon—Montreal Snow-Shoe Club Annual Games on Lacrosse Grounds. Meet of the Montreal Tandem Club on Dominion Square. Evening—Hockey Match, Victoria Rink. Grand Pyrotechnic display at Ice Palace. Special Illumination of Toboggan Hills.

SOME HINTS AND APHORISMS.

"More honored in the breach than the observance."

Hamlet (Act i., sc. 4).

FOR THE PIANIST.

On no account remove the foot from the loud pedal when playing.

The excellence of pianoforte playing is in proportion to the degree of loudness attained.

If you should happen to play softly, always slack-

en the time.

when asked to play, take your seat at the piano and say: "Do you know a little piece by so-and-so? I don't think I remember it but it goes something like this," and then play the piece you have been working at for the last month.

Whenever you happen to break down say you have lost your place; if you have no music before you, stop and say you are very sorry but you forget the remainder.

FOR THE VIOLINIST.

Always work the bowing arm from the shoulder.
Acquire great dexterity in manipulation; tone is of minor importance.
The use of rosin is a bad habit. Don't adopt it.
It is a great mistake to tune a violin oftener than once a month. It ought not to require it, and such indulgence only gets the instrument into bad babits.

Keep the violin in a cool, moist place.

The bow should occasionally be dipped in the best lubricating oil. It makes it work smoothly, and prevents the hair from falling off.

FOR THE ORGANIST.

Play the pedals with the left foot only and use the heel as little as possible.

A pleasing effect can often be obtained by drawing the stops only about half out.

Always use the "mixtures" alone.

Be careful to keep steadily pumping the swell pedal whilst playing.

Yaw the stops over few base.

Vary the stops every few bars. Extemporize frequently: in accordance with the laws of harmony, if possible, but in any case ex-

temporize.
Remember that the "Vox Humana" is an admirable pedal stop.

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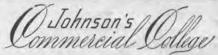
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FOR THE SINGER.

A continuous glissando from one note to another has an agreeable effect.

The sound should come through the nostrils.

improves the quality.

Dwell on the consonants as much as possible-especially on the final s.

especially on the final s.

Open your mouth as wide as you can with safety to your jaw.

Study well the art of posing, and, if a lady, acquire a certain sweet, simpering, pouting smile, for use in tender passages in conjunction with raised eyebrows and half-closed eyes.

FOR THE COMPOSER.

To get an original inspiration, examine the works

of other composers.

First write your music in an easy key, and then transpose it into the most difficult and awkward one you can find.

Insert plenty of chords which it is impossible for anyone, not possessed of the hands of a giant, to

play.

Always remember, the more difficult the music the greater the genius of the composer.

Give each of your works a foreign title, for you will thereby be credited with a knowledge of the languages from which the words are taken.

Never admit the superiority of any other composer, whether living or dead.

FOR THE CONDUCTOR.

Take lessons in swimming and carpet beating.
Confine your attention to your toilet to cuffs, collar, gloves, and back hair.
Tap vigorously on the desk and give a prolonged "hush!" in all soft passages. It draws the attention of the audience from the music to the con-

ductor.

At the conclusion of each piece, wipe your fore-head—whether it needs it or not.

Scowl occasionally on the man with the double-bass, and, directly the drummer comes in with his part, wave your left hand violently in his direction: it keeps down their vanity.

If you wear long hair, throw it back by a graceful swing of the head, at the end of all the difficult assesses four trill remind the audience that all the

passages, for it will remind the audience that all the merit is yours.

FOR THE CRITIC.

Find out the popular opinion and say nearly the

Get a good stock of adjectives, learn how to "gush," and (if you are sure you have time,) study music a little.

and (if you are sure you have time,) study music a little.

If you want to please the profession generally, announce your supreme contempt for Wagner and all his works: if you wish to et the good opinion of amateurs, utter panegyrics on him.

Abuse other critics.

Always call music "the divine and melodious art."

If you have a second-cousin a fiddler, praise his performance on every possible occasion. You will probably receive a substantial hamper from him at Christmas, or an invitation to accompany him on his starring tour.

If a composer be unknown, you are safe in condemning him.

If a piece performed is by one of the great masters, say it is "one of his most characteristic compositions," and speak of it as "well known to all lovers of music," though you never heard of it before.

before.
When tickets are given to you for concerts, etc., sell them to your friends, and write your criticisms at your fireside. You will thus avoid the inconvenience of rushing for your last train.—H. E. D., in London Musical World.



STORY to good to be kept a secret has leaked out concerning a Japanese student, who was at one time pursuing a course of study at Yale College as a beneficiary of the Japanese government. He had become so "fast" in his ways, that the faculty were unable to decide what to do with him. They did not like to "suspend" a beneficiary of the government, and it seemed impossible to find a place where he might "rusticate" for a while, as no family of repute would care to take him on account of his habits. As a last resort they determined to write to the home government, making a plain statement of the case, and asking what they should do with the offending beneficiary. The letter was written asking for directions. The next steamship from Japan after the arrival of the message brought the laconic answer: "Kill him at once."

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No offering of my own I have, Nor works by faith to prove; I can but give the gifts He gave, And plead His love for love.

And so beside the silent sea I wait the muffled oar : No harm from Him can come to me, On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift Their fronded palms in air; I only know I cannot drift Beyond his love and care.

HOW TO SELECT A MUSIC TEACHER.

ARENTS, as a rule, need no advice on this subject, and it is one of no especial importance, since a musical education costs from five hundred to five thousand dollars. This is a small matter, especially to those parents whose income does not exceed fifteen dollars per week.

The usual course pursued is about as follows: Buy a poor piano, the cheaper the better. It pays better to buy a piano for two hundred and ninety-five dollars—just five dollars less than three hundred—that will be constantly out of tane, and in less than six months be so changed and worn out that it will shock and dwarf all the musical feelings your child may have for music. The main thing is to have something that looks like a piano. The tone should not be considered. There are many disadvantages in buying a good piano. It will cost from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars more to start with, will not get out of tune so often, and it will take from ten to fifteen years to wear it out. This will prevent you from exchanging your poor piano at the end of two or three years—when you cannot endure it any longer—for another poor piano, and paying from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars difference. Once you have the piano, then the next thing is a teacher. The most popular way—and of course the three years—when you cannot endure it any longer—for another poor piano, and paying from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars difference. Once you have the piano, then the next thing is a teacher. The most popular way—and of course the best way—is to ask your little girl whom she likes best. As soon as you have found out, go at once and engage her to give the lessons. If it is Miss Pretension who lives next door, it is all the better. She may be poor and need your charity. Avoid, by all means, all inquiries or considerations as to Miss Pretension's ability or experience. Such inquiries should not be made until two or three years later. This will give you an opportunity to fully exercise your charity for Miss Pretension, and give her time to totally obliterate any natural love for music your child may have had. It is now about time for you to employ a good teacher,—the one who has had the proper training and experience, and can show unquestionable results; the teacher who does not "know enough," but the one who takes the leading music journals, attends State and National Music Teachers' Associations when he possibly can; in short, one who embraces every opportunity to improve, and learn the best methods. When you employ the good teacher, you will find the first thing to be done will be to undo what Miss Pretension has done, and bring if possible, into life what natural love for music your child may have had. Do not think it an easy task to eradicate the evil effects of those two or three years of the worst of all torture and punishment,—practicing from two to three hours a day with the mind in France, or anywhere but where it ought to be. There is always one of two reasons why your child has to be driven to practice. One is, no natural love for music; the other is, a poor teacher. It is easy to see what should be done in either case. A child with no natural love for music sbould not be compelled to learn it. A poor teacher should be exchanged for a good one. Do not think it anything less than punishment



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COMICAL CHORDS.

AN OPERATIC HOMICIDE.

It is a scene with beauty filled Lust-flowers round garden statues languish; Count What's-his-name is sabred, killed— The audience is bowed with anguish.

Th' event all pleasure seems to drown Throughout the house, while faster, faster, The saline tear doth trickle down The female cheek of alabaster.

The female cheek of alabaster.

Their looks denote the wish that he
The fatal sabre-blow had parried,
Especially when they see
Him off the stage by supers carried

But while they look demure and meek
As pensive nuns in sacred cloisters,
The Count meandered, so to speak,
Around the corner for some oysters.—R. K. M.

A SLIPPERY singer-Grisi.

A san composer-Dohler.

Good on the bark-Faisst.

LARGE for its eyes-an owl.

A WINTER's tale-the ulster's. A FLOWING writer of music-Bruch.

A COMPOSER hard to beat-Egghard.

A SINGER the chickens dread-Hauk.

THE organ-grinder's favorite-Handel. THE baby's favorite composer-Lassus.

An organist to be squeezed-Lemmens.

A COMPOSER hens do not like-Couperin.

CHIEF musician among the goats-Buck.

A COMPOSER who must be a Quaker-Hatton.

An airess—the women who goes up in a balloon.

Notes that cannot be counterfeited-Sembrich's.

Norks discounted-music sold to "teachers" and the trade. CAN four lady postal clerks rightly be called a mail quartette.

The household that keeps a baby can afford to sell its alarm clock very cheap

An Irish doctor lately sent his bill to a lady as follows: "To ring your husband till he died."

"No! ALGERNON, dear, I say that the boy shall not be brought up on the bottle. Look at its grandpa's nose!" A GENTLEMAN named his dog "Penny," because it was one sent to him, and has had ten mills with a cat."

There are some men who so dislike their fellow-beings that they'll bring up their children to be music-teachers

A wag suggests that a suitable opening for many choirs should be, "Lord, have mercy on us, miserable singers."

"This is slushous," said the young man who stood in the wet snow up to his knees and kissed the hired girl over the back feuce.

A DETROIT man was surprised the other day to find the tele-phone could talk French. He said he thought it was an English invention.

That was a bright state prison chaplain who, when asked by a friend how his parishioners were, replied, "All under conviction."—Wallham Record.

"A SENSES-TAKEE?" said the old lady; "waal there's me an' Jeremiah. an' Sarah Ann, an' that's all, 'cept Jim, an' he's a fool an' aint got no senses to take."

"My son is a great mechanical genius," said a lady, speaking of her son. "He has made a fiddle out of his own head and has plenty of wood left for another"

"Annie, is it proper to say this 'ere, that are?" "Why; Kate, of course not." "Well, I don't know whether it is proper or not, but I feel cold in this ear from that air."

"O Ethel, Ee-eth-el-l! I offer you my hand!" "So I observe, Edwin." "And you will take it?" "Hard—that is, not muchly," And why, beloved one?" "Cause its dirty."

IN EXTREMES—Pat (in a dreadfully dilapidated condition):
"De ye buy rags and bones here?" Merchant: "We do, sir."
Pat: "Thin, be jabers' put me on the schkales!"

It is rumored that the ex-Supreme Executive Magistrate of Massachusetts has just written a new song, entitled "It may be four years, and it may be forever."—Boston Times.

PHELIM (to tourist who had taken shelter in a leaky shebeen).

"'Dade and it's soaked to the bone you'll be gittin' wid the shtrames through the roof. Come outside, sorr—lt's-dryer in the wet."





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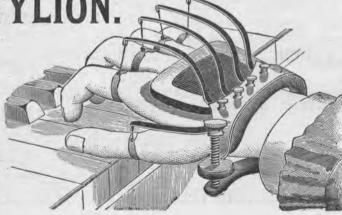
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BULKINS, in referring to the time when his wife complimented him, says the fire needed replenishing, and she pointed toward the fire-place with a commanding air and said, "Peter, the grate."

The Rev. Thomas K. Beecher is responsible for the following bit of advice: If your wife objects to kissing you because you smoke, simply remark that you know some girl who will. That settles it."

ART CRITIC (who has been treated liberally by his host, who in return requests his opinion of a favorite picture)—' Yesh, (hic) mosh nashural (hic) 'ver saw; waves are (hic) actually in mo-(hic) sbun.'

The proprietor of the Budweiser restaurant told one of his waiters he would make a good clairvoyant: "Because," he explained, "you know more when you are asleep than when you are awake."

you are awake."
"What's fame?" yelled an excited orator. "What's fame! that ghost of ambition! What's honor?" And a weak-minded man in the crowd said he supposed she had clothes on her, as any durned fool ought to know.

Miss Soprano (who has just finished playing)-" Did I drop

any notes John?'

Her Cousin (from the rural districts).—"No, not as I knows on, but I'll look under the planny an' see."

MISS MULOCK says that bear and forbear are the two bears of matrimony. Bliffers says she makes a mistake in her addition. Bear and four bears, he argues, are the five bears of matrimony, not to speak of the little troubles constantly bruin. PRIGSHY—"I—a—confess I do not care for Mozart. He's—a too tuney for me?" Miss Smart (innocently)—"Dear me! And is that—a—the result of a defective ear, in your case, or is it merely for want of proper training?" Utter collapse of Prigsby.

Prigsby.

'And how is your neighbor, Mrs. Brown?" inquired one nicely dressed lady of another. "She's well enough, I suppose. I haven't seen her to speak to her for six weeks." "Why, I thought you two were on the most friendly terms." Well, we used to be; but we've exchanged servants."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed in consternation, "surely not, doctor!" Yes," said he, "you are certainly threatened with scarlet fever." "What shall I do, what shall I do," she moaned, in great distress. "Oh, doctor, couldn't you throw it into some other kind of fever? Scarlet is so trying to my complexion."

A WYSTEN how thought his mother was praying expelore.

A WESTKEN boy thought his mother was praying overlong the other morning, and he said: "Oh, mother! there's a hawk over the hens." The old lady brought her devotions to a poultry standard of measurement in double-quick time and sprang to her feet with Amen! Out wid yees Thomas, and save thim hins."

The ancient jibe against the young lady who was only "Piscopal pions," is now matched by the story of the interesting stranger at camp-meeting, who replied to the usual question asked by a young apostle of the emotional school; "My dear young friend, have you got religion?" "Oh, no, indeed, thank you, I'm a Presbyterian."

Some German Socialists recently got hold of a soldier, and treated him to a large quantity of beer. When the man was well primed, he was asked if, in the event of a revolution, he would fire on the people. "Never!" answered the soldier, and more "bocks" were ordered. The question "Why would you not fire?" was then asked. "Because I have no rifle; I belong to the band," was the reply.

MATTER OF FACT CRITICISM.

The following is deliciously true:

A student of human nature who attended a popular concert yesterday afternoon was filled with joy and wonder by the display of learning made by two ladies sitting behind him. The student did not know a great deal about music, though he felt reasonably sure of telling the difference between a funeral march and a galop, and consequently he drank in with great avidity the free instruction which came from behind him. The conversation began when Mozart's "Magic Flute" overture was half played.

"How funny! Do you hear anything of the flute?"

"Not a thing."

"Well, if I had been writing an overture about a

"Not a thing."

"Well, if I had been writing an overture about a flute I would have made the instrument more prominent."

"So would I; but just look at the fur on that

prominent."

"So would I; but just look at the fur on that woman's cloak!"

"Isn't it lovely?"

"Yes; I wonder how much it cost."

"What, the overture?"

"No, the fur."

"Oh, I meant the music."

"Oh, ves. of course."

"Oh, I meant the music."
"Oh, yes, of course."
By and by the orchestra began Gounod's
"Funeral March of a Marionette." It begins with
a tutti passage ending with a crash on the cymbals.
The two ladies jumped.
"My goodness! That don't sound like a funeral
march, does it?"
"That's what's on the programme."
"Well, the man must have died suddenly."
The band played Weber's "Invitation a la
Valse." The rapid loud passage which precedes
the soft and gentle close deceived the audience.
They thought the piece was ended and applauded.
Then when the music continued, they were surprised.

Then when the music continued, they were surprised.
That's just like Theodore Thomas. He's always trying to do something smart. He did that on purpose, I know he did. See him laugh! I knew he was trying to be smart. He just thinks he has done it, now!"—Key-Note.



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A NOVELTY

but is also an instrument of real merit.

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MAJOR AND MINOR.

JOLLY C. T. Sisson, who seems to be getting younger as his hair grows grayer, was in St. Louis the second week in January, and made the Review office his headquarters, or rather, as he called it, his "loafing place" Sisson, however, loafs but little, for even when he sleeps it is with one eye open to business.

ness.

A. W. Kelly, teacher of music at Fostoria Academy, writes us, in date of January 14, that they receive all the leading musical publications in the United States (mentioning them by name.) and that "with all candor, we must say the Review is the finest paper of the kind in the market, both as to music and reading matter, especially the music." That is exactly what we think.

THERE is, at Shattinger's a new Kranich & Bach Upright No. 3, in a case of unstained rosewood, which is "a thing of beauty" and should therefore be "a joy forever" to some one. The tone of the instrument is also remarkably fine. We understand that the case was made as it is at the suggestion of Mr. Shattinger. It was certainly a good suggestion, and well carried out.

MR. EDWIN CHILD MILLER, one of the stalwart sons of Mr. Henry F. Miller, the famous Boston piano manufacturer, wa married on January 30th to Miss Ida Louise Farr, one of Boston's choicest maidens. The REVIEW regrets that it could not be present at the wedding, as requested by the kind invitation of the bride's mother, Mrs. Evarts W. Farr, but it sends its best wishes and its congratulations.

wishes and its congratulations.

At last, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat has recognized the necessity of having a musical critic, and has appointed Mr Sam. F. Cary to that position. We congratulate the Globe Democrat upon its judicious move in this matter. Mr. Cary evidently conscientious, painstaking and possessed of the necessary knowledge to make respectable a department of the paper which has been hitherto practically non-existant. The thanks of the musical public of St. Louis are due the G.-D. To its recognition of their interests.

Ir will horrify our trans-Atlantic neighbors to hear that their pet tragedian, Henry Irving, must have thoughts of turning organ-grinder, for on the very first day of his arrival in St. Louis he strolled into the store of J. L. Peters, and after grinding out a lot of music on the "tournaphone" pur chased one of these delightful(?) instruments, and ordered it sent to his room at the Southern Hotel. Hank as an organ grinder and the fair(?) Ellen as a street-singer would be a novelty in London.

Novelty in London.

WE admit, says the American Art Journal, that the American eagle is apt to scream too loudly at times in its enthusiasm fer infant industries. Yet we have a number of first-class violin makers, brass instrument manufacturers, a hand-organ factory, several great organ-builders, etc., while the best Turkia cymbals used in this country are made by Lebrun in St. Louis Heaven forbid that our citizens should ever be led by the patriotism to enter upon the manufacture of the German as cordion or Swiss music-box.

patriotism to enter upon the manufacture of the German accordion or Swiss music-box.

"He held in his arms Music (heavenly made) herself, and enbraced and caressed her. Now he seemed to pather or to stok her soothingly, or clasped her in his arms, and once or twice we think, he tickled her; but whenever he touched her a evoked sweet sounds, whether it was under the chin, about the throat, with delicate fingers, or when he flung his arms passion ately around her waist." It was Herr Remenyi, out in Michigan, who behaved in this scandalous manner, and who, according to the local critic just quoted, "looks the gifted, culture artist and gentleman he is, and he plays as if he had a soul a least seventy-five feet high."

The works of many celebrated painters present some markable blunders. Tintorel's painting of "The Children a Israel Gathering Manna," represents them armed with gum In Verrio's "Christ Healing the Sick" the lookers-on was perl-wigs. Albert Durer painted "The Expulsion of Ada and Eve by an Angel" in a dress trimmed with flounces. The same painter in the picture of "Peter Denying Christ" has Roman soldier enjoying a pipe of tobacco. A dutch picture "Abraham Offering up his Son" represents him holding blunderbuss at Isaac's head. In a French painting of "The Lord's Supper" the table is ornamented with glasses fille with cigar lighters.

Rose Czilag, who probably created the greatest operaters of the support of the contract of the painting of the presented with any was as always and any was a subject of the contract of the painting of the contract of the painting o

with cigar lighters.

Rose Czilag, who probably created the greatest operal sensation Vienna has ever known, was as chic and waywards Aimeé whose artistic wickedness knew no bounds. Upon he farewell night in Vienna, several years prior to her arriv in America in broken down condition, she had the misfortus to lose her skirts, but her genius which never deserted he came promptly to the rescue, and as quick as lightning a kicked the garment over the head of the double bass man the orchestra, created astounding enthusiasm, and went of the Hof Theatre was not only seen by the expression of the eyes, but also the canceling of the prima donna's engagement. The great Czilag was never permitted to sing there again.

The Stadt Theater at Leipsie built in 1868 cost altoeste.

The great Czilag was never permitted to sing there again.

THE Stadt Theater, at Leipsie, built in 1868, cost altogub \$419,200. The Court Theatre, at Dresden, which was burntdor and which was built between 1838 and 1841, cost \$305,670, at the present theatre which took from 1871 to 1878 to build, et 1,075,000. The Theatre du Chatelet in Paris, built between 1872 and 1874, cost \$418,500. The Theatre built between 1872 and 1874, cost \$418,500. The Theatre brique, in Paris, built between 1860 and 1862, cost \$449,560. The prince of the tobuild, cost \$2,700,000. Finally, the Grand Opera, in Part the building of which occupied from 1861 to 1875, cost \$8,000. To form an adequate idea of the amounts actually expending the proportion of the set of

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Joe Tasso used to tell of a performer he once had as bass viol in his orchestra. Matthieu, the delicate-cared exquisite French musician, was leading and Joe was playing second. They had got some glorious pieces from the old German masters, but when they struck up, poor Matthieu looked as if a flea was on his back. As they progressed, the thing grew worse and worse. Matthieu screwed and squirmed, until his face looked like one of the pictures in "Fox's Book of Martyrs." He could not stand it; he halted midway to see whose instrument was out of tune; but lo! upon trial, everybody was in unison, and off they went again; but scarcely were they under way, when poor Matthieu exhibited an agony as if some person had pricked him with a pincushion full of pins in the middle of his stomach. The cause could not be found out, until coming round to the bass, they found he had taken all the flats and sharps in his part and scratched them off of his score!!!

BIRDS are taught to sing tunes in the town of Fulda, Ger-

way, when poor Matuneu exhibited an agony as if some person had pricked him with a pincushion full of pins in the middle of his stomach. The cause could not be found out, until coming round to the bass, they found he had taken all the flats and sharps in his part and scratched them off of his score!!!

Birbs are taught to sing tunes in the town of Fulda, Germany, where they keep educational institutions for buildnehes. They place the young birds in classes of six or ten each, and keep them in the dark, turning a little hand-organ for them when they are fed. Finally the birds commence to associate the music with the feeding, and when hungry they commence to sing a few notes of the tune they hear daily. Those who do this are at once placed in a more cheerful room, when light is admitted. This encourages them, and makes them more lively; then they like to sing and are taught more. The most difficult part is the starting of the birds, some of which have to be kept a long time in the dark and on starvation rations, before their obstinacy is overcome. In order to teach several tunes, they receive, after being taught in classes, private instructions from the little boys of Fulda, each of whom has a few private pupils of this sort. Their education lasts nine months, when it is completed, and the birds sent into the world as accomplished performers. The principal markets are London, Parls, New York and Boston. They are valued in Europe at twenty dollars for every tune they sing.

PROF. H. S. PERKINS, of Chicago is organizing an excursion across the continent upon a novel plan. We give the following extract from his preliminary circular for the benefit of those of our readers who might like to take a transcontinental trip in good company. We see no reason why the trip should not be a success in every respect. "This is," says Mr. Perkins, "the first time that arrangements were ever perfected whereby the singers of the country could unite as a chorus, give musicals and concerts en route, and visit in the first of the day o

H. S. PERKINS, 161 State St., Chicago, Ill.

A PROOF THAT THE ENGLISH KNOW NOTHING ABOUT MUSIC.

N looking over an old book one of our musical friends recently found the following anedote of Beethoven, related by one Dr. cal friends recently found the following anecdote of Beethoven, related by one Dr. Alfred Julius Beecher, which is well worth perusal: Beethoven had received the most flattering proofs of distinction from England. He found himself one day in a hotel (the Golden Lamb) at Vienna, and observed several musical and literary men talking in a very animated manner. He asked what was going on.

going on.

"These gentlemen maintain that the English neither know how to compose nor estimate good music," replied Mayseder; "but I am of another opinion."

Beethoven answered sarcastically:

"The English have bespoken several compositions of mine for their concerts, and have sent me handsome remuneration for them. The Germans, with the exception of the Viennese, are only now beginning to appreciate me, and the French find my music beyond their powers of performance. Accordingly, it is as clear as day that the English know nothing about music! Is it not so? Ha! ha! ha! He laughed heartily and the dispute came to an end. What Beethoven referred to was the London Philharmonic Society, for which he wrote the C minor symphony.—American Art Journal.

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SMITH AND JONES.

SMITH AND JONES.

Smith—Whither now, Jones?

Jones—Going to buy tickets for the opera—she wants to go, you know. And by the way Smith, you have been there, so just tell me how genteel people should behave. I'm a little green, you know.

Smith—Well, you go to the opera to enjoy yourself, crgo, enjoy yourself regardless of the comfort of others.

Jones—Well?

Smith—Take your note-book and jot down the rules I'll give you. They are deductions from the actions of the "upper ten."

Jones—Ready!

Smith—Rule 1. Come late. From twenty to twenty-five minutes after the performance has begun is a good time to enter. When you wish to put on extra style you may be forty-five minutes late. Only common people, such as do not part their hair in the middle, are expected to be on time.

Jones—Well that's down!

Smith—Rule 2. Part your hair in the middle and see to it that your lady wears "idiot fringes" and the largest hat imaginable. Perhaps you might dispense with the center parting, your natural expression being sufficiently—innocent.

Jones—What next?

Smith—Rule 3. Talk as much as possible. Be sure you talk most of things you know least about. Compare the singers with all those you have never heard. Occasionally gush over some bit of singing—no matter what—and help the lady to gush. You may occasionally keep time with your feet and hum a few bars with or in advance of the prima donna.

Jones—Got it all down!

Smith—Rule 4. Finally, understand that the last act of an opera was never meant to be heard, except by musicians and other common people, who have no rights which fashionables are bound to respect; so when the last act is well under way, pick up your traps and sail majestically off. If your boots are "squeaky" so much the better.

Jones—Is that all?

Smith—Well, there are other rules, but these will do for once; if you follow these you will surely be thought one of the creme de la creme.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL MUSIC THE RUIN OF CHILD-REN'S VOICES.

HERE is a great deal of practical common sense in the following communication to the American Art Journal. We commend it to the attention of those of our readers who are interested in the subject.

If there is any class of men who describes the sense of the subject of the sub

who are interested in the subject.

If there is any class of men who deserve condemnation it is those who write music for the Sunday-schools, the great bulk of which is neither suitable for children nor adults. It is as unreasonable to ask the children to sing nine-tenths of our so-called Sunday-school music as it would be to ask them to do their parents' work or wear their parents' clothes. As the most of the Sunday-schools are arranged there is no classification for singing, and the children from five to ten years of age are expected to sing the same songs, and at the same pitch and compass, as those who are older, and whose voices have developed with their bodies. The result is that the little ones try to sing just as loudly as the older ones, and in this way strain their voices until they are ruined beyond any hope of nature's ever reclaiming them. The great majority of children's voices are ruined between the ages of five and ten years. The music they are allowed to sing has far too great a compass, and they are allowed to sing, not with the tiny sweet voice of the child, which corresponds with their little bodies, but with a force and compass altogether out of proportion.

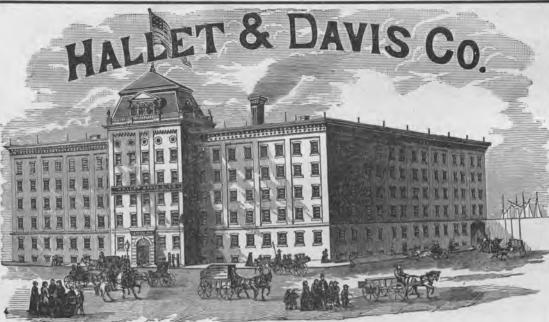
Unless this wholesale butchery of children's voices is stopped, the future singers will be few. Our Sunday-school music should be written for the

voices is stopped, the future singers will be few. Our Sunday-school music should be written for the Our Sunday-school music should be written for the children, and within the natural compass of their voices. The adult members of the school should either not be allowed to sing at all, or be made to sing in such a manner as not to lead the children to try to imitate their voices in power. Either this should be done or the school should be divided into at least two divisions, and suitable music provided for each. Such a division would not only do much to protect the little voices but afford many opportunities for the composer to write responsive music for the two divisions which would be made both instructive and pleasant.

for the two divisions which would be made both instructive and pleasant.

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