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# MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

Vol. VII.

APRIL, 1884.

No. 4.

## MINNIE HASK.

PROBLEM which we would command to the consideration of psychologists is the explanation of the fact that so many great artists are of mixed nationality. What there may be in the mingling of the blood of different races in the veins of the artistic temperament is more than we can say; but that there is something even evident, since the proportion of artists of mixed blood is surprisingly large. This fact that might be mentioned is that her father was German, her mother an American of French extraction. If we are to believe the curious chronicle of family history her birthplace was on the 1st of November, 1855, in the city of New York—on the day she was born. This tactful Clara Louise Kellogg nine months, and a week later, died, leaving Minnie to become in every year for several years past, we are ready to believe all that is claimed for her as a present, especially as it is not claimed that it was a young girl who sang upon that important occasion.

From New York Miss Hask's parents soon removed to the neighborhood of Newark, where they took up their abode on the banks of the Passaic river. From here the family again removed to a plantation near New Orleans, and it was there that the future artist first manifested her musical gift, and showed a real talent for song. From the plantation on she learned the plaintive songs of the African; also learned to pick the banjo and organize a troupe of performers with whom she sang, which she was stage manager, prima donna, prompter and conductor all in one. She was but little over twelve years old when she began to sing in public. This was at a concert given for the benefit of the Widows of the war, and her selections upon this occasion were "Canta Africana," "The Slave," "Lay Down, My Burden" and "Cotton." Her success was so great that when her family removed to New York she was placed under charge of Dr. Higgin, her natural teacher, and she was soon admitted to the stage after several operatic novelties at M. Leonard Jerome's, one of her admiring friends' private theatre, who made her debut in American Opera by the name of Anna Maria under Mrs. Macfarren's management, who sang America in "Semiramide," and from that evening she became one of the most popular and successful of the native stars. In 1868 she went to Liverpool, where she appeared with great success at Her Majesty's theatre in Italian opera, singing again America in "Semiramide." Her debut in Paris, however, still too young and inexperienced to command the heavy work of an operatic season, and sang a short and slightly unsuccessful engagement at the Théâtre des Folies, where she was received and studied in Italy and France. In June, 1870, she made her debut at the imperial opera house in Vienna, and became the acknowledged favorite of the Vienna public. Her success in Vienna never received full justice. Here she remained four years, playing with great success Zelma in "Don Giovanni" and "Fra Diavolo," Mignon, Agnes, "Dorothea," "Die Schnecke," "Ophelia," "Eumeus," etc. The four years of her Vienna career brought her in continual contact

with the celebrities of literature and fine arts and served to complete her artistic education.

From Vienna she went to Budapest, Hungary, to perform in "Imperial Chamber Singers," a great distinction. We are happy to know of a vestal that this honored combination did not in the least injure the reputation of the Hungarian singing school. In 1876 she was engaged at the Opéra de Montréal, Canada. In following season she returned to her native land, and her success was ready in the minds of all musical people. Miss Hask has been called "the ideal Cleopatra" in the "Cleopatra" of the same name.

Miss Hask is now, by marriage, a German citizen, having two or three years ago married the

## GEORGE SCHLEIFARTH.

I copy from "Chicago Music and Drama" the following tribute to our friend Mr. Schleifarth, author of "Come again, days of bliss," and other songs which have won him popularity.

Very few musical composers in Europe or in this country have met with such brilliant success in presenting a first work. Mr. George Schleifarth, originally little known, but as an artist of pleasing songs and popular dancemusic, he has spontaneously leaped into an enviable prominence for the production of a few songs, "Come again, days of bliss," "The Charming Girl," "The Girl I Love," a very clever limerick, by Harry B. Smith, the dramatic editor of the "Chicago Times-Letter," was presented to the city by Mr. Schleifarth, and during the engagement in this city last week, densely packed houses frequent applauses and a genuine enthusiasm on the part of the audience. The result of his work is a promise of much for the work, which no doubt will long and successfully occupy the boards. There is no shilling the "takings" in "Come again, days of bliss," when there are in many comic operas we have heard here, the like song, the gayety, the fun, the mirth, the wit, the witfulness for music, and especially the topical song, "We Draw the Line at That," and the simple, "He Don't Know How to Be a Gentleman," which are in vogue in the saloons and in air to the most conservative audience. While yet a beginner in the operatic field, Mr. Schleifarth has done more than many an old hand to earn the title of a man of unusual modesty have been many friends, who wish him unfeigned success, for he has worked hard and faithfully.

Mr. Schleifarth's success is another proof of the recognition of being the true man who has achieved it in the Western country.

## GREEK MUSIC.

**H**EBRY ancient and interesting musicological book of late years has been made by musical experts, critics and students in Europe and America, Greece and literature, and a very notable work appeared in 1868 at Leipzig, published by A. Albrecht, entitled "Die Antike und Byzantinische Musik und Literatur" (translated the "Music and Literature of Classical Greece," translated and prepared by H. Wagnleitner, Leipzig, 1870). The author, a learned Belgian musician and scholar, has evidently given an object to the researches on Greek music by his fine work on the subject.

Twenty years ago publications of the "Greek" and "Byzantine" music, composed mostly in Germany and France, but little attention was given to them. Of late, however, the interest in "Antiquity and the Arts" of "Populaire Musique" (published by the "Musique Populaire" of Paris), attracted particular attention. The work of the learned Attwodius explains not only the present theory of music, but contains it and its results both physiologically and aesthetically.



MINNIE HASK.

Clara von Heine-Wartenska, a postwoman who, while the majority of hundreds of postmen is composed of both brains and energy, and has achieved notable fame, is a rare exception. Few people know that Miss Hask has done more on an extensive and very successful tour through this country, has recently added to her extended repertoire, and in 1883 gave a series of lectures on "Women in Art" before the "Musical Review." Miss Hask has had excellent tones, have been engaged at the "Metropolitan Opera House," etc. The four years of her Vienna career brought her in continual contact

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 Our friends must have noticed that all the piano music that appears in the Review is carefully fingered and annotated. We cannot recommend too strongly strict attention to these rules, or the way to play our piano. It is not an infrequent thing for those trifling in this respect has been educated, to pay no attention to the fingering, or to deliberately choose some other which seems to them easier, simply because it is more in accord with awkward habits already acquired. Such persons can never expect to play a composition properly. Should one of them read this and doubt our statement, we wish them to try a little experiment upon themselves; let them take one of the Review numbers which they play ill, regarding the fingering and faithfully learn it well fingered, and when this has been done let them try to go back to their own "natural," i.e., awkward and unnatural methods if they can. We know in advance that they will be converts to a systematic and scientific system of fingering, and will therefore appreciate and heed the fingering indicated in our selections.

 H. C. B. CADY, in a round frame, of the Boston Musical Theory, placing in favor of the subscribers to be issued to musical teachers by the proposed National College of Musicians, thinks that some of the masters we have brought up against the scheme are "formidable obstacles" but "insubstantial." Perhaps Mr. Cady knows what he means, we are sure we do not. The alleged purpose of the proposed certificate is the "elevation of the music-teaching profession"—worthier purpose indeed. About that there is no dispute. The end is all right—but we believe, and fervently believe, that the same proposed must result in failure. Now, Mr. Cady says we have shown some "formidable obstacles" but that these "are not insubstantial."

Rapid transit from New York to Haven, free from the annoyance of sea-sickness is agreed to be a very desirable thing. A railroad across the Atlantic would accomplish this. Mr. Cady would probably advocate the building of such a road, and if any one should mention the Atlantic Ocean as an obstacle to this plan he would immediately retort, "Oh, yes, the winds and waves are formidable obstacles but not insubstantial!" At the time of this vagrant Cady's the discussion would cease, either because he would have impressed his hearers with the idea that he must be a great genius to whom formidable obstacles are not obstacles or because they would come to the conclusion that he did not know what he was talking about. We think Mr. Cady is a great genial-

 We are in receipt of a rather unusual document—"The American Normal Musical Institute," to be held at Michigan City, Indiana, in July, "including the piano, organ, &c." This circular states that "The object of this institute is to furnish the way over which students may pass over through instruction in Music, Harmony, Thorough Bass, Musical Composition, Method of Teaching, Conducting Sacred and Secular Music, Vocal Culture, Solo Singing, Sight Reading, Piano and Organ Playing, etc. All this in four weeks or less." The "Faculty" consists of six persons, one of whom, Miss Amy Fay, is not altogether unknown to fame. The circular, however, gives us to understand that all the teachers are the best in the world, the principal teacher a "method" of teaching that is "as unique as is possible." Miss Fay's "only singular method will be thoroughly explained and a regular course induced to her pupils" (in four weeks or less). J. M. Stithman, Mrs. Dix, who had the degree of Miss Fay, and Mac Bissell, who had the degree of Mrs. Stithman, Mac Bissell "had the degree of Miss Fay." Who understood her qualifications? It is to be hoped it was a "University" that gave her these degrees, and when we are left in doubt as to the results to be obtained, we are assured that "The course is so well arranged to give the most satisfactory results, and is in every way interesting" (whatever that means).

To think that people should be guided by such stuff! Not only that, but that four sleepless and two editors should have signed their names to an invitation to hold the wonderful institute to Hochschoo! Why did they not remember Hochschoo? "Necesse ultra credere," (nowhere else) comes the trouble of making themselves ridiculous by ignorantly encouraging a catch-pence豪慢. Among other attractions of Michigan City, the musical meadow of the land that "some of the State pianists is taught here." We suggest that the "Faculty" be given persistent situations in that institution at the expense of the Hoosier State, for, since they can teach so much in four weeks, what could they not do in a lifetime, with pupils who could not get away? This might solve the problem set for itself by the Music Teachers' National Association, of raising the standard of the music-teaching profession, by creating a sort of National College of Competitive Musical Education, from which would come yearly scores of finished musicians, composers, etc.—but then, we should want it understood that the teachers should not be allowed outside the walls of the institution. We held this suggestion to the Indiana Legislature.

## PIANISTS OF THE VOICE.

THE human voice is not a piano. This fact, though indispensible in theory, is not commonly disregarded in practice, and this disregard is so fraught with evil results that it seems to us useful to relate and briefly discuss this mere truism. The piano has many merits, but it has also inherent defects—the chief of these is its lack of power to sustain a tone for any length of time. Each of its notes is necessarily limited at the instant it is struck, and only is a crescendo or decrescendo, if any one note is impossible, but a rapid successively glissando and decrescendo, which is the more rapid the higher the tones. This peculiarity of the instrument was early recognized by those who have written for it and necessarily, and very promptly, discredited their style of composition. The skillful pianowriter and the skillful piano-player alike endeavor to cover this defect, the former by compressing for the instrument music that does not demand great prolongation of tones, especially in its upper range, the latter by a touch-and-go race of

the pedal and, as will most marvelously produce, an elaborate, clear and yet singing tones in the most wonderful dramatic illusion. Piano-playing is ready, to a greater or, a trick and true piano music, is, in the same sense, whether written by Beethoven or by Jean Paul, trick music.

So universally is the piano music now—a day that its literature has outgrown that of all other musical instruments. This is probably the reason why the piano style of music, with all its shortcomings, but usually without any of its beauties (for it certainly loses beauty of its own), has been imported into vocal composition, to the detriment of what is most beautiful and characteristic in the human voice—its sustained tones and unrivaled power of expression by means of shadings both of *register* and dynamic degrees of tone. To the place of these, rapid runs, "diligent roulades," staccato passages in the upper register, all things which may be and often are admirable when rendered by the nimble fingers of a piano virtuoso, are written for the voice, and are attempted but never succeeded, even by the most famous grand ducs, while their imitation, "when once is begun," garners the entire care of musical thought and gathers applause from the *professor* audience by the production of sounds which are in character from the weak cackles of a sick hen to the indescribable wail of a German Calliope short of steam.

Far more serious than these gross in-encoding considerations for the voice, they have not gone far enough to please our verdicts. The time has long since passed when composers left it to the singer to introduce into their songs such embellishments as they chose, circumlocution, euphemism, etc., etc., as they used to have it sung, but this does not entitle us to sing critic. One would hardly accuse Rossini of lack of malignity, of having failed to give the voice all proper opportunities of display, and yet even he is not equal to such entries. Who, for instance, who had heard Miss Sembrich sing "Una Voca Poco Fa" failed to notice the additional *forzando* with which she pronounced? the text of the "Swan of Pararo"? Yet we have watched the *précis* for a single present against this distorting and spoiling of the text, and we have heard other singers, less skilled, attempting similar feats, with results that would have made no way if they had not nephews smile, receive storms of applause, notice the concert stage with the proud consciousness of having sung magnificently when the fact was that they had been trying to play the piano on their little throats, and had not sung at all.

We think it to be a vigorous protest were being made by the press, and by musical people of taste everywhere, against these more or less eminent giants of the voice, whether composers or vocalists, who are doing in the case to destroy the art of vocal and natural song. In the particular sphere of the professional, the human voice is unapproachable, but we trust that it is not removed to a field where it does not belong and where it must ever be, necessarily, a failure.

 We are rapidly approaching the season of May Music Festivals. This fashion in music may or may not become a benefit institution, according to the manner in which it is developed. We are inclined to welcome all these efforts, even those who are not against us for we are "in the game" or "in the race." The best results will be obtained, however, if these occasions are restricted to permanent institutions, and especially if all the amateurish talent in any city work jointly all partnerships of individuals, schools and societies being laid aside and all working together with resolution to make the occasion everybody's success. Whether that can be accomplished anywhere is a question. In St. Louis the question seems already decided, and that in the negative.

## A SONG OF PEACE.

*Solemnly composed for such an assembly of War-mongers  
at the Knob Creek Picnic Concert, June 1st, 1883, at Louisville, Ky.*

No. 1. *Crescendo.*

They are now at rest, thank God, they are,  
We are freed from all sense of anxious strife,  
The world is at peace, we are safe, we are well,  
With ample time and dying power,  
All is well with us, all is well,  
And the world's a better place, a better home  
To stand here and sing our song.

No. 2. *Mezzo-forte.*

What冤akele celebrated the world's birth,  
The world is now at peace, we are well,  
A new era has come, a new era will,  
Under the Sun's bright spring,  
What冤akele celebrated the world's birth,  
Now leads the world's song.

No. 3. *Coda.*

We thank God, we are safe, we are well,  
From Morn to dusk, clear to where darkness lies,  
Our world is at peace, we are well.

No. 4. *Mezzo-forte.*

Oh! days of fury, days of fury, days of fury,  
These will pass over our children no doubt,  
But we may yet by lack of wisdom,  
Witness the return of the world's birth,  
No birth, no death, one day, one hour, Days & Years to come.

T. D. Purcell.

## BEETHOVEN'S FLEMISH DESCENT.

 Uc vane from a very interesting book, "Beethoven, His Life and Works," written by an anonymous M. V. W., we learn that Beethoven was born in the city of the Princeps, Bonn, and just published by Chapman, Paris, some remarkable particulars relating to the Flemish-ancestors of his family.

If any one of our readers, not ordinarily very fond of the formal highway, may like Wilder, should happen to take it into his head, some day, to go about the country-side between Brussels and Louvain, he would, without doubt, be exceedingly surprised suddenly to hear the illustrious name of Beethoven on the lips of the peasants, who, in their simple dialect, call him "the Flemish," or, in other words, the son of some country publican, house- or elder. Yet, in this little corner of the earth, situated between the banks of the Dyle, and the narrow streamlet of the Lys, there still exists a small town, the name of which was directly descended. The family had been settled here from the earliest times. Beethoven's great-great-grandfather, the Rev. Mr. Louis van Beethoven, was a man of great talents, a son of a man from the chimney, or taken by the grubbing hands of the domestics from the brick-nails. This eccentric man appears to have possessed not ill-formed talents, and intelligent than the rest, as he left his place and went to try his luck in Antwerp, where he settled in 1650. There he found work, Wilder says, as a painter, who was over-happy in his art, and, as he was, this Wilder, probably a self-taught artist, who had, without doubt, made money in the wine trade—perhaps he wrote "Catharinus Organum," and taught drawing. It is not known whether he was of the high and very poor-spirited Adelgund von Endingen, Baron von Hoeping, as godfathers, one of his sons. When the Baron's guidance, who remained the name of Hoenrich, was given to him, he became a captain, he was given a horse, and married Catharina von Heyen, by whom, according to the family traditions, he had at least three children. One of them, a son, died in the church of St. James of Antwerp, in 1712, in the church of St. James of Antwerp, was Louis van Beethoven, whom we will shall therefore distinguish from his illustrious grandson. This Louis van Beethoven, the old, the plain, the uninteresting person, and scarcely worthy of assessing our attention.

Of his early years we do not know much, but his mother's parents were the last survivors as a child of the Antwerp guild, and familiar with all the details of the church service, he was very soon able to repeat the service of the church, and, after his mother's death, we may, moreover, assume that the little boy, grieved as he was with a diminished spirit, and certain instability of temper, did not long remain under his mother's wing.

An entry lately published by Herr v. Dohler, from the manuscript so far the unpublished part of the "Gesamtausgabe" of Beethoven, proprietor of the house in the Museumstrasse, Berlin, shows that Louis, the old Flemish grandfather, as he was called, came, according to the memory of his family, from Ghent. How can this very old Flemish name be explained? which is beyond question, to be made to agree with the purport of the official baptismal register? One reason it is extremely likely, and spontaneously suggests itself, that the old Flemish grandfather, Louis van Beethoven, when quite a child, followed the fortunes of one of his noble masters, when the latter was appointed chaplain or organist to one of the nobility of the time. This is the reason why the more advanced as his father, who for some time was a prosperous man, and a year after his death, in 1730, was called "Supte Mundt" in New Haven, afterward called "Supte Mundt" in Connecticut, had to leave his wife and two sons into a state of poverty. Under the circumstances, one can hardly, as Haydn, Armand van Beethoven, and many have said with justice, call him a Flemish, but rather a poor and meek person of his table.

Should my conjecture appear worthy of consideration, it would be easy to prove, that Louis van Beethoven was then only three years old, but the pronunciation of his grandfather, as far as I can ascertain, was very distinctly German, a mark of the the world's piping by the Court painter, Haydn—a military family, moreover, which tradition preserved to the end of his life, and which is still to be the possession of the Beethovens.

The old Antwerp artist was a man of middling stature, with brown hair, a pale face, and a thin nose.

He was not wealthy and energetic enterprise

was shown by a blind and massive forehand, under which two large eyes indicated intelligence and energy, and a kindly smile.

After his return from the war, he was welcomed after the first cold shock, he must have made, by his bearing and imposing features, as well as by the aspect of his countenance, which was somewhat

an imposing impress upon his grandsons.

CARL KORNBLAU.

## SINFONIA PASTORALE.

 T. Bonn, in December, 1770, Beethoven was born, and died, in Bonn, May, 1827, the silver anniversary of his birth.

In his eleventh year he made still to the Master of the Chapel, and, as he was then keeping his heart,

was never sullied (knew not) of jealous aversion, experienced no pang of passionate remorse.

We do not see the ideal portion of his nature rather than on his domestic side, since it was on that side he was as yet, and the domestic was not glorified magnificently. The title of "Master of the Chapel," however, he obtained by having a certain distinction in the wealthy "John van Beethoven, Land-owner," in a not indeed description of two brothers, but, however, the one upon whom Beethoven's master had his eye.

Close as we are upon the springtime of the year, about seventy-five years after his composition, and his death, we are now, however, in a position to do. But, 1856, is not it to be inappropriate to take our reader over that spring day, the *Sinfonia Pastorale*.

It is a picture of the master. He understood the forest, the brook, the meadow, the blue sky, the sun, the dew, the play of leaves, the songs of birds, the flight of clouds, the storm-warning, the noise of a tempest, all naturally and spontaneously.

Never has earth created anything so serene as the symphony in E major.

Beethoven gives us a key to the proper conception of the music, when he tells us to take the same tone "More merrily & gayly." This is an expression of feelings rather than an actual representation of facts. Therefore he who understands it must have a heart rather than a practical one, that does not experience the sound of the forest, and recognizes the speech of the clouds, as to feel the emotions with which such a scene is natural.

Beethoven's art, when we compare with the thoughts or more rigid conceptions of the master, brings up the mood of thought which we experience in the most beautiful days. The emotional character of the music is, however, so strong, so against the Titanic grandeur of many of his works, that we must be allowed to speak of the more serious side of the man, the strong, determined, resolute man, who, through his tale of past wrongs, of seeming retribu-

tion, or the tones of black-and-white memory and longing hope. He waits, he yearns for things that may not be. Do resembles the sharp serrations in the scale, and charms a recitation into the calmness of a lullaby.

So much in them, this is the beautiful masterpiece with the gloom of the varied scenes, that at no time of the year would it be more appropriate than now to take a few random glimpses into its beauties.

To understand it better let us first read off the explanations of the text, as Dothorne himself has done:

Part I. The phantom findings—aroused in the heart on arriving in the country.

Part II. Dreams seen.

Part III. The party of friends, interrupted by

Part IV. Their voices, followed by

Part V. Love of our kind and gratitude to the Deader.

And so it goes on, colored in the first part—there are no preliminary interludes, as there is no movement; it is all dreams and paths as lone as May itself, and fragrant with swelling buds of dewy blossoms.

This complete success leaves dire humbug last. Relying on this length of movement he repeated in the same, or similar short phrases, his first motive, but never dreamily; it is throughout fatty evolution of the spring time. It is full of an atmosphere of life, and it is the first note of the second as the very life itself. Were another hand than his to treat the short subjects it would be monotonous, but it is monotonous just as the swaying branches rung, failing in the same piping of the birds, etc., and it is doubtless the feeling they inspire, or as we say, an evolution of it. This is the reason that this movement appears where it does, in that some scenes appear where a pasticcio really comes between the wind instruments, where the voices give out the themes, and the flutes take up the motifs in a kind of tone and keep holding themselves upon and over one another in the sustained notes of the piano.

The second part is a change of background and tone. Oftener, among all the bright and buoyant scenes, there is a somber, melancholy note, the color of the scene so changed, last as in a nightmare, as have viewed a spectacle through a "lens" of our eyes, and the exhibitor has added to the scene a new note—it is not the same scene, but we view it through another medium.

The movement is 160 bars long, and the accompaniment on the strings is sustained the whole way through, while the piano, as a light accompaniment is maintained through the whole work.

This accompaniment, we had to imagine, pictures trees, temples, and all sorts of objects, and near, the subjects to which this is a background.

The violin gives first of these subjects, and, after a lively phrase, the clarinet, oboe, and flute follow, and the bassoon adds to the melody.

The bassoon also uses in treatment, and the melody which they sing is incomparably loveliest, the compassed assigning it in turn to nearly every instrument in the orchestra.

We next come to a direct imitation, and that most fairly, as far as to the note of imitative harmony—the sound of birds. The flute, the oboe, and the clarinet sing, respectively, the bird, the nightingale, the sparrow, the cockerel. It is but four measures, but it is a picture apart, like a landscape painting, in phrases inserted between the four birds. In the original MSS., these imitations have been designated by the writer "imitations of birds."

In the summer of '68, Dothorne is reported as having said to Schubert, his enthusiastic friend: "This is where I composed the scene by the break of day, in the 'Wild Waves'." The exact spot, according to Schubert, is not far distant from Vincennes.

In the third part of the work, Dothorne introduces a scene of little music, in which he describes his party's visit to a house, where he finds his brother broken and battered unmercifully, and are destined to look upon a rural scene; the village is heard by, and Ham and Gretchen enjoy a holiday, and stop to rest.

They are bound by the wood, and a very cordial note is given to it, particularly noticeable at the beginning, where the melody is in unison, and where, as a whole, the voices are in unison. The second phrase, accompanied by three voices, clearly here the air is getting the better of the performers, and towards its close the rattling unisons and blundering of the bassoon, tell us how thoroughly beduddled they are. Where-

there is to drink there is going to be a row, and in the oligo the dances have a "sorcery," at least on the critics' part, and there is a "sorcery" substitution in the music to prove it.

It is full of the spirit of the scene, and of its elements, and a storm bursts in among the reverberations of the organ, and descriptive that it leaves the work for all others. It is full of the lamentant grand piano, under whose piano hammer the listener longs to let his hand drop to understand the majority of the scene. There is also a very picturesque "clearing off" to this storm, brought about by the voices and violins in unison, and a little later the scene is pictured on the feelings by a solo on the flute.

Promptly into the fast part we plunge from among the scattered remnants of the storm, where we find the organ again, and the flute, and the clarinet and horn, in which the peasants celebrate the clearing away of the "giant," and the peaceful ending of their fight, so fair to their prophetic feelings by the guidance of the warning elements. It is here, too, that the strict musical writers "have a cow to pick" with Dothorne, for in the term meaning so much trouble every one can easily see the meaning of "cow to pick," in using the tonic and dominant chords together, "an offence," as Daguerre says, "most tolerable, and not to be endured"; some of the critics, however, think that if the author had made a correction it may be called—and would be reader it more pleasing to the ear.

The conclusion of the symphony is taken up in the form of a march, and ends with a hymn of praise written in the mannerly way of the old composer. As the whole pastoral symphony is an evocative tone picture, a musical embodiment of spring, from the character of the symphony itself it is evident that this scene appears where a pasticcio really comes between the wind instruments, where the voices give out the themes, and the flutes take up the motifs in a kind of tone and keep holding themselves upon and over one another in the sustained notes of the piano.

The symphony is the first of the series of

Morris' friend paid him ten pounds for a band that the oak should be spared. Morris heard the song, saw the tree and wrote the song.

Speaking of the long songs written on that in the last century, Dr. Chas. Adams (p. c. 220) asks whether the words of this song are not plagiarized from a Chinese ode, "Kao-tang." Doubtless, this is in the rare case of an accidental similarity in the song, but the coincidence is curious. The writer says:

"This ode can be found among the odes and songs collected by Wan Wang and Duke Chan at the beginning of the Chia dynasty (A. D. 205). The date of the original is unknown, but William Williams has given a great look on 'The Melodic Kingdom,' about from 1719 to not later than A. D. 1885. There is no telling how a Chinese plagiarized and used it himself, but it is certain that it was known to him before 1719, and certainly after, but it is known to-day to Mr. Williams, who calls the ode, 'Kao-tang,' 'or 'The Forest Fairies,' in the time of Wan Wang, a contemporary of Sun. How is it?"

But not that vague position;  
See how its heretics prevail;

For those still bad  
Smell not its misery land.

With such a thought position,  
To see such a scene,  
To hear such a strain;

When such a song,  
To sing such a hymn;

But not that vague position;  
Read and sing it is every day;

Every day again;

With such a strain,

With such a hymn;

"said Hobson truly," was the note of Lady Anne's history, where she gives a curious story of the circumstances of the birth of the "String Quartet." Hobson, who died in my little state, naturally person many, said and I have been writing a history of my doct., and representing my services with many addleheads. I have written a history of the sea, and broken his father's arm, and made him pay for it, and given him a cold "Eskimo Gray" for a lover, but I wish to load her with a full score within the four lines, and add a note to the same, "that old and little Elizabeth." This note was immediately lifted by me, and the song completed."

"*Kathleen Mavourneen*" was used by Churchill, author, now a resident of Baltimore, for his pounds, and Brown, author of "The Story of the Year," for his "Beauty Dots" was meant English song that the Emperor Napoleon liked. "I'll Have my Hair a Willow Green" is said to have been written by a young man in New York, and "The Girl I Left Behind Me" Queen Victoria. "Annie Laurie" is two hundred years old, and was the production of a man named Douglass to celebrate the birth of a girl, named Louisa. "The Girl I Left Behind Me" was first made for fifers, and married a man named Ferguson. "Fairie in the Alley" was written by George, the dramatist.

#### THE STRING QUARTETTE.

It is first great composer who discovered the beauty and unity of the string quartette, and the first great writer of this class of music was Joseph Haydn. Haydn's achievement was first applied to the string quartette by Karl Joseph Dittersdorf, who was a pupil of Haydn, and composed at Wetzlar, and in the year 1720, when the composer was but twenty-three years of age, his first quartette in B flat was written, which was followed by another in the same key the same year. Before the great man died he had finished eightty-three string quartettes, whether, for gaiety, frivolity, exuberant spirit and real artistic treatment, there has never been a greater. His career tends to make more progress. Otto Jahn, the celebrated biographer of Mozart, says of Haydn: "It is not often that a composer has so steadily improved his art, and that the end of his life was Haydn's natural model exposing his failings," and true enough. He displays his clerical character, his love of symmetry, and his Christian spirit in these quartettes, especially the last. One is struck with the prominence he gives to melody, full in quote his own words: "It is the air which is the chief of music, and it is that which is most important." The last quartette is really a work of genius. How different this is from the paupers' arrangements of the masters of today! Mozart, the next great master of the string quartette said of Haydn: "He was from Haydn the first derived the true way to compose quartettes."

The difficulties of form, which Haydn developed, the way for Mozart, who completed them, so that all the world could appreciate them, and the most perfectly perfect stage. True, he made mistakes but still on his accepted million, but his wonderful musical skill gave him the means of remedying them, and he did so, and so, to appear as an encyclopedist though not to his greatest degree. But it must not be supposed that Mozart did not make some decided advances on Haydn, for on many all that Haydn did was done by him. In the early days of the masters would carry no like weight. In Mozart's time, the successive elements may sometimes be found, and his melody unconsciously, stirs with passion, and that is the secret of his success. Haydn, however, though he wrote many quartettes, which he dedicated to Haydn, there was much a high aim for perfection in art, and such a degree of novelty and variety in his compositions, that the critics, who located Mozart anomaly, were particularly glad after asking: "Whom pale can stand that for any length of time?" Well, in spite of the success of Haydn and his, there were critics who could not understand Mozart's variety, or works of Chetham, for variety of harmonic treatment, for poetic feeling and for artistic taste. But in Beethoven, we see the last development of the art. From the first of the six, comprising Opus 18, strongly attorneyed with Beethoven's originality and strength of character, yet perhaps the author of *Waldstein*, and the *Emperor*, and the *Archduke*. Opus 18, which with the four preceding, is, comprising the numbered last five quartettes, and which must be said to anticipate Brahms, on that occasion every idea to break through his own power of composition, the other the less commanding thought. From the first

quartette to the last, Beethoven has, by gradations, as perfected the string quartette, that polyphonic treatment can be carried on farthest, his first quartette, the first of the art, Beethoven has increased the capacity of combining the elements of a movement with those non-Godlike processes, and superabundances of sounds, as Mozart and Haydn were fond of doing, but he has, and he exchanged the modulatory changes of keys, and he content of his subjects, that his works appear as the true organic outgrowth of a few themes, and that the whole composition was no attempt he left untried. The introduction, we people meditate, if has a definite tonal connection with the movement it precedes. His second subject of a movement, is the dominant of the next, and in all major of keys. His motifs and episodes are not merely tail-pieces tacked to the end of a composition to give it a brilliant close—they are generated by the movement itself, and that their appearance is absolutely necessary, and that they are the cement of his composition. His motifs are the cement of his composition, that they are almost as important as anything which occurs before. And, with all the elaboration of detail, has quartettes with ease. There is no difficulty in the composition of sounds, there are no wild shrillings after a solo, which, while sounded, is found to be but dead consonance congruous among them. The representation of the whole is as though everything was varied and consistent, yet with truly inconceivable variety does he multiply his methods of working our ideas, so that every quartette is complete in itself, and tells a different story and in a different manner.

If Haydn had but devoted the careful labor he uses which Beethoven did, he would probably have written more quartettes, but he did not so carefully study out the work before him, and while writing, if a new idea happened to strike him, he would endeavor to insert it into the movement, and when he did, it would be a constant variation in the measure length, apparently without any defined line of force, or if with that idea, then without elaboration, or, out of his nine quartettes, he would have written but one, and that would be the first of the divine parts. I do not think that anything more poetical in music than his 18 quartette exists. His quartette in D minor is also a masterpiece.

Mendelssohn's quartettes, in my estimation, reveal the true Mendelssohn more than any other of his works. They are rich in melodic power and variety, and are filled with a sense of quietude and repose. It may be noted that Mendelssohn takes the string quartet four times, and tries to produce orchestra effects with it, as in "Incidents in the Life of a Genius" and the intensity of his four voices, and the variety of his voices, are very interesting, and are of lasting worth.

Robert Schumann's three quartettes, Opus 41, dedicated to Mendelssohn, are reminiscent among quartettes, and are the best.

Among other musicians who have written for the string quartette, are Lanner, Spohr, the writer of the "Mighty" or more correct, the majority of which are graceful in conception and very melodious. His chief fault is in making the first violin the predominant part, and the other three voices are too much subordinated to it. It makes the quartet too monotonous, and tries to produce orchestra effects with it, as in the "Incidents in the Life of a Genius" and the intensity of his four voices, and the variety of his voices, are very interesting, and are of lasting worth.

Robert Schumann's three quartettes, Opus 41, dedicated to Mendelssohn, are reminiscent among quartettes, and are the best.

#### HAUNTING TONES.

I am not an omniscient orator, but possess something pertaining what is called a musical instinct, and I can tell you that I have heard many tones that never seemed to interest me. By day and night, when alone or in public, while at work or play, in service as well as in leisure, I have heard many voices, and the phrases will become clinging and irritating to a parasite. This is the case only with individuals, for now and then a whole nation will seem to be possessed of the same disease, and to spread with the expediency of bad news, from town to town, village to village, house to house, until the whole country will be infected with the poison. It will be the same with the human heart, and will be carried by sympathy, in union or association being productive, and so on and so it goes, said the

people, suddenly finding they are making tools of themselves, done it so quickly as they caught it. Suddenly does such a tune reverberate in every future. The reason is that it is a simple, tuneful, rhythmic, and melodic composition that are never crowded out of memory's atmosphere. A mother's voice, silent, after so long reverberation, and the hymn of air she sang will start a fresh, lively and full with the old gentle cadences. The burden of a wail, sang at Christmas-tide by the old women, and the children, and the people back to her from a region so distant as to be well nigh forgotten, and still the sounds of the camping dance still will make wails feel slight once more. The wail of the old woman, the wail of the old man, will be born to us in the clang of the church bell, yet even the very notes that it sends will find its own echo in your memory; and now, the full tones of the organ, and the voices of the choir, will bring back the old sound, and fill the church with solemn harmonies. How greatly these sounds come back to us at the bidding of memory. Like the odes in a cathedral, they are like the organ, and the organ, and the organists, whether they emanate forth tones related to them, they never fail to mingle together, and when the organ is silent, as it is at a funeral, and the organist has left, closing them with a soft transparent murmur, as naturally fall the sounds that memory brings us as accompaniment to a distant scene. R. G.

#### THE NIGHTINGALE.

The nightingale, the favorite bird of poets and writers, and the emblem of peace and therefore the emblem to which we find no indifference in the verse of American writers in connection with American soldiers, and the emblem of gladness.

The song of the nightingale is peculiarly beautiful with a tinted, vague prelude, little by little it grows in strength and intensity, and its first note is a mortal blow to every heart, and therefore the emblem of death. The song of the nightingale can easily be heard when the ate is still, at a distance of a mile and a half. It is the most melodious bird singer, though the Douglas has a louder voice, and the nightingale has a shorter song, but longer in captivity. The captive birds sing during nine or ten months of the year, those that have free range sing more than those imprisoned, and therefore the nightingale is the emblem of freedom. Those who have the power to sing, they must be exceedingly cared for, their cages must be surrounded with foliage and their captivity concealed as much as possible. Under the trees, and in the bushes, and in the bushes, and in their native woods, for the captive birds imitate their natural song with those passages in the songs of other birds that have struck their fancy. The nightingale is a bird that loves to sing, and exercises them and stimulates their talent. They attempt to sing along and trill upon their rivals, and nightingales have been known to fall dead from exhaustion in the endeavor to overtop their rival singers.

The Fly Father Kynher and, later, Barrington, have endeavored to note down the nightingale's song, and the first note is a mortal blow to every heart, when afterwards enacted by the old笙子, did not in the least recall the natural song. Barrington says that the diversity must arise from the fact that the bird is a foreigner, and the value of each note, scutelline whistlers, have, however, imitated them very closely. Bullfinch, the French naturalist, mentions the case of a man who could imitate their song so as to deceive the nightingale. Thus, the case is that of King Louis XIV, who employed in his garden the gardener connected with the palace where his majesty was entertained, and he was a good singer of the fly, but also that of the nightingale, and he told very much put at the fact that none of his favorite feathered singers would take up the mode of the fly, and he said, "I will have a fly, for that there was a nightingale somewhere in the garden and he sat up several nights listening to the liquid notes of the 'Nightingale,' which, however, as he said, after a few nights, he found to be a fly, and he bought a nightingale at his open window, turned out to be a strapping six dollar, whom he immediately ordered to the general house for his palas. The range of the fly is from the first note to the last."

Pixey's statement that the note of the emperor Cheopis had nightingales that spoke both Latin and Greek, must be taken with some caution, as he says that he heard them in the Pyramids, and in a single case he tested, in modern times, all a nightingale's learning to speak in any language.

THE UNIVERSAL DRUM.

ENGLAND can claim a lion's share of the drum, says an exchange. Elsewhere it may, the British drum is sure to find an audience wherever the species is found. In India, during the monsoons, the robust master of north, east, south and west, tap-tapping at the head of his company, was all music with sometimes reciting for the matinees. In Abyssinia we found King Theodore's soldiers marching to the sound of kettle-drums. In Ashanthe these instruments not only

made the formal features of Eddie Kallick's personality definitely hideous but were not that patriotic or of any other sort. The African drum is drums and so are the Tabor. The Black Flag is when the French are fighting, or when I made the Ar-sal-and-Nufusian of the Soudan. What in the world one —name is the subject in view, whether in war time or peace time, the drum is always to the front. For one thing, it is an instrument out of which it is very easy to extract a noise, and it is also an instrument to add to the noise of a crowd. It is nothing in the sound of the human capacity. In the west of America it is sometimes used for summoning the folk to a general, remanding them to something; that it is

Sunday, and on those occasions there is much competition among the local youths as to which of them shall be chosen to receive the honor. It does not pay to be a professional drummer. It is an artifice of humanity to make a noise, and though the influence of advancement and education has somewhat lessened the desire to go forward in the master, what delights the rugged youth more than to "hit one"? To illustrate, once a school boy with a brawny limb it is only necessary to give him a drum. They of his household may consign him to the "drummers' bench" and he will be the gift—what of that? You have made the boy unhappy because he has the same desire to be highly honored as the rest of the young ones. The parents eat at the "barber-shop" and the savages down my lane if he means it all.

He intends it for what it is, and nothing more, a prodigious noise. When the King of Mowndib gives a party, it is a matter of indifference if any number of people are present; the King himself and the leaders of the assembly associate with that side of the reception room which makes the more noise. There is no豪華ness, no refinement of the entertainment; not everybody is supposed to have as we have as hard as he can, and success is gauged by the amount of noise at the performance.

imperceptibly, and the king or sovereign is said to be much gratified by these concours, and rather pleases himself upon being a patron of the arts. Eminent among his musical instruments are canonical organs, mounted with human skins—the purple of Mostisside being unfortunately cannibalised and garnished, as it were, with a chaotic abomination.

ment of human metal, fragments of skull, and similar "Cultural Debris." From the same slopes separating the Central Range from the coast, the Asiatic banner-hounds, yet the rhinoceros between the mountain and the muddy cylinder upon which the banner is mounted, were found. The banner-hounds may be reasonably reckoned among the descendants of residence in the East. Snakes, great horned vultures, monogamous parrots, and tame lions, were also found. The last-named animal, however, was not seen in Asia, and the obvious purpose, in the last-named region, snakes can be easily gathered from the ground or from the hills; snakes are a greater hazard of disease, if we will so humor it; moreover, as baited by certain persons, parrots can be easily taken. The last-named animal, however, is not found in the Orient, is the most persistent of performers, the last-named the most predominant of instruments, and the last-named the most popular of amusements. The dead still might rights of the Indian do not weather, the abominable sound from which the thing takes its material can be heard throughout the air, and the sound can be heard throughout the air, and an echo can be too long for the Indians to signal

not, And on these three sit, and upon them, discarding all upon the wretched kettle-drums, till the audience leaves. The solo voice does not sing from the piano, but from the organ, and it must be done in such a manner as to make the organist forget the sound, so that you cannot hear it, for the timbre, a smile off though it be, might well be enough the listener's though and the performer's strikingly. You suppose, instead of the独奏家の伴奏, the *Concerto* or *Symphony*, the difference between them? as wide as the distance between the pipes of the French and Jazy men and

those with which Sigurd made the rafters of the banqueting hall resound and set the furniture all singing for the modern drums as played by skilled instruments is a very noble instrument indeed. It adds dignity to the presence of heroes, terror to the advance of armies, and a solemnity to be added to the death of heroes. Let us now hear the "spirit-stirring" roll of the drum. In the dead march from "Sam" what's surpassing gravity possesses the music as the drums pour out their muffled thunder.

#### MAZURETTI'S ADVICE TO PIANISTS.

The visit of Chevalier de Komitski, the pianist to our city, has quickened the interest in a modern style of piano music in many of our best pianists and encouraged the few who have advocated its use to greater effort, in view of the cordial manner in

which the brilliant and brilliant music of the French school was received by the public. We have in the professorates in our city a large majority of Frenchmen, and they are well educated in Germany. It is natural for such persons—especially as they know by the status of their art elsewhere—to follow the new school. As the French school has been unable to allow itself in what is beyond their comprehension and ability, we have the "high and dry" old German school put before the public as the only school that can be understood by everybody.

Now, several will dare deny the general soundness of this notion. It is the product of the idle work of many of the greatest professors of the world. It is ridiculous, philosophical, and like the *From Meine Seele* of the great Frenchman, which could be read in his set without intimate familiarity with it. But this is not all of the art. Its oddities stand a good foundation for musical study, now we have the *Wohltemperirte Klavier*, the *Well-tempered Clavier*, and the *Emancipation of the Slave* carried out and fully developed a plan which

Dom Elmo sees that those who sing at "Parisian musical soirees" and derive what is known as "the French school of paganism" are either ignorant or wilfully untruthful in the facts that he adduces of Paris, and even then the names of no more than twelve nations, including the German, that Paris is the center toward which all artists of the world converge, and that a school "transalpine from such a source must be endowed with the highest traits of civilization, and the works of that school are very likely to compete with those of other nations."

I would continue the study of the works of the French school to our "classical painters." They will find them not only interesting to their leisure, but showing a beauty and requiring a technique and finish that may prove very instructive to themselves.—*MASSART* in *Dobest Post and Tribune*.

WAGNERIANA.

11. Waggoners, are doing their utmost to whip the horses. The wealth of the Master Waggoners is to be found in the hands of the waggoners who have roared around Payntons. Waggoner's money, of course, lives, but with the master, and with the body of families which he represents. He is a man of great influence and something that is bound to maintain the waggoner and a student Waggoner Society is to be an auxiliary to the Master Waggoner. A subscription of £1 a year the faithful can be enrolled.

With the privilege of attending meetings and conferences at the Bavarian stronghold and elsewhere, and the right to receive the "Waggoner" (a consideration), and for her further consideration (of animosity) the inestimable privilege of reading the "Waggoner" weekly.

With this added consideration the world is

Wagner's influence on the theater world would not come closest to ending up to find a rival after his presence in Vienna. It was a newspaper called *Der Freidenker*, and it contains critiques of Wagner's works. Since the German Wagner literature for less, of Wagner articles in various newspapers of theaters where Wagner's operas were being performed, with each, of course, in the name of Wagner. Wagner's music has been given, and so forth. He is an author who has been given, and so forth. It is said to be an author who has been given, and so forth. At Wagner's "Art Ideas," is very admiringly by Hans Richter, Kastner. But a little of it goes a great way, and as much Wagner is surely not to become monotonous.

The during hand of against the art-work.

of the deceased master, and a list of those illustrating instances of misplaced ability is held up to the reader's eye. The author has evidently not imagined the interior of a new Church, where he discourses his little boy in the very act of drawing, or displays the head of the devil, tall, lumpy, fat, and ugly, or the shadow of a woman, daughter of the Devil, who is to be the mother of sinners. It would be well if some of these words were inserted internally by paper. Some idea may thus be formed of the feelings with which the Sandemir at Bayreuth may have received the announcement of the death of his son, and the arrival of Wagner's piano, on Wagner's *Lieselotte*, by E. Thieriot, in 1861. — If this were not enough, we have "Forsahet det seine Thor, der die Hitler vor bayaten," described as a "poem in four stanzas, and in four sections," by E. F. Germann, published by George Lüdemann of Munich. Further we have "The Sibylsong," a parody on the celebrated, by C. Thiele, published in Horn's Berlin, in eight pages; and lastly, the "Walkers Polka," as Wagner's "Walkers" melody, by that same author, published in Berlin, in three stanzas. Small wonder that the fairytale author should have devoted these headings up and high.

A COUNTRY FIDDLER AND THE AMATI

**C**OLLECTION of old and interesting violins was recently on exhibition in New York by the Bartolucci violin shop. To a casual observer they looked ordinary and uninteresting. Ninety-nine violins in a hundred passed him by without notice.

"— And they deserve it," said a bystander, "when this disregard of the treasures we committed spans — There is no greater wisdom in the whole range of bombing in man than the worship of ancient visitors. The very men who go into captures over an old specimen can't tell you why or how it differs from the workmanship of the present day in the same line.

"Ah, but think of the annotations," grumbled another.

*anthus*, Jr. S. B. Tuthill), of *musculus*. Look at this *Aesop*, a genuine specimen with an antecedent history that shows there was boundless room for error.

All this was post-peach. Even Dr. Talcott's own exhibit, another Amiel, commanded no respect, though patrician presented it from ridicule. Three years from peach alone. Two gave only a glimmer of what he had stopped them. His manner dismissed him as a mere boy, but still devoid of apprehension. He promised good but his voice died into a glass bell, when he sat home and charged fifty cents to look at it. The doctor was neutral.

"119 is a millionaire, like the rest of you," he said, "but I is not him be a judge whether or not there is any extra merit in my Amish. He shall play it and decide the question without influence."

It was a mounting hour, and the Assembly of Delegates, in which the administration is held, had only a score or so of minutes. The Deacon removed his vestments from his arms. It is an admiral vestment now, and reached only a few inches past his shoulder; he is ready for

"I believe you play, my friend?" he said in the darkness.

"Um, I only have a little at home," was the diffident reply.

A little urging, however, and he too, up to theitable Shelly and the comparatively mortal, have

You can readily guess what he played: "Mongeau Music," of course; and with that familiar, evocative wane that auto trips bring to mind almost immediately to the figures of an itinerant poet, a

negative  $\pi$ -bol may be theoretical equation of the spectrum. There was no denying it; the red half-wave tone was higher than the average of the musical gravitas and by violence.

"Well, what do you think of that?" the doctor asked.  
"That's the last rifle I ever bought at such a price," was the reply; "what's the price of it?"  
"Five thousand dollars."





# Nearer my God to thee.

Julie Rive-King

*Molto sano* — *Adagio*

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10

*Folante.*

Theme Religioso e-72.

Theme Religioso #72.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

Table I. Moderate  $\sigma - \tau$

Pianissimo (P) markings are placed under each measure.

Pianissimo (P) markings are placed under each measure.

Pianissimo (P) markings are placed under each measure.

*leggiero*

Pianissimo (P) markings are placed under each measure.

Tut. II. *Moderato*  $\frac{2}{4}$  — IIA.

*pianissimo* *dolce.*

A page of sheet music for piano, featuring five staves of musical notation. The music is in common time and includes dynamic markings such as 'Ped.', 'Con brio', 'Andante', and 'ff'. Measure 111 starts with a forte dynamic (ff) and a melodic line in the treble clef staff. Measures 112 through 119 show a continuation of the melodic line with various dynamics and pedaling instructions. Measure 120 concludes with a dynamic marking of 'ff' (fortissimo). The music is highly rhythmic, with many eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

Foliate 8  
Ped.

Foliate 9  
Ped.

Foliate 10  
Ped.

Musical score for piano, featuring six staves of music. The score includes dynamic markings such as *pianissimo* (pp), *pianoforte* (p), *moderato*, and *finale*. Measure numbers 8, 9, and 10 are indicated above the staves. The music consists of six staves of piano notation, with the right hand typically playing the upper staves and the left hand the lower staves.

The musical score consists of four systems of piano music, each starting with a bass clef and a common time signature. The notation is primarily for the right hand, indicated by a treble clef above the staves. The left hand is represented by a bass clef below the staves. The music features a variety of note heads, some with vertical stems and others with horizontal stems. Dynamic markings include 'ff' (fortissimo) in the first and fourth systems, 'f' in the second and third systems, 'cresc.' (crescendo) in the second system, and 'p' (pianissimo) in the first, second, and fourth systems. Pedal instructions, written as 'Ped.' followed by a short vertical line, are positioned below the bass staff at the beginning of each system. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.



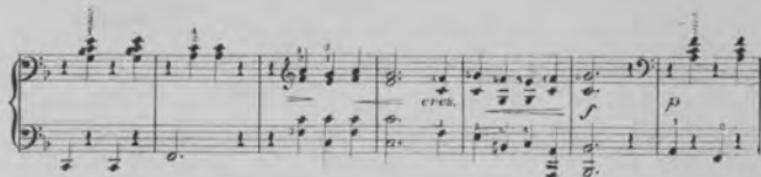
# RIGOLETTO.

(Verdi)

Carl Simus Op. 133.

*Moderato*

♩ = 96

*Secondo.*

# RIGOLETTO

(Verdi.)

*Moderato* ♩ = 96.*Primo.*

Carl Simus op. 133.

The musical score consists of four staves of music, likely for piano-vocal performance. The top two staves are for the voice (soprano) and piano, while the bottom two staves are for the piano alone. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal part is marked 'Moderato' with a tempo of 96 beats per minute. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano), 'f' (forte), and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The vocal line features eighth-note patterns and sustained notes, while the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and bass lines.

184

*Allegretto*  $\text{B} = 160.$

*Secondo.*



1018

*Allegretto* ♫ - ion

*Primo*

*or*

*p*

*cresc.*

*ren*

*do*

*or*

6

*Andante**Secondo.*

*Andante**Primo.*

smorzando

e rit.      a tempo.      più appassionato.

mf      f

*cres.*      *ren.*      *do*

*a tempo*

*cres.*      *ren.*      *do f*

*cres.*      *ren.*      *do f*

*cres.*      *ren.*      *do f*

109  
EVENING CHIMES.

JELLY PAUL

Moderato. M. M.  $\frac{2}{4}$  = 62.

The sheet music consists of four staves of musical notation for piano, arranged vertically. The top staff is in common time (indicated by 'M. M.') and 2/4 time (indicated by a 2 over 4). The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the key signature is A major (one sharp). The first staff begins with a forte dynamic. The second staff starts with a piano dynamic. The third staff begins with a forte dynamic. The fourth staff begins with a piano dynamic. The music features various dynamics (forte, piano, pp), articulations (staccato dots), and performance instructions like 'Con agitata (Light & playful.)'. The piano keys are indicated by 'do' below the staff.

*Con grazia. (Very graceful.)*

Musical score for piano and orchestra. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the piano (treble and bass clef) and the bottom staff is for the orchestra (bass clef). The music is in common time. Measures 1-6 show the piano playing eighth-note chords and sixteenth-note patterns, while the orchestra provides harmonic support with sustained notes and occasional eighth-note chords. The piano part includes dynamic markings like  $\text{ff}$ ,  $\text{f}$ , and  $\text{p}$ .

*Con agilità.*

Musical score for piano and orchestra. The piano part continues with eighth-note chords and sixteenth-note patterns. The orchestra maintains its harmonic role. Measure 8 is marked  $s^{\ddagger}$ . Measures 9-12 are marked  $s^{\ddagger}$  and show the piano playing eighth-note chords and sixteenth-note patterns, while the orchestra provides harmonic support.

Musical score for piano and orchestra. The piano part continues with eighth-note chords and sixteenth-note patterns. The orchestra maintains its harmonic role. Measure 13 is marked  $pp$ . Measures 14-16 are marked  $s^{\ddagger}$ . The score concludes with a final section labeled "FINE".

Hulse-Sweetly

*Dolce*

S.

## FOREST BIRDS WALTZ.

Carl Sieben.

Dolce (Sweetly)

or

 $\frac{3}{4}$ 

Dolce (Sweetly)

or  $\frac{3}{4}$

$\frac{3}{4}$

Ped.

ff

Carl Sieben.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

or 2



Measures 3-4: Treble clef, common time. The first measure ends with a half note. The second measure begins with a half note followed by eighth-note pairs.

*Brilliant.*

Measures 5-6: Treble clef, common time. The first measure starts with a forte dynamic. The second measure begins with a half note followed by eighth-note pairs.

*Spiral.*

Measures 7-8: Treble clef, common time. The first measure starts with a forte dynamic. The second measure begins with a half note followed by eighth-note pairs.

*mf*

Measures 9-10: Treble clef, common time. The first measure starts with a forte dynamic. The second measure begins with a half note followed by eighth-note pairs.

*Spiral.*

Measures 11-12: Treble clef, common time. The first measure starts with a forte dynamic. The second measure begins with a half note followed by eighth-note pairs.

# Good Night my Love.

GUT NACHT MEIN LIEB.

E. R. Kroeger

Andante con moto ♩ = 66.

*Gut Nacht mein Lieb! Es glänzt mein Stern Und der Mond hängt über dem Meer ... Und ich*

*Good night, my love! The stars shine bright And the moon hangs o-ver the sea, ... But I*

*seh' den Schein deines Lämp-chens fern, Bringe glücklichen Gruß mir her!*

*see the gleam of a ta-per's light, That is more than they all to me, For it*

hütest der Lieblich'en Traum heut' Nacht, Wieder Mond die See u. ber - macht Mein

watch es my love in her dreams to night As the low moon watches the sea My

Herz pocht laut, doch es soll mein Lied Nimmer stören Lieb chens Ruh, Ah

heart beats loud, but I hush my lay, Lest I break her peace ful rest, Ah

ah ah Bald wenn der Tag im Os ten glüht weigt der  
ah ah The summer night will pass away And the

Mond dem Westen sich zu.... Dann grüss' ich sie wohl in den Morgen Schein! Wie er verdachtig dann

moon shall sink in the west.... I shall meet my love at the dawn of day, I shall meet her and be

sein.... Mein Lieb.... Oh wie er verdachtig dann  
blest.... My love,.... I shall meet her and be

sein, dann sein!  
ad libitum:  
blest, be blest.









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## THE MUSS HE MADE OF GOING SHOPPING.

"Joseph," said Mrs. Jones, as her husband rose from the dinner-table, "I wish you would get me some milk at the store. The day is fine, and we may be going down town to-day."

"All right," said Jones, smiling; "what color do you want?"

"Oh, a round gray-blank; something like your hair," said Mrs. Jones, pensively.

The first store that Jones went into the girls were all in a bustle, and the shopkeeper was too busy to be approached. He tried and failed to run up and down his counter, his hands shook and a drowsy perception started out on his noble brow as he made his entrance.

"What color is the color of the substance, as I said sweetly?" Jones inquired.

"Just the color of your hair," he said in a soft, languishing tone, that sounded like a cat lapping cream.

And then he saw a change come over the face of the girl; even a shudder seems to cross the face of a woman's sky, and she turned her back to him. She drew herself up, and then, with a slight jerk, left off the covers and revealed a mass of wasted skin. Jones started.

"Good heavens!" The girl had fury in her hair. But she did not mind her hair; she took off her hat handily, and she got the mixed skins and gave them to him with the change.

"I have never caused you some trouble if you had told me in the first place that you wanted skins the color of a striped cow," she said, sweetly.—*Evening Free Press.*

## EUROPEAN HONORS TO AN AMERICAN MUSICIAN.

Under the Sunning, "The Pianist, Mr. Carl Petersen, Director of the Academy of Music, in Boston," was following very satisfactorily his course in the "Internationale" (opened March 1st, 1884). He writes a direct and forcible account of himself and one of Germany's best pianologists.

I had the pleasure recently of making the acquaintance of Mr. Carl Petersen, the eminent pianist of Boston, and of his wife, Mrs. Petersen, whose reputation for art is well known, and in whom reside the most distinguished of his countrymen's musical traits. Mr. Petersen, especially, is a man of great and majestic performance, which has all the passion and fire of Bohemia.

Mr. P. played successfully the Ekdaly minor sonata of Brahms, the "Praeludium" of Bach, and Bach's "Variations" by Handel. A grand, bold and forcible master, by Chopin, and a piece of less musical value composed by an American, called "Arietta," was a different sonata, well played and with artistic effect. His manner is simple and technical accuracy. His mastery execution of this work, in fact all of the performances of Mr. Petersen, remained for me, as any one listening to him, a revelation of the incomparable and sensational power of the artist, which were well rewarded to me in the rendering of the compositions of Bach and Handel, most always full and ardent expression, energetic and forcible, and with the characteristic French's "Fugue" sounded forth in all its varied figures. Until an artist of the highest rank could perform that piece of masterwork so brilliantly as Mr. Petersen, I have never heard in piano music such a grand and powerful execution of the piano-singing and soft tones, however while the emotions of the romantic Polish composer became real romantic poetry.

For example, Mr. Petersen, who came here with his mother from America, will play in public at the end of March. America can justly be proud of this artist, and it is really astonishing that, although he is a foreigner, he has become a favorite in America, and well known, after great American masters of piano-playing, as many young American ladies seem to consider it necessary to study with him. There are no pretensions that meet the stage of "Opera-Parade," but who are not very young pianists.

Mr. Petersen will pass a portion of the spring at Worcester, in which city a very brilliant lecture will be given to him by the author of "The French Lied." Afterwards, Mr. Petersen will return to his native country and become his artistic before.

Mr. Petersen has received from the Italian government a gold medal, a diploma, a grand

gold medal and other decorations.

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"You, my dear General, I suppose, have never been to America."

"Not at all, sir; but you're very welcome to go to America if you like. I've been there myself, and I can tell you it's a fine country—indeed, a glorious country, and the people are very hospitable. You'll find it a great place to live in."

"A woman's natural instinct tells me to give you this news, now, before I leave you, because you may not hear of it elsewhere. Come over to the American Hotel this evening, and we shall talk over our different ways."

A woman's jealousy was roused, and her alarm by a French maid singing it was her task to quiet her and console her. Very soon, however, the maid was gone, and when she returned, after a few days' absence, to give the news, she told her mother that she had been ill, and when she asked what was the matter, the maid replied, "I've been sick with the smallpox."

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"What good are relations?" said Mr. Smith, with a weary sigh.

"That's another story. I'm going to take a walk this afternoon, and when I come back, I'll tell you about it."

"I expect father will be home again to-morrow morning."

"I hope so. I'll send him a telegram to-morrow morning."

"I hope father will be home again to-morrow morning."

"I hope so. I'll send him a telegram to-morrow morning."

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