

# The

A Monthly Magazine

VOL. I.

ST. LOUIS

## Poetry.

### MUSIC.

NOT alone in grand cathedral,  
Not alone in concert-hall,  
Do we hear heart-thrilling music  
Answering every spirit-call:  
But in God's own nature's temple,  
'Long the corridors of time,  
Do we hear the sweetest music,  
Most enchanting and sublime.

Go into the deepest forest,  
By the mountain glen or rill:  
Listen to the little songsters  
Warbling songs each soul will fill.  
There the diapason's perfect,  
Ringing out melodious song;  
There we would repose in quiet,  
Far from earth's tumultuous throng.

Or watch the ocean when at sunset,  
Tinted with the rainbow hues,  
You're charmed with its majestic beauty,  
Then listen to its music, too.  
Lift up your song in prayerful spirit,  
Hear music in its tumultuous roar,  
See emblem of the life eternal,  
Hear perfect music overcome.

Yes, nature forms one perfect chorus,  
One anthem heavenly and sublime:  
May man ne'er prove a note discordant  
In this vast harmony divine!  
Let our souls be filled with music,  
And each feel its soothing power,  
While round each heart and hearth-stone music  
Forever comes in mystic shower.

### CHERUBINI.

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judices, which indicate, as yet, a superficial musical experience in the people. The list is by no means exhausted, nor do we intend to exhaust it. But we shall speak a few words of others, and contrast these with the true, abiding standard of a genuine *classic* taste, correcting at the same time some confused and narrow definitions of that technical and hackneyed, but good term. Among the chronic impediments to musical progress in this country is to be observed the strange notion, that what is scientific in the art is proportionally unpopular. It can only be necessary to produce such a theory, in other words, in order to show its absurdity; for instance, "the clearer the truth, the more feeble will be conviction!" Who endorses such a proposition as this? Yet it is precisely the prevalence of such a notion that is interposing between the interests of our music students, publishers, composers, and even the greatest number of the so-called or self-styled professors of music, and smothering not only their own, but the musical taste and intelligence of the public. As has been well said: "No one should attempt the study of music unless he shall have previously made up his mind to dive to its depths." "A little learning," on any point, "is a dangerous thing."

Yet the musical student asks himself, "Why should I devote so much time to this or that acquirement? It will not be appreciated." And he yields himself to the embraces of indolence and superficiality. The publisher asks, "Why should I publish this or that standard work, or present the public with good music? It will not be appreciated." Hence, the public remain in ignorance of much that would enlighten and edify. And the composer, in pity to the unpledged state of things, debases his powers accordingly.

We have frequently observed the effects of

enthusiasm

## OLD MUSIC.

BACK from the misty realms of time,  
Blush from the years' seque,  
Faintly we catch the ringing rhyme,  
And hear the melody and chime,  
Of olden songs, of strains sublime,  
Like carol of birds at dawn.

And ever we hear them, soft and low,  
Harping their music sweet,  
Songs that we loved in the long ago,  
Ringing their liquid ebb and flow,  
Drifting their cadence to and fro,  
Like the fall of fairy feet.

Some faces our hearts will ever hold,  
Some smiles we remember yet;  
There were flowing locks like the sunset's gold,  
There were parted lips of Cupid's mouth,  
And the songs they sang no longer grow old.  
For our hearts can ne'er forget.

The tunes that the voice of girlhood sung,  
The chords that we loved full well,  
When hopes were buoyant, hearts were young,  
When fairy bells in the flower caps rang,  
And ever fell from a maiden's tongue  
The words of witching spell.

Ah, well-a-day! 'tis a story past,  
Which I may not tell again,  
'Twas a happiness too sweet to last,  
The heavy cloaks on her grave are fast,  
And her voice is still, and above her fast  
Falls the cold wintry rain.

## Mendelssohn Union.

THIS club, late the Haymakers' Musical Association, was organized under the most favorable auspices, February 22d, 1870. Some thirty-five ladies and gentlemen of the best professional and amateur talent in the city, met under the very able direction of Professors J. M. North and E. M. Bowman, as early as November, 1869, to rehearse the spritely and pleasing operetta cantata (from which the society afterward took its name), the "Haymakers." This charming operetta was first produced before a St. Louis audience on the 22d of February, 1870, at the Mercantile Library Hall, for two nights, in the interest of charity. We will here quote the criticism on the performance which appeared in the *Democrat*:

THE HAYMAKERS—A RARE SUCCESS.—A rich feast for the eye, the ear, and the mind was last night provided by the party of amateurs who have been "getting up" the operetta cantata known as the "Haymakers." The large hall of the Mercantile Library building was thronged with a choice and critical audience. The stage scenery was elaborate, appropriate, and most pleasing. The piece performed is founded upon the scenes and incidents connected with the hay-fields, the farm house, and the haymaking season, and was graphically and tastefully represented, with characteristic costumes, acting, haymaking implements—such as rakes, pitchforks, sceneries, etc. About fifteen ladies and as many gentlemen, composed the gay band. They appear in rustic dress—the men, with one exception, as laborers and farm hands. The ladies, of course, dress attractively, as well as rustically, and were a bevy of charmers, principally in white attire, trimmed and set off with red, blue, etc. We learn that the piece has been about six weeks in preparation.

The performance includes over forty mythical parts, solos, duets, quartets, quintets, recitations, semi-choruses and full choruses, including songs, serenades, &c., &c. The parts are brief, brilliant, racy, and delightful. The execution was throughout marked with wonderful precision and entire effectiveness. We

do not detect what the acute musical critic could object not fault in the performances, yet we do affirm, certainly, that such a critic will agree with us that they were, on the whole, remarkably excellent and happy. But time and space fail us in which to give an adequate impression of the pleasing character of this entertainment, yet we cannot refrain from adding that the choruses and semi-choruses seemed charmingly perfect, in the rich harmony of the voices, and in unerring melody and tune. Whoever would enjoy a genuine treat let him see and hear the fascinating Haymakers.

Such was the debut made by the Haymakers. With one immense bound they leaped into the favor of the musical public, connoisseurs and critics. Never before was a society received with more favor, and with such continued storms of applause, for the public fully realized that the long-felt want was supplied—viz., a society with a mixed chorus that was willing to cater to the tastes of the public, thereby slowly, but all the more surely, advancing the beautiful and sublime art of music. This also became manifest to the ladies and gentlemen who participated in the performances of the Haymakers, who, therefore, resolved to organize themselves into a permanent society; and with this end in view, they met in the parlor of the Panters' House, and there organized by adopting the name of the operetta, through which it had become so deservedly popular, the "Haymakers," and by electing C. D. Greene, Jr., President; William Branson, Vice-President; F. D. Lovell, Secretary; W. H. Wiggins, Treasurer; and Professors J. M. North and E. M. Bowman, Musical Directors. The society commenced with thirty-six active and ten honorary members, and has since steadily increased to its present proportions, of sixty active members of the best professional and amateur talent of this city, and the list of honorary members number about twenty-five of the leading and most influential citizens of St. Louis. The society has given about twenty-two public performances in all, and also, in addition, sang in the years of 1870 and 1871 at the decoration of the soldiers' graves at Jersey Barracks. On the evening of May 2, 1870, the Haymakers performed the Oratorio of "Esther," which was repeated on the next evening following, of which the musical critic of the *Democrat* writes:

The "Haymakers" brought out the splendid Oratorio of "Esther" last evening to a large and critical audience, who manifested their appreciation of the fine music and acting by frequent and hearty applause. All the appointments of the piece were as nearly perfect as it was possible to render them, and "Esther" has rarely been produced in the country with finer effect. With so large a chorus perfect harmony is only attained by severe training. Professor North, leader, aided by Professor E. M. Bowman, conductor and pianist, and Mr. C. D. Greene, Jr., stage manager, have secured this harmonization in an eminent degree. Mrs. T. M. Coddick as "Esther," the Queen, and Mrs. J. Wycoff as Zeresh, (Haman's wife), were exceedingly happy in their roles, and sang in splendid voice. Most of the other leading characters were also well rendered. The "Haymakers" will occupy the hall this and to-morrow evening, and our citizens will miss a great musical treat if they fail to attend.

The first annual banquet of the society, was given at Pezoli's, on which occasion, in response to the toast "Music," offered by Prof. E. M. Bowman, Mr. Chas. E. Pearce responded eloquently.

In October last the name of the "Haymakers Musical Society" was changed to its present, "Mendelssohn Union."

The society has received an invitation to participate in the World's Peace Jubilee, to be held at Boston in July next, which has been accepted, and the society will at once proceed to study and rehearse the parts assigned them, the President, Mr. F. D. Lovell, having received one hundred copies for that purpose of Mr. Gilmore, the great leader of that vast scheme.

## What Capoul Thinks of America.

CAPOUL, writing to a friend in Paris, thus expresses himself regarding the United States:

What a country, my dear Grevier, this America is! Rivers so wide that it is impossible to see from shore to shore, suspension bridges with either end lost in the clouds, railroads where you find good meals, good sleeping apartments, and sometimes all the rest! Immense theatres, in which your Varieties Theatre might be hid on the left wing of the stage, and hotels everywhere immense, uniting the telegraph, postoffice, book-stores, confectionery shop, and tobacco shops—all warmed up by innumerable steam-pipes, and representing American comfort. The cookery is detestable; soups, dish-water fearfully peppered, roast beef flavoured with cloves and boiled potatoes, and no getting away from it.

For activity, the arrangement of their steam-engines, and their commerce in general, the Americans are, perhaps, our superiors. The splendid situation of their cities on the banks of immense navigable rivers, and the richness of their coal mines, and them wonderfully. But as to art, and even civilization, oh! la! what a people! You may take the infinitely small aristocratic portion of the American people as absolutely English, for they have all the English manners and appearance; but as for the other class—the brokers, the puffets, the Barrams, the business men, the whole commercial portion in fine—you will find among them the oddest and most American types possible. In the streets and in the hotels you find tall fellows incessantly chewing the quid (excuse me) of friendship. They wear long goatees with moustaches, and look like Indian Bremins as soon as they get old. The peculiar characteristic is no necktie, and a big diamond in the shirt bosom.

Miss Nilsson is creating a veritable furore in America; nevertheless, my own little star does not pale too much along side of the shining light. I shall return covered all over with dollars, and I might add with laurels, if I was a blowhard; but I am only a tenor, and the dollars satisfy me.

Niemann, the eminent German singer, and Hedwig Raabe, the excellent actress, were secretly married in St. Petersburg, last spring, in the presence of the Russian hereditary Grand Duke. They are now at Baden Baden, and both have been sued by disappointed managers for breach of contract. The lady contracted with Mr. Grau, the American manager, for a four-months' engagement in the United States. Mr. Grau wants fifty thousand dollars damages from her.

## The Impressario.

ST. LOUIS, APRIL, 1873.

## A MUSICAL JOURNAL.

SOME one writing to the Rochester *Musical Times*, under date of February 8th, says: "The fact that in a city of over 300,000 inhabitants there is no journal devoted to music, is, in itself, a very good exponent of the amount of originality St. Louis possesses in this particular." Since the above quoted lines were written the IMPRESSARIO has been undertaken in the interest of music, and has been received with far greater favor than one would suppose possible after reading the above extract.

Our journal has been and is issued in a size and style that is superior to that of any other such publication in this country. Neither labor nor expense has been spared to make it worthy of universal support, and it is hoped that it will meet with its deserts. Nor is St. Louis so dull of the art of music as the correspondent asserts. Has he forgotten the brief operatic season at DeBar's and the immense audiences that were present. Was he present to see the fashionable and large houses that greeted Mrs. Moulton, or the throngs that have been gathered to hear Aimee? St. Louis is, indeed, a poor place for the exhibition of mediocre talent, but when true genius and merit presents itself, it is ever sure of hearty support and commendation at the hands of our citizens.

## OPERA BOUFFE.

IF opera bouffe, with Offenbach for the composer, can be called music—and many admit that it can—then we have had a musical sensation in St. Louis, which consisted in the appearance of M<sup>lle</sup> Aimee and troupe at the Olympic Theatre during the last week of March and the first of April. The stereotyped remark "crowded houses" does but partial justice to the size of the audiences which (Holy Week to the contrary notwithstanding) have nightly jammed the Olympic for two weeks. Like Caesar, Aimee came, and saw, and conquered, or rather she came, and without seeing, conquered from the outset, for her first night was as successful as any that followed. As an observer and student of music, we have never felt disposed to run wild in praise or admiration over such compositions as La Grande Duchesse, Barbe Blue, or any other of those compositions of a school rendered famous and peculiarly profitable by Offenbach. But there is no denying the fact that they draw, and that the people patronize them; not that this is sufficient commendation, if, indeed, it be commendation at all, yet it shows "how runs the world away."

We have seen a larger and more enthusiastic crowd gathered to hear and see the absurdities of Lydia Thompson than greeted the grand impersonation of Booth's "Hamlet," and so have we seen "La Belle Helene" attract as large (we won't say as critical) an audience as "Trova-

ture." Still there is perfection in the lower school, which, in itself, is as great as perfection in the highest; and judged by this criterion, Aimee deserves as well at our hands as Patti or Nilsee. She is not a great singer, neither is she a great actress, but in all demands of the roles which she assumes she is fully competent. Perhaps, indeed, her manner and her acting, both of which are good, nay, more than good, may explain her success; still her voice is also good, and is, fortunately, just suited to what she undertakes. She could neither act nor sing Susanna in the marriage of Figaro, yet she might make a very acceptable Page, what neither Parepa nor Nilsson could do. In her forte she is a success, and success is always a great thing, no matter in what it is achieved. The balance of the company is good, but needs no special notice.

## A CHANGE.

WITH this number of the IMPRESSARIO we introduce a change, which, no doubt, will be appreciated by and prove acceptable to our readers. Hereafter the piece of vocal music will be printed from engraved plates, uniform with the instrumental, in the usual style of sheet music, and not, as in our first number, printed from stereotyped plates. Each number of the paper will thus contain two pieces of choice music, one vocal and the other instrumental.

## The Beethoven Conservatory.

THE above institution, which was sold during the past week by its founder, Mr. Williams, has been purchased by Messrs. Waldauer and Lawitzky, two of its ablest teachers, to whose abilities and exertions the present success and influence of the Conservatory are mainly due. Henceforth the exclusive management of the institute will be under the combined talents of two gentlemen of sterling reputation, whose tried energy and experienced artistic abilities will not fail to insure success to the enterprise they have undertaken.

This institution commenced its "third quarter" with three hundred and twenty-five pupils, an accomplishment of which the directors, the pupils and the public may well be proud. Profs. Waldauer and Lawitzky, as principals in violin and piano instruction, are assisted by the following lady and gentleman professors: F. Schelling from the Conservatory, Philadelphia, (piano and vocal); W. Malmene, vocal (and piano); Prof. Chase from New York, piano; Mesdames Schelling, McCracken and Marsh, primary classes piano; Profs. Christine and Seguenrot, languages (German and French). To the above talent other experienced and efficient artists will be added according to the demands of the increasing numbers of pupils. A plan to enlarge the premises of the Conservatory building, situated on Pine street, No. 1,007, in the central portion of the city, has also been meditated. The Conservatory concerts, which have proved so successful in inciting the pupils to study and perseverance, will be continued.

## THE MOULTON CONCERTS.

ON Wednesday and Thursday evenings, March 12th and 14th, Mrs. Chas. Moulton's Concert Troupe gave concerts at the Temple, on Fifth and Walnut streets. Both entertainments were well attended, and not only were the audiences large and enthusiastic, but refined and select. The concerts were worthy such an audience, and Mrs. Moulton has made herself a favorite in St. Louis, brief as was her stay—so great a one, indeed, that when she returns she will find a cordial welcome.

Her voice, though not powerful, is exquisitely sweet and is perfectly cultivated. In the higher register its purity and sweetness are particularly remarkable, and no one that enjoyed the pleasure of hearing her trill but must acknowledge her great art. She is evidently not an actress, and while she achieves success in concert, would doubtless be unequal to the demands of tragic opera, but in what she undertakes she gives entire satisfaction. Add to a rich and cultivated voice, a charming stage presence, and Mrs. Moulton's great success is no marvel.

She was accompanied by Mr. James M. Wehli, the eminent pianist, and by Messrs. Brookhouse Bowler and Fossati. These gentlemen are all well-known in this city, and any critical allusion to them would be superfluous. Suffice it, therefore, to say that the favorable impression which their first appearance had made was not lessened by their recent visit.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE "Singer's Hand Book" is a neat elementary work, which includes a systematic course of instruction in the art of singing. It is from the able pen of Professor H. Robyn, and is issued in good style by C. Witter, N. E. corner of Walnut and Second streets. The chief scope of the book is to simplify the instruction of singing and use only as few rules and definitions as possible.

The "Classical Singer" is a more elaborate work, by the same author, and includes a collection of compositions selected from the works of Rossini, Mozart, Abt, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn and others. The selections evince a fine taste and experienced judgment. Published by C. Witter.

The third number of a new musical journal entitled "Tripp & Linton's Musical Monthly," is before us. It is published by Messrs. Tripp & Linton, in Louisville. We wish it success.

## PUCK.

THE English edition of this prosperous illustrated weekly bids fair to excel the German issue, which has already become a standard publication. The English edition is under the management of Col. E. M. Joel, who, apart from his native ability, has moreover had an extensive newspaper experience. Puck, anglicized, meets with our best wishes for prolonged prosperity, and under its present management cannot but prosper.

## ON PIANO INSTRUCTION.

By E. VON ADELUNG, Director of Music at the Columbia Athenæum, Tennessee.

AN interesting feature of American independence is its effect on education. This effect manifests itself not only in the great abundance of private schools, institutions and colleges, but also in the fact that the majority of instructors are women. In one particular branch of education this fact is more remarkable and felt, viz.: in Piano instruction. No doubt women are as capable of teaching as men, and as the great majority of pupils are girls, they are, perhaps, even more so. There are many stations in life which ought to be filled by women, and properly belong to their sphere; and one of them is Piano instruction. It is, therefore, to be wished that they fill their station with all the honor that belongs to such a noble art as music. To do that, they must be proficient in their profession. How can they acquire such proficiency? Either by having studied the works of the best masters, such as Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, Clementi, Czerny, Cramer, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, and others, as well as read the works of Marx and Brendel, or by having had teachers who taught them the principles laid down in the works of such masters. But a proficient teacher is not necessarily an efficient one, viz.: his works do not always bear fruit. A person may know a great many things and still not be capable of teaching them with effect. To do this it is necessary that the teacher does his own thinking, so as not to be limited to a certain instruction book, and a certain number of pieces, but to be able to compose the necessary exercises in some cases himself, and so add to or subtract from the instruction book—if one need be used—as the case requires. Instruction books are exactly like other books—they may be too difficult, or too commonplace, or incomplete, or too voluminous. They may suit one intellect and not suit another. In many—even the best modern instruction books—the gradation is not perfect; in some the left hand is neglected, in some the fingering, in some the theory, and in others the selection of pieces is very bad or meagre.

An instruction book is not more, and can not be more, than a teacher's dictionary, or teaching Encyclopedia; to make it a grammar suitable for every pupil, without the help or the teaching of a teacher, would make it ten times as large and far too expensive for most teachers. Besides, following an instruction book from page to page, would deprive a good teacher of his independence, unless he buys all the instruction books in use, and teach one day out of one and the next day out of another. Still the teacher would find that out of all his pupils only those have profited from his instructions who were gifted by nature with a good musical ear, a rich intellect, an excellent memory and flexible finger-joints. But is there no hope for those who are epitaphed as dull, slow or stupid. Is there only hope for the rich, and none for the

poor? Or let us ask—have those who now teach never been called dull, slow or stupid by their former teachers? If so, where lies the truth? Where does stupidity end and brightness commence? By throwing a little light on those questions we may, perhaps, be able to benefit both pupils and teachers; but as we do not intend to crowd the columns of the IMPRESSARIO we shall defer the continuation until the next number.

## THE SAENGERFEST.

ALL the world, New Jersey included, knows that St. Louis will enjoy the annual gathering this year of the singers of the country. They will come from all parts, and we can assure them that ample and complete preparations are being made for their reception. At this writing, not only has ground been broke for the building, but over forty thousand dollars have been subscribed toward defraying expenses. In our next number, it being now too soon, we will give full particulars.

ON Friday evening, April 12th, the Central Presbyterian Church, corner of Eighth and Locust streets, will certainly be the centre of attraction. The young ladies and gentlemen of this church and school, will lay their talents (musical and oratorical) before the public, in a manner creditable to each individual, and to the body as a whole. Those desirous of spending a pleasant evening will find this the place. Performance commences at 8 o'clock precisely.

## The Playing of the Period.

THE "Poet at the Breakfast Table" gives this vivid description of the manner in which a girl of the period makes ready to play, and plays, her grand piano:

It was a young woman with as many white muslin boucians round her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music-stool a twirl or two and fluffed down on it to like a whirl of soapbuds in a hand-basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as if she was going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and her hands, to limber 'em I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the keyboard, from the growling end to the little squeaky one. Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop—so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another jump, and another howl, as if the piano had two tails and you had trod on both of 'em at once, and then a grand clatter and scramble and string of jumps, up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than like anything I call music.

A writer in the nineteenth century asserts that a whip was then preserved in church as a relic, "with which Pope Gregory the Great was accustomed to correct his choir when they were out, withal, and failed in the notes."

## The Irish a Music-Loving People.

THE London Daily News says: There can be no doubt that the Irish are a music-loving people. The Celtic families of the human race, indeed, almost always are so. The word "bard" is one of the few nouns which, derived originally from the Celtic, came at last to be adopted as classic English, and the idea which it represented, before it was made rapid and meaningless by sentimental poetry, was entirely Celtic in its nature. According to the old chroniclers, Irish children, in the days before Tara, used to be taught history in verses, which they sang. One King Cormac—we believe that was the potentate—was surnamed the Musical. Crossing over a vast gulf of years, and coming to times a good deal nearer, and evidences somewhat more trustworthy, we find that the love of music has always clung to the Irish nature. The old airs to which Moore put words were sung—some of them, at least, by Irish voices before Tasso sang in Italy, and they are sung to this day when "in Venice Tasso's echoes, are no more." The words of Moore's songs never, indeed, made much way among the Irish peasantry. No ballad of his was sung through the country as "The Wearing of the Green" has been in our time. But the music which he adapted had in many instances been familiar in every cottage for generations and centuries.

When Father Matthew's temperance movement began, the whole Southern population of Ireland suddenly organized itself into a countless host of temperance bands, and there was hardly a sholess boy in the wildest village who did not manage to get hold of some sort of wretched file or flute, and discourse very tolerable music with it. The "Connally" agitation, the Young Ireland agitation, the Fenian agitation—all these lived and moved and had their being to the accompaniment of a chorus of brazen instruments. Wherever the Irishman goes, all over the United States, he has his procession and his brass band. The Lord Lieutenant noticed, with a commendation which every tourist in Ireland will endorse, the admirable manner in which the children of the national schools sing the songs that are taught them, and the genuine feeling for music which they evince. Ireland has sent many of her melodies over to England, and made them popular and domestic here. It may be doubted whether England has been able to do the same for even one of her songs in Ireland. England, as the Lord Lieutenant said on the authority of Lablache, pays for music. It is hers, as the golden hair of the lady in the story was, because she bought it.

A correspondent of the New York Post says: "A word about Terschak, who is now on his way to New York, and will concertize with Rubenstein, Wianowski and others. He it was who played the flute with Jenny Lind on her first concert tour on this continent. He is now the first writer for the flute in the world, and the best since Kuhlau. He is also an eminent pianist. He practices ten hours daily, and after fifteen years' trial has succeeded in producing on the flute the rare and famous double tones, playing slow movements in thirds and fifths."

Handel wrote, during his musical career, forty-four operas, and twenty-four Oratorios, besides some twenty volumes of miscellaneous works, not to mention a flood of fugitive pieces. His capacity for work equaled his transcendent creative genius.

### The World's Peace Jubilee.

THE plans adopted for the immense building to be erected for the "World's Peace Jubilee and International Musical Festival," at Boston, provide a structure 600 feet long, and with a width 350 feet. The arch trusses will be 130 feet high in the clear and 310 feet wide. The trusses are composed of an iron and wood framework 15 feet deep and 22 feet apart. There will be no rod, post or pillar intervening to obstruct the view. The floor rests directly upon the ground, which is to be graded up two feet. The trusses are to rest upon and are riveted into heavy piles, which furnish a sure foundation. The front of the galleries also rests upon piles. The parquette and balcony will seat seventy five thousand persons; the chorus seats will accommodate twenty thousand more.

Light and ventilation is to be provided for in a monitor roof by day, and at night the grand structure will be lighted by gas upon a new plan. The decorations are very elaborate. The mammoth organ is being constructed by S. H. Wilcox & Co. Ante-rooms, ticket offices, toilet rooms, reception apartments, press headquarters and telegraph offices are to be arranged at convenient places, with a bountiful supply of Cochiate water in numerous places for the convenience of the multitudes that will throng the coliseum. The building is to cost \$200,000 and to be finished by June 1.

The choruses meeting in Boston are now full for each evening. All the tickets for the Saturday night section were disposed of within a few days after the sale opened. The Wednesday night class is full; a third section meeting on Friday evening is nearly full, and a fourth is to be organized immediately.

One of the choruses selected for the jubilee is the noble bass aria, and chorus "Possesti Numi," from Mozart's *Zauberflote*, with Moore's words "Almighty God." The solo passage will be borne by 5,000 bass voices, and the chorus by the full chorus force of 25,000 voices and full instrumental accompaniment.

A musical composition has been presented by Keller entitled "The German Union Hymn."

Mr. A. Claxton Cary, the manager of the American Bank Note Company, in Boston, furnished the season tickets; they are three by five inches in size. In the centre is an angel with a trumpet, resting on a globe, which is supported by an eagle, the whole backed by a halo, with a trophy of the flags of all nations. At the right is a lyre wreathed with laurel leaves, and on the left a bugle and cluster of olive branches. Surrounding the centre piece are the words "World's Peace Jubilee and International Musical Festival," and a neat ornamental border runs all round.

The city authorities are making arrangements to receive and entertain the distinguished guests that will be invited by the Governor and Mayor.

For the benefit of its country cousins and those living in the provincial cities of New York and Chicago, who desire to know how we are going to put through Gilmore's great Musical Jubilee, the *Boston Commercial Bulletin* explains as follows:

Everything will be done on a big scale; the chromatic scale will be nothing to the weight this will be managed.

Gunpowder and nitro-glycerine will be employed to blow the organ, and a trumpet blast may be expected by the same agency.

All the leading bakers are now employed in preparing rolls for the drums.

Skilled navigators have been sent out to bring Cape Horn, and George Francis Train has been engaged to blow it.

The Trump of Fame is expected to be present, if it is played out.

An amateur who plays upon words will perform a duet with another who blows a cloud.

There will be overtures by dry goods drummers.

New York Judges will be admitted to the orchestra as *instrument* of the Tammany ring.

Sixteen locomotives will whistle Yankee Doodle with bell accompaniment.

The Heidelberg tun has been contracted for the bass drum, and four elephant skins are now being tanned for the heads of it; and in place of sticks two steam pile-drivers will be used.

The Chinese National Hymn will be performed by the band of the Emperor of China, who are expected in junks. In their absence three hundred cats and sixty saw filers have been secured to prevent disappointment.

There will be a number celebrated airs—the contesting heir to the Tichborne estate is anxious to be present, if he can get beyond a few bars.

Finally, Mr. Gilmore will give a new version of the March in Progress with full orchestral and vocal accompaniment.

### Reminiscences of Sontag.

CONNECTED with the destruction of the "Koenigsmaner," a King's wall, in Berlin, Henrietta Sontag is related an episode in the life of the celebrated cantatrice, Henrietta Sontag, which the dilettanti of Paris have certainly not forgotten.

Invited in 1825, by Kustner, who was intendant of Berlin at that period, to give a concert at Leipzig, Henrietta Sontag, arriving from Prague and Vienna, commenced that triumphant round of successes which greeted her in both hemispheres.

A little after, the directors of the Theatre Royal of Berlin, having heard her at Leipzig in Leipzig, Henrietta Sontag offers not only to visit Berlin on her way, but to remain there for some time. And up to this very day, the gray-headed amateurs of Berlin remember and speak of the enthusiastic reception they then gave to the young prima donna, and when she finally relinquished her position in Berlin, to appear there no more except at occasional intervals, the shower of applause which greeted her farewell appearance amounted almost to frenzy.

Immediately following her first triumphs, Henrietta Sontag visited Vienna, but was soon obliged to quit that city with the profoundest sorrow. The jealousy and slanders of her country greatly disappointed the illustrious debatable, who, with her rare gifts, had promise of a most brilliant future. Among her enemies upon the stage, the most bitter of all was the singer, Amelia Steinger. Mile. Sontag left Vienna and often thought of that trial and of the bitter grief she had caused her.

Nearly ten years had rolled away, and Sontag was once more entrancing the people of Berlin. One morning during this latter visit she was riding in her carriage through the Friesler-hausse when she heard the sweet voice of a young girl who was singing upon one corner of the street. It was a popular air, warbled in pathetic tones to the passers-by, by a little girl of ten years.

Sontag stopped the carriage and called the child to her.

"What is your name?" she asked, leaning from the open window.

"Nannerl," replied the child in the purest Austrian accent.

"What does your mother do?"

"Ah! Madame she is a poor blind woman."

"A poor blind woman! But tell me her name."

"Amelia Steinger."

"Amelia Steinger!" exclaimed Sontag in the greatest surprise.

"Yes, Amelia Steinger," said the little one, with an air of pride. "My mother was one of the celebrated singers of Vienna before she lost her voice and became blind from too much shedding of tears. All our friends left us then. We have been compelled to sell everything we had and live by begging."

Henrietta Sontag, overcome with emotion, was unable to utter a word. At last she asked in a stifled voice, "Where do you live?"

"Behind the Koenigsmaner, No. 19."

"Wish your mother good day, Nannerl, for her friend and former companion, Henrietta Sontag, and say to her that I beg she will receive me this afternoon. I will come and visit you, and we will have a little talk together."

"Henrietta Sontag!" exclaimed the child, with amazement, and ran hastily home to her mother, to tell her all that happened.

But the child little knew how the poor blind woman's heart throbed when she learned who it was that was coming to see her.

The celebrated prima donna kept her word. The same day, accompanied by an aged friend, she sought out her who had once been her rival, and who was now a poor beggar living behind the Koenigsmaner.

She met and embraced the poor unfortunate with the greatest cordiality, taking care not once to allude to all that had passed in Vienna, and religiously avoiding the recollection of the slanders which forced her to leave the imperial city.

On bidding her adieu she not only left her a well-filled purse, but a few days later she sang at the Theatre Royal for the benefit of a "neely artist." It is superfluous to add that the "neely artist" was no other than the former cantatrice, Amelia Steinger.

Sontag thereforth supplied her wants as long as she lived.—[*Sophie Sparkle, in the New York Evening Mail.*]

The London *Orchestra* says Grau, the famous musical *entrepreneur*, is at Vienna, busily engaged in completing the arrangements for a musical concert tour in America, and will take the field next spring with a splendid array of artistic talent. He has already signed engagements with the famous pianist, Kullenstein, and the scarcely less famous violinist, Wieniawsky, and is busily occupied in securing other artists of equal eminence.

The concerts at the Conservatoire of Strasbourg, re-established with the aid of a subvention of 17,000 francs, is now in full progress. The orchestra, conducted by M. Franz Stockhausen, the new director of the Conservatoire, is reported to be thoroughly efficient, and its execution of the overture to "Egmont," Mozart's Symphony in D, and a Symphony by Gade, in B flat, at the first concert, is highly praised.

Mario, the famous tenor, now nearly sixty years old, was married lately in a London Catholic Church, in Marylebone, to Lady Harriet Beaufort, a member of an aristocratic English family. The new Marchioness of Canada is over forty years old. Mario will take up his residence in Paris. His two daughters will reside with him.

A new opera by Max Bruch (some of whose orchestral works are known in this country through the interpretation of Theo. Thomas) is in active preparation at the Imperial Opera House of Berlin. It is called "Hermione," and the libretto is based on Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale."

## MUSICAL MELANGE.

**V**IOLINS were invented, 1477.

Vermont's first sopranos get \$1,000 per year in choir.

It is said the music in Christ Church, New York, costs \$12,000 per year.

Liszt's biography of Schubert is announced for publication at Leipzig.

Madame Lucca has been singing in "Mignon" at St. Petersburg.

The Conservatoire concerts at Paris have now reached the fifty-fifth year of their existence.

The critics do not seem to be quite so enthusiastic about Nilsson as they were at first.

Miss Arabella Goddard, the English pianist, will begin her American tour in August next.

Dr. Holmes' "Hymn of Welcome" to Alexis has been translated into the Russian language.

Wachtel once drove a cab in Hamburg; he now lives on the high C's.

Adelina Patti, now the Marquise de Caux, used to run barefooted in the streets of New York.

The son of the great Manuel Garcia has made a successful debut as a concert singer in London.

Gounod's last work is an Oratorio entitled "Gallia." The Paris Conservatory paid him fifty thousand francs for it.

Died recently at Paris, the celebrated "basso cantante," Levasseur, whose fame hung highest during the Meyerbeer period of French opera.

Levy, the cornetist, it is said, has accepted an engagement from the Grand Duke Alexis to go to St. Petersburg next spring at a salary of sixty thousand francs for the season.

The private gallery of Gov. Swann, of Baltimore, is the finest to be seen in Washington this season.

A one-act opera of Haydn has been discovered by the French journals, who call it "Le Parfait Intendant."

Fifty-nine dramatic and musical journals were started in Spain last year, but fifty-four of them died.

Celine Montaland, of Opera Bouffe fame, is playing Cephe, in the "Wandering Jew," at the Chatelet Theatre, Paris.

Lafayette, Ind., will probably have a fine opera-house soon, as a stock company has been organized and a location fixed.

The Hutchinson family, of what there is left of them, have inaugurated a musical campaign in Connecticut, in behalf of the temperance cause.

San Giovanni O'Dwyer is the somewhat peculiar name of an English tenor, who is making quite a stir by his musical pretensions in London and elsewhere.

After a column of eulogy, a Kentucky paper allows that Mrs. Moulton is as handsome as a Bluegrass girl, and that is the highest praise it can give.

Herr Richard Wagner is editing a new edition of his numerous works, which will be issued from the press from time to time, and the whole is intended to be completed next year.

Offenbach, who has made Opera Bouffe so popular, so vulgar, so unremunerative, is still on the top wave of success in Europe.

The violinist Wilhelm has received the Order of Gustavus Vasa from the King of Sweden, and the membership of the Stockholm authority.

M. David de Vries, a Dutch tenor, the father of the two prime donne, the sisters Frides and Jeanne de Vries, has died in Paris at the age of fifty-seven.

List has been placed on the pension list, to the very agreeable amount of six thousand florins a year, by the Hungarian government. *Vive la Musique!*

The tenor was originally the leading voice. The custom of giving the melody to the highest voice, the soprano, did not come into general use until the later part of the sixteenth century.

The name "Oratorio" arose from the fact that the earliest sacred plays were performed in a room adjoining the church called an "Oratorio," or, in Italian, "Oratorio."

Mierovitch, the Russian tenor, whom Pauline Lucca picked out of the streets of Moscow a few months ago, was, by occupation, a mendicant, but has since mended his fortunes to the extent of ten thousand roubles.

While Offenbach is as popular as ever in France, Germany and Russia, they are hissing his operas, not only in Rome, but also in Florence, Naples, and other Italian cities.

*Le Menestrel* publishes a list of thirty-two singers and dancers who have married persons of title—(from Mlle. Rowland, dancer, in 1864, to Adelina Patti, in 1868).

The original manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home," which was written by John Howard Payne, was given by the author to the late George M. Keim, and is now in possession of his son, Henry M. Keim, at Reading, Pennsylvania.

The Milanese journals remark that Count Beust enjoys good music amazingly, and that, at the representation of Verdi's "Alda," he applauded like any other mortal.

Miss Charlotte Cushman is to read a poem in Boston next spring, which is being translated for her by the poet Longfellow. It will have a musical accompaniment performed, by an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Carl Zerrahn.

A Savannah paper says: "Blind Tom, the talented person of color, whose vigorous attacks upon the pianoforte are now thrilling this city, was born near Columbus, on the place of Gen. Bethune, in 1849. His parents were common field-hands of pure negro blood."

A fertile-minded Parisian suggests that the drop-curtain of the Paris opera-house should consist of one vast mirror, and he expatiates upon the magnificent effect it would create with its multiplication of lights and beautiful women in elegant toilets.

The gossips have found still another lady who is supposed to be Capoul's "intended," instead of Nilsson, Duval & Co. No one seems to entertain the idea that possibly the amiable tenor isn't in love with anybody, nor that his stage fervor may be due to an almost epileptic dislike of the tender passion.

Madame Ristori, the well-known actor, was severely injured by the recent railway accident near Perugia, Italy. In addition to flesh bruises, she received a fracture of the knee-joint, which is extremely painful, and will disable her from attending to her professional duties for a long time.

After being successful everywhere else, Herr von Flotow's latest opera, "L'Ombre," was not even allowed to be played at Trieste. The curtain had to be dropped in the middle of the second act. Under these circumstances we feel fully justified in saying for the ten thousand—well, in saying once more, "De gustibus," &c.

We read that St. Petersburg is favored with the presence of several talented artists. Pauline Lucca was only able to sing once in Mignon, and was replaced by Madame Trebelli Bettini, supported by Graziani as Lothario, and Ardui's orchestra. Gounod's Romeo and Juliet was in rehearsal by Madame Patti and Niccolini. Schneider is singing in opera bouffe.

Bostonians have patronized the Nilsson opera troupe quite liberally. The receipts when she appeared averaged more than five thousand dollars an opera. Three times there was six thousand dollars in the house.

The late Mr. Gillott, the great pen manufacturer, was not only an ardent admirer of the fine arts, but he also had a passion for collecting fine violins, although not himself a player. He possessed a very valuable collection of the rare instruments, including several genuine Cremonas. In fact, the three great families of violin-makers of Cremona were represented—Amati, Guarnerius and Stradivarius. Some of these cost £400 each.

The first organ in America was imported for King's Chapel, Boston, 1714, and was regarded by the Puritan residents as an "offensive novelty."

A concert of unusual attraction was recently given at Paris in aid of the orchestra of the Italian opera, who have been so long unemployed. Among the artists who assisted on the occasion was Madame Albini, and the receipts amounted to about £250.

The most remarkable man at Drury Lane this season, is one who can imitate with wonderful skill the notes of every variety of bird. He does this simply with his throat, so far as any one can tell. His imitations of the thrush and of the nightingale are particularly happy, and the sparkling crescendo of the skylark, up-up—until the strain grows faint and is finally lost—truly marvelous. This man, if he has not been in America already, is worth importing, if only that you may all know the voices of British birds.

A committee has been formed in Paris to establish a Philharmonic society on a large scale, one of the main objects of which will be the production of works by young writers.

From Leipzig we hear of a new pianist of the higher order. The new virtuoso is a young Swedish lady of rare beauty and accomplishments. Her name is Erika Lie, and the most eminent musical critics compare her to Clara Schumann.

The ceiling of the new Paris opera-house will be made of copper, consisting of a multitude of plates screwed together, and capable of being at any time disjoined. This roofing will be movable, so that the height of the theatre may be regulated at pleasure.

Thomas Corwin, a well-known musical manager, has arrangements nearly completed for a mammoth musical jubilee, to be held in Chicago in June next. The stock for the enterprise is already partially taken. Mr. J. K. Thomas and Carl Rosa will be applied to as contributors.

Some singers and players not only desire to appropriate all the laurels to themselves, but cannot endure to see another honored. There is actually no limit to their vain demands, so long as they see the least chance of having them acceded to. It has been my privilege to study such characters from life, and I have only too often found in them intense selfishness coupled with vanity and egotism. The Gettes of concerts generally love to magnify themselves, and many assume, in their own eyes, immense proportions. They wish to be the sun, before whose light moon and stars disappear.



## A MAD PAINTER.

TWO MURDEROUS PICTURES, AND AN ATTEMPT TO KILL.

ON the wall of one of the rather bald and desolate-looking staircases of Bethlehem Hospital for the Insane, in London, there hangs a large picture by Dadd, the paricide, formerly an inmate of Bethlehem, but now removed with other criminal patients to Broadmoor. The subject of this painting, the very appropriate story of the Good Samaritan, is treated in a large historical manner. It is a little pale and dull in color, and the figures rather want roundness. In all other respects, says a writer who describes it, it is not unworthy of either Dyce or Herbert. A certain asceticism of style is, I think, never unsuitable to religious art; and that, not unnaturally, rather shrinks from the flower-garden color of Rubens and the sensual glow of Titian. The character of this work is so grave and solemn that one feels the painter of it in earnest. There was something affecting in the thought that the painter was himself a madman, whom good Samaritans had brought within these walls, and, for Christ's sake, had nourished and tended. Still sadder was it to reflect that a man who had such powers could never again be safely set at liberty.

Dadd killed his father under the most shocking circumstances, and was one of the most dangerous of madmen, being subject to intermittent paroxysms of homicidal mania, during which time he became eager for blood, and filled with an irresistible desire to take life. Even in this picture I felt sure I could detect in one detail a crafty and lurking insanity. In the foreground of the picture lies a wounded traveler, half stripped, in the pathetic attitude of the dead Christ in the Pietas of Italian painters. The scene is a parched desert, and the loneliness adds an appropriate mournfulness to the subject.

It adds a still greater pathos when we remember that it was in the desert that insanity first seized the artist. Over the wounded man kneels the good Samaritan, who is pouring oil from a flask into a spear thrust in the sufferer's side. So far so good. The treatment is good, the drawing learned, the groupings effective; but the whole is marred by what seems to me the long neck of the oil flask, the exact size, color and shape of a pistol-barrel. The result of this perversion is, that the good Samaritan's notion of instantly pursuing a good work seems, with a hypocritical grin, to be charging a loaded pistol straight into his patient's heart; and this grim, sardonic, practical joke the madman, no doubt, chuckled over as his grand work slowly grew under his hands.

This discovery was no mere fancy on my part. I may mention that ten years ago, when I visited Bethlehem, I went to see Dadd at work. Oxford—poor vain creature, no more insane than the keeper—was in the room, and McNighten, the murderer of Mr. Drummond. Dadd was then painting another picture—also a desert scene—in an Israelitic encampment. It was, I remember, dry and hard, and in color tawny and disagreeable. A very straight palm tree inartistically cut the composition into two halves, in a way at which even a Pre-Raphaelite would have shuddered. The groups of Israelites were reasonably well arranged, and in the foreground some brown, naked children were playing. One of them, who held a bowl, was splashing his companions with water. Here the artist's insanity broke out. The water was of a glow-worm color, and broke in phosphorescent sparkles, like so much scattered quicksilver, over the children upon whom it fell. The pic-

ture, otherwise sane, though crude and eccentric, was in this one place stark-staring and mad, and I recollect from it with a secret horror that I could not altogether conceal, though I took care to say nothing, as I had no great reliance on the solitary keeper, if a sudden revolt broke out among the murderers and madmen by whom I was surrounded. I hope I did not get to the door with an indecorous haste. At the time that Dadd's insanity was ripening, and soon after his return from the East, his friend and fellow-student, Mr. E. M. Ward, now the well-known Royal Academician, used frequently to visit him, to see how his work progressed, and to chat over artistic projects. On one occasion, Mr. Ward, some years ago, told me, before he had any apprehension that his friend's mind was unbalanced, he was in his room, stooping down in a corner looking over the contents of a portfolio of Oriental sketches, when all at once, as he lifted his head, he saw in a pier-glass, Dadd stepping toward him with a knife raised in his hand. Mr. Ward did not start up or utter any cry of alarm, but had the admirable presence of mind to directly say, "Dadd, just run and get me the drawing we left in the other room." Dadd, thrown off his guard, at once laid down the knife (taken from the kitchen table), and went for the drawing. During this interval Mr. Ward slipped quietly out of the house.

On Dadd's arrest there were found in his desk or portfolio a sheet of portraits of his relations and friends, and round the necks of many of these, including his father and Mr. Ward, the mad artist had an ominous crimson line, showing that he doomed them to destruction. His mania consisted in a belief that his father and many of those especially dear to him were possessed with devils, and that by killing them he freed them from these terrible demons. The poor fellow, the fine machinery of whose brain no human workman can restore, will linger at Broadmoor till death comes with the only iodine that can cure such profound misery as his.

## WHY?

AMERICA has made rapid progress in art matters. During the last twenty-five years much has been done, and the foundation laid for still greater and higher achievements. Our sculptors, painters, and poets, our men of letters, are being yearly more and more sought for and recognized by the savants of the old world. Our Longfellow, Motley, Prescott, etc., are now found in every public European library, and we learn from the journals published in Europe how these men, stand in the estimation of scholars there. In sciences we stand unrivalled, and in the manufacture of musical instruments we are to this day unsurpassed. Our operas are becoming more and more refined, we learn yearly better what good music and good performances are, musical schools and journals are spreading knowledge, and many even go to Germany for their musical education. But still America awaits her great musical writer, still she has to produce her symphonies, operas, etc. Mr. Bristow and Mr. Fry have, it is true, given us operas, but they made no mark on the musical history of the world. Will we ever produce as great musical men as we have in other branches of the fine arts? And why have we thus far been so barren of great composers?

Capoul, the recently imported tenor, is in fashion. He has a woman dead in love with him, following him around and attending all his performances. He has lost no diamonds, as he has not yet arrived at that stage of the game.

## DEMI-SEMI-QUAVERS.

A Miss Jennie Bull has gone to Milan to learn to bellow.

"Come, ye dissonates," has been arranged as a wedding march.

To hear Gen. Butler play "Widow Macree" on the flute is to weep.

"A splendid ear but a poor voice," as the Irishman said to the donkey.

A musician must "get the hang" of a piece of music, before he can "execute" it.

Gilmore does not get mad because the Germans call him "Friedensfestmusikopacketel-macher."

Four hand-organs, two horns, three jewsharps, and nine flutes constituted the orchestra of an Indiana serenading party.

There is a gentleman in Boston who frequently speaks of his barrel of psalm-tunes. He owns one of the best music-boxes in the city.

A country paper remarks that Ann Dante, the composer or so many popular but rather solemn pieces of music, is not a descendant of the poet bearing the same surname.

Musical Jones' doctor last week forbade him to eat pastry. Musical Jones simply responded to his medical man by singing dolorously, "Good-bye, sweet tart, good-bye."

Donzelli, the celebrated tenor, is hale and hearty at the age of eighty-two. He is living near Bologna. A great many poor singers are living on it in this country.

A Western critic acutely observes that "the same amount of energy and culture that Wehl lavishes upon a piano would wring the soul of music from a shovel and tongs, or pair of old-fashioned brass-mounted andirons."

The Washington Critic thus announced the approach of a prima donna: "Miss Nilsson, a young woman who sings almost as well as Kellogg, and kicks a piano-stool clear across the stage apparently with little effort, is coming." Euphony!

It is not strange that Pennsylvania should have a larger number of brass bands than any other State in the Union, since her population is largely Dutch. Where is there a brass band in any State that does not contain a large percentage of Germans, or their descendants? The brass band seems to be a German institution.

The New York Mail, while rejoicing at Mr. Gilmore's success says: "We ought to rejoice at this prospect, but we shudder to think what Gilmore may be undertaking next. Nothing less than an elemental concert, in which he shall use Niagara Falls for double bass, and conjure up thunder storms and earthquakes to take part, will satisfy his ambition after this jubilee."

Syracuse is the home of a veritable prodigy, in the shape of a young man who possesses the power of singing two parts of a tune at the same time. His name is Wesley Arnold, and he is a member of the Syracuse University. A correspondent of the Standard says he astonished a recent gathering of clergymen by singing clearly and sweetly the bass and soprano of "Old Hundred."

Herr von Wasielewski, of Bonn, has written a "Life of Schumann." This able writer is an admirable performer on the violin and a profound musician. His "History of the Violin" gained for him a grant from the Fine Arts Department of Prussia, of such value as will enable him to continue his labors with comfort.



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