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KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

Vol. VII. MARCH, 1884. No. 3.

OVIDE MUSIN.

This distinguished artist was born in Liége in 1854, and is the son of a well known wine merchant of Belgium. His father had thoroughly fitted him as successor to his business; but at the early age of eight he evinced such a remarkable talent and strong inclination for music that he finally sent him to the Royal Conservatory of Liége, where he received the first prize for violin playing when but a boy of eleven. Meanwhile, his father endeavored to persuade him to give up music as a profession, but while pursuing his studies, the boy never gave up the idea of becoming an artist. In 1870 the celebrated violin player and composer, Leopold, having found Musin in Liége, was so well pleased with him that he tried and succeeded in persuading his parents to let him choose the career of an artist.

Since then he has played with the greatest success in nearly all the principal cities of Europe. In Vienna he played in the celebrated Philharmonic concerts, under the direction of Hans Richter, who, in the name of the Board, sent him the following letter:

VIENNA, March 31.—We deny the The Board of the Philharmonic society forbids one of the most earnest duties in expressing the warmest thanks for your wonderful rendering of the Beethoven violin concerto, and also heartily congratulating you on your great success.

Hoping that you may in future renew your musical entertainments in the Philharmonic Academy, and with expressions of the greatest esteem from the Board, I remain yours,

HANS RICHTER.

In Paris M. Musin played in the large concerts, in London in the Old Philharmonic, Crystal Palace and the New Philharmonic.

Besides, the artist has made concert tours together with Mmes. Titiens and Trebelli, and M. Faure, etc. Since coming to this country a few months ago he has played before the most critical audiences with the greatest success, the following extract from the *New York Tribune* being but one out of a hundred similar press notices that might be given.

"M. Musin is of the stuff of which great virtuosi are made. He has a remarkable facility of execution. His bowing is admirable, and equal to the severest test of Paganini's etudes. He contrives playing the stopping is also excellent and his intonation correct. His playing of the slow movement of the concerto, was marked by lovely, deep expression and exquisite phrasing."

OVIDE MUSIN.

ZULU MUSIC AND POETRY.

The Zulus are in their way, musicians and poets. Their vocal music is of the most rigorous kind. It is no safe thing for hundreds of Zulu warriors to sing in unison at the top of their voices, their stalwart war songs. The Zulu singer almost invariably squats when he sings, swinging his body back-ward and forward, and often bringing his elbows violently against his ribs in order to expel the air with greater force. The Zulu's way of singing is much like that of the Chinese (whom he resembles in other respects, since the house of Zulu, which he appears to himself, means, in his language, *celestial*, a term which the Chinese apply to themselves in the same sense, i. e., as denoting their origin); they delight in strong contrasts, passing abruptly from the highest falsetto notes to the lowest and gruffest tones, the whole in that peculiar nasal twang which characterizes uncultivated singers the world over. The Zulu melodies are not pleasant to the European ear, although travelers say that, sung by the Zulus, they have a charm which cannot be understood when others attempt them. They know nothing of harmony, and do not attempt anything that resembles it. As a keeper of time the Zulu is said to be a perfect metronome. The Zulu women emulate the singing of the men in more peaceful songs, and troops of them carrying milk, eggs, potatoes, wild fruit, etc., from their kraals, to sell them to the colonists of the adjoining country, can often be heard beguiling the tedium of the journey with their shrill chants. The words of their songs are not devoid of poetry; indeed, some of them are full of the boldest, oriental imagery. Take this, for instance, from a song in honor of Tschaka, one of their successful warrior chiefs, who, like Alexander, is reported to have sighed for more worlds to conquer:

"Thou hast finished, finished the nations!
Where will you go to battle now?
Thou hast subdued, now go to battle now!
Thou hast conquered Kuapa,
Where are you going to battle now?
Thou hast conquered Tonga,
Where will you go to battle now?
Thou hast conquered the Amazulu,
Where are you going to battle now?
Thou hast finished the nations!"

Or this, from a song in honor of Panda, Umswazi's father:

"Thou brother of the Tschakas, conductor tenfold,
A swallow which flies in the air,
Which, when seen over us, is beheld a vassal!
Thou false scion of the calm of another,
Thou valor that walkest at the point of bayonets."

These extracts, necessarily weakened by translation, show a considerable poetic genius in their rude composers; although their songs *sobering*, as they usually do, in figurative language, to the personal history of the party in whose honor they are composed, are almost unintelligible to one not familiar with that history. Even in the last extract, the first two lines refer to the skillful and secret manner in which Panda eluded, by swimming across a stream, the pursuit of his enemy Dingan, who tried to his great wealth (in cattle), and the last two to his overcoming the aforesaid Dingan in a battle which settled the royal succession.

The musical instruments used by the Zulus are few and very imperfect. One of the most popular is a whistle, which is used by them with disheartening effect to reinforce the power of the voices in the rendering of some of their songs. They have also a rude sort of tambourine made out of the shell of a guard, from which the top has been removed, and to the sides of which pieces of shell are attached, which serves handily in marking the time of their rude songs. Then they have an instrument which has been given different names. It consists of a bow about five feet long, elastic, made exactly as if intended to propel arrows. Its cord is made of twisted hair, and so tightly or loosely strung according to the pitch desired by the performer. Near one end of the bow a calabash is fastened to increase the resonance of the bow. The instrument, thus strung, is struck by the musician with a small stick. Its tone is very feeble, and, like other Zulu instruments, it can serve to little more than to marking time.

Another Zulu instrument is made of iron rods or bars placed upon a rectangular board, several inches long by four broad. The rods, laid in parallel lines, are attached to the end of the board by another rod laid transversely, and fastened to the board with brass wire. A strip of wood running under the middle of the iron bars acts as a bridge, and the part of the rods emitting sound is that comprised between the bridge and the fastened end of the instrument, which is set in vibration by means of an iron bird shaped like the bow of a boat. Between these longest bars are placed several shorter ones, like the black keys of a piano between the white ones. There is very little system or regularity about this instrument, which gives forth a mixture of sounds agreeable enough to the ear, but still quite devoid of melody. Upon the front of the board is attached a piece of gourd with *Diaphonia* of sheila, so that the instruments can be made to emit two series of sounds; for when the iron rods are struck the vibration resets upon the gourd, which contributes to the general harmony. A sort of flute, or tallow flageolet, which they have borrowed from their neighbors, the Bechuanas, and which is the only one of their instruments that can play anything like a definite melody, completes the list so far as known, of the instruments used in a Zulu Orchestra. Travelers have failed to inform us whether the Zulus have three Andrés, Richters and Zerrahns. Doubtless, however, if the truth were known it would be found that they have also their rival Theomanns and Gumeckens.

Kunkel's Musical Review.

KUNKEL BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

[illegible] OLIVE STREET, ST. LOUIS.

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

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ART AND MONEY.

"If I should go to New York and study singing under ——, I think that after awhile I could make a great deal of money, don't you?" This was the question put to us a few days since by a young lady who has been blessed with a more than average soprano voice. We made no reply, not because we thought it impossible that our fair questioner should "make money" out of her voice, but because we were disappointed and shocked at the discovery that she had no higher motive for study than the distant glitter of a few dollars. We might have reasoned with her perhaps, but our observation has been that when a young person is affected with the disease of the love of money, the case is hopeless. To argue with such people, to talk to them of higher and better motives is simply to subject yourself to the suspicion of having some concealed purpose in so doing which, if it were known, would represent so many dollars and cents; it is a clear case of "casting pearls before swine." They will repeat again and again that they "do not believe that anybody does anything for nothing," meaning thereby that only money or its equivalent is something. They will judge you by themselves and any attempt on your part to claim for yourself other motives of action will only serve to make them suspect you of prevarication.

It is not for them therefore, that we pen these few words of warning, but for the many who, still unaffected perhaps, are, however, subject to the contagion of the day. We say the contagion of the day because, although we are now speaking of art and particularly of music, this mercenary spirit is one which runs through the entire fabric of our American society and degrades not only the arts but also the learned professions to the grossly utilitarian level of trades. And when we speak of American society let us not be understood to charge our political and social institutions with being the cause of this spirit. American it certainly is as existing in America, as having in the vast material resources of the country a congenial soil for its growth; but it has its origin largely in our foreign population, nine-tenths of whom have left their native shores for the sake of bettering their financial condition, and are far more eager than the natives to get and especially to hold the wealth for which they have sacrificed all the ties of home and kindred.

The words of Holy Writ, that "The love of money is the root of all evil," are at least as applicable to music as to other subjects. It is to that that we owe the host of half-done teachers who swarm like locusts feasting upon every green thing, the humbug conventions called musical, the mass of thousands of worthless publications which corrupt the musical taste of the people, from songs of the Sankey type to "We never speak as we pass by." It is it that that discourages the serious study of music by our young men, without which we can never hope to become a really musical nation, and stifles the elevated thoughts, noble impulses and refined sentiments which in the soul of the creative musician develop into sympathetic melody and noble harmony.

Musicians whose principal aim in life is money-getting not unfrequently reach a lucrative mediocrity, they never become great artists. This is in obedience to an unvarying law of nature, which holds in the psychical universe as well as in the material world, that a stream can rise no higher than its head. Art for money's sake will not, cannot, rise above the mart. History does not record one solitary case of a great artist, in any line, who turned his attention to art for the sake of making money. True, money came to many of them, true also, some of them, in their later years, developed an undue fondness for large fees, not only for the sake of letting the size of the fee enhance the lustre of their fame by proving the value of their labors, but for the sake of the fee itself, but this was when their fame had been established and proves nothing (even if a few scattered exceptions could be considered as an argument) against our assertion that the attainment of high artistic excellence is incompatible with a commercial purpose in the pursuit of art. Such a purpose is not only, as we have already suggested, barren of any inspiration or artistic suggestion, it is not even a sufficient stimulus to enable one to endure the hardships, the labor and the waiting that so often fall to the early lot of artists. It thus comes to pass that the large majority of those who start out upon an artistic career with such motives desert the ranks before their march has brought them anywhere. They are indeed the wiser, for those of them who persist, are pretty sure to find that their plans have defeated themselves. The public, as a rule, pay best the truest artist and the man who by his habits of thought, by his tastes and motives of action has made it impossible for himself to become a leader in art, is very likely to find that in grasping at the shadow he has not only lost the substance but the shadow itself.

We are not of those who object to the expenditure of money solely upon the ground that it might have been better spent. Indeed, we have so often noticed that those who are always looking for the worthiest object before they expend their money keep on seeking without finding, that when we meet men of that stamp we entertain very grave doubts of the sincerity of their search. We will not therefore complain of the fact that St. Louis alone has, during the last month, spent somewhere between fifty and sixty thousand dollars for opera. Whether the musical culture of our city was improved fifty or sixty thousand dollars' worth is a question which could be answered only after having settled the value of musical culture in dollars and cents, and determined the exact amount of culture absorbed by the audiences. We shall not even attempt to inquire into that matter; we know the Opera did some good for the cause of music and for that good, be it little or much, we are thankful. But it is home institutions alone that can do much permanent good among us. A single home orchestra, a single home choral society, a single series of popular concerts with local talent does more for the cause of music in any city than all the combined opera troupes that can possibly visit it; but where is the American city that would spend fifty or sixty thousand dollars upon any home musical organization or enterprise, we will not say in a month but in a year? And yet, the fact is that until we have learned to create our own musical atmosphere by the support of home institutions, we shall not breathe an independent musical life and we shall continue to spend more money for less real music than any other civilized nation on the face of the earth. There is not a large city in this country but could have handsomely supported a first-class orchestra from one to five years on the money it has spent this season alone on Italian opera. We repeat it, we do not begrudge the money expended, but we plead for a somewhat similar liberality in the support of home institutions.

It was some German philosopher, Lessing, we believe, who said that Raphael would have been just as great a painter if he had been born without arms and had never held a brush. This statement is more oratorical than philosophical. As a forcible way of putting the truth that the artistic spirit or instinct is distinct from the means of its expression, that art is, in its essence, immaterial, it is admissible—as the expression of an absolute fact it is false and misleading. Exercise is the principal means of development in the spiritual as it is in the material world. Admitting that the artistic spirit is inborn, is an instinct if you please, the fact remains that even instincts are susceptible of cultivation (witness the performance of a tight-rope dancer who has developed by practice the instinctive power of maintaining an equilibrium.) Armless Raphaels and "mute inglorious Miltons" are pretty poetical fancies but they are also actual impossibilities. Our ideals, however high, are always based upon our achievements, the higher those achievements the higher our ideals will tower. If we have achieved nothing our ideals are lowered by the entire hight of what we might have achieved. In music, the ability to perform the works of others, and that of composing correctly are certainly distinct from the God-given genius and love for the art, but it should never be forgotten that the cultivation of the power of expression cultivates, indirectly it is true but none the less really, that very genius and love. The fact that the great composers, with perhaps the sole exception of Berlioz, were also good performers, goes to show the truth of our views.

When, a few months ago, we stated, as one of the objections to the proposed diplomas of the proposed National College of Music teachers, that if there were a demand for its diplomas other similar institutions, some good and many bad would spring up to supply the want until diplomas would mean nothing, it was thought by many that the objection, however valid in theory, was not to be feared in practice. Now, before the Music Teachers' National Association has done anything, before its College has even a paper existence and certainly in advance of any demand for diplomas or certificates, a rival organization is being put on foot by Mr. Goldbeck, whose proposed "Harmonic Union" is to give diplomas and certificates, hold sessions of lectures, etc. And why not? If a diploma signed by Mr. Bowman is good, might not one signed by Goldbeck be at least as good? It is easy to see, however, where this thing will end. If St. Louis alone has already evolved plans for two rival diploma mills, who will be able to count the number of those that will spring like mushrooms, north, south, east and west if it should be discovered that there is a demand for their wares? At any rate, that which we were thought foolish for believing probable or even possible has already come to pass. We may add that we have heard of at least two other similar plans to be put into effect in other cities. The clink of diplomas fees, and not music, is what we hear through all this talk of elevating the standard of the music teaching profession.

I'LL SPAN THE GULF.

Through grove and ravine passed the flood,
To reach the waiting sea.
But on the bank the builder paused.
"I'll span the gulf," cried he.
For upon shall be the master hand
To link each rugged shore.
The spirit of the gulf laugh'd loud,
Amid the water's roar:
"You ne'er shall bridge this foaming stream,
Nor place one stone on stone,
Till of your best I am possessed,
Then fame shall be your own."

The builder called his men to work,
They toil'd close all the day,
But though they laid foundation good,
Each night 'twas swept away.
As mournful was the master then
And sad his voice and mien.
His loving wife came forth to see
The reason of his woe,
"I ne'er shall bridge this foaming stream,
Nor place one stone on stone,
Till of my best he is possessed,
Then fame shall be my own."

The moon lay hidden by the clouds
The night was dark and long;
But when the sun next morn arose,
There stood the bridge so strong.
As joyful was the master then,
He turned to greet his wife.
The spirit of the gulf laugh'd long.
Your fame has cost her life!
You now have bridg'd this foaming stream,
And placed one stone on stone:
Still of your best I am possessed,
And fame is now your own."

LOST—A TIMEPIECE.

THE mania for being witty and the desire of saying something entirely novel leads sensible people to talk nonsense, to advance and maintain the most absurd of paradoxes. I shall mention but one instance of this, but one which I think conclusive. I read in "Wasps," by Alphonse Karr: "Clocks are tyrants! Down with tyrants and clocks! Hurrah for the ignorance of time which creates independence of life!" etc. He piles paradoxes upon paradoxes, fancies upon fancies, to prove his theses, but reality is the natural enemy of paradox and fancy, and whatever Karr may say I ask: Is there anything more discouraging than not being able to answer one's own question as to the time of day?

In this country, where we have only common sense, we hastened to adopt the maxim of the English, Time is money, and nothing is truer; time is a capital not only for the men of business, but also for the thinkers, for the savants, for all those who live from their intellect. Now, if time be a capital, clocks are its purses or its cashiers, and how can one balance his accounts without knowing whether there are gains or losses to register?

When one cannot measure time, happiness seems shorter and sorrow longer. For a prisoner or a lover, who can neither hear the hours strike nor consult his watch, days become months. I can speak of this knowingly, for I have been through it, I have lived without clock, watch, hour-glass or sun-dial, and I do not wish the worst of my friends to go through the same martyrdom. During all this time I lived in uncertainty. If doubt obscures thought, I may say that I absolutely groped in darkness, for I was then the most unreliable of students. In less than a fortnight I had failed to keep twenty appointments, been guilty of thirty breaches of etiquette and fumed a hundred times because I arose at five A. M. when I had nothing to do, and got up at noon when I should have been up and doing at six. I breakfasted at dinner time, and I dropped in upon a respectable family who had invited me to supper just as they were finishing breakfast. This condition of things was becoming unendurable, but I found no remedy for the evil; I had vainly endeavored to question the sun, it did not condescend to come down so low as my window. Still, by dint of looking about, I came to notice that, across the narrow street, there was a window which was thrown open every morning. I continued my observations and, by means of calculations more complicated than those of Kepler and Newton, I discovered that this window always opened at the same hour. This was my dial, my first step in the science of chronometers. This first success was too encouraging for me not to continue my —— studies and I at last succeeded in constructing for myself a complete clock. And what a clock! An adorable girl and so exact! At seven she opened her window, at ten she breakfasted, at noon she disappeared, probably to do her marketing, at four I saw her devour a frugal lunch, at seven P. M. she dined, and at ten o'clock her light was extinguished. The intervals were filled up by an assiduous and charming occupation, she was an artificial flower maker. The labor indicated honesty, the appetite youth. At the end of a week I was sure of the regularity of my clock; thanks to these two springs, it did not vary a single minute. Then I began to study its movement. Have we not all done the same thing in our childhood, have we not all insisted upon seeing the "ticking bug" when a watch was placed against our ears? My movement, as I have already said, was an adorable girl—perhaps twenty years old—dark haired, with eyes of sapphire and teeth like pearls. Besides this, a charming, clear, young voice of good range—and she sang often. My clock, you see, was a musical time-piece, embellished with pearls and sapphires, so admirable, in a word, that, never tiring of seeing her, I looked for the time of day every five minutes. I must here state a strange and regrettable fact; since I had a time-piece I was a little more inexact than before, I hardly ever went out and I did not work at all; and when night came, that is to say when the light went out, which meant ten o'clock, it always seemed to me that my clock was ahead of time.

You have guessed that I was in love, have you not? Why should I deny it? I was twenty years old then—at that age one is always much inclined to "gush" and it was quite natural that I should prefer my musical time-piece, embellished with pearls and sapphires, to the Strasburg clock and all the other celebrated town-clocks which tourists admire and which go wrong when they go at all, which are old and rusty, while my clock ——!

Things had been going on in this way for a whole month. At the end of that time I had become so accustomed to my clock, or rather I had so identified myself with it that I could hear its tick-tack in my heart. Several times our glances had met and hers had always dropped. I had regretted it, and yet I was pleased to have it so; my clock was evidently not one of those that get out of order with every change of temperature. I continued for another week to look for the time of day respectfully, from afar. At last, unable to stand it longer, still like the child of whom I have spoken, I desired to see the ticking-bug, and as she invariably went out about noon, I got ready and when I heard twelve strike—in my heart, this time—I ran down my stairs and took my stand within a couple of paces of her door. While looking at the houses and pretending to be engaged in architectural studies, I asked myself: "Ought I to speak to her? What if she should be offended? It would be absurd, for nothing is more natural. Chance may make us meet since we are neighbors! No—I'll not speak to her, at least not to-day, but I shall bow to her. Humph—won't she think that strange? But if I don't bow, won't she think me impolite?"

My perplexities were not yet ended, that is to say, I had not arrived at any conclusion when she passed so near me that her dress brushed against me. I grew dizzy, then my heart began to beat (no longer tick-tack, but a veritable tattoo, a set of changes ten times worse than those that disturb Dr. Leeds's peaceful dreams, when she raised her eyes to mine and I thought I saw her blush slightly. By the time I had regained my self-possession, she had disappeared. I thought of waiting for her, saying to myself that I would be braver when she returned, but my timidity suggested twenty good reasons for delaying and I finally decided to write to her.

I did so in my best handwriting and in my choicest style. Shall I say it? no, my letter was not of the choicest style but it was sincere! That may be the reason why —— But let me not anticipate!

Concealed near the corner of my window, like an ugly spider watching a fly, I tried to discover what effect had been produced by my loving missive, but all my spying failed to bring me to any conclusion; it seemed to me that that day everything went on as on the day preceding. The following days, however, she seemed more abstracted, her hand sometimes dropped listlessly upon the little table, loaded with all the pretty things which she made up into flowers, her head drooped—and she seemed to be in a reverie.

Was I the cause of all these preoccupations?

I confess that I was vain enough to think so. Ah, young men, flee from presumptuousness and place your trust only in English chronometers, in Breguet's watches and in the clocks bearing the trade-mark of the Mermod & Jaccard Jewelry Company!

One morning, I arose and, according to my custom, ran to my window; hers was still closed. I waited, waited I so long that I became convinced that my time-piece was losing time. The window still did not open; my anxiety became anguish. Could she be ill? At last the window was opened—I breathed more freely. But, instead of setting to work, it seemed to me, by the extra care she had bestowed upon her still simple toilet, by the way in which she rustled about, that she was preparing to go out. This must have been what she did, for I did not again see her the whole of that day, which seemed to me to be terribly long.

It was thus for a whole week. She arose at almost any hour and returned at unknown hours. My time-piece was entirely out of order.

Sad, morose, my brow weighted with more clouds than Mont Blanc, I went out to seek some respite from the loneliness which overwhelmed me in that room from which I saw her window either closed or partially opened, yawning with that horrible void which one finds in one's heart after the loss of a cherished being.

Chance led me to the door of a dancing-hall. I entered because I had nothing else to do and also to flee from my sorrow or calm my impatience. As I walked with downcast eyes, as became a martyr of love, I ran against a couple who were leaving; I looked up and, as I mumbled an excuse, I recognized ——my clock, on the arm of a heavily bearded and rather loudly dressed man; she herself wore a silk dress!

Alas my clock was past repairing!
What would you have done?
As for me I bought a watch.

COUNT A. DE VERVINS.

THE MUSIC OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

MUSIC is a better test of the moral culture of an age than its painting or its sculpture, or even its architecture. Music, by its nature, is ubiquitous, as much almost as poetry itself, in one sense more so, for its vernacular tongue is common to mankind. Music in its nature is social, it can enter every home, it is not the privilege of the rich; and thus it belongs to the social and domestic life of a people, as painting and sculpture, the arts of the few never have done or can do. It touches the heart and the character as the arts of form have never sought to do, at least in the modern world. When we test the civilization of an age by its art we should look to its music next to its poetry, and sometimes even more than to its poetry. Critics who talk about the debasement of the age when church wardens built those mongrel temples must assuredly be deaf. Those church wardens and the rest of the congregation wept as they listened to Handel and Mozart. One source of hearing how grand and precious a time is ours, now that we can draw a comparison right. Music is the art of the eighteenth century, the art wherein it stands supreme in the ages, perfect, complete, and self-created. The whole gamut of music (except the plain song, part-song, dance, and mass) is the creation of the eighteenth century; opera, sonata, concerto, symphony, oratorio, and the full mass of instrumentation, harmony, air, chorus, march, and fugue, all belong to that age. If one thinks of the pathos of those great songs, of the majesty of those full choirs, of the inexhaustible melody of their operas, and all that Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Gluck, and the early years of Beethoven gave us, it is strange to hear that that age was dead to art. Neither the age which gave us the Madonnas and the Statues, nor the age which gave us Lincoln and Westminster Abbey, nor even the age which gave us the Parthenon, did more for humanity than the age in which we owe the oratorios, and the operas, the sonatas, symphonies and masses of the great age of music. Not merely was music of the highest order produced, not merely did that age create almost all the great orders of music, but the generation gave itself to music with a passion such as marked all ages wherein art reaches its zenith. When Handel and Buononcini, Gluck and Piccini, Farinelli and Caffarelli divided the town, it was not with the languid patronage which amuses our leisure, but with the passions of the red and green factions in the circus of Byzantium. England, it is true, had few musicians of her own, but Handel is for practical purposes an English musician, and the great Italian singers and the great German masters were never more truly at home than when surrounded by English admirers. Our people have their fair share in this new birth of art, especially if our national anthem was really the product of this age. And not our people only, but the men of culture, of rank, of power, and the Court itself. And the story that the king told the whole house to rise when the "Hallelujah Chorus" was heard is a happy symbol of the enthusiasm of the time.—*Nineteenth Century.*

"MUSICAL NORMALS."

WITH the following answers we close, for the present at least, the publication of letters received in reference to the subject of "Musical Normals." We have thirty-seven replies besides those which we publish, all of the same tenor. We have received no further defenses of the system. In this connection we may say that as our last form goes to press we receive the latest issue of the *Song Friend*, whose editor is a "musical normal" conductor. This paper re-publishes Dr. Mason's defense of the system, and in another column says editorially:

"We extend our sympathy to the editor of *Kunkel's Review* in his herculean task of gathering testimony against 'Normals.' Even his wily worded questions, all of which contain pointers to the answers desired, failed to make such eminent musicians as Dr. William Mason see it in the light of the learned editor. We print on another page Mr. Mason's answers and anxiously await Carl Zerrahn's answer. He is the prince of conductors, and his evidence would be equally damaging to the unholy Normal as is that of Dr. Mason. Let the good work go on."

Passing over the peculiar English of the paragraph, we would say that the *Song Friend* is the same paper which, in answer to our editorial upon the subject of "Musical Normals," published a so called "*refutation*," by some unknown village celebrity, which consisted purely of vituperation and billingsgate, taking the greatest care not to publish the article to which it "replied(?)" Its present course shows that it retains the same ideas of journalism. Of course the *Song Friend* knows very well that when we addressed Mr. Mason we did not expect him to do aught but defend the system which he has helped build up; we recognized him as almost the only serious musician who believed in the system, and, having had our say, we gave the best advocate of the opposite side an opportunity to be heard. We gave Mr. Mason's letter in full, although it did not comply with the terms of our request as to brevity, while we excluded many communications from opponents of the system for the same reason. Such is our idea of journalism; that of the editor of the *Song Friend* is to exclude all the evidence against its views and receive all testimony in their favor—"You pays your money and you takes your choice."

From Prof. A. Waldauer, Principal Beethoven Conservatory, Conductor St. Louis Musical Union, etc.

I am acquainted with the pretenses made by "musical normals," and in my opinion it is impossible for them to keep the promises they make. I have never known a "musical normal" that accomplished what it pretended. It is impossible, it is preposterous to pretend that harmony and composition can be learned in a six weeks' course. I have known some musical normal teachers to be good musicians, but their motives must have been purely money getting. There is no comparison whatever between the teaching at musical normals and that of good conservatory and private teachers, inasmuch, as the latter are conscientious, while to the teachers at musical normals, a kind of charlatanry is attached among musicians.

Yours respectfully,

A. WALDAUER.

From J. F. Donahoe, [illegible]

1st. Are you acquainted with the pretenses made by "Musical Normals," etc.?

Would say that I have never participated in a "Musical Normal," but think I know something of their pretenses.

2d. If so, state whether, in your opinion, it is possible for them to keep the promises they make.

To this question I should say emphatically, No!

3d. Have you ever known a "Musical Normal" that accomplished what it pretended to do?

I would also say here, No!

4th. Is it possible to learn harmony and composition in a six weeks' course?

No. Certainly not by any means.

5th. How do "Musical Normal" teachers, as a rule, stand as musicians?

A few competent teachers may allow themselves to be engaged, but the majority of those teaching in Musical Normals are, to use a stage expression, "fakirs."

6th. What do you think must be the motives of truly competent teachers of music who engage in "Musical Normals?"

I should say the "almighty dollar" as the principal motive.

7th. How do you think the teaching at "Musical Normals" compares with that of good conservatories and private teachers?

Unworthy of comparison in every respect to any good conservatory even, to say nothing of private teaching.

These answers you may find too brief, but I hope you may find in them my opinion.

Hoping that your excellent *Review* may ventilate this question further, I am, yours,

J. FRANK DONAHOE.

From the eminent teacher and composer, Baron Oscar Klein, Mr. Klein [illegible]

"Do you yet want my opinion of that money-making institution called 'normal musical?' In spite of Mr. Mason and J. Raff, harmony cannot be learned in a course of six weeks. Very many of Raff's compositions show nevertheless that their composer has handled them as one would handle an algebraic example.

BARON OSCAR KLEIN.

From C. Kunkel, the well-known composer and eminent teacher, now manager of J. L. Peters' publishing department.

I am not sufficiently acquainted with the doings of "musical normals" to answer all the questions contained in your circular. Musicians have not a very high opinion of those musical normals, that manufacture annually scores of music-teachers at short notice. As for learning harmony and composition in a six-weeks' course it is simply absurd. Six years would be nearer the mark, and even then not every musician can grasp the subject.

C. KUNKEL.

From [illegible]

As picnics, musical normals are a success.

M. J. & A. [illegible]

SONGS OF THE SEA.

"THE men don't sing much except when on a long voyage, but when they really get settled down for a trip then you will hear them at it," said a naval officer to a *Tribune* reporter recently.

"What do they sing?" inquired the reporter.

"The songs of the sea are peculiar. They belong to a musical world of their own, as much as do the negro melodies of the South. What peculiarity there is in the music that sailors most love I am not enough of a musician to tell; but songs that one would at first suppose would be popular with 'Jack' he does not sing at all. What more beautiful sea songs have ever been written than those by Stephen Adams, such as 'Nancy Lee' and the 'Midshipmite' and yet you never hear them sung by sailors."

"They sing Dibdin's songs, I suppose?"

"No, strange to say, they do not. 'Old Tom Bowlin' is the only one of Dibdin's songs I ever heard them sing. In that Dibdin struck the right chord, and everywhere that English-speaking sailors sail the ocean, that song is loved and sung. How often from the decks of men-of-war or the forecastle of merchant ships I have heard that song float out into the night:

> Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
> The darling of our crew;
> No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
> For death has broached him to.

Many of the songs popular in the navy have never been given to the general public that I know of until the publication of that excellent little collection of sea songs recently compiled and published by Commodore Luce. Some of the songs in this book have been almost forgotten even in the Navy, and were taken down from the lips of old sailors who had sung them when they and life were new."

"What is the nature of these songs?"

"Most of them recount victories of the American Navy. There is one song very popular in the Navy called 'The Constitution and Guerriere.' It tells how:

> The Guerriere, a frigate bold,
> On the [illegible] ocean rolled,
> Commanded by proud Dacres,
> The Grandee, etc.

and it ends with the statement that

> The Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy, oh.

The tune has a rollicking swing to it well suited to the words."

"What are 'shanty' songs?"

"'Shanty' songs are working songs, and are sung in the merchant service. The word 'shanty' is probably from the French 'chanter' to sing. These songs are in sets, each of which has a different cadence adapted for the work in which it is sung. There are songs for sheeting home topsails, for weighing anchor and for all that sort of thing. One which is exceedingly popular goes:

> [illegible]

'Jack' sings this with all sorts of queer quavers in his voice, making the melodies by hauling on the ropes.

> [illegible]

is also a popular 'shanty.' Then there are others in which the sailors improvise largely as they go along. A good 'shanty' singer is never at a loss for words."

"Is this singing a help to the men?"

"Oh, yes. They always work better on merchant ships when they sing. A good merchant officer sees to it that his men sing at their work. If they are silent he will sing out, 'Make a little music there!' There is always a leader in the singing of these songs, some man with a good voice and a great store of songs. Such men are much in demand on merchant ships. There is a song I had almost forgotten to mention. It is one of the most popular of those sung in the Navy, and it is called the 'Homeward bound song.' The scene is laid at Pensacola and the song says:

> [illegible]
> For you know we are homeward bound,
> For you know we are homeward bound.

These songs may seem mindless and thin to those who do not spend their lives on the ocean; but you know the story of Count Arnaldos, how that he heard an ancient helmsman sing a wonderful song of the sea and prayed that the old man would teach it to him:

> [illegible]

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A GERMAN author has made a collection of mixed metaphors, which he calls pearls of thought. Some of them are worth quoting if only as a warning to high-flown orators not to allow their magniloquence to fly away with them altogether. "We will," cried an inspired Republican, "burn all our ships, and with every sail unfurled, steer boldly out into the ocean of freedom." Even that flight is surpassed by an effort of Justice Minister Hye, who in 1848, in a speech to the Vienna students, impressively declared: "The chariot of the Revolution is rolling along and gnashing its teeth as it rolls." A pan-Germanist mayor of a Rhineland corporation rose still higher in an address to the Emperor. He said: "No Austria, No Prussia, one only Germany, such were the words the mouth of your imperial majesty has always had in its eye." We have heard of the mouth having an eye-tooth, but never before of the mouth's eye. But there are even literary men who cannot open their mouths "without putting their foot in it." Prof. Johannes Scherr is an example of such. In a criticism on Lenau's lyrics he writes: "Out of the dark regions of philosophical problems the poet suddenly lets swarms of songs dive up, carrying far-flashing pearls of thought in their beaks." Songs and beaks are certainly related to one another, but were never seen in that incongruous connection before. A German preacher, speaking of a repentant girl, said: "She knelt in the temple of her interior and prayed fervently," a feat no India rubber doll could imitate. The German parliamentary orator of the present day affords many examples of metaphor mixture; but two must suffice. Count Frankenberg is the author of them. A few years ago he pointed out to his countrymen the necessity of "seizing the stream of time by the forelock;" and in the last session he told the Minister of War that if he really thought the French were seriously attached to peace, he had better resign office and return to his "paternal oven." The count had no doubt the poet's *paterna rura* in his mind at the time. But none of these pearls of thought and expression in Fatherland surpass the speech of the immortal Joseph Prudhomme on being presented with a sword of honor by the company he commanded in the National Guard of France: "Gentlemen," said he, "this sword is the brightest day of my life."

THE INFLUENCE OF AMATEURS UPON THE DEVELOPMENT OF MUSIC.

THERE is an influence at work upon the development of music which all the [illegible] of united [illegible] will be powerless to resist or ignore. It is the determination of all sorts of people to be musical, whether they are so or no. It must never be forgotten that the proportion of people with specific musical endowment is, has been, and perhaps long will be, very limited indeed. Probably they exceed in number those at the other extreme, who are utterly destitute of any faculty for even apprehending music at all. But they are in a very small minority compared with that vast multitude who—like music.

Why do they like it? Some men like it because it fills their pockets. There may be, possibly, a worse reason, but not much. Mind, I have no objection to a man's liking to fill his pockets, but only to his liking music any better on that account. I should respect him more for confessing that the continued association of money had a little dulled his original enjoyment of the divine art. These business folk, however, are useful—like domestic servants who do their work honestly for wages. These are the dwellers on the basement. Passing onwards to the "servants' 'all" we find the flunkeys of art, who follow it because it gets them into good society. Let us ascend to the ground floor, and look in on those who like music because it keeps them from worse amusements. Confession humiliating to themselves! Ascending yet farther, we come among those who find an interest in the art, as they might in any other pursuit that exercised their intellect. *Most of these* however—at least I hope so—keep another lodging on the floor above. (Remember, I am writing this in a country where the chief apartment is frequently at the top, for the sake of the prospect.) Mounting again from the intellectuals, we arrive at those who find that music conveys to them ideas analogous to those they receive from the sister arts. These love "programme music." Domiciled at the same level are they who regard vocal music as the most perfect method of enunciating words. Song to them is the speech in which poetry should be recited, and they judge the music by that test. Higher yet, we make the acquaintance of those who are stimulated and roused by music to *do* something; to express what they have received from music in terms of action, of whatever kind it be, even though it may take the form of another art. These are not far from the dwellers on the roof, the true proprietors of the whole house, who yet make their home on what the Italians call the "*lastrico solare*" (the pavement towards the sun). For painted ceiling they have the sky, and the things that are therein, by day or night. For frescoed walls, the great panorama of nature. They regard music for itself—not for what it brings them—whether it be passive or noble energies. Although they will be glad to visit the lower inhabitants of the house—and learn to love other things for the sake of the music which tells of them—not to love music the better (they can't) on account of those things. Now there is a really large and increasing body of people who truly like music sincerely, but who are not themselves aware how enormously that taste is increased by its association with other things which they really like better. It is not wonderful that they should exaggerate enormously the magnitude of an affection which, originally small, is contemplated through such a powerful lens. They therefore *clamour* to be taught—which is very good; but then by and by they want to teach—which is very bad. Chorley speaks (rather kindly) of the increasing tendency of the German nation to find ideas rather than sounds in their music. All right, if the ideas are fit for conveyance in terms of music. But the intelligent outsider seems to think that he may not only demand ideas, but also prescribe the *choice* of ideas, and even pronounce on the musical garb in which they are clothed. The laity, liking music, expect, if not actually to legislate for the art, at least to exercise a preponderating influence.

Now the real musician is indeed [illegible]. He cannot do without it. No other thing than this will serve his turn. There are not as good fish in the sea. But the others can find a substitute; something else can do for them what music has done, even if the art were swept away to-morrow; though at first he might miss it, like a lost friend, he [illegible].

After all, we love music for what is called a woman's reason—"because we do." No man really loves a woman because she is good, although he may be glad she is good, because he loves her.

I have but halting sympathy for those who apologize for their love of music, who dilate on what it does for us, on its various utilities, and its maid-of-all-work quality; how it elevates our character, and keeps us out of mischief; begets and cements honest friendships, expresses great thoughts, illustrates pretty scenes, stimulates the warrior—and his cob; soothes the savage breast, etc. Of course it does. Is it not music? Do you mean to say that you will tell all those fellows outside there, that they are going to get all that out of *our* art, when they don't care a fig for the thing itself?

But can we do without them? Without their dictation, certainly; without their money, perhaps. But not without their interest and influence. For even music—like other people—in order to live a healthy life, must live outside itself. We may love it for its own sake, but it must prove worthy—*for its own sake*. If it cease to be morally beneficent, not all our love and care can save it from diminution and eclipse.

We must therefore patiently learn from the generally intelligent listeners and admirers, what are those motives and emotions which look to music for their stimulus; what are those objects which are at once dependent on music for their furtherance, and worthy of its aid. Having learned these, the domain of what we shall illustrate, and the choice of means, must rest with the musician, and not be subject to any dictation from the "amateur."

What do I mean by the "amateur?" I do not mean people who spend their time or money in pursuit of the art, nor people who bestow labor and thought upon it without any view to pecuniary gain, or money's worth; nor those who work hard in the hope of pleasing themselves and their friends. Nor yet those who take a pardonable, though perhaps rather excessive, pride in the display they can make of what they have attained by honest pains suited to natural gifts. *Not even* those who, in an effusive demonstration of love for music, sometimes make a little exhibition of themselves. All these are pleasant guests among us, and *sometimes* beneficial. We want their "sweet voices." But what I mean just now by amateurs are those who do not love music at all, and inflict great injury upon it by their doings, not for their needs, but for their vanity. There are a good many about, and some of them play and sing very well. These, whom an old master of mine used to call *amateurali*, have no true place in the palace of art, and must be classed as even lower than flunkeys and domestic servants.—ARTURO MUSICA *in Musical Opinion* (*London*).

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

AT last, it seems as if we were to have an international copyright law. Senator Dorsheimer of New York has introduced into the Senate the following bill, which, if not all we should like, is certainly a great improvement upon nothing. The bill, we understand, will probably pass.

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That any citizen of a foreign country who shall be the author, inventor or designer of any book, map, or dramatic or musical composition, shall upon complying with the provisions of this act, and subject to the limitations thereof, have the sole liberty of printing, reprinting, publishing, completing, copying, executing, finishing and vending the same, and in case of a dramatic composition, of publicly performing or representing it, or causing it to be performed or represented by others; and foreign authors shall have the exclusive right to dramatize or to translate their own works.

SEC. 2. That copyrights granted to a citizen of a foreign country pursuant to the provisions of this act shall continue for the term of twenty-five years from the time of recording the title thereof.

SEC. 3. That any copyright granted to a citizen of a foreign country pursuant to the provisions of this act shall cease, terminate and expire upon the death of the author, inventor or designer to whom such copyright was granted.

SEC. 4. That no copyright granted to a citizen of a foreign country pursuant to the provisions of this act shall be renewed after the expiration of the term of twenty-five years provided by the second section of this act.

SEC. 5. That whenever any foreign country shall by its laws grant to citizens of the United States privileges similar and equal to those hereby granted to citizens of foreign countries, the President of the United States shall make public proclamation thereof, and from and after the date of such proclamation the citizens of the foreign country or countries therein named shall be entitled to the rights, properties and privileges hereby granted.

SEC. 6. That the provisions of this act shall not apply to a citizen of any foreign country which shall not by its laws have granted to citizens of the United States privileges, property and rights equal and similar to those hereby granted to citizens of foreign countries, nor until such foreign country shall have been named in a public proclamation by the President of the United States, as provided in Section 5 of this act.

SEC. 7. That all provisions of chapter three, title sixty, of the Revised Statutes of the United States not inconsistent with this act, shall be applicable to those citizens of foreign countries who may be entitled to the benefit of this act, and all copyrights which may be granted to citizens of foreign countries shall be subject to the provisions of said chapter three, title sixty, not inconsistent with this act."

THE INFLUENCE OF SCOTTISH SONGS.

THE ignorant saying that all that is necessary to make a Scotch melody is to shake up the black keys of the pianoforte in a jerky rhythm has the dangerous character of being a half truth, and gives therefore a very inadequate representation of a folk-music which is perhaps different in its rhythm from the more placid folk-song of Russia or Germany and from the wilder measures of Spanish popular music, which is in one of its branches founded on the Pentatonic scale, but whose varied character can by no means be represented by a glittering generality representing but one side of its construction and power. The folk-songs of all nations present a study to the musician which is always full of interest; for, in this species of music, the character, history, and thought of a people are far more truly mirrored than in the more cultivated but less natural compositions of the educated musicians, whose works resemble each other (as cultured people resemble each other) the world over. If this be true of all folk-songs, it is especially true of the Scotch songs, which arrest our attention at the very outset by their antiquity, antedating all popular music save that of its own ilk, the Welsh and the Irish. The Pentatonic music of Scotland forms perhaps one-fourth of all the older music, and is formed from a scale consisting of the first, second, third, fifth, and sixth degrees of the diatonic scale, or precisely the scale that would be formed by playing the black keys of the piano, upwards from F-sharp. It is a coincidence not generally known that the Chinese music is founded upon a precisely similar scale, and, when divested of the din of a Chinese accompaniment, resembles this kind of Scotch music greatly.

Although Chinese melody resembles some of the Scotch tunes, in the absence of the fourth and the seventh degrees of the scale, the marked rhythm of the Scotch music is absent. This rhythm, as before stated, possesses considerable syncopation, and one device, the following of a short note by a long dotted one, is so frequently used both in ancient and modern Scotch song as to have won the name of the "Scotch Snap." That some of the best Scotch songs are without this rhythm, and are not Pentatonic, scarcely needs demonstration. "Auld Robin Gray" and the "Land o' the Leal" prove the first, and such songs as "Scots wha hae" or "Caller Herring" the latter part of the assertion.

The tracing of the influence of the Scotch folk-song on other nations and the instances of the plagiarism of melodies, or the interpolation of Scotch songs into foreign works, are almost innumerable. To cite a few only, "Jock o' Hazeldean" has been metamorphosed into "Willie, we have missed you," and "John Anderson, my Jo," into "When Johnny comes marching home," in America. In England, "We will take the highway" became the comic song "Kafoozelum." In Germany, Mendelssohn (in the first sketch of the aria "Oh, rest in the Lord," in *Elijah*) unconsciously imitated "Auld Robin Gray"; and, even as it stands at present, the aria bears a marked resemblance to the Scotch tune. The greatest composers of the world have always been the first to recognize the great beauty of the Scotch music and either to use or to imitate it. Beethoven tried his hand at furnishing accompaniments to several well-known Scotch airs with success. Schumann, in "My Love is like the Red, Red Rose" (opus 27), not only imitates the Scotch progressions, but also reproduces the Scotch Snap. Franz, in "In the Thornbush," shows how much the Scotch style of composition swayed him; and his settings of "Go fetch a Flask of Sparkling Wine," "The Highland Lassie," "The Lovely Lass o' Inverness," and, in fact, of all the first numbers of his opus 4, show the keenest appreciation of

Scotch rhythms and modes. Bruch, perhaps of all modern German composers, has been the most influenced by the Scottish music. In a recent conversation with the writer of this article, he stated that he had carefully studied some *few hundred* of the Scotch folk-songs, and found them a mine of rich, germinal musical thoughts. His cantata of *Fair Ellen* is founded entirely on the tune of "The Campbells are coming," which is thematically treated and developed in a glorious manner. In his instrumental works as well, Bruch has often treated Scotch themes. Mendelssohn's *Scotch Symphony* and some of his songs show that he also felt the power of this music. Even in France, through the work of Saint-Saëns, the Scotch music is having its influence; and it is interesting to compare the different results of the same music when strained through the German or the French mind. In operas, it has for generations been found effective to interpolate a Scotch song; and, in some cases, this song is so interwoven into the work as to become its leading feature. Such for example, is "Robin Adair" (which is claimed as both a Scotch and Irish melody), as used in Boieldieu's *La Dame Blanche*; while the old Scotch tune "The bush aboon Traquair" is also used in the overture of the same opera. "Auld Lang Syne" is used in the same manner in Niedermeyer's opera *Maria Stuart*.

The Scotch music has been particularly favored in its preservation. First came the bards who transmitted down the older tunes, and found a people who took such pride in their songs that they were preserved by manifold popular tradition. Then came the Jacobite rebellion, which awoke musical expression of many different but equally powerful emotions, and left an indelible impression on the popular song. And, finally, when the Scotch music was in danger of languishing, there came a poet thoroughly imbued with its spirit, a poet who did for the Scotch folk-song what Heine did for the German *Lied*, who brought the old tunes into renewed life, and gave them a new significance by wedding to them the most inspired yet the most simple and heart-felt verses. Chief among the causes which have made the Scotch folk-song the glory of the world, and great among those who have formed and moulded the music of nations by the power of words, stands the name of the most musical of poets, Robert Burns,—a name that is indissolubly connected with everything that is most beautiful in Scotch music.—L. C. Elson in *Musical Herald*.

SHAKSPERIAN HUMBUGGERY.

AMONG the many solemn humbugs by which the world is fooled, there is not one more shallow than the pretence of some tragic actors to be considered what are called "students of Shakspeare." If this claim means anything, it presumes that the works of this poet are of such mystic and misty profundity that deep research and kindred inspiration are required to discover his hidden meaning, and these actors are ordained to expound this bible of the stage. Humbug! A tragedy is a great literary effort designed, not to be read or meditated upon, but to be represented before a mixed audience. Its language, therefore, should be clear and unmistakable as it flows from the mouths of the speakers; its action should be clear and conspicuous. If it is not so, then the poet is at fault. He is not a prophet; his business is to tell great truths about what is, and not to tell lies about what is to be; so he has no reason to be obscure. There are no two ways about him; he has no reason for misleading or for mystifying the people.

The so-called student of Shakspeare is a narrow-minded fellow, who seeks to torture the palpable meaning of trivial passages in the text into what are termed "new readings," for the purpose of rendering himself conspicuous at the expense of the poet, to whom he imputes obscurity, the very worst fault a dramatist can exhibit. If such fellows could arouse the sleeping spirit of the grand old man, recall him, like the Ghost in Hamlet, to revisit the glimpses of the moon, and then submit to him their new readings, I can imagine his reply:

"What on earth does it matter? Either interpretation will serve. I cannot remember which I intended. My dramas were written under the spur of necessity, to meet the crying need of the theatre of which I was one of the managers. They will be found to contain errors and blemishes. Let them be so, and do not encourage infatuated worshipers to turn defects into beauties. Nature is full of imperfections, and if it pleased the Great Author to leave His work so to eternity, why seek to find perfection in every miserable little heap of dust? These trivial details you bring to my notice do not affect the purpose and shape of my play; and if they concern neither the action nor the passion nor the characters, why make so much ado about nothing? I am neither honored nor flattered by the blind worship bestowed on my works by some writers. If my existence had depended on these text-grubbers I should have been shelved two centuries ago between Ben Jonson and Massinger, or buried with Beaumont and Fletcher. I owe my existence to the stage, to the actor. No dramatic poet has any existence in the closet. Out of my thirty-six plays about a dozen survive. The rest are preserved for the admiration of those who never read them. Each of these dozen will be found to afford a conspicuous and all-absorbing character for the great actor or actress. Whenever a well-written play affords such an opportunity it will hold its life on the stage.

"The 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' and 'Love's Labor Lost,' are read as a matter of duty to the author of 'Hamlet' and 'Othello.' I owe my existence to such actors as Edmund Kean and Garrick, who joined spirits with me, embraced my passions and embalmed my characters. They changed my language and reshaped my work to fit their qualities, and they did well. This is the way to study Shakspeare."

The actor's power to represent a passion is a gift, not a deliberate artistic effort obtained by study. It is a faculty to be developed and improved by practice. The poet only affords the actor an opportunity to display his powers. One is the complement of the other in the grand result. The actor who is built on a poet—such is the so-called student—is merely a mouthpiece, not an artist, for he should obtain his inspiration as the poet gets his, out of his inner gifts. I, who say this, am both an actor and poet, and I speak of what I know.

Then—may I be forgiven for saying so—there are some young women whose education has stopped short somewhere between writing and spelling, who are thrust into conspicuous positions on the stage, and, taking refuge behind their small looks, profess to be students of Shakspeare!

Oh, the humbug of it all! and how the dear world is fooled by it! DION BOUCICAULT.

THE PRECURSORS OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

OUR ancestors used the instruments known as spinet, virginal and harpsichord, or clavichord. The spinet, otherwise called the "couched harp," from its resemblance to a horizontal harp, was much smaller than the harpsichord, the strings, placed at an angle to the keys, were of catgut and sounded by leathern or quill plectra, which caught or "twigged" them. The "virginal," not derived from Queen Elizabeth's celibacy, but from *virga*, the Latin for *rods*, (the rods attached to the keys), resembled a square box; the strings were of metal (brass instead of catgut), one string for each note. The sound, as in the spinet, was produced by quills, whalebone, leather, or sometimes elastic metal, attached to slips of wood, called "jacks," provided with metal springs. The virginal was the precursor of the harpsichord, and some say of the spinet.

The harpsichord, clavecin, clavichord, clavicembalo or flügel, was so far an improvement that the strings were made (as now) of steel wire, with an alloy of copper for certain deep notes. There were in some instruments two keyboards for piano and *forte* effects, and also stops for the modification of the sound, by connecting the mechanism with, or disconnecting it from three or four strings. The Italian term *clavi-cembalo*, indicates the "cymbal" character of the tone. The keys were attached to levers with the "jacks," as before; the plectra were still crow quills or hard leather, sometimes ivory or tortoise-shell, which produced something like "a scratch with a sound at the end of it."

The masters of later date, such as Handel and Mozart, played on harpsichords or clavichords. Cristofori is generally recognized as the inventor of the modern piano-forte. The great change from the old harpsichord consisted in the substitution of wooden hammers for quills, the improved "action," the pedaling work, the extension of the compass, and the raising of the pitch. The "repetition" and "upright check" actions are fine specimens of the craft and mystery of piano-forte manufacture. We all remember, thirty or forty years ago, the old upright piano-forte of only 5 5-6 octaves, from F to C, and the old "square" of six octaves (now rare ones), from F to F whereof one advantage was that a vocalist could "sing" in that reverberation from the left "upright." Then came the extension of compass, 6 5-4 octaves, from C to A, and at last the full seven octaves, from A to A. Here, however, the gain is questionable, seeing that the notes in *altissimo* have hardly any sound at all, while the lowest bass notes are always too flat. One striking point in the old instruments is their low pitch. The virginal could not be tuned even up to the old concert-pitch, was a full minor third *below* the present "Philharmonic" pitch—the same will apply to the harpsichord.

Our modern piano-forte, in a broad sense, is virtually a return to the Bible keyed instrument called "Dulcimer," familiarized by painful repetition, together with psaltery, sackbut, flute, etc., in the first lesson—or what used to be the first morning lesson—for the nineteenth Sunday after Trinity. The dulcimer of the Hebrews was a keyed instrument, struck by two hammers *in the hands of the player*, on the drum and drumstick principle. Thus does the world move. Man, like the globe, rotates and revolves.

PROVING THE LIKENESS.

THERE lived in Brussels a celebrated painter named Wiertz, whose eccentricities were such as to give him the name of the crazy artist. That there was method in his madness, the following anecdote shows:

After having finished a portrait of the old, aristocratic Countess de Arnua, who pretended to be only thirty when nearly sixty, she refused to accept the painting, saying it did not look anything like herself, and that her most intimate friends would not recognize a single feature of her on that piece of canvas.

Wiertz smiled kindly at the remark, and, as a true knight of old, gallantly reconducted the lady to her carriage.

Next morning there was a grand disturbance in the Rue de Madeline. A big crowd was gathered before a window, and the following was whispered from ear to ear:

"Is the Countess de Arnua really in jail for her debts?"

Wiertz had exercised a little vengeance toward his noble but unfair customer. As soon as she had refused the portrait, he set to work and painted a few iron bars on the picture with these words:

"In Jail for debt!"

He exhibited the painting in a jeweler's window, in the principal street in Brussels, and the effect was instantaneous.

A few hours later the Countess was back at Wiertz's studio pouring invectives on him at high pressure—"to have exhibited her likeness under such scandalous," etc.

"Most noble lady," was the artist's reply, "you said the painting did not look anything like yourself, and that your most intimate friends would not have recognized a single one of your features in the picture. I wanted to test the truth of your statement, that is all."

The portrait was taken away, the city laughed, the artist charged double price, and gave the amount to the poor of the city.

HARD WORK.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FRIENDLY GOSSIP ABOUT NILSSON.

THE *New York World* thus chats pleasantly about Christine the Great:

Whenever Mme. Nilsson has an unoccupied evening and on all of our rare holidays she passes the hours with Dr. Doremus and his wife at their pleasant home on Lexington avenue. Indeed a visit to them she calls "going home." Mrs. Doremus in speaking on this subject said:

"You don't know what charming home qualities Mme. Nilsson has. She delights in passing a quiet evening with us, when she will gather about her a cluster of the young girls of the family. She passed Thursday with us and a large family party sat down to the dinner, Christine having begged that no stranger should be asked. During the evening, my brother's daughter came in and brought with her one of the most cunning little Maltese kittens I ever saw and dropped it into Mme. Nilsson's lap. It soon found its way up to her shoulder and passed the evening there cuddled up by her neck and occasionally kissing the prima donna's soft cheek. She has a great fondness for animals, which the little thing seemed to discover and mewed piteously when it was disturbed.

"Did you know that Christine Nilsson made her first public appearance at the American chapel in Paris? asked Mrs. Doremus. We had a number of fine singers in the choir at that time, Mrs. Riggs being among them. This was while we were living in Paris during the years of '61 and '62, and when Christine was a young school-girl, and used to pass her monthly holidays, which lasted from Friday to Monday at our house. One day we heard that one of the sopranos of the chapel choir had been taken ill, and so I went for Christine and induced her to take her place and while we walked along the *Champs Elysées* I taught her the English words of the hymn she was to sing. This was some two years before she made her *début*, and so took the public by storm by her singing of the 'Magic Flute' that the manager at *once* made a three years' engagement with her.

"In September of 1871, when Christine first came to this country, we were still at our country place, but hearing of her expected arrival, we came to town and made arrangements for giving a large reception in her honor. I believe that such a crowd as was assembled that evening has seldom been seen in New York. It has been calculated that no less than 10,000 people blocked Fourth avenue, and the horse cars were stopped for two hours, fourteen hundred Swedes were there, and each of them had a torch, and, as Christine stood on the balcony of our old house, they passed through the garden and threw the light of their torches on her. Then she made them a very pretty little speech. The house was very crowded with our friends, and it was thus that Christine Nilsson made her entrance into New York society.

"I do not think that the story that Mme. Nilsson parted with any of her jewels is correct. She has a great many and they are very handsome. Of course, most of her ornaments were given her in Russia, as are those of all the *prime donne*. The reason for this is that when the benefit performances occur, the box-owners are taxed for the purpose of buying a present, besides which each of the noblemen usually contributes something. But the jewel of which Christine is perhaps most justly proud is one given her by the populace in St. Petersburg. It is a ring, from the plain gold band of which falls a glittering diamond tear, intended to express their grief at her leaving them. The stone is very curious in shape, and is of great brilliancy. A favorite set of jewels is a very handsome pin, ear-rings, and other ornaments of diamonds and sapphires. Some of her most beautiful gems were given her at the time of her marriage to M. Auguste Rouzaud, which took place at Westminster Abbey and after which Sir Cavendish Bentinck gave them a wedding breakfast. The Doctor and myself went over to attend, and it was certainly the most brilliant affair of the kind I ever saw.

"In 1873, while Mme. Nilsson was with us, the Doctor presented her with a banjo, on which she has become a most proficient player. Christine has the most kindly impulses possible. While Napoleon was in exile at Chiselhurst she went out there one day, took her favorite banjo with her and spent several hours in playing and singing for the dethroned Emperor.

"Does Mme. Nilsson really intend to marry again? Why, no, she has no idea of doing anything of the sort. That is another of the absurd stories over which she has often laughed. I do not know how such an idea was started, but it certainly has not the slightest foundation in facts.

"Christine is always loved by the members of her troupe, and they have many good times together. Last Christmas, while they were traveling in the West, she made up her mind to celebrate the day in the parlor-car, in spite of all obstacles, and even to have a Christmas tree. Each of those with her was given some toy denoting some peculiarity; for instance, one received a doll-baby, while to another a jumping-jack was presented with all due solemnity. When they had all laughed heartily over their odd gifts, the mysterious trunk which held them was once more opened, and the distributor handed to each something really pretty and which altogether prevented their feeling disappointed."

ABOUT CHINESE MUSIC.

THE fixed pitch to which the Chinese agreed to conform is said to have been established twenty-six hundred years before the present era. Ling-Lung, Minister to Hoang-ti, being able to calculate intervals, was appointed to determine certain musical points. A dispute had arisen respecting pitch and the corresponding measurements for musical instruments. Ling-Lung, on being appealed to decide upon the matter, walked in the woods, picked up a bamboo and, separating it at a natural division, handed it to the disputants for the required diapason, which henceforth was adopted.

In the library at Pekin there are four hundred and eighty-two books on music. It is said that in 2277 B. C., there were twenty-two authors on dance and music, twenty-three on ancient music, twenty-four on playing the "kin" and "chi," twenty-four on solemn occasions, twenty-five on the diameter and circumference, and twenty-six on scale construction; that in 2637 B. C., the quadrature of the circle, the duplication of the cube, and decimal system were studied relatively to music, on which science generally was founded. Yet Chinese professors of music and amateurs follow a simple routine of study, and are unable to give reasons. The sages alone comprehend the canons. The mandarins of music are considered superior to those of mathematics. Their importance in religious ceremonies, for the honor of heaven and great ancestors, has been acknowledged from the most remote antiquity.

The College of Musical Mandarins is within the imperial palace. The head musician in China represents the five capital virtues—Humanity, Justice, Politeness, Wisdom and Rectitude. Music is taught in the smallest schools.

The compass of Chinese music extends through three octaves. The sumptuary laws prevent its extension upwards or downwards beyond the third "Fa," which is the key note of the scale or "Lu."

VOICE AND VERSE.

BEFORE the modern orchestra attained its self-dependence, vocal music had an instrumental character. Therefore, we find in the works of Bach and Handel many florid passages sung to one syllable, and in the secular songs of their day, burdens of "tra la la," etc., or meaningless expressions, on which the singer might vocalize florid runs free from all considerations of the text. Subsequently all such rapid passages were given to the instruments, and greater consideration was accorded to the natural requirements of the language.

A glance at the chorus parts of Mendelssohn's oratorios will illustrate this fact. But now, there is a tendency to give the orchestra all the real music subject-matter and the singer nothing more than a most dreary declamatory setting of the text. This appears to be an error in the opposite direction. Although poetical and musical melody often have little in common, yet poetry may be truly wedded to song without the latter resigning its chief characteristics. To give the orchestra the entire gamut in which to revel freely and to condemn the singer to recite a monotone, as Berlioz has done in his "Romeo" and "Requiem," is to elevate the orchestra at the expense of the singer, and also to destroy the music of speech and to give little in the way of musically determined tones in compensation.

A poem read aloud expressively would have audible, unwritten variations of pitch and speed. If the composer reduces these to his strongly defined and mathematically proportioned systems, he should feel bound to render all he can in return for the special effects he destroys. To pin the singer down to one or even two notes, is not to enlarge the expressive power of the poem, but to destroy it. For in ordinary speech, the voice waves continuously up and down, requiring at least an octave for these variations of pitch; while in moments of passionate emotion, these variations as well as those of speed are still greater and are apparently quite unrestrained.

The musician should determine these changes with consummate art, and not reduce them to a monotonous level while pretending to pay deference to language. The florid embellishments of the old school were smaller faults, for they at least allowed the vocalist to prove that he experienced the emotions indicated in the text.

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

The month of February, 1884, will long be memorable in the musical annals of St. Louis as the one in which the greatest number of singers of world-wide fame were present within its limits. Nilsson, Patti, Gerster, Sembrich, Scalchi, Trebelli, Campanini, Stagno, Del Puente, Valleria, and as many more only less celebrated made up a galaxy of talent which we are not likely to see again in many years, especially as it is understood that Mr. Abbey has figuratively "thrown up the sponge" and will permanently retire from the operatic "ring" as soon as this season is ended.

Of the two troupes Abbey's is the larger, Mapleson's the better, so far at least as the ensemble is concerned. Beginning with the orchestra, while Abbey had more musicians, Mapleson gets better work out of those he has—and as to the conducting of young Campanini (the only conductor in St. Louis) it is not to be compared in any respect to that of the veteran Arditi. Upon the stage, Abbey's chorus was the more numerous and on the whole the better looking; Mapleson's was the better drilled and musically the more satisfactory. As to the stage setting of the operas given herein was "nip and tuck." Mapleson's ballet is in every respect superior to that of Abbey, which is actually bad—this is undoubtedly due very largely to the intelligent efforts of Signor Francisco.

Passing now to the principals, we must premise our brief remarks by the statement that as to those whom we heard for the first time, especially those who appeared only once, we may have heard them when they were perhaps not in the best of voice.

Christine Nilsson, remains Christine Nilsson, a singer with a heart from which she sings as if she felt that singing was her God-given mission.

Patti remains Patti, an instrument with a plectrum, a golden-voiced flute, if you will, to please the ear but not to move the heart.

Sembrich made a hit and deserved it, but, all in all, we prefer Gerster, with whom she is oftenest compared. [illegible]

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THE Kunkel Popular Concerts [illegible]

A LADY at New Haven, [illegible]

OUR MUSIC.

"UNDER THE RAINBOW" .... *Auchester.*

From data sent us by the author, we are enabled to state distinctly what he had in mind when he created this tone-picture. The scene is among the Alps. A summer storm has just swept over the fertile valley, which is bathed in a vapory haze and decked in nature's liquid diamonds. This haze is represented by the four opening bars. Then, glorious in the heavens, appears the rainbow, the bow of peace uniting earth to heaven. The village pastor, who "looks through nature up to nature's God," leaves his humble home and, inspired by the beauty and peacefulness of the scene, thankful for the preservation of himself and flock through the tempest that still hovers a distant peak, raises his voice in a hymn of thanks. The villagers gather about him and join in the hymn. The hymn ceases and the eye again falls upon the rainbow which gradually fades and disappears beyond the mountains.

"TROVATORE FANTASIA," (Duet) .... *Sidus.*

This duet needs no commendation at our hands. Our readers will, if they try it, find that it recommends itself.

"MAGGIE WALTZ" .... *C. T. Sisson.*

This little composition, like all of Sisson's pieces, is pretty and not very difficult of execution. It will be especially appreciated by our younger readers. The care with which the composition is edited makes it quite valuable as a teaching piece.

"I WROTE MY LOVE A LETTER" .... *Lady Dufferin.*

This little ballad is usually known under the name of "Katy's Letter." The title has been changed to distinguish this edition from others. This edition differs in more respects than one from the original. Not only has there been a German dialect translation of the words added, but the music has been modified in order to make it correct both in melody and harmony. Lady Dufferin is, if we are not mistaken, a daughter of Queen Victoria, and respect for the royal blood has probably prevented English musicians from giving this otherwise pretty song the critical overhauling it needed in order to make it what it should be. A republican musician who gives his allegiance only to music has here performed this needed work.

"PURE AS SNOW" .... *Lange.*

This revised edition of a standard composition for the piano, will be found, we think, superior to any other. The care with which it has been fingered and phrased ought to recommend it to teachers as lightening their arduous labors, and to students as containing all the theoretical instruction as to the performance of this piece, which they could get from the ablest teachers. This does not of course dispense with the practical teaching of the application of all these various indications.

The pieces here given, cost in sheet form :

"UNDER THE RAINBOW," *Auchester*	$ 75
"TROVATORE FANTASIA," (Duet), *Sidus*	60
"MAGGIE WALTZ," *Sisson*	35
"I WROTE MY LOVE A LETTER," *Lady Dufferin*	35
"PURE AS SNOW," *Lange*	75
Total	$2 80

NEW MUSIC.

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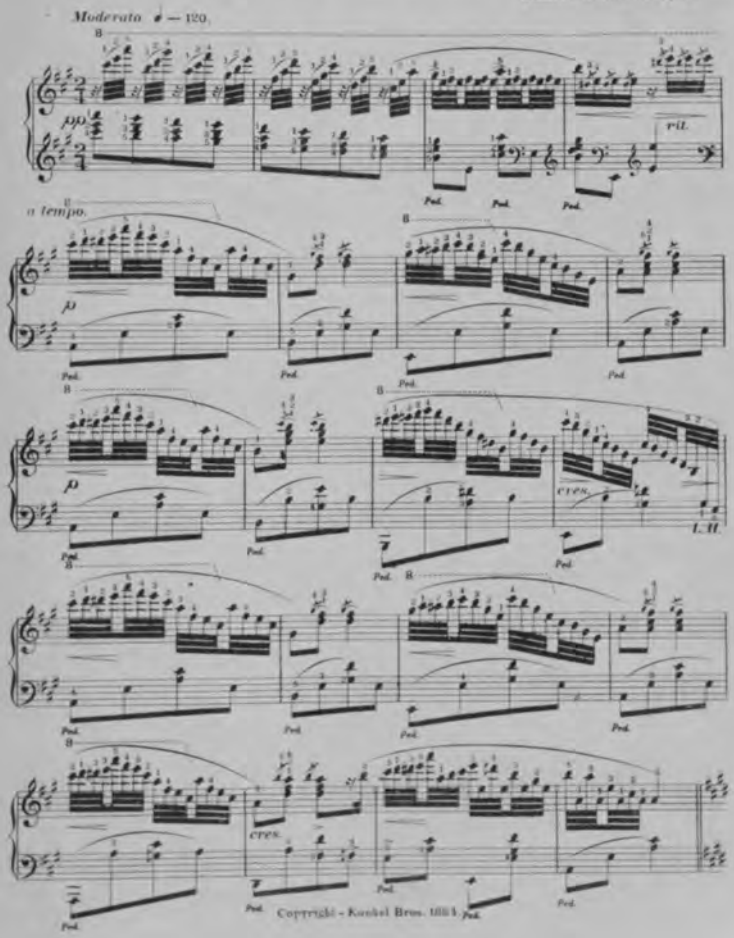

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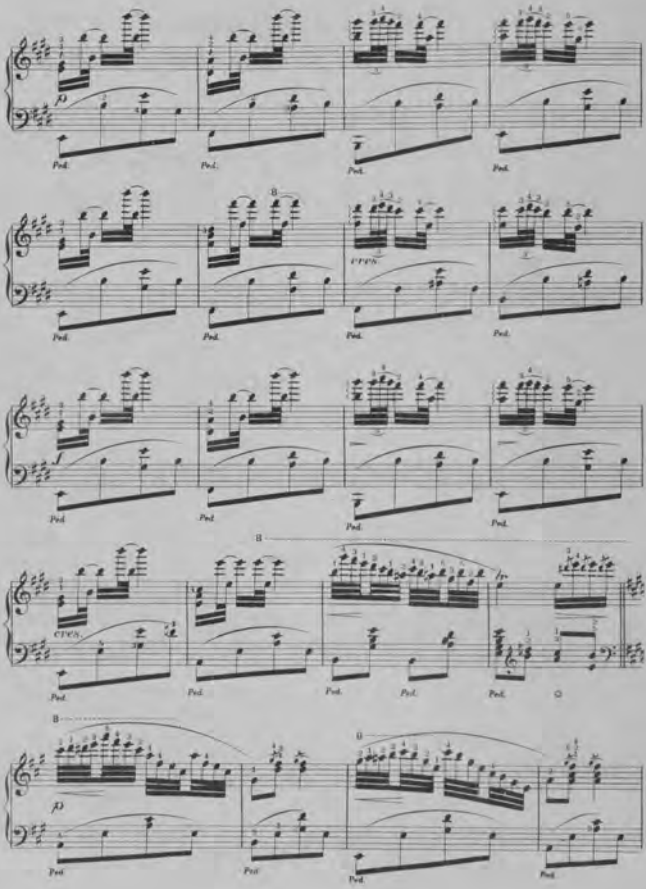
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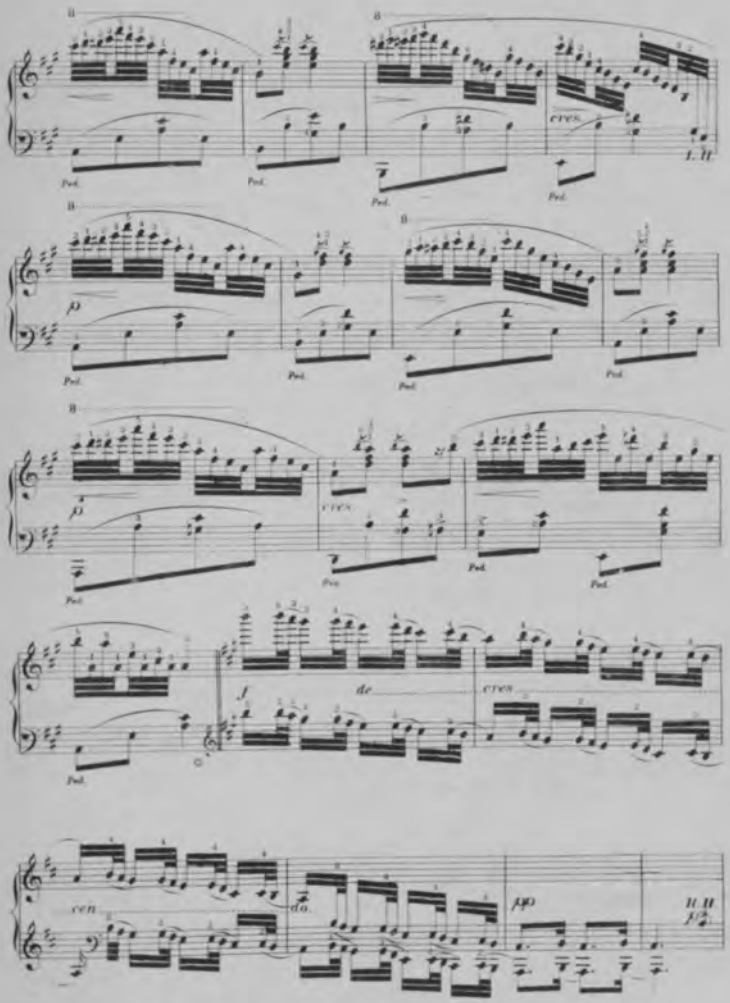
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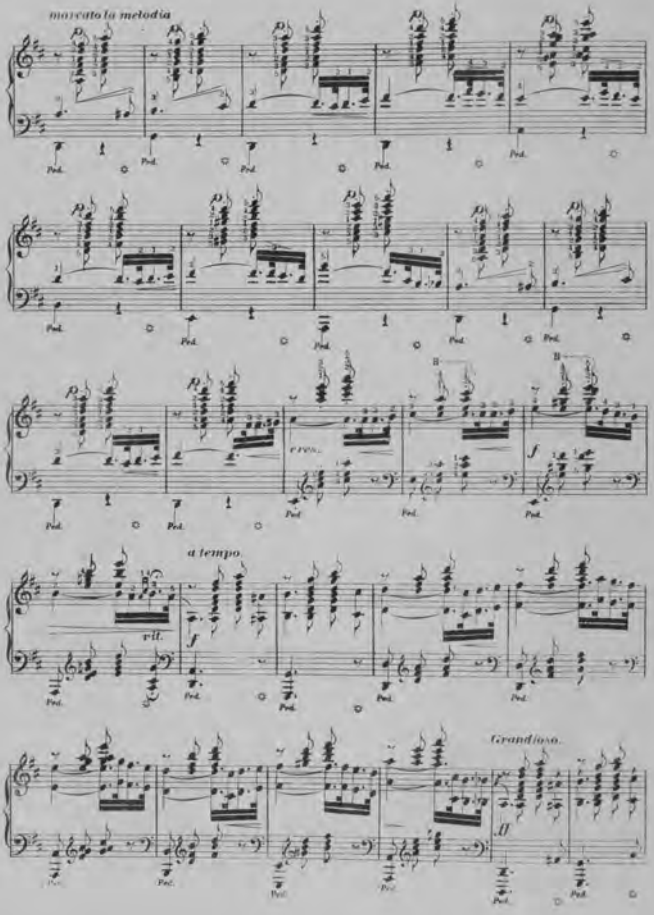
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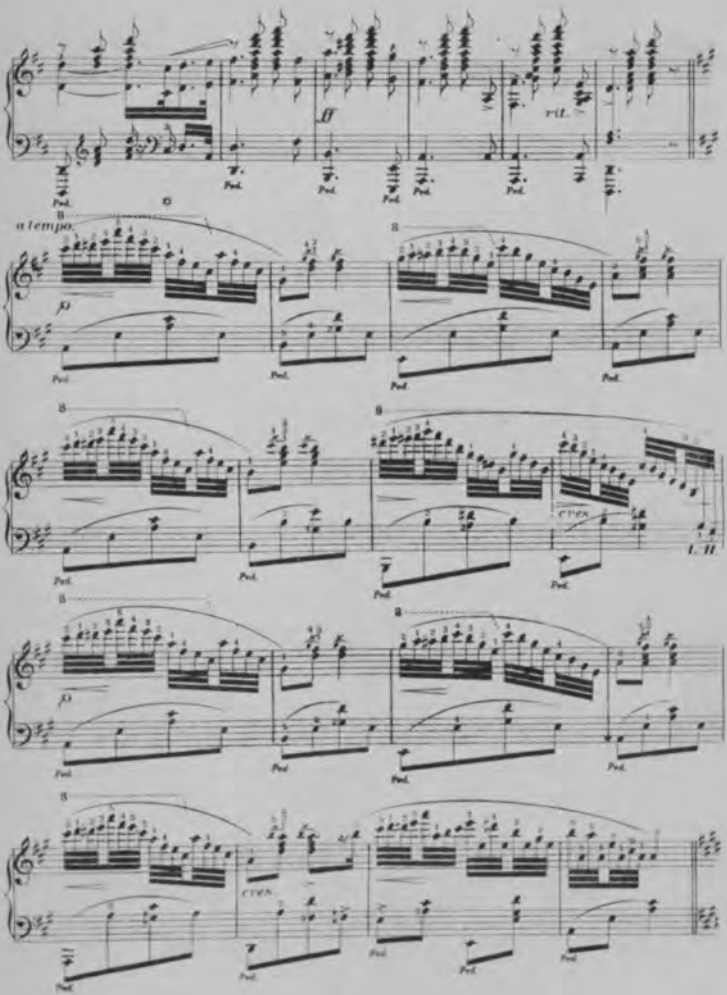
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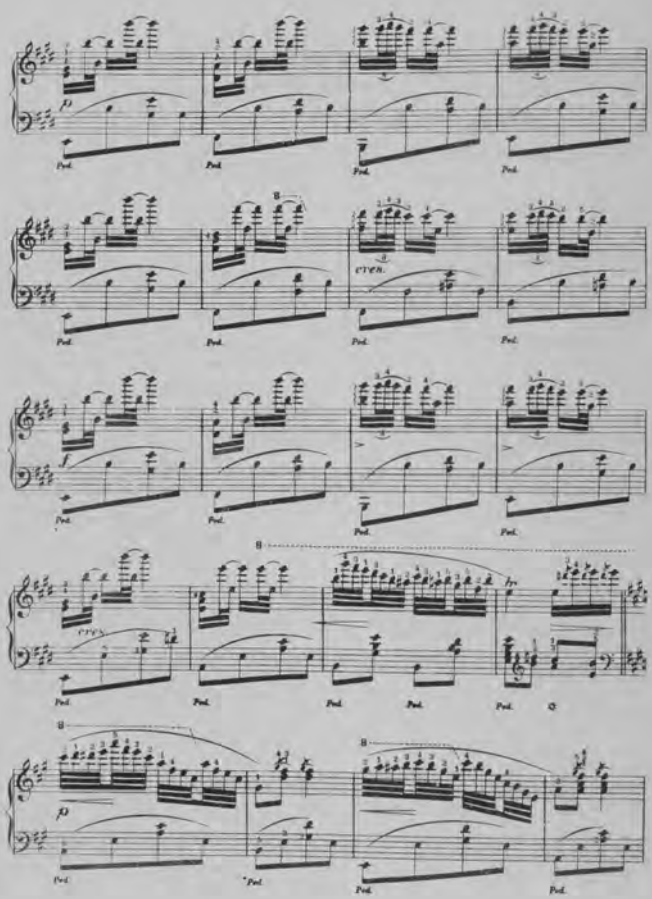
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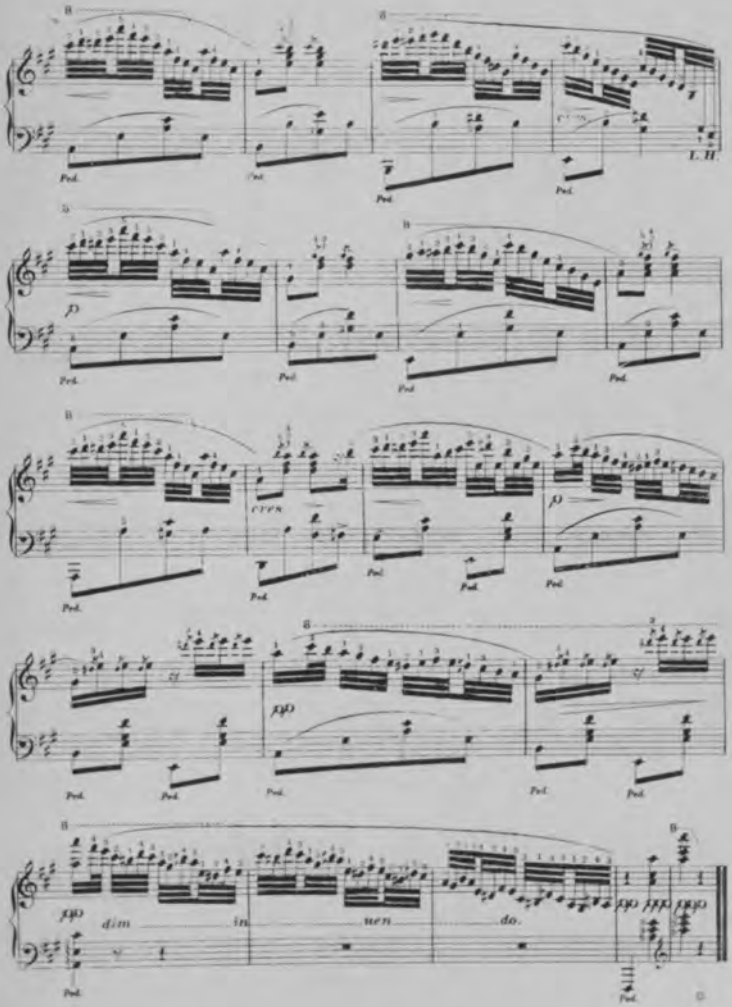
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106

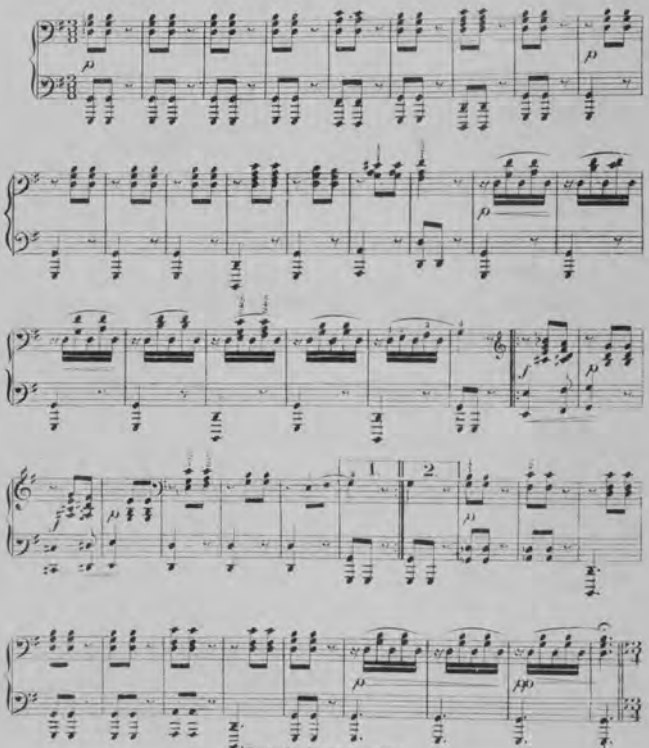
IL TROVATORE

Verdi.

Carl Sidus Op. 123

Secondo.

Andante ♩= 72.



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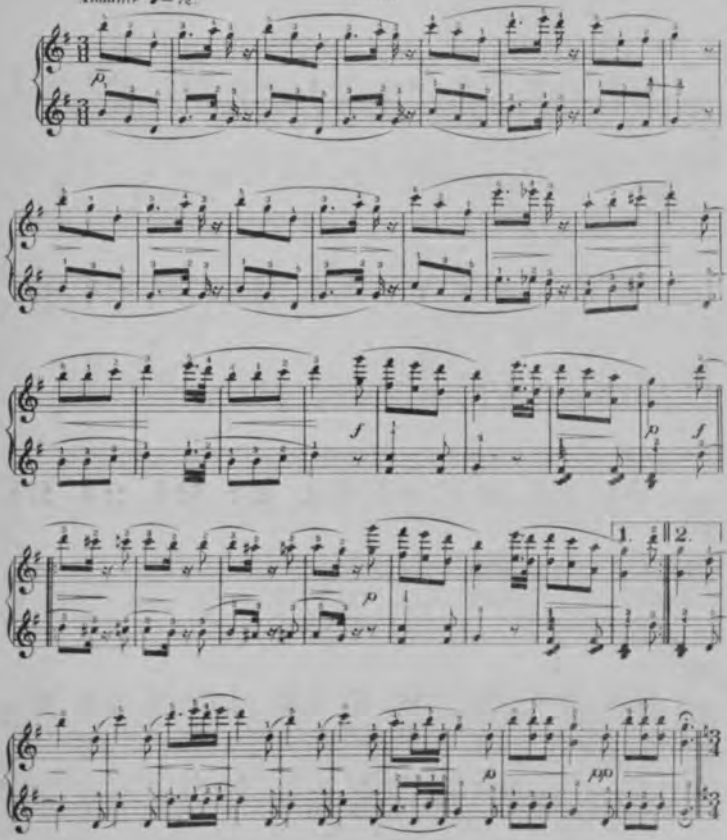
IL TROVATORE

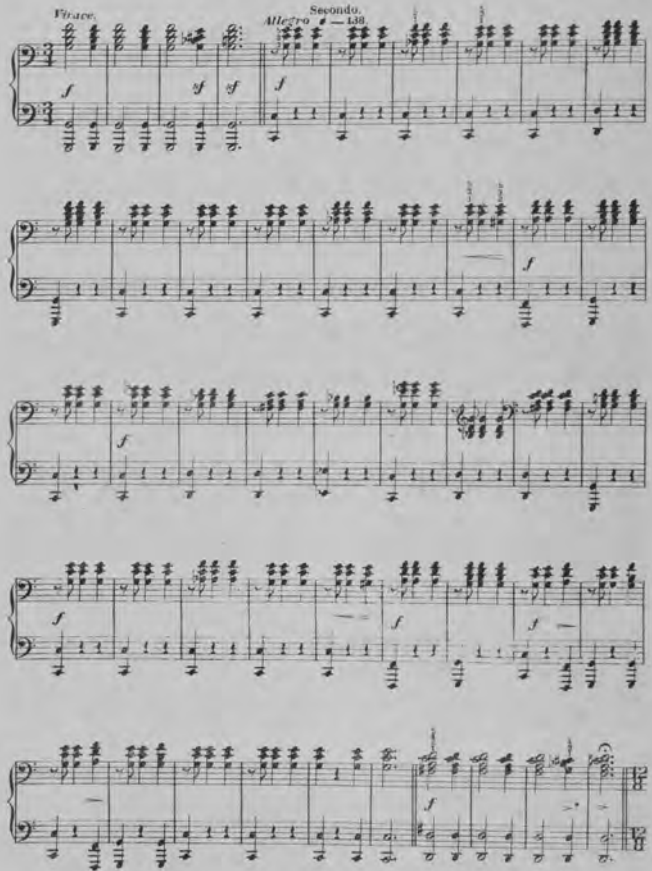
[Verdi.]

Carl Sidus Op. 125.

Andante ♩= 72.

Primo.




Vivace.
Secondo.
Allegro ♩ = 138.
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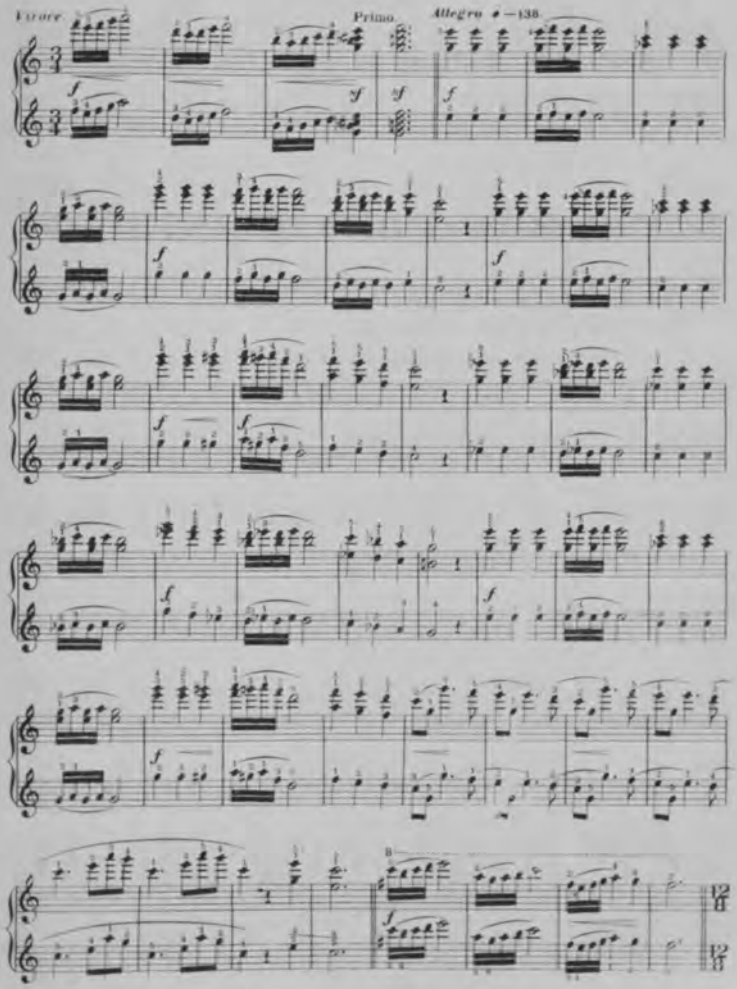
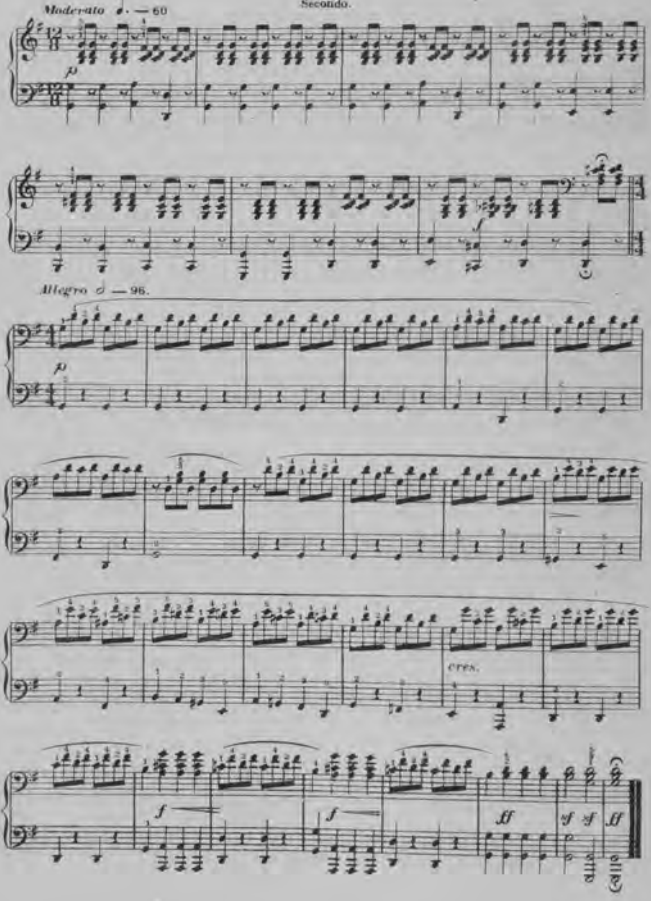

Primo.
Allegro ♩ = 138.


Moderato ♩. = 60
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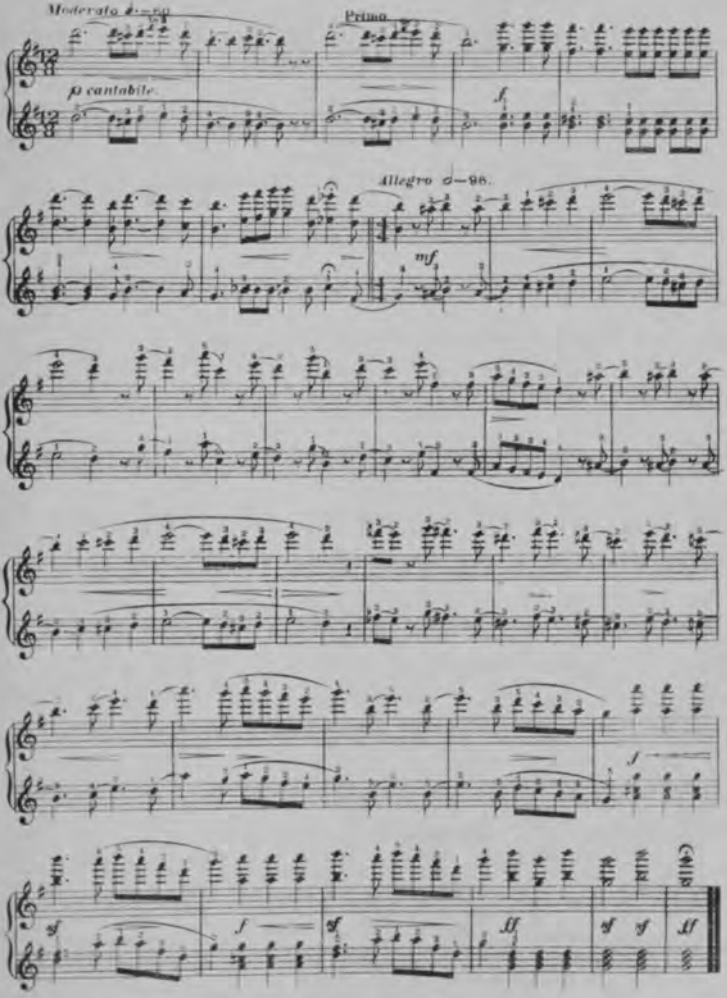
Moderato ♩=60
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Allegro ♩=96.
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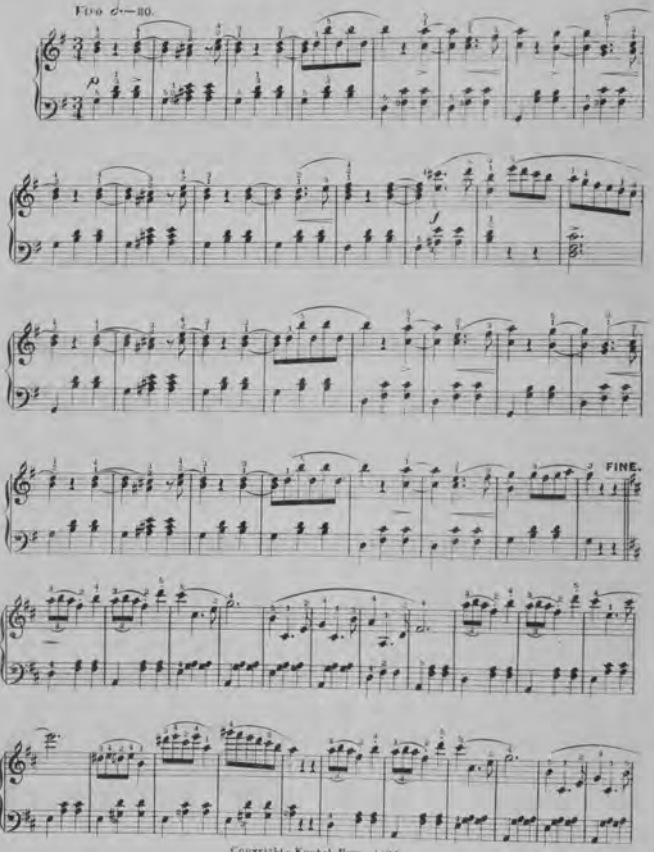
1121

MARGIE WALTZ.

C. T. Sisson.



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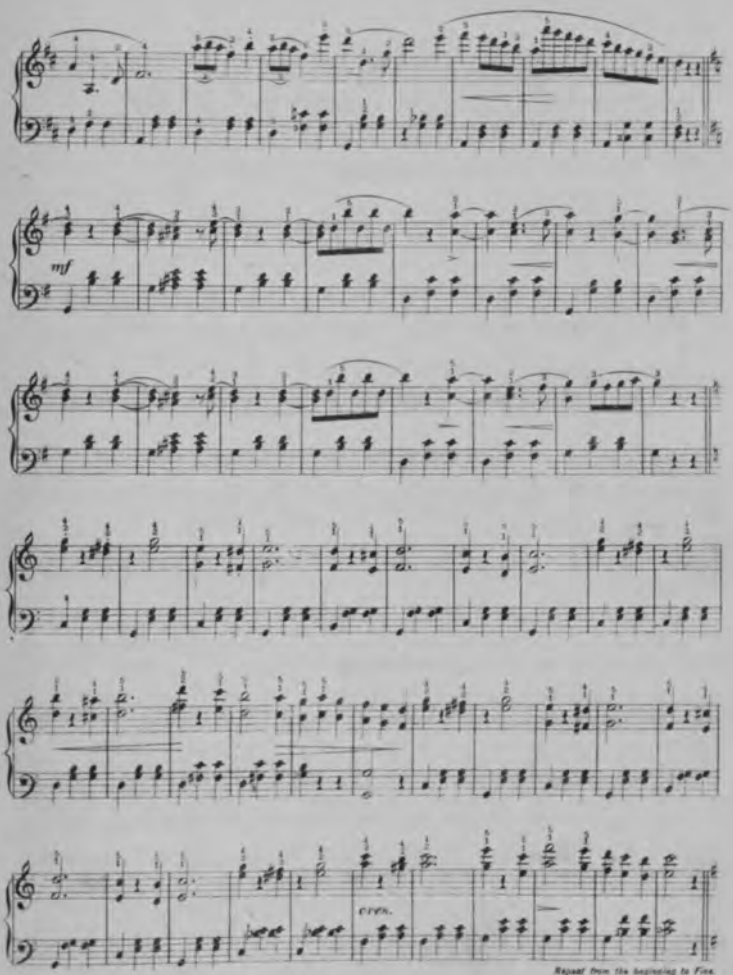


Repeat from the beginning to Fine.

114

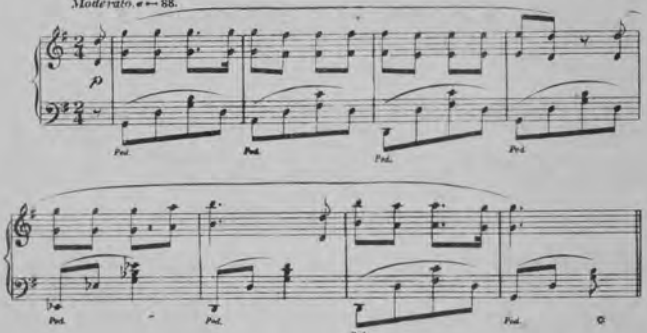
I wrote my Love a Letter.

I HAR MEI'M SCHATZ GESCHRIEBA

Revised Edition

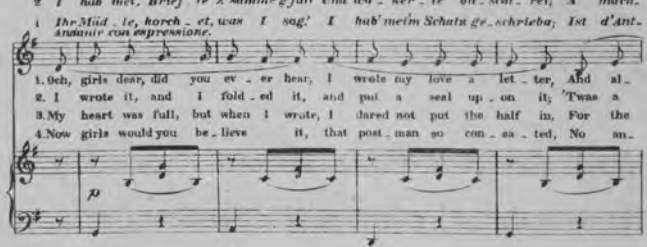
Lady Dufferin.

Moderato. ♩= 88.



4. *So hab I no kein Ant_wort nöt; Die Post ist werth kein Plunder; Mi neh-*
3. *Beim Schreiba hat mir klopft mei Herz; Nöt Al_les hab I g'schrieba; I kann*
2. *I hab mei Brief te z'sammeg falt Und wä_ker_le bit_scht_ret, A mäch-*
1. *Ihr Müd_le, horch_et, was I sag! I hab' mei'm Schatz ge_schrieba; Ist d'Ant-*

Andante con espressione.



1. Och, girls dear, did you ev_er hear, I wrote my love a let_ter, And al_
2. I wrote it, and I fold_ed it, and put a seal up_on it; 'Twas a
3. My heart was full, but when I wrote, I dared not put the half in, For the
4. Now girls would you be_lieve it, that post_man go com_pa_ted, No an_

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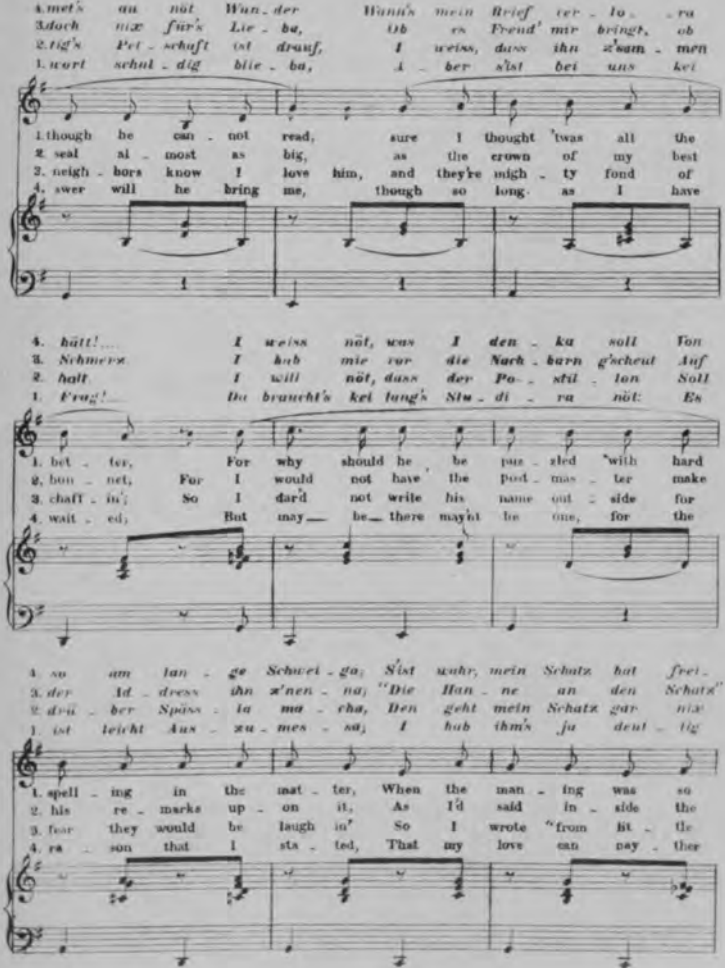

4. met's au nöt Wun - der Wann's mein Brief ver - lo - ra
3. doch nix für's Lie - ba, Ob es Freud' mir bringt, ob
2. tig's Pet - schaft ist drauf, I weiss, dass ihn z'sam - men
1. wort schul - dig blie - ba, A - ber s'ist bei uns kei
1. though he can - not read, sure I thought 'twas all the
2. seal al - most as big, as the crown of my best
3. neigh - bors know I love him, and they're migh - ty fond of
4. swer will he bring me, though so long as I have
4. hätt! I weiss nöt, was I den - ka soll Von
3. Schmerz I hab mie vor die Nach - barn g'scheut Auf
2. halt I will nöt, dass der Po - stil - lon Soll
1. Frag! Da braucht's kei lang's Stu - di - ra nöt: Es
1. bet - ter, For why should he be puz - zled with hard
2. bon - net, For I would not have the post - mas - ter make
3. chaft - in; So I dar'd not write his name out - side for
4. wait - ed; But may be there mayht be one, for the
4. so am lan - ge Schwei - ga; S'ist wahr, mein Schatz hat frei -
3. der Id - dress ihn z'nen - na; "Die Han - ne an den Schatz"
2. drü - ber Späss - la ma - cha, Den geht mein Schatz gar nix
1. ist leicht Aus - zu - mes - sa; I hab ihm's ja deut - lig
1. spell - ing in the mat - ter, When the man - ing was so
2. his re - marks up - on it, As I'd said in - side the
3. fear they would be laugh in' So I wrote "from bit - ter
4. ra - son that I sta - ted, That my love can pay - ther

4. *li Nöt le - sa und schrei - ba g'lernt* Zum
3. *heisst's I müsst nöt ken - na die Leut!* Zum
2. *an Der wött' drü - ber la - che blos.* Zum
1. *g'sagt Dass I ihn zum Fres - sa lieb.* Zum

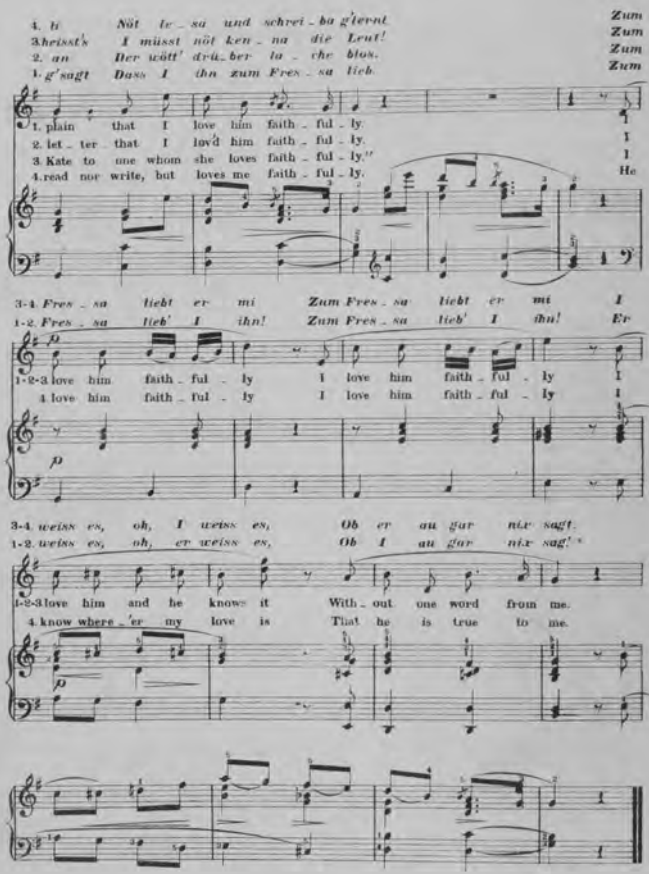
1. plain that I love him faith - ful - ly. I
2. let - ter that I lov'd him faith - ful - ly. I
3. Kate to one whom she loves faith - ful - ly." I
4. read nor write, but loves me faith - ful - ly. He

3-4. *Fres - sa liebt er mi Zum Fres - sa liebt er mi I*
1-2. *Fres - sa lieb' I ihn! Zum Fres - sa lieb' I ihn! Er*

1-2-3 love him faith - ful - ly I love him faith - ful - ly I
4 love him faith - ful - ly I love him faith - ful - ly I

3-4. *weiss es, oh, I weiss es, Ob er au gar nix sagt.*
1-2. *weiss es, oh, er weiss es, Ob I au gar nix sag!*

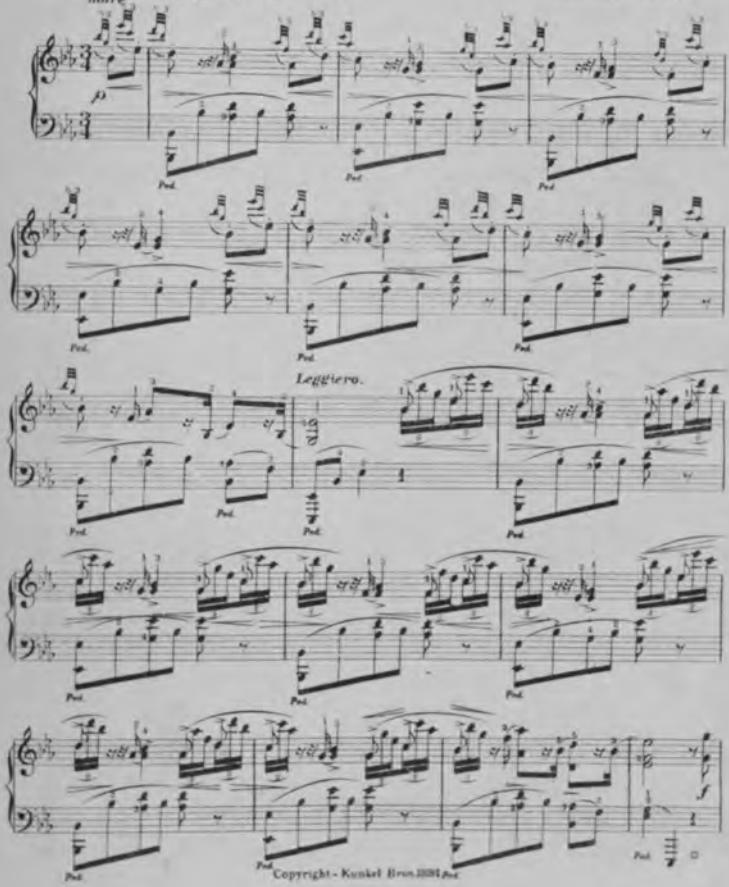
1-2-3 love him and he knows it With - out one word from me.
4. know where - 'er my love is That he is true to me.



Pure as Snow.

Revised and fingered by Chas. Kunkel. ("Edelweiss")

Gustave Lange Op. 31.



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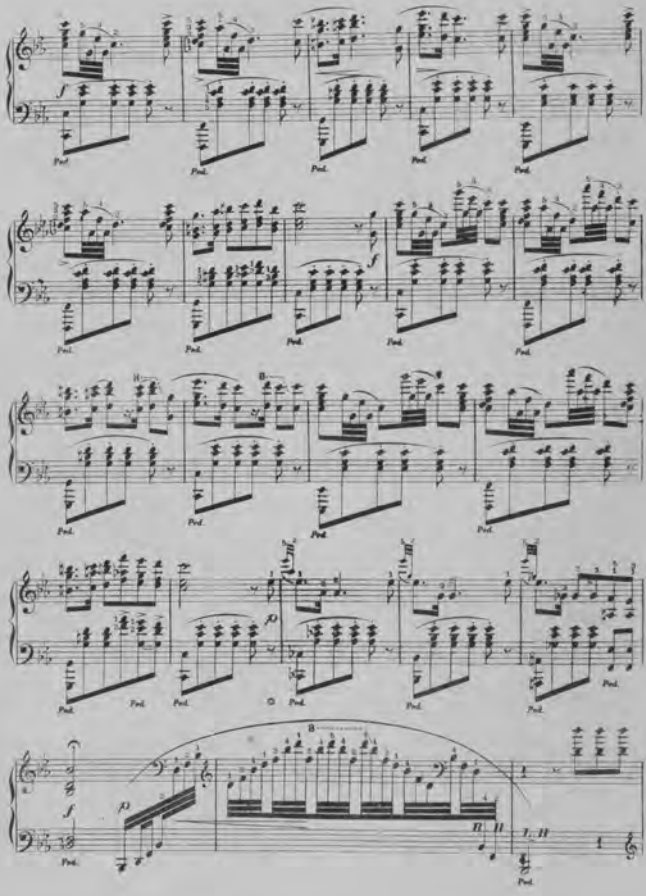

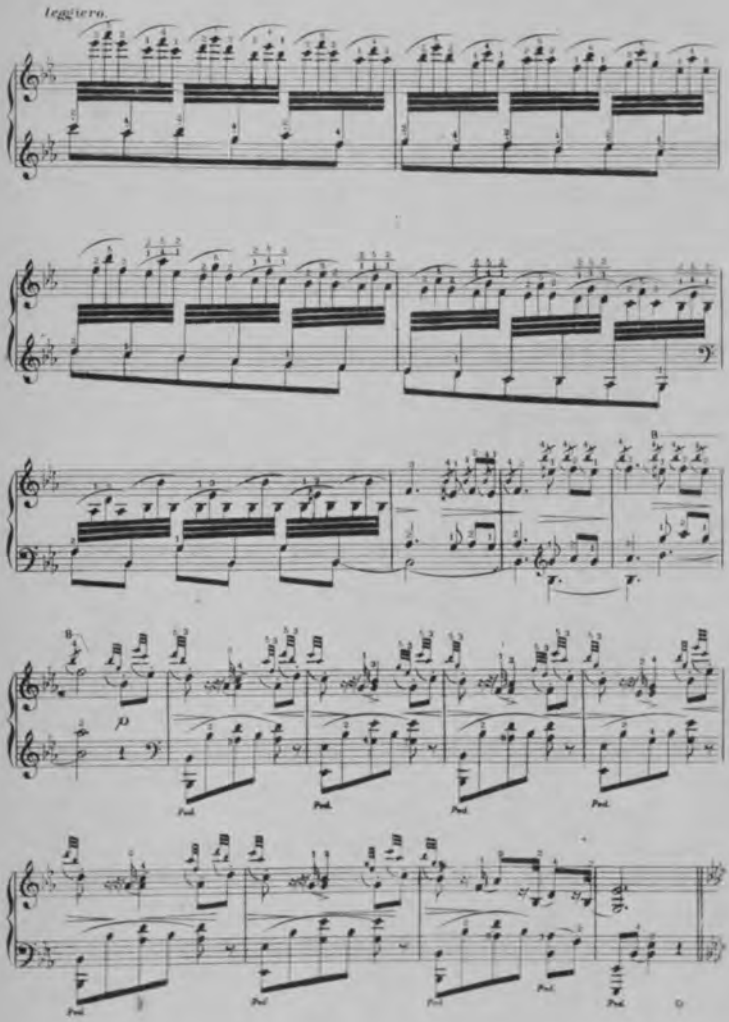
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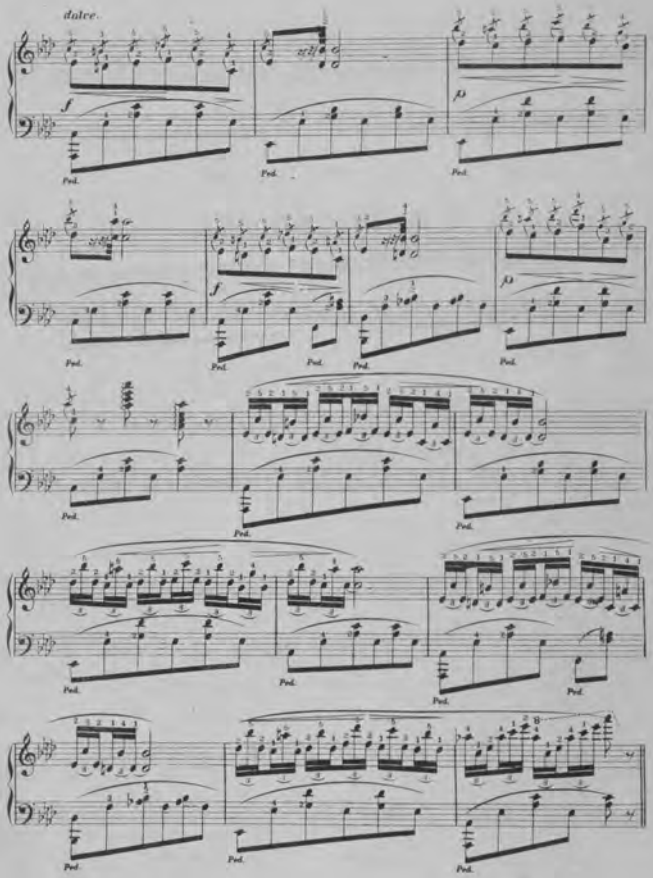
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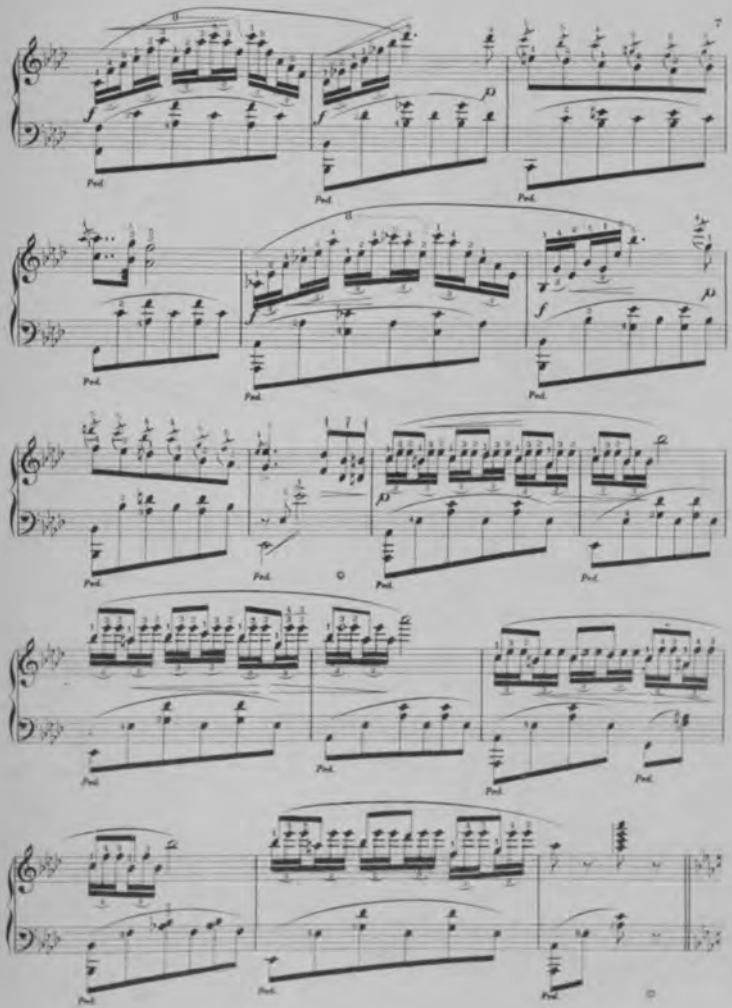

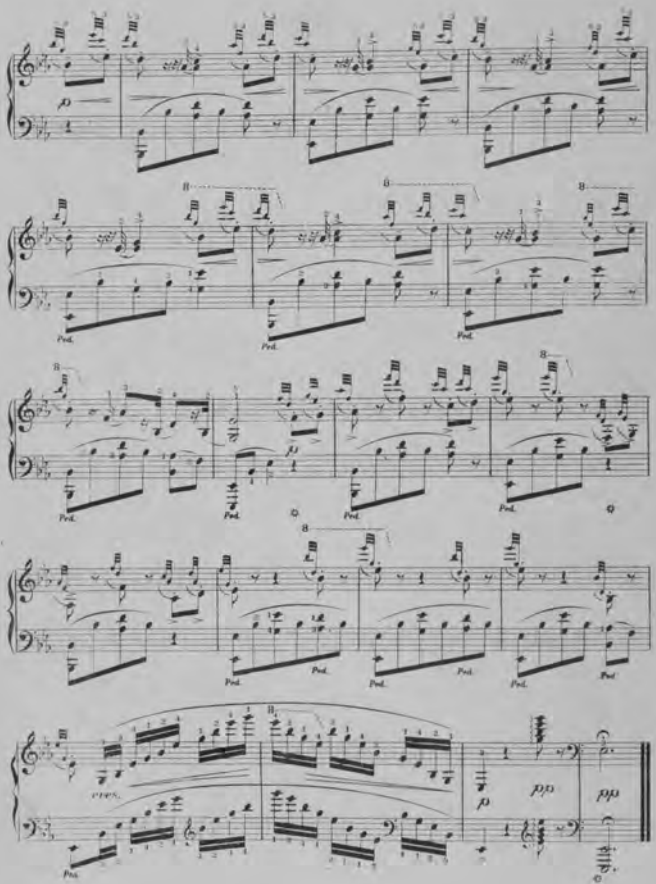
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THE VIOLIN-MAKER OF BREMEN.

JUST a hundred years ago there dwelt in the city of Bremen a fiddler, who, being a man of refined tastes and superior education, was an artist in the fullest acceptation of the term. Daily crossing in ferries with, and being largely patronized by, the most undegraded article whether poets, painters, players, or singers that the country contained, he quickly reached the goal to which he was striving—namely, to become a Maecenas, a dilettante, an art connoisseur—and thus surrounded by the comforts of life, the pleasures conferred by wealth, and the company of men of talent, it became his habit to give weekly soirees which were prolonged late into the night, or rather, occasions all the talented and genial natives of Bremen were wont to assemble under his hospitable roof, and what with music, dancing, and flirtation (those little romances sometimes ensued from after an the point of infinite tenderness in the revivals. In such a point did he assess all the depths and shoals of social delight that all classes of the State became zealous of him, and their very jealousy only goaded the hard-working artiste to put forth his powers to more taxing and improve his social and artistic position.

It was in one of these revels that the first that this state of things occurred; for whereas before he gave to any less attention to his business, his connection as the remunerative one, began to increase himself by degrees and beautifully but, the unfortunate violin began to make his appearance, and the pianoforte formed to the background, ready for his final advent. Our fellow-teaching at his fiddling, and more himself about them, and as a natural consequence another week brought him to the end of his tether, and he was a ruined man. Overhead to his home by the bargain, and he engaged by creditors who granted his house ostensibly to make sure that he did not carry away the smallest article of furniture, or a single saleable instrument another day would have given over to him, and as no friend, his wife were, on the contrary, rather sharpened than otherwise, and he, to his unbounded horror, on a fixed up short.

He had arrived at the eve of the day on which he was to be attended in person, and his effects sold at auction, when he put into operation a plan he had long entertained. To upwards of forty friends, all first-rate musicians, he sent copies of the following note, all out:—

"My Dear Friend:—To-morrow morning the law will take its course and I shall be imprisoned. To-night, therefore, I must bid a last farewell to the delightful life I have been leading, and to the pleasures I have experienced in our intellectual evening pleasures for which I have to so great an extent to thank you, and the, and for which I am so largely indebted to your talents. Come, therefore, for the last time, this evening, and we will, for the last time, make a night of it. There will be music.

"P. S.—Don't bring your instrument with you.

Yours,

THE VIOLIN-MAKER OF BREMEN."

Every one came, and immediately on the last arrived he made his guests carouse together, so that they were from his cook and the fastidious pleasures of a cracking diversion.

The night was black as ink. Whenever the revels were at their highest tension the violin-maker and the Violin-maker threw some costly article of his clothes out of a back window, to friends who immediately made away with them in a cab and hid them. Every room and hall had been stripped every curtain left, carpets, even him on bedrooms. Last of all, the latter was seen by the back door, looking if the coast was clear—a condition beaming with joy, and our wrecked their conquests on a fashionable chair, a basket, hinge, and a set of card tables. These were the only items left of the "Violin-maker of Bremen."—From the French.

ROUGH ON THE INSECTS.

A gentleman of refinement and culture, probably an editor, put up at a San Antonio hotel. After he had been there a day or so, the landlord asked him how he liked the town.

"I like the town and people very much, indeed, but I must be troubled with insects."

"Insects! I don't know what you mean, sir," responded the landlord, bristling up.

"I mean that I can't sleep."

"Well, I know what will cure that, sir; some chloral will put you to sleep."

"I've got a better plan than that."

"What is it?"

"Give the chloral to the insects in your beds. They have consumption worse than I have. I ranged it from there."—Texas Siftings.

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JO. H. HILL once "showed" us (as a professional phrase—is a town in the western part of New York, where no theatrical performance had ever been given. He found the audience assembled with the women seated on one side of the hall and the men on the other, exactly as they were used to sit in church; and throughout the play the most solemn silence was observed. They were attentive but they gave no evidence of approval or displeasure; there was no applause, no laughter; there was not even a smile, all was solemn stillness. Hill did his utmost to break the ice, he did everything a clever comedian could do, but in vain. He flung himself against their rigidity; it was of no use. The audience was evidently on its best behavior, and the curtain came down at last amid a silence oppressive and almost melancholy. After the play, Hill, worn out by his extra exertion, and mortified at his want of success, was stopped by a tall countryman with the remark:

"Say, mister, I want to be in the play to-night."

"Was you?" said Hill. "You must have been greatly entertained."

"Well, I was—I tell you what it is now, my mouth is all sore a-straining to keep my face straight. And if it hadn't been for the women, I'd a laughed right out in meetin'."

WALTZ WRITERS.

THE name of Strauss is every one's familiar word for half a century Strauss has been the recognized "waltz king," and Strauss' waltzes have been played by every band in Christendom. It is not, however, so generally known that his name is borne by four persons, all famous composers and leaders of Vienna. They are all of one family, the oldest Strauss, of whom we have already spoken, being the father, and the other three his sons. It was the meritorious waltzes of the father, Johann, who died in 1849, that first gave publicity to the name. His charming "Songs of the Danube" was not less popular in its day than the "Beautiful Blue Danube," written by his son, Johann Strauss. These two productions alone have served every lover of light music, have been made still more famous by the romantic story of disappointed love associated with its composition and first playing. Johann, the eldest son and the greatest of all dance composers, was born in 1825. When a boy, he played the first violin in his father's orchestra, but by soon organized a band of his own which rivalled that of the eldest Strauss, and which has won the plaudits of every capital of Europe. Of his published compositions, numbering nearly four hundred, the most widely known and popular is "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," but many of his other waltzes are equally charming. Josef Strauss, the second son, died in 1870, at the age of forty-three years. He left nearly three hundred compositions, which, though not so lively and frolicsome as their own and deserve their great popularity. His "Village Swallows" waltz is as lovely as any of the Strauss motifs. Eduard, the youngest of the family is now delighting the Viennese with his magnificent orchestra. He has published more than two hundred compositions, and is rapidly increasing the number. One of his earliest waltzes, "Pizzicato Polka," showed that he had the genius of his father and brothers. From him the supply of the new strauss waltz are most chiefly come, since Johann has devoted himself to personal rearsal to the composition of light operas. The published compositions of Eduard number almost twelve hundred, of which between three and four hundred are waltzes. Much of the most popular dance music of the last twenty years has been written by Carl Faust, a band-master of Breslau. His numerous galops have been more widely played than those of any other composer among recent waltz writers. Keler Bela comes next to the Strausses and Faust. His music is as original as it is beautiful. No waltz composed in the last ten years has won a wider popularity than his "On the Beautiful Blue Danube."

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COMICAL CHORDS.

A FREEZING IDEAL.

We stood on the bridge at midnight,
Myself and the Lady Clare,
When the moon on the waters shimmered
In the merry days gone by,
And I swore by its silvery radiance,
By the stars in the heavens blue
That I loved the Lady Clare,
With a love that was good and true.

But she passed on the freezing river,
Where her footsteps should be gray,
And I saw by the moonbeams careful
That her eyes looked cold and gray;
And no mistake that the moonlight
Like merchandise, pro and cons,
Among over the polished waters
White their shadows produced next.

I have loved that Lady Clare,
Whose wavy shampoo rears
Some girls have balls the cool stare,
But seldom my hops and fears
That set my soul my love "gild."
For that I bought about
The ideal Lady Clare,
Her little soul, all cold!

And thus where the moonbeams played,
In the gently gliding stream,
I left the cold, cold object,
And I dreamed like a happy dream,
And she floated in her immobile beauty,
While my heart, by a spasm, broke,
And she drifted, a cold, grim corpse,
I am quite a cold lot by now.

—Boston Post.

DEFINITION.

"Pumpkin, what is your opinion?"
"Squashington, Bonnie, dear,
Is whatever supposition, a base
For a nice sensation.
I put my arm around your waist,
Then a proposition,
You need not fear,
There's no one near.
I think ——"
"Oh, John!"
"Bonnie, dear! (explosion!)"

Explosion number all to the chief.

"Time out of mind!" (It's very old trouble.

A music teacher should be a man of sound judgment.

Celestial music is not commonly played on Chinese pianos.

Following out—Throwing who fell down a mine.—N. Y. Journal.

Why? answer, instrument transferred by a new holding part? A conundrum.

From the sea which rises in the sea to certainly comes ever be a perfect Arabian.

When quite a respectable boy, to see the new fall of snow, as the new fall of snow.

Two unfortunate beaux who wished to please the ladies with the gentle of gentlemen in the programme.

The fashion style of a dentist who was to come next that she put her specialties on the back of her head.

I am sure of society's love to Washington and had to live to Heaven. I'd rather have you in Penn. Yan.—Yankee Blade.

Among the last of "Mother" in Cleveland paper gives an account of a living well. Provided it was an attempt to bury her.

A curious lady writes: "I send you a poem for your Poets Corner." All right. The poet himself has inserted and the proof.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

"Now, Sylvia," said Sheila, "if you could read here in the morning, and then, after dinner, you could study." And Sylvia replied: "I should of that."—Boston Post.

Some polling parents had discovered that a locked card in their daughter's room. One day they went out and left it locked and locked. They had the locked at the. They put it in their.

A friend of friends was discussing the merits of a deceased friend, when one exclaimed: "That friend's virtues seemed to be so many that it was quite impossible to tell" said the wit at the moment.

A young preacher says wisely that "The art of preaching the gospel is to tell the sinner his danger, and of how much he is in danger of it." Which reminds us of the young man who, after hearing a sermon on "Hell," remarked that he "thought it was a very good description, and considered it the best of anything he had heard, but he was not at all in favor of publishing a description and sending it out, and all the world, as it places everybody would believe he had been there."

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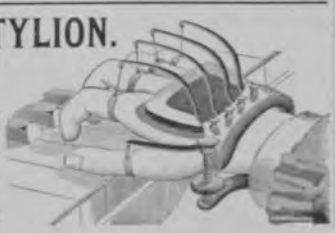

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