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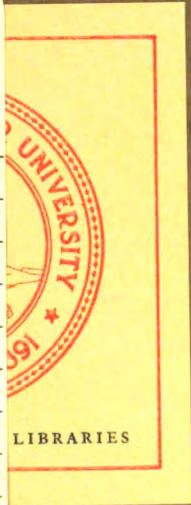
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## A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO THE ART, SCIENCE, TECHNIC AND  
LITERATURE OF MUSIC.

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W. S. B. MATHEWS, *Editor.*

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1897

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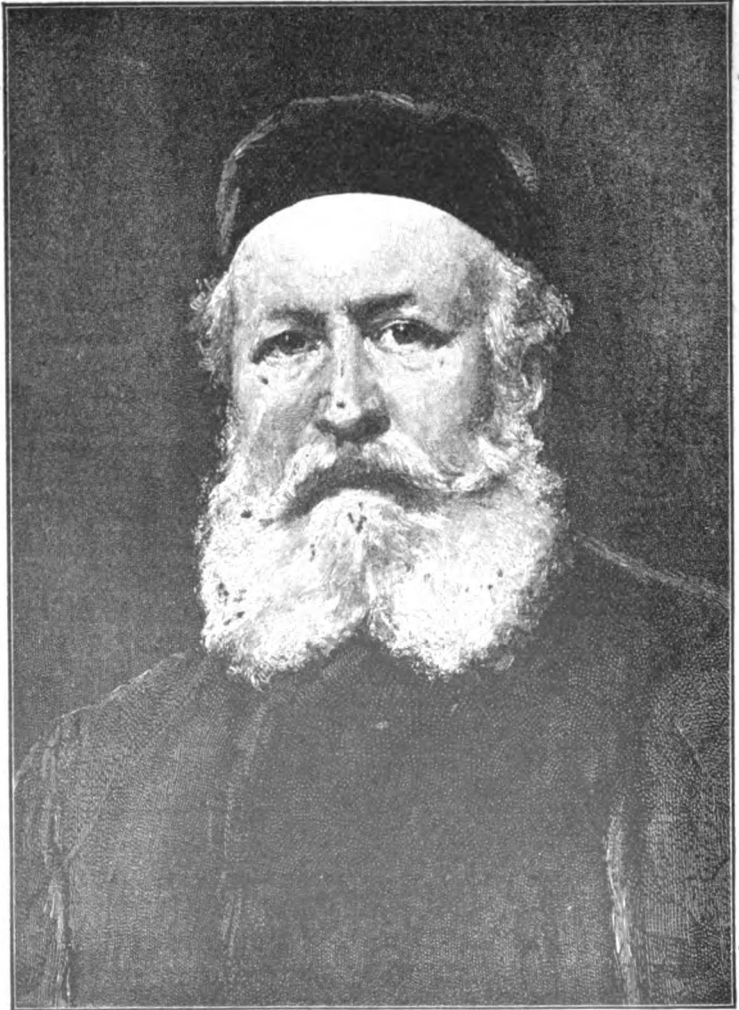
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CHARLES GOUNOD.

BY CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS.

Twenty times I have meant to undertake this labor; considered from a distance it seemed to me difficult enough, and when I approached it more nearly the pen fell from my fingers. I renounced the undertaking, I laid aside the notes and certain documents which maybe would serve me better another day. The hour has not yet come to appreciate how he came, the great artist in whom France honors herself, of which she will be even more proud later on; the indispensable work of time has not yet put in his true place the musician, profoundly original in his apparent simplicity, the classic writer, long accused of being nothing more than a reflection of the ancient masters, whom he resembles in no point, yet at the bottom his models, his fashion of proceeding is so entirely different that one is tempted to put him in some sort entirely above the tradition to which he was at heart so profoundly attached. In opposition to the school lightly colored with Italianism, of which Auber was chief, he cannot any longer be considered as entering into the succession of the Italo-German school founded by Haydn, nor as the direct heir of Mozart, his genius by predilection. The resemblances, wholly external, which he presents with the latter do not touch the essence of the style. At foundation he had no other model than himself. A mixture of archaism and of novelty, his manner was well calculated to put the critics to rout, and there is no wonder that he was at first very differently judged, the one party accusing him of having stolen freely from the past, the others of having written an incomprehensible music, which only a few of his friends pretended to admire. That time was long ago, but

the strife still endures, it prolongs itself in other lands; and while the good public, not reasoning of its impressions, abandons itself without restraint to the charm of "Faust" and



"Romeo," the advanced amateurs still ask us what they ought to think. How should we answer them? Habituated to find in their newspapers opinions ready made, they are still quite out

of their bearings. It is now thirty years that Gounod has been attacked on the side of the dominant and triumphant Italian school, on the score of his being German; when the critic happens to be of the German school he accuses him of Italianism. Unmoved in the midst of these vicissitudes he has never been anything else than a French artist, and more French than even he imagined.

## I.

The young musician of to-day can with difficulty form an idea of the state of music in France at the moment when Gounod appeared. The beautiful world bowed down in admiration before Italian music. The great waves were still to be perceived upon which floated Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, and the marvelous singers and interpreters of their works had conquered Europe; the star of Verdi, still obscure in the mists of the morning, was rising above the horizon. For the good Bourgeoise, the veritable great public, there existed nothing of opera or French opera comique than works written for France by illustrious foreigners.

Upon two sides one professed the cult, the idolatry of melody, but mainly under this term they meant motives implanting themselves without effort in the memory, easy to seize at first hearing. A beautiful period, such as that which serves as the Adagio of the symphony in B flat of Beethoven, was not regarded as melody, and without ridicule one could still speak of Beethoven as "the Algebra of music." Such ideas reigned twenty years longer. Amateurs of curiosities, if they wish to take a glance over this state of things, can refer to my book called "Harmony and Melody" to the essay which gives its title to the volume, and find there a criticism directed not against melody itself but against the exaggerated importance popularly attributed to it. In our epoch such an article would have no reason for being written, melody being regarded actually as one of the things which shame prevents one from mentioning.

It is forty years since one spoke of "Robert the Devil" and "The Huguenots" with a sort of holy terror, and of "William Tell" with unction and devotion; Herold, Boïeldieu already classical, Auber, Adolph Adam disputed the palm of the French school; for Auber success went even to cloying, and

he was not permitted to confess the negligence with which work so considerable as his was written, hastily, and necessarily parsimoniously. We all know what an unjust forgetfulness has succeeded to this enthusiasm. This is not the place to treat such a question, but without going into it extensively is it not permitted to express a regret that one cannot remain in the middle of a road between two contrary exaggerations? While among us one with difficulty is permitted to speak of such works as "La Dame Blanche," or "Domino Noir," these same works still hold an honorable place even in Germany, and foreigners still find very much to their taste this which we refuse to recognize. One now desires nothing but great Art; this is very well, but all the same it is as necessary to laugh as to weep, and in the vacancy left by the opera comique we have the farcical operette. Without wishing to misrepresent a genre which after all is distinct, which at times has brought a new note into music, and is not without value, we are forced to confess that the creation of this genre has not been a true progress, and that for writing or performing such works as we now disdain it is necessary to employ an entirely different sort of talent than for the frivolous works of to-day. The interpreters of the former school being Roger, Bussine, Hermann-Leon, Jourdan, Coudere, Faure, Madames Damereau, Carvalho, Ugalde, Caroline, Duprez, Faure-Lefebvre, and many others, artists and past masters of the art of singing, the play, the art of dialogue. "Those were good times" as one often says with far less justice.

Outside the two great masses of hearers of whom we have spoken, a little band of musicians and amateurs, lovers of music and cultivating it for itself, in the shade still adored Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, with certain leanings towards Bach and Handel, and curious tendencies towards the music of the sixteenth century and of the Prince of Moscow. Outside the society of the Concerts of the Conservatory, and certain societies of chamber music haunted solely by certain initiated supporters, it was quite useless to seek to make understood a symphony, a trio, a quartette; the hearers would no more attend than at a fire. A false situation, no doubt, but carrying, perhaps, more advantages than inconveniences. The public, in following the attraction which drew it naturally towards the theater and French works, favored the national school; each

year the opera and the opera comique made ample productions of new works; the first performances were sought out as diligently as later they were avoided, and barring an occasional total failure, any opera was sure of a certain success of curiosity; every young composer, well endowed and knowing his business, could reasonably hope to find an honorable career. To-day the public knows everything, understands everything, and is unwilling to open its noble ears to anything short of veritable masterworks; masterworks are rare, as there have always been many chances that any new work would not turn out a masterwork, and the public no longer interests itself in novelties; the French school, deprived of this indispensable aliment, is likely to die of inanition. England, even like ourselves, has created the same situation there, but it would have been better not to have followed our example. If we continue in the present way, musical France will presently cease to be more than a museum where works after having striven to conquer a place in the light of the sun, will come to taste in peace the repose of immortality.

When Charles Gounod, after an abortive attempt at the life of a priest (fortunately for art) chose definitely a musical career, it was already considered as a task sufficiently difficult. The only great serious concerts were those of the Conservatory, inaccessible for authors, the only outlook was to the theater, but one could hope sooner or later to make a place there. So Gounod turned himself to the theater, striving first to lay siege to the opera comique. It was at this initial moment that I had the good fortune to encounter the young master with one of my god-parents, the homœopathic doctor Hoffmann, in whose salons were held worldly reunions where Gounod was attracted by a clan of pretty women, clients of the doctor and passionate admirers of music. I was then ten or twelve years of age, and he perhaps twenty-five, and by my great musical facility, my naïvete, my enthusiasm, I attracted his sympathy. He wrote, with the collaboration of a brother-in-law of the mistress of the house, an opera comique, of which he sang us fragments in these intimate reunions; and already, in these timid attempts, one found the germs of his personality, the sweetness and purity and the sustained quality of the style, the justness of expression,—these rare qualities which afterwards he developed to such a high degree. A little later he



was noticed by Mme. Viardot, and she, after having obtained for him the poem of Sapho, by Emile Augier, managed to open for him the doors of the opera. From this point, if one could not justly say that his talent gave all its fruits, at least it was formed, there was nothing more than to permit its evolution. It is difficult to know what he could have found in the teaching of such masters as Reicha and Leseur. The first, no doubt, apprised him of the mechanism of his art, as he did all his pupils; cold and anti-poetic, his nature was wholly out of accord with that of such a disciple. The mysticism of Leseur might have pleased him, but with the very little of gold in the works of the author of the "Bards," how much there was of dross and ashes!

The time passed at the seminary, the frequentation of the salon of Mme. Viardot, these were the things which strongly influenced his musical orientation, without forgetting the marvelous gift of a voice of little power, but exquisite, which nature had endowed him with. At the seminary he had acquired the art of speaking the beautiful diction, clear and chaste necessary to the Christian pulpit; in studying the sacred texts the desire came to him, no doubt, to interpret them musically, and from this source flowed out that beautiful stream of religious music which never ceased to color his pen, in spite of the seductions of the theaters. Was it from Leseur rather than at the seminary that he acquired his taste for grandiloquence, for emphasis, so often complained of in his works? One would be tempted to find this a fault. Fault or quality, this character is rare in music; absent from the works of Haydn and Mozart, it shows itself a little in those of Sebastian Bach and Beethoven; we find it among the moderns with Verdi, Liszt; but of all the composers known, which one has been the most grandiloquent, the most emphatic? Handel, whom no one assuredly would accuse of lacking force nor of true grandeur.

With Madame Viardot we entered into another world. This celebrated woman was not alone a great singer, but a great artist and a living encyclopedia; having been acquainted with Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Rossini, George Sand, Ary Scheffer, Eugene Delacroix, she knew everything in literature and art, possessed the art of music from the foundation, was initiated into the most opposite schools, and marched with the advance guard of the artistic movement; a pianist of the first

order, she was in the habit of playing Beethoven, Mozart, and Weber, whom she appreciated very much. It is not difficult to understand how such an environment would be propitious to the development of a great talent. The taste for singing, natural to Gounod, developed itself with him still more; and thus the human voice became to him always the primordial element, the sacred palladium of the musical city.

## II.

If it were true, according to M. Camille Bellaigue, that expression is the chief quality in music, that of Gounod would be the first in the world. The search for expression has always been his object; and this is perhaps the reason why he has so few notes in his music, which is wanting in all parasitic arabesque, and all ornament destined for the amusement of the ear; every note sings. For this same reason instrumental music, pure music, was entirely outside his province. After attempting two symphonies, of which the second made a brilliant success, he abandoned this career, which he realized was not for him. At the end of his career his attempts at quartettes did not wholly satisfy him.

One day, upon going to pay him a visit when I had returned from one of my winter tours, and having found him, as usual, writing in his magnificent studio, the organ which I myself had inaugurated at his request certain years previously, giving it so grand a character, I asked him what he had produced during my absence.

"I have written some quartettes," he answered; "they are there." And he pointed me to a portfolio lying near my hand.

"I would like to see them," I answered, "to know how they are."

"I will tell you, they are bad," he answered, "and I will not show them to you."

It would be impossible to imagine with what an amiable irony he said this. No one ever saw these quartettes; they have disappeared as those which he had written the year previously, of which there will be mention later on.

This perpetual care for expression which haunted him, he had found in Mozart, one might say even that he had discovered it. The music of Mozart is so interesting in itself that one is apt to admire it for its form and its charm without pene-

trating further. Gounod sought to find the union between the word and the note, the absolute agreement of the very least details of the style with the most delicate nuances of the sentiment. It was a revelation when he heard sung "Don Giovanni," "The Marriage of Figaro," "The Enchanted Flute." Now, in those times some professed openly that the music of Mozart was not "scenic," even though the music was always modeled according to the situation. On the contrary they pronounced "scenic" works conceived in the Rossinian system, where the music-piece developed itself in absolute liberty, making nonsense of the dramatic situation, even of the sense of the words, even of the prosody; Rossini himself did not go so far. To set himself against an abuse of this kind, one boldly risked being called dangerous and subversive; the writer of these lines is speaking of what he himself knows, having been snubbed by Roqueplan, then director of the Opera Comique, for having praised before him the "Marriage of Figaro." For the same reason, before he had written anything for the theater, Gounod had his adversaries. They took sides for or against "Sapho," even before it had been heard or written. And what an evening! The public got wild at hearing this music, the charm of which captivated it in spite of itself; in the intermissions it went back to its previous ideas. The finale of the first act electrified the entire audience. It was redemanded with transport; the enthusiasm calmed itself, and the amateurs said to each other, "This is not a finale, there is no stretto." They forgot that the superb finale of the third act of "William Tell" had none. But I forget, it originally had one; it was suppressed at the repetitions, and in this manner would have disappeared that of the first act of "Sapho" if the author had not added a few measures to the period, which formed a very loud conclusion.

The press was noncommittal. It was foreign to its habit to distress itself about music which departed from the common ruts; but the critics of the first order, such as Berlioz and Adolph Adam, treated the work upon its merits. Perhaps the half success of the first performance would have eventuated in a complete success if the work had been continued in performance; but Mme. Viardot, having come to the termination of her engagement, was able to play the role of Sapho only four times; another singer, with beautiful voice and not

without talent, took the role with the sad effect which talent makes by the side of genius. Still two more representations, and this work, which marked an epoch in the history of French opera, was abandoned.

Long afterwards they took up two acts, the work had originally three—it was a mutilation. Later still, upon the demand of Vaucorbeil, the authors lengthened it to four acts, and added a ballet, and this was too much. How could an experienced theater man, like Augier, have consented to thus defile his own work? After a little of intrigue, as befitted so important a subject, the work was again condensed into three acts, nothing more nothing less, and all this trouble came to naught. By the success obtained at the second taking up of the work, by the effect of the songs of the ancient Sapho, it could be judged what favor they would have excited if she had reappeared in the brilliancy of her first freshness.

My great intimacy with Gounod dates from the choruses of "Ulysses." As well as Augier, Ponsard was a familiar figure in the drawing room of Mme. Viardot, where litterateurs less fond of music were attracted by her husband, himself a distinguished litterateur, having made a translation of "Don Quixote," very highly esteemed, and by works upon Painting, diversely estimated but very remarkable. Ponsard, seeking to take from the Odyssey the elements of a tragedy mixed with choruses in the ancient manner, chose Gounod for collaborator. The pagan nourished upon classic poetry, always to awaken in him, here found a new aliment. What is there in all antiquity more seductive than this story of Odyssey? And what man appeared better fitted to put him into modern form than Ponsard? You can find, if you like, in the Memoirs of Alexander Dumas, pere, a detailed study of this Ulysses, where the good qualities and faults harm each other in so strange a fashion. The great writer states that the greatest verse is naturally that which is destined for music; the chorus of nymphs, in particular, is to be noted, and the tasteful melopœia which expresses these delicate verses and enhances their charm. It resembled nothing which had been made previously. The young master had discovered a little world entirely new, something like a temple embowered in flowers, where bees are heard and streams ripple, as yet undefiled by the step of man.

Gounod played the piano very agreeably, but he lacked virtuosity, and he had difficulty in playing his own scores. At his request I went almost every day to pass a little time with him, and from the still fresh pages we together interpreted, well or bad (oftener bad than good), fragments of the new work. Full of his subject, Gounod would explain to me his intentions, make me take part in his ideas and his desires. His great preoccupation was to place upon the orchestral palette a beautiful color; and far from imagining that the masters who had preceded him had done everything, he sought by his own study of new combinations and tone-qualities for the tints necessary for his brushes. "Sonority," he said to me, "is still unexplored." He said true. Since a long time what a magic flowering has sprung up in the modern orchestra! He dreamed for his chorus of nymphs aquatic effects, and he had recourse to the harmonica made of pieces of glass, to the triangle with sordino, the latter obtained by softening the covering of the stick of the instrument. Capable composers know how to employ the harmony which is due to the character of the music, this belongs to the nature of music itself, and here we find by double pedal of third and fifth, changed later to a triple pedal on the tonic, a veritable discovery of genius, which gave to the first chorus of "Ulysses" so much of charm and humid freshness. It is impossible, with words, to give a musical idea; I ask the reader's pardon for these technical terms, comprehensible solely by musicians.

They counted very much at the Theatre Francais upon the new piece. A complete orchestra well chosen, an excellent chorus, nothing was neglected. The beautiful curtain, reproducing the "Parnassus" of Rafael, which one sees still at the Comedie, was painted for this occasion. Passionately desiring for the music of my friend the success which it merited, I desired that the tragedy should be a masterwork, and would not admit myself the possibility that it would not succeed. Alas! The first representation, to which I had brought a medical student, a great amateur of music, this first representation was lamentable. A public, in great part purely literary, and little accustomed to the art of music, coldly applauded the chorus; the piece appeared tiresome, and certain verses had a brutal realism and shocked the public; they whistled and laughed. At the last act, a half line, "Servons nous de la table," provoked

shouts of ridicule, and I had the grief to see my friend, who had been discreet up to this time, laugh to kill himself. This strange piece, curious after all, had perhaps merited a more patient public. The execution was very brilliant. If Delaunay, the impeccable artist, habituated to playing the amorous lover, seemed ill at ease in the insipid role of Telemachus, on the other hand Geffroy had found in that of Ulysses ample matter for the employ of his precious qualities. Madame Natalie was very beautiful as Minerva descending from the clouds, in the prologue, and Madame Judith had all possible youthful grace, all the nobleness desirable in the role of Penelope.

After the two non-successes of "Sapho" and "Ulysses," the future of Gounod might appear doubtful to the vulgar, but not for the elite of artists of the first rank; he had shown that he was marked with the sign of the elect.

I remember that one day, struck with the novelty of the ideas and proceedings which distinguished the two works, I said to him rather boldly that he would never do anything better. "May be," he answered in a strange tone, and his eyes seemed to look out upon a far-away unknown. He had already "Faust" in his eye.

And here I would pause a moment to pay my tribute of recognition to the master, who, already in full possession of his talent, did not disdain to make me, mere student that I was, the confidant of his most intimate artistic thoughts, and to turn his science into my ignorance. He discussed with me as with an equal; it was thus that I became if not his pupil at least his disciple, and that I achieved the form of his shade—or more properly, of his clearness.

### III.

Among the friends of the young master, there was inquiet. It was necessary for him to reappear at the opera, and for that to find a good book, a something rare in all times. Some one proposed the "Nonne Sanglante," which Germain Delavigne (Germain, brother of the celebrated Casimir) had taken from an English romance, I believe, with the aid of Scribe. It was for him a sufficiently sad subject; Meyerbeer and Halévy, at first attracted by the poem, had renounced it upon taking it seriously in hand; Berlioz, after having written two acts, had abandoned it. It was because the subject, attractive at

beginning, was deceptive, and the denouement did not fulfil the expectations. Two lovers, opposed in their projects by the cruel parents, sought to fly. Presently came the night selected, when according to the legend "The Bleeding Nun" (a young girl who was murdered for love twenty years previously and who carried on her shroud a long train of coagulated blood) would appear at midnight. The young people did not believe the legend. No one had ever seen the nun, all had fled upon her approach; all that was known was the glow of her sepulchral lamp far off in the gallery of the palace. The young girl disguised herself as the specter and intended to pass, the lamp in her hand; no one would dare to approach her, and flight would be easy. The young man arrived first at the rendezvous; at midnight the lamp glowed along the arches, but it was the Bleeding Nun herself, mistaken by the young man for his fiancée, who had come to receive the renewal of vows and the ring of affection. The impression is terrible and upon the stage causes an impression of nightmare. But what can be made of such a combination later on? The Nun leads forth the young man in a sort of assemblage of resurrected, and there makes him swear to espouse her; later she becomes a "female possessed," and her persistence at enforcing the fulfilment of the oath obtained upon the fatal night, becomes comical,—this appetite of marriage having apparently survived twenty years of sepulture. According to the custom of the time, the most mediocre of verse embalmed this poem and a letter was published in which Gounod was represented as an innovator, or more properly a renovator, as Gluck had been of the ancient French opera a century previously, to bring back again the intimate union of the note and the word; and the idea of giving the musical expression of a beautiful declamation, as we have seen, pressed with great weight upon his heart. They made reproaches to Scribe for having written such mediocre verse, but very unjustly, for he thought that he ought to write so. They used to pretend that good verse was injurious to music, and that it was necessary for a musician in order not to be thrown out in his inspiration, to deal with words so indifferent that he could treat them as he pleased. The public prided itself upon "not understanding the words," and in this respect the grain of the public is not yet lost.

What could a musician make of such a wooden piece as this without style, if not a work unequal and incomplete? The friends of Gounod were excited, nevertheless, and anticipated a great success, and general curiosity was greatly awakened in advance. If the "Bleeding Nun" does not succeed, they said, Gounod is lost. The "Bleeding Nun" had a dozen of representation, and Gounod was not lost for that; but his star suffered an eclipse. Many dared to say that he was entirely exhausted and that nothing good would ever again emanate from his pen. Without finding ground for these pessimistic opinions, I have to frankly confess to having been very much surprised at certain weaknesses of this work, which nevertheless contained many and great beauties. Was it not about this time that he cherished projects of an "Ivan the Terrible" which never came to maturity? The music written for this work was later on utilized in his other works, and it is thus that the well known march in the "Queen of Sheba" had been originally intended for the cortege of a Czarina, a cortege full of conspirators. I have heard Gounod singing:—"Slay, slay the unfaithful Czarina." Do not hasten to cover your faces. Gluck did about as bad when he included the music of "Elena e Paride" among his last works.

We find the true Gounod four years later, in the "Doctor in Spite of Himself." He had been commissioned some time previously apropos of an extraordinary representation given at the opera, to adapt to the modern orchestra the music written by Lulli for the "Bourgeois Gentleman," and it is probable that this task gave him the desire of measuring himself with Moliere. He found two invaluable assistants in Messrs. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré. These two men, although treated somewhat disdainfully nowadays, had none the less made a little revolution, having consecrated themselves, after a certain literary success, to the production of opera books, in which they showed a certain elevation of language and a certain lyric quality which before their time had not been usual. Their adaptation of "Doctor in Spite of Himself" is made with much good taste, and the music made it a masterwork. What joy it was for me to find my dear master not alone in full possession of the qualities which had originally attracted me, very much matured, but having also managed a pen of Mozart for designing an orchestration picturesque and at the same time



sober, where the antique flavor of the style dresses itself in colors and sonorities discreetly modern, for the greater joy of the ear and the spirit!

For the first representation the day of the anniversary of the birth of Moliere has been set (January 15); the last act finished, the scenes disappeared in the flies and Madame Carvalho, vested as a muse, sung some verses of Moliere upon the beautiful phrase which closes the finale of the first act of "Sapho," transposed a half step higher, whereupon she crowned the bust, surrounded by the entire troupe of the Theatre-Lyrique. The evening was triumphal; we had applauded, we had laughed; Gounod had been able by the force of his genius to make us accept musical pleasantries the more stale. But the success was ephemeral, and the different revivals which have since been made of this beautiful work have not been happy. It has never "made money," as the saying is with so much of elegance. The reason is not strange. It is the dialogue of Moliere which frightens the public. This same public, nevertheless, is not affrighted at the Comedie Francaise, and stuffs itself with operettes of which the dialogue is quite otherwise spiced. Monsieur All-the-World is at times a little incomprehensible!

We now come to "Faust." But before giving a glance at this illustrious work it is necessary to remark how one forms an incomplete idea of the genius of Gounod if one confines attention to the dramatic works. Work for the theater has never arrested with him the steady course of productiveness for the church. There, also, he was a bold innovator, having brought into religious music not alone curious discoveries in orchestral sonorities, but also his preoccupations upon the subject of truth of declamation and justness of expression, applied in an unaccustomed manner to the Latin words, the whole joined to a great care for a vocal effect and to a sentiment entirely novel, connecting divine love with that of the earth, under the safeguard of fullness, amplitude and purity of style. The "Mass of St. Cecilia" was the triumph of the author in the religious field at this early stage of his talent. It was very much discussed by reason of the effect which it made,—for the effect under the arches of St. Eustache was immense. From this period dates also the famous "Prelude of Bach," these few measures to which I believe the author when he wrote them

was far from attaching any especial importance, making more for his glory than all which up to this moment I have mentioned. It was the mode for women to faint during the second crescendo.

The first time that I heard this little piece, it did not correspond to what it has now become under the pernicious influence of success. Seghers, with his powerful tone and simplicity of style, held the violin, Gounod the piano, and a choir of six voices sang the Latin words, leaving faintly perceptible the chords sustained by a harmonium in the neighboring room. Later the choir disappeared, replaced by a harmonium; violinists applied to the ecstatic phrase the well known process which changes ecstasy into hysteria; later the instrumental phrase became vocal and came out as an Ave Maria. Alas, more convulsionary still; still later, they multiply executants, and add to them the orchestra, not forgetting the great drum and cymbals. The divine frog (what of that, the Chinese have a divine tortoise) has inflated itself more and more until it is larger than an ox, and the public goes crazy before this monster. But formerly this monster was of the greatest use in breaking the ice between the author and the public, hesitating and offish until then.

(To be concluded.)

## EDUARD SCHÜTT: ARTIST AND MAN

BY LILLIAN APEL.

Of the many delightful personages with whom I was so fortunate as to be thrown in personal contact during a three years' sojourn abroad, during which time I was brought in friendly intercourse with, more or less, all of the celebrities of the musical world, there is no one of whom I can reminisce, no one of whom I can write with more absolute gratification and unrestricted admiration than of that most charming of artists, that most genial of men, Eduard Schütt.

I often think that quite in proportion as we are prone to idealize, so are we doomed to disappointment. There is so relentlessly much in bare, naked actualities to disillusionize. There is in the reality so much to jar and distract, so much that savors of the incongruous, so much that is aggressively offensive to the mind's eye. Perhaps it is a littleness of soul, a meanness of ideal, a narrowness of mentality, a niggardliness of spirit, perhaps it is merely soiled linen, or a coarseness of wit or an atrocity of table manners. As well one as the other as regards result. The fatality is equally and hopelessly final. But in Edward Schütt is the artist nature as we fain would find it. His interests and sympathies are liberal and generous, his spirit is broad and progressive, his mentality is a keen and a fine one, his wit is scintillating and refined, his perception is delicate, his intellectuality is a broad and inclusive one, and a manly refinement and delicacy pervades and permeates his every action and speech. He is a man of the world, charming in manner and bearing, well-read and well-informed, a fascinating conversationalist—in brief, a man, the magnetism of whose personality and presence could not but be generally acknowledged were he other than the successful artist Europe so generously proclaims him.

Schütt was born in St. Petersburg in 1856, and at the age of five displayed in his improvisations on the piano unusual musical proclivities. It was in the "sixties" that Rubinstein, together with Dreyschock, Leschetizky and Henri Wieniawski,

founded the St. Petersburg Conservatory, which aroused such musical interest and enthusiasm and brought to that city many of the world's greatest artists. The father of Schütt was a fine 'cellist and a passionate devotee of the divine art, and in consequence the young musician from his earliest years heard



MR. EDUARD SCHUTT.

much and only of the best in music. When the boy reached his sixteenth year, his life interest was decisively centered in the hope of an artistic career, an ambition which met with the strongest opposition from his father who eventually relented only to the extent of promising a reluctant consent should the boy succeed in gaining the "Künstler-Diplom des Conserva-

toriums." So, with heart and soul, and an invigorating earnestness and enthusiasm of determination the youth plunged into his studies and in '75 not only was granted the coveted diploma, but carried off with glowing colors the first prize of the Conservatory.

'76 found the young student in Leipzig. Schütt's vitality has always been a wonderfully strong and forcible one, and imbued as he was with a youthful enthusiasm and a liberal admiration of all that was good and deserving, his quick susceptibilities could not be otherwise than resentful of the narrow and warped nature of Reinecke whose following was large and whose influence on the musical public of Leipzig was strangely dominant. And apropos of this, let me tell what I know to be an authentic incident:

Saint-Saens came one day to Leipzig to brilliantly introduce himself to that select public as composer and pianist. He made his début in a Gewandhaus concert and thanks to the opposing influence of Reinecke was met by the public with absolute frigidity and coldness. The next morning, fired with a righteous resentment, Schütt prepared an eloquent and stirring address, gathered together the most talented of the Conservatory pupils and held an indignation meeting. It is interesting to know that among the fifty who signed the protesting address which was sent in all due dignity to Saint-Saens at his hotel, were prominent, Sinding of Norwegian fame, De Muck, Hofoper capellmeister of Berlin, Hans Schmidt, Arno Hilf, and Selmer Holter. Of course, the affair became known and the ardent Schütt, as the instigator of the disturbance and revolt, was sternly reprimanded by the Conservatory powers.

At the end of two years, when examinations were completed, Schütt was brought into enviable prominence by the production of a Serenade in four movements for stringed instruments, composed and directed by him.

He was then attracted to Vienna, not alone because of the presence of Leschetizky but by the artistic advantages in general offered by the Austrian capital. In Leschetizky the young man found a life-long friend. These two men are sincerely devoted to each other, their mutual admiration and esteem is unfailing. Each delights in the other's wit and brilliant intellect and, much of their leisure time is spent in mutual enjoyments. Schütt is the adored of the Leschetizky pupils and his

kindly humor and ever ready tact has rescued many a one from a formidable combat de guerre. His attendance at the weekly class lesson is greeted with enthusiasm, his presence being an almost unfailing guarantee of serenity on the part of the Professor.

For several seasons Schütt concertized with fine success in Hungary, Austria and Bohemia, and introduced with éclat a concerto of his own in St. Petersburg, Paris, Vienna and Leipzig. From '82 to '86 he was conductor of the Vienna Wagner Verein and in '87 was invited by Cosima Wagner to establish himself in Bayreuth as "Musik-leiter und Beirath des Verwaltungsrath's der Festspiele."

This honor was gratefully declined, he having determined to devote himself exclusively to composition. And ever since he has sought and found the essential calm and solitude in an ideal Tyrolese villa in Meran, very appropriately dubbed "Mon Repos." When for weeks at a time his genial presence is sorely missed by his many friends and admirers, consolation is found in the realization that the loss of the few is the gain of the many, for the results of the periods of isolation are always satisfactorily evidenced by Simrock, Schütt's publisher.

The composer is now heard in public as pianist only when it is deemed expedient that he personally introduce some new work. And it is only to be regretted that in the composer is lost the pianist.

I was so fortunate as to be in Vienna when Schütt and Rosé introduced his Suite for violin and piano. It was the composer's first appearance in some three or four years, and the ovation tendered him was an eloquent one. It would be a very nice discrimination to attempt to state for whom the enthusiasm waxed warmer, for the pianist or the composer. Schütt's playing was a revelation to me. With the charming and musical productions of his clever and versatile pen I was familiar, but I little thought that so modest an exterior graced so thorough an artist. Such temperament, such fire, a big technique, a wonderful variety of exquisite tone coloring, fine pedal effects, such grace and power, such delicacy and abandon, such magnetic originality, such a contrast of poetry and sentiment and passion! The effect was electrifying. The Suite is certainly the most thankful of compositions. Ludovico Breitner told me that he produced it in Paris early one season

and that by request during that winter he had given it eleven times. Breitner was also very forcibly impressed with his second piano concerto. But to return to the Suite, which is in four movements, one more bewitching than the other. There is a daintiness, a play of colors, a spontaneity of thought and conception which belongs peculiarly to this gifted composer. And it is all so natural and so healthily original, if I be permitted such an expression. With all the delicacy which pervades the work there is a sensation of life, of reserve force and energy which gives it great stability and wearing qualities. The Suite, which is Opus 44, is the most delightful and satisfying duo creation I have ever heard.

Of his many works I would mention in particular his second piano concerto, a trio, a quartette with piano and variations for two pianos. His *Bluettes en forme de Valses*, *Causerie et Scenes de Bal*, *Preludes*, *Miniatures*, *Lose Blätter*, *Carnival Mignon* (scenes pantomimiques) *Trois Morceaux* (dedicated to Carreux), and *Deux Miniatures*, are especially grateful for concert work, and I only wish that they might figure on the time worn conventional piano recital programs. There is a constant hue and cry for something new—the critics, artists and public all complain. And yet in this country the works of a man like Eduard Schütt remain comparatively unknown. They give the pianist plenty of opportunities, too, I assure you. They tax tone coloring, pedaling, grace and power, style and temperament. They permit of unusual individuality on the part of the artist. They are intrinsically musical, abound in a refreshing contrast of form and idea, they are the essence of refined originality, and their possibilities are governed and controlled only by the capabilities of the pianist.

In '92 Schütt's comic opera, in three acts, was produced at the Vienna Royal Opera, under the personal direction of Jahn, and the libretto of "Signor Fomica" proved its damnation. It was a bitter disappointment and sorrow to the composer, and while his dearest ambition is to produce a successful opera, his unfortunate experience has made him timorous in venturing upon another such undertaking, because of the difficulty in finding a text which is reliably desirable and feasible.

As I glance over these pages I cannot but realize that I have made but ill a fitting tribute to that charming artist and genial man, Eduard Schütt.

## SOME OF MY REMARKABLE SUCCESSES.

BY SOFIE MENTER.

(TRANSLATED BY CHARLOTTE TELLER.)

(When the great Russian pianist, Sofie Menter, was lately in Munich an enterprising journalist sent an interviewer to ask her to recount some of her great successes. When she had arrived at her summer resort at Castle Turner, near Innsbruck, she wrote out an answer, in a somewhat humorous manner, here translated from the Leipzig "Signale."—Ed. Music.)

Your charming request that I should tell you something of my concert success is indeed very flattering to me, but at the same time a little disconcerting, for writing is not my strong point—nor have I a "weakness" for it. You know, of course, that of us ten thousand "favorite pupils" of Liszt and thousand disciples of Tausig and Rubinstein, the one who holds the first place is—if only we could ask the masters themselves! And then what is the telegraph for if not to inform the astonished world every time we have attained a success "never before equaled," have been called back "countless" times, etc.? As you know, there is an extensive use made of this medium of publication. Besides, the critic is so friendly as to continually keep in mind our work, and to inform the public of our successes. Of course there are successes which escape publicity and the attention of the finest critics, and such are the ones which I wish to write down.

For instance, one comes into a city, puts up at the first hotel, because that belongs to the whole "pflanz," as the Viennese say. One has hardly time to recover from the discomforts of the smoke and heat from the train; seats himself at the grand piano and studies, for on the next day is the concert. On the next morning, the waiter comes in behalf of different guests of the hotel, pure art enthusiasts who evenings adorn the concert room and are carried away in applause and ecstasy, and bashfully stutters:

"Please, gnädige Frau, do not play the piano so much, the guests are all complaining!"



"So? You heard on coming in that I was playing very softly, didn't you?"

"Yes," he agrees. "Up here it is very bearable, but down below it is terrible! The people who are under will all move out if you don't stop."

In Insbruck one time I was more happy in the choice of an hotel; for the proprietor of the hotel is the friend and guardian of the artists. I sat down at the instrument and practiced with the greatest care, in order that I might not drive away the strangers from my kindly host. But the affair took the form of melo-drama, for a sonorous masculine voice mingled with the notes of my piano. Could it be that the star of some company was here, and my neighbor? My artistic sense was at once awakened; I paused and listened. In strong tones I heard "She ought to learn first what she plays before folks!"

Of course the monologue referred to me. The scene was indeed a lively one; the waiter could be heard above the noise, the host broke in and energetically urged the imprudent critic to leave the hotel.

My success was of a more peaceful nature in Baden-Baden, where I took a room in a modest little hotel, in the agreement beforehand that the claims against piano playing should not be so hard pressed. Yet on the next morning, I anxiously asked the chambermaid:

"Did my playing last night disturb anybody?"

"No, of course not gnädige Frau! One can go to sleep so nicely when you play."

"You, perhaps, but the others?"

"No, they all said so. The two ladies above said: 'For a long time I haven't gone to sleep so quickly as during the playing of Menter.'"

Yet another success! In Berlin, in an hotel, where my playing after eight o'clock was strictly forbidden—and I was making the most of the last hour, there was a knock at the door when I had just begun to play. A tall man, with carefully curled hair, appeared on the threshold and called: "Excuse me, but I am the representative of" (he named a well known perfume stuff). "Oh," I replied, "you wish to put me in good order?"

"Enthusiasm, transport, most charming woman, led me here. I only wish to hear you."

"Behold, behold," I thought to myself, "here at last is one who understands me without seeking me in the concert room."

The man rose in my estimation, and gratified, I seated myself at the instrument in order to reward his appreciation of art.

"Bravo," he cried, "you play wonderfully. Only play on, and I will pay for a glass of the very best that is in the house." At this remarkable statement, I looked more closely at my admirer. Alas! the man, before he came to me, had already made too close an acquaintance with "the very best," and was exceedingly drunk. This also explained the enthusiasm.

Two years ago, when I reappeared with Lamoreux, in Paris, and played at the concert in "Cirque d'Este," and when after an orchestra number, they wished me to return to the piano, a voice thundered out of the higher spheres: "Assez de Piano, assez, assez! (Enough piano! Enough!)" That was a most dangerous success, which might easily become a catastrophe, for the candid concert goer, who had had "enough of piano playing," was put out against his will. This success of mine in Paris was not unique, for shortly before this, in the same hall, a highly renowned colleague shared in the same recognition; for as he wished to begin to play, from the same height a voice came down, "Fermes la Piano! (Close the piano!)" Yet I am ambitious enough to imagine that my critic was unprejudiced. Indeed, some one has maintained that "Fermes la Piano" came from some good "Concert Vater" of a piano student, to whom the renowned pianist was more disagreeable than the poor piano.

It is evident that there are not always such "triumphs;" there are also disillusionings, and such have been my share in my beloved St. Petersburg. One evening, having arrived there late at the hotel, I seated myself at the piano, in the joyous consciousness that I was again to spend some time among the Russians, who do not regard piano playing as criminal, and played till two o'clock. My astonishment was great when, on the following morning, about seven o'clock, I was awakened by my host, who, with the greatest possible kindness, sought to inform me that a gendarme was waiting in the outer room and wished to arrest me!

"So early in the morning," I cried, yet half asleep, so that he might well believe that I was used to being arrested later in

the day. After I had thought more of this, remembering with pride my nocturnal piano playing, I said to myself, "This is yet another success, that is *comme il faut*! Sarah Bernhardt herself, could not have made a more effective one."

Therefore, with the consciousness of victory, I accompanied my cavalier along the great Morskaja to the police headquarters. I never had felt so safe in a wagon drawn by students as I did in the company of this gendarme. Arrived at the Commissaire's I was addressed by him: "You have been exiled from here on account of twenty-two illegal acts (?) and yet dare to again to return to St. Petersburg?"

"I would have remained away longer this time, but I am to occupy the position of first professor in the Conservatory, and Anton Rubinstein is already waiting impatiently for me. My name, moreover, is Sofie Menter."

After some conversation it came out that the affair was due to a similarity of names. The real transgressor was also named Sofie and bore besides a family name which I myself had used for a few years and was written on my passport. The over-hasty Commissaire would have lost his place if I had not interceded for him with the head of the police. For this success I did not have to thank my piano playing.

O, disgrace! Still, I soon had some consolation. Having returned from Russia into music-loving England, I experienced again the accustomed triumphs, for in three weeks I was compelled no less than three times to change my dwelling because of sacrilegiously playing on Sunday.

Here, too, among the Tyrolese peasants, I do not fail of recognition; for example, my wood-purveyor, when I finally settled a rather high account, gave expression to his joy by honoring me with a request to play a waltz for him. After I had done so, he stood up, and clapping his hands said, "that pleases me; I have often heard that you are an artist, but I would not have believed that you could play a waltz. You must stay here right along for nowhere else can you find a castle so suited to you, and the walls here are so thick that no one can hear you."

The man seemed to have a respect for my reputation. I will take care to follow his advice.

## JOHN BARRINGTON, JR.

BY EMILE LOUIS ATHERTON.

### CHAPTER XIII.

(Mr. Barrington continues the narration.)

The motion of my boat precipitated me on the nearest seat, and with my eyes still looking at the departing ship, I sat there until she had grown a bobbing cork in size, and finally until nothing remained of her that I could see. Since then, remembering her name to have been,—“Richard Savage of Capetown,” I looked up her record. To my dismay I found that she had been last sighted the day after she had passed us and that no human eye had seen her since. She went out of my life and toward her death with the wind and waters making such terrible sport of her that she could render no assistance to us more than she had tried to render, and in my mind I will always remember her as pitching, rearing, this way and that, with the figure of the man who had thrown me the rope standing out in motionless relief on her decks, and with the faces that had peered back at us from her stern still looking back at us as she dashed madly away to the distant nothingness that was to prove a prophecy of her own destruction.

A man can realize death, that is the coming of it, when he is in the way of an onrushing train or when a well-aimed pistol is being pointed at him and a firm finger is on the trigger, but when death is so slow and tiresome and in part so uncertain in its ultimate effects as it must be when one is in an open boat on the ocean, one cannot definitely realize it. One realizes nothing in such a position but the dull pangs of hunger and the wretched torture of thirst and the slow moving of the hand of time and the motion of the boat and the cutting of the lifelines into one's benumbed hands, and the splash and splash of the water on one's already cold form and already wet clothing. And this, repeated hour after hour, and to continue how many more the sufferer does not know, this is the real agony of a hundred deaths. And I for one must say that of all the

other kinds of deaths I ever heard of I would prefer any other one to this.

It would be as useless as it would be painful to attempt to describe to the reader the little happenings that went to make up the total of our suffering on that day and the night that followed it and on a part of the next day. Instead let me speak of her. Let me tell you that she bore those sufferings and the fear and the pain of it without a groan, without an even momentary lessening of her hopefulness and good nature. After the ship had gone she no longer spoke of our position as uncertain; instead she seemed positive of our ultimate rescue by some other ship. Her fall into the sea had wetted her through and through and it added greatly to her discomfort during the night, but fortunately my coat, which I made her wear, was warm and the oilskins that we both wore excluded a good part of the cold air.

The storm lasted all of the first day and night, but with intervals of calm; the next morning found it a trifle less severe, while on the second morning had moderated considerably, though the waves seemed moved to the very bottom of the ocean. Everywhere on the water, there were long ribbons of whipped foam, that rose and fell sullenly with the waves, ever seeming to hold this ribbon formation.

On the afternoon of the second day I hoisted a small part of the sail. The boat moved forward under this with considerable speed. As far as I could, I headed her due west, but there was no sun nor other guide for direction. There was plenty of time to think; and after the first fearful anguish of hunger had passed off, I thought clearly. I seemed to have gone many years nearer old age in that little while, and as I sat holding the rudder and looking out over the dreary, desolate seas, the hopes—the ambitions—which were natural to my age, departed from me like the melting of the snow from the hills. Alone, in a sense, with Nature, I felt with full force the uselessness of effort—the fruitlessness of all work. I saw the great barrier that Fate has raised at the end of a man's life, which is called Oblivion; and I knew that when we reach that and have passed beyond it, all that we have done or wished to do, or longed for, is nothing;—is dust and air, as our bodies shall be. And I thought this, until it became relief, and then there came to me a great pity for my kind;—a great feeling of

tenderness towards my fellow men. In that alone lay the great hope of contentment,—in that the pleasure of having or doing,—in that, the duty. It was this thought that helped me to criticize Ruth's confession to me with a saner, more kindly judgment; and so I said to her on the second afternoon,—

"Ruth, do you want me to reply to that which you were saying to me before the storm broke?"

"Yes, John. I had been hoping you would."

"Then, Ruth, I have this to say. It is not for you nor for me to sit in judgment on the sins of people like ourselves. I cannot see anything nice or pleasing in the way you acted towards me. I cannot find much excuse for you in the reason of your father's wish. But in the rest, there is much that I care about. I believe in you now. I am glad that you came into my life again. Since we entered this boat I have learned how fine a woman was nearly ruined in a bad school, and I can be glad that the ruin was only a blight, and that it is gone forever from you.

"As for us two, Ruth, and our futures, if we are saved in time,—that is a different matter. The heart of a man is something of a weathercock, but it cannot turn from a true love as quickly as the weather vane to a change of air. I know my duty, and that I shall do; but I shall be carrying a sore heart, which will be longing for other scenes and times;—for another voice, and the other things that make her,—her! But I shall find some, nay, a great deal of consolation, in thinking of your undeviating courage, your unselfishness, your nobility, and your womanhood; for these you surely have, Ruth."

"No, John."

"Yes, Ruth. A man sees plenty of pose in the world, but he sees little enough of such virtues as you have shown; and their very strength gives them an ease that leaves out surprise, and so they do not affect him to a full realization of their merit."

"Oh, John," she said, looking up at me full in the face, "you don't mean that. I don't want you to mean it. You shall not make a sacrifice of your own life for my happiness."

"For your honor," said I, as gently as I could.

"Oh!" said she, drawing in her breath. "Do you know, I did not think of that!" She looked off over the agitated, restless waters, to where the sun was brightening the sea. "I

cannot see that my honor matters, for my father will be ruined; and of what good is a reputation of one kind when we—I—have been so far disgraced as that?"

"You mean Mr. Blaming will do it?"

"Yes, John."

"I have been wondering where he got so much money from?"

"It was an inheritance."

"Yes, I know. But the inheritance was not a very large sum." "Mr. Earlington said that it amounted to about \$80,000."

"Didn't he make a good deal out of your father's estate? He told me one evening, while in a boasting mood, that he had cleared \$100,000 that day. And in a kind of mysterious way, he afterwards said that you would have to pay the piper."

"Do you not know, Ruth, that any money he made out of the estate was made dishonestly?"

"I thought it was sharp practice, but hardly dishonesty."

"Dishonesty, if it can be proved," said I, and added sharply, for the idea came into my head without conscious process of thought. "It was the Cedarwood's property." It was as if a light had broken in upon me.

"What?" said Ruth, not following me.

"Mr. Earlington told me with some pride, one night, that the executors had disposed of Cedarwood, a large piece of property 'of my father' in the West Virginian mountains, for \$100,000. I remember thinking, in a vague kind of way, that it was a small price. Afterwards, I remembered, though very dimly, hearing my father speak of it as more valuable than something else was, and I remember that the 'something else' was to be valued at a great deal." I stopped, and looked at her with eyes wide open for a moment, she staring back at me; and then I jumped up, crying,—

"By the Lord Harry, I have it!"

Her eyes appealed for an answer.

"He said (I mean my father) that that property was equal in value to all the rest of his possessions put together; and"—said I, hurrying so that my words stumbled one over the other—"he had more property, when he said that, than at any previous time. Several millions, I know."

"Well, John," said Ruth, smiling, "What good will that do to us, or you or my father? Isn't it a pity," she added quickly, "that you can't go home right off now, and punish him?"

I sat down dejectedly, and looked off at the horizon.

"Is it not strange," said I, "how strong our habits of life are in their effect upon our habit of thought? Do you know that when I was thinking how we could overcome Mr. Blaming I entirely forgot that we were here and that we had so little food and water left." She looked up at me without replying, moving her hands the while in a nervous sort of way and then she sighed as if that was all she could say to anything in her hopelessness. I sat down beside her and taking the rudder from her hands pointed the boat a little more toward the West or where we believed the West to be. Thus we sat side by side while the boat ran along swiftly with the strong beam wind coming in steady puffs. Then, for the first time since we had been in the boat together I lost every atom of hope, and began to wonder about many things which a man must not speak about unless the presence of death is staring him full in the face.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

If any part of a man's life is more important than another, then that time when, by fortunate circumstance, the life is prolonged, is, of all, the most momentous occasion. The way in which we were saved is of all the story, its least dramatic feature; for all its great importance to me.

Ruth and I had both been asleep. Sleeping from sheer exhaustion, and glad to so escape the pain of hunger and thirst, when on a sudden I came full awake in an instant of time; for I heard a rough, strange voice, and as I opened my eyes I looked into those of a man. Then consciousness returned, and I saw that a large ship was within a hundred yards of us, and that a boat was lying close to ours, and further, that some men from this boat had come into ours and were getting out the oars.

"Lie right still, young feller, and you'll be all right in good time," said the man I saw first, speaking in a high, nasal tone.

"Now don't you talk to 'em, William. They be all tucked out."



"Thank you," said I, lifting Ruth, who was drunk with sleep, from the bottom of the boat, up beside me, and then went off to sleep again with no more concern than a great sense of relief which made sleep possible, and which told of my faith in our rescuers.

By the kindest hands we were lifted up the side of the ship, though this was accomplished only with great difficulty. The ship was an ocean greyhound of the Cunard line, and the passengers were crowded about the gangway by the score, almost blocking the way as Ruth stepped upon the deck, and I followed her. As we did so I heard a familiar voice say:

"Why, I declare, it's Ruth Loveton, alone in a boat with John Barrington!"

I turned and recognized Mrs. Gerberton-Ashley, of our set. I stepped close up to her, holding Ruth's trembling hand in mine. When we were face to face, I said,—

"Mrs. Ashley, how do you do?" She looked at me sharply, for she was always a fool,—a woman of small consistencies and smaller morality.

"Explain, Mr. Barrington, your presence in an open boat with that girl, and I shall be able to judge whether I care to recognize you." It was undefendable; it was brutal; it was stupid. It showed that the woman feared no contradiction; it told the story of her husband's unlimited power; that she dared speak of blame, when only compassion was proper. It cost me a greater effort to straighten myself and look full into her eyes, than it would have done to make a much greater physical effort. My strength so far enabled me to do this, however, and to say,—

"Mrs. Ashley, this is my wife, Mrs. Barrington. I shall see reason to explain further when I have an added respect for your right to question me. Oblige me by the right of way."

"John," said Ruth, as we passed alone into the stateroom, "You shall not make the sacrifice."

"Ruth," said I, "Did you see Mrs. Ashley's face?"

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## CHAPTER XV.

It was three days later. In my stateroom was seated the minister of the ship. In the adjoining room lay Ruth, too ill to be up, with the doctor in constant attendance.

"It is so irregular," said the reverend gentleman.

"Precisely," said I.

"That I hesitate,"—he continued.

"But agree," I added, eagerly.

"On the contrary, I cannot agree at this moment. The powers of a minister of the church are great, and must be exerted wisely."

"My dear sir, can you not see that it is a necessity?"

"But without witnesses," he objected.

"I tell you," cried I, angry at his obstinacy, "that you shall marry us before you leave this cabin. If you have not manhood enough to understand that that girl must not be left in the position in which she is unintentionally placed, you are a disgrace to the cloth."

"But," objected he, slyly, "you have acknowledged that she got into your boat; so she certainly placed herself in her present position."

"Come," said I, rising, "you will come and marry us."

"I will not until I have questioned the people who know you, in order that I may assure myself that all is proper and—er—regular."

"But don't you understand that the slightest word that would give an inkling of the matter is just what I want to avoid?"

"I will be discreet, young sir," said the minister profoundly. And so I had to let him go.

"You will surely return?" I called after him.

"Assuredly," he replied, as his bulky figure disappeared.

I felt fairly sure that he would return, and that his objections were simply a part of his professional pose. And so, for the first time since we had come upon the ship, I went into her stateroom.

While we had both been extremely exhausted by our late experience I did not feel the effects of it so much on the first as on the second day of our return to comfort. I had passed the second day and part of the third in bed, under the care of the doctor; and only late, on this third afternoon had I felt able to be up. My first thought was of Ruth, and of the position which she would hold towards the world if I did not marry her. And so, as you have seen, I sent for the minister, for I wished to have the matter settled without any delay. If I

had to give up one of the most cherished hopes of my life, I wanted to do it without any more thought of what I was losing than involuntarily suggested itself.

The doctor had told me that he had grave fears for "Mrs. Barrington's" recovery, from the effects of the exposure. At the time, I supposed he referred to a probable invalidism. I did not realize that she was threatened with a mortal illness.

As I entered her room I found her lying with one side of her face on the white pillow, and her eyes, looking large and feverish, and gazing full at me.

"Ruth," said I, taking her hand and kissing it, "do you know that we are to be married this afternoon?"

"John," she replied, "it is useless. I will not let you make this sacrifice. No woman who respects herself, or who cares for the respect of other people, could do such a thing. If you loved me, it would be different."

"Since we have been together, dear, in the open boat and here, all of our little world that is in New York has died away, just as the impression of a book leaves us a little while after it is read. The adventures we have experienced have been to us not like those of days, but rather of years."

"I know," she said, "but what has that to do with it? People who marry should be people who love each other. I wish that you loved me, John."

The last words came in so childish a voice that I felt a profound pity for her in her position, and I replied,—

"I love you dearly, Ruth. And I want you to marry me."

She gave me one long, searching look from those feverish, distraught eyes, and then burst out crying.

I have no word of apology to satisfy my reader's sense of the immorality of this deception which I practiced upon her. There are several different kinds of love, and he who knows them all will agree with me that there is one which is founded on intense pity and the gratified feeling which comes of doing one's duty.

But I would not be fair to the reader if I allowed him to think that this was all. There is a sweetness in the love of a woman for a man that is in itself love. It is the being taken in to the treasure house of her nature; and there is a warmth and a beauty about it that only the freshest and brightest of Spring days can prove a simile to.

And then she was very beautiful; she was very perfect. And now that she was very childlike, I was willing.

But a man may not, after all, be judged by an impulse. And so the pleasant things that helped me to do what I have often since wished undone, need not stand to my discredit on the one hand, or to my merit on the other.

The minister came back in a little while. And without witnesses, without even a wedding ring, I was married to Ruth Loveton. We swore the minister to secrecy and we laughed a little, and she cried a little;—and then he went away and left us alone.

And now comes the saddest part of it all. For hardly had he left the room, when she was taken violently ill, and I hurried from her to call the doctor to her side. And the rest of the story,—that is, this part of it,—is too much story to be told in detail. Happy in the lie I had told her, and having me to watch over her with as great a tenderness as a man can feel, she, four weeks after we landed in England, was pronounced by the physicians to be dying. And so those four long weeks were brought to a close on a certain Sunday night, when she turned her blue eyes to mine, and with a half strained, half happy look on her face she said,—

“I have known for a long time, John dear, that what you said the day we were married was not altogether true. But it made me happy for a little while. And now, as it is almost true, I am very happy, now also.” And then she burst into tears, and while her face was wet with them, she died. And I left the room with my head bowed and my heart wrung to its foundations. I cursed my conceit; the hope, the idea that I could make her happy in that lie. And now that I knew I had not succeeded, I knew also that her last words and her last tears told of an almost broken heart,—a desperately tired heart; and if I did not love her when she lived, ah, Ruth, I love your memory now!

(To be Continued.)

## INCIDENTS FROM THE LIFE OF RUBINSTEIN.

From the German of Ivan Martinoff.

TRANSLATED BY A. M. DE GOEY.

Biographical Note: Anton Rubinstein was born at Vechvotynetz, a village on the frontier of Moldavia, on the 18th of November, 1829. Soon after his birth his family settled in Moscow, where his father established a pencil factory. His first lessons on the piano were given him by his mother and Alexis Villoing. When eight years old, he performed in public, with great success. Two years later he undertook his first artistic tour, which lasted three years: he visited England, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Sweden, etc. At fourteen he went with his mother and brother, Nicholas, to Berlin, where he studied composition under the direction of Dehn, who was recommended for the purpose to his mother by Meyerbeer. At Berlin he played often before the court. The death of his father having, in 1846, called his mother and his brother back to Russia, he went, alone, and "without any other means than those which his talent might bring him," to Vienna, then to Tresburg, and lived in those two towns by teaching.

In 1848 he returned to Russia, performed at St. Petersburg, and was soon named court musician to the Grand Duchess Helena. Since 1854 he undertook, at various times, journeys in Germany, France, Italy and England, to make his works known in these countries. In 1866 he came to Belgium. He became, also, director of the Russian Musical Society, and of the "Conservatoire" of St. Petersburg, which he founded in 1862. In 1878 he performed at Brussels, where—as the Dictionary of Fétis says—he met with triumphant successes.

Amongst his works may be mentioned the operas: Dimitri Douskoï, the Hunters of Siberia, Vengeance (Tcherkess), Tomka Douratchok, the Children of the "Landes," Féramors (Lalla Roukh), Kalachnikoff, Nero, The Macchabee, the Demon; the oratorios: Paradise Lost; the Tower of Babel; and the Ocean Symphony.

He died on the 20th of November, 1894, at Peterhoff, near St. Petersburg. I. M.

There are some episodes of the life of Rubinstein which, better than a biography, can give the character of this artist, who was gifted with such a rare genius. He has noted a certain number of them himself in his autobiography, which appeared in the review, "Russian Antiquity," in 1889, apropos of the fiftieth anniversary of his artistic career.

The episode which follows relates to the time when the mother of the two Rubinsteins,—Anton and Nicholas,—whom they called at Odessa "the mother of the musical Gracchi," left Berlin after the death of her husband and returned to Russia.

She had taken with her, her youngest son, Nicholas. The elder went to Vienna in the hope of making a career there. It was there, he says, that his independent life began, and from that day he sufficed to himself.

"I went, in 1846, to Vienna, because that city was then one of the principal musical centers of Europe, and besides, because Liszt, the king of music, was there, whose protection I hoped to obtain. But my hopes diminished considerably after the very dry and cold reception that Liszt accorded me. He told me the man of talent must succeed by himself, without reckoning on anybody. That separated me from him for a certain time. I made a few visits. I had about ten introductory letters from Mr. and Mrs. X., personages who were at that time in a high position in Berlin. I went to the people to whom these letters were addressed, and left them, but I waited vainly for any answer, or any invitation to present myself. Complete silence was the only answer I received to the first, second, third, and fourth letters that I had left. I wondered what it could mean. I was quite disappointed. Let us see, said I to myself, what they say of me in those letters of recommendation,—of which the greater number were still spread out on the table before me,—how do they recommend me? I open one of the letters, and what do I see? The personage of Berlin recommended me in the following terms: 'Dear Countess! The position that we occupy at Berlin has, as you may well guess, its annoyances. We are often assailed by our fellow-countrymen asking us for recommendations, and we are often, so to speak, obliged to yield to these sollicita-

tions. So, although we are sorry to trouble you, we cannot help recommending to you the bearer of this letter, a certain Rubinstein.'

"There! At last I understood the silence that had followed the delivery of those letters, left at different people's houses. I threw the remainder of them into the fire."

\* \* \*

There is a legend that the protection of Liszt had been of great service to Rubinstein in his early career, but this is what he tells of his life in Vienna, and of what his intercourse with Liszt consisted:

"I had a few lessons in Vienna, most of them very badly paid. I lived at the top of an enormous hotel, in a sort of garret. It often happened that during two or three days I was without a penny, not even having anything to pay for a dinner at a neighboring restaurant. I then remained without food. I had scarcely any furniture in my room; on the other hand, every corner and the floor were littered with manuscript pieces of music. What a number of things I composed then! I wrote, wrote carelessly, just at the time when I was nearly dying of hunger. There were in those compositions everything imaginable: oratorios, symphonies, operas, songs; and not only musical works, but literary articles, criticisms, even philosophical dissertations. In my attic I even composed a sort of newspaper for a single reader—myself. During this time my whole body was tormented by hunger; I lived thus for nearly a year and a half. I was often at this time in the most frightful distress; I suffered all that have suffered before me, all that will suffer after me, those who make their way for themselves without any support. I did not go to see Liszt for two or three months after my first visit."

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Here is a very curious episode which characterizes the manners and customs in Russia at the time when Rubinstein, already celebrated in the west of Europe, decided to return to his country.

"At St. Petersburg," he tells us, "I went to a hotel. I did not remember in the first days what acquaintances I had there. Being only twenty years of age, I felt as lonely as if I were in a forest. The day after my arrival, some one knocks at my door and enters.

“‘Pray let me see your passport.’

“‘What passport? I have not any.’

“‘What! you have none! Then we cannot keep you here. You must go away.’

“This is a disagreeable business, say I to myself, disappointed. However, I recalled to mind that I had a friend at St. Petersburg, a friend of my childhood, Mr. Ch. Levy, an amateur musician, who might be able to give me some advice. I rush to seek him; I find him in a little street ‘de graf.’ I explain my difficulty to him; that they won’t keep me at the hotel, that they put me out, that they exact a passport.

“‘Well, stay with me to-night, and we will see to-morrow what we must do.’

“The following day, early in the morning again, the dvornik (porter) of the house comes up.

“‘Pray let me see your passport.’

“Decidedly, they will leave me no peace on account of this passport!

“I am going to see the chief of police, I tell him. At that time this was a certain General Galakhoff. I go and explain to one of the clerks in the antechamber that I have just arrived from a foreign country, that I have no passport, —and that everybody wants one of me. The clerk takes stock of me with a look from head to foot, in extreme astonishment.

“‘Wait,’ he says to me.

“He went to fetch the head of police, who appeared with the clerk.

“‘A certain Rubinstein has called. He comes from a foreign country, and has no passport with him. Here he is.’

“‘How! What! What is this?’ cries the general in a fury. ‘But where does he live? Where has he been? Where does he come from? It must be asked about at once, it must be found out immediately! We must know what house he stopped at, with whom he lives. What audacity! No passport! He is to be fined immediately!’

“The day went on and still I had no passport. I passed my nights first with one friend, then with another. (I had looked them up.) I told my adventure everywhere, and so it happened that at a ball or at a concert at the court some persons to whom I had related my adventure with the chief of police



informed him. 'What have you against this Rubinstein? We all know him, he has even been to court, he has given concerts before the Imperial family, and you treat him like a vagabond.'

"That evening the general was made great fun of. The following day I went to see him. I waited in the antechamber one hour, two hours, three hours,—standing the whole time. I was not the only one waiting for him, and no one dared to sit down. All those who waited for the general, petitioners had to stand all the time. That was a glorious time.

"Finally they introduced me into the general's cabinet.

"Well, my dear fellow, they have been talking to me about you at court; they told me who you are, but I don't believe much of it! So you will have to see my head clerk immediately,—Echesnokoff, I think, they call him,—and you will play something on the piano that we may know if you are really a pianist. Echesnokoff knows about it!"

"The general said all this very abruptly, and with an air of great disdain.

"They took me to Echesnokoff. There was a wretched piano in his place. He stretched himself in an easy chair and made me sit down at the piano. All that I had in my heart of bitterness, of rancour, and of rage on account of what was happening to me, I expressed it in striking the keys with fury. I struck them with such force that the poor piano trembled under my fists; I thought that it would burst in twenty pieces; it must be owned that the instrument was detestable, and my rage was boundless. Nevertheless, Mr. Echesnokoff listened with patience. Finally he rose and accompanied me to his master to deliver his verdict.

"'Your excellency, it is true; this Rubinstein is, effectually, a pianist, since he can play the piano.'

"With this favor I left.

"At last, at the end of three weeks, I received my passport from Berlin, and from that time I was looked upon as a man 'having his papers.'"

\* \* \*

There is another anecdote from which we learn that a quantity of Rubinstein's works were lost to him and to posterity, through the barbarous formalities which then reigned in the custom-houses of Russia.

"When I returned to Russia they made me leave at the custom-house my one piece of luggage,—which contained all my musical fortune,—a large box filled with manuscripts of music. It was my musical work of three long years passed in Berlin and in Vienna. A few days after my return, I went to fetch this chest at the custom-house. They sent me to a clerk—a certain Mr. Freville. Who was the man? He might have been either a clerk of the customs, or of the Censure, or of the secret police, or of the ordinary police, I know not which. At any rate, he refused to deliver up my trunk.

"'You know,' said he, 'although these manuscripts have only musical notes on them, the government knows perfectly well that the revolutionists and members of secret societies often write their proclamations and other things with conventional signs, which resemble musical notes. Perhaps these are political notes. Wait a little; perhaps in five or six months' time your scribbling will be returned to you.'

"There was nothing to be done, so I went away. I began to write from memory what I wanted to keep of my works. I had to give up all hope of getting my trunk. However, a few years later I went into the music-seller's shop, Bernard, and they said to me there: 'Would you believe that we bought lately some of your autographs—pieces composed by you and written in your hand-writing?'

"'Ah! and where did you buy them?'

"'At a public sale, where they were selling as old paper a whole lot of manuscript music.'

"'Pray send some one to buy some for me,' said I to them.

"'It is too late now; the whole lot is sold.'

"I thus learned that either the customs or the Censure, seeing that no one claimed the trunk, had advertised it, probably in the Police News. As I never read the Police News, I did not know of it, and the trunk and its contents was sold by weight to the highest bidder. A few years later, when I went to the police office to get a foreign passport, the clerk boasted in my presence of having bought of a rag merchant some fragments of my manuscripts. They were some of the sheets from my unfortunate trunk!"

It is generally known that it was Rubinstein who improved the social position of the Russian artist in procuring for him the title of "Artiste libre," which confers certain rights and a

certain amount of consideration. He had himself suffered from the unpleasantness of being a man without any position recognized as such by the Government. All Russian artists owe a debt of gratitude to Rubinstein for a title which bestows on them well-defined rights, thanks to the diplomas delivered by the Music School.

Rubinstein tells us, apropos of this, a fact that may seem insignificant to some, but which suggested to him the idea of procuring a social position for the artist musician, which would be in itself equivalent to those of independent gentlemen, functionary of the state, merchant, etc.

"It was about the year 1850. In fulfilling my Pascal duties I went to holy communion at the Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan, at St. Petersburg. After confession, I approached the table to have my name inscribed in the 'book of confession.'

"What is your surname, baptismal name, your title or profession?"

"Anthony Rubinstein, artiste."

"Then you are on service in one of the theaters?"

"I answered negatively.

"The deacon appeared surprised. . . . I do not understand what he wants of me. We are silent for a while. Finally I say:

"But I am an artist-musician."

"Good; I understand. You are in service, then?" asked the deacon.

"But I tell you no. I am not in service."

"But what are you, then? How must I inscribe you?"

"I do not know how this examination would have ended if the idea had not occurred to the deacon to ask me:

"And your father; allow me to ask you, what was he?"

"He was a merchant of the second guild."

"Now we have it! At last we know who you are and how we must inscribe you: "Son of the merchant of the second guild." There you are!" This examination and the definition of my social position produced an indelible impression on me. It was evident that in Russia artists-musicians did not exist as such that this title and profession, as well as the social position of the man working for art, and consecrating to it his whole life, meant nothing at all there."

\* \* \*

Every artist who has any self-respect ought to meditate on the following anecdote, in order that he may know how to resolve the problems of his career. This is above all applicable to those who see in art, above all other consideration, the means of getting rich:

"In 1872 Henry Wieniawsky, now deceased, the celebrated violinist, and I, we accepted an engagement to make an artistic town tour in America. Only two Russian musicians had, up to that time, been there, Prince Joris Galitzine and Slavia-sky-Ayreneff. Our contract with the American impressario had been signed in Vienna before the Lawyer Jacques. I was to have 200,000 francs for the tour, one-half of which was to be deposited in the bank at the moment of the signing of the contract.

"The itinerary of the tour was minutely described, and the contract was drawn up according to the legal formalities. I put myself, for a certain time, at the entire disposal of the impressario. And may God preserve you from ever falling into such a slavery! It is finished with Art, and only the shop remains! You become an automatical instrument, and the dignity of the artist is lost.

"During my eight months' sojourn in America we went all over the United States, from the north as far as New Orleans. I mounted the platform two hundred and fifteen times. It often happened that we gave two, and even three concerts a day, in different towns. The receipts and the success were always large, but the cost seemed too great, and at last I began to despise myself, and to be disgusted with art. The whole time I was displeased with myself to such a degree that, when a few years later, another artistic tour in America was proposed to me, with the offer of fees amounting to half-a-million, I flatly refused."

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In a Russian review of 1839, called *Galatea*, we find, principally under the heading of "Musical News," the name of Anton Rubinstein mentioned for the first time in the press.

It is very regrettable that none of the articles which were published after the first appearance in public of the celebrated pianist were signed: we thus ignore who was the first to appreciate so justly the extraordinary talent of Rubinstein, and to prophesy so justly what would be the future of the young

pianist: the name merits remembrance. In these terms did the unknown tourist express himself:

“Let us mention another musical phenomena, who was born and who has developed, not under the blue sky of Italy, but under the wintry sky of our mater Moscow. This remarkable talent, which is only known in a few houses, is a boy of nine years of age, son of a manufacturer of Moscow, Mr. Rubinstein, who employs the greater part of his modest fortune to develop the marvelous talent of his son—a sacrifice worthy of all praise and encouragement. A few amateurs of music have urged the parents of the young artist to give them at least a concert, but they are too modest, and decline to do so. We infinitely regret to have thus to miss an admirable concert. But we are not egoist, and we will say that the modesty of Mr. and Mrs. Rubinstein is very praiseworthy, and very useful to their little artist: wait, worthy parents; develop his talent in peace; fame is before him, and he will not miss it.”

In the same review, and during the same year, another notice appeared on Anton Rubinstein:

“We have already, in this review, spoken of the remarkable musical talent of the nine-year-old son of a manufacturer of our town, Mr. Rubinstein.

“At present, let us say a few words about the public concert of this child-artist, a concert given for the poor. The modesty of the parents had been vanquished by the object of the concert, and, let us add, by the reiterated solicitations of a few fervent amateurs of music, and they have at last consented to make known the talent of their son to the public of Moscow.

“On the 11th of July, the little Rubinstein, pupil of the well-know artist Mr. Villoiny, gave, at the Park of Petrovst, his first concert. He played the concert allegro of Hummel with accompaniment of the orchestra of Mr. Teploff, the andante of Shalberty, and four short pieces of Field, Liszt, and Henselt. The applause was enthusiastic, and the pauses were filled with expressions of the general astonishment. And it must be said that everything the little Rubinstein played was executed with an art altogether remarkable and surprising, for he has vanquished the physical difficulties inherent to his age: his tiny fingers, passing with an extreme rapidity over the keyboard, bring out pure and beautiful tones; the little, feeble hand

manages to give the necessary force to those sounds, and, what is more admirable, the child is penetrated with the idea of the composer, assimilates it, and transmits it to us in all its clearness and vigor, with perfect expression and exactitude,—in a word, one can see the soul of an artist, and the sentiment of what is exquisite revealing themselves in this child; he has in him such a musical talent that by the developing and complete perfecting of it, he will be able, in time, to conquer an honorable place among European celebrities.”

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Robert Schumann honored with a very serious attention the first composition of Rubinstein, printed at Berlin in the year 1843, with the title *Ondine*,—a study for the piano that the composer himself considered insignificant. At that time Rubinstein was scarcely thirteen years of age, but had been already two years honorary member of the Philharmonic Society of Berlin, and was famous as a pianist of the first order, not only in Germany, but in Europe in general.

Schumann, speaking of the work of the already celebrated youthful virtuoso, says: “It is impossible to foresee, from this work, if he possesses the gift of creation. But the predominance of the element of melody in this little piece—although there is nothing new in it—gives us hope that the composer has already begun to understand the substance of music, and that he will develop that understanding. The title of the subject is founded on the undulatory movement of the accompaniment.”

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In his autobiography, Rubinstein often alludes to the attention and kindness of the court to him, above all in his youth. We will repeat a few of the facts that imprinted themselves in his memory.

“It is with a sentiment of the profoundest gratitude that I recall to my mind the kind attentions of the Imperial family to me. The Grand Duke Constantine, son of the Emperor Nicholas I., had told his mother, the Empress, and his sisters and brothers, of his meeting me, and of the acquaintance he made with me in Holland, and spoke very kindly of my talent. They were all exceedingly gracious to me. And what a charming, what an admirable family! The young men all brave fel-

lows; and it would have been difficult to decide which was the most beautiful of their sisters. The Empress was fond of music. The Emperor Nicholas was, it is known, in a way, both musician and artist, loving the fine arts generally, and patronizing them sincerely. He had in him the fibre of a musician, and the talent of assimilating what he heard. For example, once I heard him myself whistle in his rooms the whole of an opera, *Fenella*, from beginning to end. He knew by heart all the music of the ballet of 'Catherine, or the Brigand's Daughter.'

The Emperor Nicholas treated in a very friendly manner the talented boy who had just returned to Russia, where he had already obtained the fame of being a very remarkable pianist, in spite of his being only fourteen years of age:

"In 1843, after a journey of four years in Europe, we returned to St. Petersburg. It was not long before I was called to the Winter Palace, and I was presented to the Imperial family. The Emperor, from our first meeting, treated me with that benevolence which was innate in him, and which was, when he liked, so seductive. He took me in his arms and said to me:

"Ah! good-morning, your Excellency!"

In relation to this, there is a letter that Madame Valérie Rubinstein, the mother of our celebrated pianist, sent to her aunt in St. Petersburg in 1844. This letter was published in a Russian journal, "The Messenger of the Crimea." Mrs. Rubinstein relates in this letter the reception that was given to her two sons, Antony, who was then fifteen, and Nicholas, who was only nine, by the Imperial Court.

"Finally," writes Mrs. Rubinstein, "the hour of our departure from St. Petersburg draws nigh. I have not been able to write to you before, in spite of my desire to do so, for I have been extremely busy. But now, dear aunt, I am going to tell you something very agreeable about my children. Although there has been nothing very interesting about the concerts here, the receipts having been very mediocre—our concert was honored by the presence of our august sovereigns, who sent for my sons to go to their box, caressed them, and talked with them a great deal. The Grand Duchess Maria kissed my little Nicholas. At the same time Her Majesty, the Empress, said to my children: 'We are old friends, we shall

see each other often in Berlin next summer, etc.' The Imperial family seemed enchanted with them. They were even invited to the court on the 3d of April, where they were received very cordially. The Empress asked them to play something. Whilst Colenca (diminutive of Nicholas) played, the Grand Duchess Olga managed the pedal for him. When Antosha (diminutive of Anthony) played, the Empress invited Colenca to sit near her. She chatted with him affectionately, asking him if he was not tired, if he was not hungry, if he was not sleepy?... After the music, the Empress invited them to supper, which they took at the Imperial table. The Emperor came in with the Grand Duchess Maria, from the theater. The children rose, but the Emperor bade them be seated, and after the supper he said to them: 'Good boys! Good boys! this one (meaning Anthony) is Liszt; that one (meaning Colenca) is Liszt II.;' and to Colenca: 'I am told that you, too, play very well, and that you even compose pieces. It is true?' All the guests said it was wonderful what my little one did, and the Emperor told the children to play Liszt's Hungarian March, which was highly applauded. After that Colenca was asked to play something of his own composition. He played his Nocturne, which pleased the Emperor immensely; the Grand Duchess asked Colenca to give her a copy of it, and kissed him. When the children left, the Emperor said to them; 'Work! Work! Don't do any foolish things, and you will be an honor to Russia.'

"Two days afterwards, presents were sent to them: to Anthony, a diamond pin; to Nicholas, a fine gold watch. On the 16th of April they were again invited to the court with Heimann. There was a grand reception and a ball. The children were received very amiably, and when the music was finished, the Imperial family thanked Heimann and said adieu to him. The children were going, too, but the Empress said: 'The little ones can stop with us!' Just imagine, dear aunt, the honor! They talked to them a great deal. The Grand Duchess Maria gave Colenca permission to dedicate his Nocturne to her, and to bring it to her, which he did. A few days later the children each received a diamond ring. In a word, if there were no question of money, there would be nothing more to wish for. You cannot imagine, dear aunt, what honor those children have done us. It is to be hoped that with



time money will come in with the rest. That, my dear aunt, is what I had to tell you: there is nothing more to say except that we are now leaving for Warsaw, via Riga and Mitania."

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Rubinstein had too much greatness of soul to ask favors of any one for himself; he never made any advance to any one with the object of having his operas mounted. That is the reason perhaps why the public know so little of them. At any rate, it is a fact that he never asked any aid from any one, or humbled himself before any one, or flattered anybody, as, unfortunately, so many artists do. All that was outside his powerful nature.

"I never addressed the manager of any theatre or anybody else, to remind them of my existence, to solicit help in order to produce my operas. 'Let them do as they like about it,' was my motto. Why, for instance, did they suppress my opera, the Merchant Kalashnikoff, from the repertoire? I do not know. What satisfied me was that that opera pleased greatly the highest authorities, and that they approved it. After it had been suppressed, it appeared again at their request. But why, in spite of their approval, that opera, after two or three representations, has it disappeared again? I ignore the reason, and I am surprised about it, because it was a pecuniary success, which is a proof that it pleased the public.

"I wrote the opera of 'Maccabees' in 1873-75, but it was played in St. Petersburg for the first time in 1877 only. Before that, my Nero had been played in Hamburg.

"After that came my comic operas: 'With the Brigands,' and 'The Parrot,' in 1885. Both are quite unknown in Russia.

"I cannot boast that my operas are received by our paternal management with benevolence; they often appeared to ignore my works, whilst, beyond the frontiers, they were received, and well-received. In these later years they rarely play my 'Demon,'—the 'Maccabees' is no longer played at all—and my Kalashnikoff has been definitively suppressed. I think the expression of this want of sympathy is not directed against me, but against the Conservatoire of which I am the director. Besides, I have never had any explanations with the managers of theatres. And they change so often! . . . In personal contact they are very amiable. It must be averred that the position of a theatrical manager, not only in Russia, but near-

ly everywhere, is a difficult one; and if I were to be asked what post, in my opinion, is the most difficult, that of minister of foreign affairs, or that of director of a theatre, I should say: 'The latter is, in my opinion, incomparably the most difficult of the two posts.'

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Let us add a few details to the preceding ones: The opera *Feramors*, which was produced in Vienna in 1872, and at Milan in 1874, was only represented in St. Petersburg twelve years later, in 1884, by the Amateur Club, and has never appeared on the boards of a national theater either in St. Petersburg or in Moscow, whilst the opera of Félicien David, *Lalla Rookh*, written on the same subject (of Thomas Moore), had that honor, at least in St. Petersburg.

"The Children of the Steppes," another opera of Rubinstein, represented with great success either at Dresden or at Leipzig, is quite unknown in Russia. The *Maccabees*, which appeared in 1875 in Berlin, in Prague, and in Stockholm, and in 1876 in Munich, was only represented in Moscow in 1883, at the same time as in Dresden. *Nero*, which was written for the Grand Opera in Paris, and which appeared in Hamburg in 1879, was only played in Russia in 1884, and that, thanks to the efforts of an Italian impresario, Mr. Vizentini, who had it played in the two capitals of Russia, in Italian; that opera has never been played in Russian yet.

The following are the comic operas of Rubinstein: *With the Brigands*; *the Parrot*; these, with the operas of *Little Thomas*; *the Hunters of Siberia*, *Dnietri Douskoï* (the battle of *Koulikows*), are quite unknown in Russian, even to musicians.

The religious opera, "*The Sulomite*," was played in Berlin in 1888, as an oratorio, at a concert of the Philharmonic Society. In Russia, no one knows it. And "*Moses*," "*Christ*," etc., have nearly the same fate. The ballet of the "*Vine*" was played with enormous success at Leipzig, and recently at Vienna. Neither the public nor the musicians take any notice of it in Russia.

It is well known with what zeal Rubinstein tried to spread abroad in Russia musical instruction, founding music schools everywhere. To him belongs the great merit of having organized the Russian Conservatoire. Besides awakening in

society an active propaganda, he wrote a very interesting article in the Russian review, the "Century" (in 1861). He compares the work of the amateur musician with that of the professional musician. Several of the ideas that he expresses in this article have lost nothing of their interest.

"The Conservatoire will never prevent a genius from developing outside of its walls, and at the same time it will furnish Russia every year with Russian singers, with a number of professors of Russian music, with Russian musicians for orchestras, who will work as the man always works who sees in his art the means of existence, the right to social respect, the way to fame, the means of consecrating himself completely to his divine vocation—as every one works who respects himself and who respects his art. Yes, organize the Conservatoire, give a position to the man who desires to give himself up exclusively to his art, and let the amateurs occupy themselves with music as much as they like for their own amusement. Their influence will then no longer be so fatal; for, besides these amateurs, there will be people who, as Goethe says, 'water their daily bread with tears, and who are nevertheless in daily communication with you, O celestial Divinities.'" "

In this work the celebrated, but much-to-be-pitied artist had many disappointments; and perhaps it is in them we must look for the cause of the pessimistic view he took of the events of our modern musical life. He was above all astonished at the success of things like *Cavalleria Rusticana*, of Mascagni, of *Pagliacci*, of *Leoncavallo*. In this vogue he saw the decadence of the opera. Will he have been a true prophet?

"He earned, probably, millions!" think and say the good philistines, and they will learn with astonishment that the spirit of lucre was entirely absent in Rubinstein.

It is true that for a long time he had never any pressing need; but, on the other hand, he had a passion for transferring his money from his own pocket into those of his needy colleagues. Here is a fact gathered from a German paper:

"Rubinstein was giving a concert in one of the large provincial towns in Austria. When he was leaving the hall at the end of the concert, the receipts were given to him in the form of a pocketbook filled with bank-notes. Among the crowd that saluted him as he went out, he perceived a lady that he had

known in St. Petersburg as being a pianist of great talent. He approached her, and asked very pleasantly about her career. The pianist answered: 'Ah! master, I do not play in public any more: I gain my livelihood by giving lessons only.' That was enough for the kind Rubinstein. In an instant the poor pianist became independent for her whole life." The precious pocketbook, with its contents, was at once handed to her by Rubinstein.

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## THE MUSICAL CRANK.

O, a musical crank indeed was he;  
 His tangled locks were a sight to see!  
 His shoes creaked chords in the key of "G,"  
 And he blew his nose in the key of "C."

He promenaded in "3-4 time";  
 With steps "staccato" the stairs he'd climb;  
 A resonant "A" his clock did chime,  
 And to live in a "flat" he regarded as crime!

Harmonics and thoroughbass he knew;  
 The rules that he didn't know were few.  
 In church near the organ he had his pew,  
 And still his mania grew and grew!

He talked in cadences rhythmic'ly sweet,  
 And hummed Oratorios on the street.  
 The craziest fellow you e'er did meet!  
 In fact, as a crank he could not be beat!

He composed thirty Symphonies all alone;  
 Each note calculated to move a stone!  
 From a beer keg he'd coax a barreltone,  
 And he had scores of instruments, metal and bone.

He played these instruments day and night,  
 Till next-door-neighbors moved out in fright.  
 But one day while playing with all his might  
 He struck a chord that was not quite right,—  
 And it tortured him so that it killed him quite!

—Herbert Alden Seymour.

## CECILE CHAMINADE.

BY MRS. CROSBY ADAMS.

The announcement that this daughter of France is to appear in our country during the present season is everywhere received with more than ordinary interest. When, several years ago, the Boston critics, with one exception, referred to this composer as a man, we were made aware of the strength of her writing, since in this case at least "ignorance was bliss," as far as the subject of woman in music was concerned. But far more telling is the remark of Ambrose Thomas—that "here is not a woman who composes, but a composer who is a woman." This sentence expresses the fullest meaning in trenchant style, and is a most distinguished meed of praise from a veteran of art, whose own versatility as musician, writer and poet gives the deeper import to the expression.

As a child, Mlle. Chaminade showed very marked talent, even precocity, giving evidence of creative ability during these early years, for we learn that at eight she had already composed some sacred music, which attracted the attention of Bizet, who predicted a brilliant future for her. Her teachers were Le Couppey, Favart, Marszek and Benjamin Godard, who must alike have been interested in the unfolding talent of this nature. At eighteen years of age she made her debut as a pianist, and has appeared as soloist in concerts throughout the continent and in the provinces.

As composer, her works show a many-sided view of art. "The Amazons," a lyric symphony with chorus and orchestra, "La Sevillanne" (The Lady of Seville), a comic opera in one act, several suites and other compositions for orchestra, two trios for piano, violin and violoncello, twelve concert studies, a quantity of piano pieces, many songs, an ambitious concert-stück with orchestral accompaniment, which has been played by the composer at the famous Lamoureux concerts, and finally a ballet, "Callirhoe," which was performed at the Theatre of Marseilles in 1888 and at Lyons in 1891, are some of the



*C. Chaminade*

list. In her writing this composer shows a lofty purpose, vigor, strength, and a certainty of hand in outlining her work which might be styled, for want of a better term—free-hand composing.

If the keynote of her success is desired by those of analytical turn of mind, it seems to the writer that Chaminade has not disdained to use heaven-born melody and clear rhythms so unmistakable in their swing that even the uninitiated are carried along with the charm of the movement. The musical quality is present in this composer's work, and it is that which the world is in crying need of to-day. Perhaps in a distant æon we shall all be impressionists, but the majority of listeners who express themselves truthfully are free to say that melody and rhythm are to them the most important forces in music. She combines her musical values from the chromatics of tone as does the artist when dealing with oriental colors, and produces somewhat startling but none the less grateful combinations. This color scheme is present in even the most familiar of her piano compositions—"La Lisonjera" (The Flatterer), "Pas des Amphores," and the "Scarf Dance" being conspicuous examples. Of a different character and in keeping with its title is "Elevation." "Au Matin" (for two pianos) is a fine example of what can be encompassed with simple touches. Surely the influence of Godard, whose "Pan and his flute" reveals the daintiest conception of myth and legend told in tone, must have been a helpful one to this student of composition when she was in his classes, for "Au Matin" is of the same order of work. We feel a like artistic touch in Grieg's "Morning on the Mountains."

Chaminade has endeared herself to many people through her songs, not a few of which have been presented by Nordica, Plancon, and other artists, who find these lyrics not only grateful as concert selections, but very musical and captivating to their listeners. The "Ritornelle," "Madrigal," "Rosamunde," "The Silver Ring," "Slavonic Song," and "Berceuse," show the artist's hand and correspond to dainty etchings or water-colors, and are a very restful form of art. We shall know more of Cecile Chaminade and her work as the days go by.

## THE QUINTESSENCE OF WAGNERISM.

BY A. W. SPENCERS.

“Are you a Wagnerite?” Very likely some one has at some time or other asked you this question; and you have answered, perhaps, that you believed Wagner had done some very wonderful things, which excite your admiration, but that you would not side with him in everything.

The majority of musically cultivated people appear to hold this rather conservative opinion regarding Wagner. They are ready to declare themselves for and against him in the same breath. They hardly know whether to believe in him or not; when asked how they class themselves, they are somewhat perplexed. The reason is this: Even in the minds of good musicians,—except in a few rare cases,—there exist hardly any clear ideas of precisely what the great reformer stood for. And, what is perhaps the most striking quality in his operas, his peculiar style of counterpoint,—this is least understood of all.

The scores of Wagner's later operas present a rich field of study to any one who has enough curiosity to investigate them. They teem with subtleties of harmony which strike one as nothing less than miracles of ingenuity. In *Tristan*, which may be taken as typical of the composer's works and as containing abundant samples of his most individual qualities, there is hardly a measure from first to last which does not have an interesting chord or new progression. As is well known, many of these difficulties of the score can be made to disappear by eliminating the passing notes that are so freely used to interconnect the chords. For example, if the familiar poison motive be so treated, the result will simplify the harmony to a considerable extent:—





But in a good many cases this method of elimination will remove only a small proportion of the difficulties, for the reason that the substratum of harmony, over which the passing notes are scattered, often obeys curious contrapuntal laws, and is just as puzzling after elimination as before. For instance, in the above mentioned motive, even after you have taken out the passing notes, a striking progression of chords remains. So, if you wish to go to the root of the matter and be able to explain all the intricacies, you will find that this method will not offer an adequate solution.

Aside, then, from Wagner's free use of passing notes, which any one would call strongly typical of his style, what other qualities can be discovered that may also be called typical? A satisfactory answer to this question will give us a summary of Wagner's characteristic qualities which may even help us to understand what is rather vague nowadays,—the quintessence of Wagnerism.

Without attempting too detailed a study of ground already thoroughly covered by various writers, let us proceed at once to consider some of the cases in which Wagner rebelled directly against old usages in counterpoint. Of course this discussion will ignore the reforms he introduced in dramatic construction and instrumentation as irrelevant.

To begin with, here is a strange combination of tones, from the last part\* of Act II of Tristan:—



Now, what on earth is the meaning of that odd chord in the second measure? It seems as if it would sound like a dominant seventh on f-flat; but if it were really that, it would have e-double flat instead of d-natural. Why, then, did Wagner not write e-double flat, if that was the tone he had in mind?

I am inclined to think that Wagner had a purpose in not writing e-double flat. For if his critics had ever seen that note progress upward to e-flat, causing the upward resolution of the seventh of a dominant seventh chord,—a crime never

\* Page 177 of the German pianoforte edition.

tolerated in the history of music, and scarcely heard of even,—they would surely have made it hotter for the composer than ever before.

The reader will see the significance of the point more readily if the citation be written with simplified chromatic signs, thus:—



Whatever chromatic signs Wagner gave this passage, and however it may be explained away by theorists as an altered seventh chord on d, it would sound to the hearer just as if the seventh of a dominant seventh chord were resolved upward. Hardly any possible progression could more forcibly annihilate a rule that has been universally accepted.

Instances of upward sevenths are not frequent in Wagner; still, if one is enough interested to look through the operas minutely, he will be likely to find a number of cases in which the old traditions are thus subtly disregarded.

Another trait of Wagner's is his free use of upward suspensions, of which the following from *Tristan* may be taken as a type:—



In the development of the poison motive, also, the unprepared upward suspensions abound. Though they do not always impress one as startling violations of old rules, they show the originality of Wagner's way of working, and may be taken as characteristic of the man. The following form of interrupted resolution, used frequently in the working-out, is ingenious:—



The way that these suspensions are covered up with all sorts of devices in the form of passing notes, increases the intricacy of the score to a great extent, and makes much of the music seem like a kind of algebra arranged for orchestra, if one may speak in such terms. However that may be, there is a weird charm in these chromatic progressions, sometimes strangely seductive and mystical, sometimes wonderfully earnest and powerful in passion, but at all times recondite and inscrutably scientific. So that it would almost seem as if the intellect had triumphed over the imagination, and music had at last succumbed to mind, and had been converted into an exact science governed by abstract formulæ.

Take up one of the operas and glance through the pages. What do you find? Obscure chords of ninths and elevenths here and there over all sorts of pedal-points, chords modulating into new keys at almost every measure, a sprinkling of diatonic runs of five, seven, or nine runs to a beat, as the case may be, odd chromatic progressions of every kind, in any rhythm under the sun except 13-4,—a tempestuous whirligig of roving tonality. Yet we all find things to like in it. In spite of the abstruseness, there is often present a naturalness of melody that beguiles us into thinking it simple when it is not, and makes us feel most deeply when the counterpoint is most involved. Such is the music,—a paradox that is not easily cleared of its mystery.

In forming an opinion as to what the “quintessence of Wagnerism” is, we cannot include all the qualities of the music, for of course some of them are possessed by other composers, also. Just what qualities shall be included is the question. Some hints of the answer have just been given; but before making a final summary, let us look at one or two examples of intricate work:—



This motive,† a decidedly beautiful one, is striking chiefly on account of its subtleties of harmony. The second and third

† Page 183.

measures noticeably resemble each other, one being an exact repetition of the other a whole tone lower. Moreover, the modulations are wonderfully ingenious, and do not yield readily to analysis. What is still more important, the element of tonality or key has almost, if not actually, disappeared.

In this, however, a fundamental rule of harmony, one even more important than that requiring the downward resolution of seventh chords, is broken. For parallel fifths are plainly in sight at the beginning of both measures.

In this one instance, Wagner was an innovator in a double sense. In the first place, he revolted against the instinct which has led almost every composer, classic or modern, to cherish a fine regard for relations of tonality, and never to jumble up chords in such a fashion that they might be in any one of a dozen keys at the same time. In the second place, he sets aside the first postulate of the theorists,—one as important to harmony as the axiom that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points is to geometry.

This example is typical of Wagner in a sense that few are. It shows that prominent Wagner trait,—metaphysics running away with music. Whether music has fared the worse by being treated by metaphysics in this jolly manner, or whether it is really better off than before for the proceeding, will be determined only by posterity.

Here is another:—



In this\* we note, in the first place, the disappearance of tonality; secondly, the bass is so constructed as to move chromatically in such a manner as to form perfect chords on the first, second, and third beats. There is nothing in the upper parts showing remarkable ingenuity; on the other hand, in the curious adaptation of the lower part to the upper, there is something that does.

After looking over these illustrations of the composer's characteristic qualities, we are now in a position to draw con-

\* Page 24.

clusions regarding the "quintessence of Wagnerism." This phrase would of course signify those traits which are peculiar to Wagner and have not been possessed in a like degree by any other composer. Wagner resembled others by frequently resolving chords in the traditional way, or by being comparatively simple with respect to key, as in the Lohengrin wedding march. But of course these conventional qualities are not to be considered in defining him when he is most himself.

The peculiarities already discovered may be summarized thus:—(1) Chromatic passing notes are introduced between chords in such a manner as to make new, accidental chord formations, which would have bewildered the classic theorists; (2) seventh chords are resolved freely, frequently into remote keys, sometimes even breaking laws of harmony; (3) suspensions move up as well as down, and (4) are resolved by means of artificial devices; (5) modulations abound, and in some cases they are so bold and so intricate that the relations of tonality may practically be said to have vanished. In the last instance, it would be much the same if the chords were treated mathematically just like so many abstract quantities, which might, as it were, be put through certain operations of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, at will, without regard to key. Then of course there is the familiar richness of tone color, noticeable in the orchestration, but due primarily, perhaps, to Wagner's using as great a variety of chords as possible in harmonizing any given melody. This richness of harmony might be classed with the modulatory quality given above.

The reason for these infractions of old usages in counterpoint may be found in Wagner's individual conception of the resources at his disposal. That is to say, composers in the pure style had thought that all music must be governed by the limits of a certain key, the chords used must be built up from notes found in a certain diatonic scale, and when modulations were introduced, they must not lead into remote keys nor be abrupt, but they should be gradual and flowing, and return to the original key in a natural, easy manner. This made it necessary for seventh chords to be resolved in much the same way under all circumstances, in order that passing out of the original key might be avoided. Likewise chromatics must be used sparingly, as they would disturb the tonality.

But Wagner had a different way of looking at his resources. He did not think that all music must be governed by a key, which he could not leave in a bold manner when he pleased. He did not always think best to return to his key after he had left it. Instead of making the diatonic scale afford him all he needed, he seems to have used the chromatic scale. At any rate, his voices sing notes and the orchestra plays chords which are not found among the diatonic intervals of any traditional major or minor scale. And in a few places he modulates so freely that for aught you can tell, the signature may be one of a dozen. His seventh chords and suspensions move up or down, and he interrupts their resolution with all sorts of rhythmic devices in the form of passing notes, skips, and so on. Tonality in a few instances may be said to disappear.

Now when tonality, or unity of key, disappears, the whole basis upon which music is built undergoes the most radical change conceivable. Just what music would be, deprived of tonality, is a question which might be given a vast amount of study, so new, so fertile it is; yet it seems hardly possible that such study would be practical, or that any composer could ever hope to profit by it. To most of us, the two associate themselves in such a manner as to appear inseparable. Wagner did not entirely disassociate them by any means; yet he seems to have been working in that direction in some of his most typical passages. So it will pay us to consider the subject a moment.

The chromatic scale, containing all the notes in use in the conventional major and minor modes of all keys, is made up of twelve tones; the thirteenth is the octave. If we divide the octave in the middle, we get tritones. If we divide it into three parts, we get major thirds. Dividing it into four parts, we get minor thirds, and into six parts, major seconds. If you now add a quarter-octave to the third of an octave, making seven-twelfths, you have a perfect fifth. Thus, in purely mathematical terms of the octave, we have a system of symbols for any combination of tones. For instance, a dominant seventh chord might be denoted thus,— $1-3+1-4+1-4+1-6$ , and so on with any other case. It is conceivable that from these symbols a system of musical algebra could be devised by which problems could be worked out in abstract fashion without the composer having any idea of the sound of what

he wrote. A certain sign might come to stand for a consonance, and another for a dissonance; and it would make no difference whereabouts in the gamut he wound up, if he only connected the signs in a logical series and ended with the symbol for a consonance.

This would, in fact, be the starting point for a Euclid of music, if the world should ever decide that tonality is entirely unnecessary. Wagner did not get to that extreme; probably nobody ever will. An investigation of the possibilities of music of that strange character might be interesting from an abstract point of view; but it is hardly clear that it would be at all useful.

Still, Wagner had a strong leaning in that direction; and it is by trying in this way to conceive of music devoid of tonality, that we are enabled better to understand what the quintessence of Wagnerism is.

## MUSIC

Whoso at evenfall has heard  
The measures of the vesper bird,  
Has felt the spirit, heavy, dull,  
Rise to the Dwellings Beautiful.

And though ere long the dark, the star,  
Whispered, "The birds all silent are,"  
The spirit, dreaming deep and long,  
Still drank the sweetness of the song.

For, as it vanished with the light,  
It sought the spirit in its flight,  
And on was sounding, sweeter now  
Than when it trembled from the bough.

Such music's blissful ministry;  
Champion of immortality,  
Faithful it bides, ay, grows in power,  
Beyond the senses' little hour.

—John Vance Cheney.





MR. FRANZ KNEISEL.

## THE KNEISEL STRING QUARTET.

When the day begins with the clock striking twelve, the casual observer is sometimes at loss to remember whether this is to-morrow morning or simply the end of last night. Something of this bewilderment might attach to the opening of the Chicago musical season of 1897 and '98 by the concert of the Kneisel String Quartet, of Boston, in Handel hall, October 1. The program was this:

Haydn, Quartet in D major, opus 64, No. 5.  
Beethoven, Quartet in A minor, opus 132.  
Dvorak, Quartet in F major, opus 96.

Wide contrasts are represented in this list, from the sweet naivety of Haydn, through the sometime supposed "unintelligibility" of Beethoven's last works, down to the "up-to-date" "new world" quartet of Dvorak in F major. Of the playing one needs to say simply that in spite of an unfavorable atmospheric condition rendering it not easy to keep the instruments in tune, the interpretation and the performance were alike of the most finished and delightful description. When a string quartet is played as these were, the interpretation takes on all the musical intelligence of the greatest solo pianist, and with it the impersonality due to each of the four having now and again the leading idea, and each passing momentarily and by imperceptible gradations from leading position in the tonemass to the most subordinate. It is like a complicated solo played impersonally.

Each movement in the entire program was applauded heartily, over and over again, and at the close of each quartet the players were called back for more applause. Nothing more satisfactory could be asked or desired.

A part of the superior effect of the playing of this remarkable organization was due, no doubt, to the wholly exceptional character of the instruments they played. Mr. Kneisel's violin is a Strad of the best period, dating from 1717. It is very



THE KNEISEL STRING QUARTET

sweet, yet with plenty of carrying power and capacity for passion. The second violin is a very good Guarnerius; the viola, a Gaspar da Salo; and the 'cello, a beautiful Amati. These instruments alone are worth quite a handsome fortune, anywhere from sixteen to twenty thousand dollars.

One naturally wishes to know how it happened that this quartet arrived at its present pitch of sympathy and unity in their ensemble work—by what work, how often repeated rehearsals, and the like. It is now thirteen years since this quartet was formed. There have been three cellists: Giese, Hekke and Schroeder. All have been fine artists, but Mr. Schroeder is perhaps the most sympathetic and artistic master of the 'cello in the world—certainly an artist who would command the admiration of the most cultivated listeners anywhere, either as virtuoso or in a quartet. Then, too, it is easy to see that everything is due to the leader. Mr. Kneisel has been the concertmaster of the Boston orchestra for thirteen years. He came there from Berlin, where he had followed Halir, Ysaye and Thomson as concertmaster of the famous Bilsle orchestra. He was a pupil of Gruen and Helmesberger in Vienna; and having early distinguished himself as artist and virtuoso he has had the good fortune to be a personal friend of the best artists, conductors and composers—Brahms at the head of the latter.

When asked whether he noticed any improvement in the public taste for quartet music during his thirteen years of travel in America, Mr. Kneisel replied that the improvement had been very great indeed. The general public everywhere took more kindly to the more advanced selections, and understood better the field covered by the string quartet.

He said that in the early days of the organization, when the goodness of the playing had begun to be recognized, and the very patent fact of its superiority to anything previously known in Boston, they used to get applications to play at weddings, merely upon the ground that this being the "best quartet," it would be something nice and distinguished to have. Always an explanation had to be made that playing quartet music for people who were walking around and talking was entirely foreign to the work of the Kneisel quartet. At present, on the contrary, there is a good deal of playing in private houses, even from points several hundred miles distant from

Boston. Mr. Kneisel told of one instance when he had received a letter to play at the house of a well-known millionaire, about two hundred miles from Boston, and a program was asked of about two hours; Mr. Kneisel first wrote back to inquire whether it was quite understood what two hours of high-class quartet music meant in the way of serious attention. Upon receiving satisfactory assurances, he made a program and was extremely pleased at the cultivated intelligence with which the playing was heard and the enjoyment which the music seemed to give the remarkably elegant audience present.

When asked with regard to prices for work of this kind, Mr. Kneisel instantly admitted that the times had not yet reached so altruistic a development in the case of a quartet as with public singers and fashionable pianists. "The quartet," he said, "is considered as one, and paid accordingly; but when you remember that we are four families, it is easy to see that the dividend is less satisfying." Another curious circumstance in his experience was the prices paid in England for playing in private houses. When he received his first application there he asked Mr. Henschel what he ought to charge, and was quite staggered at the figure named, which in his American experience would have been prohibitory; but it was accepted without a murmur, and many other engagements followed.

When one talks with Mr. Kneisel one understands better the spirit which unites the Boston orchestra. One has only to be a superficial observer to discover that the personnel of that orchestra is very superior, indeed. It is not a question of one fine violinist, but of a half dozen, all of exceptional ability. Some of the men are composers of undoubted gifts, men ambitious and practiced in the largest forms and in the most serious manners. It is also easy to see that the presence of an artist at the head of the violins, so experienced and high-minded as Mr. Kneisel, would have an important bearing upon the work of the whole orchestra, particularly when we remember that he has been in this place for thirteen years, under all the conductors from Gericke to Pauer.

There is about the management of the Boston orchestra a freedom from pettiness which has something to do with the character of the men possible to obtain, and when once obtained to retain. Contrary to what is often reported in the

newspapers, Mr. Kneisel says that the Boston orchestra does not quite pay its way—in other words, that the receipts from concerts do not cover the expenses. While the standard expense account is practically covered from this source, the accommodations of the hall limit the amount possible to be taken; and there are odd bills turning up and unforeseen expenses, which Mr. Higginson pays out of his own pocket, as formerly he paid nearly the whole cost of running the orchestra. Mr. Higginson is very liberal in this way, an interesting example of which Mr. Kneisel mentioned. Recognizing the fact that the study of quartet music forms the main part of a violinist's education in the higher qualities of taste and musical interpretation, Mr. Kneisel sought for some way to bring the wood-wind players under like discipline. These instruments, owing to their difficulty and the small number of players, comparatively, are extremely prone to promote the virtuoso spirit, particularly as only very perfect players are available in an organization like that of Boston. He therefore proposed that the wood-wind should also be formed into quartets and practice this kind of music in order to arrive at the qualities of sympathy and sincerity which can be fostered only by the practice of music in which questions of difficulty and display do not at all enter. He offered to conduct rehearsals of this kind himself, for the sake of having better assistance in the augmented chamber music ensembles of his own concerts in Boston and New York. Accordingly the work was taken up. But as these extra rehearsals were no part of the contract of the musicians with the orchestra, Mr. Higginson promptly insisted upon paying the men for the extra work, for the sake of the bearing it would have upon their playing in the orchestra. This is one of those nice points which deserve to be placed to the credit of the Boston lover of music, who has carried on this vast educational scheme for so many years.

As is well known, Mr. Kneisel was in the habit of spending some of his vacations in the Tyrol, and at Ischl he met Brahms often. He speaks of this great composer as being entirely unaffected, and averse to speaking of his own work, whose value and originality he perfectly well understood. When the players broke out in praise of something of Brahms', the composer was a very uncertain quantity. At times he took it very suspiciously, seeming to think it might be an attempt to work

a little "taffy" upon him; at other times he would rejoin with the utmost simplicity, saying that he was very proud of having written the movement.

Speaking of Brahms' style in symphony Mr. Kneisel regards the quartets as the best music of Brahms for those who are not accustomed to the seriousness of his style. In the orchestral music he is so moderate in his scheme of color, that a certain seriousness, almost somberness, prevails which often repels the casual listener by reason of its unlikeness to the rich and almost barbaric profusion of some of the later writers.

In the string quartets there is little room for differences of this kind; and when first-rate players have overcome the occasional technical difficulties of certain passages, the result has practically the same tone-color as the string quartets of any other fine composer. Then the Brahms ideas have fair chance, and the listener if at all musical, perceives their beauty and meaning. No doubt Mr. Kneisel would recognize the song compositions of Brahms as also well adapted for awakening a love of this greatest of recent tone-poets.

In this connection one had the curiosity to comment upon the composition of the program played here in Chicago, where a quartet of Haydn was followed by one of the last of those of Beethoven, and this again by one of the "new world" quartets of Dvorak. The inquirer asked how it was that when he was so full of the latest and most advanced music Mr. Kneisel was able to interest himself in such simple music as that of Haydn. To this he answered, most charmingly, that it was a question of coming back again to the tastes of childhood. "One always is interested in Haydn," he said, "he is so naive. It is like coming back to something which tastes like the cooking of mother. One is never too old or too advanced for this appeal to the simplicity of childhood."

The question also came up as to the number of rehearsals one had to have for such a quartet as that of Beethoven in this program. He answered that technically they might play it in three; each player having looked up privately the difficulties of his own part, and in fact having been familiar with the text for years, both from playing and from hearing. "But it is not a question of being able to play it," Mr. Kneisel went on; "it is to have the right feeling in the playing, the continual give and take as the musical idea passes from one to another. This

might come in six rehearsals, and again twenty might not be enough. We simply work at it until we get it.'

The regular rehearsals of the Boston orchestra are three a week; on the other four days the quartet usually holds its own rehearsals. All along the tour rehearsing continues. Owing to their having been over the country so many times, they cannot travel with a single program, but have to modify and substitute according to what they have played in the same city previously, or according to some local desire, and this necessitates rehearsals which practically are always due.

Asked about the quartet of Dvorak, in which characteristic American themes occur, Mr. Kneisel professed himself very much in love with it. He said: "You know the novelties are very scarce—good novelties. What are we to give after the great work of Beethoven? No ordinary composition will do, nor can we continually be playing sensational things of the modern school. But this work of Dvorak, even if as you think the motive in itself is not sufficient, where can you find better carrying out? And what writer is there who can treat a musical idea with such unflinching quickness of imagination and such lovely transitions and contrasts?"

Of American composers, Mr. Kneisel praised Mr. Chadwick. He considers him to have written things of a high order, and he expects him to do more in the future—despite his being saddled with the directorship of a large music school. He also paid his compliments to the other leading American composers, and especially to that most admirable musician, Mr. Arthur Foote, who by a curious ignorance is classed in the English edition of Riemann's dictionary as a "composer of light pieces."



## EDITORIAL BRIG-A-BRAC

The opening of the season of orchestral concerts in all the large cities brings up again the eternal question of the wisest composition of programs. The world of music grows year by year until the list of available pieces has become extremely long, and the process of sifting is continually being repeated, whereby the law of the survival of the fittest at last is realized. In this sifting, time and many repetitions of important numbers are a necessary part of the process; and behind them all the two considerations which in the long run have to receive due weight are, first, the musical and æsthetic value of the works themselves; and, second, the state of the human material being educated or edified by means of the programs.

There is also a continual opposition between the new and the old. Works which by long usage have maintained a place among the standard necessities presently find themselves slowly being consigned to oblivion while new works take their place, and these in turn sooner or later come into the same category and fall into the subordinate places assigned to "historical interest."

The value of any work of art turns upon its cleverness from a technical standpoint (in other words its elegance of style), and its capacity to awaken interest in the hearers. The merit last mentioned is the one which is perhaps most subject to impairment with the lapse of time. And this for reasons which are not far to seek.

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The flowers of an enlightened civilization are seen in its literature, its art and its religion. In these forms all the finer aspirations of the soul come to expression. Here is the teaching, the uplifting, the inspiration, the idealization of mankind. While they all belong to the upward tendencies of soul and

present many analogies among themselves, they also present differences. Religion may be described as a state of worship, adoration, love. Sacred writings, prophecies, psalms, and sermons all have their value according to their fruitfulness in awakening human souls into a religious state.

Literature in our modern acceptation, and in the ancient as well, is somewhat broader. Besides bringing to expression the upper side of the soul, its loves, its altruistic affections, it has to bring out also the opposite states, the hates, vices and ignoble lapses of soul, to the end that they may be recognized and avoided. Thus literature covers the entire field of human consciousness, and for educational purposes one has need to make careful selection. And in literature, as in all works of art, the immediate excellence turns upon the spiritual insight shown and the elegance or incisiveness of style. Thus literature in its nature is always subject to change. Like the clouds of the heavens, which never for an entire hour in the day present the same outlines and forms, so the books of mankind change from generation to generation, and by imperceptible degrees, as new tastes, new needs, new delights, arise among men. Even the tempo of the books undergoes a modification. There was a period in the history of man when an *adagio* movement was that in which mind expressed itself. By degrees the tempo has accelerated, to *andante*, *moderato*, *allegro*, and sometimes to *presto*. Read almost any book of genius of the present day and you find the sentences tripping off the tongue and the thought carrying you along in a rate of movement where the antique reader would continually have been compelled to pause now and then for breath and comprehension. Everything changes: the words, the sentence forms, the thought, even the ideals. Or if not changed, at least they come up continually in new forms. Thus the new book answers to the appetite of the reader of to-day and performs for him its office as literature, with a precision and success determined by the degree of its truly conforming to the forms of consciousness of to-day and to the incisiveness of its style. And, as I have mentioned before, it is the law of every human production to become obsolete sooner or later. Books are like plants; they grow up from seeds, blossom, decay; for a while they augment the sum of human enjoyment, then they cease to be observed; and this is while they are maturing their

seed. Still later, if they are works of genius, they come again into a certain prominence, as the expression of forms of consciousness and life now past. Such is the status of a great part of the fiction of all the centuries before this. Only here and there a work like a great mountain peak towers above the mediocrity and is held by every eye as a beacon and a representative work, not alone of the thought of one generation but as the expression to some extent of the great heart of humanity. But change and transitory eminence are the general rule.

Yet it is doubtful whether an idea is ever lost. When once it has been expressed, it lingers, it burns, it glows upon the page of humanity, and according to its vitality it finds always new and newer incarnations until it outrivals Buddha, always coming to more and more perfect expression until at length it enters into the permanent consciousness of the race and becomes part of its everlasting ideal. This is the survival of the fittest in thought.

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Religion alone of the forms of consciousness has sought to avoid this law of transition and of new creation. Creeds have been made and almost the entire ecclesiastical world maintains that in religion we do not live under a law of progress, but that on the contrary all truth has been revealed; and that the forms which some centuries ago were the best which the splendid imaginations of an Isaiah, a David or a Paul could reach, remain always the best—which may be true; and that we must interpret them according to the letter. Nevertheless the church has many thousands who have learned that above the best which Isaiah or Paul could say, above the splendid imagery of any prophet or psalmist, there is an ideal towards which man is steadily progressing, an ideal of adoration, love, worship; an ideal of human brotherhood, a bearing of each other's burdens, thus fulfilling not alone the law of Christ but the eternal principle of human progress—a principle as old as God himself. And so while the sacred books remain, every generation reads them in a new way. And who can tell what brighter revelations of the spirit of God may not have been shut out by the prescription of the old alone as the only embodiment of the ideal in this direction? Yet in religion, in spite of all, progress is the law; and our multitudinous phases

of ism and observance are but tokens of this feeling out towards the light beyond.

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In painting, progress is continually the law. At the very time when our mouths are full of praises of Raphael, Michel Angelo and Guido Reni, our modern painters are bringing to expression in line and pigment suggestions of beauty, phases of human life, and ideals much more perfectly than the Italian renaissance could attain. This was the art lesson of the Columbian exposition; and this is the lesson of the great galleries at Paris, Rome, Florence, Dresden, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin. More and more, painting deals with the smaller moments of life, raising the little and the insignificant into a light which, if not that of eternity, is at least that of greater duration than such moments had before.

Yet in painting, if we search deeper, we find that neither the ideals nor the technique have materially changed during the past three centuries. The law of Raphael and of Michel Angelo was to represent in their lines the forms which they saw. If unconsciously to himself Raphael softened the lines he saw, for the sake of a more beautiful symmetry thereby to be brought out, or if Michel Angelo strengthened those which met his eye, in order thereby to add more force to his conception of the ideal—the law of their training at this point was quite the same as to-day, namely, to draw what they saw, and to see truly. So also in pigment, no painter is more a master than Titian or Coreggio, and the most that our new masters can do is to sift out of the practices of the past the elements of truth in color, and to bring these to the aid of their own conceptions. And this is what we find in all our modern masters. Yet the form of the pictures, the ideals brought to expression, are different and continually changing. Modern art is much nearer to human life; yet, and this also is curious, it is none the less nearer the ideal. For it is in human life that the ideal comes to expression, and must come to expression so long as the world stands. And what is all our civilization for, and all our enlightenment, if not to raise human lives into the beauty, the repose, the brotherhood of the sons of God?

\* \* \*

Music also falls under the same law. Starting with the tonal incitations of the birds (and who knows but the nocturne of

the much maligned Tabby may have had part therein?). Nature gave man a start. Her building up of partial-tones gives him the common chord—along with much which he has thus far refused. And out of his own imagination and by the aid of tonal apparatuses which he has evolved, man himself has made his art; patiently and often blindly stumbling along the path of musical sequence, imitation, canon and fugue; piling up tones into harmonic masses, admiring their grandeur and seeking their law of impressive succession. This has been the work of the great geniuses in music. And always after each period of experiment when something of new sonority or new marshalings of motives has been gained for the art, some master has arisen who has found a way of bringing these new instrumentalities into their place in representing the inarticulate sinkings and swellings of the human spirit, the Aurora-like glow of its most ethereal idealities, the great onward sweep of its most powerful impulses and spiritual exaltations.

Music speaks out the unacknowledged loves, hopes, idealities and sentiments of mankind. And in music, as in literature, the speaking finally tends to specializing, whereby in any one composition it is not the whole heart of humanity which speaks, with its manifold nuances of tone, but one heart coming to expression, and this often in but a single aspect; yet in this representative expression the whole heart of humanity finds an echo.

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In spite of nationalities, divergences of language and race, the world of music is curiously one. Music is the only cosmopolitan speech, and the orchestral works of every nation are current and highly appreciated in every other country where they have orchestras. Russia, Germany, France, Italy, even England and America, have composers who speak this larger speech of the inmost man in accents which all the world understands. Thus the art of making up programs for orchestral concerts becomes increasingly difficult. The new ever presses upon the old. And while it is quite true, as Mr. Thomas often says, that the public must hear everything and judge for itself what it likes, the "everything" has now become so vast, and many of the works are so long that a single hearing is only a beginning of the process of judging, that the

maker of programs has to decide for himself which works are on the whole the most useful and grateful for hearing, and the most likely to awaken in the hearer new and inspiring appreciations of the art.

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Even among musicians of the highest grade opinions differ as to the most productive manner of awakening musical appreciation. Very many musicians think that a true appreciation of modern music, and especially of the higher forms of it, is only to be reached by following substantially the same order as the world has followed in arriving at these works; that is to say, from the contrapuntal style of Bach the world passed into the charming thematic work of Haydn, coming next to the graceful and beautiful melodies of Mozart, and then all these qualities more or less united and strengthened and given a voice of human pathos in the monumental productions of Beethoven, and still further the intensifications of individuality with rather more than a tendency towards sensationalism in the writings of the composers since Beethoven.

On the other side, there are musicians who hold that in accordance with the view of the nature of art presented in the previous pages, the music of to-day corresponds so directly to the different phases of the consciousness of to-day that it appeals to the hearer and awakens interest more directly and more immediately than any of the so-called classical productions, in which the purity of style and the repose, not to say composure of the content, seems somewhat cold.

The probability is that these two views are not opposed to each other, as is commonly supposed, but are different sides of the same truth; and that while the hearer who has acquired a taste for Bach and Haydn and Mozart and Beethoven in this way is in a much more intelligent state in regard to the later productions of music than one who knows nothing about the past of the art, on the other hand there are very many musical hearers, especially in conservative countries like England, for example, who greet every new work with opprobrium because it differs from the old, and who never pass further in their musical education than a somewhat half-hearted appreciation of the technical cleverness of the classical style, and never get so far as to feel under this reposeful and somewhat

reserved style the throbbings of the human consciousness, the glow of human passion and the ideality of a past century.

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Conductors differ very much in their sense of responsibility to their audiences and to their art. To mention extremes, there is the conductor who gauges his artistic success by the amount of applause he gets, and upon this standpoint he feels just as well satisfied when a little tid-bit like the Schumann "Traueneri," played pianissimo by the strings, or the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," or the Handel "Largo," has been redemanded, as when the first movement of a grand symphony is listened to in a breathless manner and at the end is recognized with tumultuous applause. This latter is not an impossible hypothesis. It sometimes happens even in a case of such composers as Brahms, who are commonly supposed to be too severe to please anybody. This was seen in one of the concerts of the Chicago Orchestra last season when a Brahms symphony was played.

The opposite type of conductor is one who has learned his art in the schools. He has it set down in his book that such and such composers are first class; that such and such overtures are allowable within bounds; that all new music is to be dreaded and avoided if possible. The composition of a program of an "artist" of this type is of the most hard and fast pattern. He generally begins with an overture. It does not particularly matter who the author of the overture was, provided it is a distinguished composer—Mozart, Beethoven, possibly one of the operatic composers. Then perhaps a concerto, preferably by Mozart, if nothing older is available, and then the intermission. After the intermission a symphony. It must be a symphony; it may be by Haydn, Mozart or Beethoven, occasionally by some one since, and then we go home. A series of programs of this kind can be maintained for many years without having given anything like a true picture of the art of music as it exists.

Another kind of conductor is never satisfied unless he is producing what he calls "novelties." All sorts of ponderous compositions, such, for example, as those of the late everlasting contrapuntist Bruckner, works containing many beautiful moments but spun out to a tiresome length; works evidently

suited to the everlasting years that belong to the truth of God; such works as one might look up incidentally as one of the occupations of eternity. Or the conductor turns to very sensational works like "Thus Spake Zarathustra," of Richard Strauss, works in which the resources of the individual instruments have been taxed to their utmost and the combinations are, many of them, of an extremely daring character, and at the end one asks what it is all about.

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Another very serious difficulty of composing programs from an educational standpoint, or even from a truly representative standpoint in art (as if a series of concerts were like a picture gallery in which master-pieces of all schools are represented), is the extremely important drawback which is felt perhaps much more seriously by the better class of intelligent artists than it is as yet by the public. The difficulty, namely, that in spite of the frequency with which certain well known and celebrated works figure on program lists, the number of times that any one hearer has the opportunity of listening to one of these works is extremely limited. In a series of orchestral concerts maintained for six years, it is doubtful whether any one symphony has been played more than three times. Without having looked up the statistics of the Chicago Orchestra, I have the impression that a few favorite numbers like the Schubert Symphony in C, or the Unfinished Symphony, Beethoven's Fifth, and Seventh, and perhaps the Tschaiakowsky Fifth Symphony, may have been played three times each in six years. By three times, I mean played at the public rehearsal and at the concert on three different occasions. Now, since one of these works occupies nearly an hour in performance, and as comparatively few of the attendants at a course of symphony concerts take the trouble to study the works in four-hand arrangements or otherwise, it follows that there is no such thing in the true sense as familiarity with the details of any orchestral master-work. A small number of pieces available for sensational purposes, such as Liszt's Preludes and the popular selections from Wagner, are played much oftener, and by means of request programs and Wagner nights and their ordinary use for contrast in the general composition of the program they soon become hackneyed to a certain class



of attendants, while to others they are still being heard for the first time, or at least if not heard for the first time, first recognized for their beauty.

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In view of the contradictory demands of these different considerations, it is evidently impossible to compose a series of twenty orchestral concerts in a manner perfectly satisfactory to anybody. Those who know nothing about orchestral music find the proportion of the classical and severe too great; those who know a great deal about orchestral music, find the proportion of the new too great; and so everybody, according to his state of enlightenment, criticizes the list of selections from his own standpoint, and the chances are that the conductor himself, after some weeks perhaps of careful study and balancing of one set of considerations against another, finds himself as far from a satisfactory result as he was at the beginning, and at the end of every series of programs he makes, even if so experienced and clever in this regard as Mr. Theodore Thomas himself, the chances are that he promises himself to make a much better course next season, which by the way he probably will not.

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There are, however, certain vital principles which in the long run must rule. In my opinion the first of these is never to play any work which does not retain vitality; no work because it is old or celebrated or by a great master is to be brought forth unless it still has in it that something which awakens attention and attracts the hearer. This principle cannot be entirely observed in the case of the new modern works, for we must not forget that while we have been striving to get ourselves even with the stream and master the principal works of the romantic school of writers, time has been moving on. The last of the compositions of Mendelssohn and Schumann were written about fifty years ago, and the last important orchestral composition of Liszt has been written nearly forty years. Meanwhile, a new crop of material has sprung up and very great masters have completed their course and have had themselves deposited in honored and distinguished graves, so that the world of music has become larger and larger. In the

case of these new works which are played for the first or second time, not even the conductor himself, in many cases, is able to affirm with any certainty whether they have in them the vitality of endurance or whether they have in them that magnetic something which speaks to the heart of the listener, or merely the superficial qualities of brilliancy and unusual effect attracting an attention which in some instances the value of the subject matter does not warrant and in the long run will fail to sustain.

Perhaps the different capacities of hearers affords the orchestral conductor one of his most troublesome problems. In any large audience he has a few veritable connoisseurs; a considerable number who know the names and have some slight acquaintance with the important works of the classical school; a considerable number who do not know any of these things, and who, in fact, have not as yet acquired a taste for orchestral music. The conductor's art is to impress and interest the latter so that they will come again and again, and eventually enter upon the career of intelligent connoisseurship. And this is the reason why the celebrated conductor usually wears a bald place upon the top of his head, where the "tired feeling" has so often made itself felt. But there are conductors who leave to the audience the opportunity of enjoying the tired feeling for themselves, and who to a fair middle age retain the flowing locks with which nature and art have endowed them. This, however, is another story.

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Considerable has been said in the music trade press about the proposition of an English promoter to buy the Steinway business at a capitalization of six millions of dollars, more or less. It is understood that the new corporation will acquire the entire Steinway properties in New York, Hamburg and elsewhere, together with all the patents, patterns, designs and good will of the house, and that the manufacturing part of the business will continue under its present management. In so far as this amounts to a mere change in the ownership of the capital invested in the various Steinway enterprises, the public is not concerned. There are, however, aspects of the case in which the public is deeply interested, and possibly will be much more so later on.

As is known to those conversant with the history of the Steinway house, the Steinway piano began by combining the best features of the best existing pianos with certain novelties original with the Steinways themselves, or at least first practically worked out by them. The overstrung system is one of these novelties, upon which the entire value of the Steinway system depends, a system which is now adopted by all piano-makers throughout the world. The Steinways also developed the upright piano, making it even more solid than the old square or grand and increasing its volume of tone to very nearly that of the grand. They also greatly improved the tonal capacity of the grand piano and in fact have established the pace for the world in this department.

And here is the point where the public begins to be interested in the proposed new combination. All these improvements were produced through the operation of intense personal ambition and inventive capacity in certain members of the Steinway family; each invention produced and brought to practicable shape as a result of long, patient and very expensive experiments. For instance, it has been stated that the first upright constructed upon their system of about 1871 cost the house more than twenty thousand dollars; yet this scale was soon discarded in favor of a better one, in turn costing long and expensive experiments. At the present time it looks as if the tonal capacity of the pianoforte had been about reached, so long as the present system of construction is followed. Yet there are in the Steinway family inventors and investigators who might possibly discover a still better possibility than their instruments have yet attained.

Considering the impersonality of a large corporation, its indifference to art for art's sake, and its avidity for dividends, it is impossible to suppose that under the new system this costly and dilatory system of continual experiment would be permitted to absorb expense. The practical result would be that the Steinway piano will take the character of a commercial product, of higher grade than some, and would trade upon the Steinway name until in the inevitable course of time some other firm arises, ambitious and quick-minded, who will take up the career of improvement and surpass everything which now exists.

As for the assurances that the manufacturing departments

will continue under their present management, it may be taken at its face value. Whatever a board of directors votes one year can easily be reversed another. It depends. While the Steinway family controlled the manufacture and sale of the Steinway pianos, everything could be depended upon to conserve and advance the value of the trade-mark—in other words to keep up and advance the artistic capacity of their instruments. Should a foreign corporation exercise this control, we have but to look at the best English pianofortes to realize their natural ideals. A Steinway piano costs a good deal of money to make; and a vast sum of money to improve. And this is where the interest of the musical public comes in.

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Through a blunder of the editor, the clever story, "A Lone Hand," in *MUSIC* for August, 1897, was improperly credited to the celebrated pianist and writer, Mr. Edward Baxter Perry. Its author was the talented Mrs. "Dolly Higbee" Geppert, of Atlanta, Ga., and it was originally printed in her spicy periodical, "The Autocrat." When making the credit the editor was under the impression that Mr. Perry had written it himself under a nom de plume, inasmuch as he had forwarded it to this office with a request for re-publication. The blunder, however, was of the undersigned and not Mr. Perry's.

W. S. B. M.

# NOTEWORTHY PERSONALITIES

## MR. CHARLES DENNÉE.

Mr. Charles Dennée, the well-known teacher of the New England Conservatory, of Boston, is a personage of whom the musical world is likely to know more within a few years. Mr. Dennée is a typical American musician. Educated at the conservatory where he now teaches, under the late eminent Mr. Turner, he was called to a professorial chair upon the death of his teacher, to continue his work. Mr. Dennée trained himself for a concert pianist and in this capacity made a number of highly creditable appearances—appearances aggregating some hundreds. But an affection of the wrist made it difficult for him to keep up his practice, and his time was more and more in demand for teaching. Thus it came about that the world was spared another concert pianist in order that it might congratulate itself upon a good and very popular teacher, and a more than ordinarily good composer of salon pieces for piano and pretentious pieces in other genres. Mr. Dennée has written many pieces which are well adapted for teaching purposes, and in fact have a large use in this line. I was very much pleased with a "Valse Gracieuse," opus 23, published by Mr. Arthur Schmidt, of Boston. More will be said of it at another time.

Mr. Dennée has written several operas in the lighter vein, among them being "The Merry-Go-Round," the libretto of which was written by R. A. Barnet, and produced at the Tremont Theatre in the season of 1896; "The Royal Barber," produced last season with instantaneous success; "Captain Nixie," a romantic light opera; "The Fountain of Youth," a romantic opera, and "The Hindoo," a comic opera for which negotiations are at present pending concerning a production in the very near future.

"A writer of much grace and especial facility is Charles Dennée," says Godey's Magazine for March, 1897. "Among the six pieces that constitute Op. 15, there is a delicious Bourrée, and his Russian Dance is curious and interesting. His Op. 18 is to be heartily commended to teachers of beginners.



MR. CHARLES DENNEE.

It is a collection of short duets 'Children's Festival;' the pupil plays in some cases the primo and in others the secondo, and has passages of only the minimum range and difficulty. Op. 23 is a 'Suite de Ballet' with a 'Danse Humoristique' of real humor. Op. 26 is a group of 'Five Concert Etudes, for the cul-

tivation of style,' of which the 'Impromptu' is the most fascinating one I know.

"The best thing he has done, in my opinion, is his Suite Op 8, for piano. The 'Prelude' develops a rather trite subject with much vigor; the 'Novellette' is very strong; the 'Danse Orientale' is exceedingly interesting; there is a fiery 'Romanza' of excellent psychology, and the 'Finale' is a true climax, original, impetuous, and brave.

"He has also written a few songs, a charming lullaby, 'Sleep Little Baby of Mine,' which has gone through over fifty editions, a captivating scherzo song, 'A Maiden's Consistency,' and others."

As Mr. Dennée is still a young man, more is to be expected of him, particularly as his later works show progress.

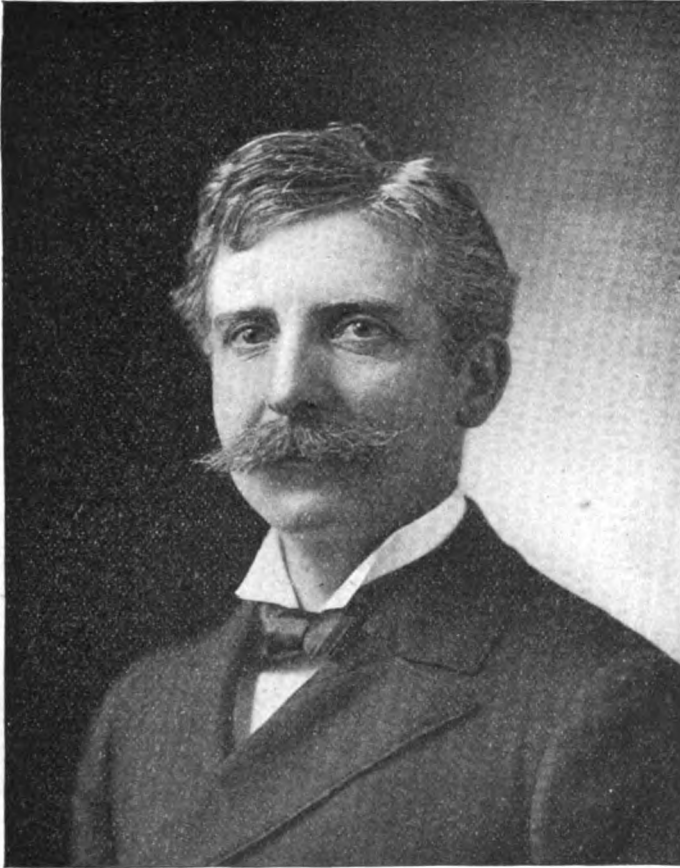
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#### MR. BICKNELL YOUNG.

It is a pleasure to present a portrait of so engaging a personality as that of Mr. Bicknell Young, the well-known baritone of Chicago. Mr. Young comes from Salt Lake City, where his family name is held in especial honor. After the usual experience of the musically talented youngster he came east for training, and eventually to London, where he made very serious studies, and where he attained quite a reputation as the possessor of a beautiful baritone voice, a sympathetic presence and a heart for singing. It was in London that he married, withal, and married right curiously also, a Miss Elizabeth Mazzucato, daughter of the celebrated composer and impresario, Signor Mazzucato of Milan. Mrs. Young herself is not only musical but also a teacher of singing and an excellent composer, having been trained for music in all its branches from infancy.

During his living in Chicago Mr. Young has made hosts of friends. His beautiful voice is in demand for oratorio, concerts and recitals, and in connection with Mrs. Young he is giving song recitals with lecture explanations in many parts of the country. Of all the handsome things which might be said of this artist perhaps the best is that he never speaks unpleasantly of any other musician, and his heart and his hand are always open. He has a pleasant family of boys, who, it is

agreeable to note, are extremely fond of their companionable father and their sympathetic mother. Mr. Young's studio is in Kimball Hall; but his voice, like that of the silent stars of



MR. BICKNELL YOUNG.

old, is going out if not "to all the earth," at least to a goodly proportion thereof.

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MR. EARL R. DRAKE.

The tones of Mr. Earl R. Drake's magnificent Stradivarius violin are being heard quite extensively this season, and wher-



ever he plays he is sure to maintain a high standard of violin art. His programs are of the best, and he does not spare himself on account of the difficulty of the works. It is by such artists that the great works of the masters of violin writing are made known where otherwise only popular and ad captandum performances would attract attention. Mr. Drake is making quite a specialty of lecture-recitals in violin music—instructive entertainments, well calculated to awaken a better apprecia-



MR. EARL R. DRAKE.

tion of the powers and ideals of this most beautiful and expressive of instruments.

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#### MRS. LOUISE PREECE.

Of all the teachers of the School of Methods, in 1896 and 1897, none were more popular or left a wider mark than Mrs. Louise Preece, of Minneapolis, teacher of physical culture. The culture which Mrs. Preece teaches is culture indeed, having for its object the attainment of a pleasant, effective and

productive control of the body in motion or repose. Her classes were practical exercises, continued for a half hour every day, and vastly agreeable it was to change off from the rather dry tendencies of elementary musical technicalities to the standing, breathing and limb exercises belonging to Mrs. Preece's work.



MRS. LOUISE PREECE.

Mrs. Preece is author of a system of Physical Training which is used more than any other, and which in her own case has worked to the degree that she is bilaterally symmetrical and ambidextrous — to quote two scientific and long-winded ways of saying that the lady is graceful, well proportioned and

active, and is able to write or perform any other manual exercise with one hand as well as the other. Whether she has brought her art to the point of dissevering the action of the two halves of the brain, and so be able to write different theses with each hand, both at the same time, and to controvert in one the positions taken by the other, I did not learn. On reflection, however, it is easy to see that this would not be "bilateral symmetry," but bilateral contradiction—which is a very different matter.

The demands upon Mrs. Preece's time have been so much that she now occupies herself entirely with training teachers, and in this capacity she is one of the best-known general educators of the United States. Moreover, her work has in it great promise for the future, since a sane mind can only be expected from a sound body; and a sound body is the foremost aim of our modern education, not less than that of "the wise old Greeks"—as Mrs. Vance Cheney calls them. But she does not carry it so far as our college friends with their "half-backs," "full-backs," "fields," etc. Grace and long life are the ideals of her work. And in her own person she well illustrates what her system may be expected to produce.

# THINGS HERE AND THERE

## THE MAINE FESTIVAL.

The magnificent Musical Festival designed by the energetic choral leader of New York City, Mr. W. R. Chapman, for awakening the State of Maine to self-consciousness and enterprising musical life, opened at Bangor, October 14th.

The Lewiston Journal contains a very full and competent account, from which the following extracts are made:

What is now a fact is the foundation of the climax yet to come and, if signs do not fail, Maine is on the eve of the greatest musical awakening that any one State in a semi-apatetic musical condition, to say the least, ever received or can expect to receive.

Honor to whom honor is due, and honor is due to that one indefatigable bundle of nerves, with a tongue that never tires, with an energy that knows no more weariness than does the steam-engine, and with a genius for control that outweighs all else in his make-up—William R. Chapman, of New York, who said it would go, and who has seen it not simply go, but hum.

What Maine wants to know is the facts.

Was it a success? Did the Maine Music Festival, whose opening was on Thursday evening at Bangor, and which is to continue for five performances there and for five at Portland—did this festival meet expectations? Was it an artistic success? Was it a financial success? Did the chorus sing well? Was Nordica there? Was Williams there? Did the orchestra materialize? Did they open with the Hallelujah Chorus? Did they get through it without a break? Is Blauvelt there, and Dufft and Couch and Carlsmith and Sawyer and Hans Kronold with his soulful bow upon the cello string? Is the majestic Lillian Doeme in pleasant voice as of yore? Were the people there? Were there flowers and bands and speeches and the Governor and the gold lace?

And to one and all we answer. Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!

Fifty yesses; for it was a triumph, and if Mr. Chapman never does anything else, and if Homer N. Chase, the business manager, confines his attention from now on to pumpkin sweets and Roxbury russets and never again knows an operatic star from a street car motorman, we say to you that they gave one concert, at least, one night of oratorio with a chorus of eight hundred voices that was a

free pass into Heaven itself and with a group of soloists who interpreted oratorio as it should be, backed by orchestra and chorus work that were the earthly interpretation, so far as it went, of the divine inspiration in the masters of song. Bangor seemed like a city in a dream. Whole rows, whole broad aisles, whole sections, saw Mr. Chapman stretch his baton over the great chorus for only the second time in his life that he ever met them assembled together, and when the "Hallelujah" rang out true as one voice, without a break, self-poised, grandly confident, so true to the touch, that it made one's blood fairly thrill at the audacious success of it all—they sat there and wondered because two or three from distant towns yelled "Bravos!" and tore their gloves and mounted the seats and lost their heads under the mighty spell. Do they know what it means to conceive a plan in New York, drill choruses in fifty places; entrust them to other conductors; travel 6,000 miles to visit them and finally assemble them under one roof and in one day give renditions of the works of the masters that compels admiration. Old white-haired Herman Kotschmer knew what it meant when at the close of to-night's performance he pressed through the crowd, grasped Chapman by the hand, brought his other hand down upon the wilted brow of the smiling conductor and said, "Mein Gott, Chapman, you vas a vonder."

"I never heard that music more grandly interpreted," said Gwilym Miles, the baritone, who sat in the audience, while Mme. Nordica, looking at the scene, said, "I am honored by being here."

To be sure, it cannot be said that the choral result was on a par with the inspiration of the conductor. For example, the performance by the chorus of "Thanks Be to God" cannot be spoken of in the same extravagant terms of praise as those of the "Hallelujah" and the "Be Not Afraid." But what we do say and offer is that, allowing for the existing conditions, we have never heard a more vigorous, thoughtful, or better welded chorus than at the Maine Festival. The letter but not the spirit of this Eastern Chorus might be criticised, yet no son of Maine would do so.

Now that the Maine Festival is assured as a permanent institution, the outlook for the future of Maine Festival Choruses is autumn tinted, with such a start.

After this opening of the festival the ability of Prof. Chapman as a drill-master need not be demonstrated. With only the rehearsal of the afternoon, the segments of this great circle of Eastern Maine singers fitted together with the nicety and exactness of a machine.

The local conductors deserve no little credit in carrying out Director Chapman's policy of instruction to the letter. Praise is particularly due to the Rockland chorus, by whose experience and example the success of ensemble was made possible.

As regards the orchestra, it may be unhesitatingly said that no such a splendid body of instrumentalists were ever brought together under one baton, in this State. The tone of the strings in the "Coro-

nation March" of Meyerbeer showed this section to be capable of a firm, well-intoned, flowing, singing quality which is essential in this important department, for fine orchestral effects. The strings were ably seconded by a fine group of brasses and wood-wind and wonder of wonders, a real artist manipulated the tympani. While about thirty of these players are from the Seidls' Orchestra there was an observable enthusiasm and spirited style of playing in which the Maine players shared not a little. Viewed from the standpoint of the apathetic festival orchestra (and this is the customary one), Prof. Chapman's orchestra excels to a rare degree in esprit du corps.

In reviewing the solo selections, one finds himself in a bewildering galaxy of artistry. The audience was first introduced to the voice of Dr. Carl E. Dufft, the eminent New York singer, who sang "Why Do the Nations Rage," from the Messiah. Dr. Dufft possesses one of the most remarkable voices in this country in point of natural qualities and enormous range. His organ has the upward reach of a baritone and the downward range of a bass, while its broad, rich quality is the personification of the harvest time in its lusciousness. His interpretation of "Why Do the Nations Rage" was a revelation. So many have raged and so few have sung in this great selection, but Dr. Dufft's interpretation of it was all music. Perhaps there was a shade too much of the lyric effect in the interpretation of such a florid work, but even this was grateful after the growling performances which are so often inflicted upon the work. Dr. Dufft is one of the great artists of the festival.

From Evan Williams, the great New York tenor, the audience received one of the most stupendous performances. It can now be understood how Mr. Williams held his audience spell bound in his role of Samson, in Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah" at the late Worcester Festival. Mr. Williams, the man of the rolling-mill, the singer of only two years' experience, came forward with the air of an emperor and the urbanity of the polished gentleman. With what a voice did "Elijah" speak, and the sobbing, lingering beauty of his "Oh, that I knew where I might find thee!" The memory of it brings back a rush of feeling. May the greatest American tenor "live long and prosper." His organ is beyond the pale of criticism. The marked characteristics of his voice are its absolute evenness and trueness, its baritone-like vigor and breadth of tone-production, its vibrant, humanistic quality and that same conversational ease of attainment in the upper register, which has made Patti and all the other great singers what they are. The people of Western Maine should not miss this great tenor. And before the festival is concluded in Portland we may expect yet greater things of him, as he is evidently struggling against the remnant of an obstinate cold.

The "Star" fever, of course, took a grand crescendo on the appearance of Mme. Nordica, the Queen of the Festival. Her entrance was one long series of bows. Mme. Nordica still possesses that same queenly, heroic manner and withal leaves the same impression

as of yore, that she is singing to you and to you, alone. Her rendition of the "Hear Ye Israel" was commanding and regal. The rare precision of attack and finish of tone and enunciation gave evidence of the artist who was sure of what she could do and was doing her best to please the audience of her native State. After a stirring conclusion, Mme. Nordica retired gracefully from the stage, but was recalled again and again, chiefly through the efforts of the chorus singers who did most of the applauding as well as the singing of the evening.

The performance of the excerpts of the melodious and highly effective work of Rossini, the "Stabat Mater," enhanced the solo-appearance of the artists previously spoken of, and introduced a new singer to the festival audience. Miss Couch is the solo-contralto in St. Bartholomew's church in New York, but her environment in the performance of the "Stabat Mater," Thursday evening, was a trying demand upon her abilities. In the famous "Dolorosa" quartet with the chorus, her voice was unequal to the heroic cast of the other parts. Her voice is mellifluous and well rounded, but light; and as could be noticed in the duet with Mme. Nordica, Miss Couch's voice was to Mme. Nordica's as the lily to the rose. Both Dr. Dufft and Evan Williams added fresh laurels to their previous successes in their arias. Emphatically was this true of Mr. Williams' exalted interpretation of the *Cujus Animam*. That noble melody from Rossini's pen, with its phrases clear, clean-cut and boldly outlined, was sung by Mr. Williams with a spiritual uplift and in a manner that cannot soon be forgotten. The melody sailed along like a ship of state, his A's, still higher B's, were taken with a fire of attack and an ease of execution that were, in the enthusiastic phrase of the musician, "simply enormous." Here to my ears, resides the glorious power of Mr. Williams' voice; he can soar as high as he wishes, and never goes out of ear-shot, like so many of the balloon tenors. In other words, the higher Mr. Williams sings, the more his voice magnifies, so that he directly sets aside that natural law of using pitch, which compels the tone to become thinner as it ascends, by the sheer force of his whole-souled temperament and incomparable organ.

But the closing tone-scene of this oratorio night and opening of Maine's Festival was produced in colors that transcended all that preceded. It was the "Inflammatum," the aria being assigned to Mme. Nordica, and with the entire support of chorus and orchestra in the background. In recalling that picture, the choir, orchestra and solo-voice seem welded inseparably together. The resistless crescendos, fearfully suggesting the idea of the "Judgment Day," the intense pleading of the high notes of the solo-voice, and the agitation and uncertainty so well expressed in the parts for the choristers and orchestra, all these elements of the grand work were blended most creditably to all concerned. But on the final uplift of prayerful hope, while the words, "Let me fondly still relying," etc., swell forth and reverberate higher and louder, the voice of Maine's great Prima

Donna rises victorious over chorus and orchestra to the high soprano C, and with the power of a heroic physique behind it, shone out above everything for measure after measure until it went out to the deafening applause of soloists, chorus, orchestra and audience.

The numbers and program as it appeared in the program-book were:

FIRST CONCERT.

Bangor, Thursday Evening, October Fourteenth.

ORATORIO NIGHT.

Coronation March.....Meyerbeer  
 Hallelujah Chorus—"Messiah".....Handel  
 "Why Do the Nations Rage"—"Messiah".....Handel  
 Carl E. Duft.

"Thanks Be to God"—"Elijah".....Mendelssohn  
 "If With All Your Hearts"—"Elijah".....Mendelssohn  
 Evan Williams.

"Hear Ye, Israel"—"Elijah".....Mendelssohn  
 Mme. Nordica.

"Be Not Afraid"—"Elijah".....Mendelssohn  
 Intermission.

Selection from "Stabat Mater".....Rossini  
 Soprano, Mme. Lillian Nordica. Contralto, Miss Grace  
 G. Couch. Tenor, Evan Williams. Bass, Carl  
 E. Duft. Chorus and Orchestra.

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SOME RECENT WAGNERIANA.

(COLLECTED AND TRANSLATED BY CHARLOTTE TELLER.)

While it is true that the popularity of Wagner has become an established fact, there is still enough antagonism to him and his works to make the opinions on either side of interest to the student of music. An essay of Hans Herrig's, the late German poet, written some twenty-five years ago, seems almost a prophecy of the generally accepted view of Wagner to-day. At the time when the essay appeared in the "Berliner Börsen Courier," the disciples of the great German were few in number but filled with an enthusiasm that seems to have been almost religious in its devotion and fervency. It was only in essay form that the followers of Wagner were allowed to express their views, for the dramatic critics then, as now, seem by common consent to have formed the opposition party, and used the journals as their medium of reproach. Wagnerian criticisms in this country are more favorable than in Europe, for Chamberlain, in the "Deutsche Revue," in an article entitled "Bayreuth



and the Critics," says that with the exception of two or three leading papers the press of Germany still maintains its attitude of shocked surprise at the taste of a public who attend the Wagner operas and applaud the Wagner concerts. Chamberlain's hearty appreciation of his countryman finds its forerunner in an article by a Frenchman, Ferneuil, published a while ago in the "Revue de Paris." The similarity of expression in these three articles, written at different times and in different countries, does but prove the universal spirit of humanity which Wagner enthusiasts claim for their master.

The October number of the "Revue de Paris" has a paper on "The Theater at Bayreuth—Is It Declining?" A history of the theater is given, together with the names of many well-known singers who have appeared there since 1876. In this list we find Materna, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Mme. Brema, Sucher, Mlle. Kutscherra, the Wagnerian cantatrice, and Lilli Lehmann. As early as 1866 Wagner, in looking for a director for his theater, was sent to the young Hans Richter—he found him to be the son of a Hungarian musician, born and bred in an atmosphere of music and not only a thorough student of composition but a performer upon the piano, violin, organ, and several other instruments. He secured him at once and many are the performances that Richter has conducted. Félix Mottl and Richard Strauss have also been conductors there at various times.

When it was heard in musical circles that Siegfried Wagner, son of the composer and grandson of Liszt, was about to give up his career as architect and devote himself to music, there was a general cry of dismay. "It is the end of Wagner's theater, the death of Bayreuth," said one of the journals; and his directorship was awaited with fear and trembling. After studying with Humperdinck, the composer of "Hans and Gretel," the young man appeared in Bayreuth in 1896 and, to the dismay of his unfriendly critics, proved a success. The writer, Lavignac, maintains Bayreuth is not declining, and closes the article with a panegyric on Wagner.

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"If one wishes to know," he says, "what the most popular art-interest is, he has only to consider music; in it alone does our time recognize itself, and for it alone is there leisure. Then, too, this is the only art which possesses a master who compels everyone to hold some opinion concerning him, from the celebrated teacher of æsthetics to the peaceful phillistine, who goes with wife and child to the Sunday concerts. It doesn't matter whether one praises or curses him, but one is compelled to pass judgment. Richard Wagner, in his brochure 'Beethoven,' has acknowledged his obligation to Schopenhauer, and from the standpoint of that German's philosophy he developed a new theory of music." Then Herrig goes on to say that these two men, Wagner in the world of music, and Schopenhauer in the world of philosophy, are holding full sway, and that, as Schlegel says, they are singing "one song, in different tongues"; but of course

one must understand the different tongues in order to appreciate the harmony.

The comparison of composer and philosopher is interesting throughout because of the careful character analysis and logical conclusions. Many whole paragraphs would bear translation for the sake of the music student alone, but it is possible only to make extracts which show the epigrammatic tendency of the author.

"If suddenly all life were to be taken from the world, it would become a huge work of the plastic arts; but if all thought which is feeling its way in the material world were to be suddenly suspended, there would be left a world of sound."

"The plastic arts, in comparison with music, might be termed the cold arts."

"Schopenhauer was uttering no mere phrase when he said, 'Music is the ideal expression of the will, of the consciousness of the world.'"

"Beethoven's music is indeed a subjective world, but only an uncompleted one."

"The real musician should be blind as it were to the outer world."

"Whoever gives himself up completely to music, in whom the music reveals itself, longs to know the words which shall free him from mystery and tell him why he rejoices or suffers. He longs to have the joyful world of light rise up from this ocean of darkness and to have the bright sun of a conscious spirit reveal his soul. He longs to have a man come into this paradise of musical phantasy and give to each thing its name. This man would be Richard Wagner."

\* \* \* \*

"It cannot be doubted," says Chamberlain in writing of "Bayreuth and the Critics," "that the little city of Bavaria is making itself felt as a 'Weltmacht,' a world-force, for intellectually great men assure us of the lasting impression made upon them there, which they cannot compare to any other experience; and the growing popularity of Bayreuth is almost remarkable when one considers that it is in no way the result of advertising.

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"No reasonable man will allow himself to be convinced that the sun is not in the sky on a beautiful fair summer's day; still less can the evidence of the inner experiences be annihilated by the most clever arguments. And that is just the strength of Bayreuth; for many it is to-day an incomparable psychic experience for hundreds, for thousands even. These form in the midst of the fluctuating 'party constituent' of the Festspiel auditors, a solid phalanx. Far from true is it that of late Bayreuth has become a fashionable resort; it becomes less of one each year. Earlier, in 1876, for example, many traveled to Bayreuth out of mere curiosity; then came years when the great majority visited it only for its drama, because there

was no other place to see 'Parsifal.' Little by little all that has changed, and now there is little room in Bayreuth for the merely curious."

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From the first of Wagner's work to the last he strove always to represent action and active life, and in his effort he was peculiarly successful through his great creative force. He does not bring something out of nothing; the greatest poet does not do that; but as one mother may have several very individual children, so did Wagner bring forth "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Siegfried," and "Tristan." They are not spirits of the dead, but are true sons of the old race of heroes, and worthy their ancestors.

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In the year 1896 six thousand visitors—perhaps a few less—gathered in the little city of Bavaria to be present at the fifth series of Wagnerian performances—Bayreuther Bühnenfestspiele. And is that not a proof that music, in our times, has become a sort of religion? These crowds were made up of Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Americans, and even Chinese, who came to refresh themselves at these pure sources of art and do not even think to compare themselves to those pilgrims who leave the four quarters of the globe to seek at Lourdes or some other consecrated place a cure for their physical and moral sufferings, miraculous forgetfulness, as it were, of their cares and miseries.

We do not ignore the "snobism" which increases the influx of listeners at Bayreuth. That motley multitude obeys other instincts as well as the artistic; but was the religious sentiment the only one to inspire the pilgrims who undertook their journeys? And among the skeptical and blasé, who, in order to follow the fashion and in quest of new sensations, come to Bayreuth as they go to Trouville or Saint-Moritz, how many there are who return more or less affected and deeply moved by the despotic sovereignty of a genius!

The Wagnerian art does not arouse merely the initiated who are prepared through their æsthetic and musical cultivation to enjoy it. By its simple human and dramatic virtues it holds and subjugates the uninitiated of average intelligence. And very often the ones who have come to Bayreuth with hostile or unkind prepossessions show themselves in the end the most enthusiastic—coming in the spirit of curiosity or skepticism, they return converted. In order to be accessible to the Wagnerian charm, it is not necessary to bring with one the results of long study and patient meditation—it is enough to have a little poetry and music in the soul.

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Music is the soul, the spiritual fluid which circulates through the lyrical dramas of Wagner and gives them life. We cannot imagine this work without music. The thought of Wagner needs music in order to have complete form and to produce the effect wished by the author.

"But," someone says, "if music is the essential thing, the soul of the Wagnerian drama, why are the presentations of that drama only possible in Germany, particularly in Bayreuth? Why does this retired corner of Bavaria possess the monopoly of these model performances for which the great capitals of Europe seem to offer wonderful advantages?" It is here that the words of Wagner, "At last we have a German art," hold their greatest force. In order to be sure of the "effet d'ensemble" necessary to the Wagnerian drama, it is indispensable that all the participants should subordinate their personalities—to the point of abstraction, perhaps—to the common discipline, to the authority of the director who is responsible for the performance. Before this director the tenor of the famous songstress does not count for more than the least important chorus-singer; the first violin, too, the oboe or the clarinette cannot make themselves conspicuous or usurp a preponderant role in the orchestra without disturbing the equilibrium of the play—and the director of the orchestra is there for the very purpose of maintaining this equilibrium. He obtains easily that voluntary sacrifice of individuality and that discipline strict and continual, because they are the very virtues of national temperament, because German singers and players have them in their fibers and in their blood.

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Added to these advantages are those of the special acoustic conditions and the management of the theater; the obscurity of the hall concentrates the entire attention of the spectator upon the stage. Then the disposition of the orchestra below the level produces a sonority of sound to which it takes some time for the ear to accustom itself. In the first measures of the "Rheingold," too, that sonority, softened and deadened, surprised one at first. The orchestration seemed to lack fullness, force, and to lose itself in the corners, but that impression did not last for long. The ear and mind accustom themselves very quickly to that perfect equilibrium, to that ideal fusion of vocal and instrumental polyphonies in which the voice emerges from the whole harmony without being a moment hidden by the orchestra when the scenic situation demands that it should not be, and effacing itself, on the other hand, when the orchestra enters and dominates in its turn.

"Impressions of Bayreuth," by Th. Ferneuil in the "Revue de Paris."

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#### ANOTHER VIEW OF BAYREUTH.

"Le Guide Musicale" contains a letter from a musician recently from Bayreuth, expressing sentiments of a less favorable tenor than the foregoing. He writes:

"My Dear Sir:—The Bühnenfestspiele at Bayreuth were terminated by the 100th performance of "Parsifal," and the public which

had pressed around the theaters of Richard Wagner with so much zeal has scattered itself to the four corners of the horizon, carrying with it the deep impressions which are always made by the works of this master.

"Nevertheless, in quitting Bayreuth this year I find myself full of sad thoughts. I asked myself if it was an inevitable fatality of all human work to decline and to disappear, and I am far from being the only one to ask this question.

"The theater, according to the idea of its creator, was to be an ideal temple of dramatic art, and in its expression as perfect as possible; in this sense, it has entered by degrees into the intellectual patrimony of the musical idea of all countries. In attempting to maintain this most noble institution, the legatees of Richard Wagner have contracted a moral obligation to concentrate all their thoughts, all their energies upon the realization of this which the master proposed; and the ardent spirits who come from all parts of the world to the model representation demand of the managers a most rigorous execution of this obligation. All this seems to me to have been forgotten by those who direct the work at Bayreuth, when they confided the direction of the tetralogy to a young man, full of talent very probably, but who still lacks a great deal of being able to assume so serious a responsibility. Bayreuth is not a school of apprenticeship; it ought to be the last degree of perfection possible; and, whatever may be our sympathy for the young, this is not the place for them to demonstrate their talent. The master quality of an orchestra director is authority, that is to say, this strong and serene calm, this ample power resulting from mastership, superior, incontestable and indisputable. These indispensable qualities were lacking at the performances of the tetralogy at which I assisted. The movements, without being precisely accelerated, had almost always an air of haste, which interfered with the declamation, and sometimes rendered it difficult or impossible. The almost imperceptible *ritenuto*, which, without perceptibly altering the regularity of the measure, gave to the direction of Hans Richter this ease, this accent, this masterly amplitude, Mr. Siegfried Wagner appears entirely ignorant of; and under his too youthful direction the orchestra is never precise. Under his baton many things fail of materialization, and the listener, familiar with the works of the master, is seriously disappointed. The weakness of the orchestra has its effect upon the singing and acting of the performers, and gives a great flavor of imperfection to the reputation of Bayreuth. When such conductors as Hans Richter, Mottl, Levy, and Seidl are available, one ought to silence all dissension, all rivalry, and all jealousy for the sake of enjoying their genius; these men are the best, and at Bayreuth everything ought to be the best.

The grand cosmopolitan public, which runs from all parts of the world to Bayreuth, has a right to complain and protest against the stage intrigues, through which the incomparable artiste who calls

herself Marie Brema was not heard in the 100th representation of "Parsifal"; the same evil influence imposed upon us an inferior orchestra director, and left us without Ernest Van Dyck, the most incomparable of Parsifals.

I make this protestation in the name of the friends of the works of Richard Wagner, more devoted and more sincere, maybe, than those who surround the performance at Bayreuth.

Signed A. H.

THE CHICAGO ORCHESTRA.

The season sale of the Chicago Orchestra has been larger this year than ever before—a circumstance due in part to a growing appreciation of the work, and to the better courage of the public with reference to the financial future; also in part to many having found it impossible to procure transient seats during former seasons upon occasions when some celebrated artist happened to be the solo attraction. The season opened October 22d and 23d. Following are the first three programs:

I.

- Festival March and Hymn to Liberty.....Kaun  
For grand orchestra, chorus and organ, written for the inauguration of the Seventh Season of the Chicago Orchestra, at the request of Mr. Thomas.
- Symphony No. 7, A major.....Beethoven  
Poco Sostenuto—Vivace.  
Allegretto.  
Presto.  
Allegro con Brio.
- Overture Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet".....Tschaikowsky
- Hungarian Dances.....Brahms  
Orchestration by Dvorak.
- Introduction, Act III., Vorspiel, "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner

OCTOBER 29TH AND 30TH, 1897.

Soloist: Signor Campanari.

- Overture, "The Flying Dutchman".....Wagner
- Suite, Scheherazade, op. 35.....Rimsky-Korsakow
- Air, Vision Fugitive, Herodiade.....Massenet
- Intermission.
- Theme and Variations, Quartet, D minor.....Schubert  
String Orchestra.
- Second Concert Waltz, op. 51 (new).....Glazounow
- Prologue, Pagliacci.....Leoncavallo
- Symphonic Poem, Mazeppa.....Liszt

NOVEMBER 5TH AND 6TH, 1897.

Overture, Consecration of the House, op. 124.....	Beethoven
Symphony, G minor.....	Mozart
Allegro Molto.	
Andante.	
Minuetto.	
Finale.	
Dance of the Happy Spirits,	} Orpheus..... Gluck
Adagio, Flute Obligato, Mr. A. Quensel.	
Dance of the Furies,	} Intermission.
Tone-Poem, Don Juan.....	
Introduction, Act III.,	R. Strauss
Bacchanale,	} Tannhaeuser..... Wagner
Overture,	

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 THE APOLLO MUSICAL CLUB.

26th Season—1897-1898.

Handel's Messiah, December 21st and December 23d.

Requiem, by Dr. Charles Villiers Stanford, and The Dream of Jubal, by A. C. Mackenzie, February 21st.

Ode to St. Cecilia, by Dr. Hubert Parry, and The Swan and Skylark, by Goring Thomas, April 21st.

The regular subscription season of the club will include the three concerts, December 21st, February 21st, and April 21st, and the reduced rates adopted last year for the season sale will be continued.

Performances at Auditorium. Accompaniment by the Chicago Orchestra.

Among the soloists already engaged and with whom negotiations are being made are Madam Clementine De Vere, Miss Clary, Miss Osborne, Miss Ringen, Miss Harrington, Mrs. Bloodgood, Mrs. Schilling, Evan Williams, George Hamlin, Gwyllim Miles, David Bisham (for the Messiah), Pol Plancon (February 21st).

The Requiem by Dr. Stanford is a new work which has not yet been performed. The production by the Apollo Club will be the first of this work in America.

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 BEETHOVEN READINGS BY DR. HANCHETT.

Mention was made last year in these pages, of some analytical recitals given by Dr. Henry C. Hanchett at the Brooklyn Institute and in other places. The programs for a new series have come to hand. Dr. Hanchett says:

A Beethoven Reading, then, as developed by experience, consists

in a piano recital limited to a particular Beethoven sonata, and preceded by an extended and thorough examination of that sonata in a search for examples of the uses made in it of some special resource of the composer's art or its method of developing some recognizable musical element or idea. A Reading devoted to Rhythm, for example, will point out the effects that are traceable to rhythmical treatment and the forms that such treatment may take; such as the imitation of a rhythmical design, the suggestion of an established rhythmical structure (the distinguishing element of dance forms), the various forms of syncopation, the means of heightening or obscuring natural accents, and other features used intentionally by the composer for expressive or developmental reasons; and, having made all these things clear to the audience, it will search the sonata measure by measure for examples of the various rhythmical devices described. This done, the sonata will be given an artistic interpretation, with the eyes of the class upon the notes—a feature in itself that enhances much the value of such an exercise to the earnest student of the piano. A Reading devoted to Unity will point out similarly the items that link together the various movements that seem to many minds to be simply detached pieces put together for convenience, but which, in reality, if the work is a worthy example of sonata structure, are but parts of one composite whole, in which a single inspiration receives varied treatment, or is viewed from different standpoints. In this way each of the more important features of composition are examined in turn, a different sonata being used for each subject, until the student is led to a knowledge of the resources available to the composer and given the means of deciding upon the value and worth of works of all styles and every epoch.

Such work renders necessary a somewhat extended course of Readings given continuously at intervals not exceeding a week. While a single Reading may prove of interest, especially to one already grounded in musical knowledge, really comprehensive study such as it is the purpose of the Readings to stimulate, requires the attention to be turned to musicianship from various directions, a necessity which only a series of Readings can meet.

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#### SCHEME FOR EIGHT READINGS.

- I. "Rhythm".....Op. 2, No. 3, in C
- II. "Harmony".....Op. 7, in E flat
- III. "Imitation".....Op. 31, No. 1, in G
- IV. "Counterpoint".....Op. 10, No. 3, in D
- V. "Development".....Op. 28, in D
- VI. "Unity".....Op. 31, No. 3, in E flat
- VII. "Outline and Terminology".....Op. 90, in E minor
- VIII. "Form".....Op. 53, in C



It is evident upon the face of it that lectures of this kind, given by so competent a person as Dr. Hanchett, are not only interesting in themselves and stimulative to the student, but also are capable of affording a great deal of pleasure, and have a tendency to form a solid appreciation of the works studied.

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#### SUGGESTIVE MUSICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

The art of illustration is a fine thing, and the printers are now carrying it to a high degree of perfection. Occasionally, however, the association of ideas is not sufficiently observed. The editor had a case of this kind when in closing the chapter in his history of music dealing with Mozart, he said: "His music glows with the radiance of immortal beauty." Below this, by way of explanation, the printer had added a tail-piece out of the stock. It was an unusually smiling rising sun, in other words, a full face upon a very broad grin, with rays running out in every direction—"glows" indeed.

And here is Mr. Gilbert Combs, of Philadelphia, suffering from a similar graphic representation. The new and very elegant catalogue of his music school is a distinct credit to the art of producing handsome advertising material. It is printed in black ink, but emphatic titles are put in a sort of purple tint, and the margin is ornamented by cuts of musical instruments in the same tint. These follow no law, but the same stock cuts are repeated over and over, according to the "vagrom" fancy of the printer—and every editor knows what that is. Sometimes the locations are striking. For instance, opposite the title "School for the Organ," is a saxophone; by "School for the Voice," it is a bass drum; and, by a still worse fatality, opposite the heading, "Employment for Graduates," figures this same bass drum again. Alas! it may indeed come to that. The "Virgil Clavier" is illustrated by the figure of a metronome, which is to an extent justifiable. "To Parents" has the figure of a music stand; and "The School for the Piano," a trombone. Mr. Coombs has the gratification of being at the head of one of the most flourishing music schools in the country, so he can afford to smile at these lapses. But the principle prevails that no conventional use ought to be made of musical instruments as ornaments in connection with writing addressed to people to whom each instrument stands for a particular and precise idea.

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#### MR. DUVIVIER ON "THE LARYNGOSCOPE IN SINGING."

Some months ago an article was published in *MUSIC* taking the ground that the laryngoscope is useless to the teacher of singing, and that the true art of singing has not been at all advanced by those

who have approached it from the physical side. Considering that the laryngoscope was discovered or invented by the celebrated Manuel Garcia nearly fifty years ago, and that this great master, who is still living, has been regarded as the most distinguished master of the true art of singing any time these fifty years, this wholesale condemnation of the laryngoscope very naturally called out responses.

The most competent of these was perhaps that of Mr. A. D. Duvivier, formerly professor of singing in Paris, and for seven and a half years professor of singing at the Royal Academy of Music in London, where he was the intimate associate of Garcia himself. (Mr. Duvivier's services at that institution were recognized in 1887 by the authorities conferring upon him the much coveted title of Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Music.) In this connection two interesting autographs of Señor Garcia are appended.

This response was incidental in a paper (Remarks on the Voice and Art of Singing) read before the meeting of the Illinois Music Teachers at Kankakee last July and has been marked for extract all this time.

Mr. Duvivier prefaces his remarks by the following definite statement of his own relation to Garcia and the school of singing represented by him. He says:

"I shall refer continually to the great works of my illustrious master and honored friend, Manuel Garcia, or to the remembrance of the long, instructive conversations we frequently had, during the seven years and a half I had the honor of being with him on the staff of professors and board of examiners at the Royal Academy of Music, London. About that period (1881 to 1888) he was suddenly stricken down by a most serious illness, which compelled him to relinquish his duties for over a year, and on October 2, 1883, the principal of the R. A. M., Sir George Macfarren, upon the request of Señor Garcia, asked me at once to take charge of his class.

"The grains of sand which I may possibly contribute to Garcia's monumental work will simply be the corroboration of his invaluable researches, his discoveries, his incontrovertible statements of physiological facts, the fundamental laws of phonation he has established, his undeniable authority as the teacher of so many great artists, brilliant stars who periodically illuminated the musical firmament during the last half century, beginning with his pupil, Jenny Lind, 1845 (this marvelous singer came to America in 1850), down to the present day. I must not omit the names of his pupils, the celebrated singers and teachers he has formed, his sisters, Malibran, Mme. Viardot Garcia and so many others I shall mention hereafter, including Mme. Marchesi.

"To-day, thanks to Garcia and his invention of the laryngoscope, we are far ahead of simple speculative theories. Even as far back as April 12, 1841 (date of the report issued by a 'special committee of the French Academy of Sciences' upon his 'Mèmoire sur la Voix Humaine,' submitted to that assembly in 1840), all debate on the

41 Marina  
S<sup>t</sup>. Leonard on sea

Mon cher Duvivier,

Sir George m'a écrit un mot relative-  
-ment à ma classe. Il a sans doute  
oublié que dans notre conversation,  
avant mon départ, je lui avais dit  
qu'à ma rentrée à l'Académie, mon  
intention était d'avoir une classe nouvelle.

Il est évident que des élèves qui vous  
ont été confiés pendant si longtemps  
et pour lesquels vous avez tant fait, vous  
appartenez et vous les retenez loyalement, de  
ma part, souverainement injuste.

Le point arrêté, laissez-moi vous dire que  
dans peu de jours, je serai à Londres et  
que j'enverrai grand plaisir à vous serrer  
la main.

A vous d'amitié  
Manuel Garcia

"ST. LEONARDS ON SEA.  
"MY DEAR DUVIVIER:—Sir George has written me a word in  
reference to my class. He forgot, probably, that during the con-  
versation I had with him previous to my departure, I told him that  
on my return to the Academy I desired to have a new class. It is  
evident that the pupils who have been entrusted to you during so  
long a time, and for whom you have done so much, belong to you,  
and for me to take them away from you would be extremely unjust.  
"This point settled, let me tell you that I shall be in London in  
a few days, when I shall feel great pleasure in pressing your hand.  
"A vous d'amitie, MANUEL GARCIA."

physiology of the vocal organs was, so to speak, closed. The only field of inquiry left open was how to ascertain the best means of acquiring, through methodical study, absolute mastery over Nature's sublime instrument.

"Everybody knows Garcia's 'Art of Singing,' a compendious method of instruction, published in Paris by Brandus et Cie, 1840 (two large volumes). Recently, in 1894 (urged partly, I may be permitted to say, by my incessant solicitations during the years I was at the Royal Academy), at the age of 90, Garcia has given the world his 'Hints on Singing,' the result, as he writes in his preface, of his

H! Marnia  
S. Leonard

mon cher Duvivier,

J'ai reçu votre brillante carte  
et je vous remercie pour le souhait  
d'amitié qu'elle m'apporte.

Ici de jamais de dolce far niente, tandis-  
que vous travaillez comme un nègre blanc  
auprès vous couvrez vous de gloire pendant  
que je refais que rétablir ma santé.

En attendant que j'aie le plaisir de  
vous serrer la main, agréez mes  
meilleures souhaits pour vous et le  
votre.

votre vieux ami  
Manuel Garcia

"MARNIA, ST. LEONARDS.

"MY DEAR DUVIVIER:—I have received your card, and I thank you for the friendly wishes it brings me. Here I am, indulging in the 'dolce far niente,' whereas you are working like a white nigger; but you are covering yourself with glory, whereas I am only re-establishing my health. Awaiting the moment I will have the pleasure of pressing your hand, receive my best wishes for you and yours.

"Your old friend,

"MANUEL GARCIA."

fifty years' additional experience since the publication of 'L'Art du Chant,' and his invention of the laryngoscope. Didactically, therefore, this great master has proven himself without a rival.

"In Sir George Grove's dictionary, Garcia's biographer says: 'For his invention and application of the laryngoscope the University of Königsburg granted him an honorary M. D. His "Mèmoire sur la Voix Humaine" obtained for him the congratulations of the French Academy of Sciences. He is also a chevalier of the Swedish Order of Merit. A few years ago he exhibited his invention at a medical congress in London. A testimonial was presented to him under the auspices of Prof. Huxley and Dr. Critchett, the great oculist.' Finally his pupil, Mme. Antoinette Sterling, informed me, some months ago, that the honor of knighthood had just been conferred upon him by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria.

"If I have dwelt so long upon this great master's history and works—thus informing you also whence I proceed—it is with the aim of encouraging you to follow me where I desire to lead you."

Continuing, Mr. Duvivier gives a methodical and scientific analysis of:

- 1.—The vocal apparatus.
- 2.—Respiration.
- 3.—Sound.
- 4.—Emission of the voice.
- 5.—The Registers.

6.—Timbres (color of sound), the shake, the tremolo, influence of modern music; opera and orchestration upon the virtuosity of singers, etc., etc., and designating the writer of the article under consideration as "X," Mr. Duvivier proceeds:

"A certain antagonism against what some interested parties are pleased to call 'scientific teaching,' or teaching by scientific methods, seems lately to have become much intensified.

"Recently, under the heading 'The Laryngoscope in Singing,' a gentleman of Chicago has written seven pages against those who learn, or teach, the art of singing by scientific method, resulting from Garcia's researches and the application of his invention, the laryngoscope, to the physiology of the voice.

"Now it would be easy to dismiss our opponents by answering: Why discuss at all, when you profess to be the Apostles of Ignorance, to worship ignorance, and endeavor to drag the public into the belief that a good voice is about everything required to become a singer; that heart, impulse, natural feeling or dash are sufficient attributes to make an artist?

"I prefer replying to every proposition set forth by X and shall do so, following the order adopted by him.

"X's first proposition: 'What benefit has the art of singing received from the modern scientific study of the throat? Has it been of any value at all? This is a question of the very greatest interest to every singer and more especially to every teacher of singing.'

"In his preface to 'Hints on Singing,' Garcia makes this statement, which answers perfectly:

"The study of anatomy and physiology of the vocal organs is not indispensable to the pupil, but might be most useful to the teacher. It will enable him, when a defect is to be amended, to detect the organ which is at fault, and to suggest the proper correction. For the pupil it is enough that, localizing his sensations through his master's explanations, he should learn to distinguish the various parts of his instrument and the manner of using them.' I will add that Garcia, who studied exhaustively the physiology of the vocal organs long before he invented the laryngoscope, in 1855, I believe, repeatedly said to me: 'The L. has taught me nothing new in anatomy; it has simply corroborated my previous investigations; but its use has afforded me the immense advantage of discovering "how the glottis proceeds to produce sounds and registers and also the manner in which the ringing and veiled qualities are communicated to the voice, thus enabling me to direct the pupil more intelligently."' Still further, in support of the argument, I will say that it is not sufficient to apprise the student of his defects; you must be competent to indicate exactly the means of correcting those defects. That is scientific teaching.

"Second proposition: 'Have the scientists succeeded by the aid of their technical knowledge of the throat in making great singers, or even a large number of good singers? Echo alone seems to answer!'

"I do not think I can better answer X's curiosity than by giving him here a rapidly drawn musico-genealogical tree of the Garcia family. I include not only the descendants in direct line, but also some names, out of the hundreds of pupils, musical offsprings of this great school of singers and teachers, nurtured from the same source.

#### THE TREE.

"I begin with Manuel Garcia (the elder, Sevilla, 1775; Paris, 1832).

"One of the greatest tenors that ever existed; a profound student of the voice, a prolific composer of operas, and the author of the first school of singing bearing that name. Manuel Garcia, second (of our day), Malibran and Mme. Viardot Garcia.

#### "THE PUPILS OF MANUEL GARCIA INCLUDE:

Jenny Lind; Bussine (of the Opera Comique), professor at the Conservatoire (teacher of the tenor Duc of the Grand Opera, Paris); Saint Yves Bac (professor at the Conservatoire, Paris); Jules Barbot (chosen by Gounod to create the part of Faust, professor at the Conservatoire, Paris); Charles Battaille (chosen by Meyerbeer to create the bass parts of L'Etoile du Nord and Le Pardon de Ploermal; professor at the Conservatoire); Herr Stockhausen (the famous lied singer and the best singing master in Germany, the teacher of your George Henschel); Arnoldi and Agnesi, of the Italian Opera, Paris; Wartel

(the teacher of Christine Nilsson and Trebelli); Roger (who created the part of Jean in Meyerbeer's *Prophet*); Charles Santley, the famous English baritone; Catherine Hayes, Miss Orridge, Miss Macintyre and Mme. Marchesi, the teacher of Gerster, Emma Nevada, Mme. Stahl, Esther Palliser, Francis Saville, Sibyl Sanderson, Emma Eames, Emma Calvé and Nellie Melba. Malibran and Viardot Garcia were both pupils of their brother. Mr. Duvivier was a classmate of Messrs. Jules Barbot, Bussine, Battaille and Stockhausen.

"Cannot X perceive the ringing echo from all those voices, these excellent artists, who, for the last half century, have been singing a glorious hymn of praise to their progenitor, Manuel Garcia? These marvelous voices, these great singers, were all formed, cultured, educated on scientific principles.

"Third proposition: 'It is not necessary for either teacher or singer to know anything about the throat from a scientific standpoint. Because, if we know anything about singing at all, we know that the most famous singers the world has ever seen have lived and died before the laryngoscope was invented.' Has X heard those singers? How can he compare with the singers of to-day? Has X even heard Lablache, Ronconi, Duprez, Mario, Sontag, Alboni? I have heard them all. Lablache I used to visit when he lived Rue Taitbout, Paris. Ronconi (George) was an intimate friend of mine, and so was Alboni, whom I knew first in Berlin. Mme. Sontag, Comtess Rossi, was kind enough to accept and sing the first three songs I published in Germany.

"Is it not really an insult to the memory of these aforementioned singers, and those of the past, to suppose that they never made any scientific investigations, never studied the voice physiologically? In our own days, what does X think of Jules Faure and Victor Maurel, both great artists, both having written scientific works; Faure his '*La Voix et le Chant*;' V. Maurel his book '*Un Problème d'Art*;' works they sent to me and which I will willingly lend to X for the benefit of his education.

"What do you say, Mr. X, about Jean de Reszke? Dr. Joal declares that he is as learned a theoretician as he is an able practitioner. What is your opinion about Edouard de Reszke, Plançon, Lassalle, Villaret, Melba, Calvé and all the others? Every one of them ignoramuses, eh?

"You speak of the old Italian school. Are following works and methods not scientific? Bernacchi of Bologna (1775); L'Abbé Blanchet (1756); *Principes Philosophiques du Chant*; Mengozzi; Tosi (*L'Art du Chant* 1723); San Giovanni; Charles Battaille (*De L'Enseignement du Chant*); Lablache?

"Nevertheless X insists that 'a normal, healthy youth, with the desire to express himself by singing instead of speech, may, and frequently does, sing, that is, vocalize, beautifully without the benefit of any instruction whatsoever.' Let the boy go to the top of the class at once!

“Great singers lived and died long before the laryngoscope was invented.’ Why, certainly! Long before the telescope was invented people could see—a comparatively short distance. Long before the application of steam to mechanics, machines existed; navigation existed—slow navigation. Even before the printing press existed, men talked nonsense, but it was impossible to flood the world with paper sullied by such useless divagations.

“X continues his remarkable revelations: ‘Singing, after all, is not merely a physical art.’ Nobody ever said that merely scientific knowledge was necessary to make an artist.

“He says further: ‘We all know that many great singers have been quite unable to instruct others.’

“We know even of some bad singers in the same predicament.

“But Mr. X, when you write, ‘There is something in good singing that may not be analyzed, weighed nor measured, that comes from the heart and speaks to the heart,’ we really must decline to follow you in these bold, dangerous psychical flights and distinctions between brain, heart, soul, etc., etc. Your proposition might puzzle even a Herbert Spencer, although he is reputed to be a rather vigorous thinker.

“The voice is only a medium by which feelings, emotions, passions, sentiments may be expressed just as with any other instrument.

“You do not play the piano, the violin or any instrument with your heart, nor do you learn how to use your voice with your heart. The brain dominates, controls the whole musical work, as well in the conception, the analysis, as in the execution of a piece; as well in the mastering of all technical difficulties, coloring of tone, etc., etc.; be it in the reading or in the rendering of a song, a concerto, or a symphony.

“There is about as much sentiment in the study of vocalization as there is in the five finger exercises for the piano student, and I know what little boys and girls think about them.

“The best virtuosi and best singers are like the best soldiers, those who remain cool under fire. That is art, not impulse. It must be a sad experience to see a soldier run away with his gun. What awe would be caused by the sight of a gun running away with its soldier!

“Seriously, sir, our duty is simply to thoroughly equip our pupils; teach them how to master every technical difficulty; acquaint them with the works of the great masters; develop in them the love of the beautiful, the elevated, the intellectual and then, but only then, if they are blessed with individuality, soul, fire and reverence for their art, let them go. They will give that imprint to their work that no teacher could ever inculcate.

“By all means let the life-blood of our hearts rush up to our brains, nourish them, invigorate them, help to inspire and inflame them with noble ambition, noble feelings, but do not let us forget that clever definition of genius, ‘A great capacity for hard work.’

“This case of Garcia versus X could be dismissed with the applica-



tion of Nietzsche's Epoch-gram: 'We are never understood, therefore our authority.'

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#### LEIPZIG NOTES.

The death of Dr. Otto Günther occurred on September 12. He had been managing director of the Royal Conservatory for the past sixteen years. In the Conservatory Hall, September 21, was given the following memorial program:

Organ—Choral Vorspiel und Choral "Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden".....J. S. Bach  
 Orchestra—"Marcia funebre," from Beethoven's symphony "Eroica"  
 Chorus with Orchestra—"Vertrauen auf Gott," by R. Volkmann.  
 String Quartette—"Andante funebre e doloroso," from Tschaiowsky's E flat minor quartette.  
 Soprano Solo—"Vorn Tode," Beethoven; "O Tod wie bitter," Brahms  
 Dr. Paul Röntsch has been elected director of the Conservatory.  
 Chorus and Orchestra—"Wie lieblich sind deine Wohnungen," from Brahms' Requiem.

The well known Canadian pianist, Harry M. Field, has returned to Leipzig and will remain several years, performing occasionally in public and assisting his former teacher, Prof. Martin Krause. He has around him about a dozen of his former American pupils, some of whom he has already placed under Prof. Krause's instruction. The great pianist, A. Siloti, has also located here and will establish a high school for pianists. With Robert Teichmüller, who has lately been added to the faculty of the Royal Conservatory, and the many teachers who are already long established, the condition of the Leipzig pianistic atmosphere becomes well nigh cyclonic.

A glance over the various announcements for the present musical year discloses about all of the great names in the catalogue and among the pianists are Paderewski, Carreno, Sophie Menter, Siloti, Rehberg, and Painpare; the violin promises include Sarasate, Leopold Auer, Alexander Petchnikoff, Joachim Halir, Lewinger, Hubay, Betty Schwabe, and others; while Klengel, Grützmacher and Fräulein Ruegger are to demonstrate with the cello. It is said that Mr. Julius Klengel has been doing some extra practice for his American tour; those who go to hear him must expect to hear a good musician and a great composer.

E. E. S.

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#### MUSIC AND A STORY.

(Advance sheets of "Ten Evenings with Great Composers," by W. S. B. Mathews.)

It will be noticed, and with disappointment with some, that the analysis and comments are free from so-called "poetry" and gush of every kind. Particularly are they free from attempts to connect each piece with a story or poetic idea. In the opinion of the writer,

the first step toward musical growth lies in learning to appreciate music as music. In instrumental music the development of a musical idea, the creation of musical symmetries, figures and arabesques, and the legitimate building up of musical climaxes upon purely harmonic and rhythmic grounds, are the phases of thought which interested the composer and gave rise to the composition. And while we may not attempt to assign limits to the inspiration and uplifting effects of great tone-poetry, it is quite certain that effects and influences of this kind are arrived at in the consciousness of the listener only when purely musical appreciation is active and deep. Without the background of living musical appreciation of this kind the highest flights of the composer will pass as mere noise and fury, the hearer being in no whit uplifted or inspired. The uplifting which comes from the supposed assistance of a "story," or a poetic idea attached to the composition by some outside person, is quite likely to fail of being the same in quality as that intended by the composer. Music is one thing, poetry another. While aiming at like ends, the expression of spiritual beauty, they move in different planes, which, in the more highly organized minds, are not proximate. The hearer specially gifted in music does not need the story or the poem; he finds it a hinderance. The hearer specially gifted in poetic sensibility does not care very much for the music; to him it is merely a foreign speech, trying to say vaguely and imperfectly what the poetry has said definitely and well. To put the immature and unspecialized hearer upon the poetic track, as an aid to understanding a piece of music, is therefore to place him at a disadvantage, leading him to expect phenomena which he will find only in literature; just the same as it would be a mistake to intrude pieces of music as explanations in a course in poetry or imaginative literature.

There is a time in both cases when these accessory or related provinces of mind can be called into friendly activity to the advantage of each other. In a poetic training this might be at the point where the motive of the poem is of that vague, mystical character, a mere soul-mood, which words express so imperfectly. Or in a course of music when it is a question of a piece in which the composer has definitely attempted to express a poetical idea—as happens often in dramatic music, occasionally in symphonic poems, and elsewhere. Here the outside help is needed, not so much in order to explain the music as to supplement its shortcomings. But in the earlier stages of musical training in this higher sense, purely musical observation (not so much technical as aesthetic) comes first, since without this, all our rhapsodies upon the greater works signify nothing.

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#### MINOR MENTION.

People living east of Lake Michigan sometimes suppose that those who are so unfortunate as to reside in Missouri and other

States west, have no musical privileges whatever. A musician living at Springfield, Mo., takes this impression to task. He says: "We are eight hours from St. Louis and we get to hear Paderewski, D'Albert, Sarasate, and others. The Thomas Orchestra gave a concert here and lost money to be sure; but does the orchestra pay its way in Chicago? The Mendelssohn Quintet Club played here, but did not distinguish themselves. Sherwood, Scharwenka, Lauder, Perry, and others give recitals here. We have teachers and pupils that go to Europe. My best pupils have been with me five, six, eight and nine years respectively, but of course the great majority only take lessons for a short time."

We have received programs of three remarkable organ recitals given by Mr. David Edgar Crozier, in Harrisburg, Pa. Among the important recent works upon these programs are the Sixth Symphony for Organ, by Widor; the Rheinberger Pastoral Sonata, No. 12; a Gothic Suite, by Boellman; the Fifth Sonata, by Guilmant, and a Tocatta, by Dubois. Bach is well represented, and there is a very elegant variety of smaller pieces, including one by Mr. Crozier himself. Mr. Crozier was latterly a pupil of Alexander Guilmant, who thought very highly of him and believed him to be even more talented as a composer than as a performer, and advised him to give himself up to the production of original works.

In a former issue of MUSIC, notice was made complimentarily of the commencement exercises of Miss Crane's school at Potsdam, N. Y. The list sent did not contain programs of instrumental recitals, so far as the editor discovered, nor have such programs since come to hand, and by way of illustrating the standard maintained the names of piano pieces were quoted from programs received. It seems now, upon Miss Crane's information, that there were some complete piano recitals given by pupils, in which the usual standard of first class institutions was maintained. The correction is cheerfully made, since there was no intention of unfavorably representing the work of a teacher so painstaking and competent as Miss Crane; but in the absence of definite information, how could a reviewer know that the instrumental pieces given upon the program were simply for the sake of bringing out some of the weaker players?

The Northern Iowa Band Association has been formed at Nora Springs, Iowa, embracing the cornet bands of Nora Springs, Stacyville and Elna, and several others will be added later. The object of the association is to promote artistic standards in the work of the bands, and to cultivate a taste for better music than the country bands are in the habit of playing. The president is Ed. Belanski, and director, F. B. Place.

The favorite violin of Bazzini, a superior Guarneri del Gesu, was lately sold, bought by W. H. Hamming, of Leipzig, for 18,000 francs (\$3,600).

They are giving historical concerts in England with illustrations

performed upon instruments of the time. "La Journal Musical" says that in a lecture given by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, melodies were sung of the English school of the XVIIth century, among others a lovely madrigal by Henry Purcell, accompanied by a lute. Pieces by Marias (1696) were played upon a viol da gamba, and pieces of Artesti (1720) upon the viole d'amour. Also pieces from Scarlatti and Bach upon the clavecin. The program also comprised a pavane by Thomas Tomkins (1600) for guitar, viole and clavecin, and two pieces for virginal played upon an instrument dating from 1500, still retaining a very good tone.

At the College of the Immaculate Conception, Vaugirard, the gloria and Sanctus from the celebrated mass by Palestrina, "Iste Confessor," were given with modern orchestration by the organist of the college, M. Verschneider, and with fine success.

From an English Exchange we quote the following particulars of the remarkable growth of the Guildhall School of Music in London, which has now reached the eminence of being the most largely attended music school in the world. This school was founded in 1880, and opened with 62 pupils, but at the end of that term there were 246 pupils. In 1882 the average number of students rose to 579 per term; in 1892 it had risen again to 1,349 per term, and four years later to 2,522. During the last fifteen years about 40,000 pupils have received instruction in the school. The average amount paid for tuition is only about forty-five dollars per year, or fifteen dollars per term. During the sixteen years that the school has been in operation, the tuition fees have amounted to £350,000 (\$1,750,000). The tuition fees during the last academic year ending with December, 1896, amounted to about \$160,000. No account of the foundation of this school appears to be at hand at the present writing, but in the report from which the above figures are taken it is stated that the corporation of the city has, during the last eighteen years, spent upon the Guildhall School about \$500,000.

Mr. Alfred Velt, the well-known literary musician of New York City, has arranged a study from Weber's Perpetual Motion, in which there is abundance of double sixths and thirds, but in spite of these the piece is not at all impossible, interlocking co-operations between the two hands facilitating the work very much. Naturally an incessant motion of interlocking work at this speed would not be attained with sureness except after a great deal of practice. When properly done it makes a brilliant effect.

Miss Leadora Whitcomb, a graduate of the Northwestern School of Music, has published programs of three courses in musical history, to be given in some town, the name of which does not appear on the announcement. The first course of ten lectures gives an outline of musical history. The second ten lectures deal with oratorio and opera, concluding with the art-song. The third deals with the Wagner music drama, to which seven lectures are devoted, and the tendencies of modern music. The ground covered is wide, and if the

treatment is adequate these lectures should be unusually instructive.

Mr. Carl Faelten opened his Boston season with a piano recital Oct. 12, the program containing the following:

Theme and Variations, "The Fair Rosamond".....Schubert  
Song Without Words, Scherzo, op. 16, No. 2, Spinning Song....

Mendelssohn

Sonata Characteristique, "The Adieu, the Absence and the Return" ..... Beethoven  
Im Walde, Heller; Gigue, Hiller; Nachstück, No. 4.....Schumann  
Chopin Etudes, opus 25, Nos. 1 and 7.

Liszt Polonaise in E major.

Mr. Allen C. Spencer gave a piano recital in Chicago lately, with a piano portion rather unusually composed. Beginning with the Bach Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, he followed in the same number with the Field Nocturne in A major, and Rameau's Gavotte and Variations. His second number contained Schumann's Warum and Aufschuung, Martucci's Improviso, Schubert Impromptu in A flat and MacDowell's March Wind. Then followed four little pieces dedicated to Mr. Spencer, by Messrs. Liebling, Lutkin, Oldberge and Seeboeck. Then the Schuett-Strauss transcription, "Roses From the South," and finally Heyman's Elfenspiel and the Schubert-Liszt "Am Meer" and "Erl King." There was singing by Miss DeSellem, apparently all in foreign tongues. It is a pity that the art of singing in the English language is not somewhere taught, for these singers who bring us their offerings in foreign tongues as a rule are not able to pronounce the words so that natives of the lands to which the languages belong are able to understand them; and as a general rule the singers themselves do not know the meaning of the words, except in a very general way.

At Pittsburgh on the 9th of October, a Pupil's Recital was given in the music school of Mr. Adolph M. Foerster, the entire twenty-four pieces of which were composed by Mr. Foerster himself.

A music school has been established at Nashua, N. H., under the direction of D. S. Blanplid.

At the North Western University they have a new building for Conservatory of Music, and very gratifying accounts are given of the work done.

Mrs. Ellen S. Crosby states that her engagements for Wagner recitals and lectures are more numerous this year than ever before.

An Elsteddfod, under the management of Prof. John R. Howey, was given at Newark, Mo., on Sept. 4th. The usual competitions for prizes by solo singers and choruses took place.

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#### CLUB NOTES.

The St. Louis Club announces a change of policy in its plans for the coming season. Five special departments have been organized,

and the members work in any one, according to their tastes and talents. The first is the choral; second, piano quartette; third, opera; fourth, the string department; fifth, harmony and analysis class, and there is also a Lecture Bureau. There will be seven recitals by the talent of the club, and five artists' recitals.

Mrs. Theodore Thomas desires to state to the Musical Clubs of America that her name has been used as chairman of the National Federation of Womens' Musical Clubs without her knowledge or consent. She is unable to accept the position kindly tendered to her by the association, and another chairman will be shortly appointed.

Miss Elise J. Allen, at one time lecturer on the History of Music in the Cincinnati Wesleyan College, has been appointed to the same lectureship in the Denver Conservatory of Music (Denver University), Colorado.

The program of the Beethoven Club of Sioux City, Iowa, has been received for 1897. The work proposed covers a very respectable range, and the effect cannot but be helpful. The subjects of the seventeen meetings are as follows: Mendelssohn (C minor symphony, and two concertos, with two pianos), Songs of Schumann and Franz, English Opera (selections from "Pinafore," "Oh, tempora!"), Schubert, French Opera, Beethoven commemoration, Sacred music by American composers, Scotch music, a piano recital, National and Patriotic songs (social evening), German composers (Boehm and Raff, Jensen and Meyer-Helmund—rather a small outcome for the title); Oratorio (study from "Elijah"), Young Ladies' Matinee, Operatic Evening ("Romeo and Juliette" of Gounod), Wagnerian Evening, Italian Opera ("Cavalleria Rusticana"), the Opera of the "Bohemian Girl," completely given by members of the club. This comes June 17th. The list of subjects above, while open to criticism, is on the whole well adapted to enlarge the ideas of the members and at the same time to afford them very diversified entertainment. In this respect it strikes the reader as one of the best yet presented. In fact this is the first program reaching MUSIC in which amusement has been intermingled with instruction, and things so co-ordinated as to permit the husbands and other male dependencies of the ladies to "tough it out to the bitter end." Culture is sweet woman's natural gait; but to the male understanding it "comes high."



### PRACTICAL QUESTIONS.

By Mrs. Emma Thomas.

**Question:** "Should music be taught in the High Schools and should it be compulsory or elective? Please give me some suggestions."

**Answer.** After carefully considering the subject in all its phases I feel that the course in the High Schools should be elective. A chorus by the whole school should be held at least once a week. Also a girl's glee club, a boy's glee club and an orchestra should be organized. The principal of our High School (Detroit) tells me that he feels the orchestra has been the means of keeping many boys in schools, and also broadening and developing their character. I feel there would be more interest for the work among the pupils of the High Schools if the teachers and supervisors would cultivate the habit of "remembering."

A gentleman came to a superintendent one day and said: "Mr. M. won the esteem and respect of my son today, and if other teachers would only follow his example—" He went on to say the supervisor corrected his son for a little offense which the next day he discovered was his own fault. At once he went to the boy and said: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Q., I was at fault myself yesterday."

The teacher was a young collegian who was employing his junior year in teaching music, and although he had had no experience he had something better: insight into character. The boys of fourteen and sixteen who had been restless and almost insubordinate under their last teacher became alert and studious.

They admired the young man sincerely and followed his after career at college with intense interest. More boys from that room entered college than from any other grade in the city. It is one of the saddest notes in school work that so few teachers remember with intensity the days of their youth. For lack of this power wrong motives are frequently imputed to pupils and grave offenses are made of slight actions which might well be overlooked.

This matter of remembering is not simply an effort of memory; it must include the power to put herself in another's place. This is one of the secrets of the successful teacher. A young lady was re-

cently employed in a Pennsylvania city to teach music in the various schools. She was inexperienced, although well equipped in other directions. Her success was instantaneous and complete. The little children in the lower grades naturally liked her and opened their mouths and sang like birds. The upper grades also fell under the spell of her influence. They not only sang, but they wished to imitate her in some visible way, and a whole seventh grade blossomed out with Scotch plaid belts, as nearly like the teacher's as possible.

The mystery did not abate when she entered the High School. Boys whose voices were changing, and who would rather die than be laughed at, did their best, and the girls who mocked and teased and did not look up to their fellow students at all, joined with them in practising with lively interest and good effect the work planned for them. Curious to know how the youth regarded her, the question was asked incidentally one day: "How do you like your new teacher?" An awkward boy whose heart is almost as big as his feet, though not nearly so much in evidence, said: "We like her; we like to sing; she somehow makes us feel so bright and good."

The power which seemed so really wonderful to those who looked on, lay simply and solely in the ability which this girl had to put herself in the place of the young folks and in her intense joy in her work.

In making the real music course elective, the theory is advanced that it is possible to become acquainted with good music without acquiring great technical skill, just as it is possible to become familiar with good literature without becoming an author, or to learn to enjoy good pictures without any skill as a painter.

There are many pupils in the High School without much technical knowledge of music, who have an intense enjoyment of good music, and it is certainly right that such pupils should have opportunities for a musical training by means of hearing and learning about music. After the pupils have been through the grades where the music has been taught, very little time need be used for sight-reading. A course simple and practical in harmony following the principal taught in the lower grades, can be selected.

Composers such as Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Beethoven, Shumann, Schubert and others, can be taken up and an afternoon devoted to each one. Selections from Mozart can be sung both as solos and choruses. Selections can be performed both on the piano and stringed instruments. I would have at least one artist at each of these afternoons, to enable the pupils to have a perfect example set for them. Then the lives of the composers should be taken up, studied by the class and a short sketch be read by one of the members of the class; also the musical history of the periods in which the works were written.

The members of the class should be supplied with note books, in which they take notes of the teacher's remarks, and also they should have music note books in which to write scales, chords, intervals, and



dictation work. If the dictation work is carefully carried out in the primary and grammar grades, it will be very interesting to note the work that can be accomplished with the High School. I think with good chorus singing and an elective course of music in our High Schools, we can obtain great success. We will have cultivated the love of good music, familiarity with great composers and masterpieces, the raising of ideals, and this will tend to make a generation of good men and women. Dr. Winship has truly said: "It is far better to make a good than a great man."

Question: "Would you advise Rote singing in the grades, and if so, how much time should be devoted to it? What kind of songs would you give?"

Answer: I think any course should begin with Rote singing. Teach the little ones to love music. I would recommend that about one-half the time for three years be devoted to note singing. I give occasional rote songs all through my grades, such as the National Songs and the Christmas Songs, etc.

Select songs suitable to the seasons; spring songs in spring, autumn songs in autumn, Christmas songs for Christmas, etc. We teach music in our public schools not altogether with the idea of creating skilled musicians, but for character and enjoyment. Our constant thought must be how to develop character, for character is as necessary to a pupil's success and happiness as intellectual ability. It is far more necessary to make a good man than a great man. That which singing may do for our children and for the world is as important as that which is accomplished in other studies. Morals, truth, honesty, obedience, are the sentiments of many a song that leaves impressions on the child's mind which can never be effaced. A child's success in after life depends to a great extent on his courage and hopefulness, and singing can give these to a child if the right kind of songs are chosen.

We must get more out of music in the schools than just the ability to sing songs by note. I feel our responsibility as music teachers is very great. We can do so much to make our children's lives so much happier and better.

Question: "This is the first year music has been taught in the city where I have been appointed supervisor, and the regular teachers seem to feel my work is unimportant. Please give me some suggestions."

Answer: This is rather a hard position, and it will require tact and patience on your part to change their attitude toward the music. Be at school promptly, and go prepared to help and have it understood that regular teachers should be just as prompt. That will be the first step towards order, and that is very important in discipline. Show your teachers that there is a definite object to be attained in each lesson. There will be more value placed on the work when they can see that there is a point to be gained. Cultivate the ac-

quaintance of your fellow-teachers; take an interest in their work, and they will become interested in yours; make them feel the necessity of music in every-day life.

Question: "I am a regular grade teacher, and although I work very hard with my pupils they have a harsh tone in their singing. I have naturally a hard high-pitched voice, and perhaps it affects their singing. Do you think so, and can I remedy it?"

Answer: I think a great amount of harm can be done by the harsh unmusical voice in teaching children, not alone in music. What is of more benefit or of a greater source of pleasure than a pleasant soothing voice? When most decided, a gentle voice has far more power than a harsh tone. Watch the voice day by day and you will find a marvelous capacity for improvement. Think whenever you speak and by and by you will speak evenly and gently by habit. Improve the voice before attempting to teach the child. My teachers who have the quietest manners and gentlest voices are the best disciplinarians.

Question: "I am a grade teacher and our superintendent is very anxious to have music taught as a regular study. Our teachers are doing the best they can with the singing, but we feel that it is haphazard, and we lack enthusiasm and direction, which a supervisor could give us. Will you kindly give me some reasons why music should be taught, and do you think the public and business people appreciate the work we, as teachers, are doing?"

Answer: I will give you some reasons as printed in our State (Michigan) course of study for institutes. I know that music is appreciated by all good people. I have hundreds of people come and see me every year and tell me the good it has accomplished for their boys and girls. Then I am sure the people almost all appreciate the work teachers are doing. For instance, we quote the remark made by Mr. Craig, President of the Detroit Board of Education, which, coming as it does from a broad-minded business man and one who fully appreciates the value of a thorough educational system, is worth remembering: "In my judgment no other position in life carries with it such a tremendous responsibility as that of a teacher. The molding and developing of a child's thought and character at a time in its life when habits are formed that will follow it to the end, require educational qualifications of a high order, as well as natural adaptability for the work."

From the outline for institute work:

1. The influence which music has always exerted, and its consequent almost universal use, give it a prominence as a branch of education that demands more general attention.
2. Its study should be commenced in childhood, before the organs of hearing and vocalization become so fixed that musical sounds can neither be appreciated nor produced.

3. In a sanitary view, singing is one of the best promoters of health.

4. Its good influence upon the morals and deportment of the young is incalculable.

5. The mental discipline acquired in learning the science gives it as high a place as any other study.

6. Music as a means of vocal culture is unequalled, and greatly aids in making good readers and speakers.

7. In the light of economy, the cost of tuition to the parent in the way of private instruction, would greatly be lessened by having music taught in the public schools; while those who from poverty would otherwise never receive any musical training would be greatly benefited.

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#### EXAMINATIONS FOR TEACHERS IN MUSIC IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The following questions were set at the school of methods in Hingham, Mass., by Mr. Thomas Tapper. For graded teachers alone, the following questions in elementary theory:

1. Write the pure minor scale from c, d, b flat, g sharp, without signature, supplying the accidentals as required.
2. In the same way, write the melodic minor scale from c sharp and f; and the harmonic minor from d and e flat.
3. Define Sharp, Note, Clef, Rest.
5. Write a four-measure melody employing eight, flat seven, six.
6. Continue the following melody to eight measures:
7. What are the following meters?

Concerning rote songs short theses were requested upon the following topics: 1. Object of. 2. Selection of. 3. Mode of presenting. 4. Educational value of. 5. Development of. (a.) in length. (b.) in difficulty.

Candidates for position of supervisors alone had the following questions in Form and History:

1. What determines the Phrase-form?
2. What is a Ternary (three-part) song-form?
3. Name the usual cadences. Write them in four parts, key of D.
4. What conditions Form in Vocal Music?
5. Name three or four great instrumental forms.
6. Name two contemporaries of each of the following: Bach, Chopin, Brahms, Beethoven.
7. Describe briefly: Oratorio, Cantata, Part-song, Canon, Madrigal, Fugue.
8. Name one or more of the great living musicians of Italy, Germany, Scandinavia, France, England, America.
9. What composer did much to establish the Tempered Scale?

Also the following in Harmony:

1. Modulate, in four parts, four measures, from A to F.
2. Continue the following melody to eight measures; end it in the Tonic key, so as to form a Period.
3. Continue the following to eight measures as an alto and add a soprano.
4. Write an exercise for Soprano, Alto and Bass, eight or more measures long, illustrating divided beat, Imitation, and end with a Plagal Cadence.

Concerning voice culture, the following:

1. What experiments have you tried with children's voices? Please state results.
2. State why we should not train children's voices from below the break upward.
3. About how far may the chest register be trained upward without injury? Why?
4. About how far may the voice be trained downward without injury? Why?

In pedagogy, the following:

Write a brief essay on the value of music in school.

- a. As a means of education in elementary classes before notation is used.
- b. As a means of education in higher classes where the notation is taught.
- c. As a means of culture in music and a preparation for social life.
- d. As a basis for instrumental music in its higher development.

# ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

## OUR INDEBTEDNESS TO THE NATIONS OF ANTIQUITY.

"Which of the nations of antiquity left most to be used in the development of modern music? What were these ideas?" L. B.

You have given me here a very difficult question to answer. By antiquity I take it for granted you mean the time previous to the Christian era, and I could give you a very short answer which would be almost as conclusive as the famous one in regard to snakes in Ireland, by saying that the nations of antiquity left us nothing that we use in the modern art of music. This, however, would not be strictly true. There were in antiquity five or six different civilizations which at one time or another attained a commanding influence in the world as it then was. The grade finally reached by each of these civilizations depended in part upon the mental habits of the particular race, and in part upon the material products of the country in which they lived.

The oldest civilization of which we have any knowledge is that of the Egyptians. The Valley of the Nile, owing to its reliability from an agricultural standpoint, the periodical rises of the river affording the necessary moisture for crops, and the even climate making the work of the husbandmen comparatively reliable, developed a stable civilization which six thousand years ago had already reached a perfection of organization making it possible to build so expensive a work as the great pyramid at Ghizeh. At this period, as we know from the paintings in the tombs, they were playing upon harps and flutes and apparently singing in concert. All through the Egyptian civilization music played an important part, but we have not in our modern art derived anything from them in so far as we know. Our modern harp is a different instrument from the ancient harp of the Egyptians, radically different in its principles of construction, nor is it quite sure that the idea of the harp came to us from them, although it may have done so by way of some other nation. You must remember that we have no book or writing relating to music of the Egyptians, and that the influence which these musical representations of theirs would have had was entirely ineffective down to the beginning of this century, because it was only since the Napoleon expedition to Egypt that the remains of the ancient Egyptians began to be ex-

plored, and that these representations came to light, so that the influence of this race is suggestive rather than important.

The ancient Hebrews seem to have had a certain development of instrumental music, or rather they seem to have used instruments sometimes upon a very important scale, as for example in the later Temple, when the number of players and singers reached very large proportions. I half suspect, however, that the music they produced was of little more seriousness or importance than the tambourine playing of the Salvation Army of the present time. Still, the Salvation Army has room for virtuosos. I have heard the English concertina played very well by one of the officers of the Army at a street meeting, and on one occasion I had the very agreeable surprise of passing a meeting of this kind when everything was quiet. On coming near enough to discover why the bush continued to burn without being consumed, I found that the leader was playing upon an auto-harp and the audience, at the corner of one of the most busy streets of Chicago, was listening, as the saying is, for all they were worth. The effect was very pretty indeed. I did not learn whether the waltz he was playing had sacred words or whether this was merely an interlude in an otherwise exclusively devotional undertaking. As you know, the instruments of the ancient Jews were the so-called timbrel, which was probably a tambourine, and the harp. Of course what they called an organ was merely a flute or something of that sort. Their harp also probably had very few strings, and it is not at all certain but that when Saul threw his javlin at David it was because David played so badly, and that the distraction of the melancholy of the king was accomplished through his betting with himself as to whether David would get the next note right or not. This is not the light in which ancient tradition represents it, but modern science shows that many of the traditions were imperfectly founded in fact.

Another civilization which was very highly developed was that of the ancient Greeks. The Greeks also made very great account of music, but the music they had was of a very indifferent quality. Their lyre was an instrument of so limited powers that for musical purposes a moderate sized auto-harp would stand to it in about the relation that a Steinway grand piano stands to the Virgil practice clavier, the lyre of the Greeks having but little more music in it than a Virgil practice clavier, certainly not nearly so much as the old clavier that Bach played upon—not a quarter so much.

Of all the ancient nations, only one left us any idea which we use now in our music; viz.: the Greeks, who had ideas upon rhythm and also upon associating music with words. These two ideas have been of very great value to modern art. It is altogether likely that what we do with them is infinitely beyond anything which the Greeks accomplished, but we are indebted to them for the suggestion, and in art a suggestion is like a half-cent's worth of yeast in a pan of flour—it is the whole story.

In another respect we are under very important obligations to the

ancients, and on the whole I think this is the most important obligation we have to them of all in a musical way. They furnish us with many of our ideals in regard to music. The sacred writings of Israel are full of references to musical instruments, and to worship and praise to be expressed by means of them, in such a way that they have been and still continue to be an inspiration to religious music. The Greeks also had ideas upon the æsthetic and educational value of music which the moderns have hardly improved upon. I have quoted in my *History of Music* a number of these, and there are some very beautiful things to be found in the writings of Aristotle and of Plutarch. In fact, if I remember rightly, Plutarch wrote a book upon music. This, however, I have only once looked over.

There was another ancient civilization, that of India, where music was developed to a considerable extent, but there is an entire absence of historic perspective in our knowledge of India, in consequence of which it is very difficult to ascertain whether a certain instrument was in vogue 1500 A. D. or 1500 B. C., and uncertainties of this sort tend to obscure scientific deduction.

With the Chinese it seems to be a question of claiming everything in sight, and there is no invention of the modern world, which, according to some writers, this curious nation did not discover, as a rule some three or four thousand years ago. Certainly they had a musical scale with perhaps twelve divisions in the octave, and we are sometimes told that they discovered the tempered scale of modern music. There is no evidence that I know of in support of this fact, and it is altogether unlikely that they did anything of the sort, because the tempered scale is the result of a series of compromises which could only have been made when the harmonic bearings, upon which our major scales rest, had been found out.

The true view seems to be that music is like almost every other art and skill of man: When a certain advance has been reached, or a certain point of intelligence has been reached by the race, certain processes of manufacture are found out and practiced. In this way we have a stone age, an iron age, a copper age, etc. When man reaches a certain point of enlightenment he begins to form for himself a respectable religion, and then he turns to the arts of poetry and music, and in them arrives at results which possess at least some of the qualities of the most advanced. What they will do with the beginnings they thus arrive at depends upon their cleverness and upon their having a certain surplus of means of existence over the need of supporting life, and their freedom to experiment and advance.

The art of music seems to answer to what we might call a sentimental need of man. As soon as he begins to have a certain elevation of sentiment, then he begins to make what he calls music, and to talk about it, and this is what we find in the writings of the ancient Greeks, the Jews, and even to a limited extent among the Romans, although the Romans were not much given to music. They were somewhat like the modern Englishman—they seemed to have had a

contract to rule the universe, which took up all their spare time, so that art had a comparatively meager footing among them.

Of the ideas which we actually use in the music that we most of us know, I think it very doubtful whether any of them come from any ancient nation. The art of music, as we now have it, is the legitimate outgrowth of a series of experiments in harmony which had already begun with the ancient Greeks, and continued rather blindly and unproductively down to about 1200 of the Christian era, and from that time continued more intelligently until finally our whole modern art of music has been developed; and even in our ideas of rhythm I should doubt whether we could say that we were directly indebted to the Greeks or anybody else for that, any more than we can say that we are indebted to the Arabs for the multiplication table. Whenever the developing man has more than one wife or pony or dog he begins to count, and he counts till he comes to the end of his possessions. When he begins to trade with other fellows of the same tribe, then he begins to calculate, and it is only a question of getting together a flock of sheep, and a few cattle, and a drove of horses, when the entire elementary mathematics are brought into practical application.

I will say further that while I do not intentionally undervalue the discovery of the ancients or the perfection of their music, the opinions I have here expressed about it are determined in part by the obvious incapacity of their instruments, and in part by what their writers say and do not say, the latter being frequently more important than the former. Moreover, I consider that the law under which we live is that of progress, and that the future has a great deal more for us than the past; that the question is how to better things we have. Therefore, I do not consider it a healthy or productive habit of mind to be attempting always to prove that the ancients had all that we have and more too, when there is no evidence of the fact, and when all the probabilities are exactly in the opposite direction.

W. S. B. M.

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#### MASON'S TWO-FINGER EXERCISES.

"Some time ago I wrote you in reference to Mason's Two-Finger Exercises, and the best means of employing them in teaching; to which you kindly replied in the Etude, but I was not altogether convinced in regard to the method given as to the employment of the clinging and elastic touch combined. In the slow form, I use the down hand and arm movement for the first note, with the up hand and arm for the second note, at the same time drawing in the finger and reversing all this for the second rhythm; and for the faster forms only the very slightest movement of the hand, with still a loose wrist. I find I get a better and more sympathetic tone from the pupil by following this way. Do you advocate this?

"In regard to the slow clinging touch I have discarded the exercise with the shifting finger, as I do not see the great usefulness of it, in fact the super-legate seems to me an exaggeration, and one does not



find such a way of playing in any piano composition. Of course I understand the exercise is intended to give the pupil a clinging touch and smoothness in passing from one to another, but I think there is a tendency to overdo it and get a dragging and heavy method of playing. Don't you think an exercise like the following is just as good if not better if played slowly and connectedly? (The exercise given is the so-called slow trill in quarter notes, played at the rate of one note a second.)

E. A. H."

In the issue of *MUSIC* for October I published my directions to the summer class for the four typical ways in which I use the Mason two-finger exercises. While I should differ from any teaching of Dr. Mason with very great reserve and hesitation, I feel quite sure that the average pupil will derive more benefit from the clinging touch exercise played with a pure legato action of the fingers, without any sliding of fingers from one key to another, or any over-lapping of tones; played, in other words, as it has to be played in the chromatic scale or the diminished chord. In addition to securing a perfect legato I also desire a very distinct and perhaps exaggerated action of both the fingers, the finger releasing the key being raised high. My reason for this apparently unnecessary action of the fingers is that the clinging touch exercise is the preparation for melody playing, this touch being the staple in melody performing. In melody playing, legato and a very distinct articulation of tones are of the utmost importance. It is very important on many accounts that the finger leaving the key should arise promptly, and it facilitates keeping the weight of the hand on the melody tone to do this. There are times, perhaps, or individual pupils who will be benefited by the sliding exercise as taught in the book. The object of the sliding exercise is to secure the bearing down on the keys—the earnest pressure so important in melody playing, in the production of which the triceps muscle plays so important a part; but, if this exercise is persisted in, a certain amount of cramping of the fingers and stiffening of the wrist are likely to ensue, especially in the case of pupils who are not carefully watched.

Dr. Mason sometimes has the idea that the raising of the fingers preparatory to playing melody tones is unnecessary and in many cases harmful to the quality of tone produced, and therefore he sometimes professes himself quite willing to dispense with finger raising entirely. I notice, however, that all good artists who play well in public, make a great point of raising their fingers high in playing slow and serious melodies, and there is no question but what a pupil can be brought to a satisfactory articulation of melody tones more easily in this way. Probably it is important that the melody finger should make its touch upon the soft cushion rather than upon the end of the finger.

The superiority of the two-finger exercise here mentioned over the slow trill exercise, lies in the substitution of fingers. When you take two fingers, such as the fourth and fifth, and play the scale legato,

taking each ascending tone with the fifth finger and substituting the fourth finger presently, leaving the fifth finger free for the next tone, the act of changing one finger to another on the same key necessitates a flexion of the point of the finger which is extremely advantageous to the hand-condition in melody playing. In other words, it promotes sensitiveness of finger tips and flexibility of fingers, and these two are among the main indispensables of melody playing.

With reference to your treatment of the slow form of the two-finger exercise with the elastic touch, I am myself convinced, after five or six years use that it is very advantageous to the hand to play this exercise in the two radically different ways shown in my directions last month. In the first way both tones of the motive are played by arm touches, the finger not being active except as a transmitter of force. The first tone is made by the fall of the arm and the second by the up-arm touch;—the springing away from the keyboard, in which the triceps muscle is the real force producing the tone. The exaggerated wrist motions in this exercise have their value as looseners. In the second form I should try and produce the first tone with a fall of the hand, moving freely on the wrist, and the second tone by extreme finger staccato, in which the point of the finger sweeps vigorously towards the palm of the hand, and I should liberate the wrist so that the hand will spring up a little by the momentum of this finger blow without disturbing the location of the forearm at all. The object of this exercise thus treated, is to liberate the hand somewhat from the arm, so that it can be employed as a hand if wanted. In your way you do not have any hand motion for the first tone, and your second tone is practically an arm touch, or extreme finger staccato assisted by the up arm. In actual playing there are many cases where these would be the touches employed for beginning and ending a very strong phrase; but there are other cases where it seems to me a hand acting more freely and more independently of the arm is also desirable. I am in the habit of using the momentum of the hand upon the keys in places where the force is so moderate as not to require the arm, and for the purpose of playing very rapid octaves it is indispensable to have the hand well loosened at the wrist, and I believe this exercise to be one of the best practicable means of securing this. At the same time, and I mention this on your side, the Delsartean method of removing the hand from the keys is by raising it by means of the arm, the points of the fingers rising last. The wrist is the director of the hand motion and generally leads. It is altogether likely that you and many other good teachers obtain the loose wrist condition by means of other exercises and therefore do not require it from these.

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#### MUSIC IN GERMAN EDUCATION.

"Your name was given me to ask for information in regard to music as a factor in German education. Can you refer me to any books or periodicals bearing upon this subject? D. E. L."

Strictly speaking, music is not a factor in German education, in the sense of occupying a definite position in the list of studies and in the examinations. In the elementary schools, however, music is taught to some extent, and in the latest published report of the United States Commissioner of Education, Dr. William T. Harris, you will find a number of accounts of music teaching in the different provinces and countries in Germany. A certain amount of instruction in musical æsthetics is given in the German universities, or, more properly speaking, in most German universities there is a lecturer upon these subjects, his audiences depending upon his eminence and attractiveness. The German university does not teach, any more than a hay-stack feeds a horse. If the horse can get his nose near enough the stack to nibble he can have the hay, but the stack will take no trouble to carry it to him or to pick him out a choice bit. This is the attitude of the German university.

While music has no status in formal education in Germany, the tradition of the people and the spirit of the people is such that music enters into their daily life and pleasures to a degree of which we, in America, can form no idea; and so there is a great deal which can be said, one way and another, about it. My own impression is that more is being done by Prof. Stanley, at Ann Arbor, and Dr. Rice and his associates, at Oberlin, to make music a factor in education and to do this with a certain amount of justice to art and to discipline, than at any German university. In fact, the entire spirit of the American university still has in it a good deal of the missionary aggressiveness due to the clergymen who were the first founders. Still, with all our advance, the higher education has a very important problem to settle of affording practically unlimited opportunity for original work and investigation and at the same time exerting a formative and quasi-missionary directive force upon the under-graduate.

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#### GRADED COURSES.

"I have been asked to write out for publication in a college catalogue a graded course in piano music. On further examination, however, I find it very difficult to do this, since I am not able to determine an accurate discrimination between the grades. What I should call third or fourth grade someone else might call fifth or sixth. M."

There is no such thing as a scientifically correct grading of piano pieces. Aesthetic, harmonic and key-board difficulties intermingle in such confusing relations as to make any kind of classification a question of approximation rather than anything further. Besides, I think it is very easy to overdo the grading business, anyway. I have myself partly made one course of studies, the Standard Grades, in which there are ten, and fully made another set, Mathews' Graded Materials (John Church Co.), in which there are only eight grades,

the last studies being practically the same in both cases. If you compare the two courses you will see that up to about the middle of the third grade there is very little difference in the difficulty of the selections of the two courses, but from there on the difficulty increases more rapidly in the Graded Materials. You will also find that the artistic pieces in the Materials are almost always a little more difficult than the finger studies immediately before and after them. I think this will work all right in practice, although many teachers would pursue the opposite course and make the piece easier than the study; but my experience is that if a piece is musical it gives the pupil an inspiration and he will do the work well.

If you will judge the difficulty in your pieces by comparing them with the studies in the different grades, it will be well enough for practical purposes. In a boarding school course, where pupils have only about an hour and a half a day to practice, they will rarely be able to do more than to practice upon a piece and their studies; and in this case, since the studies cover the phases of required work, the pieces can be left somewhat to the taste of the pupil. I have never been able to compile a list of teaching pieces of the different grades which I would be willing to abide by myself. I could give a list of ten or fifteen pieces for each grade which one time or another I would be likely to use, but the very next pupil might require something entirely different and this in either direction, more poetic and difficult, or cheaper and more commonplace.

W. S. B. M.

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#### SIGNATURES OF THE MINOR SCALES.

"In teaching little children the major and minor scales, it has often occurred to me that the signatures of the minor scales are confusing and unsatisfactory. It is difficult to make a child understand that 'two sharps' do not always indicate the key of D. If there is a simpler way of notation, why cling to the ways of the past, because, forsooth our beloved Beethoven—and Mozart—and others, used that system? The merely mechanical part of music-writing ought to be simplified whenever it is possible to do so.

"Why could not a system of minor signatures be used? For instance: D major, two sharps; B minor, the corresponding two sharps (thus still maintaining the relation between the keys) and the raised seventh A sharp, added to the signature. Thus no one could mistake F sharp, C sharp, and A sharp, for D major.

"To be sure, one can always glance at the first few measures, to determine the key, but how much better to have a separate set of signatures for the major and minor keys. In this way could also be avoided the frequent omissions of the raised seventh—one often discovers in all but standard editions. And we poor out-of-town teachers are often compelled to use cheap editions brought us by over-economical pupils.

"Is this suggestion at all practicable? I would like to hear some one's opinion on the matter—and also to know if such an experiment has ever been tried. M. L. C."

The question you raise is a difficult one. There is no reason at all why the minors of scales should not have signatures of their own. That is to say, that the regular two sharps of the signature would indicate D major, and the same two sharps with an added A sharp would indicate B minor. This would give fourteen additional signatures to learn. As it is now, there is no way to ascertain the key but to observe the harmony or to notice how the melody is carried. The principal difficulty about the reform you speak of lies in getting it started. Somebody will have to start. I think you can manage the present system by making your pupils observe melodies in the major and minor keys, and they can tell by the melodies themselves. But, as I said before, there is no reason in the world why the modification you propose should not be made.



## REVIEWS AND NOTICES

(From Theodore Presser.)

**STANDARD FIRST AND SECOND GRADE PIECES for the PIANO.**  
Compiled by W. S. B. Mathews. To accompany Mathews' Standard Graded Course of Studies. Price \$1.00. Philadelphia. Theodore Presser.

Many teachers will bless the name of Presser for providing them with a collection of teaching pieces of the easiest possible class. The selections herewith, made by Mr. Presser himself it is stated, and wholly from his own catalogue, are probably about as good as almost any publisher would make of new material from his own list. In a few cases opinions would differ as to the propriety of including this, that or the other piece. But differences of this kind always exist, any collection being an individual opinion incarnated. In the present case it is the opinion of Mr. Presser. "Compiled by Mr. W. S. B. Mathews," a legend appearing upon the title page, is a misleader; the first knowledge the alleged editor had of the list having been derived from the completely finished copies from the press. The use of his name in this instance was probably due to a wholly unnecessary modesty on the part of Mr. Presser. It was, nevertheless, unjust to all the parties concerned.

**THE TWO-FINGER EXERCISE. TOUCH AND TECHNIC. VOL. 1.**  
By Dr. Wm. Mason. Theodore Presser, Philadelphia.

We have here a new edition of the first volume of "Touch and Technic," in which the explanatory matter is rearranged, some of it rewritten, and the illustrations in the first part of the book very much more complete than formerly. Much of the difficulty which self-directed students have had in acquiring the two-finger exercises would be diminished by a careful study of the explanations and illustrations here given. Dr. Mason has made a slight change of the order of the touches, beginning with the clinging legato, following this with the finger elastic, and then with the fast and light forms, leaving the various arm touches for what he calls the "advanced elements in touch." In point of clearness for the purpose of study the new arrangement is a great improvement on the old one, and teachers who are using this work should provide themselves with a copy of the new edition without delay. It is a question, how-

ever, whether the arm touches ought to be left for the later time here presumed. On the contrary, the present writer is very firm in the conviction that the arm touches are quite the first to be taught to children. As a matter of fact, all the typical touches ought to be taught in the early stages of piano playing, because the different uses of the hands almost entirely prevent the formation of rigid methods of using the hands and wrists, such as many systems of technic produce with unfailling accuracy.

Among the novelties of this edition is the explanation of the tricep muscle and its office in piano touch, published in *MUSIC* about a year ago from advance copies of this work. Dr. Mason is entitled to the credit of having been one of the first authorities to analyze and explain piano touch from the standpoint of the artist. That the explanations have not been in all cases immediately intelligent to average readers is due to the novelty of the ideas. The contribution is nevertheless very valuable—valuable to the piano teacher and the piano player.

(From F. Janin et Ses Fils. Lyon.)

**AVE MARIA**, Pour Soprano Solo et Chœurs, avec Accompagnement D'Ogue, Harpe, Violon et Violoncelle. Par F. de la Tombelle. 6 francs.

A very beautiful ensemble number for church or concert use, in which purity of style is still modern without lapsing into the sensuous. The accompaniments of violin, 'cello and harp can be omitted, but the effect is very much better with them. A piano forte played very softly and delicately might be substituted for the harp, but the tone would not be so satisfactory. Well worthy the attention of musical directors and sopranos seeking for valuable novelties.

**QUATRE MOTETS**. A Quatre Voix Mixtes. Par Giovanni Tebaldini. Opus 17. Price, each one, 4fr. 50.

*Benedicta et Venerabilis es.*

*Tantum Ergo.*

*Ego sum Panis Vivus.*

*Pie Jesu.*

These new works are very interesting indeed, for various reasons. Mr. Tebaldini, after graduating at Milan, pursued the course at the Regensburg school of church music, where the study of Palestrina interested him and fascinated him as completely as it did once upon a time Richard Wagner. But with this difference, that Tebaldini, consecrating his life to church music, resolved to do his part in restoring the music of the church to the high ideal of the Palestrinian type. In this view he became a valuable assistant of the ecclesiastical authorities in Italy, and was placed as assistant musical director at the venerable basilica of St. Marc, in Venice, where the music was in the state so common in Italy, the anthems and motets

following the sensational style of Italian opera. At St. Marc's Tebaldini began at the foundation, forming a new chorus and training it outside the church for about a year before it was in condition to take the slightest part in the service of St. Marc's. Curiously enough the rehearsals were held in the famous and abandoned old basilica of San Giacomo, by the Rialto, the oldest church in Venice, the present edifice, which is a little in the style of the baptistries at Pisa and Florence, dating, the guide books say, from about A. D. 680. The material of his choir consisted of minor clerics, young men and boys. The men were many of them tradespeople or mechanics. The present writer attended a rehearsal of this choir, by invitation of Mr. Tebaldini. The material was exhibited in detail as the lesson proceeded. As the singers knew no language but their Italian and a little Latin and French, he was able to make secret asides to the visitor in the cipher of the German tongue, which he speaks perfectly. In this way he showed some lovely voices, and others which, although at that time crude and unmusical, he said would become very fine voices in a few months. The material was in line of the Palestrina music, and he expected at that time to be able to sing a service in about six months more; but Palestrina, he said, they would not be able to attempt for about two years. All this work went on alongside the current singing of the principal director, who was in no way in sympathy with this new work. Mr. Tebaldini remained at St. Marc's for about three years longer, giving later some memorable song services, in which he had the assistance of the great Italian organist, Mr. Bossi, then of Naples, but later organist at St. Peter's, in Rome. Still later Mr. Tebaldini accepted the post of conductor of the music at the basilica of St. Anthony, in Padua, where he still remains. He has been and is a prominent figure in the movement for purity in church music, and, as the present compositions show, he has managed to absorb and assimilate much of the purity of the antique along with enough of the modern spirit to make the music representative of the spirit of the present.

The four Motets here noticed were crowned by the Scola Cantorum of Paris, and may be taken as representing, one way and another, the ideals of the leaders in that remarkable work. Of the four pieces here given, the unaccustomed reader will prefer the first two. The Benedicta is in G major, moderato, 4-4 measure. The music is quasi-polyphonic in style, the harmonies pure, the cadences many of them with a queer flavor of the antique, and the whole delightfully written for voices. It is a piece which a choir would soon learn to like, and the congregation as well, and it deserves to be known to all directors of music in cathedrals and in the few parish churches where a standard of purity in this important part of divine service is sought to be maintained.

The Tantum Ergo is perhaps a little more difficult, and it requires perhaps a better grade of voices, especially in the middle parts, than



is absolutely indispensable for the foregoing work. It is in the key of B flat, and agreeably relieved by a digression at the word "Genitori." The finale of this is fugal in character, but it is short, the entire piece in vocal score with organ part occupying only three pages.

The third Motet, "Ego sum Panis Vivus," is in an ecclesiastical key which begins in A minor and ends with a cadence in E major. It is one of those pieces which one might need to learn to like.

"Pie Jesu" opens with a Largo introduction in whole notes, in A minor, leading to an Andantino movement for the "Miserere mihi," the Largo movement returning again at the end. This piece, like the preceding, is perhaps too much like the antique for a choir to enjoy it at first hearing, unless already somewhat educated in this style of music. All of the pieces, nevertheless, are beautiful and uncommonly well written for voices and the text; and the rhythm is so managed that the four line division of the poetry does not cut the music into blocks of four measure, as too often happens. The pieces are of moderate difficulty only.

TANTUM ERGO. A 4 Voix Inegales, avec Accompagnement D'Orgue.  
Par D. Fleuret.

A short Motet of two pages, in D minor, less difficult than the preceding.

(From Arthur P. Schmidt.)

SONGS BY MRS. H. H. A. BEACH.

"Night." Op. 35, No. 1.

"With Thee." Op. 35, No. 3.

"Take, O Take Those Lips Away." Op. 37, No. 2.

"Fairy Lullaby." Op. 37, No. 2.

These four songs, by the popular and ambitious Boston composer, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, belong in the company of the most musical and poetical songs just now appearing from the press. The first on the present list, "Night," is upon a poem of Scherenberg—

" 'Tis night, all silent, dreaming,  
The earth in slumber lies," etc.

The music is mystical, semi-ecstatic, and, on the whole, pleasing.

The second is upon Goethe's "Nahe des Geliebten," and the music is tender, meditative, impassioned.

Most pleasing of the four, to the taste of the reviewer, is the last, on words by Shakespeare.

"Phlommel, with melody"—

which she has treated very happily indeed, producing a song extremely well calculated to please poet, singer and hearer alike. It is for soprano. All four of these songs are worthy the attention of singers on account of their being so well placed for vocal effect. At the same time they belong to the more advanced applications of music for poetical expression.

**GAVOTTE.** (Children's Album.) Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

A pleasing and cleverly constructed little gavotte, lying within the bounds of the third grade. Valuable for instruction and pleasing for playing, at the same time not at all hackneyed.

**THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES.** Frank E. Sawyer.

A well written and pleasing short song for soprano.

**ROMANCE FOR PIANO.** (A Study in Pedal Effects.) By Gilmore W. Bryant.

A rather pretty piece in which a number of novel applications of the damper pedal are made. Valuable for instruction and for playing. Dedicated to Dr. William Mason.

**SCHERZO MINUET.** By H. S. Saroni. Opus 141, No. 1.

A pleasing minuet, fourth grade of difficulty, very nearly in classical style, by the veteran writer, Mr. H. S. Saroni.

**SYLPHES AND NIXIES.** (Six Rondos in Dance Forms.) Ludvig Schytte. Op. 93, No. 1.

A pleasing piece for third grade pupils, its only disadvantage being its length, which is six pages. The rhythm underlying is the polka, and the principal subject is decidedly pleasing, as also are the second and third themes. The composer, as everybody knows, is one of the most successful writers of piano music just now.

**SONATINE.** By Alban Foerster. Op. 145, No. 2.

A melodious and pleasing Sonatine, of about second grade or just going into the third. Four pages in all, disposed in three movements. Well fingered. Likely to prove agreeable in teaching.

**ARLEQUIN ET COLUMBINE.** Scene Carnavalesque. Otto Hackh. Op. 321.

A pleasing and fresh teaching piece, poetical in scheme and pleasantly written for the piano. Easy fourth grade.

**ON THE LAKE.** Nocturne. Geo. F. Hamer. Op. 2, No. 1.

A barcarolle sort of Nocturne, melodious and fairly satisfactory. Likely to please the popular taste. Advanced fourth grade.

**LANDLICHES FEST.** Idyll for Pianoforte. For Four Hands. Fritz Spindler. Opus 393.

Something new and pleasing from the veteran writer of teaching music. Not difficult.

**JESUS, MEEK AND GENTLE.** Sacred Song. Paul Ambrose. Op. 11, No. 3.

A pleasing melody, well adapted for church use, except for the trifling circumstance that the melody and the words, while agreeing very well in meter and accent, do not correspond at all in

sentiment. As witness the treatment of the following poetical phrases: "Son of God, Most High," with the scale tones in quarters, "mi do do re do" (key of F, soprano voice on the first space of the treble staff).

ONLY A RIBBON. Ballad. Charles P. Scott.

A quasi-popular song, with a refrain highly suggesting a song and dance interlude, yet with something attractive about it.

NEW SONGS BY JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER.

"Little John's Song."

"In Spring."

"My Sweetheart."

"Mistress Mine."

"Love Whom I Have Never Seen." Boston: H. B. Stevens Co.

Whoever wishes to know what the future of American music is to be, needs to study the productions of our young composers, for these are they who are preparing themselves thoroughly for their work, and their originality may be expected to increase as they gain more and more technic in handling musical material. As already noticed in these columns several times before, a large number of young American composers have received their training at Harvard from Prof. John K. Paine; and we have here five productions of a student of his, Mr. John A. Carpenter, now a young business man of Chicago. Mr. Carpenter has given many previous evidences of originality as a composer, and has gained a certain popularity, as was shown notably in the "Hasty Pudding Plays" of '96-'97. This latter, however, is a long story, to be taken up later on. First, then, of the songs.

"Little John's Song" is written from words taken from the "Chap Book," which certainly must be regarded as entirely up to date. The sentiments are remarkably like those of the friar in Robin Hood. The song is a showy 6-8 movement, well laid for a telling baritone, very modern in harmony, with very effective climaxes here and there, and plenty of low, comfortable singing between times. All sorts of keys show up and many little clevernesses of harmonization. In short, it is a good song to know and to sing.

"Mistress Mine" is on Shakespeare's words, beginning

"Mistress mine, where are you roaming,  
Stay and hear, your true love's coming."

A tender and pleasing melody, which has the most deceptive harmonies throughout the first stanza. In the second we become more warm, and at the end, a still more effective sentiment.

"In Spring," again, is a very showy song for baritone, words also from Shakespeare, about a lover and his lass, "with a hey and a ho and a hey nonino," in a dance rhythm of the antique style, with a curious lingering of the sixth of the scale on the tonic chord, and

plenty of showy, rousing motion here and there, betokening a good digestion on the part of the composer, which ought to prove equally advantageous to the singer.

"My Sweetheart," a short and pretty song on the words by Griffith Alexander, "She is neither scholarly nor wise," very prettily laid for singing and for playing, and original in the matter.

"Love Whom I Have Never Seen"—the words and music are both by Mr. Carpenter. This is more common-place than any of the preceding, and perhaps for that reason quite as likely to please the average singer. Written for a baritone singer.

"Oh, Love, whom I have never seen, yet ever hope to see,  
The memory that might have been, the hope that yet may be."

Andante, in 6-8 measure, a showy and bright barcarolle. The peculiar thing about all these songs is the effect of the harmony in the use of dissonances, which in the present instances are after the manner of Gounod, where various unexpected melody tones are heard in connection with the double or triple pedal. It would be a good exercise in harmony for the average pupil to take these melodies as Mr. Carpenter has written them and harmonize them for himself, and then compare his work with Mr. Carpenter's. The differences would undoubtedly be striking, and might easily be made instructive.

(From B. F. Wood Music Co.)

**PREPARATORY METHOD OF OCTAVE PLAYING.** For the Pianoforte. By Theodor Kullak. Op. 48, Book 1.

This elegantly printed volume is No. 69 in the edition Wood. Retail price, \$1.50. It is too late in the day to praise the Kullak Octave Studies, because it is well known that this is one of the most standard works upon the subject and all that remains is to comment favorably upon the appearance of the edition.

**MELODIOUS RECREATIONS.** For the Pianoforte. By A. Sartorio. Op. 274.

These six little pieces will be received with pleasure by the great majority of teachers, inasmuch as pleasing pieces for this grade are a little scarce. The second and sixth are second grade pieces purely. The first, and, in fact, all the others, belong to the late third or early fourth grade. The "Processional March," without being particularly brilliant, is, on the whole, very good. The pieces are mostly all fingered, except in certain passages in double notes; here, where fingering is very important, it is sometimes omitted entirely; and at the same time, the succession of chords are rather difficult for young players.

**GUIDE TO THE PROPER USE OF THE PIANOFORTE PEDALS,  
WITH EXAMPLES OUT OF THE HISTORICAL CONCERTS  
OF ANTON RUBINSTEIN.** Translated from the German by  
John A. Preston. Bosworth & Co.

This very interesting treatment of the pedal deserves more ex-

tended notice than it is possible to give it at present. It contains a large number of musical examples "from the concert programs of Rubinstein"; in other words, from the standard literature of the piano. It is very doubtful, however, whether some of the pedal markings here used were ever employed by Rubinstein, and still more doubtful whether, if employed, they produced a good effect. On the contrary, many of the suggestions offered are of very questionable reliability. It is to be noticed also that while the name of Anton Rubinstein figures on the title page in very large letters, it is nowhere stated that the book was by him or was founded upon anything of his. Upon this point a little elucidation would be in order.

**SONATEN FÜR DAS PIANOFORTE von W. A. MOZART.** Revidirt und herausgegeben von W. Rauch, Professor am Conservatorium in Wien. Edition Cranz.

A very elegant edition of the Mozart Sonatas for piano, choice and in every way desirable. In addition to the very carefully phrased text there are explanatory notes for the terms and embellishments; and so far as appears from an examination, naturally incomplete, the edition is a very desirable one, indeed. In a few instances the pedal is continued too long; particularly is this the case in the Fantasia in C minor, in the 10th, 11th and 12th measures on page 178, where the effect would generally be better if the pedal were discontinued a very little sooner than indicated by the asterisks. The best American pianos vibrate longer than others, and the pedaling has to be correspondingly careful. This particularly fine edition of the Mozart Sonatas belongs to the "Edition Cranz," Brussels and London. B. F. Wood Music Co., sole agents for the United States.

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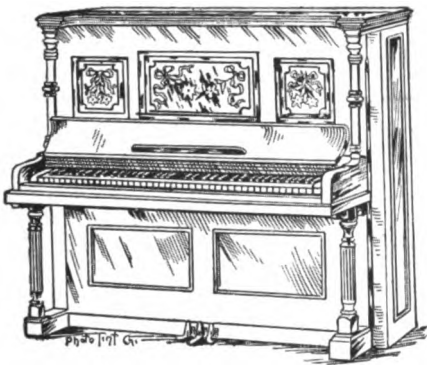
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FRAU BERTHA MAAS-TAPPER

# MUSIC.

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JANUARY, 1898.

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GOUNOD.

BY CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS.

(Conclusion.)

Gounod never ceased, during his whole life, to write masses and motets for the church; but it is at the beginning of his career, in the Mass of St. Cecelia, and at the end, in the Oratorios "Redemption" and "Mors et Vita," that he rose to his grandest height.

His religious style is particularly original. The artist of tradition here conforms to secular usages; the fugue style, elaborated with so great honor in music, holds a very small place; the musical expression of the text, elsewhere little apparent if not entirely neglected, is here followed with as much care as in secular works. The means are different. He has not committed the fault of multiplying details and of overloading a style in which breadth ought to be one of the principal qualities; he has painted large frescoes in clear tones, where certain lines, placed with art, indicate the shadows much more than they show in reality. His aversion for elaborate style cannot be charged to lack of facility with the pen, which many times wrote with enjoyment choruses of eight real parts, and, in the finale of the Mors et Vita, a most magnificent exposition of fugue for five voices. This terminated, the most difficult task being finished, the author abandons the fugue and comes back to his usual proceedings, proceedings so typical in their simplicity that they have impressed themselves upon the musical world, so that the hermit of Bayreuth him-

self has not disdained to avail himself of them in the second scene of "Parsifal." The songs in unison, proposed upon the tonic and answered upon the dominant, accompanied by full chords repeated in triplets in long succession without modulation, built upon a persisting series of four notes—what is all this if not from Gounod?

This has been denied, with all the more energy in consequence of the evidence being so very clear. Would he not have been more talented to recognize that he had stolen the proceedings from the author of "Faust?" The author of "Parsifal" would not the less have remained himself, as when he took the pen of the author of "Don Juan," and as the latter when he covered his head with the peruque of the author of the "Messiah." The history of art is full of these curious thievings which enrich without ever impoverishing any one.

The plan of the two oratorios is admirable, all music apart; a theologian alone could accomplish such a work. As to their value from the orthodox point of view, I will not judge, not being a doctor in this matter. Far from me, the intention of putting them in doubt; but involuntarily I yield myself to the reflections above concerning the religion of artists, and remember the little known history of the opera "Francesca di Rimini," designed by Gounod in the beginning, and the wholly theological reason for which he renounced finishing this score, of which he had composed many numbers. He had conceived the project of an epilogue: the stage, divided into three compartments above each other, would have represented simultaneously hell, purgatory and paradise, and we would have seen the two lovers pass from hell to purgatory and from there rise to heaven; he had even written, in excellent verse, the text of this prologue. Messrs. Jules Barbicere and Michel Carre, although not strong theologians, would never have had the courage to undertake such an audacity; and after numberless struggles Gounod offered them the piece, which thus came to Ambroise Thomas. While such an adventure might shake our confidence in the theological authority of the master, I believe that a father of the church would not have disavowed either the poetic French text of "Redemption," entirely his own, nor the wise collocation of Latin text which forms the foundation of "Mors et Vita."

It was a great boldness to write a Latin and Catholic work

for Protestant England. The recognition, reserved at first, afterwards warm, given to this severe work, so different from the oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn, demanded only a certain concession to habits or to religious observances assuredly respectable; and it is equally an honor for the work that it impressed itself by its own power, and to the public that it permitted itself to be conquered. I have seen in one of those horrible weathers, dark and showery, of which London has a specialty, the enormous room of the Albert Hall filled even to the topmost gallery, with a crowd of eight thousand people, silent and attentive, listening religiously and following the text with their eyes at a colossal execution of "Mors et Vita," in which were a thousand performers taking part, the gigantic orchestra of the hall, and the best soloists in England. At Paris they still are wondering what they should think and are endeavoring to find out why the "Judex" was composed upon a love song. The work will have to wait; when, by the fatal march of time, the operas of Gounod will have been consigned forever to the dusty sanctuaries of libraries known to the learned alone, the "Mass of St. Cecelia," "Redemption," and "Mors et Vita," will stand out to teach the generation of the twenty-first century how great a musician made France illustrious in the nineteenth.

## VII.

"What an elegant man is Berlioz," said Gounod to me one day. The word is profound; the elegance of Berlioz does not at first show in his awkward and ill-conceived writing; it is concealed in the frame, one might say in the flesh, even of his work; it exists in a latent state in the prodigious nature no one will deny to him by comparison; no other could be with him compared. With Gounod everything is the opposite; his writing, of charming elegance, covered at times a certain trace of vulgarity; it is "people" in moments, and for this even it addresses itself easily to the people and became popular long before Berlioz, whose "Damnation of Faust" arrived at popularity only long after the death of its author. This vulgarity, if vulgarity it is, might be compared to that of Ingles (whom he admired profoundly); it is like a trace of plebeian blood putting muscle as a counterpoise to nervous elements whose predominance might be dangerous; it is the anti-



dote of Miersvelt; it is Anteus recovering his forces in touching the soil; this has nothing in common with the triviality from which his most illustrious predecessors in the opera and the French opera comique had not been able to guard themselves. He aimed high, but the constant care for expression acted fatally, as all this which belongs to realism, to bring him again from time to time to the ground. This realism itself opened resources productive of something wholly new in music; for the first time, too, in painting, representing the union of the real and ideal, we have seen added that of the contact of the epidermis, the perfume of flowing locks, the intoxication of the odors of spring time. I have seen natures chaste and highly comprehensive intoxicate themselves under these innovations, and accuse Gounod of having degraded and materialized love at the theater. How many others would be happy to have merited such a reproach?

Many other novelties are due him. At first he restored proceedings a long time abandoned without any profit, and this was an astonishment to the pupils of the conservatory to see him put in honor such superannuated and discredited means as harmonic sequences, such as those of which the religious scene in the prologue of "Faust" offered so remarkable an example. Desiring to leave the voice all its power, all its importance, he suppressed useless noises to a degree of which no one would have believed him capable. One day, with the impudence of youth, I asked a wise professor the reason of this abuse of trombones, of big drums and of cymbals which was so remarkable in very light works. "It is very easy to understand," he answered. "You have these resources in the orchestra; it is necessary to use them."

Gounod, who had practiced painting, knew that he was not obliged to put his whole palette upon the canvas, and he led back again the orchestra to a parental sobriety, the mother of color and of infinite gradations of shade. He suppressed these insupportable repetitions, these fatiguing lengths, which take away so much from beautiful works, and called down upon himself criticisms incomprehensible to-day, in which he was accused of shortening his phrases and his pieces. They were always laying for "the return of the motive," and these disappointed expectations gave the illusion that the motive had not been treated. In place of the conventional forms in

which the recitative had existed for a long time, he substituted new ones coming more near to nature, which have entered into our present practice. Finally, he sought to diminish, as much as possible, the number of modulations, judging that a means of expression so powerful ought not to be abused, and believing more in the special action of persistent tonalities. "When, for a quarter of an hour," he said, "the orchestra plays in C, the walls of the hall are in C, the chairs are in C, the sonority is doubled." He would have wished to build a cell in a perfect chord. Sober of modulation by principle, he did not possess the art in a high degree—this precious art, which of all others is the touchstone of the great musician. He had for tonalities, the relations between them, their affinities and harmonic repulsions, a very delicate sense. He found new resolutions and dissonances, discovered a new sense in certain positions of chords. He demanded from the brasses and the instruments of percussion, effects of sweetness and of the picturesque previously unheard of. When I asked him one day to explain the meaning of a certain stroke of the big drum, of a character strange, mystic, placed at the beginning of the "Gloria" in the "Mass of St. Cecelia:" "It is the cannon of eternity," he answered.

Effects of astonishing novelty in their simplicity came naturally from his pen; such as the slow scale of the harps like a mantle of clouds, which he raises in the middle of the introduction to "Faust" for preparing the long phrase at the end. This appears almost naive; nevertheless, no one previously had thought of anything of the sort. To attain great results with a minimum of apparent effort, to reduce the expression of natural facts to simple indications, and to concentrate interest upon the expression of sentiments, these are the principles upon which he seems to have grounded himself. They were, they are still, in contradiction to the general habits of composers; and, nevertheless, it is only sufficient to mention them to have their justice admitted. In place of the system of independent melody, of melody sought out for itself, and upon which the words were afterwards adapted the best they could, he preferred, like Gluck, that of melody going out in the declamation, moving itself in the words and bringing them into relief, without losing anything of their true importance, in such a way that the two forces multiplied them-

selves, the one upon the other, instead of opposing. This reform, so precious, was not accepted without strife, and for many years they reproached him with sacrificing melody to melopee: this word said everything. It was the "tarte a la creme" of music; without other explanation he vowed a man to the infernal gods, or condemned him to a gibbet. Moreover, the discreet and colored orchestra of Gounod gained for him the title of symphonist, another word which in the world of the theaters is a bloody injury. It is possible thus to see by what thorny hedges the author of "Faust" had to make his way.

Adolph Adam, in a very fine article upon "Sappho," showed very clearly in what way Gounod related himself to the old masters. "We regard to-day," he said, "as a merit this which the masters regarded formerly as a fault. Music existed for them in the chorus, the airs, in everything which prepared the situation, but when the situation arrived the music ceased in order to give place to declamatory chanting. To-day we do it differently. When the situation commences we begin the music. It is more nearly the former of these systems that M. Gounod has followed."

Although every work of art reposes upon convention, who does not see at a glance what an immense service Gounod has rendered in breaking this system, which desired at the moment when a dramatic situation was gained the others should cease to act in order to put themselves to singing, as at a concert? And for this they accuse him of not being "scenic," another terrible accusation. "Not melodic," "not scenic," "symphonist all the way through," what was left him? The public. Conquered little by little by the charm and natural beauty of his works, which they have adopted, despite all the sophisms which have been poured in their ears.

The author, they say, mixes up recitatives, ariettas, cava-tinas, duos and ensemble pieces without it being possible to seize the points of intersection. They make it a fault in him, this which he sought above everything else, and even by common sense; because if the absolute liberty which we to-day enjoy is a benefit for the strong, it is a terrible danger for the feeble, who, by means of it, arrive only at the unformed and the incoherent. In these times the aristarchs preach before

everything "neatness:" triviality, platitude, all the most vile faults pass under the cover of this word. Not finding in Gounod the style which they sought for, the inevitable pieces cut off upon the official pattern, they accuse him of lacking "neatness." How the times are changed! It is no longer permitted to be neat, neither melodic, nor even vocal; the drama ought to unfold itself exclusively in the orchestra, and one might foresee the time when they would write only pantomimes; the symphony, more and more developed, entirely covers up the voice, no longer permitting the words to be made out; the wisest thing will be to suppress them. The author of this study read lately in an article upon his own works—an article very eulogious in general—that he had, at the theater, applied his ideas to the complete subordination of the melodic elements of the symphony. He asks the permission to open here a parenthesis, to protest against such an assertion. For him, melody, declamation, symphony, are the resources which the artist has the right to employ, as he understands them, and it is most desirable that he should hold them in the most perfect equilibrium possible. This equilibrium appears to have strongly preoccupied Gounod. He realizes it in his fashion; others would realize it in another manner, but the principle remains the same; it is the Holy Trinity, the God in three persons, creator of the lyric drama, and if one of these elements ought to depress the others there is no place to hesitate, the vocal element ought to predominate. The word of the drama is not in the orchestra; is not in the text; it is in the song; for two hundred years this truth remained without contradiction, and if, through the force of laboring without relaxation for twenty years, an army without ceasing in activity has found a way to make the contrary acceptable, its ideas for all that have not penetrated among the great masses. They will be forgotten the morning after the day of this crusade, unique in the history of art, by its violence and duration, whether it ends by fatigue or otherwise. I speak here only of theorists and not of celebrated works, which always place themselves above all systems and mock them even at the very moment when they are generally considered their supreme expression.

#### VIII.

The music of the sixteenth century resembles a kind of

play of chess, where the different pieces advance and retreat without any other apparent end than their respective relations; there are no indications of movement or of expression to clear up the meeting, and we are entirely ignorant in what manner they were executed. This curious circumstance must have had a reason, and if these indications lack, it is because they had not at that time attained the importance which we attribute to them at present. Form, on the whole, is everything in this music; expression exists only in a rudimentary state, and as a result of the form itself. Little by little expression has gained a place in musical art; indications of slowness or quickness commence to be given; those appertaining to intensity were slower to establish themselves; but the expression results always from the forms employed, which complicate themselves more and more; and nuances could be left, without inconvenience, to the discretion of the executants; their general influence upon the effect would be very slight.

With Sebastian Bach, where expression attained an extreme power, it stands, nevertheless, only in the second place of importance; and with Mozart we have already remarked that one would deceive himself if instead of seeing the musician he should look for a psychologist. Among the moderns, movement and expression have become inseparable from the idea, and the means of indicating them are multiplied to excess; but they signify still only more or less of quickness, more or less intensity, and the attempted investigations for penetrating more profoundly in the domain of expression are timid and insufficient. When one has said "multo espressivo," "leidenschaftlich," "avec feu," "avec un sentiment contemplatif," one has not said any very great thing, and is forced to leave the result to the intelligence, or perhaps more properly the instinct, of the interpreter.

In the music of Gounod, in which expression holds a place unknown before him, it happens entirely otherwise. Those who have had the divine pleasure of hearing the master himself have all been of the same opinion: his music lost half its charm when it passed into other hands. Wherefore? Because then the thousand nuances of sentiment, which he knew how to put into an execution appearing extremely simple, formed a part of the idea; and the idea without these only reveals itself from a distance, as if half effaced.

Without being either a great singer or a great pianist, he knew how to give to certain details, apparently insignificant, an unexpected meaning; and one could only stand the more astonished at the sobriety of the means in the presence of the result gained.

It is nothing to say that with him singing became declamation; this was equally true of many others, and even in the entire ancient French school; with him it is more; the word is as a focus upon which the music crystallizes itself; the form, however beautiful it may be, is subordinate; with him expression remains the principal end. If one ignores this point of view, his works are read in a false light and take an appearance entirely different from that which the author would have wished to give them. Our young people of to-day, fascinated with forms complicated even to the inexplicable, a hundred leagues from the search for truth in vocal expression and for simple beauty, unable to hear the music of the master directly from himself, are not able to comprehend nor to love it. The performers themselves have already lost the key; the mania for accelerated movements, which prevails from one end to the other of the musical world, is mortal to the works of Gounod; who loved, above everything else, a majestic slowness, and never comprehended that a profound sentiment could be expressed in a rapid movement.

I would not wish to say anything disagreeable to any one, and nevertheless truth obliges me to state that in Paris, even, where the traditions ought to have been maintained, the works of Gounod are disfigured. At the Opera Comique I have seen Mme. Calvalho scandalized at the tempi in "Mireille" and "Philemon et Baucis;" at the opera, the fair in "Faust," of which the details are so curiously designed, is nothing more than a *tohu-bohu* ("without form and void."—Gen. I. Ed. Music). The chorus of old men, of a raillery so fine, which is sometimes accused of being in bad taste, the antique grace of the ballet, has given place to a delirium of pandemonium. And while this is so, even this is not enough.

Gounod formerly bewailed the difficulty which he experienced in communicating his intentions. He showed me one day in what manner he had desired the overture to "Mireille" to be played; it bore no resemblance at all to what we now hear.

"It is a calumny," he said to me, "when they make me say what I have never thought."

And whose fault is it? Certainly not of the artist, who lacked neither talent nor good-will. It is necessary to seek further even to this law of nature: an organism is so much the more delicate in proportion as it is elevated. Men die of an embolism, while the polyp can be turned wrong side out like a glove without affecting his health in the slightest.

It is certain that for music in which the slightest nuances of expression and sentiments are indispensable, a new system of indications is extremely necessary.

However this may be, for want of sufficient indications the true nature of the dramatic work of Gounod will never be known to the future, except by the aid of seers endowed with intuition like that by means of which he himself re-created Mozart.

In regard to his religious music of a more simple nature, destined to be heard under certain conditions, such as large number of executants, halls or temples vast and sonorous, which are opposed always more or less to the fantasies of the directors of orchestras, the inconveniences disappear in great part, and this is one of the reasons for which I believe, more than any other, that they are destined to sustain the glory of his name; until Time, which is not yet, as we said in the beginning, shall put the great French master in his true place, and will have raised him upon the golden throne, where he will receive the future generations.

I would have wished to speak of the man, of his penetrating charm, to give an idea of his spirit, of his intelligence, of his manner of relating music to the entire domain of art, of which it was in his eyes only one part, of his dazzling conversation (éblouissante), which at times was very like certain pages in the romances of Victor Hugo. The musician absorbed everything. I limit therefore this sketch, having had no other intention that to awaken memories valuable on account of their object, and of unveiling, may be, certain little known aspects of an artist whom I have so greatly admired and so much loved; and I regret painfully to have been so mediocre a painter for such a picture.

THE END.

## LA SCALA AND GIUSEPPE VERDI.

BY EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

I have not forgotten my promise to send to your columns an occasional item of interest to musical readers, picked up in the course of my wanderings. The first noteworthy matter in the musical world which struck my attention on arriving at Milan was the fact that the famous Scala theater is closed. My first question as soon as located was naturally, "What is going on at the Scala to-night?" Imagine my amazement at being informed that the Scala was closed, not temporarily for the usual lengthy summer and fall vacation, but permanently closed for lack of financial support. If they had said the moon had gone into eternal eclipse, or the Mediterranean dried up over night, I could hardly have been more astonished.

La Scala, the most renowned theater in the world, the cradle of so many great reputations, the stepping-stone to every first-class stage in Europe, where most of the leading singers and nearly all the best Italian operas of the past century have made their debut, and received their baptism of glory! La Scala, pride of Milan, boast of all Italy, Mecca of the vocal student, ambition or despair of every would-be opera singer for the last hundred years, is actually closed for want of money to run it! Could there be a sharper or more significant comment upon the spirit and trend of our time? The public, even in Italy, appears to be growing tired of grand opera and will not pay for it—prefers something that will make it laugh. The city of Milan, under whose auspices and by means of whose substantial backing the theater has for many years been maintained, is heavily in debt, and declines longer to make up an annual deficit of something more than two hundred thousand francs to keep it running. Vague hopes are expressed that some impresario may appear, with more money and enthusiasm than discretion, who will reopen it, at least for a short winter season. But its glory and usefulness, as an



independent public institution for general education and art culture, are over.

A brief historical obituary notice of La Scala may not be out of place here. The origin of the name is of interest. Early in the eighth century a wealthy and high-born lady of Milan, whose family name was Scala, and who was for a time duchess of the province, built here, at her own expense, a large, substantial church edifice of grey stone in what is now the heart of the city. The church was dedicated and generally known under the name Santa Maria della Scala—that is, of the Scala family. The open square in front of the building came to be known as the Place or Piazza della Scala, and still retains this appellation.

The years rolled by. Time and war did their work. The lady and her entire family passed from the face of the earth, leaving nothing but a name on the page of local history and this old stone church. This gradually fell into disuse, was finally entirely abandoned and dismantled, and stood for many years empty, a mass of useless, ownerless masonry. In the year 1778 the city of Milan took possession of it, entirely remodeled the interior into the most spacious and commodious of European theaters, with the largest and best-equipped stage at that time to be found on the continent. From then till now, a period of a hundred and twenty years, it has led the opera houses of the world in the splendor of its scenic decoration, the artistic excellence of its performances, and especially in the eminence and fame of its singers.

The name of the old church and its builder clung to the walls, in spite of the great transformation within and the total change of purpose to which the building was devoted. Thus Santa Maria della Scala became Teatro alla Scala, more familiarly known simply as La Scala. Now it has fulfilled its purpose for the second time apparently, and reached a second period of rest, its empty silence haunted by a double set of phantom memories. Its venerable stones are saturated with music, both sacred and secular, with chants, masses and requiems from its centuries of early history, and with melting arias, dramatic recitatives and brilliant colorature passages from its long operatic career. To what sounds will they next re-echo, I wonder, and to what new purpose will future generations put these massive walls! In any case, whatever its

destiny, it is safe to say that the building will remain La Scala as long as one stone rests upon another. Only in Italy can one meet with structures of such ancient and motley history because of the many and irreverent hands through which they have passed. Not seldom we stand before an imposing edifice which was originally a chapel or a monastery, later a palace, a theater, in Napoleon's time a stable for troopers' horses, and now is a grand hotel for foreigners.

Inseparably connected with La Scala are the name and fame of the veteran composer, the master musician of Italy, Giuseppe Verdi, the only remaining musical giant of the many produced in the first two decades of our century. He has been identified with the musical life of the land and with the work and renown of the Scala for fully fifty years. Many of his operas were written expressly for presentation here, and all have been early and ably given, with the best possible resources and with conscientious regard for the best results, in this chief center of the Verdi cult. For Verdi, like every other great man, has had his active partisans and equally active enemies; has created, by the trenchant force of his genius, divisions, dissensions, in fact, a practical revolution in the musical world south of the Alps.

It is a mistake to suppose that Verdi ever really belonged to the strictly old-school Italian composers of opera, like Bellini, Rossini, Donizetti and the rest, with whom the individuality of their characters, the sincerity of emotional expression, the force of dramatic action, the rational probability of plot and situations—in fact, every other element—was uniformly and mercilessly subordinated to purely melodic and vocal effects. Even in the days of his first gushing youthful spontaneity, when his exhaustless flow of fresh and original melody surpassed them all, and might naturally have tempted him to errors in this direction, his instinct for the artistic and dramatic verities kept him always within bounds, and always true to the situation and character he was portraying, preserving him invariably from those artistically absurd incongruities between music and text, so common to his fellow countrymen referred to.

Since his evolutionary transition to his second creative period, the sure promise of which budded in "Rigoletto," flowered in "Aida," and came to full fruition in his latest and greatest trag-

ic opera, "Otello," he has become in a sense the Italian Wagner, though in no sense the slavish imitator of the German master. Without adopting the idea of the "leit motif," so prominent a factor in all Wagner's later works; without discarding either the distinct, definitely outlined melody, or the use of the chorus, quartette, and other massed voice effects, as Wagner has done; without any suggestion in his harmonies or orchestration of an effort to reproduce or even emulate the latest German school: he has nevertheless, by ways all his own, arrived at the fully developed, artistically logical music drama, in which words, music and action form one complete harmonious whole, a triune art, all three elements of equal importance, all interdependent, and all exclusively concerned with the common task of expressing, with the utmost force and clearness, the vital subject matter of the drama.

It was to be expected that so daring a departure from tradition and precedent, from the beloved and familiar series of flowery arias and duets, whose sole object was sensuous beauty and vocal display, loosely strung upon the flimsiest of plots, which served as thread merely to hold them together, must raise in Verdi's case a tempest of objection and abuse in conservative quarters, somewhat less violent than that which burst upon the head of Wagner, as Verdi's innovations came more gradually and with less aggressive insistence.

But here at Milan the battle is long since won. The old and the new Verdi are alike idolized, while personally the venerable, kindly, still active old gentleman merits and enjoys the most universal respect and esteem of the citizens. Much of his time is spent here, though his real home is at Genoa, and his special apartments at the Grand Hotel de Milan are always held in readiness for him at any hour in case of his unannounced arrival, and never in the most crowded seasons are they occupied by any other guest.

Verdi is known by sight to all the Milanese and honored as more than a king. Many an affectionate admiring glance follows his modest grey-clad figure, as he passes upon the streets with bowed head, thoughtful face, but still energetic step. Yet such is his well-known aversion to conspicuous publicity, or anything like a demonstration, that no hat is raised, no hurrah resounds, and no apparent notice is taken of him in the public highways, except by his intimates. This

characteristic modesty of the famous Italian master is in striking and grateful contrast to the excessive vanity and rapacious appetite for adulation which disfigured the old age of his great German rival, of whom his enemies spitefully say that he died on the day on which no flattery was offered him.

It is a singular and interesting coincidence that the two greatest of modern composers, the master of German and the master of Italian opera, should both have been victims of a desperate and devoted passion for a woman whom it was impossible to marry. The story of Wagner and Liszt's daughter Cosima is well known. She was Von Bülow's wife, and when the great German composer succeeded in persuading himself and her that he could neither live his life nor do his work without her, she left Von Bülow to devote the remainder of her days to Wagner and the "music of the future." Later a divorce from Bülow and marriage with Wagner legalized the union and made her mistress at Bayreuth, where she ably seconded her husband's labors during his lifetime, and since his death has managed alone the musical festivals there, and guided the career of the great operas throughout Europe. The strangest feature of the story is that the unfortunate circumstances described never affected in the least the friendly and amicable relations existing between the great musical trio, Liszt, Wagner and Von Bülow.

The history of Verdi's early love is less known. Indeed I have never seen it in print. But it is none the less true that in his young manhood, while yet "all unknown to fame," he was very deeply in love with a charming Italian lady of high rank and fortune, belonging to an old and aristocratic Venetian family, from whose members in early days the Doge of Venice had more than once been chosen. The young music master had no particular station, no rank and no fortune, his reputation unmade, his genius only divined by a few, and a marriage with the brilliant princess was of course out of the question, in the opinion of her relatives. She remained true to the traditions of her sex and family, the connection with Verdi was severed, and she was practically sold by her friends to a man in her own circle, her inferior in rank, but of immense wealth.

Painful as the experience was to both, it seems to have left no bitterness or rancor, as is usually the case in such instances.

in the heart either of the lady or the great musician. She has led a noble, active, unselfish, but very sad life, in the midst of the circle where her lot placed her, and from afar has followed the brilliant career of her former lover with intensest interest, rejoicing in his successes, his fame and his glorious genius. He has lived and labored for art, and made his name the first among Italian composers of the past or present, more illustrious by far than any of her boasted ancestors, so that thousands, both in and out of Italy, who never heard of the great family, know and venerate the name of Verdi. He has also by his own efforts, in the most ill-paid of professions, musical composition, amassed a fortune superior to that of any member of her family or of the man who purchased her in her youth. And though he could not be her lover or her husband, he has always been her friend. For forty years they met but rarely, but now in their old age more frequently. His first visit when in Milan, where she has her winter residence, is always for Madame. She sees the MSS. of his compositions, often before his publishers, plays over the piano scores of his operas, and reads and treasures the many press criticisms of his work. Now in their old age, art has brought them together again, and the lovers of half a century ago are true and sympathetic friends. In the many sorrows of her life, his has always been the first letter of condolence to reach her. In her good fortune, his has been the first voice to congratulate. Love was lost and life is over for the venerable musician of eighty years and the once lovely princess, but their mutual regard remains. And once more the world has been taught the lesson that it is not always safe for persons in high places to snub young genius.

Among the many practical occupations with which the composer of thirty operas fills the busy days of this, his eighty-second year, is the superintending of the erection and equipment of a large and architecturally superb building in the outskirts of Milan, half palace, half hospital; which when completed is to accommodate one hundred inmates, fifty men and fifty women, and is to furnish a free refuge, in fact a permanent and elegant home, for this number of worn-out or invalid musicians, singers, players, composers, any and all of either sex who have served the art in any capacity long and faithfully, and find themselves in old age or sickness unable

to provide themselves with the comforts of life, or a safe, quiet corner wherein to die in peace.

Verdi has no children and no immediate heirs to the great fortune which his genius and industry have amassed, and nearly the whole of his vast wealth is to be devoted to the building, fitting and endowment of this great institution, which is shortly to be opened with an invested fund back of it sufficient, it is believed, to run it with no outside aid. That a musician should be able to carry out unassisted so gigantic an undertaking is a remarkable and I believe an unparalleled achievement. And that he should have the will to do it proves that his heart is as great as his genius. It is a practical and much needed bequest to the more obscure members of his profession, a crowning act of generosity and benevolence, and a worthy close to a noble life.

## SONATA IN A FLAT. OP. 13.

BY FRANK CRANE.

### I LARGO.

Ann Dante sat at the window that overlooked the street, her cheek resting upon her hand. It was the afternoon of one of the hot days in the prematurely summer-like spring of 1896 and the whole city sweltered away at its tragedy and comedy, playing out its diurnal scene in the drama of life, weary and unstrung by the lassitude of the oppressive and humid atmosphere. Ann was the only child of Mrs. Merca Dante, a widow with a modest competence, who had recently removed to St. Louis from Belleville, a small town in the interior of Illinois, that her daughter, who had graduated at the high school of her native village, might receive the social and educational advantages of a large city. They had secured pleasant apartments in a modern flat that fronted Lafayette Square, said to be one of the most finished and beautiful little parks in the world. Since coming to the city the daughter had made many acquaintances, being introduced to the (elegante) coveted circles of society through the influence of her distinguished relatives, the (pomposo) Minuets, an old, aristocratic and wealthy family. But of all the young men she had met none had made any impress on the heart and fancy of the maiden; for (un poco agitato) Albert Legro, who had been her playmate from youth, her fellow-student at school and at length her sworn knight and fiancée, held all her thoughts. Her mother had frowned upon their intimacy, being ambitious that her child should make some brilliant match; and, indeed (amoroso), the almost perfect beauty of the girl's face and form, the vivacity of her ways and the vigor of her intelligence would have captivated the most unsusceptible (grazioso). In years Ann was but a child, being only eighteen, yet as the daughter of a father who had descended from a (bravura) long line of Southern gentlemen, she had quickly developed, and her appearance combined delightfully the simplicity of girlhood and the ma-

turity of woman. She was dressed in a simple robe of white, relieved only by a blue ribbon encircling her neck. One graceful hand lay in her lap, holding (*fermato*) the last letter that Albert had written her.

She was thinking (*teneramente*) of him now. She remembered their parting, when for the last time they had (*tenuto*) clasped hands and (*bis*) told the story of their mutual loves (*segue D. C. al fine*). Again she recalled his (*con espressione*) love-lit glances, his vows to be always (*ma non troppo*) true, and the only little (*staccato*) kiss she had ever given him. How (*nobile*) grand he looked in his new suit with his large (*maestoso*) link cuffs and checkered shirt; how comely were his (*diminuendo*) pointed shoes, and how charming his freshly plastered (*ben marcato*) middle-parted hair. Thus did her maiden meditation wander on as in a dream until the (*poco a poco morendo*) bright vision died sweetly away.

## II. ANDANTE.

She was awakened from her musing by a (*martellato*) knock at the door, and a maid entered bearing the card of "Mr. Con Brio." Ann received this with feelings of revulsion. Mr. Brio was a famous musician of Missouri who had been wedded only to his art until he had met Miss Dante. The moment he saw her she took complete possession of him (*tutti*), his heart, his brain, his genius. Her voice ran always in his ear. It inspired (*colla voce*) his music and rang through all his dreams. Her face was ever before him. But, alas! this passion (*solo*) was not reciprocated. While she admired his gifts and his muscular activity at the piano, yet her heart was Albert's. So, when he asked her to be his bride, after an acquaintance of (*presto*) two weeks, she had replied:

(*sfp*) "No; but I will be a sister to you."

Now, Mr. Brio already had a sister and consequently the substitute did not receive a single vote. He had, however (*con sordini*), tried to reconcile himself to his defeat, but found that he could not. At last (*senza sordini*) he determined that she must be his (*inquieto*). He could not live without her. He was literally crazed by his devouring love. To-day he had come (*deciso*) to win her or know why.

(*allegretto quasi polacca*) He entered the room. Making a low bow, he said:



(sempre tr) "Mademoiselle, I am overwhelmed to see you."

(dolce) "How do you do, Mr. Brio," she returned; "will you be seated?"

(piu allegro e molte agitato) He sat down; crossed his legs, uncrossed them, fumbled with his mustache (pizzicati), plucked at his cuffs, cleared his throat and attempted to speak. (D. C.)

At last his pent-up feeling could be restrained no longer (crescendo). He rose and came to where she sat and looked at her (languemente) with his burning eyes. Then the flood of passion burst.

(rubato) "Miss Dante—Ann, I must speak. My heart will burst if I do myself contain this longer. I love you. I love you. My devotion is so high as heaven; so deep as ground. Before I knew you, O, my life was but *cosi, cosi*. When I saw you that first time at the reception of the major, and you did glance at me with your eyes so beautiful, so grand, I hastened to my studio and wrote that beautiful song, 'Non guardar mi *cosi*.' You remember the great Ombroso sang it at the concert last week. The city raved, the people all were in one grand tumult at that song. They praised me. But it was not my genius. It was your eyes of heaven. My genius is great. But with your love I could capture the world. I would be one universal genius. You would be my inspiration."

He fell upon his knees and continued (piano e dolcissimo): "Ann, I love you. I love you. Say that you will be mine. I will lay the world at your beautiful feet. You are so charming, so sweet. I dream of you. I cannot live without you. I——"

(moderato) "Stop, Mr. Brio. I cannot allow this (sempre con dolor). I regret, oh, so much, that you have permitted yourself to think that there could be anything between us. I admire you as a musician and would value you as a friend. But I have never given you any encouragement to hope that I could be more to you."

(con moto) "No encouragement!" exclaimed Mr. Brio. "Do you not call the divine grace of your eye encouragement (lusingande)? And your beauty, your gentleness, your glory of woman, ah, the grand, the majestic?"

(a tempo) "Mr. Brio, I wish you would get up."

(cantabile) "Angel, I shall not rise until you say you will be mine."

(scherzo) "Then you'll stay there a long while."

(lacrimoso) "My darling, be not so cruel. I love you. Tell me I may hope to win your love. Tell me in time our hearts in true love may be together knit."

(subito) "Knit!"

(senza interruzione) "Ah, yes, combine, weaved into one life, one hope. May I not woo you?"

(legeremente) "Oh, Mr. Brio," said Ann, rising, "you must not do this. It is absurd. I have only known you for a short time. Besides," she added (*lunga pausa*), "I love another." (*corpo di Bacco!*)

(*V. S.*) Mr. Brio sprang to his feet as though he had been struck. The blood left his face and it grew pallid with chagrin and anger. It was some time before he could speak and when at length he found his voice his fury was terrible.

### III. AGITATO CON MOTO.

Mr. Brio retreated to the distance of some paces. His breath came in spasmodic gasps. He hissed:

(*sotto voce*) "If I cannot possess you none other shall."

"Oh, Mr. Brio," said Ann in alarm, "you frighten me. What do you mean?"

He drew a stiletto from the breast pocket of his coat and approached her with rage written upon his livid countenance.

(*fieramente*) "Mean?" he hissed; "I mean that if we cannot be united in life we shall be in (*sforzando*) death!"

At this moment the room was filled with a blinding light immediately followed by (*strepitoso*) a crash of thunder that shook the timbers of the dwelling. The gathering tempest without had burst. Ann did what any woman would do under the circumstances. She hid her face and (*8va*) screamed, one cry upon another.

Suddenly she heard the door burst open and a familiar voice rang out:

(*energico*) "Ann! What is it? What's the matter?"

She uncovered her eyes. Before her stood a beloved form. With a glad cry she sprang into his arms.

(*portamento di voce*) "Oh, Albert! How did you get here? Oh, I'm so glad, Albert! Oh, save me, save me!"

"But what's the matter, Ann? Tell me, what is it? Have you been frightened by the lightning?"

He had hitherto not noticed the presence of Brio, so absorbed was he in his mistress. But now the musician came forward, still beside himself with his passion.

(pesante) "It is I," he said; "I am the matter. You are the other one, I presume. You are the fortunate. Well, I shall have your blood. Defend yourself."

The frenzied man approached him with the uplifted knife.

(semplice) "Great Scott!" said Al; "what do you want to murder me for?"

(pomposo) "I do not murder. I fight the duel. Here is another stiletto," and he drew a second knife from his pocket and threw it upon the table. Italians always carry two stiletos.

(precipitato) "No, no," interjected the terrified girl. "Go away, Al. Oh, why did you come?"

"I came for you," he replied. "I have (stretto) a marriage license from St. Clair county and am going to take you to Belleville to marry you."

(piano dolce) "Oh, Albert, this is so sudden."

(giocosso) "It is rather sudden," sneered the musician. "Come, sir, defend yourself, or you shall die like a dog."

"Who are you?" answered Al Legro. "I don't know you, and don't want to fight you. Go and call the police, Ann."

(tutta la forza) "Never!" shrieked the enraged man.

He rushed upon Legro with his (mano destro) knife raised.

Ann, with a cry of terror, threw herself (appoggiatura) upon Albert's bosom directly in the path of the deadly weapon.

#### IV. PRESTISSIMO CON BRIO.

The storm which had been raging without now took on the (doppio movimento) terrific nature of the tornado. The knife never fell. There was a loud rush of a thousand railway trains in collision. Then came the utter blackness of darkness and all the actors of this play were (volante) swept away. There was a space of unconsciousness. Then Albert began to come to himself. He was vaguely sensible of (tempo di waltz) whirling through air amid the dash of rain, the roar of the wind and crackling of the lightning. As his senses gradually returned he perceived that Ann was still (legato) clasped in his arms. He spoke to her, but could not hear his own voice for the (sempre con fuoco) tumult of the storm. Every once

in awhile he thought he caught a glimpse of the white face of the musician as it whizzed (*glissando*) past him in the rush of things. At length he felt himself falling and braced his feet for the final concussion that was to (*sfz*) dash them into ruin. But the freakish storm set them down (*pp*) as gently as though it was a father who had been tossing his child in his arms and now had carefully returned him to the earth.

## V. ALLEGRO VIVACE.

(*perendosi*) It took but a short time for the tempest to spend its fury and whirl away. (*dolce*) The sun broke through the clouds and the lovers recovered sufficiently from their terror to look about them.

(*tr*) "Where are we, Albert?" said Ann, hardly daring to raise her head.

(*pastorale*) "Well, I'll be switched if this don't look like Belleville," answered he.

Ann raised her eyes. They still clasped each other's hands, but gazed wonderingly around.

"There's the court house," said Albert; and then he clapped his (*sinistra*) hand to his pocket and pulled out an envelope. It was the marriage license, pretty wet, but still efficacious.

"Here's the document, Ann," he said (*a piacere*); "and let's go right up and get Judge Banks to marry us. We have saved our railway fare. Here we are, and, as the preacher says (*religioso*), doubtless for some good purpose."

(*quasi smorzando*) "Oh, Albert, how can you?"

(*rinforzando ma scherzando*) "Come, it won't do to fly in the face of providence."

They were about to start off when they were startled by a groan, seeming to come from the other side of the fence. Albert looked over and there he saw Signor Con Brio sitting upon the grass, examining himself, to see what were his wounds.

"Are you hurt?" said Albert.

"Per l'amore di Dio!" exclaimed the astonished artist. "Are you here?"

"Oh, yes," replied Al. "I and Miss Dante are both here. I don't suppose you still want to murder me, do you?"

Con Brio shrugged his shoulders. (*calmato*) "Let it go,"

he said. "You Americans are too swift, too new for me. I cannot make a duel with cyclones."

(capriccioso) "Well, then," said Albert, "how would you like to come along and be a witness to our ceremony? We are going up to the court house to get married. This is Belleville, my home. I ordered this cyclone because I'm not on good terms with the railway companies; and then it makes better time."

"Marvelous!" exclaimed the musician, rising. "I will go with you. I will be the magnanimous. You are the greater genius. You deserve her. I can play on the piano, but I cannot play upon the grand nature herself. Go on. The (misterioso) condition of my garments renders it better that I should follow. Go on, wonderful man!"

(tempo di marcia) So they went.

#### CODA.

How beautiful is true love!  
How marvelous is providence!  
How grand are tornadoes!  
How passionate are artists!  
How treacherous are garments!

## FROM OVER-SEA.

By F. W. Wodell.

NO. I.

### A BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Emil Paur and his men are giving a charming interpretation of Dvorak's symphony "From the New World." The work is familiar, in a sense, and thought begins to wander. Curiously enough Old World memories begin to flit by in rapid procession; memories of old London, of a performance of Tschaikowsky's wonderful symphony, "Pathetique," by Henry Wood's hand at Emen's Hall; of concerts of high and low degree, of personal intercourse with composers, great singers, players and teachers. Though the body is in Boston, the spirit is "over-sea." Suddenly there is a great silence. The movement is finished; people are applauding with noisy clapping of hands—the day-dream is over. And it was but a dream!

Almost every visitor who makes any considerable stay in London wishes to repeat the visit. The great smoky, foggy metropolis, with its dingy buildings and narrow, crooked streets, its scores of places of great historical interest, its surge and roar of travel, its tantalizing multiplicity of fine musical and theatrical performances, its thousand and one "new" and interesting people and things to be met and seen every day, is tremendously fascinating to the foreigner, and especially so to Americans.

Musicians may hear in London practically all the great artists of the world. Then, too, a number of the best instructors in music are residents of London. Among these is Mr. William Shakespere, a gentleman well known in America through his vocal pupils, who are to be found in very many of the cities of this country.

Human nature is such that no man reaches eminence in a profession without arousing the spirit of envy, and suffering

more or less from malicious opposition and ignorant detraction. People do not always wait to be sure of their facts before making criticism of prominent men. Mr. Shakespere, however, has a host of friends and admirers and suffers but little from malicious or ignorant criticism. This, no doubt, is in part due to the man's genial, sunny nature; to his freedom from petty prejudice concerning music and musicians, as well as to the widespread recognition of his considerable attainments as a musician and the genuine excellence of his work as a teacher of singing.

Musicians are inclined to extravagant partisanship. An admirer of Mr. Shakespere has said of him that he is so great a teacher that he could "improve the voice of any one whether he had a voice or not." This is, of course, going too far. It may be said at this point, for the benefit of those vocal students who may need the hint, that singing-masters—the greatest of them—are not miracle workers. They are not able to give voice, brains, temperament. These are the gifts of nature. The vocal teacher develops, educates; he does not create. Students are prone to forget that the pupil has to do his part in the making of a singer. It is not sufficient to "take lessons" of a distinguished teacher. The student must be a worker with mind and body to obtain the greatest benefit from the instruction received. Not everyone who has studied under a great master has had the intellectual power and fine artistic sensitiveness necessary to the understanding and personal application of the teaching. This accounts, possibly, for some failures which have come from the studios of famous teachers.

An admirer of Mr. Shakespere, more cautious than the one previously quoted, remarked that this teacher was "certainly very careful of the voice." This is a compliment of no small value, and one which, unfortunately, it is not possible to pay to all vocal professors in Europe and America. The voice is not to be driven, it must be led, coaxed, if it is to be developed in freshness and full beauty.

In the studio, seated at a small Broadwood upright piano, Mr. Shakespere is the persistent, tireless, alert worker for tonal beauty and expressiveness. Of course, he has his "method," or "system," or ways of getting results. Without going into a discussion of "methods," it may be said that Mr.

Shakespeare frequently points to a picture of the late Francisco Lamperti, of Milan, and says to the pupils: "What I give you is Lamperti."

There are those in this country who have studied with Francisco Lamperti and later with Mr. Shakespeare, who hold that the younger man has gone ahead of the late master in the general effectiveness of his teaching. This is a matter of opinion. Mr. Shakespeare, in his forthcoming book, which is to be called "William Shakespeare's Vocal School," is most modest in his claims. This book will be a valuable contribution to the list of works on the voice and its training. It is much more than a collection of vocalizes. The first part is almost entirely devoted to letter-press giving a systematic, consecutive, definite statement of the steps to be taken to secure good tone production according to the principles and standards of the old Italian school. In the course of a series of talks with the author over the MSS. the writer gained some idea of the tremendous amount of enthusiasm and love for his art which Mr. Shakespeare has put into his book during the extended period in which the manuscript has been in preparation. There is, of course, a reference to the subject of registers—that bone of contention among writers upon vocal topics and source of mischief to thousands of vocal students—and in this connection an ingenious and interesting diagram is given.

There are questions of detail concerning the working of the vocal mechanism which are undecided. Not every vocal teacher is strong enough to confess a lack of complete knowledge. Mr. Shakespeare is not afraid, upon occasion, to say: "I don't know." That he knows thoroughly the essential facts as to voice-production and how to teach them is abundantly proven by the large number of his pupils who have shown beauty of tone, distinctness of enunciation and expressiveness. One source of his strength as a teacher, undoubtedly, is his broad musicianship. At twelve years of age he took the organ in an Episcopal church; at seventeen he won the King's scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music. Five years later he won the Mendelssohn scholarship, his immediate predecessors being Sir Arthur Sullivan and Dr. Swinnerton Heap. The Scholarship Committee sent him first to Leipsic; but soon after, on the advice of friends who admired his tenor



voice, he arranged to go to Milan, where, for three years, he had daily lessons of the late Francisco Lamperti. Mr. Shakespere has composed and had performed music for orchestra in the largest forms, piano-forte, concertos, string quartets and songs. Such authorities as Hugo Rielmann and Gounod have commended his compositions. For five years he was conductor of the Royal Academy concerts, and judging from recent observations made to the writer, he has not yet gotten entirely over his love for conducting.

On his return to England from Italy, Mr. Shakespere made successful appearances in oratorio and high-class concerts. His beautiful voice and classic style were much admired by those able to appreciate the highest type of vocal art. He pitched his standard too high for the popular taste, however. Lamenting the present degradation of public taste with regard to vocal concerts, he said:

"I gave up concert singing because the people did not want to hear good songs. Albani and Patti sing the same old stereotyped things. Look at the sort of thing which Santley and others are singing; they are degrading public taste. Henschel is a man of true artistic spirit, and has done much here to stay the downward progress of public taste; but really there is now scarcely such a thing as singing." Mr. Shakespere did not attempt to teach voice on the strength of his ability as a player and taste in interpretation. He first made a thorough study of voice-production and the art of singing under one of the greatest masters the world has known. This is not saying that to be an effective teacher of singing one must possess a fine voice and be able to sing grandly. Great singers have sometimes made but indifferent teachers. There is an art of teaching as well as an art of singing. A personal knowledge of the voice, its proper production and artistic use is, however, a primary requisite to real success in teaching singing. This knowledge Mr. Shakespere possesses in an eminent degree, and this, supported as it is by solid attainments as a musician, long experience, aptness to teach, and glorified by intense devotion to high ideals, makes him one of the few really great vocal instructors now living.

The musical year in London extends, for teaching purposes, from the close of September to the end of July. American students arrive in London in great numbers during the

early summer months, and these take the places in the studios of the leading instructors of natives who are leaving for vacation tours. Many of these Americans are teachers who can spare but a few weeks or months in the summer for study abroad. Shakespere, Randegger and Henschel are probably the London teachers most largely patronized by Americans. It is interesting to note that certain professors go to London from Italy in the "season"—May to July—for teaching.

In one such case within the writer's knowledge the fee in London was much higher than that charged in Italy. First-grade teachers in London average one guinea per half-hour private lesson. The teaching profession in London is crowded and fees of teachers of less prominence are lower and vary considerably. Some years since, conversing with Mr. Shakespere on the state of the profession, Signor Randegger remarked: "In ten years we shall all be teaching for five shillings a lesson." Neither of the gentlemen named has come to that point yet, nor is he likely to do so.

Of late many Americans, especially ladies, have gone to Paris for vocal work. Paris has some advantage over London, for the voice student, in the matter of climate. Moreover, American students going there have the opportunity of learning the French language. Mr. Shakespere is a warm admirer of the fine artistry of the French and said some things of peculiar interest concerning vocal study in Paris.

## PUCCINI: RIVAL OF MASCAGNI AND LEONCAVALLO.

BY ALFRED VEIT.

While Mascagni and Leoncavallo have been acquiring fame and glory, another Italian composer has forged his way to the front, but without the boisterous demonstrations which characterize the success of his colleagues. We refer to Giacomo Puccini, the composer of "Manon Lescaut" and "La Bohème."

Puccini belongs to the same school from which Mascagni and Leoncavallo graduated with flying colors. Indeed, it is not difficult to detect a certain family resemblance between the works of contemporaneous Italian composers. With this difference, that while the composers of "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" occupy an independent position in the world of music, Puccini occasionally shows indications of having caught some faint echoes from Bayreuth. It is perhaps owing to this fact that his work shows more refinement and finish than that of his rivals. On the other hand, Puccini possesses the distinguishing qualities of the Italian school—intense dramatic vigor, brilliancy, and at times an utter disregard of the conventional rules laid down by the Conservatory professors.

This is not the first time the story of Manon Lescaut and her sentimental lover the chevalier des Grieux has been set to music. Several years ago, Massenet illustrated the adventures of the celebrated couple. The most noteworthy feature of his opera is the running musical accompaniment to the spoken dialogue. This was an innovation new to the Opera Comique, where the dialogue is generally spoken without orchestral accompaniment.

In Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," after a short but sparkling prelude, the curtain rises upon the public place in Amiens. A chorus of citizens, students and children precede the entrance of des Grieux. The chevalier expresses his ignorance of love in a sonorous phrase, and then addressing the children,

he sings one of those delicate bits of melody with which the opera abounds.

The horn of the postillion announces the arrival of the diligence bearing a party of three—Manon, the aged Geronte, and Lescaut, who in the opera is designated as Manon's brother. Des Grieux is doomed the moment he perceives Manon. During the ensuing duo she informs him that she intends entering a convent. With the impetuosity of youth and love, des Grieux endeavors to dissuade her from her project; he succeeds without great difficulty. In the meantime old Geronte, charmed by the beauty of Manon, enters into a plot with the inn-keeper to carry Manon off to Paris. His plan is frustrated by the flight of the two lovers. Geronte is consoled by Lescaut with the prospect of finding the fugitives in the great metropolis.

The musical phrase, introducing des Grieux' address to the children, serves as the basis of the final scene. The mocking laughter of the crowd taunts the disappointed Geronte and merrily concludes the first act.

The second act opens in the elegant dressing-room of Manon. The capricious girl has already abandoned des Grieux for Geronte. Attracted by the wealth of the latter, she has given up her first lover although not entirely without an occasional pang of remorse. The picture of des Grieux fades immediately from her memory the moment she sees her own reflection in the mirror, and all her previous experiences are forgotten in the excitement which the wealth of Geronte procures for her.

A band of musicians sent by Geronte enters and in a well-set madrigal tries to amuse her.

This scene is followed by the famous dancing lesson. The dancing master, accompanied by Geronte and his friend, appears, and now one of the best parts of the opera is heard.

Manon, flirting with old Geronte and his friend, is taught the Minuet.

Minuets have come and gone, but it is doubtful whether one more exquisite has been written than this by Puccini. Its freshness, piquancy and grace recall the pen of Boccherini.

No greater contrast can be imagined than the dancing lesson with its coquetry and the following love-duo between Manon and des Grieux, who again appears upon the scene. The chevalier showers reproaches upon the unfaithful girl, but,

charmed by the wiles of the siren, love returns to him once more. They renew their vows when Geronte suddenly enters and causes the arrest of Manon, charging her with the theft of the jewels found upon her.

The act closes with Manon being led off to prison while des Grieux tries to kill Geronte but is prevented from doing so by Lescaut.

An intermezzo precedes the third act. It is superb and full of passion. It is entirely different from the intermezzo by Mascagni; if anything, there is more of "Tristan" in it than of the "Cavalleria."

The third act shows Manon behind prison bars. She is about to be sent off to America. Des Grieux makes a pathetic appeal, asking to be allowed to accompany her. Des Grieux' prayer is granted, and we find the two lovers in the fourth and final act on a vast plain in America.

Manon is dying. The music is inexpressibly sad, some of the themes having been announced in the intermezzo. A dialogue between the oboe and the echo-like answer of the flute behind the scenes heightens the impression of loneliness and gloom. A reminiscent allusion by the orchestra to the Minuet in the second act; a final embrace by the lovers, and Manon expires.

The music to "Manon Lescaut" is patterned after the methods of the modern school without losing sight of the importance of melody for which the older Italian masters were noted. Broad, melodious phrases alternate with portions in dialogue form. In the latter case the orchestra assumes the leading character, supporting the vocal parts by elaborate illustrations. On the whole, "Manon Lescaut" is one of the best operas Italy has given us within recent years and with an artist in the title part like Madame Calvé (and what an ideal Manon she would make) will prove a success everywhere.

As in "Manon," Puccini took the story of *La Bohème* from a French book. The life in the Latin quarter, as depicted by Du Maurier in *Trilby*, is the theme chosen. Du Maurier has often been accused of having fashioned his celebrated book after Murger's "Scenes from Bohemian Life." No doubt Little Billee and his companions recall, however faintly, Rodolphe the great poet, Schaunard the great musician, Marcello the great painter, and Colline the great philosopher, and these

"four musketeers" of the Latin quarter we find again in Puccini's opera. The adapters of Murger's book have not adhered strictly to the original. In spite of this, they have skillfully preserved the spirit of rollicking fun by introducing several of the episodes contained in the book. Thus Marcello the painter drowns the Egyptian in the "Passage Across the Red Sea," upon which picture he has been laboring for three years; Benoit the janitor is cajoled into forgetting the collecting of the monthly rent due him by various libations cunningly administered by the merry rascals; Rodolphe's drama, never performed on any stage, serves as fuel for heating the room in which the half frozen Bohemians are assembled—Colline remarking that he had never found it so scintillating; and lastly, Schounard the pianist dislodges the objectionable neighbors of the Englishman—the actress and her parrot—by his uninterrupted playing of scales.

The hectic heroine Mimi remains Rodolphe's sweetheart although many of her traits are borrowed from the character of Francine, who does not appear in the opera. The scenes of jealousy and the quarrels of Marcello and Musetta are faithfully reproduced. As in the book, we find Musetta capricious and meriting the description that "she was a beautiful girl with much coquetry, a little ambition, and no orthography."

"La Bohème" has neither overture nor intermezzo. The first two acts are comic opera pure and simple. It differs from "Manon" in that it lacks sustained melody. The scene of the second act is laid in the Latin quarter. A very vivid idea of that part of Paris is given by a series of animated pictures.

Rodolphe, Mimi and the other Bohemians have taken possession of a table in front of the celebrated café Momus. Presently Musetta arrives with her latest admirer and both take seats at an adjoining table. Musetta tries to attract the attention of Marcello, who obstinately refuses to notice her. Piqued by his indifference, she bursts into a dainty waltz-song, with which she entices her former lover back. This phrase is developed into an effective number in which all the musketeers and their ladies join. The usual chorus of citizens, as well as the approaching and retreating military patrol, combine to complete a series of gay pictures, with which the second act closes.

In the third act we find Mimi seeking the aid of Marcello

and entreating him to intercede with Rodolphe on her behalf. The latter in a fit of jealousy had renounced Mimi, but softened by her pathetic appeals he returns to her once more. The final act, containing the death scene of Mimi dying of consumption, surrounded by the four musketeers, proves to be very touching, musically as well as dramatically.

“La Bohème” is not so great a work as “Manon Lescaut,” and will not prove as successful, but nevertheless it has sufficient merit to indicate Puccini’s gifts. Indeed, Messrs. Mascagni and Leoncavallo will have to look to their laurels.

# THE RITUAL CHANT IN THE HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY EDWARD DICKINSON.

(Continued.)

Chant is speech-song, probably the earliest form of vocal music; it proceeds from the modulations of impassioned speech; it results from the need of regulating and perpetuating these modulations for use when certain exigencies require a common and impressive form of utterance, as in religious rites, public rejoicing or mourning, etc. The necessity of filling large spaces may also have had much to do with the rise of this form of musical declamation. Poetic recitation among ancient and primitive peoples is never recited in the ordinary level pitch of voice in speech, but always in musical inflections, controlled by some principle of order. Under the authority of a permanent, corporate institution these inflections are reduced to a system, and are imposed upon all whose office it is to administer the public ceremonies of worship. This is the origin of the liturgic chant of ancient peoples, and also, by historic continuation, of the Gregorian song. The Catholic chant is a projection into modern art of the altar song of Greece, Judæa, and Egypt, and through these nations reaches back to that epoch of unknown remoteness when mankind first began to conceive of invisible powers to be invoked and appeased. A large measure of the impressiveness of the liturgical chant, therefore, is due to its historic religious associations. In its present shape it is the work of many generations of pious churchmen and is resonant with the prayers of centuries. It forms a connecting link between ancient religion and the Christian, and perpetuates to our own day an ideal of sacred music which is as old as religious music itself. It is a striking fact that only within the last 600 or 700 years, and only within the bounds of Christendom, has an artificial form of worship music arisen, in which musical forms have become emancipated from subjection to the rhetorical laws of speech and been built up under the shaping force of inherent musical laws, gain-



ing a more or less free play for the creative impulses of an independent art. The conception which is realized in the Gregorian chant, and which exclusively prevailed until the rise of the modern polyphonic system, is that of music in subjection to rite and liturgy, its own charms merged and, so far as conscious intention goes, lost in the paramount significance of text and action. It is for this reason, together with the historic relation of chant and liturgy, that the rulers of the Catholic church have always labored so strenuously for uniformity in the Gregorian song as well as for its perpetuity. The church has acknowledged the beauty and usefulness of the modern forms of harmonized and accompanied music, but she has always borne witness to the ancient unison chant as the sanctified and authoritative form of sacrificial song in that she has never formally and officially recognized any other. This attitude of the church is justified also on æsthetic grounds, art lovers who are not biased by religious associations being witnesses. There is a solemn, unearthly beauty in the Plain Song melodies which appeals most to those who are most habituated to them. They have maintained for centuries the inevitable comparison with every other form of melody, both religious and secular, and there is reason to believe that they will continue to sustain every possible rivalry until they at last outlive every other form of music now existing.

The theory and practice of the Catholic liturgic chant is a science of large dimensions and exceeding difficulty. In the course of centuries a vast store of chant melodies has been accumulated, and in the nature of the case many variants of the older melodies—those composed before the development of a precise system of notation—have arisen, so that the verification of texts, comparison of authorities, and the application of methods of rendering to the needs of the complex ceremonial constitutes this subject a very important department of ecclesiology and practical liturgics.

The Plain Song melodies may be divided into (1) intonations in which all the syllables are delivered upon one unchanging note, the so-called *recto tono*; (2) those in which a monotone throughout the greater part of the sentence gives way at the close to a short melodic cadence, sometimes also, as at the first verse of a psalm, introduced with a melodic movement of two or three notes; (3) melodies in which there is a

more or less free movement in single syllabic notes varied by groups or flourishes on a single vowel. A form which may almost be said to constitute a separate class is the "jubilation." This manner of utterance, originally a spontaneous, inarticulate expression of joy, is oriental in origin, and can be traced back to the early ages of the church. Says Pothier: "St. Augustine speaks often of his jubila, and finds its inner, deeper cause in the needs of the devotionally inspired heart. If the feeling is profoundly stirred, the words with which it began to express itself soon become a hindrance rather than a help; the heart does not find words enough in which to declare what it feels and the singer modulates in tones without the help of words. Especially does the emotion of joy love to expend itself in such wordless, rich swelling melodies."\* Another division is into the *accentus*, or those portions of the ritual song chanted by the priest or assistants at the altar; and the *concentus*, or those portions sung by the choir. As a general rule the *accentus* is composed of the simpler chants, while the *concentus* includes the larger numbers of the richer and varied melodies. This fact has served to keep the most beautiful and characteristic of the Catholic chants away from the knowledge of the world at large, since in the great majority of Catholic churches, the *Credo*, *Gloria*, *Sanctus*, and the other hymn-like portions of the Mass which are assigned to the choir are no longer sung in the ancient Plain Song, but in the harmonic and instrumental settings of modern composers. To this circumstance more than any other may be assigned the popular misconception in regard to the real nature and scope of the Gregorian system.

The ritual chant has its special laws of execution which involve long and careful study on the part of one who wishes to master it. Large attention is given in the best seminaries to the purest manner of delivering the chant, and countless treatises have been written upon the subject. The first desideratum is an accurate pronunciation of the Latin, and a facile and distinct articulation. The notes have no fixed and measurable value, and are not intended to give the duration of the tones, but only to guide the modulation of the voice. The length of each tone is determined only by the proper length of the syllable. In this principle lies the very essence of Gregorian chant,

\* *Les Mélodies Grégoriennes*, Chap. 11.

and it is the point at which it stands in exact contradiction to the theory of modern measured music. The divisions of the chant are given solely by the text. The rhythm, therefore, is that of speech, of the prose text to which the chant tones are set. The rhythm is a natural rhythm, a succession of syllables combined into expressive groups by means of accent, varied pitch, and prolongations of tone. The fundamental rule for chanting is: "Sing the words with notes as you would speak them without notes." This does not imply that the utterance is stiff and mechanical as in ordinary conversation; there is a heightening of the natural inflection and a grouping of notes as in impassioned speech or the most refined declamation. Like the notes and divisions, the pauses also are unequal and immeasurable, and are determined only by the sense of the words and the necessity of taking breath.

In the jubilations analogous rules are involved. The text and the laws of natural recitation must predominate over melody. The jubilations are not to be conceived simply as musical embellishments but, on the contrary, their beauty depends upon the melodic accents to which they are joined in a subordinate position. These florid passages are never introduced thoughtlessly or without meaning, but they are strictly for emphasizing the thought with which they are connected; "they make the soul in singing fathom the deeper sense of the words, and to taste of the mysteries hidden within them."\* The particular figures must be kept apart and distinguished from each other, and brought into union with each other, like the words, clauses, and sentences of an oration. Even these florid passages are dependent upon the influence of the words and their character of prayer.

The principles above cited concern the rhythm of the chant. Other elements of expression must also be taken into account, such as prolonging and shortening tones, crescendos and diminuendos, subtle changes of quality of voice or tone color to suit different sentiments. The manner of singing is also affected by the conditions of time and place, such as the degree of the solemnity of the occasion, and the dimensions and acoustic properties of the place in which the ceremony is held.

In the singing of the mediæval hymn melodies, many beautiful examples of which abound in the Catholic office books, the

\* Sauter, Choral und Liturgie.

above rules of rhythm and expression are modified as befits the more regular metrical character which they derive from the poetry. They are not so rigid, however, as would be indicated by the bar lines of modern notation, and follow the same laws of rhythm that would obtain in spoken recitation.\*

The liturgic chant of the Catholic church has already been alluded to under its more popular title of "Gregorian." Throughout the middle ages and down to our own day nothing in history has been more generally received as beyond question than that the Catholic chant is entitled to the appellation of Gregorian from the work performed in its behalf by Pope Gregory I., called the Great. This eminent man, who reigned from 590 to 604, was the ablest of the succession of early pontiffs who formulated the line of policy which brought about the spiritual and political autonomy of the Roman See, and confirmed its supremacy over all the churches of the West. Dean Milman sums up the relation of Gregory to his age (1) as a Christian bishop, organizing and completing the ritual and the offices of the church, administrator of the patrimony of the Roman See, and attending to its distribution to its various pious uses; (2) as the patriarch of the West, exercising authority over the clergy and the churches in Italy, Gaul, and other parts of Europe, the converter of the Lombards from Arianism, and the Saxons of Britain from heathenism, and in his conduct to pagans, Jews, and heretics, maintaining the independence of the Western ecclesiastical power against the East; (3) as virtual sovereign of Rome, guardian of the city, and protector of the Roman population of Italy against the Lombards.

In addition to these great achievements historians have generally concurred in ascribing to him a final shaping influence upon the liturgic chant. His supposed work in this department has been divided into the following four details:

\* Among the great number of works on the liturgical chant may be mentioned: Haberl, *Magister Choralis*, English translation by Donnelly; Helmore, *Plain Song* (Novello's Music Primers); Pothier, *Les Mélodies Grégoriennes* (German translation by Kienle); Wagner, *Einführung in die Gregorianischen Melodien*; Sauter, *Choral und Liturgie* (English translation in the *Catholic World*, Vol. 28), and articles in *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. The publications of the school for church music at Regensburg, the *Cæcilien Kalender* and the *Kirchenmusikalisches Jahrbuch*, are indispensable to one who wishes to make a thorough study of the Plain Song in its historic and liturgic aspects. A copious edition of the melodies appointed for the Mass and Vespers, with organ accompaniments by Haberl and Hanisch, is published by Pustet, Regensburg and New York.

1. He freed the church song from the fetters of Greek prosody.
2. He collected the chants previously existing, added others, provided them with a system of notation, and wrote them down in a book, which was called the Antiphony of St. Gregory, which he fastened to the altar of St. Peter's church, in order that it might serve as an authoritative standard in all cases of doubt in regard to the true form of chant.
3. He established a singing school in which he gave instruction.
4. He added four new scales to the four previously existing, thus completing the tonal system of the church.

The prime authority for these statements was the biography of Gregory I., written by John the Deacon about 872. Detached allusions to this pope as the founder of the liturgic chant appear before John's day, the earliest being in a manuscript addressed by Pope Hadrian I. to Charlemagne in the latter part of the 8th century, nearly 200 years after Gregory's death. The evidences which tend to show that Gregory I. could not have had anything to do with this important work of sifting, arranging, and noting the liturgic melodies become strong as soon as they are impartially examined. In Gregory's very voluminous correspondence, which covers every known phase of his restless activity, there is no allusion whatever to any such work in respect to the music of the church, as there almost certainly would have been if he had undertaken to bring about uniformity in the musical practice of all the churches under his administration. The assertions of John the Deacon are not confirmed by any anterior document. No epitaph of Gregory, no contemporary records, no ancient panegyrics of the pope touch upon the question. Isidor of Seville, a contemporary of Gregory, and the Venerable Bede in the next century, were especially interested in the liturgic chant and wrote upon it, yet they make no mention of Gregory in connection with it. The documents upon which John bases his assertion, the so-called Gregorian Antiphony, do not agree with the ecclesiastical calendar of the actual time of Gregory I.

In reply to these objections and others that might be given there is no answer but legend, which John the Deacon incorporated in his work, and which was generally accepted toward the close of the eleventh century. That this legend should

have arisen is not strange. It is no uncommon thing in an uncritical age for the achievement of many minds in a whole epoch to be attributed to the most commanding personality in that epoch, and such a personality in the sixth and seventh centuries was Gregory the Great.

What then is the origin of the so-called Gregorian Chant? There is hardly a more interesting question in the whole history of music, for this chant is the basis of the whole magnificent structure of mediæval church song, and in a certain sense of all modern music, and it can be traced back unbroken to the earliest years of the Christian church, the most persistent and fruitful form of art that the modern world has known. A flood of light has recently been thrown upon this obscure subject by Gevaert, director of the Brussels Conservatory of Music, one of the most learned musical archæologists of recent times, who has brought forward the strongest representations to show that the whole musical system of the early Christian church of Rome was derived from the secular forms of music practiced in the private and social life of the Romans in the time of the empire, and which were brought to Rome from Greece after the conquest of that country B. C. 146. "No one to-day doubts," says Gevaert, "that the modes and melodies of the Catholic liturgy are a precious remains of antique art." "The Christian chant took its modal scales to the number of four, and its melodic themes, from the musical practice of the Roman empire, and particularly from the song given to the accompaniment of the Kithara, the special style of music cultivated in private life. The most ancient monuments of the liturgic chant go back to the boundary of the fourth and fifth centuries, when the forms of worship began to be arrested in their present shape. Like the Latin language, the Greco-Roman music entered in like manner into the Catholic church. Vocabulary and syntax are the same with the pagan Symmachus and his contemporary, St. Ambrose; modes and rules of musical composition are identical in the hymns which Mesomedes addresses to the divinities of paganism and in the cantilenas of the Christian singers." "The compilation and composition of the liturgic songs, which was traditionally ascribed to St. Gregory I., is in truth a work of the Hellenic popes at the end of the seventh and the beginning of the eighth centuries. The Antiphonarium Missarum received its definite form

between 682 and 715, the *Antiphonarium Officii* was already fixed under Pope Agathon (678-681)." In the fourth century, according to Gevaert, antiphons were already known in the East; St. Ambrose is said to have transplanted them into the West; Pope Celestin I. (422-472) has been called the founder of the antiphonal song in the Roman church. Leo the Great (440-461) gave the song permanence by the establishment of a singing school in the neighborhood of St. Peter's. So from the fifth century to the latter part of the seventh grew the treasure of melody together with the unfolding of the liturgy. The four authentic modes were adaptations of four modes employed by the Greeks. The oldest chants are the simplest, and of those now in existence the antiphons of the Divine Office can be traced farthest back to the transition point of the Greco-Roman practice to that of the Christian church. The florid chants were of later introduction, and probably were the contribution of the Greek and Syrian churches.

Such in briefest form is the conclusion of the Belgian savant as the result of years of investigation by the use of the modern comparative method of historical criticism.\* This conclusion conforms logically to the principles which have been found valid in the development of all art and literature. The dates may be open to question, much is left to inference in the absence of sufficient means of demonstration, but the derivation of the liturgical melodies from elements existing in the environment of the early church would be a logical and reasonable supposition even without the documentary proofs which Gevaert cites in support of his hypothesis. As the process of selection, arrangement, and codification of the Mass and Office did not originate with St. Gregory, neither did it end with him. For several centuries after his death the evolutionary process must have gone on, the work of many minds, the outcome of widening experience of the needs and opportunities of worship, until each element of the liturgy became clothed in its imperishable musical garb.

The Christians' chants were, however, no more reproduc-

\*Gevaert first announced his conclusions in a discourse pronounced at a public session of the class in fine arts of the Academy of Belgium at Brussels, and which was published in 1890 under the title of "Les Origines du Chant liturgique de l'Eglise latine." This essay was amplified five years later into a volume of 446 pages entitled "La Mélodie antique dans le Chant de l'Eglise latine." These works are published by Ad. Hoste, Ghent.

tions of profane melodies. The ground work of the chant is allied to the Greek melody, the Christian song is of a much richer melodic movement, bearing in all its forms the evidence of the exuberant spiritual life of which it is the chosen expression. The pagan melody was sung to an instrument—the Christian was unaccompanied, and was therefore free to develop a special rhythmical and melodic character unconditioned by any laws except those involved in pure vocal expression. “In the middle ages nothing was known of an accompaniment; there was not the slightest need of one. The substance of the musical content, which we to-day commit to interpretation through harmony, the old melodists laid upon melody. The latter accomplished in itself the complete utterance of the artistically aroused fantasy. In this particular the melismas which carry the extension of the tones of the melody, are a necessary means of presentation in mediæval art; they proceed logically out of the principle of the unison melody.” “Text repetition is virtually unknown in the unison music of the middle ages. While modern singers repeat an especially emphatic thought or word, the old melodists repeat a melody or phrase which expresses the ground mood of the text in a striking manner. And they not only repeat it, but they make it unfold, and draw out of it new tones of melody. This method is certainly not less artistic than the later text-repetition; it comes nearer, also, to the natural expression of the devotionally inspired heart.”\*

\*Wagner, Einführung in die Gregorianischen Melodien.

(To be Continued.)



# A REVIEW OF ANCIENT AND MODERN VIOLIN MAKING.

BY W. W. OAKES.

## SECTION THIRD: VARNISH.

It is with great reluctance that I approach this part of the subject, knowing as I do that all who have even fancied knowledge of violin love have so persistently believed in the supremacy of the "Cremona" varnish, that nothing short of a thunderclap of evidence could shake them out of the common misconception that all have been laboring under. An idea that has been so long, and so universally accepted, however erroneous, becomes nearly sacred, to doubt which would be sacrilege in the minds of many. Nevertheless, I shall adhere to that which proof has established, not only in my own mind, but in the minds of a number of gentlemen of high musical authority, who have been watching my work and investigations for the last two years, and who now most thoroughly indorse my proof, although they at first were uncompromising believers in the mysterious power-giving quality of Cremona varnish.

When the old wood theory had practically failed to secure the success that was so confidently expected to follow its adoption, some of the more progressive began to look in other directions for a remedy.

It is useless to follow the various methods adopted, not only to make a fine instrument but more to secure a uniform result. Failure to accomplish this has been the one insurmountable obstacle in all ages of violin making. When they made a violin of high merit, and to have the following one turn out very poor, was a stupefying mystery for which they never for a moment blamed their own ignorance, as they undoubtedly should have done. They could not have inquired very closely into the results of the old makers or they would have found that they also labored under the same difficulty. Just when

varnish was first considered to be of so much importance is a matter of conjecture. It was evidently not so considered by the old makers themselves, but rather as a detrimental necessity.

It was not till after varnish had been surrounded by mystery that it became the supposed chief factor. If one can manage to attach a little mystery to the most commonplace object, it at once assumes most wonderful proportions. It is highly probable that at the beginning of what we call the "modern period," the maker used the same varnish that the Cremona makers did. Of course there is no positive evidence of this, neither is there any proof to the contrary, but I am satisfied that when the conditions and circumstances surrounding the two periods, as applied to violin history, are fully understood, that an unbiased judgment will be given in support of the affirmative.

From the year fifteen hundred to near eighteen hundred was not a period noted for inventions, or much improvement. Implements, formulas and manner of proceeding in all lines of industry and science were practically the same. If a man in any calling pursued a certain line, his great-great-grandchildren were found plodding on in the same unimproved methods; therefore, it is very reasonable to assume that whatever the varnish may have been when first called into use for instruments, it probably passed through the whole violin period without any change.

It has been claimed that the old makers used great caution in preserving the secret of their varnish. This is entirely a supposition, having no foundation. What was known to one was known to all who followed the same pursuit. All craft knowledge was handed down more in legendary form than written. There was nothing to prevent the widest spread of any such knowledge among the makers. But the modern workmen having failed to accomplish what they supposed the old makers did, and not finding the remedy in anything else, naturally turned to the only remaining uninvestigated part in which the fault might lie. So they at last concluded that the old makers' varnish must contain some ingredient that they of the later period did not understand.

This idea soon became a fixed fact in their minds, and increased in importance till it was considered essential to suc-

cess. This was a period when inventions were no novelty, and improvements in everything were of daily occurrence. It would have been a matter of surprise if this varnish had been left out of the general advancement, but it was not. Italy was again besieged by the student; Cremona was again invaded, and all the old musty papers that had escaped destruction were fished out of dusty cracks and mouldy cupboards, but the coveted receipts were never found. The search was kept up for years with no better success, and I am not sure that it has been abandoned yet; and for years this varnish has been numbered with the lost arts.

However, the old makers showed the good stuff of which they were made, by a close application to what they did know, meantime reaching out for new improvements while using the best varnish they could make. Then began the search for rare gums and solvents to rediscover the lost art, and it has been kept up ever since, with the result, if one can believe reports, of rediscovering the true Cremona varnish about a hundred times, with as many different formulas. What a variety of varnishes the old makers must have used, to be sure!

What a world of trouble, time and expense could have been saved if the searchers had just stepped in a cabinet shop in Cremona. There they could have bought all they wanted of the very same varnish that the Cremona makers all used, and not a very good varnish at that. This is now known to be a fact that defies truthful contradiction. The only difference was in the violin makers adding what coloring matter they wished, while the cabinet makers used it in transparent form. There has been a very gratifying result arising from these extended researches. They have ended in producing an infinitely better varnish than the Cremona makers ever dreamed of.

I have very carefully examined numbers of these so-called "specimens of beauty" of the old masters' work, over which so many rave and become incoherent, and I frankly admit I am not sufficiently cultured to see the beauty.

I have seen men go wild with delight over some old specimen, from which, if it had been shown them as a sample of modern work, they would have turned away in disgust.

I find, in order to admire the varnish of these old instruments, one has to draw as largely upon his imagination as one does to admire some of the paintings by the old masters.

There are thousands of men who will gush over the smallest detail of a Cremona, while right beside it may lie a modern violin far superior in every respect; yet it will receive no attention whatever. The fact of the matter is, there are better finished violins turned out to-day by numerous makers than were ever made in any other age, and it would be so acknowledged by thousands were it not for fear of ridicule. Those who believe the opposite do so through ignorance; many of them are in no way to be blamed, as they have no interest in this direction, and have accepted common report as facts.

Another fallacy of no small proposition has been promulgated by a certain class of writers who must have depended on their fertile imaginations for foundation. I refer to the supposed amber varnish. There is not a word in the records of the old makers that refers to amber; it is purely a modern supposition. Lack of opportunity has limited my investigation on this point. Yet, so far as I have gone, I find nothing to justify the claim. It was not my intention at first to quote from any work, or call on any author for assistance, as I could hope for very little aid from those whom I am opposing, but on this point I am pleased to say I do not stand alone.

I will quote from an article in the "Atlantic Monthly" of February, 1880, by Richard Grant White, who, all will admit, is a very good authority. He says, in part, "When I wrote 'Seeking a Lost Art,' I recount some of my experience in trying after the Cremona varnish, but I left my readers uncertain whether or not I had discovered it. I now acknowledge that I did not do so, and at the same time declare my conviction that Mr. Colton, of Brooklyn, has done so. And after all it proves to have been an open secret—no secret at all. I had discovered that all the talk about amber in the Cremona varnish was nonsense. It contained no amber. Mr. Colton obtained undoubted evidence that the Cremona varnish was used the hundred years ago by all fine workmen in wood, not only on violins, but flutes, virginals and clavrichords, tables, chairs, etc." This evidence, with other of like import, added to my own researches, is all the proof I want to satisfy me that amber had no part in the Cremona varnish, and that it was in no sense a lost art; in fact, chemical analysis has settled this part definitely.

It has also been claimed by modern writers that it was an

oil varnish. I have searched diligently to find some credible evidence to support this claim, but I am compelled to say such proof has not been presented in anything it has been my privilege to read. If one will read carefully where this question is discussed, he will find that the evidence presented is merely an opinion. From certain circumstances, which they elaborately explain, they infer that oil varnish was used. I will give a sample which contains as much proof as any I have met with. The article from which I quote ran for some months in the Boston "Leader," under the title of "How to Make a Violin." The author's name was not given. I am pleased to say he was well informed in the history of the violin and violin makers, and on many other points; much better, in fact, than any other writer I know of. He was a firm believer in the Cremona oil varnish, and the proof he gives is the following: "In a letter of Stradivarius to a clergyman he (Stradivarius) says, 'Pardon the delay of the violin occasioned by the varnishing of the large cracks, that the sun may not reopen them.'" Such was the letter. Now follows the author's comments: "A delay that had been caused by the varnish not drying! It is evident that this was an oil varnish, as no apology would have been required if spirit varnish had been used, on account of the shortness of time taken by it to dry."

I would ask in all seriousness, if a careful student of facts could be expected to accept this as an evidence of the use of oil varnish? In the first place, no new violin has large cracks to be filled, and, secondly, if the cracks were of such a character that the sun might open them, varnish would be no hindrance; besides this, violins are never exposed to rays of the sun. It is more likely that the violin referred to was a broken one that had been sent for repair, and after having glued the cracks, he gave it varnish that dampness might not open it, not the sun, as heat would make it more firm. But granting this to be all correct, the length of time required in which to dry was not stated. It might have been only one day; even a month would have been no proof that it was an oil varnish. I sometimes use a spirit varnish that will not dry under three months sufficiently to finish properly. This might have been taken for oil varnish with much greater appearance of truth. It is remarkable what little evidence will satisfy one when it points toward what he wishes to believe.

There seems to be an inclination with all men to accept as true any statement touching the violin, especially if it refers to the Cremona period, and nothing seems too ridiculous to find believers. I could give scores of such instances that are most marvelously inconsistent, yet are largely accepted as facts. In defending the Cremona oil varnish theory, one writer admits that this varnish can be cut with alcohol at any age, but adds in defense, "It is made with essential oil which yields to the action of alcohol." I admit this is a little in advance of the usual degree of ignorance dished up for our acceptance, but it serves to show what little reliance can be placed on most of the past violin theories. Essential oils are all volatile, and contain no part of vegetable oil. It is in fact a spirit varnish.

It is claimed by some that the superior quality and power of the Cremona violins is due to the great age of the varnish, that it took all these years to harden into a resonant coating. This is rather a damaging claim, for it would establish the fact that the violin must have been very poor for fifty or seventy-five years, while this mass of oil and gum was hardening. But there is a very important fact not taken in consideration by those holding this view, which is, there is very little of the original varnish left on these old instruments, really not enough to be of benefit or injury. The fact is, from those I have examined, and the description of all the well known violins, there are very few, if any, that have not been revarnished since the Cremona days.

However firmly one may be established through positive evidence on any subject, it is very hard to give utterance to his convictions when he knows he stands alone in his views. It is in this position I find myself in what I am about to state, unless I may count on the gentlemen of whom I have previously spoken as having watched my work for the sole purpose of convincing themselves of the truth of what I have already written, and especially of what is now to follow. There never has been, and it is my firm conviction there never will be, a varnish made that does not injure the tone of a violin. This is no doubt a startling statement when we consider the thousands who honestly believe that the main feature of success is in the power-giving quality of the varnish. But I speak from years of experience and investigation, and know of what I speak, when I say that this is not the case. The question is

not, which varnish will most aid the vibrating qualities of a violin, but what varnish is the least injurious.

In answering this question, I will not explain the long and tedious process of experiments in detail by which I reached the evidence of the ruinous effects of varnish, but will give an easy proof of the fact, from which may be gathered my method of partly counteracting the evil. Let any highly skilled maker make a violin that shall be pronounced very fine (by selected judges) when tested in the white. The tone must be firm, full and round, quick of response and brilliant. Now he may select any varnish he wishes, give it three or four coats and finish to suit himself. Now give it all the time he wishes to mature—from a week to ten years if he likes. Then have the same judges test it again, and if it is as good as it was in the white or if it even reaches the degree of excellence it possessed in the white, I will cheerfully make a public apology, and frankly admit that the years of investigation I have given this branch of the art have been worse than thrown away. I have conducted a number of such tests in the last year, partly for the satisfaction of the gentlemen before mentioned, and partly to test some new varnish; the results have all been the same.

This naturally leads up to the question I have often been asked, "If varnish is an injury, then why use it at all?" Because it is a necessity, it is to guard against the action of the atmosphere, heat, cold and dampness. But there is another reason of far more importance. If the wood were not protected by varnish it would absorb the animal oil thrown off by the hands, and in the course of a few years the violin would be irredeemably ruined, as this animal oil never hardens, and the wood will absorb enough to kill all proper vibration.

Then comes the very natural question, as to what varnish will do the least harm. I have no hesitation in saying that spirit varnish is the least harmful. It is very much lighter, does not enter the wood so far as oil, dries more firmly, and becomes far more resonant, and if the proper gums are employed it will not become brittle, or crack, while oil varnish is for ever a dead, unresponsive weight. The idea that oil varnish will harden enough to become resonant is erroneous in the extreme. It is true it will harden in time, but it is as voiceless as leather. However resonant the gums may be in themselves, their incorporation with the oil destroys that quality.

It is claimed by many that spirit varnish gives too much brilliancy; makes the tones too metallic. This I flatly deny; no such quality was ever imparted by any varnish. The fault first lies in the violin. This can be proven by removing the varnish, after which you will find the tone even more metallic.

I have often been asked how all these fine instruments have been produced if my theories are correct. My answer is, they are accidents, which I will try to explain. The graduation has been carried too far; they have reduced the thickness of the wood so much that all solidity of tone is destroyed. In place of the proper vibration, it would give an uneven shake, and have no brilliancy. They have given it several heavy coats of varnish, the weight of which has stiffened the wood and in part compensated for the loss of wood by too thin graduation, and a fine violin is the result.

Here is where the fine discrimination in the quality of wood is essential. Had the wood in this violin been of a different quality, it might have had the very same graduation and turned out to be a first-class instrument, when tested in the white; but it would have been injured by the same varnish that saved it in the first condition.

I will try to make this more plain by reversing the order. We will suppose the maker has completed a violin in the white; it has been strong and properly adjusted, and it has proved to be in every respect a first-class violin. Now, as I have previously shown, the varnish will have an injurious effect, which can only be partly overcome by equalizing the deadening effect of the varnish by reducing the thickness of the wood as much as will most nearly meet the weight of the varnish; or, in other words, the graduation must be carried beyond the point at which it would be the nearest to perfection in the white, but only as much as the weight of the varnish will restore.

To accomplish this without a mistake, requires a knowledge of the various qualities of wood that very few have reached, perhaps none have done so beside myself. After all the years I have devoted to this part of the art, it is only occasionally that I have enough confidence in the nature of the wood, and the graduation necessary for that quality, also keeping in mind the effect of the varnish, that I can afford to finish the work without first testing it in the white. It will be readily seen that no rule can be formulated by which a workman can se-



cure unfailing success, without years of study on this vital point. Even then he would have to possess very marked ability in judging the quality of tone to know where and when to stop, to successfully meet the change that the varnish will make. I frequently have to open a violin after it is completed to make some internal change, to equalize and harmonize certain points that are at variance, or to remedy unpleasant qualities of tone. But this is a very simple thing to do when a violin is once finished in the proper manner. It must not be supposed that a true knowledge of how to prepare the shell for the reception of the varnish embraces the most essential knowledge for there are many points in construction that if not correctly wrought out would place it beyond remedy. These points will be dealt with in the following sections.

(To be Continued.)

## EDITORIAL BRIG-A-BRAC

There was never a time in the history of this country when the general interest in music and intelligence concerning it were increasing so rapidly as at present. Many causes are conducing to this, but perhaps the most potent and also one of the least observed is to be found in the musical clubs of one sort and another which are carrying on the study of music as literature through the winter season. It is impossible at present to state the number of ladies' amateur clubs organized in the United States, but it must be well up towards a thousand, perhaps more. These clubs were first organized for social purposes with a small amount of musical study in connection with them, but many of them have now become very powerful organizations with large memberships and a plentiful associate membership.

In some of them the work still remains desultory and a certain amount of snobbishness prevails in the management, the honors and social prominence being reserved for a few leaders of social position. In most of them, however, a thoroughly democratic recognition of merit prevails, and a sincere study of art for art's sake, or rather for the art-lover's sake, is the keynote of their work. In many of these clubs, during the past season, a systematic course of study has been pursued and the year-books which have come to this office bear the marks of a well considered understanding of the purposes of the study and the means by which it can be accomplished. Naturally, in carrying out a program representing all the important composers, the heavy work of interpretation falls to a comparatively small number of the members of the club since in the nature of the case there are only a few players in each town

with the capacity and taste, as well as leisure for study, enabling them to prepare the important selections desired. When all allowances have been made with respect to the inferiority of the musical interpretations offered at these club concerts, as compared with those of artists, the fact remains that a very great deal of good playing and singing is heard and a fair proportion of the entire works studied are presented to the class in sufficiently good shape to afford them the pleasure of hearing Beethoven, Schumann and the like in a good spirit. An incidental effect of all this preparation has been seen in the classes of many advanced teachers who find themselves called upon to give lessons to a mature class of students who, a few years ago, would have considered themselves beyond the need of further instruction.

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A much larger number of teachers than would generally be supposed are carrying on work of this kind in connection with their own classes. There are several incidental advantages that come to a teacher who undertakes a work of this kind in a sincere and loyal spirit. The first advantage is the greater interest the pupils themselves take in their work, and the higher view they take of the ends to be accomplished by their music study. Under the stress of preparing pieces illustrative of this, that or the other composer, they pursue a more serious class of work than they would otherwise be willing to do, and the entire study takes on a different phase from the current lesson taking. This work also has the further incidental advantage of retaining the pupils longer as students, there being so obviously much more to be learned; and that which they have studied having proved interesting, both in the study and in the performance afterwards, the appetite for good music is increased.

It is apparent also that every circle of this kind, whether amateur club or musical literary club, or clubs especially organized for the study of composers under their own direction, and teachers' classes, exert an influence which is by no means limited to those belonging to them. Each one of the students in these clubs is an active member of a home circle and of a little social coterie of her own, and a great deal of musical enthusiasm bubbles out, whereby many not immediately and

practically concerned in the study begin to recognize its importance and worth.

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I am not so clear as to the sum total of the advantages derived by the country at large from the choral societies here and there. A choral society is a curious thing. All the work you do one year has to be done over the year following. No matter how many times you study the work it is a very long time before the club as a whole is able to take up and sing it without studying it afresh, and in the nature of the case only two or three works are performed in a year, and scarcely half a dozen works in three years of the club life. The consequence is that the musical taste as such is not educated to anything like the extent which would at first have been expected. That these societies afford the members a great deal of pleasure and profitable recreation is undoubted, and when the leader happens to be a man of great personal magnetism, like Mr. William R. Chapman, of New York, or Mr. William L. Tomlins, of Chicago, there is a satisfaction in singing under their batons which only a very superior sort of religion would equal.

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It would be interesting to place on record the sum total of the local orchestra more or less actively engaged in the interpretation of serious music in different parts of the country. These experiments are of all grades and varieties from the Boston orchestra, which at the present time is perhaps the best in the world, the Chicago orchestra, which is certainly intended to be one of the best in the world, the Pittsburg and Cincinnati orchestras, where the standard is also high and constantly improving, down to the most meager assembly of ten or fifteen or twenty instruments eked out with a piano. In a former number of this journal full particulars were given of an orchestra of the latter kind organized by Miss Garland, of Bangor, Maine. This is a type of which there are probably some scores in different parts of the country, and all are very great improvements upon purely pianoforte representations of the works of the great masters.

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The time is not far distant now when we will begin to have

American orchestras, that is orchestras composed of American players and pretty soon I hope directed by American directors. I am not one of those who believe that a German or Frenchman or an Englishman, well versed in art, does this country any damage by coming to exercise his art here and to become the center of an art-loving community; and during the forty or fifty years just passed America would have been in a very unfortunate position musically without the aid of these foreign musicians and leaders. Nevertheless, all things have a limit. When these German players get together and make a trades union and bar out American players just because they are Americans, then I am not with them, and it would afford me great pleasure to find the tables turned, and our piggish friends themselves left for a while with their front feet outside the trough.

As far as conductors go of course we are very deficient in Americans with capacity and routine experience for the task. It has been practically impossible for an American to gain any kind of a position as conductor of an orchestra. The chorus has been his only opportunity. We have, however, a number of young musicians who have undergone the routine and are really capable; such men as Mr. George W. Chadwick, Mr. Arthur Weld and of course our German-American friends like Mr. Van der Stucken and Mr. Damrosch, both of whom, while born in America, are perhaps more German than American, although this is a nice point which could be corrected later on. In the nature of the case, however, as fast as young players come to the front there will be among them here and there one with a capacity for directing, and in the absence of a salary attractive to our mature and governing friends, the position will be left to the innocent American, who will perhaps develop himself and become a man of mark, and so one after another we will have orchestras in the smaller cities composed mostly of American players and led by American artists. In the nature of the case a leader of this kind is under certain danger and will need an unusual amount of tact. The German musician brings to his work the tradition of German schools, and while he sees everything through German spectacles which have a curious polarization of musical values, they nevertheless insure at least a certain standard of selections. The new and untried may fair hardly at the hands of such a

man, but the classical and well established are sure to get a hearing. All of which is on the way of progress.

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Nothing strikes me more forcibly than the amount of serious and earnest work being done by the piano teachers in many of the smaller places. You will find gentlemen and ladies teaching the piano in small towns who are themselves more than respectable players, and who are really enthusiastic for good music. Sometimes they have the tact to surround themselves with a band of music lovers and become in fact missionary centers in the towns where they work. In other cases they lack the organizing ability, and the good they do is merely accidental and in the course of their private lessons. A few of their finer pupils have a like enthusiasm kindled in them. It is very fortunate in a case of this sort if some older music lover in the town, with a certain amount of social position and organizing capacity, happens to recognize the musical talent of the young teacher. In such a case both working together can accomplish very much more than either will do alone.

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At the present time an effort is being made to federate the women's clubs, and to place them more or less under the management of a central organization for the purpose of systematizing their work somewhat, and especially with a view of facilitating the selection and engagement of artists of different grades, for recitals and musical performances under the auspices of the club. The resources and requirements of these organizations are of the most varied character. In a little prairie town, there may be a club of this sort with eight or ten members, of which perhaps not more than one or two play the piano moderately well, and perhaps two or three are singers. Naturally, when the club is so small, it is not easy to conduct its work along the lines of the higher kinds of music, the proper performance of which imperatively demands a pretty good technic and a certain amount of musical experience. Still, it is evident that in the driest possible of these small towns a small club might be the one saving element of the life there upon the art side, and, in the absence of good performing technic on the part of the members, they would

be driven to make their studies of the higher pianoforte music through the medium of four-hand arrangements. In the case of concert pieces and orchestral compositions these four-hand arrangements are now to be had and of moderate difficulty. There is also a large supply of compositions written originally for four hands at the piano; occasionally a good violin is to be found in such a place, which will still further diversify the music of the occasion.

At the opposite extreme of this are such clubs as that in Chicago, where the membership includes probably twenty ladies capable, any one of them, of playing a fairly acceptable recital; and many of them experienced in chamber music. In such cases the club suffers through what might be called an embarrassment of riches, since the number of performing members is so great that it is by no means an easy matter to apportion the duties fairly among them.

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The same inequalities of demand and possibility meet us when we come to select artists for giving recitals before the clubs. The small towns, in some cases, are able only with difficulty to pay a fee of \$25 for a recital, or \$25 and expenses, and perhaps an undertaking of this sort might occasion almost as much anxiety and heavy financeering as raising a church debt. Everything has to be started and in the first few recitals, in a place where there has been no previous experience of the sort, and where the taste of the money members of the community runs to two-steps and music hall songs, it is a little difficult to harmonize their enjoyment with the artistic ideals of the club. Handel and Bach, as well as Beethoven, died wholly ignorant of the noble art of writing two-steps; and Mr. Schubert, in spite of his wide experience in song writing, never made a hit with the music halls. At the other extreme from these small places are such clubs as exist in all the large cities, where it is an easy matter for them to pay, upon occasion, an artist's fee even as high as \$1,000, if the artist's drawing power is equal to this amount.

It has been proposed with reference to these small towns that amateur artists might be selected and sent out at small fees from the large central clubs, which are so rich in talent, and no doubt something of this sort will be done, and if well

done at least a temporary benefit will result. The ranks of amateur pianists now contain a great number of enthusiastic musicians, some of whom have very superior performing ability, take their part seriously and play with ideality and fine musical expression.

My advice to all the clubs of medium size and over, that is to say, in towns of thirty thousand people and upwards, is not to make the mistake of striking too low in selecting artists for their public occasions. If there is a club membership of twenty or twenty-five, it will not be difficult, by a well organized effort, to place tickets for a first-class artist by an advance subscription, aggregating for instance \$150 or \$200. A fee of this sort will enable them to procure an artist like Mr. Godowsky, who represents two elements in themselves rare, and particularly desirable for the club in the early stages, because in this that we might call the popularization of piano music and song, the first thing to do is to make an impression, and this demands a certain incisiveness on the part of the artist; and it is greatly facilitated if the artist is also of a particularly masterly kind. The uncultivated hearer who listens to a really superior artist's performance of a sonata or a Greig ballad, may not, indeed, get out of it all there is in it; but the mastery of the performance will appeal to him, and the clearness with which the different moods of the music are defined and brought out will inevitably make an impression upon him.

The same observations hold when applied to other artists, such as Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Libeling and other experienced pianists. When they come to the performance of a program of classical music, they bring to it an experience of twenty or thirty years of public work, and, provided they have been able to keep their enthusiasm fresh, their performance will be both incisive and inspiring. There are in the community at large probably eight or ten artists of this calibre who could be secured at an aggregate expense of less than \$150.

In the line of singers unfortunately, it will not be so easy to do the work required. Our supply of cultivated singers is unfortunately small. Owing to the hurry of the American woman to get before the public and the faulty vocal methods too often encountered in the early stages, and their neglect of the serious study of music as such, few of our singers are to be mentioned upon the same plane as the instrumental ar-



tists that I have referred to. I have always been hoping that this statement would need revising, but as yet the singers do not seem to appear. There are a few like Mrs. Katherine Fisk, Mrs. Julia Wyman, Mrs. Johnston-Bishop, and best of all that charming singer, Marguerite Hall; and such men as George Ellsworth Holmes, Charles Clarke, Mr. George Hamlin, and Mr. Carberry, all of whom are capable of giving enjoyable performances of songs covering a wide range; and what is more to the point, most of these artists could be secured for recitals before musical clubs at an expense probably little, if any, more than \$100.

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It is feared by many musicians that the work of these ladies' musical clubs will expend itself without good results; that a sort of amiable faddism will be its characteristic note and the ladies will hold their meetings and have a nice sweet time and hear a lot of sweet talk about music, with all the necessary fluffiness, without leaving any more serious impression upon the community at large than a soap bubble. There is something in this idea, and there is a certain line of work in connection with these clubs now going forward which is open to this criticism. I mean now that whole list of lecturing and talking about music which follows those persistent feminine ideals, the syllabub and the candied fruit. It is so easy for a woman gifted with a fine presence, a melodious voice, an angelic disposition (when she isn't crossed), fond of music and well gowned (for nothing gives so solid a foundation as this), to stand before an audience and talk amiable iridescence with alleged application to music; a little poetry on the side, occasional references to Raphael and other well known painters, with a background of angels, sunsets and halos. If her audience is properly selected, the impression at the end of the effort will be that of having experienced something "quite too sweet for anything." But its value as an explanatory medium for musical art or as an inspiring incitation to serious study of music will be not only absolutely nothing, but worse than nothing. It is the case of the soap bubble again, which, when it bursts, leaves behind it nothing; but at the same time you are "out" a certain amount of soap, which you never get back.

The candied fruit ideal leads to a slightly different produc-

tion, the enjoyment of moonbeam and halo being rather less, and for stiffening or as a basis for the saccharine crystallization, a few facts are usually taken, just as they put a string in the kettle for the rock candy to crystallize upon. In this way certain facts about composers, epochs, important compositions, and the like, are administered in a sugar-coated way, often very pleasantly, to the patients and without perceptible harm to their musical health.

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It needs to be remembered that the fundamental thing for any musical club to do is to truly study, understand, and fairly enjoy one or more real works of musical art. By enjoy, I mean to experience the thrill and the uplift that belong to great art, and this can only come through actual contact with the work itself. After a certain amount of elementary study of the work and with partial performances, having very much the character of diagrams of the spires and the ornamentation upon the cathedral, ground plans, side elevations, and so on, there comes the time when we confront the completed cathedral—the sonata or the tone poem, whatever it may be, adequately played by an artist. By an artist I mean not simply a performer able to play it easily and prepared to play it well, but a musical personality, an interpreter, with that something in the playing which goes over and fixes itself in the consciousness of the hearer as music, and perhaps even to the complete forgetting of the art of the performer. This in its degree has to come to pass in every musical club and upon a sufficiently large scale to give some idea of the field covered by music. There is a very large literature of tone poems by Schumann, Mendelssohn and Chopin which can be adequately played for all practical purposes without extraordinary powers. Many of our musical clubs contain members able to do these things sufficiently well to give a very fair account of the author's intentions. But for the great landmarks of tone poetry, such as the Schumann "Kreisleriana" or "Phantasie," the larger compositions of Bach, and the last sonatas of Beethoven, higher powers are required; and these will be more rare. Nevertheless, there are a great many players at the present time who, if they took their music seriously and would give themselves a certain amount of experience in playing real master

works to small audiences, would soon be able to do so with intense pleasure to themselves and to their hearers.

In the domain of song, fortunately, the demands are in one sense less, since the small form of the song makes less demand upon the intellectual faculties of the performer than is unavoidable in these very large instrumental forms. Upon the side of the dramatic song, meaning thereby not so much the Wagner roles as the more dramatic of the songs proper, such as the "Erl King," "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel" and the like, there are a few artists who are able to do them in a thrilling manner. One of these is Mme. Marie Brema, who at certain seasons of the year is available for concerts in America, and, I fancy, at prices which are not impossible. Another is that beautiful singer, Mr. David Bispham, and so on. But whoever the artist and whatever the fee, whether large or small, and whatever the size of the club, nothing is of real value and nothing can be said to have actually entered into the original idea and plan of the club work, but such performances of music as bring it home to the listener in the manner I am here describing. While the pretty talk, and all these sweet nothings which make the atmosphere of woman so delightful naturally cluster around the art of music, they are not the real thing. Music itself is deeper, nobler, more lasting, and the clubs will do well if they bear this in mind in their plans for artists and circuits.

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Speaking of the programs of the Chicago Orchestra, the anticipations awakened by the establishment of the chorus have not been realized. For some reason the chorus has distinguished itself more at rehearsals than at public appearances. Last year it sang in a small way twice and this year it has sung these two part-songs from the Mendelssohn "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. There seems to be either a defect in the material or in the training, for as yet there has been nothing serious to show. In this connection our chorus would do well to look at some of the Gewendhaus programs in Leipsic, where the St. Thomas Choir, which is the chorus of the Gewendhaus organization, produces cantatas by Bach and other important old works, and part songs by the best modern writers, such as Brahms and the others. In fact,

when you come to a question of interesting and well-diversified programs, from an artistic standpoint, these of the Chicago Orchestra are not at all equal to those which Mr. Nikisch is giving at the Gewendhaus in Leipsic.

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A point which is criticised is the paucity of solo appearances in connection with the Chicago Orchestra and the neglect of local artists. Take it in the line of piano music, which naturally is the department most studied, and we have in Chicago four or five pianists who ought to be heard in connection with the orchestra about once a year. There is Mr. Godowsky and Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler, who are unquestionably two of the best pianists now before the public anywhere. Mr. William H. Sherwood, who is the most distinguished American pianist we have, a thorough artist with a large following; Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck, a remarkably attractive player and one of the most gifted composers in America, or anywhere else for that matter, and Mr. Emil Liebling, a pianist of sound and musicianly attainments, who has held a foremost position in this city as teacher and in recitals for many years. Either of these gentlemen would take pride in preparing a serious work for performance with the orchestra and there is every reason why this kind of encouragement should be given them.

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The same is true in the department of the violin. We have in Chicago at present at least three fine artists upon the violin and maybe ten, for all I know, but I believe I am sure of the three. At the head, naturally, I place Mr. Bernhard Listemann of the Chicago Musical College, an artist of most distinguished record, who was concertmeister with the Thomas Orchestra many years ago, when he played all sorts of concertos, and who still has a magnificent technic, in which he is excelled by very few. Why is not this accomplished artist to be heard in connection with the Chicago Orchestra, when the conductor knows his worth so well as Mr. Thomas must? Then there is Mr. Max Bendix, who was concertmeister for ten years or more, and who has improved very much in his solo work since he left the orchestra.

He is an artist to be heard with great pleasure by musical organizations anywhere. Much the same is to be said of Mr. Spiering, who was highly esteemed by Mr. Thomas when he was a member of the orchestra, and who certainly has made great advance since he has had his time free to devote to chamber music and to solo practice. There is also Mr. Earl R. Drake, a splendid musician and a violinist with great technique and a beautiful tone. These men are hard workers in the cause of art. They are accomplished artists and musicians and they ought to be recognized. Observe, also, how easily all this would fit in with what I have been saying above. In the twenty-two concerts last year there were probably only about seven or eight when there were solo appearances. Here we have in Chicago, without any expense worth mentioning, five artists not heard with the orchestra last year, and therein five solo appearances for five of the concerts which, under the present system, pass in this leaden silence and endurance of the season's subscribers, waiting for the few occasions when distinguished artists are to be heard. It looks to me as if it would be the plain operation of common sense to make so accessible an addition to the attractions of the season.

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Of course I shall be told that according to Mr. Thomas' idea the introduction of any kind of a solo attraction in a symphony concert impairs the artistic tone and puts the affair on a lower plane. That depends on where you begin to count for your artistic tone. Very naturally, when Mr. Thomas has to "give and take" in accompanying a solo artist he feels that the symphonic repose of his interpretation is somewhat impaired; but if you will watch the audience you will find that it is a very poor artist indeed who does not awaken in them an interest which the orchestral performances, as such, rarely attain.

# NOTEWORTHY PERSONALITIES

## MR. FREDERIC GRANT GLEASON.

On the seventh floor of the Auditorium office building there is a busy music studio, where, around the Knabe grand piano in the centre (like an altar to Apollo Musagetes) the walls are filled with shelves and cabinets, accumulation of music folios and books, while portraits of composers, a diploma of the American College of Musicians, and other insignia of a musical workshop occupy the walls. Here is the business home of one of the best-known musicians in Chicago, Mr. Frederic Grant Gleason.

Of his parentage and preparatory years, Mr. Gleason, in response to a request from the writer, prepared the following pages, which, on account of their unusual interest, are given entire:

"I was born December 18, 1848, at Middletown, Conn. My parents, Frederic L. and Martha W. Gleason, were both enthusiastic amateurs. My father was a banker. The name Grant was given me without reference to General U. S. Grant, who at that time (1848) was practically unknown; but after my grandmother, Clarissa Grant (Gleason), who, like the general, was a descendant of old Matthew Grant, who came to this country in 1630.

"My mother's family, the Willards, were from Horsmonden, England. They came from Normandy with William the Conqueror and our branch came to America in 1630. Major Simon Willard led the colonists against King Phillip. My father's family came also from England about the same time. Though most of my ancestors were musical as far back as we know their personal characteristics, there are no records of professional musicians among them. My parents for a

long time opposed my desire to devote my life to music, but finally yielded and my father sent me to Europe to study.

"The deepest impression was made upon me by a fragment of 'Tannhaeuser,' which fell into my hands about 1865. It was a revelation and I remember saying that I would rather study with Richard Wagner than with any man living; in fact I became an ardent Wagnerite, though the name of Wagner was scarcely known in this country at that time. In 1869 I went to Leipsic, having previously done some preliminary studying with Dudley Buck in Hartford, to which place my parents removed when I was about five years old.



Master Gleason,  
Aged Four.



Master Gleason,  
Aged Seven.

Though Leipsic was intensely anti-Wagnerian at that time, and he was particularly in disfavor at the Conservatory, I took particular pains to let my admiration for the composer be known to those who opposed him most bitterly, and many were the battles I fought in consequence.

"I remained in Leipsic with Moscheles, Plaidy, Lobe, Richter, Dr. Papperitz and Dr. Oscar Paul until the death of Moscheles in 1870, and then went to Berlin, studying there with Prof. A. Loeschhorn, Oscar Raif, August Haupt and C. F. Weitzmann, the latter music director to the Emperor of

Russia; he was then residing in Berlin on his pension. In 1872 I returned to the United States for a short visit, during which time a sacred cantata of my own was produced under



Mr. Frederic Grant Gleason.

my direction at Hartford, with orchestral accompaniment. Returning to Europe I spent some months in London, studying English music; then went to Berlin to continue my study of piano, organ and theory.



"During my first stay in Berlin I had the pleasure of meeting Richard Wagner and hearing him drill the orchestra for performances given under his baton. Particularly do I remember a gala-performance conducted by him and given after the close of the Franco-Prussian war, when the Kaisermarch, among other things, was given before probably the most brilliant audience ever gathered in that city. In the royal box were the old Emperor, Prince Bismarck, the Crown Prince, Prince Frederick Charles, the 'Red Hussar,' the Kings of Saxony, Wurtemberg and Bavaria and all the dignitaries of the new German Empire, if my memory serves. During my stay in Berlin I was of course a member of the Wagner Verein, which did much towards raising funds for the production of the 'Nibelungen.'

"In 1875 I returned to the United States and accepted a position as organist in one of the churches of Hartford, going from there to New Britain, where I had what was then the largest organ in the state.

"I removed to Chicago in 1877. I was made Fellow of the American College of Musicians, and have been a director and examiner of the college from the first. Several times I was re-elected and finally resigned, owing to the press of other business. For about five years I was musical editor of the Chicago Tribune. I was made a member of the New York Manuscript Society soon after it was organized, and was for several years an honorary vice-president of the same. My first orchestral work to be presented in Germany was the Vorspiel to 'Otho Visconti,' at Leipsic in the old Gewendhaus, in 1892, afterwards in other European cities. In 1896 I was elected president of the Manuscript Society of Chicago and president-general of the American Patriotic Musical League in 1897. I received a gold medal of honor from the Associazione die Benemeriti Italiana of Palermo, Sicily, 'for distinguished services in the cause of art.' Many of my works have been produced by the Thomas and other orchestras, and a 'Processional of the Holy Grail,' from an unfinished opera, was produced with several other works of mine, at the Columbian Exposition. The latest extended work, a symphonic poem, 'Edris,' was performed under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas in 1896."

From the foregoing sketch it will be seen how thorough

were Mr. Gleason's preparations for the work of a first-class musician. The twenty years since he came to Chicago have been full of honorable labor, some of the results of which are already indicated in the closing paragraphs of the sketch preceding. Suffice it to say that during this entire time he has been busily occupied in musical composition, and while the opus numbers of his works at present extend only to Op. 24, the magnitude and importance of the compositions gives this apparently insignificant number a wholly unusual meaning; for example, Op. 2 is an organ sonata in C minor; op. 7 an opera in three acts. Opus 16 is the opera "Montezuma," in three acts. There are three trios for piano, violin and 'cello, concertos for the piano and orchestra and the like.

I do not remember of having known a composer so famous whose works are so little known as those of Mr. Gleason. He seems to have inverted the usual order of proceedings. When a man composes a work of musical genius and has it performed or prints it, the critics usually turn upon it and rend it; it is too fat, too lean, too short, too long, too something always, and the more original it is the less they like it; and if it is out and out original, the composer is lucky if he escapes the summary lamp-post. Mr. Gleason's standpoint as a composer is that of a moderate man, admiring the works of Wagner with a generous and enthusiastic admiration, but holding at the same time that the composer of the future will use all this symphonic richness of orchestral work to support real melody, and that the opera of the future will be as melodious as the opera of the past, although perhaps the melody will be of a higher character and will be supported upon a more liberal foundation.

I have taken considerable pains to hear and go through carefully a number of Mr. Gleason's works, and I have found therein a charming lyric quality which often conceals the musical learning underlying them.

The precise force of this can better be seen by examining some of the pieces, especially as such things might be wanted for illustration in concerts of American composers. I therefore recommend the following: Christmas Carol, "All in Heart this Night Rejoices," a very pleasant and well-written carol for Christmas-time for four voices, in the flowing harmony of a musician well schooled in counterpoint, and with

the natural and dignified, but, at the same time, artistic melody which a firm foundation of counterpoint naturally engenders. There is also a very pretty "Evening Hymn," a very good "Te Deum," and an interesting setting of the song, "Thou Art Like a Flower," by Heine, that most enticing of song poems, which almost every composer of the last fifty years has tried his hand upon. This one is published by Summy.

I also listened to several selections from the operas and found them of melodic excellence, sane and satisfactory music such as one can hear with pleasure. For instance, in the second act of "Otho Visconti," there is a duet for soprano and tenor—"As a Token of Our Friendship"—which is very pleasant, and again in the third act, a quartette which is very melodious; one of these, I am not sure which, is published by Clayton F. Summy. In the third act there is a very pretty serenade, "List to Thy Lover's Voice." In his latest written opera there is a beautiful love song, which Montezuma sings just before her death. There is also a very lovely song by the high priestess, "In Sweetest Perfume."

Of these two operas, Mr. Gleason is the author of the music and the words; they belong to the romantic school, and are certainly well worked out in every part. The orchestral scores are very delightful pieces of work, since Mr. Gleason has that characteristic of a great number of really good composers of writing a musical score which is neat and accurate and at the same time with a certain style or individuality. Along one of the walls of the study I noticed a small fire-proof safe, and I wondered whether the receipts of the busy teacher were such as to require a receptacle of this sort for his daily in-take. But, speaking of the operas, he opened a door of the safe and brought out the orchestral score of one of them and then of the other. If these scores were to be destroyed the labor of three years in one and seven in another would be lost; and it would be impossible to recover the works.

I made mention last year of the symphonic poem of Mr. Gleason entitled "Edris," which was played by the Chicago Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Thomas. The work made a very pleasing impression and showed first-class musicianship. Mr. Gleason has in mind the plots and general

plan of three additional operas, one of which he is presently to undertake.

In this persistent pursuit of high musical ideals under the discouragement of rarely hearing the larger works played. Mr. Gleason shows the power of the vocation which has taken possession of him. A composer who composes because he must and because he has something to say, or thinks he has, is the one who eventually succeeds in having something to say, and is heard with pleasure; while he who seeks to please an immediate demand ends with failure.

W. S. B. M.

#### COMPOSITIONS OF MR. FREDERIC GRANT GLEASON.

- Op. 1. Three songs.
- Op. 2. Organ Sonata in C sharp minor.
- Op. 3. Barcarola.
- Op. 4. Te Deum.
- Op. 5. Songs.
- Op. 6. Episcopal Church Music.
  - Gloria in Excelsis.
  - Evening Hymn.
  - Christmas Carol.
- Op. 7. "Otho Visconti," Grand Romantic Opera in Three Acts (Music and Text).
- Op. 8. Four Short Piano Compositions.
- Op. 9. Trio in C minor. (Piano, Violin and Violincello).
- Op. 10. Quartettes for Female Voices.
- Op. 11. Overture Triumphale.
- Op. 12. Cantata, "God Our Deliverer." Solos, mixed chorus and orchestra.
- Op. 13. Trio in A major. (Piano, Violin and Violincello).
- Op. 14. Trio in D minor. (Piano, Violin and Violincello).
- Op. 15. Cantata, "Culprit Fay," solos, mixed chorus and orchestra.
- Op. 16. "Montezuma," Grand Romantic Opera in Three Acts. (Plot, Music and Text).
- Op. 17. Symphonic Cantata, "Praise Song to Harmony." (Solos, male chorus and orchestra).
- Op. 18. Concerto in G minor. (Piano and Orchestra).
- Op. 19. Sketches for Orchestra.
- Op. 20. Symphonic Cantata, "Auditorium Festival Ode,"

for tenor solo, chorus and orchestra, composed for the dedication of the Auditorium, Chicago, and sung by 500 voices.

Op. 21. "Edris," Symphonic Poem for Grand Orchestra after Marie Corelli's "Ardath."

Op. 22. Theme and Variations for Organ.

Op. 23. Psalm LXVII, "God Be Merciful," mixed chorus.

Op. 24. Idylle (organ).

### MR. ROBERT W. STEVENS.

Of this promising young pianist the following appreciative sketch has been sent us by that extremely generous and accomplished artist, Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck:

"One of the best representatives of which our city can boast among the coming musicians is the subject of this sketch. Born here of American parents, brought up on American soil, trained by native-born teachers, who are themselves representative of American art in its highest development, Robert Stevens stands to-day at the threshold of a brilliant pianistic career. This, if fulfilled without accident, will reveal just what a young man without wealth, but having abundant talent, growing up with the best musical influences which our city can afford and entirely restricted to those, has accomplished by self-relying and self-denying perseverance.

"Mr. Stevens was born in 1873 at Joliet, Ill., his parents removing four years later to Chicago, where they have lived ever since. In passing over the customary incidents ascribed to precocious childhood (which might with equal truth be made equally astonishing in this case) suffice it to say that he early revealed an inherent love of music and ability to put it before others. We might have said genius, but Mr. Stevens believes in Bach's maxim that 'diligence is genius,' so we postpone that word, in deference to his views, for application to his later work. His father and mother were both musical, the latter being a sister of Mr. Silas G. Pratt, the former Chicago musician. Mr. Stevens attended public school without receiving particular musical attention until he reached his eleventh year. At that time his uncle, realizing the possibilities before the nephew, undertook his instruction and during the six

years succeeding gave him a foundation in the classics and in technique which made his subsequent work possible.

"In 1889 Robert was given over to the guidance of William H. Sherwood, who came to Chicago in that year. Through that master's eminent example, kindly interest and special at-



Mr. Robert W. Stevens.

tention to him as an assistant teacher, Mr. Stevens was spurred on to great development. He was chosen and progressed to the position of most advanced instructor in the Chicago Conservatory, which position he has occupied five years. In the study of composition with Mr. Frederic Grant Gleason such

progress was made that this teacher, like his others, came to look upon him as having the opportunity of a fine future. At the age of twenty-one he composed a piano concerto of such beauty, strength and symmetry of form that it attracted the especial attention of Mr. Gleason, through whose influence it received two public performances in separate movements. Privately Mr. Stevens received the great honor of playing it complete for Mme. Zeisler, Mme. Carreno and Leopold Godowsky. These artists all gave it warm praise and declared that it had the true ring of creative ability. As a pianist Mr. Stevens was, until three and a half years ago, constantly busy filling engagements for concerts and recitals in this vicinity and other states. His early successes reached a climax in August, 1894, when he appeared as soloist for one of the summer concerts given by the Thomas Orchestra.

He then retired for a thorough course of study with Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, who has had charge of his work for over three years. She has paid him no little attention, and during this last period of his study he has received a course of rugged treatment that will undoubtedly bring out great results before the public. Now she indicates that he is ready for a most important public appearance in orchestral concert. Those who know Mme. Zeisler, her artistic triumphs and conservative estimates, will best realize what her stamp of approval means. It is unnecessary now to mention the qualities of Mr. Stevens' playing, as he will, about the end of January, be heard with the regular Chicago Orchestra in a special concert at Central Music Hall. Those who attend will witness for themselves the results of hardest application worked out upon a sensitive and artistic nature.

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#### FRAU BERTHA MAAS-TAPPER.

It is with pleasure that MUSIC presents a portrait of that well-schooled, accomplished and highly individual musician, Frau Bertha Maas-Tapper, of Boston. Mrs. Tapper was born in Christiana, Norway, and her first piano teacher had been a pupil of Tausig. Later she had several years' training in theory and ensemble work under the famous composer, Jo-

hann Svendsen, and before she had reached the age of fourteen she had played in public the piano part of the Kreutzer sonata of Beethoven and the D major trio. She relates that upon one occasion, when she was about thirteen, the work to be played was this same D major trio, and the 'cellist failed to put in an appearance; not to be deprived of his music so easily, Svendsen and the young girl played their own parts and Svendsen whistled the 'cello part throughout, which very likely would have a little surprised Beethoven if he had been within hearing distance.

For about two years her piano teacher was Madame Grondahl, after which, following the advice of Svendsen, she entered herself at the Leipsic Conservatory; here her piano teacher was Prof. E. F. Wenzel, and in theory she was a pupil of Dr. Oscar Paul and E. F. Richter. At Leipsic she won the Moscheles medal in a contest having sixteen other contestants, playing with pronounced success the Henselt concerto with the Gewandhaus Orchestra. In Leipsic, also, in 1880, she was married to the late distinguished artist and composer, Dr. Louis Maas, and with him came to America the same year. During his life and later she was connected with the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, having large graduate classes.

In 1893, in consequence of a long conversation with Paderewski, she went to Vienna to study with Leschetizky, and became an ardent supporter of his "method," which, upon her return to Boston, she introduced in her teaching, and partly through the merit of her work, the present director of the conservatory, Mr. George W. Chadwick, has secured for the school another celebrated exponent of the system, in the person of the pianist, Mme. Helen Hopekirk.

Mrs. Tapper has lately spent a second year with Leschetizky and now teaches in Boston only in private. She has bi-weekly classes, in which ensemble numbers and solo works are given. The repertory includes the best specimens of the classical and romantic repertory. Mrs. Tapper has always been very popular with her pupils, as well as with the public. Her marriage with the well-known theorist and author, Mr. Thomas Tapper, took place in 1893.





Mr. Peter C. Lutkin.

## MR. PETER C. LUTKIN.

The accompanying portrait of Professor Peter Christian Lutkin, of the Northwestern University, is that of a Chicago boy who, at the age of nine, became a member of the boy choir of the Rev. Canon J. K. Knowles, in the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul. Having a fine voice he was advanced as rapidly as possible and was probably the first boy in the west to sing the oratorio solos in public. His musical education went forward in every direction, and at the age of twelve he was assistant and at fourteen chief organist in the same church. He was one of the first organ students with Mr. Clarence Eddy in Chicago, a pupil in theory with Mr. Fred G. Gleason, and in piano of Mrs. Regina Watson. In 1881 he went to Berlin, and studied piano with Raif and with Haupt upon the organ and Bargiel for theory. He was the only foreigner of a class of twenty-four admitted to the composition department of the Academy of Arts in Berlin. In 1882 he went to Vienna, where he was a member of the Leschetitzky school, and the year following he was with Moszkowsky in Paris, studying piano, theory and composition.

Upon returning to America, in 1884, he became organist of St. Clement's Church, also under the rectorship of Canon Knowles; from this post he went to St. James in 1891, where he remained until June, 1897. He was head of the theoretical department of the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago several years, and in 1891 was made Dean of the School of Music of the Northwestern University, where he still remains.

It will be seen from the above that Mr. Lutkin is a thorough musician, well-schooled in all departments, but especially strong in church music. He is a quiet, business-like gentleman, who conceals beneath this unassuming exterior those solid traits of character and understanding which give a man influence among his fellowmen.

## MR. ANTHONY STANKOWITCH.

Those who have lately frequented the Virgil Clavier School in Chicago have probably encountered the quiet gentleman whose portrait appears in this connection. Although foreign in stock as well as in name, Mr. Stankowitch is of American



Mr. Anthony Stankowitch.

birth. His musical education he received abroad, mainly at the Leipsic conservatory. Leaving Leipsic he journeyed to Vienna, where he was a pupil with Professor J. Dachs, commonly mentioned as the master of De Pachmann. In theory his teacher was the late celebrated Anton Bruckner. Since re-

turning to America Mr. Stankowitch has made many public appearances as concert pianist and in recitals.

Becoming dissatisfied with the methods by which his European studies had been directed, Mr. Stankowitch turned his investigations in other directions, and quite naturally hit upon the Virgil principles as those embodying an element of certainty and precision which had hitherto been lacking. For several years, therefore, he has been actively engaged as teacher of this system, and is now connected with the Virgil school in Chicago. Personally Mr. Stankowitch is a gentleman of sterling and attractive qualities. He has not yet appeared in public in Chicago, either upon the piano or upon his favorite instrument, the clavier. But this is another story.

# THE QUINTESSENCE OF WAGNERISM: A REJOINDER.

BY HOMER A. NORRIS.

I am so vitally interested in the special branch of music study regarding the structure of music that I was more than gratified upon opening the November number of *MUSIC* to find an article on "The Quintessence of Wagnerism;" but, for this same reason, I am impelled to take issue with much that the article contains. I cannot easily let statements pass which seem so misleading as do many in this paper by Mr. Spencer. I quarrel only with his analysis, or self-admitted lack of analysis, of the harmonic content of "Tristan."

Not long since, one of America's best-known composers made the statement that there is no system of theory which enables a student to analyze the opening measures of "Tristan" so clearly and comprehensively as does the French. By analysis he meant not only chord-analysis, but the relation of chords one to another—tonality.

Mr. W. F. Apthorp, in a signed article in the "Boston Transcript," wrote: "One can say emphatically that French theorists have decidedly surpassed their German colleagues in the logic and clearness with which they have set forth the fundamental principles of the art." Later in the same article, in referring to "altered chords," he wrote that their theories of these chords, compared with Richter's, showed that "order and clarity had been introduced into what was once a most perplexing muddle." This system (the French) teaches that the three most-often used forms of the "Augmented sixth chords" are but altered dominant harmony, subject to the few rules governing any and all dissonant chords. These chords appear with the fifth in the bass, and chromatically lowered. The three forms in G, the dominant of C, would be:

with root.	with root omitted.	minor ninth with root omitted.

This is the simplest possible theory, yet it covers the ground. These chords appear almost never upon the dominant of the principal key, but on the dominant of its dominant—so that an augmented sixth-chord coming in the key of C would have D<sub>4</sub> for its root, with fifth in the bass. No one would call the second of the following chords unusual:



The altered chord on the dominant of the dominant, which Mr. Spencer in his second example calls "A strange combination of tones," and asks: "What on earth is the meaning of that odd chord in the second measure?" Such naivete would be pleasant were it not misleading. There is nothing "strange" about a dominant seventh chord with its fifth lowered, borrowed from a key so closely related as that of the dominant! Nor is there anything "odd" about a progression as old as Bach, and which has been the common property of every composer since his time—as common, say, as the word "beautiful" in the poet's vocabulary—and which has been employed in precisely the same way, notation, key-relation and all, by Mozart, Spohr, Beethoven, Schumann, Cherubini, Mendelsöhn, Berlioz, Gounod and everybody else; it is as much of a commonplace to-day as is the dominant seventh or the dominant ninth chord. So Mr. Spencer's statement that "Hardly any possible progression could more forcibly annihilate a rule that has been universally accepted" is most surprising and utterly misleading. This progression follows the most elementary laws governing the resolution of dissonances. The matter of notation—chord spelling—need hardly be discussed; key-relationship determines that. Imagine the F sharp in Ex. 2 notated G flat! The first example he cites and which he finds so "puzzling" is precisely the same chord in relation to the key of A minor, and resolves in precisely the same old familiar way. For those who would like to look into this matter still further I refer to "Practical Harmony on a French Basis," Pt. 2, pages 60 to 76, where this chord is treated at much greater length than is possible here.

Mr. Rupert Hughes, in a recent article in Godey's commended an American composer because he had used consecutive fifths with happy results. Now consecutive fifths are "not good," not because text-books say so, but because composers have learned that the succession is disagreeable: it is the musician who makes the text-book—the text-book never makes the musician. If consecutive fifths, or any other succession which under ordinary conditions produce a bad effect, be so introduced that the effect is good, of course the objection is at once removed. It is a common saying of the theorist that "There are consecutive fifths which are not fifths." That is what Mr. Hughes meant—the fifths "sounded well." Now, Mr. Spencer is again misleading when he writes, regarding fifths: "He (Wagner) sets aside the first postulate of the theorists—one as important to harmony as the axiom that a stright line is the shortest distance between two points is to geometry." No greater "purist" ever composed than Cherubini, and his treatise on counterpoint places him at the head of "theorists," yet he uses the following fifths repeatedly:



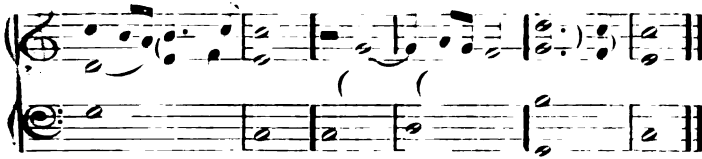
and it is given as a rule that they may be freely introduced between the lower voices. No one who had any regard for the propriety of technical language would ever criticise the above as fifths.

Every great composer has used consecutive fifths with good effect. The string of fifths in the Bach D minor organ toccata and fugue is notorious. No musician would ever speak of the following in Elizabeth's Prayer from "Tannhaeuser" as "fifths:"



This succession is perfectly "correct" if one understands the laws governing the introduction and resolution of altered chords. And there is a long category of so-called "contra-

puntal fifths," fifths which occur either as passing notes or in the resolution or preparation of dissonance, and which are analyzed as though they had already gone to the note of resolution, which are used and used freely by the purist writers. The following are some of them:



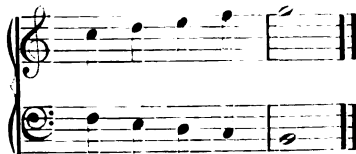
Wagner is no innovator in his use of these successions, and the example on page 56, although "modern" in its shifty chromatic harmonies, is not unusual on account of the "parallel fifths plainly in sight;" they are in sight only—never heard.

Again Mr. Spencer writes: "The following form of interrupted resolution, used frequently in the working-out, is ingenious:"



"Ingenious!" Dear Lord! Then were all the rabid classicists of the olden time as ingenious, because the device is as old as the oldest treatise on counterpoint that exists.

It is permissible, even in strict counterpoint, to have two voices move in contrary motion diatonically till they reach a point of repose; and this without regard to ensuing dissonance:



Mr. Spencer's final illustration is but an extension of this rule applied to the chromatic scale:





How would Mr. Spencer reconcile the statements on page 54 to the effect that after taking out passing notes the chords are "just as puzzling as before," and that he finds "this method will not offer an adequate solution," with his statement on page 56, where he claims that the progressions are "inscrutably scientific," and speaks of music as having been "converted into an exact science governed by abstract formulæ?"

The statement at the foot of page 54, when he speaks of "the upward resolution of the seventh of a dominant seventh" as "A crime never tolerated in the history of music, and scarcely heard of even," is too ridiculous to discuss. Such upward resolutions can be produced by the yard.

The reference to the chromatic scale is equally primitive. There is such a difference between really knowing things and knowing something about things!

I do not find, in analyzing Wagner, that "old traditions are subtly disregarded." I find them only developed, or extended, in order better to express a later time than Beethoven's. I find Wagner beginning where Beethoven left off, and developing with the corresponding activity in all mental life. Verdi did much the same. Instead of teaching that Wagner "broke rules" it is better to understand how he extended them; to suggest that the young composer may express himself in any versification so long as climatic effects are gained, is dangerous; far better to first carefully regard the classics, as Wagner did.

It is told of a celebrated teacher that "once upon a time" a young man brought for his inspection an original composition. Going carefully over the manuscript he pointed to passage after passage where traditional precepts were disregarded. For each and every one the young composer produced a parallel from the works of a great composer. At the end the master passed back the manuscript with the words: "You have all the faults of all the composers."

# MUSICAL CLUBS

## AN EVENING WITH AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

Owing to the composite character of our American civilization in which so many different nationalities are mingled, several of which maintain as long as possible their own language and customs, there is a certain crudity in the national life and a want of ripeness which as yet has prevented the development of what properly can be called an American school of musical composition. Almost all our composers have been educated in Germany, many of them at Leipsic, and their compositions do not differ in a striking degree from those of good German composers. Minor traits of individuality and differences of imaginative scope are noticeable and afford marks of distinction; but essentially considered there has been very little music composed in this country which is at the same time good and so characteristically American that it could not have been produced under any other circumstances. Nevertheless, there have been at least two American composers who are characteristically American and could not have been produced under any circumstances different; and a number of others in whom the American traits are well defined.

The two American composers of original and characteristic genius are the late Louis Moreau Gottschalk and the famous marching John Philip Sousa. As the compositions of Mr. Sousa have shown themselves able to take care of themselves, and as his popularity needs no assistance from this quarter, I will consider his case first, and say that in this son of an Italian father and a German mother, born and raised in the city of Washington, D. C., we have a thoroughly characteristic American, in whom different hereditaries mingle in a curious way and give rise to a certain originality of temperament and style. While Mr. Sousa, from his career and probably by his natural temperament, has naturally taken the position of a popular composer, he has done so almost entirely in consequence of the inherently popular character of the music he has turned out, which, for striking rhythm and melodic piquacy, has taken the ear not alone of the United States but of the whole

world, his marches being widely played in all foreign countries, where they are received with the liveliest demonstrations of approval. In fact, very much the same kind of mild excitement that a chic American girl awakens in a foreign reception, the band music of Sousa affords to the travel-worn palates of European bandmasters. It stirs them up and gives them a new sensation. It is a mistake, therefore, to speak of this artist in terms implying an unwillingness to classify him among serious composers. He is entitled to a very honorable place among those who have loved their fellow-men so well that they have made them feel good.

In the year 1829 our two first American pianists were born: Louis Moreau Gottschalk in New Orleans, and William Mason in Boston. The heredity, environment and training of these two men were as different as it is possible to imagine. Gottschalk was the son of a German who came to New Orleans by way of England, and in this country married a French woman. New Orleans at that time was practically a French city, and the French language was very largely spoken in the family life. The boy, Louis Moreau Gottschalk, showed talent for music at the earliest possible age and made a number of public appearances of a very interesting and creditable kind, and by the age of thirteen, when he was sent to Paris to go on with his education, he had already established quite a little reputation. In Paris he was educated under the late Charles Hallé and Stamaty, and in 1844, at the age of fifteen, he produced his first two works, called ballads, "Ossian" and "The Dance of the Shades." His concert career in Europe began in 1846, when he was seventeen years of age and he gave a series of concerts at the Italian Opera in Paris in which he was associated with the celebrated Hector Berlioz.

He made a genuine furore as pianist, and Berlioz, in charmingly turned phrases, speaks of him as follows:

"Gottschalk is one of the very small number who possess all the different elements of a consummate pianist—all the faculties which surround him with an irresistible prestige, and give him a sovereign power. He is an accomplished musician—he knows just how far fancy may be indulged in expression. He knows the limits beyond which any liberties taken with the rhythm produce only confusion and discord, and upon these limits he never encroaches. There is an exquisite grace in his manner of phrasing sweet melodies and throwing off light touches from the higher keys. The boldness and brilliancy and originality of his play at once dazzle and astonish, and the infantile naïveté of his smiling caprices, the charming simplicity with which he renders simple things, seem to belong to another individuality distinct from that which marks his thundering energy; thus the success of M. Gottschalk before an audience of musical cultivation is immense."

His first American tour was made in 1853-4. Then ensued a time

of travel in the West Indies, but in 1862 he was back in New York again and his American tours lasted until 1869, when he went to South America, where he died at the comparatively early age of forty.

There is a disposition at the present time to undervalue the work of Gottschalk. He was a melodist pure and simple, and his distinction from an American standpoint consists in his having given a new note to his music by availing himself of the rhythms and characteristic cadences of negro, creole and Spanish nationalities in the southern United States and Central America. At the present time of the pianistic day, when very little attracts attention unless it is very difficult, it seems incredible that works so simple in their nature as those of Gottschalk could have attracted the attention they did; but there is more in this simplicity than at first sight appears, even if we admit that from a critical standpoint the introductions and endings are entirely too long for the matter they contain. Gottschalk himself had a way of doing them which made them seem extremely significant, and when he came to the melody itself it was played with such a delicacy and such a masterly touch that it seized the attention and concentrated the interest to a remarkable degree. Harmonically considered, almost all his works are within rather narrow limits, but as compared with the French composers of the day when his works made so much furor in Paris, Gottschalk has nothing to apologize for, since his music has a charm and a distinction of originality superior to almost all of that time or the present.

Many of the things with which Gottschalk made a great effect in his concert tours would not have been composed if he had lived thirty or forty years later. I mean now his four hand arrangements of the overture to "William Tell" and "Oberon." These are extremely brilliant and sensational arrangements, and are well worthy the attention of boarding schools and clubs desiring something out of the ordinary way. It was his custom, in his concerts, to play the upper part himself while the best available local performer played the other part. This gave most of the melody and all of the brilliant work to the masterly fingers of the pianist himself.

The poetic thread or suggestion underlying many of his pieces is very slight. Nevertheless it is not without value. Take for instance the beautiful "Marche de Nuit," a piece which opens with six lines of introduction, amounting practically to an excellent study of crescendo, the idea being to show the effect of the march music in the extreme distance and its gradual approach. At length we come to the march itself, and it is a pleasant and agreeable melody and the difficulty of the whole is no more than is now well within the powers of a pupil in the early fifth grade. The famous "Last Hope" is well known to all, and is one of the most persistent melodies which any American composer has produced in instru-

mental music. The introduction and the coda are both much too long, and can only be saved by a certain distinction in the manner of performing them. I made a notice in these columns last month of what Mr. Wolfsohn said, that such was the charm of Gottschalk's personality and touch that everything he played impressed itself and you remembered it a very long time. Dr. Mason tells me that in these pianissimo runs in alt, which abound in so many of his works, Gottschalk's fingers were like little steel hammers, the tone being perfectly clear and like a bell, but not pianissimo in the true sense of the term.

It seems puerile now that in his concerts Gottschalk could have made an effect with his famous piece, "The Banjo," which is a very realistic transcription of a negro banjo performance, the banjo effect on the piano in his case, I think, having been accomplished by the touch, whereas many others find themselves obliged to lay a sheet of music on the strings in order to impart to the vibrations the peculiar twang of the original.

Another and more favorable example of his talent is in the beautiful "Slumber Song," which can be had for voice or for piano alone. There is another class of pieces by Gottschalk which seem very peculiar at the present time. They are the rather loud and somewhat difficult concert fantasies called the "Bamboula," or "Negro Dance," and "Jerusalem," the latter being made upon certain melodies in Verdi's "I Lombardi." Another piece of his which made a great effect in his concerts and was a general favorite of students was the "Eolian Murmurs," a pleasant melody with a lot of fine pianissimo work to represent the murmurs. Speaking of the misleading effect of the Gottschalk performances, I will mention that the well known piece, "The Dying Poet," was played by him many and many a time in public, to the great pleasure of the audience, but before we gather up stones to throw at the American concert audiences of the early '60s, let us not forget that within the last few years audiences have shown themselves equally vulnerable to the charm of Paderewski's Minuet, a work in no respect superior to the slightest of our American pianist. In this case, as in the former, it is a question of the personality and appealing nature of the performer.

The other American pianist produced in the year 1829 had a totally different heredity, environment and education. William Mason also showed his talent at an early age and was seriously taught the piano under the direction of his father, the late very distinguished and eminent Dr. Lowell Mason, who at that time and for about twenty years later, exerted a most commanding influence in Boston and the country at large. Mason's advance was so rapid that by the time he was thirteen or fourteen or a little later, he appeared in public with orchestra in Boston, playing the Mendelssohn G minor concerto, and I think he had played the

Weber Concertstück. In the season of 1846 and 1847 he played the piano part in the chamber concerts given by the Harvard Musical Association. In 1849 he went to Leipsic and became a pupil in theory of the distinguished Moritz Hauptmann. Upon Hauptmann's death he went to Prague for a year with Dreyschock, and then to Liszt at Weimar. This was in 1851 or thereabouts, and here he remained some time. Returning to America in 1854 he removed to New York and took the commanding position which he has almost ever since occupied as teacher and as concert pianist. While there are traces of American training in the musical compositions of Dr. Mason, these traces are very few, the general character of his work being distinctly German. His musical talent was strong upon the harmonic side, but upon the melodic side his imagination was not so free. He has produced several volumes of compositions, probably about one hundred in all, almost every one being elegantly written and well made, and many of them of a classical elegance of style. His reputation as a composer has suffered from his limiting his work always to the field of the salon and especially to the piano. I believe he has never composed an original song, although he has arranged several which have been very useful indeed. It is as a composer for the piano that we have to speak of him.

The most sensational of the Mason pieces is his famous "Silver Spring," which was composed shortly after the late Scandinavian pianist, Haberbler, had visited Weimar and had played many brilliant effects of running work upon the piano, in which the hands were used "interlocking," as it is called; that is the left hand taking now and then one or two notes of the run. This method of dividing up a run has the effect of imparting a certain amount of arm element to the touch, whereby the tone becomes considerably heavier and more brilliant. It was thought at Weimar at that time that piano playing would very likely take this direction in future and that the day of running work in the fingers of one hand along had practically passed. Accordingly, Mason experimented in these new effects which Haberbler had suggested, and worked out this piece, the "Silver Spring." As he told me, he first had to find out an accompaniment figure which pleased him, and then to discover in which chords it would go most easily, because the location of the black keys with reference to the white plays a very important part when the hand has to fall in its place in rapid motion. When he had ascertained these points, he then had to consider what key would afford the greatest number of chords of this character, and so at last he came to the key of A and the chords he has in the "Silver Spring." When he had arrived at this point it was necessary to provide a melody and, as the melody had to fit the accompaniment, the melody was made last and in this way he arrived at the seeming "impromptu" of the "Silver Spring." This is his own story to me many years ago, and it may have had a humorous

exaggeration in it, not to be taken too seriously. I mention it because somewhere about the same time when Mason told it to me, I had been talking with Dudley Buck one day and we were speaking of Mason with very great admiration, especially for the elegance of his style as illustrated in some of his then recently composed works, such as his "Cradle Song," his two impromptus, "At Evening" and "At Morning," his romance Etude and the like, and Buck said, "If Mason ever had an inspiration it was in that beautiful melody in the 'Silver Spring.' I have arranged a church tune from it and my choir sings it with never failing delight. It will not do to say that Mason has no gift for melody when he has produced a piece like that."

With reference to the trend of piano playing in the direction of this interlocking work, there were several years when it looked as if the Haberbier suggestions would bear no fruit, but latterly in the Tschalkowsky concerto, to some extent, and in the Schytte concerto in C sharp minor, to a very great extent, the interlocking principle is employed.

One of the first of Mason's pieces which attained anything like persistent popularity, was the "Danse Rustique," which, by the way, is one of the best finger studies for piano students in the fourth grade of which I have any knowledge. It is one of those pieces which can always be learned even by a pupil who is not very smart, provided she will practice it carefully and earnestly enough. It is a piece which cannot be played well without very careful practice and which, when well played, produces a good effect. Hence it has a remarkable pedagogic value if the teacher knows when to put it in and how to handle it when it is once there. I may mention in this connection that many years ago, when I was assisting Dr. Mason in the summer classes at Binghamton, it happened in one year that nearly all the pupils had to take one lesson a week of him and one of myself, there not being time enough for him to give all the lessons required. This made it necessary for me to carry out his directions and talk over many points with him, and it was there that I learned the value of the "Danse Rustique" from a pedagogic standpoint, since nearly all these pupils came in with careless habits of practice and the first step was to teach them how to learn a piece and work it up to a reasonable state of preparation. Dr. Mason left the school one week before its ending, leaving me to finish out the work. When he had gone I wrote him that it seemed to me there had been an important omission in his work that year, as I had found two pupils who had not had the "Danse Rustique," and that he had better send me the missing two copies without delay. While this piece makes no very important figure in the aesthetic world, it is by no means a composition to be treated with disrespect. There is a great deal of energy in it and the second subject is very pleasing indeed, and the modulating work in the

middle of the piece, where the elaboration would naturally stand in a serious work, is of considerable range and ingenuity and thoroughly characteristic of the author.

One who wishes to know Mason should study some of the lighter aspects of his productions; and first of these, since it is more nearly related to what I have just now been mentioning, is the "Romance Etude" in G minor. This is a pretty melody, often in thirds, in G minor, lying in the convenient soprano range of the piano. Long runs cross this melody, in Thalbergian manner, from one end of the keyboard to the other, and at times the scale businness gives place to charming arpeggios, figures which transfer themselves from one hand to the other. The scale is a curious minor scale with a sharp fourth and is therefore anything but inviting to the fingers, at first. The effect of the whole, when well played, is very charming, although it is more the effect of a study than of a poem.

Still lighter in their characteristics are his charming and half jocose variations on the old French air, "Ah vous dirais-je mam-mam," better known in school circles of my time as "Haste thee, Winter, haste away." There is a very playful effect in these variations and in the title Mason calls them "Variations Grotesques," but when he sent a copy to Liszt that amiable critic replied that the word "grotesque" had no place in piano playing; that they should properly be called jocose, or something of that sort.

Thoroughly interesting in every way is the remarkable series of duets for teacher and pupil. Here are eight little nursery melodies, which at the time these variations were composed were among the best known in this field, and the pupil, supposed to be a small child, plays them generally with one hand alone, or with both hands in octaves, very rarely in parts. The teacher meanwhile adds the harmonies, and wonderfully interesting and highly diversified harmonies they are. And in the same line with these are two other pieces which were originally written for the Mason and Hoadley Method for Beginners; a march in which the pupil plays under the five fingers entirely, while the teacher adds the most strange and diversified harmonies, and a waltz, in which the pupil still has nothing more than five finger positions to deal with. I consider these pieces superior to anything of this kind that I have ever seen, in point of cleverness and harmonic wit.

It would be a mistake, however, to dismiss the work of Dr. Mason with these half jocose illustrations of his genius. He has a very elegantly written "Berceuse," which if very well done produces a lovely effect. A trifle more flexibility in the melody would have been an advantage, but it is a beautifully made piece and is well worthy attention. He has also a ballad of very considerable dramatic force, and I have always been fond of his "Reverie Poetique," which is very much in the style of Henselt. A melody, with-



out a great range but running in two parts upon rather diversified harmonies, constitutes the first part of this piece, and it is afterwards developed or varied in double notes, which are principally sixths, in a very lovely manner. The only drawback, aside from the difficulty of playing it well, is the length to which it is spun out. Undoubtedly it is a little monotonous, owing to the same motive coming over so many times. On the other hand, however, it pretends at the start to be nothing more than a poetic "revery," and it has the character of a revery—something which dwells and muses and perhaps never arrives. I mentioned before two reveries called "In the Morning" and "At Evening." The first of these is a very clever study and both are well worth playing.

The works of both these composers have a distinct and pronounced pedagogic value, but in wholly different directions, and both appeal principally to American pianists. The Gottschalk pieces now are mainly used in the earlier stages of instruction for forming good melody habits. They appeal to the poetic sensibility of the players who as yet are hardly ready for Chopin or any of the more elaborate composers. Dr. Mason's works, especially those I have here mentioned, appeal upon the opposite side to the harmonic sense, and to the sense of working out a theme with good consistency and persistency. While the Gottschalk pieces improve the style of melody and the sparkle of the playing, the Mason pieces conduce to system and regularity in study and to a serious and careful treatment of the left hand part as well as the right, and they have in them some of that quality which belongs to nearly all the works of Bach, when undertaken by students: they promote seriousness and musical feeling.

Hence I propose the following program as on the whole affording a good idea of the works of these composers:

#### PROGRAM.

Gottschalk-Weber:

Overture to "Oberon." Four hands.

Mason:

Amitie pour Amitie. (Available for four hands if preferred.)

Air and Variations Grotesques. "Ah Vous Dirais-je Maman."

Spring Dawn Mazurka.

Reverie Poetique.

Gottschalk:

Marche de Nuit.

The Banjo. (Negro Sketch.)

Song, "Slumber On."

Mason:

Eight Duets for Teacher and Pupil. (Ditson Co.) Four hands.

March and Waltz for Teacher and Pupil. Four hands.

Gottschalk:

Aeolian Murmurs.

The Last Hope.

Mason:

Reverie, "Au Matin."

The Silver Spring.

Gottschalk-Rossini:

The Overture to "William Tell." Four hands.

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#### CLUB NOTES.

The Amateur Musical Club and the Fortnightly Club of Belvidere, Ill., had a complimentary recital December 9, 1897, at which the principal features were harp solos by Miss Blanche Dingley, organ pieces by the organist of the church, Mr. Edouard Jones, and some singing by Mrs. Omar H. Wright and Mrs. Caroline Nutting-Stone. The harp selections consisted of "Im Fruehling," by Schuecker, "Fantasie," Saint-Saens; "Les Adieux," Godefroid; "Schlummerlied" and "Mazurka," by Schuecker, "Serenata," Moszkowski-Schuecker, in addition to which the concert closed with an ensemble number, an "Ave Maria," arranged upon the Intermezzo of "Cavalleria Rusticana," for harp, voice and organ. After the recital there was a reception.

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Miss Julia K. Barnes of Rockford, Ill., is endeavoring to form a library for the use of the Mendelssohn Club of that city. This club has been extremely well managed and useful, and has lately moved into a fine hall of its own. Miss Barnes desires that a good pipe organ should be placed in the hall and in a local paper makes the following suggestions to the members in regard to additions to the library: "I have a plan to 'project' which I think will meet with the cordial approval of those who believe in the best musical literature as promoter of the art; and that a club needs a reference library. Acting in this belief, I shall make out a list of such works, and have it published in next Sunday's Star for the benefit of those liberal ones who wish to select a volume or two to present to the club. Please notify me by telephone or mail which books are chosen, in order that they may be marked off the list." This manner of forming a nucleus of a library would be practicable in many places.

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The Ladies' Thursday Musical of Minneapolis continues its activity in a highly creditable way. The programs would do credit to any organization and as an example of something out of the ordinary may be mentioned their entertaining the eminent pianist, Mme. Carreno, who played a very lovely program, beginning with the Walenstein Sonata and ending with a very curious combination of pieces: the Beethoven Rondo, Op. 51, No. 2, "Bird as Prophet," by Schumann, and the Campanella, by Paganini-Liszt.

# THINGS HERE AND THERE

## LONDON LETTER.

Bruno Steindel, the latest juvenile pianist of note, was born in 1890 at Gladbach in Southern Germany, where his father, who is a 'cellist and violinist, holds the position of musical director. The child's talent became evident at the age of two years, and when four years old his training, under his father, commenced with the result that six months later he played two of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" in public. On coming to London about two months ago he appeared before a jury of pianists and critics and his technique, memory and sight-reading were tested. His self-confidence and his accuracy strike one most at first, but more remarkable are his shading, his use of the pedal and his power of memorizing. He has so far given, in London, one recital and played the Romanza and Rondo from Mozart's D minor concerto with orchestra at one of the Saturday afternoon concerts at Queen's Hall. Here is the program of his recital: Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 2, Chopin; Etude, Op. 25, No. 1, Chopin; Fantasiestück, Bruno Steindel; Zwei Lieder opus Worte, Mendelssohn; Mazurka, Godard; Tarantelle, Heller. His own composition calls for no comment.

Ferruccio Benvenuto Busoni was born in 1866, near Florence, and began to appear in public when about eight years of age. He studied with Dr. Mayer of Graz, and was appointed professor at the Moscow Conservatoire after winning the Rubinstein prize seven years ago. His home is now in Berlin. At present he is in London with a scheme of six piano recitals, three of which he has already given, at St. James' Hall on the afternoons of November 4, 12 and 26. As a pianist who stands high, Busoni is open to criticism on several points. One of his most noticeable faults is his frequent slackening of speed when approaching a climax (this is sometimes effective, but not always so), or negotiating a particularly difficult passage. Again he at times blurs with the pedal and is apt to "pound." Still there is much to interest in his work, and I have seldom heard Chopin's 12 Etudes, Op. 25, played better (with the exception of No. 11) than he played them at his first recital.

Another pianist not familiar to Londoners is Georg Liebling of

Berlin, who gave two recitals at St. James' Hall November 8 and 15, and will give two more later on. Herr Liebling plays well; beyond that there is little to say. During the second recital (I did not hear the first) he appeared to least advantage in Schumann's *Carnaval*, Op. 9, especially in the Preamble, which he seems to have failed to notice, is marked "quasi maestoso." On the other hand he gave the Ballet-music from "Alceste," Gluck—Saint-Saens, in as dainty a manner as could be desired. He brought forward at each of his first two recitals his Piano Concerto, A major, Op. 22, but as the orchestra part was played on a second piano, it would not be fair to criticise the composition.

The last of the three Richter concerts took place Monday evening, November 1, at Queen's Hall, and being entirely devoted to Wagner, drew a large audience. The name of Mr. Andrew Black, the Scotch baritone, appeared no less than four times on a program of eight numbers; something of a record, all conditions considered. He sang as solos "Wahn! Wahn!" and "Pogner's Auredi" from "Die Meistersinger," and "Wotan's Abschied" from "Die Walkuse," and joined Mdlle. Rosa Olitzka, who possesses a luscious voice, in the scene between "Wanderer" and "Erda," in Act III. of "Siegfried." I have heard Mr. Black sing much better than he did on this occasion and his unfortunate habit of holding his score well in front of his face and seldom lifting his eyes from it, was particularly noticeable in connection with such dramatic music. The greatest vocal success of the evening was won by Marie Brema in the closing scene of "Gotterdammerung." The ambition of this lady seems to be to sing all the female roles in Wagner's operas irrespective of range. Her voice will not last long unless she curbs herself. The feature of the evening was, however, the conducting of Papa Richter. Take him all around I am inclined to say that he is, after all, the greatest living conductor. His memory is phenomenal, particularly as regards Wagner. I wonder what a brain that contains, apparently, the impression of every note that Wagner has written looks like. The purely instrumental numbers on the program were the "Faust" overture and the "Meistersinger" Vorspiel.

That venerable institution, the Philharmonic Society, which is now entering upon its eighty-fifth season, has within the last four or five years, shown marked signs of rejuvenescence; in fact, ever since Sir Alexander Mackenzie was elected to the conductorship. Exactly how much Sir Alexander has had to do with this welcome change I do not know, but the society has certainly adopted a progressive platform. The increase of orchestral music and of orchestras in London during the '90s has been marvelous. At one time the Philharmonic had it mostly its own way and consequently stagnated, but now competition has forced it to energetic effort with the result that its concerts at the present time are well to the fore in popular estimation. This year the directors decided to give

an autumn series of three concerts, in addition to the regular season to follow later, and to make them especially interesting, secured Grieg, Moszkowski and Humperdinck to conduct works of their own, each at one concert. Grieg was to have appeared at the first on the evening of November 4, but, to the disappointment of the audience, was too ill to do so and so Mackenzie had it all his own way. The compositions of Grieg which were given were the piano concerto in A minor, three songs, "Solvieg's Wiegenlied," "Vom Monte Pincio" and "Ein Schwan," and the 1st "Peer Gynt" suite. Frederick Dawson, one of the best of the English pianists, played the concerto, and I was grieved to see an increasing tendency towards the abuse of muscle in his performance. At the second concert Moszkowski was the guest of the evening and was warmly welcomed by a good-sized audience, it being his first appearance here since 1886. The first number on the program of his composition was the violin concerto in C, Op. 30, played by Charles Gregorowitsch (who was making his London debut), a violinist with a soft, smooth tone, accurate intonation and a fine technique, especially in octave work. The other Moszkowski items were from his opera, "Boabdil, der letzte Maurenkonig," which was produced at the Royal Opera, Berlin, in 1891, and which, if I remember rightly, met with but little success. The aria, "Erfüllt mein Sehnen," sung by Mdlle. Olitzka, was not impressive; but one must take into consideration that it naturally lost in effect by being separated from its stage setting. Of the three movements, "Malaguena," "Scherzo-Valse" and "Maurische Fantasie," the first is decidedly the best in rhythm, melody and construction. The last, in spite of the use of the double-bassoon, four trumpets, two harps and five extra drums, falls below the composer's evident intention. Moszkowski can hardly be termed a fine conductor, but he kept his forces together except in one place in the concerto, when there was trouble for a few measures. The numbers which Mackenzie conducted were the Vorspiel to "Der Fliegende Hollander," Recit. and Aria, "Abscheulicher," from Beethoven's "Fidello," sung by Mdlle. Olitzka, and Mozart's so-called "Jupiter" symphony.

The following resolutions of the Philharmonic Society are of interest. July 11, 1895: "That henceforth the Philharmonic Society will adopt the French diapason normal pitch." Nov. 14, 1895: The resolution of July 11 was confirmed. Nov. 6, 1896: "That the Philharmonic pitch be hereby defined as: A 439, Bb 465, C 522 at 68 degree Fahrenheit, at which degree of heat orchestra, organ and piano forte should be in tune together. This is derived from the diapason normal A 435 at 59 degrees Fahrenheit." This means that the new pitch is about half a tone lower than the old.

We are happy again. We did not hear Grieg conduct the Philharmonic orchestra as was promised, but the afternoon of November 22 he gave a recital of his own compositions at St. James' Hall and all of us, amateurs, professionals and critics, who could obtain

tickets, were there; for Grieg is Grieg and whether we disagree with him or he with us he has a distinct individuality. He is not a great pianist nor does he claim to be. He has little strength, but much delicacy and it is most pleasant to hear him play his own tone-poems. The two most important works given were the piano sonata, E minor, Op. 7, and the sonata for violin and piano, C minor, Op. 45, in which he had the assistance of M. Johannes Wolff. M. Wolff's tone was more muffled than usual, owing, probably, in a great degree, to the room being crowded. The only things on the program which were marked "new" were three "Lyric Pieces for Pianoforte; Folk Song, from Op. 66, Ballade, from Op. 65, and Wedding-day at Troldhaugen, from Op. 65." Madame Medora Henson sang nine songs. Grieg is more impressive as a conductor than as a pianist, for in the orchestra he finds, and is able to draw forth, the power which does not lie in his own frail body.

HORACE ELLIS.

London, November 27, 1897.

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#### THE STUDY OF SINGING IN ITALY: AN OPEN LETTER.

Mr. Editor:

You ask me for something anent my more recent experiences in the study of singing in Italy—experiences that have more to do with observing the work of students than with my own studies—and I may suppose the request is made because you consider that my Summer School in Florence may afford me fresh standpoints for observation.

It is not generally good taste for a writer to quote himself, but I must beg indulgence for the following from "Letters of a Baritone": "Now, summing up my experience and observation, it is possible for me to say to you what I stand ready to say to all earnest students of vocal art: As long as Italy is Italy, with her climate, her language and her traditions, the best will come here to take what she has to give them from those resources."

The foregoing was written a dozen years ago, but in these later seasons, when it has been my task to take students over to Florence for summer terms of study, nothing has transpired to change the conviction therein expressed. I may not now ask from you space in which to discuss anew that statement in all its claims and bearings, so I shall only crave your attention to a few words about the place and estimation the Italian language ought to hold in the vocalist's scheme of study.

Musicians are necessarily scholars. Singers are too seldom musicians, and therefore too prone to be generally unscholarly. I am certain that you join me in heartfelt regret that such is the case, for no critic in the land has done more than yourself to endeavor to raise the standard of musicianly ability and broad, general schol-

arship among vocalists. But, the premise being fairly granted, I am before you with a series of questions. Which class of controversialists would, permit me to ask, be likely to advance the most ingenious arguments for or against the Italian School of Singing—the singers or the musical scholars? And who are generally opposed to that school—the singers or the musical scholars? Is it not, in nine cases out of ten, the critic and scholar who is arrayed against it, and has he not, by reason of his implied ability as speaker or writer, a decided advantage in argument over the vocalist? And yet, while the preponderance of subtle and plausible argument is with the musicians—who too often resort to scorn and invective in place of legitimate logic—is not the best vocal work to-day being done by singers trained in the Italian school?

And now, sir, I wish to submit in the plainest terms, that the critics are largely begging the question. They see that many students are disinclined to go, or are incapable of going, more deeply into the general study of music than they are induced to go by their study in Italy or with home instructors in the Italian method. That is enough to set the scholar to deriding and denouncing the results of the method.

It is time for juster and more catholic views to obtain. The vocalist claims that the Italian school is the most natural school of vocal training, but he generally lacks logical power and the requisite command of language to limit his claim to that and to carefully define his position. He should not and does not claim that it is well for the student to confine his work to the acquiring of a repertoire of Italian operas. The scholar, upon the other hand, has no right to condemn the school, because, failing to recognize that its work represents but a phase of an artist's preparation, he sees that the music it utilizes in its processes is of a comparatively low type.

A well-known critic, writing to me concerning some proposed letters from Florence to his journal, cautioned me thus: "Remember that I do not believe in students of singing going to Italy to learn 'Il Trovatore,' 'La Traviata,' and the rest of the conventional Italian repertoire." Of course, I felt myself definitely debarred from the use of his columns after the imposing of such a limitation, because I did and do believe in the study of the stock operas of the Italian repertoire.

But the gist of the whole matter is that such study should be, as I hinted above, valued as a phase (and one of the utmost importance) in the plan of preparation pursued by the singer who is thorough and far-seeing. Let the critic allow that the vocalist who can sing well his roles in "La Traviata," "Il Barbiere," and "Aida," is so much the better fitted to cope with the "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," and "Tristan and Isolde," or with the song-lore of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Beethoven and Brahms, or with the

works of Handel, Mendelssohn, Parry and Dvorak. Then let the vocalist admit that he remains but a child in musical art until he applies to the rendering of such works the facility with which the Italian study has endowed his vocal powers. Those reasonable concessions made and we shall stand upon fair ground for argument.

The Italian training, if a limited process, is still a perfectly logical one. It is simply a case of undertaking the easier things before attempting the more difficult ones. Why need a student use a single vowel before employing words? Because he is not ready in his earlier stages of study to enter upon the confusing complications of enunciation presented by any language. Then, as one language is simpler in its vowels than another, why is it not logical to use the simplest tongue before attempting the complex ones? And again, is it not logical that the student should pass the phase of study represented by the use of that tongue in the country where it is spoken? And if it happens that in that land the climate is favorable for uninterrupted study, and if, as a natural consequence of such a condition, the student is subtly aided by hearing, in both speech and song, generally good models of tone-production instead of generally bad ones, and if, finally, the cost of living and of lessons be there reduced to the minimum—what is the argument against going thither to study?

P. S.—I am perfectly well aware that in Italy there is quite as much charlatanism as anywhere, and therefore it behooves the student to go thither with his taste sufficiently cultivated so that he will know enough to assimilate the good and reject the bad. In other words, he should know first of all things what good singing is, and then his danger of acquiring the faults and extravagances of Italian singers will be slight. The most vicious of these faults is certainly the tremolo—one which no student who has passed the first stages of good training would ever allow to mar his singing. Appending this, I trust my point is made clear, viz., that the properly prepared student of singing will find that the habitual and exclusive use of the Italian language has the greatest value in certain stages of his course, and that such advantage is best compassed by a sojourn in Italy, where he will come to regard the standard operatic repertoire as a solfeggio system upon an extended scale. F. W.

With these observations and queries, I thank you, sir, for your attention, and beg to sign myself,

Yours, for fair-mindedness,

Chicago, Dec. 8, 1897.

FRANCIS WALKER.

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#### RUBINSTEIN AS A TEACHER.

One day in St. Petersburg, when Rubinstein was director of the Conservatory, a young artist came to play for him. As was not



unusual on such occasions, a few of Rubinstein's pupils were present. After playing some pieces of Mendelssohn, Chopin and Schumann admirably enough to make Rubinstein quite enthusiastic, the young man was about to rest on his laurels and take his departure, when Rubinstein, laughing, said: "Oh, hey, my young friend, all that is very good, but one wants something more substantial than hors d'oeuvre and entremets for dinner. One cannot live on love and roses. Give me some Bach, some Mozart, some Beethoven; they will tell me at once what kind of an artist you are."

A frightened look came over the young artist's face. "I have not got Mozart in my fingers," he murmured.

"Then Beethoven," said Rubinstein, looking up with an expression of surprise, the surprise of an artist who had over 800 pieces in his repertoire.

"Will op. 31 do?"

"Excellently, you could not choose anything better; but take an old artist's advice, and commence with a fugue of Bach. Nothing like Bach to steady the nerves after Schumann and Chopin."

"All of us could see that the poor young fellow had not at all counted on playing Bach, but he rendered the prelude and fugue No. 3 of the first book. Rubinstein, seeing the player was nervous, gave a slight grunt of approval; for not only was Rubinstein, when not angry, invariably fair and considerate in his criticism, but he was always ready to make allowance for lack of preparation. We were all glad, however, when the young fellow commenced Beethoven. Before many bars were over Rubinstein's head drooped. Each movement of the sonata was finished in silence. What an oppressive silence that is which means disapproval!

Some of us had, at the beginning, envied the young artist, but we envied him no longer. Technically, there was nothing wrong in his playing; in fact, it was brilliant, finger-perfect, but his reading was as false as the general reading of mediocre artists is apt to be. In a word, his Beethoven interpretation was identical with his interpretation of Chopin. He made of the minuet a nocturne, and missed entirely the humor of the finale. When he had finished he stood up, looking at Rubinstein anxiously, and, for a moment, while Rubinstein stood regarding him fixedly, I could see all the various expressions of anger, impatience, pity and finally indifference pass through the half-closed eyes of the great pianist. Then, feeling he must break the silence, he said, quietly, "Well, sir, you have played that Beethoven very prettily."

The young man's face was pale and anxious till Rubinstein had finished. Then he brightened. "Ah, cher Maitre," he said, impulsively, as he stooped and kissed Rubinstein's hand. A few minutes later he took his departure, rejoicing.

When the door had closed behind him we all sat around Rubinstein, smoking and talking. After a short silence, Rubinstein said,

with a shrug: "Well, I suppose it is all right, he is content, but this, this is the art of our day."

"Anton Gregorewitch, why did you not criticize his Beethoven?" asked some one. "Criticize!" said Rubinstein sarcastically, "did you not hear my criticism? Did I not tell him he had played Beethoven prettily? That was criticism, but he had not the brains to understand it. At his age, had a master told me I had played Beethoven prettily, I should have wept. He went away smiling."

Then suddenly a thundercloud of anger crossed Rubinstein's face. "So it is with all young artists to-day; they are content when they ought to be wailing," he said; "and I suppose the lot of you here even, on whom I have wasted so much time, cannot tell me wherein he failed."

"In being sentimental," quickly said some one at Rubinstein's elbow. All at once the expression of the master's face changed, and he gave us one of his rare indulgent smiles. Going over to the pianoforte he commenced to play the Beethoven Sonata himself, holding us entranced by the majesty and beauty of his interpretation.

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One of the first pieces I played to Rubinstein in St. Petersburg was Beethoven's op. 53. I had dined with him, and after dinner, whilst waiting for the servant to bring in the card table, Rubinstein turned to me and said: "Now play something for us." Quite a number of people were present, among others the first Mme. Leschetitsky (not Mme. Essipoff, an earlier one still) and Cesi, who was then professor at the Conservatorium. I never felt less like playing in my life than that evening, for the Christmas holidays had intervened since my last lessons at the Raff Conservatorium in Frankfort-am-Main. The long journey, the strange ways and ideas of the people I found myself among, and especially Rubinstein's presence, all combined to upset me; but at that time I was very much afraid of Rubinstein and felt I dared not refuse.

Before the Sonata I played some Bach, one of the preludes and fugues, for one must always play Bach to a master. It shows at once the seriousness of your musical intention. After I had played the Sonata through Rubinstein asked me why I had altered the tempo of the Sonata here and there, and if I had done so from nervousness or on purpose. Of course, I had studied in Frankfort, and at the Raff Conservatorium, where Bülow's ideas were rampant, so I told him I used the Bülow edition of the Sonatas in which these changes were directed, whereupon a funny twinkle came into his blue eyes, and he said, quickly: "Ah, I see. Well, now that you are going to play to me, you must not use Mr. Bülow's edition, but Mr. Beethoven's. Here in Petersburg we have not yet learned to be vandals."

Nothing could have taken me more by surprise than this remark of Rubinstein's, for it had never till then struck me that a great mind like Bülow's could err. I had accepted all he had taught in the most perfect good faith. Rubinstein had a pithy way of saying things, and especially when teaching he made his sentences as short and concise as possible. This remark, "not Mr. Bülow's, but Mr. Beethoven's edition," was very characteristic. What food for thought it gave me. I recognized its force as a truth at once, and was speechless.

In early youth there is nothing that dismays like the discovery of error in what one has all along cherished as the highest truth. In fact, I could think of nothing else, much to the detriment of my card playing that evening, for Rubinstein and I were partners and were disgracefully beaten. In his letter to Bartholf Senff, Rubinstein has forcibly stated his ideas as to editions, and on one occasion there was quite a wordy war between him and Bülow on the subject.

"Where I have retouched in the Classics," Bülow said to him once, "I have always given my reasons for so doing, made them clear and plain to every mind, and one must be a cobbler who cannot grasp them."

"Then," replied Rubinstein, pointing to himself, "I am that cobbler, for I see neither logic nor truth in any of your 'reasons.'"

On one occasion, when Bülow was giving his lessons in the Raff Conservatoire, a pupil brought him Bach's "Italian Concerto." Bülow was in an unusually fidgety temper that day and sat at the second pianoforte on the platform, continually interrupting and improving. At length the pupil, worried out of all patience, said: "But I have your own edition, Herr von Bülow, and am following your directions to the letter." "Then don't follow them," said Bülow, in a sudden passion. "I was young when I edited that Concerto and overdid it."

It almost goes without the saying that composers prefer having their compositions played as they have written them, rather than retouched by the greatest of virtuosi. Witness Chopin's attitude toward Franz Liszt. We all know of the haughty reproof given the latter when he tried to embellish the tone pictures of the Polish composer. Yet in spite of all this, and in spite of all Rubinstein's teaching, I have come to the conclusion that editions like those of Bülow and Busoni and of any great master, the more deeply a student studies and knows them the better musician he will turn out to be, for this reason, that these editions cause a student to think. I would say, therefore, to all students when learning the Beethoven Sonatas get Bülow's edition and get the Breitkopf and Härtel edition; read the former thoroughly, but play from the latter. In other words, make use of Bülow's learning, ponder over all he has to say earnestly, but adhere to the pure Beethoven form.

As to Bach, there are two methods of understanding him, and individual taste must decide which seems best. There can be no question of the fact that Bach wrote his well-known 48 preludes and fugues of the well-tempered Clavier for a clavicord. Now whether he wrote them intending them to be played clavicord fashion, as that renowned Bach scholar, Mr. A. J. Hipkins, believes, or wrote them with a much greater instrument in view, such as our modern pianoforte, as Rubinstein believed, are matters every student must judge for himself. There were no pedals, such as those attached to our modern pianoforte in Bach's time, consequently, it may be an anachronism to use the pedals in playing Bach, but these and various other niceties are all matters of conjecture.

Personally, I like the Bach preludes and fugues played a la A. J. Hipkins on a Clavicord, and a la Rubinstein on a modern pianoforte, and all I ask is that they be not given sentimentally, after the spirit of a Chopin Nocturne or a Mendelssohn "Lieder ohne Worte." There is a certain manly, robust simplicity peculiar to Bach, and this is smothered when the student seeks after effect. As to the pedals, they certainly should be most sparingly used, hardly at all, in the preludes and fugues, the suites and inventions. Yet pieces like the Fantasia Chromatica absolutely require very free use. The pianoforte is the nearest approach to the organ, but all know the grandeur, the broad, deep-toned majesty of Bach's organ compositions, and the more I study this wonderful Fantasia Chromatica the more I am convinced that Rubinstein was right in asserting that Bach's piano music, i. e., Clavicord and Harpsichord music, not Hammer Clavier, was written with the conviction that future ages would evolve such an instrument as the genius of the Silbermanns, Chickering's and Steinways have to-day given us. Nevertheless, there are not six preludes and fugues in the whole forty-eight of the well-tempered Clavier where I would use the pedals, and then only if the pianoforte were a poor one and I could not get the dominant or tonic pedal points to ring out as the true rendering requires.

(From "Pianoforte Study," by Alexander McArthur.)

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#### CONCERTS BY THE CHICAGO ORCHESTRA.

The program of the fifth symphony concert of the Chicago Orchestra:

Bach suite in D major.

The Schuman "Rhenish" Symphony, in E flat.

The Entire "Midsummer Night's Dream" music of Mendelssohn, with solos and female chorus.

This concert as a whole was rather dull in spite of the fairy-like music of Mendelssohn in the second part. The succession of keys between the different pieces was unfavorable to good musical ef-

fect, and the first half of the concert was very much wanting in elements calculated to make an attractive impression upon the audience. Possibly the somewhat perfunctory manner of the playing may have been in part to blame for this. The Mendelssohn music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was very pleasant to hear again. As is universally known, the Overture was the first important orchestral composition of Mendelssohn, having been composed when he was about seventeen years of age, in spite of which fact it is one of the most finished that he ever produced. The remaining numbers of this music were composed many years later. The singing of the ladies' chorus in the two part songs of this music was pleasing, but not particularly distinguished, and the solo singers—Miss Buckley and Miss Harrington—failed to justify their selection for such a position.

\* \* \*

The sixth concert of the Chicago Orchestra, Dec. 3 and 4, was one of the best which the orchestra has ever given. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 2, in D major.....Brahms  
 Concerto for violin and orchestra.....Beethoven  
 "The Voyvode," Symphonic Ballade.....Tschaikowsky  
 Fantasia Appassionata for violin and orchestra..Vieuxtemps  
 Siegfried's Rhine Journey.....Wagner

In this case the succession of keys was more favorable than in the previous week, and the works considered were of a most distinguished beauty and nobility. The Brahms symphony is perhaps on the whole one of the most exquisitely beautiful works which has ever been written in this class, being in every respect worthy of rank with the greatest of Beethoven. The certain "grayness of tone," of which Mr. Finck complains, does not appear in this symphony, which is throughout beautiful and springlike in its warmth and sweetness. At the same time such is Brahms' depth of musical purpose and his mastery of form, in which no writer, old or new, is to be mentioned as his superior, that the work has abundance of contrast, and above all an endless variety of ever charming and fresh musical material. The Symphonic Ballade, by Tschaikowsky, was published after his death. It is written upon a ballad by Pouschine, the story of which is that of a Voyvode who comes home to his young wife and finds her absent. Being already mad with jealousy he takes the servant with him and goes to the glen, where in the distance he sees his beautiful wife with a lover kneeling at her feet. He gives the servant the gun with instructions to aim at the mistress. The aim of the servant is bad and the Voyvode himself falls dead. This is a grewsome and pessimistic ballad, doubly so in the literal translation which the program contained, and it is unnecessary to say that but a small part of this appears in Tschaikowsky's music, which might almost as well have been

written to some other story of a deeply impassioned and tragic ending. In the music we have the jealous fury of the husband, the idyllic peace of the love scene in the distance, then the awakening fury of the husband again, and at last the tragic close, the whole done with some measure of that indescribable power of working out, both in the management of the material and in the selection of orchestral colors, which distinguished Tschalkowsky's work.

The soloist of this occasion was the celebrated Belgian violinist, Ysaye, who played in that masterly, yet intensely emotional, manner characteristic of his temperament. And in the first movement of the Beethoven concerto he introduced a cadenza of matchless beauty. I know not whether it was his own or by Joachim, but it contained some exquisite work and was extremely noble and beautiful. The second number, the extremely well-made and clever fantasia of Vieuxtemps, was also played to perfection, and I have never heard it sound so well, not even when played by Vieuxtemps himself, who gave it with greater refinement and more classical repose; whereas Ysaye puts into it the boundless energy of his temperament and makes it seem larger and more significant than it really is. The entire playing of the orchestra on this occasion was better, I think, than I have ever heard it on any former occasion; far better than at any time this year or last year. There was a spirit in the performance, and a certain elasticity in the rhythms and a close attention in the accompaniments which in these latter days Mr. Thomas does not always find the way of obtaining. I should say that the violin of Ysaye had thoroughly worked up "the old man," and the Brahms symphony and the Tschalkowsky overture had completed what Ysaye began. I sincerely hope that before the season is over we will have some other programs of similar goodness.

This concert was quite in the line of the old story, that it never rains but it pours, for here, when we had this emotional and sensational violinist, Ysaye, we also had the Tschalkowsky Overture and the Brahms Symphony, which in the direction of beauty and tragical music were themselves sufficient to have imparted to a program in which they were found a distinguished and almost sensational character. The house was entirely full and the audience enthusiastic, yet not more so than the merits of the whole performance deserved.

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The seventh concert had the following program:

Overture, Sappho .....	Goldmark
Symphonic Poem, King Lear.....	Weingartner
Concerto for Violoncello, op. 104.....	Dvorak
Hellafest, Die Koenigskinder.....	Humperdinck
Vorspiel, Lohengrin .....	Wagner
Fantasia for Harp, op. 35.....	Schuecker

Suite No. 3, op. 35.....Tschaikowsky  
 Elegie. Valse Melancolique. Scherzo. Tema con Variazioni  
 —Finale: Polonaise.

The list, as every one will see, includes a number of points of interest, nevertheless, it did not make so good an effect as one would suppose in advance. The Goldmark Overture is a very richly instrumented work and interesting, but the novelty of the program, Weingartner's "King Lear," was naturally the principal thing. This work is one of those peculiar modern works in which a sort of dismal and pessimistic tone prevails, and the moments of sweetness and light are too few to relieve the disagreeable impression of trouble. In fact, when this was followed by Dvorak's Concerto for 'cello, which is also in a minor key, we had rather a dismal time of it until the last number of the first part was reached, Hellafest, from "Die Koenigskinder," by Humperdinck. This was very charming and pretty. The second part of the program opened extremely well with the Lohengrin prelude, and had for closing the important Suite No. 3 by Tschaikowsky. This also has a dismal and melancholy ground tone from which it never seems able to get away.

The solo performances in this concert were of unusual merit. The first one, by Bruno Steindel, was characterized by his usual beauty of tone and expert phrasing of melody—qualities in which he is hardly excelled by any other artist upon this instrument. The Concerto, however, is far from being an agreeable piece. In the second part of the program Mr. Schuecker played a fantasia of his own composition, op. 35, which had many of the weaknesses peculiar to harp music. The work is extremely difficult, and it was played in the masterly manner to have been expected of a harpist who, at the present time, is undoubtedly the first virtuoso in the world upon his instrument. His technic is of the most masterly and beautiful character, and his tone unusually full and musical. The composition itself had many weak moments.

Speaking of the attitude of the press toward musical performances, it is to be noticed that no attention was paid to Mr. Schuecker's performance, except to say that he "played a harp fantasia"; and no recognition was given him proportionate to his rank as an artist in his line. Concerning Mr. Edmund Schuecker the following unusual combination of facts prevails: For ten years he was professor of harp in the Leipzig Conservatory; he is author of the most important books of studies for the harp, and has made the most beautiful and difficult transcriptions for the harp which are to be found in the entire repertoire of the instrument. About a year ago he was offered the position of court harpist in Vienna with every consideration that could make the post distinguished and desirable; and even though he has the misfortune to live in Chicago and to play with the Chicago Orchestra, this ought not to conceal his eminent standing as an artist.

## BRAHMS AND A YOUNG COMPOSER.

An anecdote of Brahms is going the rounds relating the pains a young musician took many years ago to induce Brahms to examine his first compositions, a collection of songs. His acquaintance with the great composer began through the accident of Brahms coming to the road house where a club of young musical students was in the habit of meeting. As soon as the composer was recognized a formal invitation was sent him to join them upon the following evening, but upon receiving the invitation Brahms gathered up his belongings and left incontinently, for there was nothing he hated worse than the company of young musicians. Somewhat shocked at having frightened away the great composer, the young men went on with their exercises, and the day following, as the young composer in question was traveling through the woods he came upon Brahms quite accidentally. He still had his roll of music in his hands, but he determined first to make the acquaintance of the great master before offering him the opportunity of inspecting this new master work. Accordingly, they got on very nicely together all day, and only at the end, as he was bidding the composer good-bye, did he muster up courage to present his MSS. The narrator proceeds:

Arriving at the depot at Tutzing he shook hands with me and said he would go home to work.

Now! Now was the great moment. He could not get rid of me so quickly. I asked him if he would kindly examine my "firstling." As if scared by some monster, he retreated with "What's that?"

"Oh, only a little trial of my skill at composition," I replied.

"Good Lord! I have thought so all the time, and" (pointing to the music roll) "this thing has blazed in my eyes like a dagger, and you, man, you are also a musician! You have purposely waylaid me! I took you to be quite an honest fellow. That you could have the impudence to come to me and---!"

"Herr Brahms, no more of that. You could refuse me, but you have no right to insult me. I have not hunted for you and consequently I have not dogged your steps. It was only by chance that I happened to find you while I was on my way to Herr Ignaz Lachner to show him my song. I acknowledge that I knew of your presence at Tutzing, that I was burning with a desire to know you and ask your candid opinion, but as you had disappeared from Tutzing and wished to travel incognito I honored your wish and refrained from searching for you."

At this the gruffness of the great master moderated and he said "Give me, in God's name, that music. I will examine it and give you my unbiased opinion. Your address is on the roll." With these words the master bid me adieu. The very same day my MSS. was returned by mail, but not a mark anywhere upon it. I took the songs to the piano to try them over. Surely these were strains



worthy of almost any master. But what is this? Here are three words with red ink under them "es ist nichts." What! "es ist nichts" like three devils haunted me. Was this his unblased opinion? I tore the songs into shreds and burned them, watching them until not a vestige was left. Since then I have never composed.

A few years later I met Brahms. I had forgiven him, and when I reminded him of his original criticism he looked at me vexedly and remarked: "Ach Gott, if people would only stop asking me my opinion! I hardly get through with criticising my own works."

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#### MR. MORRIS STEINERT ON CONDUCTING.

In the "New Haven Register" the experienced musician, Mr. Morris Steinert, has been giving his views upon conductors. After a historical sketch of the rise of the musical conductor, he defines his duties in the terms following:

"The duties of a conductor consist of striving to obtain a correct and clear production of a musical composition through his personal influence upon the performers. The conductor is, therefore, in some measure the performer, and his instrument is the orchestra in chorus. On account of its wide scope the pianoforte furnishes him the means of studying his score so as to acquaint himself with the work he has to conduct, both as to technique and its aesthetics."

After which he concludes that a conductor is wholly unnecessary, and that the playing ought to be done from the musical sympathy of the performers.

"I have summed up the manifold qualifications that should be found in a conductor. Should they center in one man, it would appear that a musical performance under such conditions would leave nothing to be desired, but this is not all that is necessary, for there are other obstacles in the way of a perfect performance. These must first be removed. The greatest obstacle, in my opinion, is the baton now in the hand of the conductor. He stands in front of the orchestra or chorus beating in various directions, but always persistently in the eyes and minds of his performers. What a humiliating position for a skilled body of artists.

"While the director of olden times conducted by means of some musical instrument which he played himself, or by voice, or even simply with a slight motion of his hand or facial expression, the conductor of the present day does it with the stick.

"The beating and swinging of the baton, a so-called musical instrument, transforms the orchestra into a mechanical body. The toneless beat, with its metronomical movements, must deprive the player or singer of every individuality and devotion to art, and looks crude and despotic. It destroys the very elements that underlie the nature of the fine arts.

"There is, however, a place for the baton, and that is in the

rehearsal. It is in this preparatory work that the conductor can impart his notion as to time, rhythm, dynamics, and in reference to an intelligent rendering. Such instructions should be freely given to the orchestra and chorus, and so inculcated as to be retained and used in the public performance. The conductor should stand in the midst of the performers, without his baton, having his score before him, and watching carefully the work as it proceeds, and sometimes marking time by a motion of his hand. The performers in this state of freedom will undoubtedly enter into their work with a spirit much greater than by the present method.

"The playing of chamber music surely marks the possibility of the doing away of the baton. The most difficult quartettes, sextettes and octettes are most delightfully rendered, provided they have been given the necessary rehearsing.

"There are to be found in every orchestra of great and superior skill, of wide experience, men whose judgment is valuable. The conductor should, from time to time, call them into council to determine as to the best method of rendering certain works. That would help them to produce more sympathetically works of the highest merit. Such meetings could not fail to be fruitful to a conductor, while they would increase the artistic fellowship of the man with the baton and those subservient to him."

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#### AN APPEAL TO THE POPE.

Mr. Frederick Horace Clark, the well known Beethoven scholar, has lately produced a little 64mo volume containing one hundred and three stanzas, the motive of which is an appeal for the proper teaching of music, and particularly instrumental music, in elementary education. The appeal is in metrical form, although the ideas are not wholly of poetical spirit. For example, in canto LII. Mr. Clark remarks:

"For secular education  
 Never yet has grown a nation  
 Christian: such a people urban  
 In spirit infinite, in bond  
 With God 'in whom we live and move  
 And all our being have,' who love  
 To live because life's law is given  
 And upheld by Him—and riven  
 Is the veil of carnal pleasure!"

And, in the canto following, additional statistics:

"Financial is the general aim  
 Of culture as of commerce. Men  
 Seek science, mostly, to succeed  
 Outwitting each his brother. Love

Of knowledge in itself is rare;  
 More so education pure, where  
 Truth and morals, art and beauty  
 Are pursued because man's duty  
 Is reverent living in God's laws."

To which the following advice:

"The science branches should be taught  
 Solely as means to prove how fraught  
 Is life with one-ness, God's own Word:  
 How ever larger growth incurs  
 More-fold circling, stronger centering—  
 Will of God in man, more certain  
 As source of knowledge and of art,  
 (Since thought and act of life are part)  
 Were thus discovered in the school!

How can Christian dare teach grammar  
 And not ceaseless prove the manner  
 In man's words derived from God's? How  
 Can men teach honest science, show  
 Philosophic law, and prove not  
 Its end and author God, who brought  
 This world from darkness forth? Christian,  
 Teaching has this living, pristine  
 Force, of reason universal!"

And in the peroration the Pope is addressed in a highly flattering and appreciative manner. With the motive of Mr. Clark's appeal all good musicians will find themselves in perfect accord. The means of securing a practical carrying out of the proposed reform may or may not prove sufficient. The work is published for private circulation.

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#### RECITALS AT SMITH COLLEGE.

We have received from the professors in charge programs for a series of recitals at Smith College, Mass., which cover a very unusual and highly gratifying range: songs with piano accompaniment, piano and organ pieces, chamber music selections, and music suitable for children and pianoforte music, all are covered in this very interesting series of programs, copies of which no doubt will be furnished by the management of the college to other teachers desiring them for the information they contain. The directors of the Music Department are Miss Margarethe von Mitzlaff and Mr. Albert L. Norris.

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#### A STRING PIANO.

In one of the trade journals we find notice of a new piano which

produces a sustained tone. The tone is sustained like that of a violin. Several important changes in the structure of the instrument are made; the grand piano form is used, with only two strings instead of three, and the two strings are placed vertically one above the other; between the strings of two consecutive notes there is a little endless leather belt passing over two little pinions above and below. When a key is touched the band revolves and causes the piano string to vibrate after the manner of a bow upon the strings of a violin. Experiments of this kind have been made a number of times before.

The present writer saw and examined in Philadelphia a piano-forte with an electric attachment which prolonged the tones by means of an extremely rapid repetition of the hammers, the effect being that of a tremolo. The repetition was so very rapid that the different percussions were not noticed. For some reason nothing has been heard of this piano lately, but sooner or later an instrument of the piano kind able to sustain tones when desired is sure to be perfected.

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#### THE AGE OF FOREIGN VOCAL TEACHERS.

Mr. W. H. Pontius of Dubuque has permitted himself to be interviewed since his return from Europe and has expressed himself concerning the Italian climate, and various other subjects. And finally, with reference to certain foreign masters, as follows:

"I studied," says Mr. Pontius, "with Signor Francesco Cortesi, the famous composer, musician and maestro di canto. Sig. Cortesi is now seventy-two years old, but is active and energetic as a man of fifty. It is a remarkable fact that a number of celebrated teachers in Europe are somewhat advanced in years. Vanucini, also of Florence, is the same age as Cortesi; Garcia of London is ninety-two, and still at work; Randegger is over sixty and Marchesi of Paris is seventy-one. Sig. Cortesi was educated in the Conservatorio at Bologna during the time Rossini, the great Italian composer, was director. He related to me many amusing incidents which occurred during his student days, and told of his experiences as a conductor of opera. He wrote ten operas and some of them were very successful in their day. His fame as a teacher has gone over the whole musical world, but one does not wonder at that after a season of study with him. He has been the instructor of many great artists and represents and teaches the best there is in the old Italian system of producing the voice."

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#### A SPLENDID PROGRAM AT LEIPSIC.

The program of the fourth subscription concert at the Gewandhaus on the 28th of October, 1897, was one of wholly unique and peculiar interest. It ran as follows:

Cantata, "Du Hirte Israel, 'hore' for chorus, orchestra and organ, by J. S. Bach.

Concerto for string orchestra and two choirs of wind instruments (No. 2 in F major), by Handel.

Four choral songs, sung by the Thomas Choir:

"Farewell," by Brahms.

"The Mid-Day Sea," by Schreck.

"Happiness is a Flighty Thing," by Dürner.

"Student's Song," by J. H. Schein.

Overture, Aulis-Iphigenie, with Wagner's close.

Symphony in E flat, Schumann.

The Signale says that the singing of the Thomas Choir on this occasion was very admirable indeed; in the Bach number clear and sure, and in the part songs very pure, sympathetic and spirited. The concerto for strings and the two choirs of wind instruments, which had a sort of a contest in sonority and skill, also made a lively impression upon the audience. The Student Song by Schein was written somewhere about 1625, that is to say, fifty years or more before Bach was born, this same Schein having been cantor at the St. Thomas Church and School. The piece pleased very much.

A very notable concert was that of the Hallr Quartette under the auspices of the Liszt-Verein. They played the Mozart Quartette in C major, the Tschalkowsky trio opus 50 for piano, 'cello and violin, and the Beethoven C sharp minor quartette. Their work was superb in spirit and they played to a well filled house. The pianist was Anton Förster, formerly a pupil of the Conservatory and of Prof. Krause.

On the 19th the first program of the Philharmonic series, under the management of Hans Winderstein, included three movements from the Brahms Serenade in D for orchestra, and from the same composer, three tenor Romanzas opus 33, the violin Concerto in D major and four songs Op. 47, 72 and 105, Nos. 4 and 5. The two Romanzas for violin, Op. 40 and 50, and the Pastoral Symphony from Beethoven completed the card. The soloists were Dr. Ludwig Wüllner, tenor, and Fräulein Gabriele Wietrowetz, violin. The strongest feature of the evening was the woman's playing of the Brahms Concerto. It is a work of frightful difficulty if one of much concentrated worth. Joachim played it first from manuscript in the Old Gewandhaus, New Year's Day, 1859, and it is said that he sweat right heartily during this performance. A tune that could coax emblems of toil to the brow of a Joachim on a January day may be considered heavy work for amateurs. Gabriele Wietrowetz is no amateur, however; she made occasional rough scratches with the bow and left here and there a finger task imperfectly done, but her interpretation had so much of nobility and majestic strength that we felt willing to forgive her a multitude of sins. Truly, in this Concerto and in the Romanzas from Beethoven her music making is of the highest order.

E. E. S.

ENGLISH OPERA BY THE BOSTON LYRIC STOCK COMPANY.

Last month an appreciative mention was made of the beginning of English opera at the Great Northern Theater in Chicago by the Boston Lyric Stock Company, the principal singers being Miss Clara Lane, Miss Adelaide Norwood, Mr. Ritchie Ling, Mr. J. K. Murray, and W. H. Clarke. The season continued four weeks to a large business, interrupted at the last, however, by a collision between the managers of the theater and those of the company. This was very unfortunate, for while the musical direction of the performances had not been sufficiently tasteful, nor some of the voices up to the mark, the performances had very strong features. At the head of these should be placed the singing of Miss Lane as Carmen, Marguerite Arline, etc. In "Faust" she sang beautifully, and at the end rose to a strong climax. This performance was heard by some of the best musicians in Chicago, and by singers accustomed to sing in opera. Mr. L. G. Gottschalk, who had sung the role of Mephistofle something like two hundred times, and that of Valentine about a hundred, was very enthusiastic regarding the performance. He wrote a strong letter to MUSIC, upholding the undertaking as one which every lover of music ought to encourage for its educational value. He spoke strongly of the work of the principal artists. Unfortunately the copy of this letter has been mislaid and cannot now be found.

Mr. Leopold Godowsky, also, who will certainly be recognized as the kind of critic most to be dreaded, was very much pleased and cheerfully put himself on record to this effect. The company is now in Denver, and it is to be hoped that the fates will give it there the reward which the Chicago climate withheld.

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EDUCATION IN CHURCH.

In Englewood, Ill., the evening services at the Stewart Avenue Universalist Church are given over to educational lectures and concerts, which are free to all. In this way the pastor, Rev. R. A. White, takes up important topics and illustrates his remarks with stereopticon pictures. The range of the concert performances may be seen from the following, which is the program of Sunday evening, Dec. 10, 1897:

- Organ, Grand Chorus.....Guilmant
- Jubilate in C major.....Williams
- Harp, Fantasie, Opus 95.....St. Saens
- Tenor Solo—Recitative "Comfort Ye," Aria, "Every Valley," from "The Messiah".....Handel
- Scripture Lesson and Prayer.
- "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" (By request).....Otis
- Contralto Solo "Crossing the Bar".....Buck

Organ, Valse D'Amour .....	Salome
Soprano Solo, "With Verdure Clad" (From "The Creation") .....	Haydn
"The Lord is Exalted".....	West
Harp, Prayer.....	Hasselmans
"Jesus Lover of My Soul".....	Williams
Benediction.	

The artists concerned were: Mrs. Estelle V. Barr, soprano; Mrs. R. G. Mercer, contralto; Mr. Harry C. Cassidy, tenor; Mr. Geo. Wilber Reed, baritone; Mr. Will D. Belknap, organist, and Miss Blanche Dingley, harp.

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#### MRS. BOND, COMPOSER.

Mrs. Carrie Jacobs Bond is one of those women composers to whom nature has given unquestionable talent. Her music, at the first hearing, wins its way into the heart by its native grace. The beautiful wild flowers of her fancy, if they have not the learned complications and many rows of leaves which we find in hot house roses, are certainly sweet briar blossoms with all their native charm. She has produced a goodly number of songs and short piano solos, many of which have already found a ready market. There are nineteen songs and seven piano pieces. Some of the more conspicuous ones are the following among the songs:

"Pansy and Forget-Me-Not."

"Cupid's Home."

"Write to Me Often."

"Dear Mr. Dream Maker."

And among the instrumental pieces:

"La Soubrette."

"Tzagani Dances."

"March to the Victor."

"Memories of Versailles."

The formal characteristics of Mrs. Bond's music are those which are found in the 8-measure and 16-measure period of the waltz and mazourka movements, while the harmony is lucid and the rhythm piquant. The emotional qualities of her songs are a gentle tenderness, an arch gayety and a vivid sense of the joy of life. She at times touches a pathetic stop, which possesses an unaffected charm.

J. S. VAN CLEVE.

Nov. 30, 1897.

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#### GODOWSKY AT THE CHICAGO CONSERVATORY.

Mr. Leopold Godowsky gave a very remarkable recital before the Chicago Conservatory on the afternoon of November 23d.

#### PROGRAM.

Sonata in F sharp minor.....Schumann

Scherzo in E flat minor, opus 5.....	Brahms
Themes from Gluck.....	Saint-Saens
A Night in Lisbon.....	Saint-Saens
Elfenspiel .....	Heymann
"Islamey," Oriental Fantasia.....	Balakirew
Marche-Militaire .....	Schubert-Tausig

This program, while not having been composed with any particular regard to the comfort of the hearer, nevertheless presented several matters of more than usual interest. It was many years ago that Carl Wolfsohn told me that he considered the Schumann sonata in F sharp minor to contain the whole Schumann cult, so rich he found it in all the peculiarities of the Schumann music. It is indeed rich and strong, but I do not think it has in it certain elements which appear in the Kreisleriana, the Etudes Symphoniques and the Fantasie. It is, however, rather a difficult work to play well and on this occasion it was played extremely well, in wholly unusual force and delicacy. In the finale, which is spun out to an interminable length, Mr. Godowsky takes the same liberty as Paderewski and makes a cut which leaves out about a page and a half of one of the innumerable repetitions of the principal material. The Brahms Scherzo on this program is one of those early works which he composed before he had ever been to Liszt at Weimar, and this very work in particular was one of those which awakened Schumann's enthusiasm so greatly and led to that famous article in the "Neu-Zeitung für Musik," which has been so often quoted. It is a very rich and poetic piece and, perhaps unnecessary to say, by no means easy to play. It is full of a humoristic fancy, very playful and at the same time very poetic and deep. There is a second theme in two voices in minor, which is of a most fascinating quality and is afterwards developed at considerable length.

The pieces by Saint-Saens on this program are rarely played, but are extremely fine examples of his treatment of the piano. The fantasia on themes from Glück is rather deficient in form if one desires as a pianist to play it with effect upon the audience; but it contains an immense amount of clever musical treatment. The other one, "The Night in Lisbon," is of the character of a barcarole, very soft and musical.

The most remarkable feature of this program was the famous Islamey Fantasia by Balakirew. The principal subject of this fancy piece is a short melodic idea in minor which is repeated over and over in a sort of frenzy of broken rhythm, very much as if he were thinking of the whirling dervishes, who start quietly singing their never ending refrain and gradually accelerate the time and magnify the volume of sound until their physical strength gives out and they fall to the ground in a collapse. This is the kind of development which Balakirew gives, and then comes the middle piece of a quieter nature, after which the whirling first subject returns in still



greater complications of difficulty. As an illustration of a new idea, or as a realistic picture from the Orient, this work of Balakirew is entitled to high distinction. I do not know whether it exists in a four-hand arrangement. If it does I should say it would afford splendid opportunity for the study of complications of time and of tonal effect. As a two hand piece it is of enormous difficulty.

The playing was about equally remarkable for its astonishing freedom of technic, great power and very great delicacy, the latter being very remarkable in the use of the pedal, by means of which in the most complicated passages Mr. Godowsky contrives to effect resolutions of dissonant or suspended tones in the middle voices and to keep the flow of the middle voices smooth and connected without sacrificing anything of the superior effects of the outer voices. This clear treatment of the entire tone web under his fingers gives his playing a distinction which perhaps no other pianist excels and scarcely any equals. It is indeed a most astonishing thing that a collection of pianoforte students from a single school, with one or two hundred music lovers from the outside, should be able in this unpretentious manner to hear a program of such a remarkable character so splendidly played.

At the end of the recital in response to a request, Mr. Godowsky played the Grieg ballad, in the interpretation of which he has gained a well earned renown. The work itself, as is well known, is in the form of variations upon a very short theme, the theme having in it something of the minor seriousness of the Norwegian folk tone. The variations take all sorts of curious and fanciful directions and the result is one of the most astonishing pieces of piano music we have—a work richer in imagination and fancy than any recent work that I know of for the instrument. All the opportunities and suggestions of these variations Mr. Godowsky brings out in a wonderful way, and I doubt whether Grieg is ever played better than by him. I consider it the most remarkable interpretation I have ever had the opportunity of becoming familiar with. M.

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#### MR. SHERWOOD IN PITTSBURG.

Mr. William H. Sherwood played with the Pittsburg Orchestra a short time ago in Carnegie Hall, the Beethoven Fifth Concerto, and had an enormous success. He was recalled twelve or thirteen times. He states that the Pittsburg Orchestra under that splendid musician, Mr. Frederick Archer, is doing admirable work. The ensemble work, he says, was of an unusually high standard, the accompaniments being beautifully played, and the effect of the pieces played by the orchestra alone was of unusual sonority and musical quality. He has accepted a return engagement there which will have been completed before this article reaches the reader, the con-

certo being Saint-Saens in G minor. It is very gratifying to note this success of Mr. Sherwood's and especially that he has had an opportunity again of playing the great Beethoven Concerto, in which he made such a distinguished success in Berlin more than twenty years ago.

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#### INDIANAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

A very creditable program was given by the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra November 29th, consisting of the Raff "Leonore" Symphony, the Grieg Concerto in A minor, piano part by Mr. Oliver Willard Pierce, Mr. Carl Busch's American Folk Song for string orchestra, the Saint-Saens Danse Macabre and the Weber Jubilee Overture. The orchestra consists of about sixty musicians, a few of them brought from Cincinnati. Mr. Pierce's playing was much admired.

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#### AN APPRECIATIVE LETTER.

The following letter has been received from Mr. C. C. Guilford, author of a new notation noticed in another part of this issue of **MUSIC**:

To Music Magazine Publishing Co.:

Gentlemen:—I sent you in October a copy of my book of Graphic Music and requested a notice. That this request should have been entirely ignored seems a little strange. My system has received notice from some musicians whose letters are copied in the enclosed circular. It is possible that you have never heard of these people. They are known here in Boston; but, of course, Boston is quite a small town compared with Chicago. I am an American, and that may have affected you unpleasantly. I can't help being an American. I was born that way. Even my father, grandfather and great-grandfather were Americans. My system is essentially American. I had an idea that musicians would, at least, look at a system which claimed to simplify the study of music for beginners. When a great journal like **MUSIC** ignores one there must be some good reason for it. If not too much trouble I should like to know what this reason is. Most respectfully,

(Signed) C. C. GUILFORD.

Inasmuch as the system is sufficiently noticed in another place, the foregoing letter needs no reply. I think it no more than fair, however, to print the following summaries of the testimonials referred to, and to ask in this public manner what the eminent musicians supposed themselves to be saying.

Mr. Percy Goetschius, who signs himself a "Mus. Doc and Royal Württemberg Professor," says:

"After serious examination of your new system of musical no-

tation, I have arrived at the conviction of its excellence for those beginning the study of the pianoforte."

Mr. D. O. S. Lowell (certified to as a "celebrated educator and litterateur") says:

"No objection can be urged to the study of this system, as it is so radically unlike the dizzy combination of sharps, flats and hemi-demi-semiquavers that the knowledge of the one system in no way conflicts with a knowledge of the other."

Mr. B. J. Lang, who is old enough to know better, says:

"I have spent the last hour over your new musical notation and feel sure that you have evolved all that you claim for it. Simplicity and definiteness are certainly apparent."

Mr. Charles L. Capen, an excellent gentleman who also is apparently one of those musical critics who is bothered by the dizzy combinations in his notes, says:

"I believe it to be on the highway of success: partly because the old and imperfect system of notation is simply being tolerated by the musicians of the day."

The above testimonials are good reading. They are also peculiarly American, since it is in America only, excepting in Italy, that the "dizzy combinations of flats, sharps, etc.," mystify and befog the oncoming musician. To all such Mr. Guilford's system can be cheerfully recommended; recommended all the more cordially, because not alone will the students of it escape the dizzy and misleading accidents aforesaid, but will also escape the entire literature of the pianoforte, from Bach and Handel all the way down to Mr. John Francis Gilder himself, who is one of those who recommend the system.—Ed. MUSIC.

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#### THE CHICAGO MENDELSSOHN CLUB.

The Chicago Mendelssohn Club gave its first concert of the season December 8th, with the valuable assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel. The selections in which the club appeared were "The Anvil," "King Olaf's Christmas," "I Loved a Lass," "The Drowsy Woods," "Soldier's Chorus, Faust." Mr. and Mrs. Henschel sang in a variety of well selected songs, the most notable of which were "The Erlking," by Loewe, and "The Grenadiers," by Schumann. The Mendelssohn Club is singing this year with a great deal of refinement and finish and, in the judgment of many who were present, this was the most perfect singing of a male chorus that has ever been heard in the city. Particularly was their work admirable in Dudley Buck's "King Olaf's Christmas," which is an admirable cantata at any rate, in which the Apollo Club used to make a very beautiful effect. It is evident that the director of the Mendelssohn Club, Mr. Harrison Wild, is determined to secure results of the highest artistic value.

## MINOR MENTION.

At the Royal Opera House in Berlin they have brought out a novelty in Niccola Spinelli's "A Basso Porto." The music is said to be in the new Italian school, but of a rather light character and the question is asked why it was brought out at the Royal Opera.

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The Carl Rosa Opera Company, which has lately given a season at Covent Garden, is the subject of a curiously billious attack from some Italian loving correspondent in the Aügener Musical Record. The correspondent regards most of the performances as complete fiascos, the question of relative merit between them being, in other words, a question of relative depth.

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A notice of the Birmingham Festival contains a very complimentary mention of the singing of Mr. David Bispham and Mme. Marie Brema in the scene from the Walküre between Wotan and Brunhilde, and Mme. Brema is credited with a beautiful rendering of Beethoven's pathetic "Evening Song," which Dr. Richter himself had scored for strings and harp.

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Mr. Waugh Lauder has been giving a series of lecture recitals in connection with Mr. H. S. Perkins' music school. Mr. Lauder is available for out-of-town engagements and is particularly attractive to all those who desire programs involving very difficult and unusual selections. In Mr. Lauder's repertory the unusual and the impossible are the ordinary incidents. He has, therefore, what might be called a field of his own. He is a musical scholar of very wide reading. Proposals and building specifications for lecture-recitals to be given in town or out will no doubt be furnished by him cheerfully upon application.

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Among the novelties advertised in the foreign musical journals is a new flute which is played from the end like a flageolet. It is claimed that without keys the most difficult chromatic passages can be played upon it, and that the tones are perfect. This is stated on the authority of the advertisement, however, and as news.

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Mr. Frederic W. Root gave his illustrated lecture, "The Resources of Musical Expression," before the Ladies' Musical Club of Ottawa, Ill., on Thursday evening. At the Chicago Literary Club his new lecture, "The Real American Music," has recently had its first hearing.

Mr. Francis Walker, the well-known baritone, is in the midst of a busy season of lecture-recitals and many engagements for concert and oratorio work. His Summer School of Singing, established in Florence some years since, promises to have its most successful session during the coming summer. It will open about July 10th and continue for ten weeks. Besides having a delightful house of forty-two rooms and a lovely garden, on the Fiesole side of the charming Tuscan capital, Mr. Walker has a fine corps of teachers, headed by the veteran maestro di canto, Francesco Cortesi.

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Miss Villa Whitney White has been giving a number of recitals of Brahms' songs with most excellent effect.

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Speaking of musical recitals in colleges, we have received an interesting collection of Mr. Irving Andruss, who has lately taken charge of the music in Doane College of Crete, Neb. Mr. Andruss is one of those well trained musicians who are now more numerous than formerly, who have had a good college education and the musical training besides. The recitals at Crete take on a wide range. A beginning has been made in obtaining recognition for musical theoretical study towards a degree.

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Mr. N. J. Corey is giving some interesting organ recitals at the Fort Street Presbyterian Church at Detroit. In the ninth recital, for example, he had the Rheinberger's Fifteenth Sonata, the large fugue in D minor, by Bach, and a number of compositions by Guilmant.

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A lecture-recital given at Fargo College, N. D., has the rather unusual peculiarity of several numbers for two pianos, played by Prof. and Mrs. E. A. Smith. The two piano pieces were the Grieg minuetto, from Op. 7, the Saint-Saens Beethoven variations, the Schumann A flat variations, and the very brilliant Gottschalk arrangement of the Overture to "William Tell," the latter upon one piano—four hands.

\* \* \*

A very interesting piano concert was given at Kimball Hall by Mr. Adolph Brune, assisted by Mr. F. D. Webster. The piano pieces consisted of the Beethoven Sonata Appassionata, a Concert Etude by Brune, a Liszt Etude in F minor, and the Second Hungarian Rhapsody with an original cadenza by Mr. Brune. Also the first movement of the Schuman concerto, with second piano accompaniment.

The Spiering Quartet gave its third concert of the season in Handel Hall, December 14th, 1897, with a program containing two chamber works, a Schumann string quartet in A major, Op. 41, No. 3, and a quintette for piano and strings in A major, by Dvorak. The playing of the quartet was perhaps hardly as good as at the preceding concerts of the series, a circumstance due in part perhaps to the hard work the club has been doing in traveling, and in part to the ungrateful writing of the Schumann work. This, while very musical and pleasing in parts, is rarely written well for the strings.

In the Dvorak quintette the pianist was Mr. Bruening, of Milwaukee, a well schooled artist. In the middle of the program there were songs by Mrs. Dudley Tyng. These songs should properly be included in the instrumental music, since they were merely vocalizes, for although the songs had originally been written as musical expressions of text, on the present occasion the singer undertook to sing them in their original tongues, German, French, etc., which, of course, amounted to the same thing as leaving the words out entirely. It seems impossible to make the American young woman understand that the German she sings is very rarely distinct enough to satisfy a German, and the French she sings is generally unintelligible to a Parisian, while her Italian would be considered entirely impossible south of the Alps. As all three languages are generally unintelligible to the majority of the hearers in an American audience, it is simply absurd and nothing but an affectation to sing them, especially, as in the present instance, when the singer is a mere amateur. The official who constructs the forecasts of the musical weather says that there is a prospect of a wave of common sense later on which will bring with it singers capable of singing to American audiences in the English language. This report has been contradicted by another scientist, who says he does not see anything of the sort; and certainly the Spiering concert gave no indication of this kind. Of the Spiering Quartet there are nothing but words of praise. It is an extremely competent organization.

Mr. Carl Wolfsohn gave the first of his Beethoven concerts in Steinway Hall, December 15th, with a program containing a Sonata for piano and 'cello, Op. 5, a Sonata for piano solo, the Sonata called "The Adieu, the Absence and the Return," and the fifteen variations. In the 'cello Sonata, which belongs to the early period of Beethoven, Mr. Wolfsohn had the assistance of Bruno Steidel, and the effect was very charming indeed. The remaining numbers Mr. Wolfsohn played himself. In the middle of the concert he made a little speech to the large and extremely fine audience present, saying how pleased he was to be able once more to play the principal works of Beethoven, and how all who were there were invited to come on any future occasion when they felt like it. Among the audience was to be seen Mr. Henry Greenebaum, who was one of the founders of the Beethoven Society, and had been concerned in inducing Mr. Wolfsohn to come to Chicago in 1873.

Miss Maud Peck gave her first recital of the season in Handel Hall, December 15th, with a program containing the Beethoven Sonata, Op. 81, the Chopin Fantasia, and a variety of short numbers. Miss Peck is a pianist of unusual merit. She was formerly a pupil of Barth, and it is said that she has just returned from an additional two years' study under the same eminent master. In certain respects Miss Peck is worthy to stand as a model to the great army of American women who play the piano. She produces a most excellent tone and treats her melody with refinement and distinction; never for a moment does she degenerate into pounding or into mere empty tintinabulation. Her interpretations are generally sound and intelligent. She takes her art seriously and can be cordially recommended to schools and clubs desiring artistically rendered programs of modern master works.

The young pianist, Josef Hoffmann, who made such a furore six or eight years ago as a boy, has been engaged for a spring concert tour, beginning in March, 1898, under the auspices of the Chicago Orchestral Association. Hoffmann is now about twenty-one years of age, and his recent appearances in Germany have been well spoken of.



### PRACTICAL QUESTIONS.

BY MRS. EMMA THOMAS.

Question:—The subject of music and drawing is being agitated in our town and several of my friends wish me to try to teach both subjects, as our board of education cannot afford to hire an outside teacher. I have only a fair education, but I can sing and draw quite well. Will you please tell me the requirements for a special teacher? Is it necessary for a special teacher to be able to govern the room? Are they required to take charge of the room, or do the regular teachers take charge of the pupils? Can you give me some suggestions regarding discipline?

Answer:—There are a great many points in your questions which need considering. First, every teacher, whether a special teacher or not, should be well educated. She should have a liberal education. A teacher who knows only her subjects may teach music and drawing fairly well, but she will make a stronger teacher if she is broadly educated in other branches. She must, above all else, have a good command of the English language. One may not have a knowledge of geometry or botany or many other subjects and his associates not discover that lack of knowledge, but ignorance of the proper use of the English language will be noticed at once. If a teacher of drawing, she should have a knowledge of the history of art. She should have a thorough knowledge of geography, as drawing and modeling are very helpful to teachers in their geography work.

She should understand the sciences, as drawing from nature is a prominent part of the work in drawing. In fact she should have a knowledge of physiology, botany, zoology and many other subjects, as they all can be helped by the drawing. You will find if you are a help to regular grade teacher in music and drawing both the teacher and you will enjoy your work much better.

About the discipline. A teacher should understand the philosophy of school management. Very often a special teacher has to take charge of the room. There is no "method" that can discipline



a school, just as there is no "method" that can do the teaching. The chief elements of the power of discipline are: Ability to win the love of the pupils, skill in appealing to good motives, and force of character to exercise more constraint and restraint over those who can not be reached by the first two. A teacher without force of mind or character can not discipline a school. The less force of character a teacher has the more devices she must resort to to maintain order. A teacher must always appeal to the highest motive that will secure right conduct in a scholar. The purpose of discipline is not to keep order, but to build up character and so to make good teaching possible. The highest power of discipline is that which prevents "offenses" from coming; not that which deals skillfully with offenses after they have come. Cultivate, therefore, force of mind and character. I never begin a lesson until all the room is in order, and never during the music hour do I have any books or materials on the desk except those that pertain to music.

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Question:—My pupils read music fairly well, but do not sing with expression. After I have worked with them some time it seems to help, but next time when I give a lesson (my lessons are two weeks apart) they sing in a harsh unmusical tone, very lifeless. What can I do?

Answer:—Perhaps the teachers allow them to recite in a hard, loud tone. I would try and interest my teachers in trying to cultivate that beautiful, musical tone; then, for the work with the children, try giving a language lesson upon the subject of the song, before singing the words.

Thus the child has a better comprehension of the song, and can and will sing it with more taste. Again, read or recite the words of a song with as much expression as possible. Teach the pupils to associate the quality of tone suited to meaning of the words used. Their singing should always be sweet and graceful, but always earnest.

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Question:—Will you please give a few suggestions as to how I can vary the singing of the exercises on the charts? My pupils get very tired of the charts.

Answer:—I believe I answered that question some months since, but will repeat the answer. There are a great many ways. My teachers are constantly thinking of new plans. I will mention a few to you. First, the teacher may point while the children sing; second, a child may point while the teacher or the class sings; third, the class may think the notes, singing only what the teacher calls for; fourth, the teacher may sing the exercise and the children may tell which it is; fifth, the teacher may sing part of the exercise and the children may point out the notes; sixth, the teacher

may stop singing suddenly, and the children may point out the last note.

Again, sometimes we play a little game that the children are very fond of. The teacher selects one of the children to come and hide behind the chart and then the class selects one of the exercises. At the word ready, he goes back to his seat and while the children sing the exercise he is hunting with eye and ear for it. It is a good test for both these senses. Again we often have the children on one side of the room shut their eyes tight while those on the other side select the exercise. At the command "Wake up" their eyes are wide open to hear and find the exercise.

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Question:—How often would you give examinations to the children?

Answer:—I believe you should always finish a lesson with a short test of what the children should have learned in your absence. Also, if possible, give a written examination at the end of the school term. In some places where this is done the children are divided into two classes, an advanced and an elementary. This is not always practical and not in some cases possible.

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Question:—Do you think it best to give special Christmas songs to the schools? Does it not detract from their other work?

Answer:—I do, most decidedly. At no time in the year do the children enjoy their music as they do at Christmas time. They are so eager for their Christmas songs and peace and good will prevails through the schools. Many of the children are poor—the only Christmas they have is in the school, and the getting ready for Christmas and the singing of the songs will be their only Christmas. I allow my teachers to drop all technical work for two weeks before Christmas and review their songs and learn the new ones. It is wonderful how well the children remember the songs of last year and year before, and some even five or six years back. Here I would answer another question which has been asked several times. Do children remember lessons better expressed in poetry? Do they remember poetry set to music better than poetry without music?

To answer this I would say that I am sure they remember poetry better than prose. They remember any poems set to music better than without. Songs that I learned when a child have never been forgotten. Songs sown in the heart of a child bless its whole life. It is truly said of the refining influence of early musical culture and songs learned in childhood, "Do what we will, they will never die."

Question:—Will you please suggest something interesting for graduating exercises?

Answer:—My schools generally select one of the poets for the theme of their graduating exercises. The Amos school is to have a Longfellow exercise. Then Field, Whittier and so on. In addition to selections from the poems, the history of his life. I select all their songs from the poems. We can find very many set to music, but if they wish a particular one I have it arranged especially for them. Exercises, as these are, are not only very interesting, but are very helpful and instructive. I think we enjoy these exercises more than a miscellaneous program.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Pardon me if I ask a question which may appear impertinent. After having devoted considerable time to the Mason system, and having been taught the Virgil system by one of its authorized representatives, I would like to ask why the strong points of the two systems could not be combined and thus make a method of piano-forte instruction far surpassing anything which has yet been attained?"—J. B.

This is rather a hard question. While I am accustomed to employ most of the Mason exercises, when I think them necessary, I am free to admit that the Virgil system obtains a very satisfactory finger precision combined with speed. In this respect few devices can measure results with it. It looks to me, however, as if good piano playing consisted of other elements besides finger precision; elements which the Virgil system does not provide. In particular, tone-quality depends upon many delicate adjustments of finger combined with pedal assistance, for the preparation of which, or even for the recognition of which, the Virgil system does not provide. I imagine that I find this lack emphasized in some of their most celebrated students. And I doubt whether, in the first place, the peculiarly musical quality possible to obtain by the Mason system can be obtained when the pupil is occupied mainly with exercises divorced from tone. I even doubt how far it is possible for any student, or even artist, to employ the clavier in daily finger-training without impairing their quality of tone. The testimonials published from such masters as Rosenthal and Joseffy and Mason are repudiated by those artists. They were genuinely given, but further experience has led them all to desire to take back the favorable part of what they therein published. The same is true of Mme. Rive-King, who at one time was emphatically quoted in favor of the clavier. My own judgment is that the clavier has peculiar value as an adjunct of teaching, especially in certain cases where muscular misapprehensions prevent good use of fingers. But how far this is safe to follow is another question, which as yet I do not understand.—W. S. B. M.

"One of your agents has kindly advised me to write to you concerning my hands. The fingers are so tightly held together at the knuckles that they are a great drawback in executing. I am thinking of having them cut apart, and if you will tell me what you know of such operations and advise me as to what to do, you will deeply oblige, M. F. I."

I publish this letter entire, because as in the case of many others which reach this office from time to time, I am entirely unable to give any judicious advice in the premises. I have heard of one or two cases where children's fingers were separated by cutting the web between, but I have never had the opportunity of finding out later whether the operation was satisfactory or not.

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"I write to ask if you will be so kind as to answer the following questions, as I am unable to understand or to explain to my pupils, found in 'Twenty Lessons to a Beginner'?

"1st. Why do you use the four-line staff on page 24, No. 41; also 43 on same page, while 40 and 42 for dictation are five-line staffs?

"2d. Where am I to place Do in the key of G in No. 47 on a four-line staff? In No. 45 the note says to 'proceed to melody No. 46, upon page 15, making a sufficient number of repetitions to secure the pitches, measure marks,' etc. Now, I cannot understand how the second line of a four-line staff will represent G or Do in the key of G, as No. 46 is written in key of G. If you can make this four-line staff plain to me it will be a very great kindness on your part, and a much-needed help to me. I like your works very much, having used also your graded series to the betterment of my work."  
—A. M. V. D.

I use the four-line staff in my lessons to a beginner in order to accustom the pupil to the idea that the staff is merely conventional, and that any number of lines would do just as well, providing you know what the number is and where you start from. I had the idea, at the time I was writing this book, that pupils regarded the staff as sacred and mysterious, and I wished them to realize that each line and space of the staff, when there are no flats or sharps, stands for a white key upon the piano or organ; and that just as many white keys can be indicated as we have degrees to use. You can place Do in the key of G on any line you like on the four-line staff, or any space; it is only a question of accustoming the pupil to reckon from any fixed point, and it would be better if you write them in several different keys. It is not indispensable to try this four-line experiment, but I think it loosens up a pupil's ideas a little.

With regard to your next question concerning No. 45, the second line of the four-line staff can represent any note you choose to make it. You can have it represent G, or you can have it represent B, as appears in the bass staff; or you can imagine that the lowest line

of the treble staff has been left out and G will be the first line; or you can imagine that you are writing with one of the old-fashioned clefs where middle C stands on the first line; in this case, your third line will represent G, as the locations on the staff are conventional. In modern piano music, we confine them to two: middle C between the staves, the G clef upon the right and the F clef upon the left. In orchestra music, in full score, several other clefs are still used, viz.: middle C on the first line, the third line and the fourth line. If the four-line staff mixes you up so, try the experiment of representing a melody of two notes, using the one-line staff, employing the line and one space. Call the line C, if you like, in which case the space above will be D; or you can call the line G; you can then add another line and represent melodies of four tones, and so on to any number.

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“Will you please tell me of some book or studies for teaching the use of the pedal to beginners? Will you explain the action of the pedals? Explain the vibrations of G flat and F sharp.—L. P.”

You had better write to Theodore Presser, in Philadelphia, who will send you several pedal books for examination. You can easily teach beginners the use of the pedal by training them to listen for the resonance, as shown in Mason's *Touch and Technic*, Vol. IV., pages 17 to 19. The scale exercise No. 101, page 18, affords precisely the training the young student needs; and you can easily give it by rote. I do not think the pedal should be used by beginners until they come to their first piece. Indeed I am rather inclined to think I would leave it for the second grade. But when we do put it in, let it be done understandingly.

If you will carefully study the pages in Mason's work mentioned above you will have your answer to the question how the pedals act. As for the vibrations of F sharp and G flat, this will take us too far. If you mean theoretically, you can get at it by calculating the vibration numbers of the scales counting from middle C, 264. Modulating by sharps will bring you to F sharp; and by flats to G flat. On the piano and upon all tempered instruments they are precisely the same. You will find this traced out in my *How To Understand Music*, Vol. II.; and on page 155 you have a table showing at a glance these differences.—W. S. B. M.



## REVIEWS AND NOTICES

**INTERNATIONAL MUSIC TRADE DIRECTORY, 1897-98.** Frank D. Abbott and C. A. Daniel, Editors and Compilers. The "Presto" Company, Chicago.

In this heavy volume of about 500 pages we have a directory of the music trade of the world, in so far as patient effort on the part of the "Presto" people could get it. It is a handsome work and undoubtedly of great utility. In paper it sells for \$2.50; in cloth, \$3.00; in leather at \$5.00.

French, German and Italian houses are liberally represented in the advertising columns, as well as the American. The customs duties on imports into the several countries are given, in so far as they relate to the musical instrument trade. It is a handy volume for every dealer.

**THE CHILDREN'S MUSIC WORLD.** Being some Chapters in the Story of Music, made for Young Readers, by Thomas Tapper. Philadelphia, The Hatch Music Company, 1897; small 16mo., 210 pages, cloth.

In this pretty looking little book Mr. Tapper has undertaken an interesting task, but I am not sure that he has succeeded. What he intended to do is to furnish talks, or bases of talks, on the history of music for children. In fact, he says in the preface: "I have intimated above that this book, though ostensibly for children, must reach them through the more experienced one—mother, teacher or child. Children have a happy, delightful way of getting along without books, but they seem also to have an equally happy and delightful way of enjoying books that come within their experience and comprehension." At the end of the preface he has some fundamental principles which he mentions as a guide for the teacher. They are the following:

"First—Implant early in life as many fundamental principles as possible.

"Second—General principles first, details afterwards.

"Third—Isolated facts have no value.

"Fourth—True education demands activity. We know what we do. The basis of all knowledge is personal experience.

"Fifth—Hence a teacher should create activities and direct them."

The latter principle is of the greatest possible importance. The only question in the present case is whether any activities relating to musical history have been in a true sense created in this book, or the foundation for them. It is a question whether Mr. Tapper's style is adapted to reach children. This, however, is something which has to be determined by experiment and the large number of music teachers who are searching for material available for music talks for children will do well to provide themselves with this little book, and give it a fair trial. The reservations in commenting upon these music talks in no way reflect upon the sincerity of purpose or the masterly competence with which Mr. Tapper has performed his work. Nevertheless, I confess it seems to me as if the same ground covered in a series of short and simply written stories would be more effective for the purpose, and I will not deny that my ambition is inflamed and I should like to try one or two of them myself.—M.

**EIGHT CHILDREN'S SONGS**, by Rossiter G. Cole. From Novello Ewer & Co.

"If."

"The Star."

"The Little Wave."

"My Song."

"The Raindrop and the Rose."

"Cradle Song."

"A Fishing Song."

"What Can You Do?"

"We Hold Our Lives Like Lily Flowers."

"I Wake This Morn."

"What Can I Do To-day?"

"Welcome Song."

"A Song of Evening."

"Together To Be."

"A Cradle Song."

"O Hush Thee, My Babie."

Music teachers looking for supplementary music for the school room will find these eight songs, the music of which has been composed by Mr. Rossiter G. Cole, a very inviting lot of material. The little pamphlet containing them extends to twenty-three pages and the price affixed is 50 cents, the English price being one shilling, or 24 cents. The American price of 50 cents is of course prohibitory, except in the case of very small classes or private schools, with a clientele to whom price is no object. It is a great pity that so good a collection of really musical songs of the better class for



children has not been published in such a way as to be available commercially. The music is really good and at the same time melodious and pleasing.

The remaining songs of the list above, several of which are by Mr. E. J. Troup, are much more commonplace in character. They are published upon separate leaflets available at 5 cents each, and of course it will always turn upon the popular equation between the 5 cents and the desire for the music.

**SIXTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY, to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, 1894-95, by J. W. Powell, Director. Washington, Government Printing Office.**

This splendid volume of 325 pages is mainly devoted to a paper upon Primitive Trephining in Peru, which is very liberally illustrated, and Some Explorations of Cliff Ruins in Arizona. The illustrations both of the skull found and of the Arizona remains are very complete and interesting.

(From Oliver Ditson Co., Boston.)

**COMPOSITIONS FOR THE PIANO. By John Orth. Oliver Ditson Co., Boston.**

“Romanza Appassionata.”

“By the Brookside.”

These two pieces by the accomplished musician and pianist, Mr. John Orth, of Boston, without perhaps belonging to the highest order of tone poetry, are melodious and very desirable pieces for teaching purposes. “By the Brookside” is a study in arpeggios in the key of E major, the motive lying under the hand in an octave position of the chord, after which the same run is carried up two octaves and back; meanwhile the melody is played in the alto register in quarter notes against the sextolets of the right hand. The result is an excellent study in finger work and a very pretty piece for the pupil to play. The middle part of this piece is practically a Mazurka in A minor, and the reviewer honestly confesses that it is a “flower of the Spring” which he had not expected to encounter at that particular margin of the brook. Nevertheless, it may have something to do with the case, and the piece, as a whole, is about the fourth grade of difficulty. The “Romanza Appassionata” begins more easily; the melody still in the left hand and repeated chords in the right hand. At the end, however, the chords become full, and the melody in the bass in octaves comes out beautifully. A good study for bravura. This also belongs to fourth grade.

**SIX RECREATION PIECES FOR THE PIANO. By L. E. Orth.**

“In the Hammock.”

“Valse de Soiree.”

“In the Hammock” is an easy, swinging 6-8 rhythm, practically in 12-8 time, since two of these measures generally make one. This

is a third grade piece. The Valse is also of the third grade, but uncommonly clever. While from the standpoint of a Strauss or a Sousa it may have little in it that is new, it is nevertheless a very taking, and an extremely valuable piece to the pupil, both for instruction and amusement. It is one of those things that a little practice will assist a pupil to play, and at the same time it will not produce a good effect without careful work. It is one of those pieces that teachers are extremely glad to get.

(From Arthur P. Schmidt.)

**CHILDREN'S DELIGHT.** 16 Easy, Progressive and Instructive Pieces for Young Players. Op. 27. By Charles Dennée. Arthur P. Schmidt, Boston.

"Song of the Mill."

"Echoes of the Past." (Gavotte.)

"At the Fair."

"The Jolly Little Peasant." (Waltz.)

"The Hobbyhorse Ride."

"Cradle Song."

A collection of very pleasing second grade pieces, extremely well adapted for everyday use. The Gavotte called "Echoes of the Past" is uncommonly well done for so easy a piece, and will be highly appreciated by pupils in the early stages of their work. The third number, "At the Fair," seems a little awkward in the left-hand part. "Jolly Little Peasant" is a rather pleasing little waltz in the key of E major. "The Funeral March of a Toy Soldier" is a rather clever device for inducing a pupil to play slowly, and to play something in a minor key and to try and make it to sound expressive.

**THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.** 10 Little Duets. Op. 18. By Charles Dennée.

A collection of duets in which the pupil sometimes plays the soprano, and sometimes the bass. All the parts for the pupil are easy, not beyond the second grade, and the music is diversified.

**SUITE DE BALLET.** Op. 23. By Charles Dennée.

Minuet in B flat.

"Valse Gracieuse."

"Danse Humoristique."

The three pieces in this set are more difficult, belonging to the fourth grade. The Minuet has a good deal of study in double notes, and a fine, stately rhythm. The Intermezzo is very pleasing indeed, in style of an old-fashioned dance movement, not quite a Gavotte, well adapted for the intelligent pupil to play to her friends at home. The Valse is very clever and pleasing. The Danse Humoristique very lively and original.

**FIVE ETUDES FOR THE CULTIVATION OF STYLE.** Op. 26. By Charles Dennée.

"Toccata."  
 "Le Papillon."  
 "Impromptu."  
 "Caprice."  
 "Tarantelle."

These five studies in style practically are pieces of an interesting and pleasing character. The first one, the "Toccata," has running finger work in the right hand, relieved by interlocking work. The second one, "The Butterfly," is an excellent study in a light movement of the hand from one part of the finger board to the other. The third, "Impromptu," is a little on the style of a galop, and is capable of producing a very brilliant effect. The fourth "Caprice," has running work in the right hand with an arpeggio bass, very much like the Chopin Impromptu in A flat. And the last study in the set is an octave Tarantelle, capable of very brilliant effect. These studies all belong to the fifth grade, and each particular number is capable of being played as a piece.

(From Breitkopf & Hartel.)

WOODLAND SKETCHES. By Edward Mac Dowell.

"To a Wild Rose."  
 "Will o' the Wisp."  
 "At an Old Trysting Place."  
 "In Autumn."  
 "From an Indian Lodge."  
 "To a Water Lily."  
 "From Uncle Remus."  
 "A Deserted Farm."  
 "By a Meadow Brook."  
 "Told at Sunset."

The lover of the everlastingly difficult will find little comfort in this book of little tone poems by Mr. Mac Dowell. In point of technical difficulty they rarely or never surpass the fourth grade, although this is much the same thing as saying that a poet has written some very charming little stanzas in which none of the words have more than seven letters. Difficult combinations have been assiduously avoided. The pieces are poetic and musical, a little in the manner of Grieg, and each one of them will require quite a little careful practice before its best results will be produced. In some of the cases the relation of the title to the music is, with consideration, left to the player's imagination. This is the case, for instance, in the first one, "To a Wild Rose," although why a rose, and not a lonely carnation will perhaps not be easy to find out from the statistics which Mr. Mac Dowell has given us in these two pages. "The Will o' the Wisp," a very dainty little Scherzo would certainly have this title or some other of very analogous character, for it is much the same with Will o' the Wisps and Fairies as it is with their nearest human relations. that is to say, the

Girl of the Century; at a distance the "Will o' the Wisp" and the "Fairies" sound very much alike, but it is only when you are through with following them that you are quite sure where you are "at." So again, "At an Old Trysting Place," the title has no necessary connection with the music setting. "On a Loved One's Trunk," or "An Old Letter," would produce almost the same emotion. "From an Indian Lodge" may perhaps have an Indian melody as its foundation. "From Uncle Remus" deals with the negro rhythm, and the five-tone scale has friends in the family. In the title of the eighth number, "A Deserted Farm," Mr. Mac Dowell has struck a happy medium in awakening a feeling of sadness and loneliness without its having any necessary personal application. This piece begins with a slow melody in the key of F sharp minor, and the phrase ends with what is sometimes called a "Scotch snap"—in other words, a 16th note followed by a dotted 8th, and, in this case, the dotted eighth has a half note tied to it, and is the final note of the phrase. This sudden approach to the final note of the phrase must signify the sudden desertion of the farm. In the present connection, considering the rhythm of the preceding part in this phrase, the snap looks to me like a misplaced property; after all, I may be wrong; it may signify an unimproved property; and this may be the deserted farm itself. "The Meadow Brook" in Mr. Mac Dowell's case has uncommon vicissitudes of flow. Its rhythm is very striking indeed. In short, an interesting collection of pieces of moderate difficulty.

(From G. Schirmer.)

AMOURETTE. Op. 48. By William Mason. G. Schirmer, New York.

This is one of the latest compositions of Dr. Mason, a strange and interesting composition in which a few leading ideas appear and disappear in all kinds of unexpected places; and yet, on the whole, when well played, it has a certain kind of poetry in it. It is by no means an easy composition to perform with a proper finish, and, like the two compositions of Dr. Mason's noticed last month, it is distinctly modern in its frequent changes of keys, changes of tempo and multiplicities of marks and phrases of expression. In point of difficulty, about sixth grade.

(From Arthur P. Schmidt.)

NOCTURNE IN A. Op. 183, for the Organ. By Johannes Pache.

A melodious and pleasing piece, well adapted for church use. The Nocturne is in A major in 3-4 measure and the registration is indicated.

(From Geo. B. Jennings Co., Cincinnati.)

SONGS BY ALICIA VAN BUREN.

"Lullaby."

"Evening."

"Pure as an Angel's Eyes."

"Anemone."

"Hammock Song."

Once more lovely woman has enriched our literature with those sweet touches of affection and sentiment which bashful man, lost in gluttony and hustle for pelf, is prone to overlook and to leave unhonored. The intention is excellent, the execution not so good. The melodies are too hitchy, they do not flow easily; they move too much by skips. One of the most strongly marked cases of this kind is the second song, entitled "Evening." This is in 2-4 measure in the key of F sharp minor, and the rhythm is an eighth note, a quarter and an eighth. The first four notes therefore are eighth notes on the chord in F sharp minor. The word "sun" has two quarter notes all to itself and the fall of the minor third upon the tonic. The music of all the songs has a certain reference to the sentiment of the words, but a manner of writing for the voice gracefully has not yet been acquired by the composer, and the instinct for those suitable effects of harmony which best express changes of sentiment seems still to be latent in her case.

(From H. F. Gilbert, Boston.)

TWO EPISODES. By Henry F. Gilbert. Orchestral Score.

"Legend."

"Negro Episode."

These two pieces are scores for full orchestra, and are therefore to be taken seriously. They are short and pleasing pieces which would seem to the reviewer more likely to be of immediate practical use if written for a smaller orchestra. The Legend has four horns and three trombones, as well as all the other instruments, and in addition to these the "Negro Episode" has a tuba. The "Negro Episode" is founded upon a rhythm very common, and it will probably produce a pleasing, popular effect.

(From Arthur P. Schmidt.)

THE MILLWHEEL. By Ignaz Brull.

A sort of tocatta for the piano, pleasing, if well played. Fifth grade.

THE ALPINE ROSE. By Richard Goerdeler.

A tyrolean movement for the third grade, not very well done, full of double notes, thirds, etc.

(From Clayton F. Summy.)

INSTRUCTIVE PIECES FOR THE PIANO. By Louis Schehlmann.

"Errinnerung."

"Petite Tarantelle."

The first number belongs to the fourth grade, and is a very good and pleasing study. The second number, a tarantelle, is quite a little easier.

THE CELESTIAL CITY. By W. H. Pontius.

An effective song, for church use, having a distinctive quality which church singers desire, viz.: a quiet treatment of the first half of the stanza, and plenty of high notes. The next stanza starts more quietly again, and ends in a grandioso manner, capable of making a very good effect.

(Guilford Musical Publishing Co., Boston.)

GRAPHIC MUSIC. Standard compositions and daily exercises for pianoforte. By C. C. Guilford.

This is a book of instrumental music written in a new notation with a view of making it more popular. The new notation is the invention of the author of the book. It is modeled upon the tonic sol-fa, only in place of initials numerals are used. These numerals, in place of representing tonic relationship, are run from one to twelve and designate semi-tones in an octave beginning with C. For example, the figures 2, 5, 10 would indicate the tones, C, E and A, and the proper bass for such a combination would be 10 in the octave below. According to the explanations given in the first part of the book, this notation is very much more simple than the usual staff notation. Undoubtedly it is so when one does not know the staff notation, because when you have Mr. Guilford's figures and his rules to indicate the octave you are supposed to be playing in, you have exact information as to what you want to do. The practical difficulty with this notation is not that it fails in exactness, but that it offers no assistance to the eye, no matter how rapid a passage may be, you can only make headway as fast as you figure out your 13, 14, 15 or your 7, 8, 9, or whatever bewildering combination of figures the composer requires; and the more parts you have the more mixed up you get, and a division in "compound numbers" is simplicity itself compared with this.

The great beauty of the staff notation is that when you have once learned it, you are able to take in your phrases, melody and accompaniment, at a single glance; and the more advanced musicians carry this so far that they read a full orchestra score and are able to hear in their minds the melody which each instrument is playing and the combined effect of the whole. Nothing of this sort would be possible, with any amount of practice, in this so-called easy notation, because, in a complicated piece of music, a single phrase and its accompaniment might include as many as between one and two hundred notes; some of them in chords of six or eight tones and sometimes more; and at other times, in rapid running work, there might be four or six or eight different tones in the same beat, while the bass might have a full chord for its own part.

The author of the book has sent with it a communication explaining the superior merits of his system. All systems of this kind are phenomena, which are bound to occur in certain conjunctions of the moon and the interior planets. About 1845 Miss Glover, of

England, invented the beginning of the tonic sol-fa, which a little later was taken up by that noble educator, the late Rev. John Curwen. In 1850 there was a so-called "one-line system" of musical notation published in Boston. It was the production of persons named Day and Beal, and they expected to revolutionize the world, or at least all that part that was material to them: namely, Boston and the outlying suburbs. A singing class was taught in Lowell, with an attendance of about 1,500, under this system. The one-line system had a horizontal line across the page and the tones of the medium octave were indicated by figures upon the line; the octave above by figures above the line, and the octave below by figures below the line. It was a system, by the aid of which, any person of good average intelligence could learn all the names do, re, me, etc., of the melody, no matter in what key, in about five minutes; and all keys were alike, to the eye, in this system, as they are in the tonic sol-fa.

Mr. Guilford goes farther and gives us twelve figures in the place of eight, in consequence of which his notation is possible for instrumental music; and anybody who wishes to learn all about instrumental music in about twenty-five minutes, can do it with more accuracy and certainty and completeness from Mr. Guilford's notation than by means of the staff notation; still, when the patient, at the end of fifteen minutes' instruction, has ascertained the principles and can then place her finger upon any note of the chromatic scale that the specifications call for, she still has to learn to perform the music; and every time her eye travels over this combination of figures she will have to take the same amount of pains as the first time she read them through; and no matter how advanced she may become, everything she reads will have to be so worked out in this way, so that instead of being a more rapid and easier system for reading, it is only a more rapid and superficial system for beginning to read.

It is painful to feel compelled to comment upon a lifelong effort in this hard-hearted manner, and the reviewer, therefore, takes pleasure in saying that Mr. Guilford's improvement upon the standard musical system is no worse than many others. In fact, just at the present time a system is being advocated in Italy, in which the staff consists of six lines instead of five, in two groups of three lines each, and the lines are not used for writing notes upon, but only spaces, the result being that the music is spread over a much wider territory than is the present system, and everything has to be learned over again. If some musical bacteriologist could isolate the bacterium which is the specific poison underlying these musical notations, he would save humanity from a great deal of unnecessary, and even worse than wasted, effort; meanwhile, all those who improve the notation have our sympathy, and this is about as practical and supporting nourishment as they are likely to experience before that mythical time when "the cows come home."

**REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION. 1895-'96.**

This volume of the report of the commissioner of education has to do mainly with education in Sweden and Iceland, and with typical institutions in the United States where manual training is taught. A list of the universities in the United States is given and a variety of other interesting matter. The second volume of this report can best be described in the old phrase as representing the operation of a great net let down into the sea, gathering up all sorts of fish, little and big. These the reader will sort out and cook to his liking when he needs them.

(From Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

**THE STEVENSON SONG-BOOK. Verses from a Child's Garden.**

By Robert Louis Stevenson. With music by various composers.

A fine quarto of 119 pages, containing thirty songs, of which nine are by Dr. Stanford, two by Mr. Reginald de Koven, two by W. W. Gilchrist, and the remainder by Arthur Foote, G. W. Chadwick and Homer Bartlett. In this competitive examination all the authors come off honorably, the American writers at least not less so than the English. A very desirable collection of children's songs to have in the family.

**PIANOFORTE STUDY. Hints on Piano Playing. By Alexander**

McArthur. Philadelphia: Theodore Presser.

The author of this little book seems to be an Englishwoman from Dublin, who at one time was a pupil of Rubinstein, previous to which she had been in Bülow's classes at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Her standpoint in regard to the piano-playing world is remarkably simple and definite. She recognizes three great pianists: Liszt, Rubinstein and Paderewski. The book consists of eighteen chapters or detailed essays on all sorts of topics, such as, "What to play," "How to practice," "Where to study," "What to avoid," etc. The English water mark is very pronounced in the book.

The following bits illustrate the English standpoint with very English naivete: "In the earlier years of piano study, after the first drudgery of theory and some little mastery of technic have been accomplished, Clementi's sonatinas are undoubtedly the strongest basis on which to build a solid foundation in piano playing, with the help of "Czerny for Beginners." At least a year should be devoted to the study of these two peerless musical pedagogues.

"Next to Chopin in the maltreatment which he receives at the hands of amateurs comes Mozart. I suppose there is no one who could explain why Mozart is relegated to the schoolroom; it is one of those astonishing regulations that crop up in every art, and which we all accept like sheep. Certainly there is no composer harder to play than Mozart. He requires the most exquisite precision in rhythm, a touch and tone perfected to the highest degree, and a legato and repose in reading to be acquired only by years of struggle



and labor. Yet ask nine out of ten rosebuds, on presentation in the drawing-rooms of London or New York, to play you some Mozart, and watch how their lips curl in contempt. Mozart is beyond all young players and most grown ones. His music requires a technic polished to the highest degree in every detail, and if you can play Mozart as he should be played, you can rest assured you are an artist."

In the chapter entitled "How to Practice," she has a little bit about Chopin, which is certainly pleasing in the light of the modern estimate of Chopin and Kalkbrenner respectively. She says: "Chopin's biographers have largely commented on Kalkbrenner's audacity in inviting the young Polish musician to enter his piano classes, but I think that justice has hardly been done in Kalkbrenner. We must remember that he was the greatest pedagogue of his day in Paris; he had had vast experience, and, when he heard Chopin, he put his finger at once on the weak spot. Perhaps, had Chopin gone through a systematic training with Kalkbrenner in technique he would have been a better concert player, for, no matter how great or small our forces may be, they are much more valuable when trained." Considering that Chopin had already made himself the first virtuoso of Europe, or at any rate, as a pianist of wholly new distinction, while Kalkbrenner represented merely the old-fashioned and conservative element, this verdict is very pleasing.

The English tone with its suggestion of what the late James Russell Lowell once called "a certain condescension in foreigners" appears, as thus: "In the larger cities of Great Britain and America there are always plenty of professors to be found who are equal, sometimes even superior, to those of European cities, and it is the height of folly to suppose that there is anything abroad better than what we find in the National Academies and Conservatories of our own country. Men like Franklin Taylor and Ernest Pauer in London, or William Mason and W. H. Barber in New York, give a pianoforte training second to none, and the student who expects to find anything better abroad makes a great mistake." The enlargement of the artistic resources of New York by the addition of the name of W. H. Barber to that of William Mason is a circumstance so gratifying that it deserves special recognition.

The great difficulty with a book that gives so much information and so many clearly expressed opinions as the present one, is that of knowing whether the information conveyed is really true; for example, of Paderewski she says: "Leschetitzky has nothing whatever to do with the wonderful interpretation the former gives us of the tone poems of Chopin or Schumann. Paderewski has worked these out himself, and the proof of this, and also Paderewski's greatness, lies in the fact that his readings of these masters are absolutely his own."

This is undoubtedly very nice for Paderewski, but there happens to be in Chicago, at the present moment, an accomplished ama-

teur pianist who studied with Leschetitsky for several years, during most of which Paderewski had lessons in the hour immediately following hers. She often listened to the lessons, and states with the utmost positiveness that the interpretation and delicate nuances which distinguish Paderewski's playing were ground into him by Leschetitsky, phrase by phrase, often with innumerable repetitions before the exact color was obtained.

At other times Mr. MacArthur is pleasingly true, as, for instance, in his remarks concerning the state of piano playing in Paris: "It is a mistake for a pianist to choose Paris for a residence, for piano-playing in Paris is at the lowest ebb. In the first place, there is no concert-hall except the Salle Erard, which holds only about four hundred people. Partly for this reason, partly because there is little recognition of them, the great pianists do not visit the city. In the next place, I have never known a city so over-run with mediocre pianists."

Here also is another bit which deserves to be printed in larger type: "Finishing lessons with a great master, no matter how few, are an advantage to all pianists." "No matter how few" is good.

The Rubinstein anecdotes in the book give it its principal value; for example, this: Rubinstein often said to us: "Listen, attentively, when you can, to good singing, and endeavor to sing on the piano. Do not think of striking your notes; think of singing them." Personally I found, when first I attended his lessons, that it was more by willing the tone than by hitting the note in some certain way that I succeeded in doing as he wanted."

In the chapter on "Interpretation" there are many pleasing bits, and if one were disposed to be critical, like Mr. Philip Hale, for example, one might doubt whether Mrs. MacArthur had really gone to the bottom of the subject. She says, for instance: "Interpretation is largely a gift, but it is a gift requiring cultivation. The student cannot bestow too much pains in this direction, for interpretation is to piano-playing what the sunlight is to the earth." And again: "In many pieces of Chopin or Schumann it is really not the notes that are difficult, but the interpretation," and she goes on to say that there are some nocturnes of Chopin which Paderewski and Rubinstein play so very differently that they make them almost like two pieces; the one playing them loud and the other soft.

So also he disposes of the different styles of piano music in a very neat way. He says: "Nowadays there are, roughly speaking, only two classes of piano music; one, the sublime; the other, the sentimental. Here the boundary lines are rigid, and it is the duty of the critics to see that they are kept rigid." And she goes on with still more: "There has been very little that is dramatic written for the piano. Some of Chopin's Polonaises, one prelude, the great left-hand study, and the first scherzo; also, Rubinstein's 'Leonora' ballad. The Schubert-Liszt 'Erl-Konig' is a transcription,

as is the famous march from Beethoven's 'Ruins of Athens,' but the purely dramatic is limited. Students must remember, all the same, that the dramatic in piano literature is a class by itself." Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" as a dramatic piece is good!

Schumann being a composer of originality, Mrs. MacArthur has an easy way of coming at him. She says: "If you want to understand your Schumann, study Shelley. If you have no taste for Shelley, then put your Schumann away."

Again we come back to Paderewski: "The Chopin and Schumann player par excellence to-day is Paderewski." Which is a very nice thing for Mr. Paderewski.

Mrs. MacArthur advises a certain amount of theoretical study, and, by implication, she seems to think that Sir Robert Stewart, of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, is the one with whom one ought to study. Among the interesting suggestions which the book contains is her memorandum concerning the division of work in the St. Petersburg Conservatory deserves to be better known. On the whole, therefore, it is easy to see that while the positiveness of the opinions is peculiarly English, and brings upon the book a certain amount of criticism, Mrs. MacArthur has, nevertheless, provided a little work which will give students food for thought. Her apotheosis of Paderewski deserves to be taken with several grains of salt, since it is by no means certain that this admirable artist is enabled to wear a halo as large as here provided for him. But as for Rubinstein and the other artists mentioned, Mrs. MacArthur is perhaps sufficiently accurate.

#### BEAUTIFUL ADVERTISING MATTER.

Two extraordinarily expensive advertising pamphlets have lately come to our notice. The most imposing of these, and at the same time the most frankly commercial, is the catalogue of Lyon & Healy's Harp, which contains a large number of portraits of the masters of this instrument, from Bochsa and Parish-Alvars down to Hasslemanns; and later on there is another collection of fine portraits of the many excellent artists who are now using these harps, among them such names as Oberthur, John Cheshire, Apthomas, Breitschuck and many others. The catalogue is beautifully printed and the ancient history of the harp, which occupies the first part, is illustrated with brilliant color effects and marginal designs.

The other catalogue is not quite a catalogue and is more exclusively artistic in its character. It is the new Weber pamphlet, published by Mr. Louis Dederick of the Manufacturers' Piano Company, Chicago. This also is printed in two colors and contains a sketch of the history of the piano, beginning with the old bow-shaped harps of the ancient Egyptians, and proceeding by way of the Arab Dulcimer and spinet, harpsichord, etc., to the modern piano, which, according to this authority, reached its climax in the work of Albert Weber, which gained such a splendid award at the Philadelphia Centennial.

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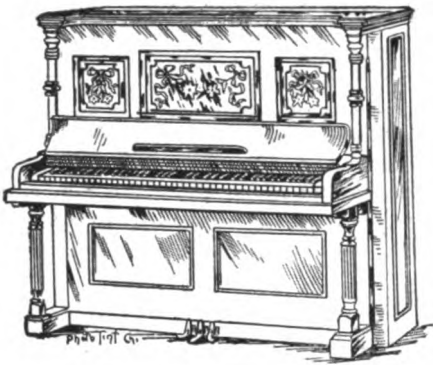
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JOSEF HOFMANN.

# MUSIC.

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FEBRUARY, 1898.

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## CLARENCE EDDY ON ORCHESTRAL CONDUCTORS.

During the Christmas holidays Mr. Clarence Eddy spent his time in Chicago, there being a lull in his concert engagements, which at other times of the season have taken him entirely across the country more than once. In this interim he was a close attendant at the concerts and at some of the rehearsals of the Chicago orchestra. Remembering that during the last two years Mr. Eddy had spent much time in Paris and had traveled extensively in Germany and Italy, it occurred to try and elicit from him certain information concerning foreign conductors, and the styles and qualities of orchestral playing; particularly as he was in position to furnish so effective an addition to information which has already appeared in the pages of this magazine. Accordingly a representative of MUSIC waited upon him and an interesting conversation took place, the subject matter including not alone the specific matter first in question, but much more concerning organists and organs and the progress of organ music. The conversation began with a reference to the visit of Mr. Alexandre Guilmant, in many respects the most brilliant and genial representative of the art of organ playing in France, and one of the most eminent and satisfactory in the world. Upon this head Mr. Eddy spoke with animation and fullness, supplementing his warm account of Guilmant published in this magazine in January, 1897. He said:



"Guilmant is to-day the most popular organist in France, without any doubt. During the past ten years he has done more than all other French organists together to elevate the standard of organ music in that country and to make it better



understood and better liked. He is not only a virtuoso of the first rank, but he is a profound musician and an artist of the very highest type. I think that his visit to this country in the World's Fair season did a great deal to stimulate

young organists and encourage them to go on to higher attainments, and to work for a clearer and more attractive style of playing, particularly in strict organ music, which it is so very easy to make unattractive by playing it in a cold and mechanical way. Guilmant, you know, colors everything he plays; not alone by registration, but still more in the smaller details of his playing, by means of differences of touch and phrasing. Against a theme in close legato he brings out a counter-theme in another voice, a flowing counterpoint in staccato tones, which thus are easily followed in contrast with the principal idea. Then in phrasing and delicate nuance of accentuation he is easily one of the very greatest artists living. Everything that he plays becomes interesting. Whatever of clearness the composer had in his thought Guilmant brings out; and he adds to it an attractive something, the light of his own genius. Through his many years of artistic career, and his incessant activity as composer he has had occasion to explore the possibilities of the organ tone thoroughly, and there has never been a master who has known better exactly the kind of things an organ can do and those which it can only suggest or even misrepresent. This suitability to the instrument is what makes his organ compositions so grateful to the player and so satisfactory to the listener—these qualities along with the real musical inspiration which many of them exhibit.”

“But,” it was suggested, “do you not fear that the American tour of so great a master will minify the opportunities of American organists, by adding to these superior qualities which the master undoubtedly exhibits the further element of mystery in a great foreign reputation?”

“Not at all,” said Mr. Eddy. “I hold now, exactly as I did in the World’s Fair year, that the more great players we can hear in this country, and the greater diversity of style, the sooner the American people will begin to realize the peculiar musical scope of the modern organ; which, if I may so express it, is musical in a high degree, affording opportunities for counterpoint, fugue, massive effects, and very great delicacy and piquancy; it is a musical instrument of colossal possibilities, and wholly free from every trace of the sensual element from which orchestral music cannot easily be wholly

freed without making it uninteresting. Anyway, I consider that every real virtuoso and artist among American organists will find his work improved and stimulated by Mr. Guilman's



M. EDWARD COLONNE.

tour in this country; and I believe he will find that more opportunities will open to him and that he will have better and more flattering engagements."

At this point the conversation diverged to the principal topic of the interview, namely, the celebrated French orchestral conductors, and the relation of their playing to that of other great conductors.

"The most exclusive orchestral concerts in Paris," said Mr. Eddy, "are those of the Conservatory. These are not, as you supposed, played by students, but by the Conservatory professors. It is a large orchestra of about sixty men, and it plays in the hall of the Conservatory, seating not more than six hundred people. As the series has been in existence every year since the beginning of this century, except during the temporary closing of the Conservatory after the fall of the great Napoleon, they have become 'the thing' from a social point of view, and all the tickets are sold out in advance to season subscribers. Your only chance of obtaining admission is to send in an application to the directors, and in case some seat-holder is unable to use his seat he may send the ticket to the office some days before the concert. Then the powers that be hold a consultation, and if they see fit to grant your application, you are fortunate, and you take thankfully whatever the ticket happens to be.

"These concerts obtained their first celebrity, you remember, through the work of Habeneck, who began to conduct them in 1806, and continued to do so until about 1846. Habeneck is credited by the German writers with having been the first to make Beethoven's symphonies understood in France. He was the first conductor who caused the violins to bow together, and I believe he is the originator of the idea of causing all the strings of the orchestra to play movements from string quartettes, in order to improve the discipline and unity and increase the musical spirit. Mr. Theodore Thomas adopted both these ideas at the very outset of his career as orchestral conductor, and he has no doubt carried them to a higher pitch than their first inventor."

"The present conductor of the Conservatory concerts is Mr. C. P. Taffanel, the great flutist. Upon his own instrument Mr. Taffanel is one of the most delightful artists I have ever heard, and I believe one of the best who has ever appeared. I do not regard him as a great conductor, and he has not made any especial mark in this direction."

"To my mind, one of the most famous of French orchestral directors is Mr. Edouard Colonne. During the season his concerts are given every Sunday afternoon in the Chatelet



M. CHARLES LAMOUREUX.

Theater, a house about the size of the Chicago Opera House or the Columbia. He has a body of about sixty or seventy

men, and his programs cover a vast deal of ground. He plays all schools, but he is a great disciple of Berlioz. Upon this subject he is an enthusiast, and some of the finest performances I have ever heard of Berlioz's music have been given under his direction. He has an effective chorus of about eighty under his control; professional singers from the opera chorus, nearly all pupils at the conservatory; and a wonderfully effective body of singers they are. I have heard, with immense satisfaction and pleasure, this combination give Berlioz's 'Damnation of Faust' and other great things of Berlioz.

"The 'Faust' must be one of the standard money-makers of his repertory. Last winter they gave several performances, which were crowded. Then 'by request' one more; then another, and so on, and finally a 'last' performance; and about two months later still another 'last' performance."

"Another class of works in which Mr. Colonne is strong consists of those remarkable symphonic poems of the late Cesar Franck, several of which require the assistance of a chorus. I heard a most wonderful performance of 'Psyche,' by Cesar Franck, which employs a double orchestra, one in front and one behind the scenes upon the stage; a chorus and solos. It is most extraordinary music and enchanting; there are a number of these symphonic poems which the American public as yet knows nothing about."

"Speaking of the chorus, their work is singularly telling and effective, when you remember how few the voices are, as compared with American and English standards; effective and very musical—due to the individuals having had musical training of a higher kind than chorus singers usually represent."

"Then the fire, the vim, the intensity that Colonne has is simply wonderful; I have never heard anything like it. His playing of the Rakoczy march is something to be remembered for a lifetime. He accelerates towards the end until he carries it at a dreadful pace—simply furious, and his own magnetism and enthusiasm carries everything. It is a tremendous performance. Sometimes Colonne goes to the Trocadero and gives festival performances. For these occasions the orchestra is augmented. They play all the Beethoven symphonies, and the classical repertory in general. But,



as I said, the great French masters receive from Mr. Colonne a peculiarly inspiring interpretation."

"Lamoureux is another great French conductor who has done a vast deal to popularize Wagner in France. His concerts are also given on Sunday afternoons, in the Cirque d'Ete, which is a circular building near the Place de la Concord, one of the best neighborhoods in Paris. As the building is round



DR. HANS RICHTER.

the conductor stands about in the center of it. The acoustics are not perfect, but the place holds a large audience and is always crowded. The tickets run from one franc to five. I suppose Lamoureux has played all the orchestral numbers of the Wagner music and many excerpts from the operas for years and years, and it is mainly to him that the French recognition of Wagner is due. The playing of the orchestra is

refined and musical, very expressive and clean cut; not boisterous and not noisy, nor with a superabundance of enthusiasm, but fine and chaste. If I were to compare it with the orchestra here, I would say that it did not have that extreme delicacy of finish that Thomas has, but a greater intensity, and perhaps more character in the general playing."

"How are these concerts maintained?" asked the scribe.

"The concerts of Colonne and Lamoureux, I believe, are the private enterprises of the conductors. They engage their own orchestra, are responsible for all the expenses, and look to the door receipts to reimburse them. It is precisely the same kind of managerial-conducting that Mr. Thomas did for so many years in New York and elsewhere in this country; the same that Händel did with opera a century and a half ago in London. Naturally this entails upon the conductor a responsibility which is onerous. In fact, Mr. Lamoureux has lately given up his concerts because he could not afford to go on; or perhaps because in consequence of his increasing celebrity he could make more money without them. He has made several trips to Germany and England, you know, sometimes with his orchestra and sometimes conducting local orchestras."

"Lamoureux has a chorus at times and gives extracts from 'Parsifal,' 'Gotterdammerung' and Berlioz's 'Faust'—the latter of course entire. He has even given the 'Messiah.' I did not hear it, but am told that it was very funny. To hear the Hallelujah chorus in French was queer, and the spirit of the Handel music is foreign to them. There is a small two manual organ in this circus and Mr. Guilment has played there some of the Handel concertos with M. Lamoureux several times, with very good effect."

"The playing of the Lamoureux orchestra is very brilliant and interesting; not so solid and dignified as Colonne's and what we are accustomed to, but very interesting; very clear and careful, and with a great deal of finish. As compared with what the Chicago orchestra is doing, I should say it was not so ultra refined. They could not do the Schubert Unfinished Symphony as we had it the other day. I have never heard it done with so much refinement as upon that occasion; it was-



simply pure gold, without any dross at all. They do not try to get that finish in England, I think. They have some fine orchestras in London, but they do not take so much pains



SIEGFRIED WAGNER AND FELIX MOTTL.

in phrasing and refinement of tone-qualities. It is more rugged and stolid."

"Have you ever heard Mottl?" asked the scribe.

"I have heard him at Bayreuth, and I do not think he is so broad in his treatment as Hans Richter, but he takes great pains with his details. Everything is beautifully brought out, but he does not impress me as having so great a personality as Richter. I heard Richter conduct the 'Meistersinger' in a way I never shall forget. It was also at Bayreuth, and was the greatest performance of the work I have ever heard and masterly in every way. He conducted the whole thing and also the rehearsals without notes. It is one thing to conduct a concert without notes, but at rehearsals where you take everything to pieces and tell every man where his part is and what his errors are, it is quite another thing. Richter is a man who conducts a Beethoven symphony in a magnificent way; broad, dignified and sympathetic."

"Would you then place Richter at the head of living conductors?" Mr. Eddy was asked.

"I would not like to say that; I consider him one of the very greatest, of course, but I do not like to say that any one man is actually above all others. Still I think I may say that if I were called upon to name the four greatest living conductors I could get along very well with the first three. They would be Richter, Thomas and Nikisch; but I do not know which one I would place with them. All the others seem to me to stand perhaps a little below these great masters. I say 'seem to me'—but then this may be merely my own liking, without objective validity, as our German friends say."

At this point the interviewer asked about young Siegfried Wagner, who had the doubly bad luck to make a start in life as the son of a phenomenally great father, and the tradition of that father having certified upon one occasion, concerning the boy Siegfried: "Look at that boy; there is not an atom of music in his whole composition."

"I heard Siegfried Wagner at Bayreuth," said Mr. Eddy, "and it seemed to me that he conducted very well indeed. He seemed competent and equal to the demand, but there was nothing specially distinguished or characteristic in the interpretation, that I could discover."

In some further conversation Mr. Eddy commented in a very enthusiastic manner upon the present condition of the

Chicago orchestra, and the interviewer as well as the American public will be pleased to know that Theodore Thomas, whom they have looked up to for so many years, and who has in fact educated them in orchestral music, is entitled to stand so high among the greatest orchestral masters of the present time.

MUSIC.

I heard a master once; and afterward,  
While yet beneath the magic of his spell,  
I sought to put my rapture into words:

Music is the expression of the soul,  
The language of the angels; and in us  
It touches all the mystic chords of life.  
It vibrates through and through us, until we  
Become embodied with the sounds we hear.  
It sweeps across the soul in fitful gusts  
And seeks out every longing, every pain.  
It reaches from our highest spirit heights  
Down to our lowest depths. It shows to us  
The beauty and the terror and the hope,  
The very mystery of life itself.  
It doth reveal to us, we are divine.

—J. A. EDGERTON.

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## THE EARLY LIFE OF RICHARD WAGNER.

BY EGBERT SWAYNE.

Mr. Hamilton Stewart Chamberlain, in his work upon Richard Wagner, has developed a number of points concerning this much discussed master which have never before been brought out so clearly. The work, as is well known, is a handsome quarto of about four hundred pages, illustrated with fifty or sixty large portraits and a great variety of smaller ones. The object to which the author addresses himself is that of producing a picture of the personality of the composer, including under the term not alone the man Wagner with his surroundings of other men and incidents of life, but still more the inner man, the idea which possessed him, and the personality which developed itself through the varying fortunes of his diversified career. In carrying out this undertaking Mr. Chamberlain was able to entirely avoid the polemic tone which up to now has disfigured nearly the whole of the Wagner literature. The question is not so much whether Wagner's ideas were better or worse, as exactly what those ideas are; nor whether the man was larger or smaller, but precisely what kind of a man was he. Mr. Chamberlain, it may be stated, is a writer who has devoted himself to science and has brought to this Wagner work the same impartial observation of nature which he had been in the habit of bestowing upon the inanimate objects of his study. The book appeals to all lovers of the ornate in bookmaking, since the illustrations are both numerous and choice, and the work is one which along with Jullien's Wagner well deserves a place in the library of that constantly growing number of musical clubs which have a club room and a collection of books.

It is very pleasant to notice these good qualities of the work, since they would not immediately have been foreseen by the reader turning over the pages casually for the first time. The faith of such a reader would be liable to be shaken

by the general introduction, in which the nature of the problem is discussed and the manner of performing it to the extent of about twenty large pages. But when once we enter upon the life of Wagner, then the value of the new writer upon this subject immediately appears; but speaking of lives of Wag-



RICHARD WAGNER.  
(From a pencil drawing in 1842, by E. B. Kletz in Paris.)

ner, it should be understood once for all that Mr. Chamberlain contents himself with tracing the life history of Wagner in outline merely, referring every one for fuller particulars to the large work of Glasenapp, which is in four octavo volumes.

Mr. Chamberlain is singularly fortunate in fixing the Wagner dates for convenience of memory. Taking the birth year as the starting point, he fixes that for us by reminding every German reader that this was the year in which the Fatherland was freed from foreign oppressors. Add to this the number seventy and we have the year 1883 in which Wagner died. Divide the period of seventy into two parts, the first period ends in 1848, the revolutionary year, which practically coincides with Wagner's flight from Dresden, although this actually took place in May of 1849. When Wagner left Dresden he had already completed "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," and his "Flying Dutchman" and "Rienzi" had been produced with distinguished success under his own leading at Dresden. With his participation in the revolutionary movement his official relation to society and the theater as it was forever ceased. From that time on he followed his own ideal.

One of the most valuable parts of Mr. Chamberlain's work is the care with which he traces the influences that surrounded Wagner's early life, and particularly the family peculiarities, all of which, in a remarkable degree, centered themselves around the theater. Richard Wagner, alone of all the great composers, was what might be called a well educated man, having been an enthusiastic student of literature, particularly in Greek: a boy with such energy that at the age of thirteen he learned English in order that he might read Shakespeare in the original. His remote ancestors were parochial schoolmasters and organists. His grandfather, however, enjoyed a complete academic education and studied theology in Leipsic, but finding himself unfitted for clerical life he became an official in the customs department. This man had two sons, Frederick and Adolph. Richard Wagner's father was the older son, Frederick, who after studying jurisprudence in Leipsic entered the government service, in which he rose to a very respectable position. He collected an extensive and varied private library, in which classical literature was well represented. "But the most remarkable thing about him," says Mr. Chamberlain, "was his enthusiastic love of the theater. A first performance of a new play by Schiller continued to be celebrated every year as a family festival; actors were his most intimate friends at home and he himself appeared with

some success in good amateur performances." Frederick Wagner died exactly six months after the birth of his son Richard, and very soon afterwards his widow married Ludwig Geyer, a successful actor of that time, and one of the best



RICHARD WAGNER'S MOTHER.

friends of her first husband. It was Frederick Wagner who had first induced Geyer to become an actor, and thus, through a peculiar concatenation of circumstances, Wagner owed it

to his father that when first awakened to consciousness he found himself surrounded by the world of the theater.

One of the strongest influences upon Wagner's personality must have been that of his uncle Adolph Wagner, whose celebrity in German literature is imperfectly understood by most of those who have written about the composer. "He was a man of immense learning and untiring industry; that he was not wanting in creative power is proved by several of his literary attempts. But with all his astonishing versatility he lacked the necessary concentration, and his nature was too artistically receptive for him to be able to preserve his own individuality intact in the midst of so many external influences. A comparison with Herder will make this clear. That Herder in spite of his encyclopedian versatility yet appears as a sharply defined figure, is due to a kind of self-assertiveness, springing from an egotistic not fully artistic temperament, and maintained even towards the highest genius; by this means the equilibrium is restored; when we see a man, gifted with the keenest intuition for the souls of the most distant peoples yet often remaining blind to the intellectual greatness of those around him, it is evident that we behold the drawbacks of a remarkable individuality, conscious of its own value. Adolf Wagner lacked this strong backbone; he mistook nothing; he understood everything, from the ancient Greek tragedy to Burns and Byron, from the abstract metaphysics of Giordano Bruno to the history of painting. The infinite capacity of his artistic heart, the wide range of his intellect, included everything in its sympathetic embrace. His own personality was obscured by this process, and thus we see him employed chiefly in work for its own sake, in erudite editions, commentaries and translations. Of his own numerous writings, which extend over the most various fields, from essays on the Greek poets down to novels and comedies, the most important seem to be his 'Biographien der Reformatoren' and his study 'Zwei Epochen der Modernen Poesie' (a parallel between Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio on the one hand, and Goethe, Schiller and Wieland on the other). His translations extend from Sophocles and Caesar to Lange's History of Painting. His complete edition of the works of Giordano Bruno in the original languages (Latin and Italian) is celebrated. The Italian



classics he has edited under the title 'Parnasso Italiano.' To him, too, we owe the first complete edition of the poems of Robert Burns in English."

A near relative of such breadth of cultivation as this could not be without influence upon a boy so talented as Richard



LUDWIG GEYER.  
(Wagner's Stepfather.)

Wagner, and Mr. Chamberlain thinks that Richard Wagner's attitude of protest against the disgraceful state of modern art may have had its origin in his old uncle's "Theater and Publikum."

Mr. Chamberlain's book contains a curious picture of Wagner's mother, who was idolized by her son Richard. After the death of her second husband, Ludwig Geyer, her house still remained the center of a little circle of artists and lovers of art. Mr. Chamberlain proceeds: "Of Wagner's mother I have little to relate. She was an excellent woman and an excellent mother, and was idolized by her son Richard. The memory of her and of her motherly affection strengthened him in all the storms of his life; on the very evening before his death he was speaking of her. All who knew her mention her in sympathetic words. After the death of her second husband, Ludwig Geyer, her house still remained the center of a little circle of artists and lovers of art. We may well suppose that the simple woman possessed a charm that was all her own. Her portrait expresses grace, wit, and good judgment.

"Ludwig Geyer married the widowed mother in 1814, and thenceforward supplied the place of little Richard's father. He was in every respect worthy of the warm friendship which Friedrich Wagner had felt for him. In obedience to the wish of his father, Geyer had studied law, but after that he followed his own bent and became a painter and an actor. As a portrait painter he acquired such fame that he was engaged to paint the royal families in Munich and in Dresden. As an actor he was especially remarkable for the versatility of his talent; on every German stage he was a welcome guest. Eventually Geyer's talent for singing was discovered by Carl Maria von Weber, who liked him to sing in his operas. He also wrote comedies with some success. For us the interest of this amiable and accomplished man lies chiefly in the fact of his marriage with Richard Wagner's mother, in consequence of which the future Meister was from the first surrounded by theatrical life."

"It will be remembered that Friedrich Wagner, Richard Wagner's father, had grown up amongst Government officials. His passion for the stage had come to show itself by degrees; the son, on the other hand, owing to his relationship with the actor Geyer, almost literally grew up on the stage. At an age when other children scarcely know what a theater is, Richard Wagner frequented it regularly. If his mother want-

ed to keep him at home in the evening to do his lessons he wept until he had got leave to run off to the theater. Geyer in fact was so pleased with the little art-enthusiast that he liked to take him to the rehearsals. His parents' house, too, was mostly frequented by actors, and the stage was a constant subject of conversation. Practical experience is said to be the most indispensable thing for a theatrical poet. I know of no dramatist who began to gather practical experience so early as Wagner; especially I know of no poet whose attention was engaged so decidedly and so uninterruptedly with the theater from the very first awakening of consciousness as was Wagner's. At the end of 1821 Geyer died. Richard was then only



ADOLF WAGNER.  
(Uncle of the Composer.)



ALBERT WAGNER.  
(Brother of the Composer.)

eight and a half years old. But the influences of which I have just spoken were scarcely, if at all, affected by his death, for Wagner's brother Albert, who was fourteen years his senior (born 1799) and fully shared the Wagnerian passion for the theater, had already thrown his medical studies overboard and turned actor and singer; his sisters, Rosalie (born 1803), Louise (born 1805), Klara (born 1807), were also on the stage; moreover, all the truest and most truly disinterested friends of the twice orphaned children were Geyer's brother-artists."

Concerning Wagner's education and mental development, Mr. Chamberlain goes on: "Richard Wagner enjoyed essentially the same kind of education as, for instance, Goethe and

Schiller. When Wagner's mother married Ludwig Geyer, the family moved to Dresden, where Geyer was permanently engaged at the theater. After Geyer's death they returned to their home in Leipzig. In Dresden Wagner attended the celebrated old Kreuzschule; in Leipzig the Nicolaigymnasium. He then matriculated at the Leipzig University as a student of music and philosophy. Such a program denotes not precisely a learned education but a thorough and wide one. The course of his studies derives special interest from the fact that Wagner, who was no infant prodigy in other respects, displayed in the very first years of his school life an unusual talent for the classical languages, so that his teachers looked upon him as a born philologist. A born wielder of languages he certainly was. This love for classic antiquity, by which I mean especially Greek language and poetry, and for the study of languages in general, Wagner retained throughout his life. Whoever has had the opportunity of examining the most eloquent testimony to the universality of Wagner's mind, the library at Wahnfried, will have remarked that the science of language was his favorite study until his death."

"The full import of his early acquaintance with the authors of classic antiquity will be felt when we regard it in the light of the other determining influence of his life—his early familiarity with the theater. It was the dramatic authors—Aeschylus and Sophocles—who engaged the boy's attention, and at thirteen Wagner learned English on his own account in order to read Shakespeare in the original. The child who had grown up on the stage at once comprehended a Sophocles and a Shakespeare, if not in their deepest, yet in their truest meaning; not as ornaments or literature, but as stage poets, as artistic creators, who could only be fully understood from the standpoint of the stage. For him these men were not distant objects, to be wondered at and philologically commented upon; rather what they said was for him the nearest, the most intelligible thing in the world. Another result of his early and intimate acquaintance with the greatest of dramatists was the habit of idealizing his own childish impressions of the theater they showed him dimly that the stage was a measureless artistic force, and contained the possibility of the very

highest within itself."

"Looking back at these first twenty years, which were of such decisive importance, we shall see that his own brilliant gifts were seconded in the most remarkable way by external circumstances—his early acquaintance with the theater, the intercourse with theatrical artists, the enduring impression of Carl Maria von Weber's conducting, the singing lessons of his sisters, the daily visits to his stepfather's studio, the constant alternation between reading dramatic masterpieces and the very good representations of the works of Shakespeare,



WILHELMINE WAGNER.  
(Wagner's First Wife.)



ROSALIE WAGNER.  
(Wagner's Favorite Sister.)

Schiller and Goethe, as well as those of Iffland, Kotzebue and other less important authors; later, too, the frequent and excellent musical performances in the Leipzig Gewandhaus, and the stimulating society of his learned uncle, Adolf Wagner, who had mastered nearly the whole literature of the world, who was himself a theatrical poet, and held very strong views about the reform of our theater—all this combined to form and stimulate his mind with impressions purely and entirely artistic."

"I shall speak more fully of his artistic development during this youthful period in my third chapter. Here it is sufficient

to note that Wagner was a poet from the beginning, a poet in words and in tones; that he regarded himself from the very first as, beyond all doubt, destined solely and entirely for an artistic career, that of the stage, and that from this belief he never swerved either to the right or to the left, nor ever took any other possibility into account."

"When only twelve years old he composed a prize poem, which was printed at the instance of his teachers at the Kreuzschule. At this time he began to write tragedies. His musical gift, too, was awakened under the impression of Weber's music, and soon afterwards by the mightier influence of Beethoven. At sixteen he tried his hand in a 'pastoral play,' in which he wrote the words and music together. This led to more serious studies, especially musical, which he underwent with Weinlig, the Cantor of the Thomas-schule, during his student-time. As exercises in the handling of the musical apparatus he composed quite a number of compositions, mostly for full orchestra (a symphony, overtures, etc.). Several of these were performed in the Leipzig Gewandhaus, not without success. These compositions and performances belong to the years between 1830 and 1832. In the beginning of 1832 we see our artist, now aged nineteen, already returning to his own proper field, the stage, with a *Scena and Aria*; it was performed in the Leipzig Court Theater, and in the summer of 1832 he made the sketch of an opera, 'Die Hochzeit,' which was never completed. Soon afterwards he entered upon his practical theatrical career as chorus director, and wrote his first work for the stage, 'Die Feen.'"

It is indeed curious the amount of practical familiarity with the stage which opened for Wagner in this early life. His brother Albert held a post as actor, singer and stage manager at Wurtzburg Theater. "Richard went there on his brother's invitation in January, 1833, to earn his first experience as director of choruses. Here, at the very outset of his career, he displayed that restless activity which distinguished him until his death; he is an example of Hobbes' assertion that three-quarters of genius is industry. Besides his duties on the stage, we hear of his composing additional pieces for his brother to insert in his parts, and assisting at the Musik-verein; above all the words and the music of his first great opera, 'Die

Feen,' were composed during these few months at Wurzburg."

Mr. Chamberlain thinks that none of Richard Wagner's immediate kinsfolks realized his genius or had sympathy with his artistic aims, and for this reason when he was in want later on they failed to come to his assistance. From this sweeping statement Mr. Chamberlain excepts Wagner's older sister, Rosalie Wagner, and says that her name ought to be written in golden letters. "A highly gifted actress and a lovable woman, she was perhaps the first of all human beings to whom the greatness of Richard Wagner was revealed. Be this as it may, she used the privilege of a sister; she loved her brother; she supported him; she inspired him with courage and when others laughed skeptically her faith remained unshaken. She died in 1837." Two of Wagner's sisters were married to members of the Brockhaus family of publishers, but this availed nothing in his behalf. The nieces of Wagner, however, Johanna and Francisca, the daughters of his brother Albert, were of temperament more sympathetic. Nevertheless, they also remained somewhat insensible to his genius.

## MUSICAL KINDERGARTEN METHODS—A WORD OF WARNING.

BY CARL FAELTEN.

There have appeared from time to time various schemes for the introduction of kindergarten methods into musical education, presumably according to Froebel's ideas, schemes apparently so amateurish as to preclude all possibility of their serious consideration by the music-teaching profession. Nevertheless, some of these methods have recently found a number of promoters and so-called musical kindergartens are now being introduced into several cities of the Union. As the writer of these lines recognizes in the spreading of such methods a serious menace to the healthy progress of musical education, he feels that it is his duty to sound a note of warning, even at the risk of displeasing those who have been interesting themselves in these methods, without regarding their objectionable features.

Kindergarten work can be and has been directed by wise teachers toward primary cultivation of tone perception by simple exercises in ear training and the singing of good nursery rhymes.

But such work represents "Music in the Kindergarten School," which is an entirely different issue from "Kindergarten in the Music School." The so-called kindergarten methods consist principally in games with wooden toys in the form of musical signs. The children build houses with half notes and quarter notes; hang notes, rests, clefs and other signs on strings supposed to represent a staff; build steps and stairs with blocks bearing the letters c, d, e, f, etc.

The casual observer may not see any danger in such proceedings and parents may easily be led to believe even in their usefulness. To thoughtful people, however, it must be evident that such trifling with musical problems will certainly produce musical triflers. The meaningless familiarity with



musical signs will not only be worthless and confusing when the child begins his musical study in earnest, but it will result in most cases in the child's utter dislike of systematic music instruction.

It is easy to understand how the kindergarten enthusiast may be led to the application of objectionable methods. Without sufficient insight into the nature of music he sees the educated musician operate with visible signs—notes, rests, sharps, flats, etc. He does not realize fully that these signs stand for a thought and that the knowledge of these signs alone does not lead to any practical results unless the thought behind the sign is formed in full.

The real trouble of the deficient pupil does not come from his inability to familiarize himself with the signs and words used in musical notation, but from his perfunctory knowledge of their meaning and mutual relationship, and from his inability to distinguish and classify musical problems by ear. These shortcomings are the principal causes which make the student's efforts precarious and prevent him from making correct and intelligent use of musical notation.

By overlooking this vital fact the kindergarten system begins by teaching signs and words referring to audible objects, the naming of which cannot possibly benefit a child of the kindergarten age, thus violating the first principle of rational teaching and being in open opposition to Froebel's ideas.

In this respect Froebel shares the fate of other great reformers, who, after overcoming the jealousies and indifference of their contemporaries, find themselves at the mercy of well-meaning but misguided admirers and adherents.

When Froebel introduced his kindergarten theories he had a double object in view. Firstly, to purify and elevate child's play. Secondly, to prepare the ground for the child's education by the formation of good habits during early childhood.

It needs little special argument to show that attempts to interfere with child's play and to confuse it, as the musical kindergartens have done, are entirely foreign to Froebel's ideas and should be thoroughly opposed by the leading musicians and educators of the day.

There are many competent musicians who take only a general interest in primary musical education, and who, there-

fore, may be easily induced to tolerate or even indorse schemes originated by over-zealous kindergarten enthusiasts or by people of good intentions and good business ability but of insufficient musical and pedagogic equipment.. It should be borne in mind by those musicians and all others interested in or affected by the subject that study and play are decidedly different things—the one standing for mental concentration, the other for mental relaxation—and that the mode of teaching which is to improve the state of musical culture must be in the direction of thoroughness and not of superficiality.

As the study of music, even in its first stages, requires considerable power of observation and mental alertness it should not be commenced, as a rule, until a child has made some advancement in his common education, and has acquired thereby sufficient concentrativeness and reasoning power. Thus some children may be able to begin at the age of seven or eight, while others may have to wait until a later period.

Well equipped teachers usually have no difficulty in developing the musical faculties and in arousing the interest of children of sufficient general intelligence, provided no previous meddling with the pupil's musical conception has taken place, and any additional oportunities to meddle with the complicated subject of primary musical instruction, as threatened by kindergarten enthusiasts, should therefore be thoroughly discouraged.

## MOUSSORGSKY.

FROM "MUSIC IN RUSSIA," BY A. POUGIN.

While we have taken pleasure in praising the musical cleverness of Borodine, it is not possible to say as much of Moussorgsky, an artist strange, incomplete, whose education was insufficient and broken off, awkward, through ignorance, in his way of rendering and expressing his ideas, but endowed with a singularly clever faculty for melody, profoundly original and of a very satisfactory character. Modeste Petrovitch Moussorgsky was born at Karevo, in the government of Pskof, the 28th of March, 1839, and died the 28th of March, 1881, precisely the day when he had completed his forty-second year. He had studied music from his childhood and at an early age was a pupil of a pianist named Herke who, they say, was an excellent professor; but his independence of character and versatility, without doubt, prevented him from applying himself to discipline and the severe rules of an art which ought to be respected when one undertakes to learn it seriously. It need not be said Moussorgsky had the most complete contempt for rules and discipline.

The life of Moussorgsky, who died by drunkenness and excess, was that of a Bohemian, whom passion and independence of spirit pushed even to savagery. Admitted at the age of thirteen years to the ancient military school at St. Petersburg, he graduated as an officer at the age of seventeen, and not having the power to conform himself to the exact regularity of military life, was dismissed from service in about a year. Being very poor, nevertheless, it was necessary for him to live. After having made various awkward attempts for several years, having lived at times in the country and at times with his mother, a while with his brother and his sister-in-law, he undertook certain insipid labors of translation and afterwards accepted employment in the Department of Civil Law. This did not last very long, and in 1868 he resigned his position. Poverty again overtook him, and even although he had not

left very pleasant memories in the public service, he entered it again, this time in the Department of Forests, which depends on the Minister of the Interior; whence, always changing, always difficult to satisfy, he passed to the Department of Control, after which, bidding adieu to all regular employment, he took his dismissal in 1879 for the purpose of undertaking with a very distinguished singer, Mlle. Leonoff, a great artist tour in central and eastern Russia. But already the health of Moussorgsky was impaired by poverty, sickness, and excess, and this strange man, endowed with a lively intelligence and a real sentiment of art, died almost in his youth without having entered upon the beginning of his forty-third year.

It goes without saying that throughout this adventurous existence Moussorgsky never ceased to occupy himself with music. At an early period, by good luck, he met with Borodine. He went back to him a little later and through him became a member of the little league of which Messrs. Cui and Balakirew had been the promoters; but in spite of this it is necessary to say that he was always independent. If he occupied, as has been claimed, a place apart, isolated, among the Russian musicians of his time; if he escaped all the influences, if he displayed all the audacities, it is not alone because he had an artistic temperament of exceptional powers, but also, and above all, because remaining voluntarily ignorant of the principles of art, even of the orthography of it, he permitted himself, without even thinking of it, the most astonishing license, and presented his thought just as it had presented itself to him, without the power to give it any kind of form. There is truly in this respect a striking analogy between the productions of Moussorgsky and of our pretended decadent poets; with this difference, nevertheless, that it will be impossible to deny the superb passion and inspiration of the Russian musician, and that the songs wholly strange and unformed even, as we find them, have often in them a force of expression, a dramatic accent, of which no one can deny the intensity. It would be unjust to pretend that he spoke to say nothing; unfortunately he contented himself too often with stammering.

In reality Moussorgsky was not a musician; he was, as Berlioz has said, but to a degree far more accented, a poet.

who availed himself of musical elements, and for whom these elements were singularly limited. His education at this point had been incomplete and he did not know how to develop an idea, to give it the plan even of a simple vocal melody. His romances are not written; they have no sort of rational development, and most of the time they finish when they are just begun, brusquely, cut off short, and in such a way that no one can say why. See for example "Le Dit de L'Innocent," "la Priere de l'enfant," "Dans le coin," "Sans Soleil," "Chanson d'Enfant," and still others. With all these his musical ideas have a strange flavor of poetry, often exquisite; and of a dramatic sentiment of astonishing profundity; they are true cries of the heart, of an intensity at times tragic and always moving.

Speaking of the independence of Moussorgsky and the difficulty which he experienced in presenting his thought, which led him into such strangeness, take No. 1 of the "Scenes d'Enfants"; in the fifty-three measures which this piece contains there are seventeen changes of time, comprehending measures of four beats, seven, three, five and six. What kind of rhythmic sense could one have to give a musical figure a rhythm like that? And even to express the rhythm, Moussorgsky did not know how to write logically and correctly. For example, for the measure of 6-4, which is only an enlargement of the measure of 6-8, I found in the forty-fourth measure of this same piece a quarter note, an eighth note, a half rest and a whole note. One would say a measure 3-2. It is full of errors of this sort.

As to his piano music what shall I say? Is it indeed music, and is it proper to give it such a name? I take his collection of "Pictures of the Exposition" and I seek to comprehend without having power to do so. There is in no sense either of color, form nor contour; one might say it has neither head nor tail. Wilfully, without plan, without treatment, with notes inscribed successively just as they came in the course of an improvisation, without any idea of ensemble or cohesion. They are not alone careless but full of absurdities, such as no musician worthy of the name would give to the public. I know not what will be thought of me by the admirers of Moussorgsky (it appears that he has them!) but I declare that this is outside of all kinds of artistic conditions and, in

one word, that art does not exist in this case.

If some one replies to me at this point that Moussorgsky has written important works and that he even attacked the theater, I will say that the point is not well taken, and that whatever success he had was due to rendering himself possible by the correction made in his music by competent editors. Among others this service was rendered him by M. Rimsky-Korsakow. It is not everything to have had inspiration, and I will admit that Moussorgsky never lacked it, but it is necessary to know how to use it. So for a work completed and of long extent, it is not sufficient to take from his brain a few pretty melodies and a few cries of passion, powerful and ever-changing; it is necessary to know how to put these together and to present the ideas, to clothe them, to give them the relief and the necessary figure. It is all very fine to throw contempt and raillery upon the critic, as has been done upon the subject of Moussorgsky by an enthusiastic biographer, M. Pierre d'Alheim, who has not invectives enough for those whom he desires should bow down before the genius of this composer, and who even excuses his errors. "Without attempting," he said, "to elevate the means of expression, Moussorgsky sought simply to translate the cries of the heart which struck his ear or sounded without him. Unquestionably he violated laws but necessarily, under the weight of his thought."

This is very well said. And still, to violate the laws of a language in such a fashion as to have it pardoned and even to have it admired, it is necessary first of all to know them, and to know this language with which one is expressing himself. It is this which the immortal artists have done—Rameau, Beethoven, Rossini and Wagner. As to Moussorgsky, he did not know the musical language. And when he sinned it was not by genius, it was by ignorance. If you undertake to write poetry without knowing how to spell, or syntax, or metre, whatever poetry you have in your heart will serve you very little from a literary point of view, other than to help you produce monstrosities; and this is what happened from a musical point of view in the case of Moussorgsky, who knew neither orthography nor syntax, and who, in consequence, could only produce works unformed and incomplete. I have written upon this subject to one of my friends in St. Petersburg, and saying to him that the thought of this composer is to me illiterate.

He replies to me "This which you say to me of Moussorgsky is no more than just, and it is even recognizable in the posthumous works which have been corrected and edited by M. Rimsky-Korsakow, himself very strong in respect to form. It is so with his choruses from "La Nuit au Mont-Chauve" and of "Khavantschina." Rimsky-Korsakow undertook to remake also the "Boris Godounow" of Moussorgsky, and perhaps this edition will be represented this winter by a society of amateurs. Certain writers have spoken of the popular character of the music of this composer. Whoever undertakes to say this knows, nevertheless, that not a single musical idea of Moussorgsky has passed, nor can pass, to the people, and that when the ideas of this artist have happened to become clear and to acquire a certain savor, it is due to the popular muse herself or to the inspiration, so eminently national, of Glinka and his predecessors. All the remainder is unformed and strange, so far as M. Rimsky-Korsakow has not purified and corrected it.

Moussorgsky was without doubt well endowed, and if he had been able to work hard or familiarize himself with the practice of his art, he would have made himself widely spoken of. The interest which M. Rimsky-Korsakow has awakened in regard to him evidently could not be awakened by an ordinary intelligence, and we know anyway that Moussorgsky had the heart of a poet; but he deceived himself with the idea that and for those who had taken the pains to acquire it. imagination was all a poet needed, and he had a blind confidence in himself joined to a great contempt for knowledge

In proof of this assertion the following words are attributed to him by his biographer, M. Pierre d'Alheim, who believes that he may be rendering a service to M. Moussorgsky by unveiling, in this manner, his art sense. He is speaking of the "Danse Macabre" of Saint-Saens. He says: "What is this that M. Saint-Saens makes? He sketches a little miniature and then puts an enormous head on it. He takes of all little thoughts and gives them a tremendous instrumental sound. He calls them Danse Macabre. He even dares to compare the oppressive and agonizing Dies Irae of Liszt with this sentimental miniature, M. Saint-Saens! This is not music; it is words, palette, chisel, which we need. No! to the devil, farceurs, beautiful speakers of all sorts! But give us living

ideas, give us the discourse of living men upon whatever subject you treat. You will never deceive anybody with your pretty sounds; you have the importance of a pretty woman who knows how to present horns of bonbons to a friend. You who reign over an orchestra, M. Saint-Saens, you have only produced quartettes, quintettes and trios which have been developed by arithmetic. M. Saint-Saens an innovator! With all the power of my brain I deny it; with all the force of the beats of my heart I repulse the idea! A sculptor of miniatures, this is what we have in him."

It is useless to press this point. It would be cruel to draw a parallel between the musical personality of Moussorgsky and that of M. Saint-Saens, between the author of "Boris Godounow" and the author of "Samson and Delilah." The fact is that endowed with happy natural gifts, a lively imagination and beautiful moments of inspiration, Moussorgsky left few traces of his passage, and appears destined to be promptly forgotten. Happily, if some one of his melodies, of sentiment so intense, might save him from complete obscurity.

I have proved, for example, that he did not even know the *solfeggio*; it would be equally easy to prove that he knew nothing of harmony. If it is believed that I exaggerate in speaking so, it is only necessary to address M. Caesar Cui, who certainly would not show himself severe with regard to one of the members of the "circle." Observe, nevertheless, how M. Cui expresses himself concerning Moussorgsky while he was still living: "This nature so largely endowed, by moments, so singular that one should say, not to be absolutely musical, or even to appertain to the category of those who are sensitive to music. There are, in fact, very great defects to be observed in him by the side of many beautiful qualities. The symphonic forms are entirely foreign to M. Moussorgsky; to develop or work out musical situations is not within his power. His modulation is far too free, and we might say that at times he proceeded entirely by hazard. He does not know how to put continuity in the development of a harmonized melody and his parts often take, under his pen, impossible aspects, contrary to nature, producing harmonies of intolerable effect. The critical sense and the instinct of the beautiful never seem to come to his assistance. His talent always shows the character of an astonishing savage, impatient of all rein, and never-



theless all these impetuous thrusts, these disorderly irreputations, constitute for M. Moussorgsky a physiognomy perfectly individual and original." It is impossible to state more neatly the ignorance of an artist.

In reality, the music of Moussorgsky became possible only when the hand of a friend had taken care to liberally correct it. In 1866 he wrote a symphonic composition, entitled "A Night Upon Mont-Chauve," which was only played at St. Petersburg in 1886, five years after his death, when M. Rimsky-Korsakow had re-orchestrated it. It was at this same time that he occupied himself with his first dramatic work, "Boris Godounow," an opera in five acts, of which the subject had been suggested by his friend, Prof. Nikolsk, after a tragedy by Pouschkine; of this he wrote the poem and the music. This work, presented the 6th of February, 1874, at the Theater of Marie, St. Petersburg, did not attain a success. He brought out a second, *Khavantchina*, in five acts and six scenes, of which he also wrote the poem and the music, but at his death he left it unfinished. This was completed and orchestrated again by M. Rimsky-Korsakow. Certain partial representations were given in February, 1886, by the Musical and Dramatic Circle of St. Petersburg. It was played afterwards at Kiew, in October, 1892, and still later in October, 1893, upon the private theater in St. Petersburg.

A symphonic composition entitled "Intermezzo" could only be executed after re-orchestration by M. Rimsky-Korsakow—always! Other things by him are the "Defeat of Sennacherib," a chorus with orchestra, two Hebrew choruses, "Scenes of Childhood," a collection of seven melodies, "Pictures of the Exposition," Ten Pieces for Piano; certain detached pieces for the piano, and finally a great number of melodies upon words by Pouschkine, Goethe, Henri Heine, Nokrasof, Chevtschenko, A. Tolstoi, Koltsof, Mei, Golenitchef-Koutousof, and by Moussorgsky himself. I have called attention to the poetic character, dramatic and at times satisfying qualities of certain ones of these melodies; and there is also, it appears on the other side, occasionally an astonishing comic sentiment. Finally, Moussorgsky has sketched the music of one act of "Mlada," a collective opera in which he had been invited to participate by Borodine.

Translated from "La Revista Musicale."

## THE RITUAL CHANT IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY EDWARD DICKENSON.

(Concluded.)

The Christians' chants were, however, no more reproductions of profane melodies. The ground work of the chant is allied to the Greek melody, the Christian song is of a much richer melodic movement, bearing in all its forms the evidence of the exuberant spiritual life of which it is the chosen expression. The pagan melody was sung to an instrument—the Christian was unaccompanied, and was therefore free to develop a special rhythmical and melodic character unconditioned by any laws except those involved in pure vocal expression. "In the middle ages nothing was known of an accompaniment; there was not the slightest need of one. The substance of the musical content, which we to-day commit to interpretation through harmony, the old melodists laid upon melody. The latter accomplished in itself the complete utterance of the artistically aroused fantasy. In this particular the melismas which carry the extension of the tones of the melody, are a necessary means of presentation in mediæval art; they proceed logically out of the principle of the unison melody." "Text repetition is virtually unknown in the unison music of the middle ages. While modern singers repeat an especially emphatic thought or word, the old melodists repeat a melody or phrase which expresses the ground mood of the text in a striking manner. And they not only repeat it, but they make it unfold, and draw out of it new tones of melody. This method is certainly not less artistic than the later text-repetition; it comes nearer, also, to the natural expression of the devotionally inspired heart."\*

There is no proof of the existence of a definite musical theory or notation before the seventh century. The sacred chanters,

priests, deacons, or monks, in applying melodies to the text of the office, composed by aid of their memories, and their melodies were transmitted by memory, although probably with the help of arbitrary mnemonic signs. The possibility of this will readily be granted, when we consider that special orders of monks made it their sole business to preserve, sing, and teach these melodies. In the confusion and misery following the downfall of the kingdom of the Goths in the middle of the sixth century the church became a sanctuary of refuge from the evils of the time. With the revival of religious zeal and the accession of strength the church flourished, basilicas and convents were multiplied, solemnities increased in number and splendor, and with other liturgical elements the chant expanded. A number of popes in the seventh century were enthusiastic lovers of the church music, and gave it the full benefit of their authority. Among these were Gregory II. and Gregory III., one of whom may have inadvertently given the name to the chant.

So much appears to be established in regard to the origin of the liturgical chant. Like a large proportion of the German Protestant chorales and the French and British Calvinistic psalm tunes, it was derived from secular sources, and is to be classed in its early stages as a spiritual folk song. It was composed by modification, blending and development of pre-existing elements; it has followed the universal law of evolution, progressing from the simple to the complex, becoming more coherent and as it became more heterogeneous. As a continuation of the musical practice of Greece and Rome it reaches back through those nations to the more ancient civilizations from which theirs was drawn, and forms an unbroken chain of song connecting the spiritual life of our present era with that of the dim and fabled Orient.

Such was the form and method of the song which resounded about the altars of Roman basilicas and through convent cloisters in the seventh and eighth centuries, and which has remained the sanctioned official speech of the Catholic church in her ritual functions to the present day. Nowhere did it suffer any material change or addition until it became the basis of a new harmonic art in Northern Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The chant, according to the Roman use, began to extend itself over Europe in attendance upon the mis-

sionary efforts which emanated from Rome from the time of Gregory the Great. Augustine, the emissary of Gregory, who went to England in 597 to convert the Saxons, carried with him the Roman chant. "The band of monks," says Green, "entered Canterbury bearing before them a silver cross with a picture of Christ, and singing in concert the strains of the litany of their church." And although the broad-minded Gregory instructed Augustine not to insist upon supplanting with the Roman use the liturgy already employed in the older British churches if such an attempt should create hostility, yet the Roman chant was adopted both at Canterbury and York.

The Roman chant was accepted as an essential element of the Roman liturgy; both shared the same struggles and the same triumphs. Familiarity with the church song became an indispensable part of the equipment of every clergyman, monastic and secular. No missionary might go forth from Rome who was not adept in it. Monks made dangerous journeys to Rome from the remotest district in order to learn it. Every monastery founded in the savage forests of Germany, Gaul, or Britain became at once a singing school, and day and night the holy strains went up in unison with the melodies of the far distant sacred city. The Anglo-Saxon monk, Winfrid, afterward known as Boniface, the great missionary to the Germans, planted the Roman liturgy in Thuringia and Hesse, and devoted untiring efforts to teaching the Gregorian song to his barbarous proselytes. In Spain Ildefonso, about 600, is enrolled among the zealous promoters of sacred song according to the use of Rome. Most eminent and most successful of all who labored for the exclusive authority of the Roman chant as against the Milanese, Gallican and other rival forms was Charlemagne, king of the Franks from 768 to 874, whose persistent efforts to implant the Gregorian song in every church and school in his wide dominions was an important detail of his labor in the interest of liturgic uniformity according to the Roman model.

Among the convent schools which performed such priceless service for science and art in the gloomy period of the early middle ages, the monastery of St. Gall holds an especially distinguished place. This convent was established in the seventh century by the Irish monk from whom it took its name, rapidly increased in repute as a center of piety and learning, and

during the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries numbered some of the foremost scholars of the time among its brotherhood. About 790 two monks, versed in all the lore of the liturgical chant, were sent from Rome into the empire of Charlemagne at the monarch's request. One of them, Romanus, was received and entertained by the monks of St. Gall, and was persuaded to remain with them as teacher of church song according to the Antiphonary which he had brought with him from Rome. St. Gall soon became famous as a place where the purest traditions of the Roman chant were taught and practiced. Schubiger, in his extremely interesting work, "Die Sängerschule St. Gallens vom VIII-XII. Jahrhundert," has given an extended account of the methods of devotional song in use at St. Gall, which may serve as an illustration of the general practice among the pious monks of the 8th-12th centuries.

"In the reign of Charlemagne (803) the Council of Aachen enjoined upon all monasteries the use of the Roman song, and a later capitulary required that the monks should perform this song completely and in proper order at the divine office, in the daytime as well as at night. According to other rescripts during the reign of Louis the Pious (about 820) the monks of St. Gall were required daily to celebrate Mass and also to perform the service of all the canonical hours. The solemn melodies of the ancient psalmody resounded daily in manifold and precisely ordered responses; at the midnight hour the sound of the Invitatorium, 'Venite exultamus domino,' opened the service of the nocturnal vigils; the prolonged, almost mournful tones of the responses alternated with the intoned recitation of the lessons; in the spaces of the temple on Sundays and festal days, at the close of the nightly worship, there re-echoed the exalted strains of the Ambrosian hymns of praise ("Te Deum laudamus"); at the first dawn of day began the morning adoration, with psalms and antiphons, hymns and prayers; to these succeeded in due order the remaining offices of the diurnal hours. The people were daily invited by the Introit to participate in the holy mysteries; they heard in solemn stillness the tones of the Kyrie imploring mercy; on festal days they were inspired by the song once sung by the host of angels; after the Gradual they heard the melodies of the Sequence which glorified the object of the festival in jubilant choral strains, and afterward the simple recitative tones of the

Creed; at the Sanctus they were summoned to join in the praise of the Thrice Holy, and to implore the mercy of the Lamb who taketh away the sins of the world. These were the songs which, about the middle of the ninth century, arose on festal and ferial days in the cloister church of St. Gall. How much store the fathers of this convent set upon beauty and edification in song appears from the old regulations in which distinct pronunciation of words and uniformity of rendering are enjoined, and hastening or dragging the time sharply rebuked."

Schubiger goes on to say that three styles of performing the chant were employed, viz., a very solemn one for the highest festivals, one less solemn for Sundays and Saints' days, and an ordinary one for ferial days. An appropriate character was given to the different chants,—as, e. g., a profound and mournful expression in the office for the dead; an expression of tenderness and sweetness to the hymns, the Kyrie, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei; and a dignified character (*cantus gravis*) to the antiphons, responses and alleluia. The antiphons, responses, psalms, hymns, and the like were opened by a single singer who intoned the first notes somewhat slowly, and the entire choir struck in at the point where the leader ceased. Anything that could disturb the strict and euphonious rendering of the song was strictly forbidden. Harsh, unmusical voices were not permitted to take part. Distinctness, precise conformity of all the singers in respect to time, and purity of intonation were inflexibly demanded.

Special services, with processions and appropriate hymns, were instituted on the occasion of the visit to the monastery of the emperor or other high dignitary. All public observances, the founding of a building, the reception of holy relics, the consecration of a bell or altar—even many of the prescribed routine duties of conventual life, such as drawing water, lighting lamps, or kindling fires—each had its special form of song. It was not enthusiasm, but sober truth, that led Ekkehard V. to say that the rulers of this convent, "through their songs and melodies, as also through their teachings, filled the church of God, not only in Germany, but in all lands from one sea to the other, with splendor and joy."

Many beautiful and touching stories have come down to us, gleams of tender light from a dark and tempestuous period,

illustrating the passionate love of the monks for their song, and the devout, even superstitious, reverence with which they regarded it. Among these are the tales of the Armorican monk Herve, in the sixth century, who, blind from his birth, became the inspirer and teacher of his brethren by means of his improvised songs, and the patron of mendicant singers who still chant his legend in Breton verse. His mother, so the story runs, went one day to visit him in his cloister, and as she was approaching said: "I see a procession of monks advancing, and I hear the voice of my son. God be with you, my son! When, with the help of God, I get to heaven, you shall be warned of it, you shall hear the angels sing." The same evening she died; and her son, while at prayer in his cell, heard the singing of the angels as they welcomed her soul in heaven.\* Another legend, taken by Montalembert from Gregory of Tours, is still more beautiful. A mother had taken her only son to a monastery near Lake Geneva, where he became a monk, and especially skillful in chanting the liturgical service. "He fell sick and died; his mother in despair came to bury him, and returned every night to weep and lament over his tomb. One night she saw St. Maurice in a dream attempting to console her, but she answered him, 'No, no; as long as I live I shall always weep for my son, my only child!' 'But,' answered the saint, 'he must not be wept for as if he were dead; he is with us, he rejoices in eternal life, and to-morrow, at Matins, in the monastery, thou shalt hear his voice among the choir of the monks; and not to-morrow only, but every day as long as thou livest.' The mother immediately arose, and waited with impatience the first sound of the bell for Matins, to hasten to the church of the monks. The precentor, having intoned the antiphon, when the monks in full choir took up the response, the mother immediately recognized the voice of her child. She gave thanks to God; and every day for the rest of her life, the moment she approached the choir she heard the voice of her well-beloved son mingle in the sweet and holy melody of the liturgical chant."

As centuries went on, and these ancient melodies, gathering such stores of holy memory and association, were handed down in their integrity from generation to generation of praying monks, it is no wonder that the feeling grew that they too were inspired by the Holy Ghost. The legend long prevailed

in the middle ages that Gregory the Great one night had a vision in which the church appeared to him in the form of an angel, magnificently attired, upon whose mantle was written the whole art of music, with all the forms of its melodies and notes. The pope prayed God to give him the power of recollecting all that he saw; and after he awoke a dove appeared, who dictated to him the chants which are ascribed to him.\* Ambros quotes a mediæval Latin chronicler, Aurelian Reomensis, who relates that a blind man named Victor sitting one day before an altar in the Pantheon at Rome, by direct divine inspiration, composed the response, *Gaude Maria*; and by a second miracle immediately received his sight. Another story from the same source tells how a monk of the convent of St. Victor, while upon a neighboring mountain, heard angels singing the response *Cives Apostolorum*, and after his return to Rome he taught the song to his brethren as he had heard it.

In order to explain the feeling toward the liturgical chant which is indicated by these legends and the rapturous eulogies of mediæval and modern writers (an almost superstitious reverence for which even its beauty will not wholly account) we have only to remember that the melody was never separated in thought from the words, that these words were prayer and praise, made especially acceptable to God because wafted to Him by means of His own gift of music. To the mediæval monks prayer was the highest exercise in which man can engage, the most efficacious of all actions, the chief human agency in the salvation of the world. Prayer was the divinely appointed business to which they were set apart. Hence arose the multiplicity of religious services in the convents, the observance of the seven daily hours of prayer, in some monasteries in France, as earlier in Syria and Egypt, extending to the so-called *laus perennis*, in which companies of brethren, relieving each other at stated watches, maintained an unbroken office of song by night and day.

Such was the liturgical chant in the ages of faith, before the invention of counterpoint and the first steps in modern musical science suggested new conceptions and methods in worship-music. As it has been preserved to the present day in its integrity, it is a unique and precious heritage from an era which in its very ignorance, superstition, barbarism of manners, and ruthlessness of political ambition, furnishes strongest evidence



of the divine origin of a faith which could triumph over such antagonisms. To the devout Catholic the chant has a sanctity which transcends even its æsthetic and historic value, but non-Catholic as well as Catholic may reverence it as a direct creation and a token of a mode of thought which, as at no epoch since, conceived prayer and praise as a Christian's most urgent duty, and as an infallible means of gaining the favor and assistance of God.

The Catholic liturgic chant, like all other monumental forms of art, has often suffered through those vicissitudes of taste which have beguiled even those whose official responsibilities would seem to constitute them the special custodians of this sacred treasure. Even to-day there are many clergymen and church musicians who have but a faint conception of the affluence of lovely melody and profound religious expression contained in this vast body of mediæval music. Where purely æsthetic considerations have for a time prevailed, as they often will even in a church in which tradition and symbolism exert so strong an influence as they do in the Catholic, this archaic form of melody has been neglected. Like all the older types (the sixteenth century a capella chorus and the German rhythmic chorale, for example) its austere speech has not been able to prevail against the fascinations of the modern brilliant and emotional style of church music which has emanated from instrumental music and the Italian aria. Under this latter influence, and the survival of the seventeenth century contempt for everything mediæval and "Gothic," the chant was long looked upon with disdain as the product of a barbarous age, and only maintained at all out of unwilling deference to ecclesiastical authority. In the last few decades, however, probably as a detail of the reawakening in all departments of a study of the great works of older art, there has appeared a reaction in favor of a renewed culture of the Gregorian chant. The tendency toward sensationalism in church music has now begun to subside; the true ideal is seen to be in the past; together with the new appreciation of Palestrina, Bach, and the older Anglican church composers, the Catholic chant is coming to its rights, and an enlightened modern taste is beginning to realize the melodious beauty, the liturgic appropriateness, and the edifying power that lie in the ancient unison song. This movement is even, now only in its inception; in the majority

of church centers there is still apathy, and in consequence corruption of the old forms, crudity and coldness in execution. Much has, however, been already achieved, and in the patient and acute scholarship applied in the field of textual criticism by the monks of Solesmes and the church musicians of Paris, Brussels, and Regensburg, and in the enthusiastic zeal shown in many churches and seminaries of Europe and America for the attainment of a pure and expressive style of delivery, and in the restoration of the Plain Song to portions of the ritual from which it has long been banished, we see evidences of a movement which will be fruitful, not only in this special sphere, but also in other domains of church music. A very important agent in the revival of the pure traditions of Gregorian chant, as well as in stimulating an interest in the works of the mediæval polyphonic school, is the St. Cecilia Society, which was founded at Regensburg in 1868 by Dr. Franz Xaver Witt, a devoted priest and learned musician, for the purpose of restoring a more perfect relation between music and the liturgy, and erecting a barrier against the dramatic and virtuoso tendency in church music. Flourishing branches of this society exist in many of the chief church centers of Europe and America. It is the patron of many schools of music, it has issued many periodicals, treatises, and musical compositions, and has everywhere shown admirable vigor in making propaganda for its views.

The historic status of the Gregorian chant as the basis of the whole magnificent structure of Catholic church music down to 1600, of the Anglican chant, and to a large extent of the German peoples hymn tune or chorale, has always been known to scholars. The revived study of it has come from an awakened perception of its liturgic significance and its abstract æsthetic beauty. The influence drawn from its peculiarly solemn and elevated quality has begun to penetrate the chorus work of the best Catholic composers, of whom Tinel is an example. Protestant church musicians will likewise find the greatest benefit in the study of the melody, the rhythm, the expression, even the tonalities, of the Gregorian song. And every lover of church music will find a new pleasure and uplift in listening to its noble strains. He must, however, listen sympathetically, expelling from his mind all comparison with the modern styles to which he is accustomed, holding in clear view its historic

and liturgic function. To one who so attunes his mind to its peculiar spirit and purport the Gregorian Plain Song will seem worthy of the exalted place which it holds in the worship and the love of the most august ecclesiastical institution in the history of the world.

Oberlin Conservatory of Music.

CHOPIN.

Others may bring sunbursts of melody,  
And fill my soul with dreamland's ecstacies;  
But thy least thought revealed in simpler strains,  
Tells me the night is coming; I must work.

—WALTER FRANCIS KENRICK.

## ROBERT FRANZ IN HIS RELATION TO MUSIC AND ITS MASTERS.

BY MAURICE ARONSON.

It is an extremely rare occurrence in the records of musical history that the name of a composer is entirely identified with the cultivation of one particular art form, at the almost total exclusion of all other forms. With the exception of Mozart, who, as the most versatile musical genius in the history of mankind, left the imprint of his genius upon almost every art form in an equally strong manner, every master-composer has centralized his efforts upon some particular art form without showing indifference to other forms. Beethoven stands as the symphonist par excellence, but he also gave us *Mass* and "*Fidelio*," an opera which will stand for generations to come as the most sublime expression of conjugal devotion. Schubert, Schumann and Mendelssohn, while closely identified with lyricism in music and with the history of song in particular, left us symphonies, oratorios and what is to be considered as a most essential part of the pianoforte literature.

The history of the nineteenth century points to but few men whose efforts in behalf of art were centralized upon one art form in particular. Richard Wagner, for instance, was probably quickest in recognizing his dramatic talent and made the cultivation of the music drama his life work. Chopin was exclusive in another direction, inasmuch as he limited himself entirely to the piano and cared little or nothing for other instruments or the orchestra. In the inheritance of Robert Franz, a song composer by the grace of God, we possess a veritable song treasure, and but for his songs the name of Franz would not be counted among the foremost of this century. The variety of this example is again illustrated by the question: Is there an art form which the individual efforts of Liszt, Rubenstein, Brahms, Tschaikowsky, Saint-Saëns, Grieg,

Dvorak, etc., have left untouched, though these efforts were at times but attempts? Much discussion has been indulged in as to whether Franz ranks with Schubert and Schumann as a song composer. It matters not, what the decision may prove in the course of time, his claims upon a wider recognition and appreciation are indisputable.

Robert Franz was a man of unusual qualities. The purity and refinement of his nature made him susceptible to everything that was good and noble, not in his chosen art only, but in the sister arts as well as in science, in fact, in everything that would appeal to a man of broad and deep intellect. He was a typical German tonepoet, typical in the same sense, as the song (*Das Lied*) is in itself musically and poetically a product of the German muse. Liszt says most fittingly: "*Das Lied*" belongs to the German tongue just as exclusively as do the words "*Schusucht*" (longing) and "*Gemuet*" (soul), words intranslatable into any other language and at the same time the main substance of the song. Not that other nations are lacking in lyric songs, for France, Italy, England and other countries possess them too, but their character has little in common with the German "*Lied*." In France the "*Romance* and *Chanson*" are products invested more or less with some piquant trait. Gay or sad, they are characterized by spirit and far from reflecting some inner mood. In Italy the "*Canzonetta*" and "*Barcarolle*" are permeated with so much passion and glow as to leave no room for dreamy, longing thoughts. The songs of some slavic nations are probably nearest related to the "*Lied*."

It is not the intention of the writer to go into a detailed analysis of Franz's songs, but to allude briefly to the position occupied by him in the musical literature and then to refer to his extremely characteristic opinions of the masters which preceded him and to those of his time.

Schubert is generally considered the representative of dramatic lyricism. Robert Franz is a purely lyric nature very little dramatically inclined. Whilst Schubert is a classicist, Robert Franz represents, particularly on account of his polyphonic writing, a very happy combination of classic and modern style. In contrast to both stand the romantic Robert Schumann and Jensen. Schubert is of a passionate nature,

Schumann prefers the dreamy and phantastic mood. In Franz's songs the resignation is a prominent feature, while in Jensen's songs a graceful element prevails.

The abundance of deep musical thoughts in Franz's songs is indeed amazing, and how contrasting is the scenery and surrounding which serve as their background! All of them, however, contain depth of conception, dignity and refinement, and in so far as there is an eternity for art works at all Franz's songs will very likely enjoy it. Popular, in the ordinary sense of the word, these songs will never grow, but this is equally true of Bach's works and of the works of other masters. This circumstance only enhances their true musical value, which the sincere art lover always must and shall appreciate.

Franz himself considered his letters and conversations with intimate friends the only sources for his biography, and whatever he has uttered about the merits of the masters who preceded him and of those of his time, comes to us in the form of personal reminiscences, given to the public off and on.

Particularly interesting is Franz's opinion of Bach and Handel. Both of these masters he valued beyond expression. He considered Handel a man of wordly manner, while Bach appeared to him a retired, quiet and unassuming character. Regarding productive capacity he placed Bach far above Handel. In the works of the latter certain themes, forms and harmonic progressions frequently repeat, while Bach is inexhaustible, astounding beyond grasp, and his inventive gift well nigh without limits. If any one ever understood the *bel canto* of the Italians it was Handel. Franz had profited much from Handel, but Bach stood highest in his estimation. In him all, Schumann, Chopin and Mendelssohn, could be found. "What the Bible is to Christianity, the well-tempered Clavichord is to music," says Franz. "This work is still the inexhaustible fountain of rejuvenation, refreshing and delighting every one who seeks its depths."

Franz terms Bach's music "symbolic." If the word "heaven" occurs it is safe to expect to hear the sounds ascend, if he speaks of death they surely descend. In one of his cantatas he speaks of small and big fish. The violins imitate the wagging movements of the small, the bassi those of the big fish.

Franz found the motive to Mendelssohn's "Hebriden" over-

ture in the "Musical offering," a cantata composed by Sebastian Bach. "The people rejoice and praise the clever Mendelssohn for that beautiful motive and in that cantata of good old Bach it may be found. Verily, he has given us everything!"

Robert Franz never tolerated traditional nor conventional respect. He judged an art work for its value, regardless of the source it emanated from. An intimate friend praised one day Beethoven's Mass in most glowing terms. Franz contradicted and said: Beethoven treats the human voice as he does instruments. The latter could be so improved as to execute what is demanded of them, but the human voice is something given, beyond its limits no one dare venture. In writing for the voice it must not be forgotten that the voice demands the first attention, accompaniment or orchestra forming but a basis, a background. The Kyrie of the mass is great and glorious, even the Benedictus, but the other parts contain very little vocal music. It being intimated that Beethoven's Mass as a whole is of the rarest and deepest conception he said: This is because Beethoven founded his mass on Bach and Handel. All the composers who leaned on Beethoven, as Schumann to some extent in his "Paradise and Peri," but Liszt and Wagner in particular, have gone still farther beyond the limits and have surpassed the voice at the expense of the orchestra. Mendelssohn always understood the treatment of the voice and Schumann, too, has written parts wherein the voice is employed very advantageously.

Beethoven has accomplished his life task in the symphonic field. The epic character, the broad, relating power, which underlies the symphony, has reached its most complete development in Beethoven's nine symphonies. After Beethoven the epic character disappeared more and more from the symphony, Schubert's symphonies being purely lyrical in character, while those of Mendelssohn are but a succession of songs without words.

While discussing the subject of "sounds of nature" (Natur-laute) Franz remarked: Take the Andante of the Pastoral Symphony. The entire work is masterly, reflecting beautifully the moods and feelings aroused by nature in the human heart until the place is reached when the nightingales begin. If

Haydn has the frogs croak, it is sheer nonsense and disgusting, for in nature the frogs croak much better than could the most realistic imitation by means of instruments. It is not a musical painting of nature, an imitation of sounds with which the realm of nature abounds, that calls for reflection by the master-hand, but the moods and sentiments which are ours when face to face with nature and its mysterious workings. The writer assumes that Franz wanted the treatment of "Naturlaute" understood in the manner in which Wagner so successfully treated it in his "Siegfried" Idylle and the "Waldweben," and in recent years Dvorak in his masterly overture, "In der Natur," op. 91, the first of the so-called overture--Trilogy, Nature, Life and Love, the second of which was recently performed by the Thomas Orchestra under the title "Bohemian Carnival" Overture.

It is highly significant that Franz but rarely discussed the merits of Mozart. Only once he is known to have compared him to Shakespeare, who characterized his dramatic personages to the smallest detail. Be it a king, a nightguard or a gravedigger, their outlines are drawn so sharply and precisely as to appear almost lifelike. In a similar sense the characters of Don Juan, Leporello, Susanne and Anne are drawn musically different but strikingly original and accurate.

Robert Franz considered Felix Mendelssohn a "great artist." Possessing but little of the "naivety of genius," he was very successful in his early compositions, but not equally so in the latter part of his life. He was reproached with lack of inner depth, sacrificing the spiritual contents to perfection of form and exterior polish. Mendelssohn died in the zenith of his artistic activity and in the height of his renown. His life was free from such struggles and hardships as were the lot of Beethoven and Schubert. The rising fame of Schumann darkened the sunshine of Mendelssohn's last years, for the followers of the former placed Schumann's originality and strong musical nature far above the intensely interesting but less gifted Mendelssohn. As to perfection of form, Franz considered Mendelssohn much superior to Schumann, for of Schumann's works but few are perfect in form. Franz founded his opinion on the fact that Schumann began the study of counterpoint at a mature age, while Mendelssohn enjoyed a



careful and thorough schooling from early childhood. The early works of Mendelssohn, such as the "Hebriden" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" overtures, etc., display a perfection and beauty of form, an appropriateness of ideas as is rarely met within the limits of musical literature. In speaking of Schumann's song cycles Franz remarked that in his estimation the op. 35 is the most superior set of songs of that master's pen, contrary to the generally accepted "Woman's Life and Love," op. 42, and "Poet's Love," op. 48. (See the writer's article, "Schumann's Song Cycles," in March, '97, issue of "Music.")

Schubert's merits in behalf of music were thoroughly and fully appreciated by Franz. The latter realized that Schubert used some of the most trivial and banal words for his songs, which in spite of that fact contain musical beauties of endless variety. The underlying ideas of Goethe's poems were reflected most perfectly by Schubert. What would have become of Schubert had he been more critical and had he chosen with more judgment from the boundless resources of his divine gift? Franz never forgot that Schubert and Schumann were not as fortunate as he in having models to look up to in the composition of his songs. He always frankly admitted that without a thorough knowledge of Schubert's and Schumann's songs he would have never composed his songs as he did. He considered them his predecessors and profited much from an intimate acquaintance with the works of both masters, although he knew well to avoid their weaknesses. "The melodies of Schubert are often too exuberant and luxurious, and overstep the boundaries of the text." In Schumann's songs he objected to the inclination towards the "mystic-paradox" and the declamation.

Robert Franz did not rank the works of Carl Maria von Weber as highly as might be expected. The strongest feature of Weber's works is their melodic flow, though his melodies are at times weak, saccharine and affected. Franz considered Weber's harmonic treatment very thin and thought the bass sadly neglected.

Frank and unbridled in his judgment and opinion, he pays his respects to the master of Bayreuth in a very characteristic manner. Franz relates of his visit to Wagner at Zurich in

1850 as follows: The master opened a bookcase and remarked: "This is my entire library." It contained works of Bach, Beethoven and Franz's songs. This certainly proved a graceful tribute of admiration on the part of Wagner, but the staunch, upright nature of Franz could not be influenced by even such marks of esteem and regard, for he was nothing less than an admirer of Wagner's principles of art! Dramatically Wagner profited from Gluck and Weber, especially from Beethoven, lyrically from Schubert, and it might be, remarked the master modestly, that he sympathizes with me, too, in that direction.

Robert Franz traces the Lohengrin motive, "Mein lieber Schwan," to Schubert's song, "Die Rose," and finds a striking resemblance in the "Fate" motive from the "Walkuere," and his own song, "Wiedersehen" (Meeting):

It is interesting to note that Franz's op. 51 was written in 1844, the manuscript having been under lock in Franz's desk. He frankly admits that not a living soul had seen it, and therefore does not accuse Wagner of plagiarism, and yet it is the same motive. It is a striking example of thought-affinity, which could easily arise from one principle which Franz and Wagner had in common, the congruity of music and text. It is the form wherein both masters differ. Robert Franz considered Wagner a man of strongest will power, true to his convictions, richly endowed but unfortunate, inasmuch as he always insulted, either by pen or word of mouth. Franz did not submit to blind following, such as Wagner demanded, and therefore their relations were soon at an end.

More interesting than his criticism of the masters is his self-criticism. His harmonies originated as did those of the old masters out of the melodies, inasmuch as the notes grouped themselves magnetically about the melody. "Nowadays composers paste one chord to another, the cause of the indistinctness of their harmonies." He has always searched the causes which give to works of art an everlasting value, and with the entire strength of his mind and heart he tried to correct and improve his compositions until in his estimation the conditions of longevity were fulfilled. In matters of art he proceeded without regard to himself. "Art is its own aim," he said, "the productive artist stands in the background, he

is but an instrument and must abnegate himself for the benefit of art." This is indeed a noble and lofty conception of art, emanating from the heart of a true artist and master.

Robert Franz insisted on a recitative-like interpretation of his songs. When rendered otherwise he deemed their whole charm lost. He seriously objected to the edition of his songs for lower voices. The songs were intended for lower soprano and are only rendered appropriately when sung in the keys originally written. Since every key has its own character, it is not a matter of indifference to render a song in one key or another. Deprived of this peculiarity the song is deprived of its right; it becomes untrue and false. Regarding the accompaniment Franz shared Schumann's view in preference to Schubert's, whose piano parts merely follow the melody without relation to the text.

Worthy of mention is an extremely characteristic remark of Franz regarding texts for songs. In words to be set to music the poet should take care not to express all he wishes to, but merely hint or intimate, else but little is left to the imagination of the composer. Such is the particular feature of Heinrich Heine's poems, of Goethe's, too, but less so of Uhland's and least those of Schiller.

Robert Franz was extremely grateful to the American publishers, who remunerated him for reprints at a time when he was entirely depending upon such sources for his sustenance, the honorary stipend having been tendered him at a later age. He shared with Beethoven the sad affliction of deafness, and as we owe in Beethoven's case to that deplorable circumstance some of the monumental contributions to instrumental literature, it is safe to assert that many a precious flower in the garden of song is due to the same cause in the case of Robert Franz.

## A REVIEW OF VIOLIN MAKING.

### Section Fourth.

## CONSTRUCTION OF THE VIOLIN.

BY W. W. OAKES.

In dealing with this part of the subject it will be necessary to combine more or less of what has already been gone over, as in some cases it will have to be viewed somewhat separately, but much more collectively. This embraces very much that is new, and quite as startling as anything preceeding it, so in order to make it as clear and comprehensive as possible I will begin at the beginning and trace briefly the line of thought that eventually led up to the adoption of a system wholly at variance with the long accepted principles of violin construction. Without this system, I firmly believe, no one can ever attain to that degree of perfection that will enable him to turn out a line of work all equal in merit, or even make two violins just alike.

I can hardly remember the time when I was not deeply interested in the violin, quite as much so in its construction as with the beautiful music it was so capable of producing. I have no recollection as to the time when I first resolved to become a violin-maker. It must have been very early in life, for the desire seems to have always been with me. The consequence of this was an eager study of anything that touched the subject. But it was no easy matter, nearly fifty years ago, to find detailed instructions and more especially to find two treatises on the same subject that agreed. The division of opinion, on what were then considered the most vital points, was very discouraging, but I reassured myself with the thought that the makers themselves would agree. However, investigation proved them as widely separated in practice as I had found the theories, but the greatest disappointment came when I found that even the best makers were more likely to produce poor violins than good ones. This

had the effect of preventing me from becoming an apprentice, for what could I hope to accomplish more than my teacher?

Poor violins were on every hand, while a good one was so rarely found that the happy owner was greater than a king in my wild estimation. The good and the poor could not be distinguished by the looks; then why could they not all be made equally good? I felt that this difference ought not to be, for as long as a maker might produce a poor instrument the art could not be truthfully called a science. I resolved to change this order of things or never be known as a violin-maker. I felt it was an art too profound to be dragged in the dust by my ignorance, for I could not lay the failure to anything but a lack of knowledge. Then, following this conviction, came a period of the most persevering application to the study of the violin, hoping to find some ray of light that would eventually reveal the cause of so many failures. I avoided all the laid-down rules of proceeding, and confined my researches to such finished work as contained scarcely an element of good.

I had already found that there was no true basis from which to study a perfect violin, from the fact that two perfect instruments might present conditions of construction diametrically opposed to each other. No wonder there was a diversity of opinion, when the violins themselves were plain contradictions! I at last decided to confine my study wholly to poor work; to study their defects, and, if possible, to find the cause; I reasoned that if the cause of a defect was found, the remedy was possible, and I shortly became convinced that absolute success could never be attained on any other line.

Then began the work that took twenty years to accomplish. It was very slow work, but I always found enough success to keep alive the determination to succeed. If I were in search of the cause of a weak string, or a weak note on any string, or a too prominent note, or a loose, flabby tone, or a tight metallic tone, or any of the numerous defects that will condemn a violin, I was alone in the dark, as to its cause. When the cause was found, I was quite as likely to cause another fault in seeking the remedy, but my perseverance was finally crowned with full satisfying success; although it

consumed twenty years, it was time well spent, for I could then say, and prove by demonstration, that I could effectually remedy any fault known to a violin.

Up to this time I had never made a violin complete, but had made its various parts many times. Having mastered all these difficulties I was then ready for making, and began it with no misgivings as to the result. My system of proceeding, as mapped out, was plain and simple: I would avoid the faults and unite the remedy of these faults with the general principles of violin making. This I accomplished to my entire satisfaction, nor have I at any time, through mistake or accident, made a poor, or even a common, violin. The excellence of a violin is absolutely under my own control. The degree of perfection to which I am able to bring it is determined by the length of time I give in working out the system I have formulated with the greatest accuracy.

It is of course not to be supposed that I have one unvarying rule that will apply to all models, and all kinds and qualities of wood. The treatment must vary as the quality of the wood, or the form of the models vary. It is a rare thing indeed to find two pieces of wood of just the same quality, although they may be from the same tree. One would naturally think that what little difference could be found would not call for any variations in the manner of working, but that it does require such I have found to be a fact that one cannot afford to overlook. It is easy for one to satisfy himself of this matter; if he will examine the end of a log or the stump of a newly fallen tree, he will find the grain very uneven, that on one side may be twice the size of the other, the texture of the coarse and fine grains have but little resemblance. The hard grain will be found the same size in both, while the difference is made up of the soft grain and of course both cannot be of the same density.

The strength of each may be easily tested by taking two pieces the same size, let the ends rest on something where you can apply a spring balance, you will find the coarse grain to bend more under the same pressure and it will also break under less weight, and bend further before it breaks.

In using these two pieces of wood, if the maker gave both the same treatment, it would be an absolute impossibility for

both violins to be equally good. It is rarely the case that I treat two violins just alike and then not unless I know the wood to be the same, and I wish to make two of the same quality; then, of course, the work must be done in precisely the same manner. One particular cause for so many failures is the fact that a maker will choose some certain model, select some system of graduation, adopt some certain form of bass bar, all of which have been copied from the old makers, and in consequence are products of so high and ancient authority that a doubt of their eternal fitness has no room. They embody these forms in a number of instruments and then fall to wondering why so many of them are poor. It would be more fitting to wonder how any of them were good. To show how far away such a workman is from the true knowledge of the art, I will suppose that he has mastered the true system of graduation, just to fit the requirement of the wood, and complies with the demands of model and varnish; but if he has used the time-honored bass bar he will have done well if he gets one good violin out of a dozen. Now, I will open them and put in such bass bars as the nature of the work and wood demand and they shall be good. The shape, size and position of the bass bar wholly depend on the condition of the work up to the time of putting it in. The manner of graduation depends on the form of the arching, the depth of the rib and the quality of the wood, and then the bass bar must conform to the demands of these three fundamental principles. If there is not perfect harmony in the working out of these principles, no bass bar can be formed that will make it a fine instrument, for it cannot overcome any violation of these rules. There is another cause, and one nearly universal, that has much to do in preventing a uniform success, and that is imperfect arching.

This is a part of the art that has been seriously neglected, or the manner of shaping the arch has been very imperfect, for it is a fact that when properly tested very few are found correct. Some makers trust largely to the eye to even the arching, that is, to have the right and left sides the same.

While one may shape one side quite satisfactorily, it is a very difficult undertaking to shape the other like it. Others use callipers of the ordinary sort, which are very little better,

as they are not sufficiently accurate to give true results. In the hundreds of violins that have passed through my hands for the purpose of examination or improvement I have found none perfect, and very few that at all approached perfection. After realizing the effect this must have on a violin, I perfected a mathematical system for arching which works alike on all models. As this system was of no use with the usual tools, I also perfected a tool, or, more properly speaking, a machine, with which this system can be worked out with unvarying accuracy.

Uneven arching is not confined to modern makers by any means, in fact, they show a decided improvement over the old makers in this respect. I have the measurements of a Cremona violin, now in the hands of a soloist of no small ability. I took them on account of its extreme disproportions, which are as follows: The arching of the right breast was a quarter of an inch the higher, the length of the right breast

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 or C was three-eighths of an inch the longer, the right "f hole" was one-eighth of an inch the longer, and the left "f hole" was three-sixteenths the wider. In fact, it looked as though the halves of two violins had been joined. This, of course, is an extreme case. The question will be asked how I reconcile this with my objection to uneven arching, as it will be assumed that the soloist would have none but a fine instrument. I admit that the violin was fairly good, but it fell far short of being first-class. My answer is that the tone quality of this violin was purely an accident. If the graduation and bass bar had been in any other violin it would have been very poor; or if the quality of wood had been different it would have been a failure. That violin might have been copied a thousand times and not one of the number would have been good.

Another prominent hindrance to success is the uneven graduation. Granting that a full knowledge of proportions required by the conditions of the wood has been mastered, if graduation is uneven the highest success cannot be attained, as any departure from accuracy in this respect detracts from the excellence in the same ratio. Within the last two years I have reconstructed seventy-four violins, embracing nearly



all models. I have called the attention of those gentlemen before mentioned to the most of them and not in one instance have we found one that at all approached even graduation. Two of this number are genuine Cremona violins and I found them more uneven than modern instruments of the better class. Another of the number was made by a maker who claims he has no equal. He received five hundred dollars for this violin, but it was found no exception to the general rule. It is years since I found that accuracy is essential. And as that could not be secured by any device then in use, I invented a graduating calliper that simplified the work materially; but finding that absolute accuracy could not be obtained with them I set to work to make one that should be perfection and the machine before mentioned was the result. With this I am able to accomplish more in an hour than I formerly could in a day, and with an accuracy that insures unvarying success. There are many other points of construction that could be profitably reviewed, but as my aim is to throw what light I can on the most prominent and important of these points, and to expose false systems and theories, I will carry this part of the subject no further, but take up the next in order.

Seattle, Washington.

(To be concluded.)

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF RHYTHMIC CONCEPTION.

BY BERTRAM C. HENRY.

From the very beginning a music pupil should receive systematic training in the appreciation of rhythm. The chief factor in determining rhythm in music is a regularly recurring accent. The first step in training then will be to take some simple melodic phrase of six or twelve equal notes—c, d, e, f, e, d, c will do very well—and play it, first accenting every other note, then accenting one in three. Ask the pupil what is the difference in the two series of sounds. Some children at first will not perceive that there is any difference. But by dint of repetition, if the attention is directed to the point, it will be discovered that there is a difference in accent. Then go on with other melodies, for a while exclusively in equal notes, and let the pupil say whether the accent is one in two, or one in three. The tempo should be moderate and the accent well marked. Melodies with simple accompaniment may soon be used, provided there is no interruption in the even succession of tones.

In order to feel the rhythm in an uneven succession of tones, the listener must be able to measure off equal spaces of time. The next step should be directed toward the cultivation of this power. A metronome is all but indispensable. Set the index at 100, and let the pupil count in unison with the strokes, first "One, two; one, two," then "One, two, three." The counting may be varied by tapping upon the table with a pencil. In either case the accent should be preserved. Then let the metronome beat five strokes, the pupil beginning on the fifth stroke to tap or count "One, two; one, two," while the metronome is silenced. Then let the metronome beat seven strokes, the pupil joining in on the seventh with "One, two, three." In both cases the pupil should think the counts while the metronome is beating. Practice of this sort should

be continued until the pupil can preserve the tempo perfectly for some twenty counts after the metronome is silenced, at all rates of speed from 72 to 144. The slow tempo is apt to offer more difficulty than the fast.

The next step introduces inaudible time-keeping. After the metronome has beaten two measures, let the pupil alternately tap two measures and count silently for two measures. This should be practiced, of course, both in double and in triple measure, and at different rates of movement, and should be continued until perfect exactness is attained.

The pupil is now ready to listen to melodies which consist of tones unequal in length. Of course complexities of rhythm should be introduced gradually. Where the quarter note is the unit of the measure, halves and dotted quarters may be freely used. Subdivisions of the beat are not likely to give any trouble. The pupil should listen to the melody, first without making any sound, then tapping regularly with the pencil, and finally should say whether the accent comes once in two beats or once in three.

The next step will consist in the exact measurement of tones longer or shorter than a single beat. If the work with the metronome has been well done tones of two, three and four beats will be readily measured. Only the equal division of the beat into duplets, triplets and quadruplets should be brought in for a considerable time, and rapid successions of tones should be avoided. After a little tones of one beat and a half, two and a half, three and a half, may be introduced. The intervals of silence should be measured as well as the sounds. It will require much more careful attention on the part of the pupil to tell just when the sound ceases than it will take to tell when one tone ends and another begins.

Exercises of the sort just described should alternate with others requiring the reproduction of given rhythms. Sing or play a short phrase, not more than eight notes at most, better five or six. Let the melodic succession be simple and natural, and be careful to select phrases which are tolerably complete in themselves. Require the pupil to sing each phrase, if possible, after hearing it but once. Direct the attention chiefly to the rhythm. After the phrase has been correctly sung, let the pupil analyze the rhythm, telling where the accents come

and what are the lengths of the notes. There is no need at first of saying anything about half notes or quarter notes. The tones can be measured better in terms of beats. This naturally applies to the preceding steps as well. Children of ordinary musical intelligence will be able to reproduce simple rhythms readily, without making any preliminary analysis. This should be the practice as long as it can be done. But as more complicated rhythms are introduced there will come a time when it will be necessary for the pupil to settle the metre—that is, the counting—before trying to sing the phrase.

After thorough drill in the simple metres, double and triple, compound metres, quadruple and sextuple may be introduced. But it must not be expected that the pupil will distinguish the compound from the simple metre in the case of any but the simplest rhythms, until he has received a great deal of training.

The point at which it is advisable to make use of the visual representation of rhythm by means of notes will depend upon the general course of study pursued by the pupil. The best results will be obtained if no reference to notes is made until the ear has been well trained in the discrimination of both time and pitch relations. The sounds should be the all-important objects of study. When the relations of the tones are understood, the significance of the written symbols can easily be made plain. When the subject of the written notes is introduced the questions of pitch and rhythm should be considered separately at first. Then as each succeeding complication in the matter of pitch is touched upon, the rhythm of the example used should be perfectly simple, and vice-versa.

The suggestions here given will be sufficient, if thoroughly worked out, for a considerable number of lessons. Unless the periods devoted to this training be very short, the time should never be occupied with the question of rhythm alone. Part of the period should be devoted to the study of pitch relations, as in Lesson I, and the lessons to come.

## PARADOXES AND PRINCIPLES OF SINGING.

BY JOHN DENNIS MEHAN.

(First Paper.)

Current sayings relating to the development of the singing voice are paradoxical in the extreme. It may safely be said that the real truth lies directly opposite the point where the uninitiated naturally looks for it. About everything of importance in relation to this art is entirely different in its bringing about from what to the novice appears the right way.

The voice is a puzzle, the more tantalizingly so because a thing of such general use. If there is something else more exasperatingly illusive than voice—artistic voice, I mean—then I wish somebody would tell us what that something else is. It is not surprising that so many lose courage and give up the riddle in despair. Thousands study the subject year after year without ever grasping the central truths. Once in a while we hear a vocalist who seems to know what to do and how to do it. Such singers we never forget, and willingly pay extravagant sums again and again and again for the charm of their wondrous art.

Everything that is right in singing is of course in accord with natural law, and yet the natural mind seems prone to accept the wrong thing and reject the right, I mean as to the manner of studying. This fact explains in part why it takes so long to develop a singer. In the majority of cases it takes considerable time to convince the student that there is no short cut to success. Notwithstanding that every great artist will insist that nothing good in art can be accomplished quickly, that haste must be made slowly, that pure voice can be developed but gradually, and even then by the greatest care; notwithstanding the fact that no singer has ever become famous except after years of devoted study; notwithstanding all this, let me say, the usual beginner seems determined to consider himself an exception to the general rule; hence much

misdirected endeavor and wasted strength. In haste for immediate accomplishment he fails to master the principles of the art, in consequence of which he is nearly always in trouble, and it frequently happens that just when his voice ought, in the natural order of things, to be at its best, it goes to pieces once and for all. And another thing: It often is the case that parents, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts and neighbors do much harm, through their advice and badly chosen remarks, rightly intended, but distracting to the student and discouraging to the teacher. In their anxiety to "bring out" the voice they hinder its growth, not infrequently preventing the accomplishment of the very thing they are supposed to desire. Vocal teachers have much to answer for; they also suffer.

Now let us take note of a paradox or two. The "open," brilliant tones of the artist who thrills you by the power of his climaxes are produced in a manner entirely different from what you think; they are made to sound "open" by "closing"—that is, by concentration. Indeed, the loud tones are much more "closed" than the soft ones are. If you are a student of singing let me say, you will not be able to thrill your audience until you first learn to close your tones in a way to make them ring.

The course necessary to produce this closed ringing tone is so different from what one would naturally conclude, that I will here attempt an explanation of the process. Some will doubtless ridicule the idea, but my advice to the reader is, try to study out my meaning, for such study will certainly help to bring about vocal mastery, and that I presume to be what is wanted. The things advised will be found useful when understood and the things explained will be in accord with natural law and the best science. In order that I may the more fully make myself understood, let us for a moment consider vocal tone, as it is when we like it, and as it is too frequently presented for our entertainment. Of course, everyone likes voice to be clear and ringing; but clear and ringing tone does not mean the sharp, shrill sounds that so many seem trying to cultivate; tones that make sensitive ears uncomfortable, tones that have no depth, and are flat and thin instead of round and mellow, as they should be and as

every truly musical person loves to hear them.

I maintain that the average singing voice is actually unmusical, more than half the time distressingly so. Such a low standard of tone production on the piano would not be tolerated at all. Rough tone, thin tone, hoarse tone, uneven registers, nasal preponderance, throatiness of every description, inadequate breath support and many other defects, are so generally the rule that they are accepted mostly without comment. I speak of all this not to appear disagreeable, but to fairly explain my position. Where to place the responsibility for such wretched performances I will not undertake to say.

The truth of what I say is proven when one reflects upon the fact that at the present time there are not more than six perfectly satisfactory concert singers before the American public, if we except the several members of the grand opera company, who are able to illustrate in some degree the possibilities of the English language. In recital Bispham easily heads the list. I would urge vocal students to hear David Bispham whenever there is opportunity, and to study his methods with the greatest care, for truly he is an artist of rare ability. Bispham is a singer whose voice may with verity be called an "instrument of expression." This eminent vocalist paints pictures with his voice in a manner seldom equalled.

Now let us get down to the actual subject in hand—if there be one. To begin with, there is no quicker way of learning to sing now than there was a hundred years ago, and the sooner we realize this fact the earlier will there be genuine results. No fooling now: do you want artistic voice, or is it the yelling, echoing, hollow, three-cornered or flat, thin, superficial, unsympathetic, eternally white or eternally black, or the ear-splitting, sheep-bleating so-called forward tone? (If tone be good, it will find its way to the front, if bad, then it ought to be kept back—way back, let me say, so far back that it cannot be heard).

If it is best tone you want: tone that is deep, round, mellow, smooth, full, tender, brilliant as diamonds (when you wish it so), or sufficiently dark (sombre) upon occasion, to make it sympathetic and restful as the cooling twilight after a hot summer day—in short, voice that will readily reflect every

color of the rainbow and combination thereof; voice with which to paint beautiful pictures that stir and warm the heart; voice that in itself is convincing and soul-moving, even without words; if something like this is what you wish, then indeed the work must be begun carefully, thoughtfully and carried out with reverence and absolute sincerity. No deception, either in master towards pupil or pupil towards master, for deception is one of those chickens that invariably come home to roost. Truth is what we want to get at, and we should give it glad welcome, no matter from what source it comes; not alone give it welcome, but give credit to the one who ferreted it out. Magnanimity of thought and action tends to expand the soul, and soul-expansion is as necessary for a singing artist as is the disposition to pull everyone down except himself.

Now for tone: "Open your mouth and let your voice out," is a commonly used expression and one that sounds reasonable, and it might mean something at a certain stage of development, but its usual application is about as silly as any phrase I can think of. It would be a good deal better to say, "Do not open your mouth and don't let your voice out," for the simple reason that in all probability there is no voice yet that is worth letting out. The open-your-mouth-and-let-your-voice-out idea has let many voices out that never came back.

My advice is, shut your mouth and keep your voice in—for a while at least—for in reality we should sing in, not out. This is one of the puzzles, but some of my readers will come to a realization of the truth of the assertion. Voice is not best "brought out" by direct pressure. Pushing voice out is the immediate cause of the bawling, open tones that are so common and also so detestable. It is much better to think, "Push down the breath with the voice," for that would be in the direction of an explanation as to what is really done when conditions are right. Try singing downwards awhile; let the tones boil in the chest, as it were, which will warm up the blood and tend to shake cobwebs out of the brain. The principle is the same as applied in hydraulics; that is, pressing down for an upward lifting. When properly understood and worked out, it will enable you with but minimum effort



to more than quadruple your power as obtained by direct pressure against the larynx, not to speak of the incomparably improved quality. So, for the present, let pressing down the breath remain the central idea.

I am asked to give specific directions in the matter of practice for the purpose of working out some of my expressed ideas concerning development of voice. This is far from easy to do, for the reason that different cases require different modes of procedure, and these cannot be determined reliably without a hearing. If I cite instances and describe treatment of individuals incident to my personal work, I shall of course be accused of making a bid for patronage; but, as I am persuaded that I can better help student readers in this than in any other way, I shall make the trial, forestalling criticism in this respect by the simple, true statement, I already have more pupils than any teacher ought to accept, and cannot take others unless some of those now studying decide to discontinue. My teaching time is filled completely—more than filled. Now to business. First, let me describe my meaning in the use of current expressions and terms:

“Covered” voice is voice as used in speaking, by kindly, well-bred people, not excited and when not trying to make themselves heard at a distance. This is the basis of all voice that I am willing to accept as artistic (about one in ten thousand learns actually to sing with tone developed from this natural quality, and that one may generally be counted one of the great singers).

“Deep” voice is this covered quality expanded sufficiently for singing and dramatic purposes, the term “deep” having no reference to pitch. Tone “on the breath” means vibration from the larynx extending downwards to the diaphragm, thus communicating itself to and being reinforced by the cavities of the chest, augmented by chest-bone, ribs, spine, neck, head, etc., and which appear to focus at the given point back of the front upper teeth—if in truth there be any ground for the theory of focusing against this portion of the hard palate, a point that will be discussed later. Tone on the breath is soul-tone, tone that does not suggest diaphragm, chest, throat, hard palate, nose, nor anything else, except in a general way; tone that is deep as it is lofty and lofty as it is

deep, broad, full, sincere, true.

“Falsetto” is tone of the softest quality possible at a given point, no matter where in the scale, so resting upon the breath that it can be developed without change of centre (this is one of the nicest points that have to do with voice-placing; indeed, I may say, the central point). Understand, covered voice is not necessarily dark voice, nor deep voice, thick voice (deep water need not be muddy water), and falsetto has no special relation to the upper register—although it is generally considered from that portion of the scale first.

“Low larynx” does not insure dark tone, nor high larynx bright tone, although such is the general impression; these extremes being regulated chiefly through degrees of tensility at diaphragm, coupled with proximity of larynx and cervicle at base of the neck. Very bright tone can (and easily) be made with larynx low and with pharynx completely expanded, while dark tone can be made with reverse conditions, all of which is contrary to most of the books and current doctrines.

Varying shades of color, intensity, etc., are controlled entirely through management of breath, and, paradoxical as it may seem, it is thought of color (color really includes intensity, I might have said) that induces right action of the breath-controlling muscles. In talking, right breathing is natural, hence developed respiration for singing must be from the standpoint of speaking, or, better still, whispering.

To place mouth and throat (there is no such thing as “placing of tone,” as generally understood) for good production, think the vowel, whatever it may be, and especially the quality, before and while drawing down the breath, having already prepared the mouth for its delivery. If done rightly this is one of the best points I know, as it insures relaxation of the throat and sympathetic preparation generally. The taking of the breath forms the tone, so it will be seen that breath must be drawn through the mouth (mouth-breathing is not to be the rule, of course, it being here advised for the special purpose of placing voice action).

Form tone in thought, as it were; draw down the breath, deliberately and deeply, like an inaudible preparation to sigh, and then, without changing form and without conscious tension anywhere, let the “sigh” be tone instead; all without

thought of power or duration of tone. Repeating the note without motion other than that of the breath, is an excellent help, sometimes. Short tones are the better at first. Listen to them attentively, to note whether or not they seem natural, like spoken sounds, that is.

Somewhere in your voice there is, you may be sure, at least one beautiful tone; find that tone, get control of it, add others of like character, proceeding slowly and with care; all with the idea of developing your own voice, your true voice, I mean. Consider quality first and last and all the time. Think these things over, then look for more specific directions and accounts of special cases in the March number of MUSIC.

# EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC

The trustees of the Chicago Orchestra have lately made a detailed report of the operations of the sixth season (1896-97) and quite a number of encouraging and interesting facts are therein embalmed. During the season the orchestra played forty-four concerts in Chicago, accompanied the Apollo Club in four, had one miscellaneous engagement, assisted in thirty-six performances of Italian opera, and played eight out-of-town engagements, of which six were in Milwaukee and one each in Toledo and Ann Arbor, making a total of ninety-three appearances. The report goes on:

“The expenses have been as follows (the preceding season shown for comparison):

	Fifth Season.	Sixth Season.
Business management .....	\$ 11,370.78	\$ 10,506.47
Advertising .....	8,003.67	7,262.90
Auditorium rent .....	13,200.00	12,000.00
Orchestra salaries .....	95,719.04	94,454.44
Soloists .....	4,450.00	4,417.00
Musical instruments, etc.....	542.63	97.65
Chorus .....	.....	4,371.59
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$133,286.12</b>	<b>\$133,110.05</b>

“The receipts have been (the preceding season shown for comparison):

	Fifth Season.	Sixth Season.
Chicago concerts .....	\$80,877.25	\$ 81,449.25
Outside concerts .....	19,435.93	2,523.45
Apollo Club .....	2,025.00	2,500.00
Miscellaneous local engagements.	985.20	500.00
Italian opera .....	.....	15,000.00
Programme book .....	2,339.20	1,424.06

## EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

Promenade concert (net).....	2,328.85
Miscellaneous items .....	348.21
	<hr/>
Total .....	\$106,126.39 \$106,073.82
Deficit .....	27,159.73 27,036.23
The total expenses of the sixth season, as above, were .....	\$133,110.05
The total receipts of the sixth season, as above, were .....	106,073.82
	<hr/>
Deficit .....	\$ 27,036.23
Less contributions by governing members.....	22,100.00
	<hr/>
The net deficit for the season was.....	\$ 4,936.23
Aggregate deficit from fourth and fifth seasons	8,520.55
Accounts receivable of fifth season found worthless .....	133.90
Total deficit June 30, 1897.....	\$ 13,590.68

Of this deficit it is stated that \$6,250 is due Mr. Thomas.

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In discussing the season the trustees mention a remarkable falling off in the sale of tickets for single concerts after the first of January, 1897—a falling off stated to amount to about one thousand dollars a week. This they attribute in part to the general depression, which reached its greatest stress about that period of the year. They might also have mentioned the influence of the expected season of Italian opera, for which many were saving up money.

The following solo artists appeared in the Chicago concerts of the sixth season: Pianists, Madame Carreno, twice; Herr Brüning, Mr. Godowsky; organist, Clarence Eddy; violinists, Messrs. Halir and Van Oordt; 'cellists, Messrs. Stern and Steindel; singers, Madame Januschowsky, Miss Sue Aline Harrington, Miss N. E. Harrington, Messrs. George Hamlin, Ffrangcon Davies and E. H. Dermitt.

It is not impossible that the scarcity of artists here recorded may have a certain relation to the falling off of sales for single concerts, since it is at the window that the drawing power of soloists is chiefly experienced. I imagine that the able manager, Miss Millar, may privately share this suspicion, since I notice that this year, when the orchestra has again to go upon the road to the tune of twenty or thirty con-

certs, she has arranged to import young Hoffman.

Upon one point the report is encouraging, namely, in the increase of season sales. The trustees point to this with pride, since the season subscribers understand perfectly what kind of music they are to be given.

1891-92 season sale.....	\$17,540.00
1892-93 season sale.....	26,655.00
1893-94 season sale.....	26,110.00
1894-95 season sale.....	36,557.00
1895-96 season sale.....	40,943.50
1896-97 season sale.....	48,767.00
1897-98 season sale.....	57,000.00

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It is stated that the advance sale for the present season is about \$8,000 larger than ever before; according to Miss Millar's calculations this would indicate an increase of at least \$16,000 in the receipts of the entire season, because her experience is that every season subscriber is an advertiser for the work.

The improved finances of the orchestra, in spite of the excessively hard times of the last season and the first part of this, are due in part to a more thorough appreciation of the work of the orchestra by the Chicago public; but very great credit also is due to the management of Miss Anna Millar, who has not only conducted the details of this large business, amounting to more than \$133,000 a year, with discretion and intelligence, but has also shown herself fertile in expedients for increasing the business through the systematic canvassing for season subscribers.

In a journal of this kind, which is permanently committed to the highest ideals in musical art, it is very easy to forget the formality of giving proper credit to the business men constituting the Chicago Orchestral Association for their public spirit in becoming responsible and actually paying such a very large amount of money year after year. There is no question at all that the orchestra is of enormous artistic advantage to the city and might easily be much more so if it had a still more ample and cordial support. We have here what no other city in the country possesses, viz.: a pleasant music hall able to seat nearly five thousand people amid elegant sur-

roundings, and if the house were entirely sold out at the prices obtained for season seats, the expenses of the orchestra would be nearly covered.

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Considered from a standpoint of art, the orchestral concerts are to be mentioned in the same spirit as the gallery of paintings at the Art Institute, and the libraries, in which this city is now, considering its youth, phenomenally rich. The libraries and the symphony concerts have one advantage, in their general relation to literature and to musical art, which no new gallery of paintings has or can have to the art it represents, viz.: that whereas the library may and does contain all the master works of literature, so also the symphony concerts represent the highest attainments in musical art; and do this by practically reproducing original works of the greatest masters, which as here played are presented to the hearer with even greater freshness and beauty than when they were first played under the direction of their authors or the conductors of the day. Whereas, the gallery of paintings can by no possibility acquire any adequate representation of the master works of this art from the classical times, since all the original pictures of the old masters are owned in royal galleries to which they would be returned even if carried away as spoils of war. And in the case of a painting the full scope of the genius of the painter can be learned only from his own work. A copy may give us the composition and the idea of the picture, but the lines will lack the certainty and delicacy of the master hand, and the coloring will always differ by many slight degrees from the original.

A musical work, on the other hand, has to be recreated whenever it is presented to consciousness; for while theoretically a very excellent musician might read the score and derive a certain pleasure from the aural impression he would be able to form, this is true of only a very limited number of musicians. Almost everybody knows a good deal more about a master work in music when he hears it than when he merely reads the notes with the eye. Hence the Chicago symphony concerts stand in the same relation to the master works of musical art that the symphony concerts anywhere

else do, in Berlin, in Vienna, in Boston; even though they may have the original manuscript of the Ninth Symphony or any other great work in their libraries, the same drill has to be gone through and the same interpretation on the part of the conductor, before the work is prepared for the observation of the subscribers.

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This is the point where the emphasis falls upon the conductor. There are so many different ways in which the expression of a musical master work can be conceived and so very much depends upon the relative intensity of the different colors and timbres, as they blend or contrast, that the conductor has to be an interpretative artist of great responsibility. In an English contemporary, quite recently, there was a discussion of the playing of Lamoureux's orchestra from Paris, which was characterized by extreme refinement and finish. The critic complained that this extreme neatness in performing the Wagner music deprived it of a great deal of its effect. He said that when you had twenty violins all of whom were holding the tone with more or less tremolo, and some of them a little off the pitch, and when you extend these inaccuracies through all the parts, there was a sort of nimbus, a kind of loud-pedal effect, about the whole thing which was in itself a charm, of much the same kind as that which shows itself in these very obscure impressionist paintings; and when he heard the Wagner score with every part played in precision, it sounded to him very much the same as an old-fashioned, very sharp steel engraving looks in comparison with a painting by Turner or Titian.

I had the curiosity to ask an old musician who has played many years with Thomas whether he thought there was anything in this view of the value of unintentional dissonances in orchestral interpretation. He replied that Mr. Thomas never tolerated noise; that the effort was to have everything as clean as it could possibly be done, and I am sure that this must have been one of the motives in the performance of the unfinished symphony of Schubert lately, where the balance of the instrumentation and the smoothness of the playing was almost heavenly. In many places the strings have sustained



notes and even flowing bits while the principal melody is played by the first flute alone. Think of the care with which the conductor has to suppress the enormous volume of the strings in order to permit the innocent flute to come out as Schubert imagined it. But then Schubert was probably thinking of an orchestra of forty-five and never dreamed that sixty men would some day play his work; still less that eighty or eighty-five would be massed upon it. But in spite of all this enlarging of the strings, I doubt whether in the Schubert score there is any material imperfection of values. It seemed to me that the tone qualities of every instrument had a very satisfactory place in the ensemble.

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Just now there is a good deal of discussion about the qualities of conductors and I have been interested in something which Mr. Louis C. Elson lately wrote in the "Musician" apropos to the Boston conductor. His characterization of the last two conductors who have ruled the Boston symphony performances is as follows:

"After Mr. Gericke, in 1889, came Mr. Arthur Nikisch, also one of the world's famous conductors, a man who has received the commendation of Tschaiowsky and who is now a most prominent conductor in Berlin and Leipzig. Mr. Nikisch is what may be termed an orchestral virtuoso; he plays upon the orchestra as a Paderewski might manipulate a keyboard, he gives his own caprice and fantasies to every work, he is poetic and bizarre to the highest degree; but he proved to be less successful as a drill-master than any of the conductors of the organization, and, while the interpretations were always remarkable and generally spicy, the discipline of the forces began visibly to deteriorate, the glorious ensemble was no longer present. He left, rather abruptly, after four years of service, leaving two camps, of adherents and adversaries, behind him.

"In 1893 there came to the orchestra the very man to restore what had been lost. Mr. Emil Paur was a musician who would not tamper with the old traditions, he read the classics as their composers intended them to be interpreted and never interjected any of his own personality into the

performances; he was an indefatigable rehearsaler, a drill-master of the sternest stuff, and his influence was almost immediately felt to be a healthy one. Naturally enough King Stork, coming after King Log, made plenty of enemies, and many of the musicians writhed under the stricter regime. The best compliment that can be paid to Mr. Paur is to state that he has outlived all these enmities and has placed the Boston Symphony Orchestra upon a pedestal higher than it has ever occupied before; it has now become the peer of any orchestra in the world and the superior of most of the European orchestras."

I was much pleased with this account of the present conductor in Boston, since it is evident on the face of it that a conductor, who is able for four years to maintain the discipline and finish of performance so high as this orchestra has shown according to all intelligent critics, must necessarily be an orchestral director of immense personality. Even with so fine a body of players as the most of those belonging to the Boston Orchestra, a finished ensemble can be attained only by the strictest discipline and most careful drilling on the part of the orchestral master. Mr. Paur, as an artist, seems to be midway between the highly impassioned orchestral sailor, who delights in high winds and tempestuous seas, with death-like calms intervening, and the steady going German musician who is satisfied if the notes of the parts are played and a certain rough fidelity to the composer's intention is secured.

To judge from his programs Mr. Paur can hardly be classed as a sympathetic artist. Nikisch, on the other hand, who is the most sympathetic of living conductors, is unquestionably somewhat of a poseur. Mr. Thomas, as is well known, should now be classed as a conservative conductor. The keynote of his activity as an orchestral leader is refinement and finish, and in the early days of his directorship those were the qualities in which he most distinguished himself. What he sought was first to eliminate from the orchestral tone all the crudities and imperfections which were due to bad playing, believing that if the composers had desired anything of this kind they would have put in indications to that effect. Then, as his interpretations developed, they all took their departure from the string quartette, in which for twelve

years he had a most important schooling, and it was only through the necessity he felt for keeping up with the new works and playing all sorts of difficult things for the sake of the technic of the orchestra, that through Berlioz and Wagner these reserved interpretations were somewhat shaken up; and to my mind there is always a difference between the Mr. Thomas who conducts a Beethoven or a Schubert symphony and the Mr. Thomas who conducts a tone poem by Richard Strauss, or a symphony by Tschaikowsky, or even the later works of Wagner. In the latter case there is an impassioned swing in the conductor's beat, and a general air of having been thoroughly waked up, which the classical interpretations successfully conceal, although it goes without saying that this extremely smooth playing of Beethoven and Schubert can only be accomplished by the most liberal use of *sapolio* at rehearsals; and I can testify from much observation that Mr. Thomas will never have to settle with the recording angel for having disregarded the maxim to spare the rod and spoil the child.

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There is room, however, for something different in conducting, which as yet has never been perfectly realized. The problem is to secure that kind of an interpretation of a symphony which a first-rate artist and virtuoso would give to a *sonata* at the piano. There is a certain weightiness in the serious melodic moments and certain almost imperceptible nuances of rhythm and expression, especially in the inner parts, which, it seems to me, if realized would make an orchestral symphony appeal to the hearers much more than they usually do at present. My ideas on this subject have been gradually forming themselves for many years. From all I have heard, Von Bülow must have played symphonies in this spirit; but then while Bülow was a man of superior intellectual gifts, he was never a sympathetic artist, and besides one always had a certain suspicion of his intellectual soundness. He was liable to eccentricities.

The greatest light I ever experienced in this direction was from the appearance of Dvorak on Bohemian day at the World's Fair, when he conducted his fourth symphony. This,

it will be remembered, was after Mr. Thomas had left and before the orchestra had been finally disbanded. Dvorak is a good practical musician, having been an orchestral player himself in early life and having had quite an experience as a conductor. He is generally spoken of as not especially distinguished as a conductor. Accordingly, when he commenced his rehearsals the musicians brought to the interpretation that beautiful apathy which seems to them the normal attitude of an artist who has seen all possible moons before and is now called upon to look at one of them again. It took two or three rehearsals before it dawned upon the remoter parts of the orchestra that Dr. Dvorak had very definite ideas of the manner in which he wished his symphony played. About that time a certain interest began to awaken itself among the players and in all, I think, about seven rehearsals were had, by the end of which the players had become positively interested in the work, a statement I make on two pieces of evidence; first, that one of the players told me so (it seems incredible), and the other, the way they played. This also seems incredible, but it is true. The interesting thing about this interpretation which Dvorak gave his own work was the variety of expression in the inner parts of the orchestral web, the manner in which so many subordinate ideas came out which ordinarily are passed over unheard. In this way the elaboration took on an entirely new beauty and I have never heard any similar playing from any other conductor at all. There was more detail, and a finer intelligence in apportioning the values than I have ever seen illustrated in orchestral conducting, except, perhaps, occasionally with Nikisch.

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According to Mr. Arthur Weld, that eccentric genius, Richard Strauss, is a great master of the orchestra. Mr. Weld says that when you give Strauss a great work to play and a strong company of men he rises to the occasion and secures wonderful results. When he told me this I turned back to the copy of *MUSIC for March*, '97, containing the portrait of Richard Strauss, and took a look at that sleepy and almost half-witted looking face, and the cigarette between the fingers and wondered how such a looking man could be great. Then

I turned to Weld again, and I said: "Is Strauss great?" Whereupon a look of solemnity came over Weld's face—that irreverent and sceptical, journalistic and pessimistic face, which I had not supposed capable of anything like reverence—and he said simply, "Yes, he is great."

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I have several times commented in these pages upon the absurdities of singers in the way of selections and of the languages in which they undertake to sing. And every time when I think I must have reached the limit of fantasy in this direction some new complication turns up even more interesting than the one previously mentioned. But I think this time the climax must have been reached, when Mr. Pol Plancon sang at the ninth concert of the Chicago Orchestra, the recitative and aria from Haydn's *Creation*, "Roaring and Foaming Billows." The selection in itself was absurd, since who cares for Haydn's arias at the present time, and especially for this roaring and foaming billows business, which belongs to the child life of descriptive music; but Plancon went farther. He sang it in French. What he supposed himself to be accomplishing it would be very interesting to be informed. The balance of artistic effect was still more impaired in the encore number, which was the well-known "Rameaux," by Faure, which was sung to a very modest and pianissimo pianoforte accompaniment, played discreetly and "a la jeune fille," by Mr. Arthur Mees. If possible this was worse than the other, because here was this fine artist Plancon, with a voice which appears at least respectable upon the stage in association with the two de Reszke's and La Salle, a voice full of vigor and French fire, in this highly effective Christmas song which everybody loves to hear, a voice accustomed to float upon the waves of a full orchestral accompaniment, and here we had it with this boarding-school support of a grand piano. The second program selection presented the artist at his best in the Mephistophlean Serenade from the "Damnation of Faust," by Berlioz.

## PUCK IN THE ORGAN.

### FROM THE FRENCH OF MENDEZ.

Once upon a time Puck quarreled with the bees because he had slyly introduced himself into a hive to steal their honey. The golden flies, drunk with sweetness, attacked him maliciously with their stings, a perfect mob of shining wings. Truly, Robin-Bon-Enfant did not know where to hide himself. He fled madly away clinging to the twigs, leaping from one blade of grass to another, saying to the birds: "Make way for me!" crying to the grasshoppers, "Help, help!" and begging the squirrels moving about between the oaks to take him upon their backs. But the cruel bees never lost track of him. He began to fear that he was not going to be able to escape their vengeance, when, coming into the streets of the village, he spied a poor young fellow, ragged, with a mop of tangled hair, who played the organ and begged for alms. Truly, it was not beautiful music that issued from the cracked instrument, but out of tune, inharmonious. But Puck was not in a mood to care very much whether the airs were more or less agreeable. When he saw the organ he had but one idea and that was to hide himself and escape from his enemies. No sooner said than done. An elf can slip in easily through an opening only large enough to admit the finger of a little girl. Who could capture him? When the bees in their turn reached the streets of the village they saw no one save the boy turning a crank. Much disappointed, they flew back to their roses and jacinths, which were already becoming dry and weary of staying alone in their garden with no robbers about.

Then something extraordinary happened. The organ, a moment ago so pitiable, began to sing the most beautiful airs. You would have thought it was full of nightingales, of larks, and other early warblers if you had heard the melodious songs, the light twittering, the pretty, clear notes. An entire

aviary between four boards. What did it mean? Simply a caprice of Puck, who, not knowing how to employ himself in the instrument, where he had found refuge, sang to distract himself. For everyone knows that by reason of listening to the chattering of birds from springtime until autumn, one becomes very skillful in the use of the voice. The beggar at first was as astonished as any one could possibly be; he had never thought his hand organ capable of such delicious music, and upon the door steps, at the quickly opened windows, there were soon groups of charmed people, who could scarcely believe their ears. "Oh, how pretty; what lovely airs," were the cries on every side. The most avaricious threw out sous and pieces of silver; they would have thrown out louis if they had had them. Even the women and girls found the young boy was not as ugly as they had thought at first. His mop, if you looked at it closely, shone like golden straws, and his skin was white under the tan. So true it is that what is agreeable to the ear is soon agreeable to the eye; for rather by hearing than by seeing one gets control of the heart.

## II.

The fame of the organ-player outgrew the hamlets and market towns very soon. His reputation spread into the most magnificent cities and in the great capitals. They wished to hear him there and he roused the greatest enthusiasm. No melody as delicate and seductive as this—for the cooing of the dove mingled itself with the twittering of the bird—had ever delighted the dilettantes. No fete was a success if he were absent. He deigned to accept invitations, going from a Marquise to a Countess. Hardly had he begun to turn the crank than there were thrills of delight behind the fans. "Ah, my dear, did you ever imagine anything so enchanting? Would you not believe yourself in Paradise. I think, for my part, that the angels themselves do not draw sweeter music from their lutes and their harps." He did not find these praises at all extravagant, he had become so accustomed to glory.

You would not have recognized the ragged Bohemian of the highway. He was clothed in scarlet satin, embroidered with silver, and wore upon his curling locks a crown of pearls

and diamonds. For he was no less rich than illustrious. In place of the paltry money once thrown at him, now pages on bended knees offered him from their masters, upon golden plates, sequins, ducats, nobles and crowns; they even begged him to accept the plates themselves, and the beautiful ladies who obtained from him the favor of a private hearing, gave him presents a thousand times more precious.

The King's daughter heard of the marvelous musician and ordered that he be brought to court. She was a little suspicious, fearing some deception; she did not think it possible that he would be as great as his reputation. But after four measures such delight took possession of her that she swore with a great oath: "I will never have any other husband but this beautiful organ player." At first this was not according to the King's taste. A great monarch does not care to accept a young man without ancestors for his son-in-law, even without father or mother, and who begged upon the highway. But the King fell ill; the doctors declared he could only be cured by the charms of music. They were obliged to have recourse to the melodious vagabond, and behold, three turns of the crank, and the monarch was as well as could be desired. Then gratitude triumphed over blood; the beggar of yesterday espoused the Princess.

### III.

You would think his glory and happiness were at the highest point, but you deceive yourself. Soon the army went forth to battle and he placed himself in the front rank. The organ sounded forth furious war songs—for Puck remembered how the soldiers played on their bugles in the forest—and it was the general opinion that the victory was due to the extraordinary bravery that his music had put into their hearts. The people in their gratitude did not hesitate. The musician was made Emperor of the whole country and his father-in-law became his vassal.

Never had there been as happy and glorious a reign; even the most miserable subjects were content with their fate, for neither despair, nor anger nor revolt survived long before the wonderful power of their new master's music.

They understood that the crown, the scepter, the palace



full of courtiers were but feeble rewards for such merit. They made a god of him whom they had made Emperor; they consecrated temples of alabaster and porphyry that were always full of incense and kneeling worshipers. There were painted upon the wall of each altar images of the organ that they adored. What man had ever known such glory? And with all these triumphs his greatest, most incomparable joy was to make for himself in the evening such music that it caused him to weep with delight.

Ah, said Puck to himself, seems to me I have been in this box a long time; I am beginning to be strangely weary.

He threw a glance around and seeing the bees were no longer there, he returned to the forests to play upon the borders with Monsieur Flowering-Pea and Monsieur Spider-Web.

#### IV.

The whole city burst into laughter; call that music, rather call it a charivari which would frighten even dancing bears: a more discordant noise had never pierced the ear. It was not to be endured, they would not endure it. They chased the god from his temple, the Emperor from his palace. "Out with you, out with you," they cried, and the scullion from the kitchen followed the unfortunate, beating upon his pans and kettles.

He hoped to find a better reception with the Marquises and Countesses who had formerly swooned with delight behind their fans; but at the first notes, "Oh, oh!" they cried, "what do you call that; for our part, we should think you had turned all the cats in the country into the house." And the valets drove him into the streets, but not until they had torn their fine clothes, stolen the money from his pockets.

In despair he returned to the villages where they had once thrown him sous and silver money, and where the girls had gathered on the doorsteps and listened to him in delight. Hardly had he began to play than the peasants fled, putting their fingers in their ears, and now it was stones they threw at him. Then he understood that all his glory and all his joy had gone forever. He fell upon the side of the road, ragged, disheveled as in the days of his old misery, with no

other hope than that of death; sadder still, as, happening to turn the crank of the organ, there issued from the instrument a sharp note that pierced even his ears.

And I have thought as I relate this story, of tender and sublime poets inspired long ago, because they had love in their hearts; glorious poets, almost godlike, who languish now alone, with no illusions, in forgetfulness, and who cannot draw from their hearts a single consoling note—from their frail, false, tuneless hearts, from whence all beautiful harmonies have flow away with love.—Translated for MUSIC by Nora Teller.



## NOTEWORTHY PERSONALITIES

### MR. L. GASTON GOTTSCHALK.

Among the Chicago musicians, there are few more genuine and interesting personalities than that of Mr. L. Gaston Gottschalk, the celebrated operatic singer and teacher. Mr. Gottschalk was the youngest child in the family of which the celebrated pianist, L. Moreau Gottschalk, was the oldest son. When the young pianist began to give unmistakable evidence of his powers, his parents sent him to Paris, to be educated, but the absence of the favorite son weighed upon his mother greatly, and accordingly, in a comparatively short time, the family removed from New Orleans to Paris, the subject of our sketch being at that time, an infant in arms. Hence, Mr. Gottschalk grew up in Paris in a musical circle in which, very naturally, his brother was the bright particular star. Later on he developed a voice and received a musical education in Paris, among his teachers being Ronconi and Rizzo. The following particulars of his artistic career were published some years ago: "His aptitude was remarkable, and he soon entered upon a successful series of concerts through America to California. He then went to Italy and placed himself for ten months under Francesco Lamperti, making his debut in Cremona, at the Theatre Della Concordia, meeting such immediate and unqualified success that he made twenty-two appearances in "Lucrezia," singing afterwards in "Trovatore" and "I Due Foscari." He subsequently engaged at Alexandria and Genoa and from the latter place entered upon a five years' engagement with Max Strakosch, during which time he sang with Gerster, Cary, Kellogg, Rose, Tietjens,

Belocca, Singer and Campanini. Later he was with Minnie Hauk traveling through the United States, and with Kellogg and Brignoli during their American tour. Going to London, he was engaged by Ernest Gye for Covent Garden, and both



MR. L. GASTON GOTTSCHALK.

there and afterward in St. Petersburg, where he appeared with Pauline Lucca, was successful in the operas "Trovatore," "Carmen" and Traviata." In Paris he earned great distinction, being accompanied at soirees-musicales by Saint-Saens

and Gounod, and singing at the Trocadero with Guilman, the eminent organist, and Colonne's orchestra. Afterward during a provincial tour he was made an honorary member of the famous Societe Philharmonique of Angurs. Returning to Paris, he divided his time for a period between singing and teaching, numbering among his pupils nieces of the king of Servia."

In 1886 I well remember the delight with which Dr. Ziegfeld showed me one day a cablegram which he had received from Gottschalk, accepting his offers to become the vocal director of the Chicago Musical College. Few artists have had a better recommendation from their employer than Dr. Ziegfeld gave Gottschalk on this occasion in his conversation with me. Then followed several very busy years at the college after which Mr. Gottschalk withdrew and established his own school, which he still maintains. The sketch above given is very incomplete with regard to Mr. Gottschalk's experiences in opera, for he told me himself that he had sung in Gounod's "Faust" the role of Mephisto something like two hundred times and that of Valentine nearly one hundred. He also told me, as we were speaking of "Carmen," how his first impression of the opera had been so unfavorable when he heard it. When he was studying with the elder Lamperti at Milan, a friend of his in Paris heard the opera at its first production and sent him the Toreador song, saying also that in her opinion the role would admirably suit his voice, and if it should be produced in Italy by all means to get himself engaged for that part. So when "Carmen" was revived in Paris, a year later, Gottschalk took the journey from Milan in order to hear the work for himself; and he said that the feeling of disappointment was something very great and he could not understand how such handsome things had been said regarding it. Later, in New York, while the preliminary rehearsals of the chorus were going on in advance of the production, he attended quite a number of the rehearsals and little by little his ears became accustomed to the unusual modulations of Bizet and at length he found himself an enthusiastic admirer of the work, and in it he gained great distinction. Naturally, Mr. Gottschalk's work in Chicago has been mainly that of a teacher, since local artists have little

standing here and little inducement to appear in public. When they do appear, no matter what their role or their work, it is generally recorded of them that they "sang so and so in their well known manner," which if an outside reader comes upon leaves him in a trying uncertainty as to whether this "well known manner," was one of great distinction or a highly reprehensible one. The many scores of well known "manners" which have been recorded of Mr. Gottschalk since he came to this city, have all been of the commendable kind, and his large circle of students and public singers give sufficient evidence of the earnestness and artistic sincerity of his work.

W. S. B. M.

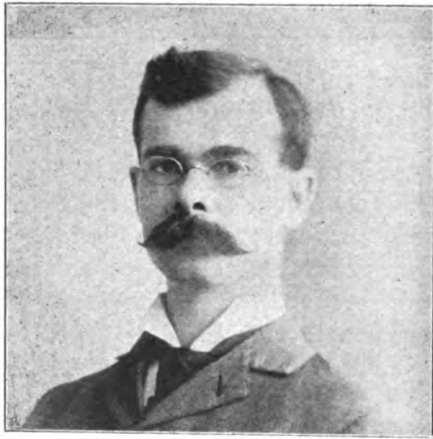
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MR. ERNEST R. KROEGER.

Mr. E. R. Kroeger, of St. Louis, is a composer of decided popularity, the author of a large amount of salon music for piano and in addition to this the composer of some highly serious and poetic music for piano, as well as a number of large compositions for full orchestra and chamber combinations—works which are not alone well done, but interesting and worthy of notice for the superior workmanship they manifest. Nevertheless, Mr. Kroeger states that he has acquired his musical education entirely in the city of St. Louis. He is therefore an American composer who is an exception to the general rule of having taken at least a few so-called "finishing" lessons abroad, and thenceforward crediting himself, not to the American teacher who had laboriously brought him up, but to the celebrated foreigner from whom he had at last but a few lessons. It is a mean trick; but most of our American musicians are guilty of it. Some of them, to be sure, like Mason, Gleason, Eddy and Chadwick, studied long enough abroad to entitle them to date their artistic mastership from their European training; but what ought we to say of the young women who, after being educated for many years in America, go abroad already brilliant players, and after a year or two of five finger and Döring at Leipsic, or a few months of table work under one of the Leschetizky "vorbereiters," come back to America pianists from such and such eminent

masters? But this is another story—and not a nice one.

I have been hearing of Mr. Kroeger for several years, and now and then some of his pieces, published by the house of Kunkel, have come before me. These, as a rule, I have not greatly admired, since they appeared badly engraved and rather shallow, aesthetically considered. I am happy to learn now, however, that these works but imperfectly represent the young composer. I have just had the pleasure of examining four "Sonnets" for pianoforte, published by William Rohlfing & Sons, Milwaukee, which show Mr. Kroeger in a better light. The first one, "Allegro," I do not care particularly for,



MR. ERNEST R. KROEGER.

since I have very little sympathy with the prolongation of the dominant ninth, with which the piece opens. Still, many will find a certain mystery in it, an appealing something, which, after all, is one of the reasons why composers are "still here," as Mr. Liebling says. But the second Sonnet, "Con Moto," in G minor, I like. It is a sort of half cheerful nocturne, with a nice melody and good musicianship, and I would fancy it might be very useful in teaching and as a light piece for concerts. It is not difficult, and aesthetically it occupies a middle place between music which is too serious for daily use and that which is too trivial. This is a happy medium, which, when played at a funeral, would betoken "mitigated grief," and when played at a wedding, the mitigated grief also of the

father who, in the phrase of "Gerofle-Gerofla," has "just got rid of one." The third sonnet, "Allegretto Grazioso," in B minor, is also very charming; and the fourth, "Moderato e Serioso," in A minor, a decidedly strong composition, if short.

Still better as a demonstration of musicianship and serious intention, is Mr. Kroeger's "Suite in F Minor," opus 33, published by Breitkopf & Haertel. This is a full-fledged composition for piano, ambitious in form and elaboration. It opens with a very difficult Praludium, worked out to the extent of five pages. The second piece is an "Intermezzo," in F minor, which is well worked out and very pleasing, except that I do not think I like the middle piece. Then a "Scherzo," in B flat minor, brilliantly written, but orchestral, it seems to me, rather than pianistic. The fourth movement is a "Canon," which takes the place of a slow movement. It is elaborately written. The finale is a brilliant octave study. On the whole the work is clever and worthy the pen of composers who have never seen St. Louis. I have also a well-made sonata for piano and violin, published by Breitkopf & Haertel. Very curious is a song, "Look Out Upon the Stars. My Love," from the press of the Kunkels. Of the more popular piano works space will be found to speak at some future time; also of the orchestral and chamber music. But, from the samples here mentioned, it is evident that in Mr. Kroeger we have an American musician who takes his art seriously and has ambition, together with industry and no small measure of ideality and constructive skill. As he is also a practical pianist, who has played in public within the past few years somewhere near a couple of hundred of pieces from all good sources, it is likely his name will be heard oftener in future.

M.

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#### JOSEF HOFMANN.

The frontispiece this time is a portrait of that promising young pianist, Mr. Josef Hofmann. It will be remembered that about ten years ago a very remarkable boy pianist appeared in New York, this same Josef Hofmann, then aged ten. He attracted remarkable attention by the intelligence and mastery of his playing; and by reason of his charming

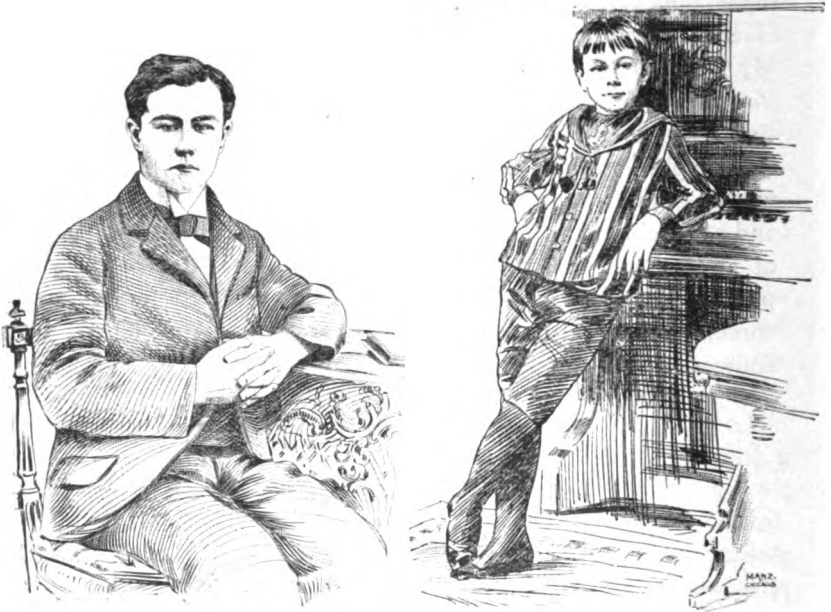


personality he made a multitude of friends and became a pet in society. In this respect he duplicated the success of Mozart and Chopin, both of whom were "wonder children" be-



cause they were essentially artists by birth.

In the very height of his American success the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children interfered and put



an end to the tournee, perhaps on the ground that some American member of the Musicians Guild was being done out of a job by this usurping youngster. As the tour had not

yet progressed to the point where a sufficient amount of money had been realized to carry on the boy's education, some wealthy gentlemen of New York made up a purse large enough for this purpose and, during the ten years which have elapsed, young Hofmann has pursued his studies under excellent masters, part of the time under Moszkowski and at times under other masters.

Within the last year Mr. Hofmann has made his reappearance as an artist. As he was born in Cracovie in the month of June, 1877, he is now a little more than twenty years of age. His European appearances have been before distinguished audiences and with very great success. It will be remembered that Paderewski only made his real success when past the age of thirty. Mr. Leopold Godowsky, to mention a well-known case, has been upon the stage ever since the age of seven or eight, and by the age of fifteen he was playing practically almost everything that the literature of the piano had for the virtuoso. Yet the solidity of his playing did not fully appear until several years later.

According to all accounts there must be in Hofmann's art a pleasing and fresh intelligence and a pure musical spirit of a very attractive kind. He is booked to appear with the Chicago Orchestra in March, and being under the management of Miss Millar will perhaps be heard in recitals later on.

# THINGS HERE AND THERE

LONDON LETTER.

BY HORACE ELLIS.

Humperdinck conducted compositions of his own at the last Philharmonic concert, the evening of December 2. Few persons have sprung so suddenly into popularity as did this composer by means of his opera "Hänsel und Gretel," and it is on that work that his fame must still rest, for he has not since written anything to equal it. The Humperdinck numbers at this concert were the Introduction to the third act of "Königskinder," also the overture to the same, and two songs, "Sontagsruhe" and "Das Männlein im Walde," from "Hänsel und Gretel." Of these the overture demands the most attention, as it was the most ambitious item, and likewise a novelty, this being its first performance. Here we have Humperdinck himself with no folk-tunes to partially depend upon, as was the case in "Hänsel und Gretel," and he is disappointing. He uses too many themes and they lack distinction. His contrapuntal devices are sometimes ingenious, but they are overdone and too palpable, while his orchestration is at times noisy and altogether monochromatic. After hearing this work I do not think as well of Herr Humperdinck as before. No less than three soloists took part in this concert: Madame Blanche Marchesi, who sang the Humperdinck songs and Gounod's "Où suis-je?" (Sapho); Herr David Popper, the 'cellist, who played the Volkmann concerto in A minor, Op. 33, and Schumann's "Träumerei" and a "Minuet" of his own, and the young Scotch pianist, Frederic Lamond, who was extremely successful with Tschalkowsky's concerto in B flat minor, Op. 23; indeed this last was the most satisfactory thing of the evening. The concert closed with Mackenzie's overture to Mr. J. M. Barrie's play, "The Little Minister" (dramatized from the novel of the same name), which is now running at the Haymarket. It is, of course, Scotch in character, begins with a "skirl" of the pipes and contains snatches of "Duncan Gray." It is cleverly constructed and pleased me as much as any of Sir Alexander's compositions that I have heard. Haydn's Symphony in D (No. 2) set the ball rolling.

Mr. Schulz-Curtins has probably introduced as many continental

musical celebrities to English audiences as any manager in London. His last enterprise was the bringing over of Richard Strauss to conduct an orchestral concert at Quinn's Hall, Thursday evening, December 7. Though but a young man (he was born June 11, 1864) Strauss is cursed, praised, ridiculed and admired wherever orchestral music is known. You may be sure there is much in a man who can call forth such contradictory opinions as he can. The first time you hear one of his pieces for orchestra you are apt to be undecided whether you should treat it as a practical joke or go and purchase the score. The latter is the wiser course. Strauss is looked upon by the majority as simply an orchestral colorist. Certainly there are few to-day who can produce such original effects in that line, but if his powers ended there he would be undeserving of serious consideration, for he would not be producing music. Contrary to the belief of many, Strauss does use his orchestration as a dress for his ideas; gay and parti-colored at times and again sombre or ragged, but usually well in accord with the subject it clothes. But his sense of contrast and color is so keen that he is injured by it, for often we are so bewildered or puzzled by his manner of speaking that we forget, or fail to discover, that of which he speaks. This is his program: Serenade ("Eine kleine Nachtmusik") for strings alone, Mozart; Symphonic poem. "Tod und Verklärung," Strauss; Symphonic poem, "Till Eulenspiegel's Lustige Streiche," Strauss; Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," Wagner; Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," Wagner; "Charfreitagszauber" from "Parsifal," Wagner; Overture to "Tannhäuser," Wagner. Was it not a clever trick of his to lead off with the simple Mozart string-quintette and then follow immediately with his own compositions? It was not only effective but daring as well. "Tod und Verklärung," Op. 24, had never before been heard in this country, although earlier and later works have. Let me tell you in the composer's own words what he means by his "Death and Transfiguration":

"A sick man lies upon his mattress in a poor and squalid garret, lit by the flickering glare of a candle almost burnt to its stump. Exhausted by a desperate fight with death, he has sunk into sleep; no sound breaks the silence of approaching dissolution save the low, monotonous ticking of a clock upon the wall. A plaintive smile from time to time lights up the man's wan features; at life's last limit dreams are telling him of childhood's golden days.

"But death will not long grant its victim sleep and dreams. Dreadfully it plucks at him and once again begins the strife; desire of life against might of death! A gruesome combat! Neither yet gains the victory; the dying man sinks back upon his couch and silence reigns once more.

"Weary with struggling, reft of sleep, in the delirium of fever he sees his life unrolled before him, stage by stage. First the dawn of childhood, radiant with pure innocence. Next the youth who tests and practices his forces for riper manhood's fight. And then the man in battle for life's highest prize: to realize a high ideal and

make it all the higher by his act—this the proud aim that shapes his course. Cold and scornful, the world heaps obstacles upon his path; deems he the goal at hand, a voice of thunder bids him 'Halt!' 'Let each hindrance be thy ladder,' thinks he, 'higher, ever higher, mount!' And so he climbs, and so he urges, breathless with a hallowed fire. All that his heart had ever longed for, he seeks it still in death's last sweat; seeks, but can never find it! Though now he sees it plainer, plainer; though now it looms so large before him, yet he can ne'er embrace it wholly, ne'er put the last touch to his work. Then sounds the final stroke of death's chill hammer; breaks the earthly shell in twain; enshrouds the eye with pall of night.

"From on high comes sounds of triumph. What here on earth he sought in vain, from heaven it greets him. World-redemption, world-rebirth!"

This work has impressed me and I must hear it again before I attempt to criticise it. As I have said, it is easy to fall into error regarding this man's compositions. "Till Eulenspiegel" was prankier than ever, and I thoroughly enjoyed the portrayal of his escapades. As a conductor Strauss is unequal. He is satisfactory as regards his own works and he secured nice shading in the Mozart number, but he is open to criticism when it comes to Wagner. In the "Meistersinger" prelude he took liberties with the tempo that were certainly unconventional and evidently to the taste of most of the audience, but which seemed to me to be misconceived. In spite of disagreeable weather there was a large and appreciative auditory, and I never have seen the members of an orchestra applaud so spontaneously, in spite of the way they had had to work.

At the above concert Mr. Schulz-Curtins told me that the report that he intends giving Wagner opera at the Covent Garden next year in connection with the regular season is true. The most striking thing about his scheme is that, as the operas will be given without cuts, the Bayreuth plan of beginning sometime in the afternoon, with intervals for rest and refreshment, is to be followed.

As long ago as 1881 M. Charles Lamoureux, the French chef d'orchestre, directed two concerts in the city at St. James' Hall, and the same year founded the "Concerts-Lamoureux," so well known in Paris, and of which he has recently given up the conductorship. In the spring of 1896 he brought his orchestra to London and gave a series of concerts at Queen's Hall, with such success that he returned early this year. The results he obtained from this French orchestra were remarkable, especially as regards quality of tone and pianissimo; but there were two things to bear in mind—the material of which it consisted and the conditions under which it worked. In the first place it was said that every member was either a "first-prize" pupil of the Paris Conservatoire or the holder of some official musical post; and in the second, they played daily together, and only together, under the same chief for years. With such a ground-work to build upon, a conductor has everything in his favor. This fall Lamoureux came over to work with a strange

orchestra, that of Queen's Hall, thus putting aside the advantage he had enjoyed over other foreign conductors who have appeared here, and meeting them on equal terms. He has completely held his own on most points and has proved that he is not only a fine drill-master (and, I may mention, a severe one) but possesses the true leader's powers of concentration and command, while his readings are always interesting.

It is about two years since Madame Blanche Marchesi first appeared before an English audience and was taken to the hearts of concert-goers. She is a woman upon whom nature has bestowed a voice of limited range and undesirable quality. There are thousands of amateurs and professionals with vocal organs far superior to hers who will never succeed in touching their hearers when she would hold them spellbound. Why? Because she is an artist, has dramatic feeling and a mobile face and knows exactly what she can do with her voice and how to cover, as much as possible, its defects. Had she on her first appearance sung behind a screen she would have met with scant success, for the audience would have been unable to see her face, and "her face is her fortune," for every thought, I might almost say every word, is mirrored there as she sings, and it is most interesting to watch the variations of light and shade continually crossing it. What was stated to be her only recital this season was given at St. James' Hall the afternoon of November 30, when she had the assistance of Mr. Johann Kruse, a capable and unaffected violinist, with a good tone and technique adequate to the demands he made upon it. Madame Marchesi's least successful number was Schubert's "Der Erlkönig," which she had placed last on the program, evidently as a climax, but which she overdid, apparently through anxiety and nervousness.

London, December 31, 1897.

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#### LEIPZIG NOTES.

The month of November has been a very busy one musically, so that we shall have only space to mention a few programs complete. On the 4th we had the fifth of the Gewandhaus series, and as this was the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Mendelssohn, the last part of the evening was devoted to his compositions, which included the "Fingal's Cave Overture," the violin concerto and the Third Symphony. Willy Burmester played the concerto. For the first part of this program the orchestra played Beethoven's overture to "Coriolan" and Alexander Siloti performed Tchaikowsky's second piano concerto. Thus with Nikisch, Burmester and Siloti we really had three big shows under one tent. Burmester did the hippodrome turn, and this, by the way, is the only proper word to express it, for he played very badly from a musical standpoint. In the first two movements his work was respectably done, but in the last he seemed so anxious to display his virtuosity that he had no time to

wait for the gentlemen of the string band. Nikisch tapped vigorously on the desk with his baton, hoping to reduce the speed, and the flute player nearly melted the wax on the pads of his keys in an attempt to keep up, but they were only partly successful. It was an exhibition of bad and careless fiddling at a frightful tempo. At the rehearsal we called him back to play his arrangement of the Paganini "Witches' Dance." This he did exceedingly well, but there are many who can never forget his work in the concerto.

Siloti is a superb creation; he plays the piano in an all satisfying way and has a style so pure and unaffected that his performance marks a period of solid enjoyment. It is well known that the Royal Conservatory people would almost give their boots to get him as a member of their faculty, but we cannot guess whether or not he would accept such a position.

The sixth Gewandhaus concert occurred on the 11th, at which we had the Second Haydn Symphony, the Second Beethoven Symphony, the Volkmann A minor concerto for 'cello, the Elizabeth Aria from "Tannhäuser," and songs by Schubert, Cornelius and Franz; George Wille, solo 'cellist, and Frau Katherina Edel, soprano.

The seventh concert was set for the 25th and brought forth the Mozart C major Symphony, Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont," the Bruch G minor concerto for violin, some selections from a Ries violin suite (Adagio, Gondollera and Moto Perpetuo), and the symphonic poem, "The Youth of Hercules," by Saint Saens, the latter work undergoing its first Leipzig production. The violinist was Stanislaus Barcewicz, who was very kindly received.

On the 12th, in Hotel de Prusse, the eleven-year-old pianiste, Paula Szalit, of Vienna, gave her first concert in Leipzig. She came well recommended and left with all the honors of war. The program comprised Mozart's G Minor quartette for strings and piano, Händel's E Major variations for piano, prelude and fugue in C sharp minor from Bach, Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, Chopin F Minor Nocturne, Mendelssohn's "Spinnerlied," Raff's "Tambourin," and an etude and "Träumerei" of her own composition. Her opening work in the quartette showed her to be a good player, and we liked her better after the Händel variations, but when she began on the Bach Fugue we were well nigh amazed, for she showed in addition to a powerful rhythmic strength a musical temperament of unusual beauty and elasticity. In all of the work she did it seemed that technique had never entered the question; she had merely to follow wherever her gifted nature called her. If she ever cultivates the muscle of a Carreno, a Bach Fugue under her hands will become something gigantic; it is already worth going to hear even in Leipzig, where good performances are supposed to be common occurrences.

We have had Carreno, Josef Hofmann and Alexander Petchnikoff also, but I shall not speak at length of them, for they are all standard performers whose merits are well known.

The most important event of the month at the Royal Conservatory was a memorial program to Mendelssohn, which took place on the

5th, and included only Mendelssohn compositions, as follows: Overture, "Helmkehr aus der Fremde," the violin concerto, baritone aria from the oratorio "Elias," piano concerto No. 1 in G Minor, and the Fifth Symphony. The orchestra, under Hans Sitt, the soloists, Wilhelm Backhaus, pianist; J. Edmund Jacques, of Brantford, Canada, baritone, and Miss Lotte Demuth, of Oberlin, Ohio, violinist. The centers of attraction were the thirteen-year-old boy, Backhaus, and Miss Demuth, who is seventeen. The work of Backhaus is strong and has the finish of the artist already present. From Miss Demuth we shall expect even greater things, for in addition to a disposition toward surety in technique and a beautiful tone, her work has a swing that savors of virtuosity, and in the Vieuxtemps work her temperament is fairly electrifying. She has only studied a few years, however, and has yet some years of hard work before her.

Julius Klengel postpones his American tour to the season of 1898-99 on account of his health.

The pianists, Josef Hofmann and Siloti, make American tours this season and should be very successful. E. E. S.

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CONCERTS OF THE CHICAGO ORCHESTRA.

The program of the ninth concert of the Chicago Orchestra was the following:

- Fugue, A minor (string orchestra).....Bach
- Overture, Coriolanus .....Beethoven
- Recitative and Aria, The Creation.....Haydn
- Symphonic Poem, Le Rouet d'Omphale.....Saint-Saens
- Concerto for Violin, D minor.....Hans Sitt
- Waldweben, Siegfried .....Wagner
- Serenade, The Damnation of Faust.....Berlioz
- Scenes de Ballet, op. 52.....Glazounow

The fugue in A minor at the beginning was not the magnificent organ fugue in that key which has been transformed by Muller-Burghaus, but the presto pianoforte fugue in A minor which occurs in one of the volumes of the Peters collection. As an exercise for the orchestra this was probably useful; as a musical entertainment for the listener it was without value.

The novelty of the orchestral part of the program was the Ballet Scenes, by Glazounow, which proved to be a very clever work, full of picturesque and interesting moments, above all not to be taken too seriously. The working out of the different movements is done with a light touch, although the part writing and the orchestration are, in places, extremely complicated. If this young composer takes himself seriously, something very good ought to come from his pen later on. The standard numbers upon the program, the Beethoven "Coriolanus" Overture, the Saint-Saens Symphonic Poem and the Wagner "Waldweben," of course, were played beautifully.

The new concert-meister, Mr. L. Kramer, was heard in a violin



concerto in D minor by Hans Sitt, who is professor of violin in the Leipsic Conservatory, and has produced many works for the instrument, which Mr. Mees, in his program notes, described as having chiefly "a didactic value." Only a single movement was played, but this may have been the whole concerto. The program book was barren of information upon this point, as indeed concerning the Glazounow pieces. It is all very well, speaking of program books, to write up instructive pieces about standard works like the Beethoven overtures and symphonies some months in advance of their being wanted, but it is a very serious thing for a program book to totally fail of information upon the novelties presented. This is precisely the point where help is needed.

But to return to Mr. Kramer. The concerto proves to be a well-made and musical but not particularly inspired work. The playing was more than creditably good. Mr. Kramer seems to be a good musician, with a pretty ample technic, and with a certain amount of artistic feeling. He was well received by the audience and may congratulate himself on having fully established a claim to distinction in the position he now holds.

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The program of the eighth Symphony concert was composed entirely of Beethoven works, as follows:

Overture to Leonore, No. 2.

Overture to Leonore, No. 3.

Theme and Variations, scherzo and finale from the septet; op. 20. Symphony No. 9, in D minor.

The solo artists concerned were Mrs. Genevieve Clark-Wilson, Mrs. Christine Nielson-Dreier, Mr. George Hamlin and Mr. George Ellsworth Holmes. The chorus parts were sung by the chorus of the association, to the number of about two hundred.

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The program of the eleventh symphony concert was the following:

Symphonic Poem, Edris.....Frederick Grant Gleason

Theme and Variations, Quartet in D minor.....Schubert  
For String Orchestra.

Air, Samson and Dellah.....Saint-Saens

Siegfried's Death March, "Die Gotterdammerung"..

.....Wagner

Tone Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra"..Richard Strauss

Symphony. No. 6, Pastoral, op. 68.....Beethoven

Allegro ma non Troppo: Cheerful Impressions excited on arriving in the Country.

Andante Molto Moto: By the Brook.

Allegro: Peasants' Merrymaking.

Allegretto: Storm. Allegretto: The Shepherd's Hymn, gratitude and thanksgiving after the storm.

Festival March and Hymn.....Hugo Kaun

The first part of the foregoing program can easily be given one credit, at any rate, that, namely, of having broken the record for length, since it occupied about two hours. The repetition of Mr. Gleason's Symphonic Poem, "Edris," was a graceful act on the part of Mr. Thomas, as it afforded another opportunity to study this elaborate and serious work by a local composer, and in like manner the seriously inclined will be thankful for the opportunity of hearing again this elaborate mix-up of Richard Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra." To be entirely frank about it, I do not find myself in sympathy with any of these modern works which take their standpoint from poetry. At this moment I do not recall one which finally arrives at the point of being interesting music for music's own sake. Perhaps I am hopelessly old-fashioned and the generation of youngsters now about to come upon the stage will take the same pleasure in these elaborate gropings around in diminished chords and things that we older ones have learned to take in the best moments of Wagner, having advanced to that point from our original appreciation of Beethoven. Mr. Gleason's "Edris" is a well-made composition, smoothly handled for the orchestra—a work which entitles the composer to great credit; but considered merely as plain music I am obliged to confess that it seems to me generally to be about to arrive and never quite arriving. This goes on for about twenty minutes, and the arrival seems but little nearer at the climax of the last movement, if there be a climax, than in the early stages of the first. I still adhere to an opinion which I have expressed a number of times in former years, that for American composers whose opportunities of hearing their orchestral works performed are so extremely rare, it would be wise to exercise themselves diligently on smaller and more practical forms until the technique of treatment and color have been more perfectly mastered. To my ear "Edris" is subject to the drawback of rhythmic monotony. I am inclined to think this is one of its most serious defects.

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It was one thing, at least, in favor of the Strauss work, that it did not sound barren from an orchestral point of view, following immediately after the Siegfried Funeral March.

As for the remainder of the program, the beautiful Schubert Variations were played by all the strings delightfully and I do not remember to have heard the Siegfried Funeral March played better. The orchestra had been enlarged so that there were six horns and whatever other amplitude of resource "Siegfried" may have desired, and the playing was extremely smooth, rich and powerful, and as for the composition itself, I hold it to be one of the most stupendous which has been written.

The Pastoral Symphony in the second part of the program had a very charming and delightful effect and it was played with great refinement and taste throughout.

The soloist of the occasion was Miss Jacoby, who sang a Samson and Delilah air in English. She has a beautiful voice, but she does

not seem to me especially well adapted to this music. For a recall she gave a serious song in German, which, as usual with contraltos, was something about "tod." Mr. Thomas is entitled to the credit of having brought the Chicago Orchestra in the present season to an extremely fine finish in performance. The foregoing program was advertised in advance as a "request" program, but the book of the concert very wisely took no account of this extremely questionable fact concerning it. That all these pieces may have been asked for by some one is likely enough, except the Festival Hymn, and the composer may have asked for that, but that these requests represent in any manner the percentages of desire on the part of the audience is preternaturally unlikely. This, however, is no necessary reflection upon the program.

M.

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The Twelfth Symphony concert had this program:

Variations, Chorale St. Anthony.....	Brahms
Symphony, D minor, op. 22.....	Hugo Kaun
Grave--Allegro Molto Appassionato.	
Andante Moderato, quasi Adagio.	
Maestoso—Allegro Agitato.	
Concerto for piano, op. 16.....	Grieg
Introduction and closing scene, "Tristan and Isolde".....	
.....	Wagner
Kaisermarsch .....	Wagner

The Brahms variations are very beautiful and it is a pity that so many of the audience missed them by reason of coming late. The novelty of this concert was the Symphony in D minor, op. 22, by Mr. Hugo Kaun, a German, born in Berlin but now living in Milwaukee. Mr. Kaun's work is wholly outside the ordinary range of new works. Like the productions of all serious students of orchestration, the work shows that he has studied the Wagner scores very carefully and there were many bits the original of which it would not be difficult to trace. There were also certain peculiarities of style which differentiate the modern school so completely from that of the usages of the classical composers. Among these were the extremely full part writing, the chords being very complete and the different departments of the orchestra being used as complete choirs, and in general the workmanship was of an extremely able and modern kind. But aside from this the work is certainly not without decided originality and inherent musical power, and the only question is as to the compass and richness of the vein here opened. My own impression is that Mr. Kaun has it in him to produce other works in this school of equal merit and undoubtedly of more originality, because originality is something which, if a man has it, shows itself more and more as the means of expression become more fluent and more easily controlled.

The second novelty of this program was the Grieg concerto, played by the French pianist, Mr. Raoul Pugno. This gentleman is

a large and heavy man, with the well-upholstered hands peculiar to his kind. He has a certain kind of temperament and attractiveness to an audience. His touch in many instances is very charming. His fortissimos are generally brutal and he has very little gradation from fortissimo to pianissimo. Considered according to the standard of modern pianists, meaning thereby artists like Joseffy, Zelsler, Rosenthal, Godowsky and Sherwood, he has no technic. The left hand parts are very often slighted, or insufficiently brought out, and his finger passage work is wanting in the finer gradations desirable in this part of the playing. In his reading he played the melody parts quite slowly, indeed "troppo molto moderato," but in the bravura passages he increased the tempo very much. This combined with his enormous fortissimo, due to his liberal use of a heavy arm, made his playing very telling from an amateur point of view. Indeed, there are many things in his interpretation which were characteristically amateurish. In a smaller room, dealing with the light and piquant compositions of the French school, M. Pugno would probably be a very strong artist.

On the present occasion, both at the public rehearsal and in the evening concert, he was recalled many times, and on both occasions played for a second number the Eleventh Rhapsody of Liszt, in a manner which fully defined the limitations above mentioned concerning his playing. It must be very gratifying to an artist to have so distinguished a success with an audience, when if he really understands his art and his own position in regard to it, he must be conscious that he is getting more than the critics would ordinarily give him. In the present instance, however, M. Pugno succeeded on both sides, for the papers treated him in a more complimentary manner than they have any artist for a long time, having been misled no doubt by the impassioned encomiums of the Musical Courier, which certified concerning him that he played the Saint-Saens-concerto in New York better than it ever had been played there before, a fact which reflects more upon New York than it praises M. Pugno. The concert as a whole was a strong one, and the orchestra accompanied in the concerto beautifully. In fact, much of the popular effect was due to the inherent attractiveness of the work, with its characteristically original flavor, and the beautiful manner in which the orchestra played the music, than which hardly anything could be more perfect. The introduction of the slow movement was a veritable dream.

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#### THE APOLLO CLUB IN "THE MESSIAH."

The Chicago Apollo Club, under the direction of Mr. William L. Tomlins, opened its twenty-sixth season with two performances of Handel's "Messiah" on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, December 21st and 23d. The chorus numbered, approximately, about four hundred. The soloists were, for the first concert, Miss Jennie Osborn, Miss Jessie Ringer, Mr. Van Yorx and Mr. David Bispham; and

for the second, Mme. Clementine De Vere-Sapio, Mrs. Sue Harrington-Furbeck, Mr. George Hamlin and Mr. David Bispham. Mr. William Middelschulte was the organist and the accompaniments were furnished by a part of the Chicago Orchestra.

The performance of "The Messiah" at Christmas time by the Apollo Club has now come to be an established custom in Chicago, which for the last twelve or fifteen years has not been broken, and upon several of the years two performances have been given, as in the present instance. The result of all this attention to "The Messiah," and especially the result of the generally fine singing of the club in this work, has been to develop a large "Messiah" public in Chicago, as is plainly enough shown when at holiday time the Auditorium is quite filled with two audiences practically different.

On the present occasion the singing of the club was characterized by many of the beauties which have distinguished it in former years. While the chorus is rather too large to be expected to shine in the light running work of "For Unto Us a Child Is Born," it nevertheless has mastered the letter of Handel's music so thoroughly that on the present occasion all this running work was sung with great lightness and elasticity, and with very charming vocal effect. On the other hand, the climaxes, "Wonderful," "Councillor," and the hallelujah chorus, the "Worthy Is the Lamb" and the close of "All We Like Sheep" were done in a highly impressive and truly artistic manner. The soloists on the second evening were much above the average. Mr. David Bispham is a fine artist, and his voice has enough bass resonance to make him a very acceptable singer in this role. He compensates by the distinction of his style and phrasing and by his success on the high notes (where a bass usually fails) for a certain lack of solidity in the extreme low notes of the role. Thus, in the history of this part in Chicago he occupies a very distinguished place. Mr. George Hamlin sang the tenor role in a very artistic manner. While his organ is not in all respects so solid and resonant as is desirable for a concert room as large as the Chicago Auditorium, he makes up for this by the earnestness and sincerity of his work and the genuine artistic power and pathos, and he succeeded about equally well in those most widely differentiated portions of his task, viz., the recitative and aria, "Thy Rebuke Hath Broken His Heart" and "Behold and See," and the dramatic and bravura-like aria, "Thou Shalt Break Them." The alto, Mrs. Harrington-Furbeck, has a very beautiful voice which has received a certain amount of training. She is not yet an artist, having much in the way of style and effect to master. It would seem, however, that further experience in the dramatic direction would impart to her work a rare distinction later on. Mme. Clementine De Vere in the soprano role was a surprise, at least to the undersigned. Originally a colorature singer and of a temperament by no means especially adapting her to this role, she has been able, by her art, to overcome most of the difficulties pertaining to it, and her interpretations are to be taken with distinguished appreciation. Naturally she was better in "Rejoice

Greatly," but in the "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" she was very successful indeed.

I was glad to note that at this performance the tempi were materially quicker than those formerly maintained. This relieves the work of some of its tedium.

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#### SOUSA'S "BRIDE ELECT."

On the third of January, 1898, there was produced at the Boston Theater, for the first time in Boston, a new comic opera by Mr. John Philip Sousa, entitled "The Bride Elect." It was given before a crowded house, and was received with demonstrations of great favor by those present. The newspaper critics in general took kindly to it, and it has apparently entered on a long and successful run.

The "Bride Elect" is a typical comic opera in three acts, simple in plot and conventional in working out. Throughout the opera there are pleasing lyrics, having nothing in common, however, except a certain "Sousa-esque" quality in the rhythms. The book is decidedly lacking in brilliancy or originality, and one is impressed that the dress itself is of very thin material. There is little in the music sufficiently "taking" to stay with the hearer, and little in it that bids fair to become the property of the people as have the airs of "El Capitan." Even the new march, which I believe was written before many of Mr. Sousa's earlier publications, though in this I may be in error, is full of suggestions of the "El Capitan" march, and of others equally popular. But it lacks something of the popular character of all of them.

Yet there is a great deal that is very delightful in the piece. Notably may be mentioned a quartette, in the first act, of Minutezza, La Pastorella, and the two bandits; and immediately following that a march and chorus for the entry and exit of the watch, which crosses the stage from L. U. E. diagonally down, and returns, during the abduction of the king. "Ring the Bells" and a duet by Guido and Minutezza in the second act, and a song, "The Snow Baby," by the latter, are very pleasing, the latter especially so. There is also in this act a march—a true "cake walk"—that provides a wedding march for La Pastorella and Papagallo that wins for itself from four to half a dozen encores every production. The third act has less that is pleasing, depending chiefly on a song, "The Goat and the Phonograph," which describes the woes of a goat that ate the record of a phonograph to get a tune he liked, with the painful result that wherever he went the record absorbed and afterward played the notable airs. This of course gives a chance to introduce a lot of popular songs—Sister Mary Jane's Top Note, Annie Laurie, Stars and Stripes Forever, and our old friend of the Calliope.

The work had the advantage over "El Capitan" in being presented by a fairly good company. The men, however, sing better than the ladies.

The opera is produced under the management of Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, and under the direction of Mr. Ben Teal, and is set and costumed in a manner that legitimate comic opera has seldom seen. The scenery is beautifully done, and the transformation in the second act, if startling, is very pretty. The costumes, while typically comic opera costumes, are colored and designed with a view to the stage pictures, and the result is very gratifying to the eye. In a speech at the end of the second act, on the opening night, Mr. Sousa expressed his gratitude to the managers on this score. He certainly has nothing to complain of.

Whether the opera will ever be as popular as "El Capitan" is an open question. The latter certainly continues to pay immense sums, and draws scarcely diminished crowds. The new work, its author thinks, will far surpass it as an earner, as, he thinks, it does as a musical work. I have it from his own lips that he has refused \$100,000 for his share in it, and that since the opening night. And with the continued crowded houses that it has drawn this does not look to be an excessive estimate of its paying qualities, estimating its term of real interest to be about three years, or perhaps four. I have it from an equally good authority that the New York Journal offered \$10,000 for the privilege of printing the new march in one edition of that paper, and was refused. The publishers set the value of that concession at \$25,000. These prices seem enormous to one unacquainted with the value of a really successful musical work. And they also give us a very nice way of estimating the income of a composer who has a few such works on the road all the time. I am inclined to think, however, after having heard the new work more than once, and having heard it discussed by many who had been to hear it, that it will never be the money maker that its noisier predecessor was. It is already booked for the four weeks run in Boston, four in Philadelphia, and a long run in New York immediately after leaving the Quaker City. Its success in these places is practically assured. But whether its return engagements will be as successful remains yet to be seen. However, Mr. Sousa has given us a very pleasing opera from which one can enjoy much. And as he has found it profitable so far we have probably more of the same in prospect. Certainly one will soon reach us—the "Charlatan"—which will be produced by Mr. DeWolf Hopper's company next fall.

In this connection I may mention that Mr. Sousa has arranged for a European tour next season lasting from May to September. Five weeks will be spent in England, then one week in Paris and Brussels, followed by six weeks in Germany and Austria. The tour is controlled by an English company specially organized for this undertaking.

J. L. M.

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#### THE MADISON (WIS.) CHORAL UNION.

The Choral Union of Madison was organized several years ago among the students of the University, and later, about four years ago,

was reorganized and included in its members town people as well as students.

Madison is not musical, strictly speaking, so the organizer, Prof. Parker, has had rather up-hill work in making the Choral Union a success musically, and the concerto a success financially. But he has persisted, and in all concerts has given the best talent the case would admit of engaging. So that in the past many noted singers have appeared here, such as Mrs. Genevra Johnston Bishop, Mrs. May Phoenix Cameron, Mr. Chas. A. Knorr, Mr. George Ellsworth Holmes, Campanari, Thomas Orchestra, and many others.

This year the Choral Union on January 24th will give its first concert, and in May a festival of three more concerts.

At the January concert they will present "Judas Maccabaeus," with a chorus of three hundred children's voices to sing "See the Conquering Hero Comes," with Bach's orchestra of Milwaukee to accompany, and with good artists in the solo parts.

The choruses are well sung by the Choral Union, Prof. Parker conducting, the club making good attacks, phrasing well, and in all ways proving itself a club worthy to give such masterpieces. Mr. H. D. Sleeper is the accompanist and does much towards the success of the work.

Madison can hardly be called a musical center, but it is gaining in musical knowledge as the interest in music grows. Just now there is good work being done in the University by Prof. Parker, and in town by a pupil of Moskowski. And there is talk of hearing Mr. Clarence Eddy here at no distant date. Madison has a good concert hall, and being so near Chicago there is no reason why it should not enjoy the best musical talent to be heard in Chicago. There is quite a musical department connected with the Woman's Club, but their work is frequently historical or literary, rather than instrumental and purely musical.

E. M. C.

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#### THE BOSTONIANS IN CHICAGO.

The recent season of the Bostonians in Chicago served to emphasize the superiority of this company to other companies now playing light opera upon the road in the United States. Victor Herbert's "Serenade" (libretto by Harry B. Smith), is certainly the most musical and altogether the most satisfactory light opera that this country has yet produced. The music is uncommonly clever and it covers quite a wide range of expression. While the lighter numbers are bright and sparkling there are in the second act several pieces which are of musical value quite above the average. The company, headed by the inimitable comedian, H. C. Barnabee, is a very strong one on the whole, particularly so in men's voices. Among the ladies is the opulent personality of Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis. The opera, either as music or merely as entertainment, is one of the most attractive now before the public. It bids fair to outlast even that immense success, "Robin Hood."



## CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL IN CEDAR RAPIDS.

According to all accounts the Christmas festival in Grace Church, Cedar Rapids, must have been an interesting occasion. There was a midnight service at which the attendance was very large and the congregation very reverent and worshipful. The organist, Dr. W. J. Hall, was assisted by a quintette of strings. The following were the selections:

Tolite Hostia (organ), St. Saens; Andante II. Symphonie in C. Mozart, String Quintette; The March of the Magi Kings, Du Bois; The Pastoral Symphonie, Messiah, Handel.

Processional ..... "Adeste Fidelis"  
 Introit—The Hallelujah Chorus ..... The Messiah  
 Kyrie, Gloria and Grattias—Mass in C.... Berthold Tours  
 Sequence—"Cantique de Noel" ..... Adam  
 Creed—Mass in C ..... Tours  
 Offertory—"We Have Seen His Star" ..... Simper  
 Sanctus  
 Benedictus Qui Venit  
 Agnus Dei  
 Gloria in Excelsis

Mass in C..... Tours

Nunc Dimittis (Written for Grace Church Choir) .....

..... W. J. Hall

Recessional—"Hark the Herald Angels Sing" .....

..... Mendelssohn

The Christmas festival for the children was held on the evening of the Holy Trinity, and a very dramatic and charming affair it must have been.

## PRIZES FOR NEW COMPOSITIONS.

The Cincinnati Committee for the North American Saengerbund invites compositions for the \$1,000 prize, the successful work to be sung at the opening concert of the festival in 1899. The following are the conditions prescribed:

1. The composition is intended for a mixed chorus, solos and orchestra, the rendition of same to occupy not less than forty and not more than sixty minutes.
2. The character of the composition is to be a glorification of the fine arts in general, more especially of music.
3. The text is to be written in the German or English language.
4. Since the composition is to be rendered by a mass chorus of about 1,500 voices, it shall contain no extraordinary difficulties.
5. The orchestral score must also be accompanied by a complete piano score.
6. Composers competing for the prize must have their work in the hands of the Music Committee on or before August 1, 1898.
7. The prize judges will be selected from the most competent

and best known musicians of this country.

8. The composition receiving the award shall be the sole property of the Festival Board. All other compositions will be held at the disposal of the authors.

9. The Music Committee will cause the result of the competition to be published and the prize to be paid immediately after the judges have announced their decision.

10. The composition without the name of the composer, but accompanied by some suitable motto, is to be sent to Mr. Ed. Berg-hausen, No. 307 East Second street, Cincinnati, Ohio. At the same time an envelope containing this motto, and the name and residence of the composer is to be sent to the chairman of the committee, Rev. Hugo G. Eisenlohr, 1213 Elm street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

All further information will be cheerfully furnished by the Committee on Music for the Golden Jubilee Saengerfest of the North American Saengerbund.

REV. HUGO G. EISENLOHR, Chairman.

#### CONTESTS AT THE KANSAS MUSICAL JUBILEE.

At the sixth annual meeting of the Kansas Musical Jubilee, to be held at Hutchinson, Kan., May 31 to June 3, a very large number of musical contests will take place. There are to be five chorus contests, as follows:

Class A, mixed voices, not less than thirty, not more than fifty.

Class B, high school chorus of fifty or more, mixed voices.

Class C, twenty or more, ladies' voices.

Class D, twenty or more, male voices.

Class E, a chorus of not less than twelve nor more than sixteen, mixed voices.

In addition to these a school room chorus between thirty-five and fifty voices from one building; male quartettes, female quartettes, mixed quartettes, solos for bass, tenor, soprano, contralto; piano solo, piano duet, piano students; violin solo, vocal duet, cornet solo, harp solo, viola and 'cello solo.

The prizes for Class A are \$200 and \$100, respectively. For Class B, \$150 and \$75; for C and D, \$100 each. The other prizes range smaller and particulars can be ascertained from the secretary of the festival, Mr. B. S. Hoagland.

Among the selections announced as obligatory, are: In Class A, "Praise Ye the Father," by Gounod; in Class C, "The Smiling Dawn," by Handel; Class E, "Happy and Blest are They," by Mendelssohn; in the male quartette, Dudley Buck's "Twilight;" in the ladies' quartette Mr. F. W. Root's arrangement of "Comin' Thro' the Rye;" in the mixed quartette H. R. Shelley's "The King of Love." In the piano duet, "The Country Dance," by Nevin.

#### THE DANZ ORCHESTRA.

The Minneapolis Progress speaks in a very commendatory way of the third symphony of the Danz Orchestra. Among the principal works were Nicolai's overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," Raff's symphony, "In the Forest," the Aragonaise dance from Massenet's "Cid" and the waltz movement from Tschaikowsky's ballet, "Sleeping Beauty." The whole closed with the overture to "Tannhauser." The performances are said to have shown improvement over those of previous concerts.

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#### THE STUDENT ORCHESTRA IN THE ST. PETERSBURG UNIVERSITY.

Last year mention was made in these pages of the special musical work which is being done in the St. Petersburg University by the professor of music there, Mr. H. L. Hlavac, who was pleasantly known to many Chicago musicians during the World's Fair. The St. Petersburg University instead of promulgating parodies upon the art of music, as our American universities do in their glee and banjo clubs, takes the art seriously, as they do other parts of civilization; and a student orchestra was formed a few years ago, which has steadily increased until at the present time they have a symphony orchestra of one hundred and fifty men, the strings numbering sixty men. The wind instruments also are played by the students, and they have a brass band, and a full military band. A notice of one of the recent concerts has reached this office in which the program consisted of Glasounow's Polonaise, an Intermezzo and farandole from Bizet for wind instruments, some choral work by Glinka, and some additional orchestral numbers from Iwanow's "Caucasian Sketches."

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#### FOREIGN TITLES ON AMERICAN WORKS.

Mr. Arthur Foote has called attention to the fact that the German titles on a number of his works, as well as on those of several by Mr. MacDowell, were so placed on account of the compositions being designed for sale in Germany and issued by a German publisher; while some of his works bearing French titles were issued by a French publisher. Mr. Foote says he has no sympathy whatever with the idea in some quarters that the English language is not good enough for titles of American music, but that the commercial considerations in the instances mentioned were the only ones entering into the matter.

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#### MUSICAL LECTURES BY EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY.

Mr. E. S. Kelley, the well known composer, has been giving some free lectures this winter on the art of listening to music, under the auspices of the Board of Education of the city of New York. The

first lecture was on the Sources of Music, the difficulties of the composer and the difficulties of the listener, with considerations of abstract music, suggestive and descriptive music, and the concluding topic was "What We Find in Music." The second lecture was on "Molds for Musical Thought," being upon musical form from an elementary point of view, on making melodies, embellishing melodies, theme and variations, etc. The third lecture carried the subject of musical form into the rondo, and the fourth dealt with the sonata form. Then came two lectures upon the history of music and upon the classic school, which Mr. Kelley was unkind enough to suggest under the title of "The Wig in Music;" the sixth lecture was upon the romantic school. The novelty of the idea of giving lectures of this kind under the auspices of the Board of Education, no less than the comprehensiveness of the treatment, combined to entitle Mr. Kelley's effort to a very honorable mention.

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#### SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AT DES MOINES.

The local orchestra question seems to be solving itself quite nicely at Des Moines, Iowa, where, under the direction of Dr. M. L. Bartlett, a series of symphony concerts was given, the orchestra consisting of thirty-three players. The first and second violins number six each, and the remainder of the strings two each; one oboe, one bassoon, etc. Among the first violins there are three lady players, in the second violins also three. These apparently are all the ladies in the orchestra at present; to judge from the names given, the great majority of the players must be Americans or English. The latest program received at this office consisted of the Overture to "Semiramide," Haydn's sixth symphony, the fifth and sixth of Brahms' Hungarian Dances, "Danube Waves" Waltzes, an Intermezzo by Delibes and "The Sparrows' Midnight Patrol," by Davis—who certainly must be a composer of no slight imagination.

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#### CONCERTS AT THE ASTORIA.

At one of the early concerts of the Astoria series, an operetta in one act, "Le Chalet," by Adam was given. Later on some selections from Mr. Edgar S. Kelley's work were given, and the "Herald" account adds:

"The performance did not begin until nine o'clock, so there was no necessity for galloping through the last courses of dinner to be in at the rising of the curtain, and as the last strains of music did not occur till midnight society felt that an entire evening had been most agreeably annihilated—and any one who can perform that task for the average blase member of society is doing, indeed, a work of real charity.

"An incident that occurred is worth special mention—and reproof. It reflects the social sin of talking during musical performances, and

it rather puts the joke on these society chatterers. Between the little opera and the ballet, Mr. Kelley's charming Aladdin suite was played. It is thoroughly Chinese in character and well worth listening to. The audience evidently thought it was merely some "between the acts" music, and that they could talk to their hearts' content. Away their tongues clattered, and so loudly that they completely drowned the dainty 'moonlight serenade' until a not note could be heard.

"But Mr. Kelley had his revenge. The 'feast of the lanterns' music was reached presently, with its clash of cymbals and what not, and, rising grandly to the occasion, the chatter of a fashionable New York audience was for once completely drowned. But it took Chinese music to do it."

The first musical morning of the series consisted of some orchestral selections played by Mr. Seidl's orchestra, after which there was a little play called "Adelaide," in which the principal characters were Beethoven, represented by Mr. David Bispham, Adelaide by Miss Julie Opp, and Mr. Mackenzie Gordon representing Franz Lachner. Of this effort the Herald says:

"The play deals with what appears to have been the most serious love episode in Beethoven's life—his passion for Julie Guicciardi, to whom he dedicated the beautiful 'Moonlight' sonata. In the little drama she is called Adelaide, and Beethoven is supposed many years after her marriage to have given expression to his love and sorrow in the song from which the play derives its title. While Franz Lachner, one of Beethoven's pupils, is trying over the song with Clärchen Adelaide returns to seek out her early love, Beethoven. The master still loves her; but he has become deaf and morbid, and for her sake he bids her leave.

"Mr. Bispham was capital as Beethoven—alternately abrupt, gruff, tender and kindly humored—and his makeup was excellent. Miss Nita Carritte sang Clärchen's lied from 'Egmont' prettily, and Mr. Gordon's singing of 'Adelaide' was expressive. Mrs. Whiffen and Mrs. Walcot gave lively and amusing character sketches. Miss Julie Opp's beauty and art lent themselves admirably to the role of Adelaide. It is a character that could easily be spoiled, but she made it interesting and touching. Mr. Williams of the Lyceum Theater directed the stage."

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#### MISS CARUTHER'S WORK WITH CHILDREN.

About once a year there is a very interesting exhibition of musical work with children at the Chicago Conservatory, the latest date being December 18, 1897. Miss Julia Caruthers and Miss Katherine Knowles gave an exhibition of musical performances and recitations, of a very excellent kind. Particularly noticeable was the finish and artistic repcse of the children's piano playing. The selections presented were naturally easy, such as Gade's "Christmas Bells" and "Around the Christmas Tree," sonatinas by Spindler, Gurlitt, etc., but the playing was distinguished for the full, mellow musical tone.

the discreet treatment of the melody, and the general air of refinement and finish pertaining to it. The players were quite young. These performances are not show productions, but the legitimate expression of the musical education of which this ability to play well in public is only a small part. At the close of the program, the Beethoven Turkish March was played by the children's orchestra with toy instruments. There was also a pantomime on the program, the music of which was arranged from Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann and Flaxland. The instruments in the orchestra were a piano, first and second violin, 'cello, two bass drums, two tambourines, cymbals, snare drum, bell-tree, two triangles and a glockenspiel. There were four hands at the piano. The recital hall, where the concert was given, was so densely crowded that the present reporter found it impossible to get within hearing distance of the later parts of the performance.

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GODOWSKY RECITAL.

January 6 Mr. Godowsky gave the following program in Auditorium Recital Hall, before an audience completely filling the room:

Variations, serieuses, Op. 54 (D minor) ..Mendelssohn  
 Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue (D minor) .....Bach  
 Sonata, Op. 31, No. 2 (D minor) .....Beethoven  
 Papillons ..... Schumann

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Polonaise-Fantisie (A flat) .....  
 Berceuse .....  
 Barcarolle .....  
 Polonaise, Op. 44 (F sharp minor) .....  
Chopin.

Eglogue .....  
 At the Spring .....  
 Spanish Rhapsody .....  
Liszt

This program was very long, probably too long, and the playing in the first half was not so fortunate as it is said to have been in the second part of the program. It is an act of piety on the part of well informed pianists to bring out now and then Mendelssohn's Serious Variations, op. 54. and piety, like virtue, is its own reward. These variations were written by Mendelssohn in 1841. At that time Schumann had already written his early works up to and including the Kreisleriana, and the Great Fantasie in C; the Etudes Symphoniques had been written five or six years before. Mendelssohn's clever but old-maldish variations, if they had been played at the time

of their composition to a discriminating audience, would only have served to illustrate how deficient he was in understanding the poetic capacity of the piano. In the Bach Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue Mr. Godowsky gave some very interesting modifications in phrasing, and the fugue he played splendidly. The Papillons of Schumann was also played delightfully. Naturally the Chopin works in the last part of the program brought out this accomplished artist in the best possible light.

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#### A MODERN COURSE IN MUSIC.

In the Presbyterian College for Women of Columbia, S. C., the professor of music, Mr. August Geiger, has arranged a thorough course of musical instruction which is much more modern in its forms of expression than those formerly prevailing in southern colleges or northern ones either, for that matter. In so far as the selection of good material can produce competent musicians this course certainly ought to have that effect, but everything naturally depends upon the manner in which the material is used, and the kind of results which are worked for in connection with it. But the range of composers whose works are to be studied, and the comprehensiveness of technical and theoretical material, are such that good results ought to follow as a matter of course. This is particularly important in a case of a school like the one in question, which undoubtedly calls in a very superior class of material. The southern girls have always shown great aptitude for music, but owing to the small attention paid to classical music and the influence of negro surroundings of early life, the taste at the time of their entering school is apt to be extremely crude. Nevertheless, the development of their musical talent and taste is so rapid and the art is so congenial to their natures that astonishingly fine results have always been obtained in the leading southern schools. Especially such as the Wesleyan Female College at Macon, Ga., and a few others which have been popular among the old families of the south.

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#### THE ARION MUSICAL CLUB OF MILWAUKEE.

The Arion Musical Club of Milwaukee has entered upon its twenty-first season under the direction of Mr. William L. Tomlins. The first concert was devoted to Handel's Messiah, December 20th, the soloists being Miss Jessie Pinggen, Mr. Van Yorx and Mr. David Bispham. The second concert will take place February 2d, when Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah" will be given, with Miss Mary Louise Clary in the principal role. The third concert occurs April 26th, with the Requiem Mass of Charles Villiers Stanford, and the "Dream of Jubal," by Alexander MacKenzie.

The financial secretary this year is Miss Helen L. Glenny, who has undertaken the laborious but indispensable office of ways and means. It is stated that the subscription sale is very encouraging.

The society experiences a certain amount of difficulty peculiar to the local situation. The orchestra in Milwaukee is German, as it is almost everywhere else, and is an appendix to the German Musical Society, its conductor being Mr. Luening. As Mr. Tomlins' time in Milwaukee is very limited, it offers him the rather awkward alternative of leaving the preparatory work of rehearsal to be carried on by Mr. Luening, the director of the rival club, or else of bringing up other German musicians from Chicago to treat his conducting with a trifle less respect than that shown by our well rounded friends in Milwaukee. This is a hard world, and virtue is not always its own reward, but the Arion Club contains a great deal of excellent material and in times past has given some very creditable performances.

## MINOR MENTION.

Alfred Gaul's cantata, Joan of Arc, was lately given by the Beethoven Club at Moline, Ill., under the direction of Miss Lillian Byington.

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The piano pupils of Miss Vanderburgh, of St. Catherines, Ont., lately gave a program which was remarkable for length as well as for the unusual contents of it. In addition to a considerable number of small pieces and pieces of moderate difficulty, such as usually constitute pupils' recitals, this one contained the Turkish March by Mozart, arranged for two pianos and five instruments; the Rubinstein Valse Caprice in E flat, for two pianos; Beethoven's Leonore Overture No. 3, arranged for two pianos; and the Toy Symphony by Haydn, eight hands on the piano, with violin and all the other necessary instruments.

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Mr. William Dietrich Strong of the Faelton Piano School in Boston, played a recital containing the Mendelssohn's Variations Series, Beethoven's Sonata, op. 31, No. 3, two numbers from Schumann's Kreisleriana, Brahms' Rhapsody, op. 79, No. 1, Chopin Ballade in G minor, Mrs. Beach's Phantoms, two studies by Arthur Foote, Concert Waltz by Clayton Johns, and an Etude in C major by Moszkowski.

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At the Hollond Memorial Church in Philadelphia, Mr. T. Carl Whitmer played an organ program, the principal numbers of which were the Prelude from the second, and the whole of the eighth symphony by Widor, a choral, gavotte, fantasie and fugue from Bach, the Andante and Variations from the Beethoven septet, the Passacaglia by Merkel, and the Adagio by Rheinberger.

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Mr. John Winter Thompson of Galesburg, Ill., played an organ recital composed entirely of compositions by Mr. Alexander Guilmant. The selections consisted of the sonata in C minor, op. 80; Elevation in A flat, op. 25, No. 2; Allegretto in B minor, op. 19, No. 1; Prayer



in A flat, op. 56, No. 2; Offertory on Two Christmas Hymns, op. 19, No. 2; Religious March in F major, op. 15, No. 2; Funeral March and Seraphic Chant, op. 17, No. 2; Torchlight March, op. 59, No. 1.

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At the Kelso-Ruff School of Music in Chicago, Miss Blanche Sherman lately played the Beethoven Sonata Appassionata, Scharwenka's Staccato Etude, Bach's gavotte and musette from the third English suite; Wieniawski's Valse, op. 3; Heller's Cradle Song, Rubinstein's Staccato Etude, Wagner-Liszt Tannhauser March, Rubinstein's Barcarole in G major, Raff's Tarantella, op. 99, and Liszt Second Rhapsody.

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Mr. Carl Faelton recently played in Steinert Hall, Boston, the following program:

Fantasia, No. 2, C minor .....W. A. Mozart  
 Sonata, edition Peters, No. 2 .....W. A. Mozart  
 Thirty-two variations, C minor.....L. Van Beethoven  
 Humoreske, Op. 2, No. 4 .....Theo. Kirchner  
 Neue Davidsbundler Tanze .....Theo. Kirchner  
 Scenes from Childhood ..... Robert Schumann  
 Suite, op. 72 ..... Joachim Raff  
 Duo, Lilli Bullero, op. 62 ..... Theo. Gouvy

Variations for two pianofortes.

The Saturday Evening Gazette says that his playing throughout was marked by dignity, sincerity and rare technical excellence. It considered that he reached his highest point in the Raff suite.

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That must have been an interesting concert given by Mr. Wilhelm Middelschulte in the University Congregational Church, December 27th, where he had the assistance of Miss Helen Buckley, Mr. Bruno Kuehn, violinist, Mr. Edmund Schuecker, harpist, and Mr. Arne Oldberg, pianist and composer. Mr. Middelschulte played the Ritter Sonata, op. 23, some canonic variations of his own, "Choral-Capriccioso-Basso Ostinato-Echo-Aumentation-Figured Organpoint-Melancholie-Perpetuum Mobile (two parted) Double Chorus-Contemplation," and the Thiele Concertsatz in C minor. Mr. Arne Oldberg played his own variations on an original theme, and the Bach chromatic fantasia and fugue. Mr. Schuecker played his fantasia for the harp and a variety of concerted numbers were given.

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At the desire of Dr. Benj. C. Blodgett, head of the music department in Smith College, it is noted that the splendid series of programs mentioned in MUSIC for January as emanating from this school, was given at another music school in the vicinity, the correct address of which cannot at the moment be found.

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The following program of compositions by Edward Grieg was

presented by the pupils of Mr. A. M. Foerster, in Pittsburg, January 15th. The program is noticeable on account of the wide range it covers: Two symphonic pieces, op. 14, 4 hands; Shepherd's Boy, op. 54—Scherzo, Nocturne, March of the Dwarfs, A Swan, Sunshine Song, Aus Holberg's Zeit, op. 40, Suite, She Is So White, The Princess, Aus dem Volksleben, op. 19, Suite, Wandering in the Woods, Autumnal Gale, Ballade, op. 24, Ich liebe Dich, Dein Rath ist wohl gut, and Sonata, op. 7.

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One of the prominent pianists of the present season will be Mr. Franz Rummel, who is a very accomplished artist and is well known in this country, from having lived in New York for several years, and married there a daughter of the late Prof. Morse, of telegraph fame. His European notices have been most excellent. He will play the Chickering piano.

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Mr. Earle R. Drake, in different concerts in Wisconsin, southern Illinois and Alabama, will present the following program:

- Larghetto ..... Nardini
- Fantasia Appassionata ..... Vieuxtemps
- Am Meer ..... Schubert-Alard
- Romance ..... Ries
- Airs Hongrois ..... Ernst
- Slumber Song ..... E. R. Drake
- Polish Dance ..... E. R. Drake
- Romance ..... Rubinstein-Wieniawski
- Concerto (Cadenza by Besekirski) ..... Paganini

Mr. Drake has been playing before many of the Derthick Musical literary clubs and was astonished at the fine musical work and appreciation that he meets from the club members.

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Speaking of the free organ recitals regularly given by Mr. Frederic Archer in Carnegie Hall, Pittsburg, the Post says: "The record of these recitals the last three weeks is that of an overcrowded house and a quiet and deep attention to the music. To-day in the list of organ selections is a fine example of the compositions of Lemmens, an organ master of the previous generation; Theodore Salome, a noted French organist; Wely, a contemporary of Lemmens, and Morandi, a composer of the Rocsinian school, are composers whose special style and gifts are well illustrated in the first part of this program. The list of organ transcriptions Mr. Archer will play includes the march "Tannhauser," by Wagner, a lovely slow movement from one of Haydn's symphonies, two short numbers by Schulhoff and Handel, and a charming overture by Boieldieu.

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One of the notable experiments in the forming of orchestras is that of the "Maine Symphony Orchestra," which has been organized

out of players living at Lewiston, Auburn, Portland and Bangor, with a few from Portsmouth, N. H. Under the leading of Mr. W. R. Chapman of New York, this orchestra has lately made a highly successful trip among the principal cities of the state. The orchestra includes several excellent soloists, and they had in addition Mrs. Lillian Blauvelt, the brilliant soprano, who made a most delightful impression. This orchestra has reference to the Maine festival in contemplation next autumn.

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#### THE FOURTH CONCERT OF THE SPIERING QUARTETTE.

The fourth concert of the Spiering Quartette took place at Handel Hall, January 18th, the program consisting of a quartette in D minor, by Mr. Weidig, the viola artist of the quartette, the Brahms' quartette for piano, violin, viola and 'cello, op. 25, and the Schubert quartette in E flat major, op. 125, No. 1.

Mr. Weidig's quartette is a well-written production and the first movement is interesting and of considerable force. The remaining movements are perhaps not quite up to the same level. It was quite well played on this occasion and pleased the audience very much. The feature of the evening was the Brahms quartette, op. 25, which is one of the most important and noble pieces of chamber music we have. The pianist of the occasion was Mr. Emil Liebling, an experienced and conscientious artist whose personal popularity was very distinctly evidenced by the wholly unusual size of the audience, which was more than twice as large as upon ordinary occasions. At the same time, however, it is a question whether Mr. Liebling's talent in chamber music would not have shown more pleasingly in some other selection. Brahms is above all an earnest and sincere writer; and while he has a playful fancy and a far-reaching musical imagination, these qualities do not appear unless the player is able to find them. They seem to demand either a certain capacity for mysticism on the part of the player, or the possession of a sufficiently ample technique to leave the player entirely free to exercise his imagination. Mr. Liebling is not an admirer of Brahms in general, nor has he made a point of playing his works, and on the present occasion, in spite of the beauty of the work, there were many places where the beauties only in part appeared. The Schubert quartette went better.

The concert as a whole, however, emphasized the opinion which I have been forming during the last three performances of this most excellent quartette, which is that in consequence of traveling a good deal and making return engagements where a change of program is desirable, the quartette is not making the progress towards perfection of ensemble which it showed at the beginning of the season. In the effort to make the playing interesting intensity has been pushed to a dangerous point; and while the playing at present in its best moments is upon a very high plane, these best moments intervene between others which do not seem to me to promise a wholly

satisfactory future. Very likely the latter appearance of the quartette in Chicago may have been under a certain discouragement from the fact of the concerts not having been patronized to the money-making point; but the gentlemen in this combination are too good artists and too enthusiastic musicians to allow a consideration of that kind to weigh upon them. Their only way is to persist in the effort to attain the very highest rank in quartette playing, to bring it to an absolute perfection of ensemble; first and always in intonation, then in sympathy and spontaneity of playing.

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Mr. Godowsky's fourth concert was given in Recital Hall Wednesday afternoon, January 19th, with the following program:

- Thirty-two Variations (C minor).....Beethoven
- Fantasia, Op. 17 (C major).....Schumann
- Fruhlingslaube ..... Schubert-Liszt
- .....Liszt

Eclogue

- \ At the Spring .....Chopin
- Scherzo, No. 2 (B flat minor)
- Impromptu (F sharp)
- Sonata, Op. 35 (B flat minor).....Liszt

The composition of this program deserves the attention of every serious musician. In the first part were the Thirty-two Variations of Beethoven, which are by no means as yet antiquated; the Fantasia in C major by Schumann, which is one of the most beautiful and masterly compositions in the entire literature of the pianoforte, a composition in which a poetic conception is to be obtained only at the expense of masterly technic and superior musical qualities; and the Chopin Sonata in B flat minor. Then in the line of pleasing pieces, also with a distinct element of the poetic, were the other selections from Chopin and Liszt, the whole closing with the Pesther Carnival, which, while from one standpoint capable of being regarded as rubbish, is nevertheless a showy and trying piece for piano playing. It is gratifying to note that the playing was fully up to the demands of the program and one might say also of the audience as well, since Recital Hall was quite filled on this occasion, a very gratifying improvement on the state of things last year, when one or two hundred were all that could be looked for at a recital of this kind. In consequence of the late hour before going to press it is impossible to devote space to characterizing the many remarkable qualities of the playing on this occasion. It must suffice to say that, in the three serious works mentioned, the playing was distinguished by a combination of almost unexampled technic and an even more unexampled musical refinement and interest, in consequence of which the interpretation were delightful in the extreme. Particularly is this true of the Schumann Fantasia. All the remaining parts of the program were simple to an artist of Mr. Godowsky's range; and while every work had its serious side, and was so treated by the player, the impresson, of course, was much lighter than that of a colossal undertaking like the Schumann fantasia.

# MUSICAL CLUBS

## THE MUSICAL CLUB.

### A PROGRAM BY ARTHUR FOOTE.

Arthur Foote was born of a good New England family at Salem, Mass., March 5, 1853. He pursued the usual course of a well bred New England boy, passing successively through the district school and academy and at length graduated at Harvard in 1874. He had already made considerable study of music, both upon instruments and in theory, and under the competent instruction of Mr. Stephen A. Emery had made considerable progress in composition. He now entered seriously upon the study of music with the intention of making it a life-long profession. His teachers were Mr. B. J. Lang in organ and pianoforte playing, and Prof. J. K. Paine in composition. In 1875, after examination, he received from Harvard the degree of A. M. in music. Since 1876 he has been engaged as a successful teacher of the pianoforte in Boston, and since 1878 has been organist of the First Unitarian Church in Boston. In daily work as an interesting and stimulating instructor in art Mr. Foote leads an honored life; but he is better known to the outside world by his compositions, which indicate talent of a high order. The range of them and the variety are alike remarkable.

Among his important compositions are to be mentioned an Impromptu (G minor); Gavotte (B minor); Mazurka (G minor); Op. 6, consisting of five pieces; Prelude and Nocturne (F minor and F major); Sarabande (G major); Petite Valse (for the left hand); Polonaise (D major), and Gavotte in C minor (Op. 8, No. 1); Eclogue (Op. 8, No. 2); Suite in D minor (Op. 15), containing Prelude and Fugue, Romance and Capriccio; Sarabande and Courante of J. S. Bach (transcribed); two pianoforte pedal studies; Etudes Album, a collection of etudes, selected and arranged in progressive order; and Additions to Buttshardt Method of Pianoforte Technique.

I do not find myself very well prepared to make a program of compositions of Mr. Foote which fully satisfies. The best I can do with the material I have is the following, which is offered to those needing it as a suggestion:

## PROGRAM.

**Five Pieces for Piano. Opus 6.**

Prelude and Nocturne.

Sarabande.

Petite Valse. (For left hand alone.)

Polonaise.

**Three Pieces for Piano. No opus number.**

Impromptu, in G minor.

Gavotte in B minor.

**Sarabande and Courante from the Violincello Sonatas of Bach. Arranged by Aurthur Foote.**

The pieces here listed will occupy about forty minues in performance. All of this music is seriously intended; all is well done, and all musical. Naturally the best pieces are the last, since Mr. Bach had more experience as composer, and his music has had a longer time to ripen and grow a halo. There are a considerable number of songs by Mr. Foote, but I do not happen to have any of them in my collection, although I think some have been reviewed in MUSIC.

M.

## CLUB NOTES.

Mr. Arthur Foote has written a good deal of chamber music and among it the following pieces are available for club concerts, when the instruments can be obtained: A trio in C minor, which perhaps has been played oftener than anything else of his; a quartette in C major for piano and strings, which was heard at the World's Fair in Chicago; a quintette for piano and strings which Mr. Kneisel will bring out in Boston, January 31st, but this is not yet published. There are three pieces for piano and violin, three pieces for piano and 'cello, a sonata for piano and violin in G minor, played by Mr. Kneisel in 1892.

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Mrs. Regina Watson gave her lecture on the "New Russian School of Music and its Representatives," before the Fortnightly Club of Chicago, January 14, 1898. The representation of Russian composers was very large and those having the preparation of an entertainment of this sort in view will do well to send to her for a copy of the program. The composers represented were Borodine, Cui, Moussorgsky, Tschalkowsky, Rimsky-Korsakow, Schterbatcheff, Kopylow, Liadow, Bluenfeld, Glazounow, and Scriabine.

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The New York Manuscript Society is doing a very good work for American composers in that city. At the first concert of the present season Mr. Anton Seidl was the musical director, and among the works performed were a symphony by Mr. Henry K. Hadley of Garden City, L. I., a Rhapsody by Mr. Ernest Lent of Washington, D. C.; an Overture, "Russia," by Mr. Clayton Brounoff, and "Sardanapa-

lus," by Mr. E. R. Kroeger of St. Louis; an aria from "Hero and Leander," by Mr. Foerster of Pittsburg. Those who are interested in this work would do well to address the secretary of the Manuscript Society, Mr. H. W. Lindsley, 24 Pine Street, New York, for a copy of the bulletin.

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The String Quartette of the Northwestern University lately gave a program, the principal number of which was the Schubert string quintette, op. 163. The program of the evening contained some remarks upon this quintette prepared for the occasion by Mr. Harold E. Knapp, the leader, and in order that they may be more widely available they are here reproduced in full:

Considering the great number of musical compositions written, how few are the masterpieces which clearly exhibit those laws and qualities proving the right of music to an honorable place among the arts. Schubert has produced several such masterpieces. They are compositions which must be considered as final—as authority. Compositions of which we may say "of this we are sure." They are like the pillars of a great temple.

His quintette in C major is one of these. It is a work to which we can turn again and again, for like the Scripture it contains not only law but inspiration.

It is a work written on a large scale as we say and consequently cannot be listened to on a small scale. By this is meant that the thought expressed is continuous and if the attention be once diverted it is as if the thread of argument were lost. But Schubert has given us a work from which it is not easy to divert attention. The opening theme of the first movement seems at first like recitative and the five instruments in varying groups fairly talk. A statement seems to be made by one group and exceptions taken by another. A half conclusion is quickly reached from which two 'cellos lead away in unison and from that unison is enacted the miracle which called out Browning's worship in Abt Vogler, for presently there occurs an indescribable dissolving and melting into melody. By means of this second theme in his quintette, Schubert has given to all musical natures a taste of the quality of pure happiness.

The Adagio is an outpouring from the same well-spring of melody from which the second theme in the first movement was drawn.

The melody is in the midst of the harmony and demands close listening and sustained attention. "Nothing more deeply pathetic is to be found in the literature of music."

Relief comes in the Scherzo which is a Peasant Dance. The awkward, clumsy beat of heavy but measured steps is clearly audible. This is interrupted by a mysterious Andante Trio which is indescribable. The dance is repeated *du capo* and the Scherzo closes.

In the last movement Schubert turns to Hungarian rhythms. It is also a dance. As the first strain closes on a long chord in C major, the idea of a Gypsy spinning around on one foot becomes irresistible.

One can hear the tambourine which she shakes over her head and gives a final tap as she stops suddenly after her last whirl to give place to another. The next one is more graceful and not so wild, becoming scarcely discernible through the delicate shimmering gauze which envelops her. Then Schubert once more sees Melody borne up and enveloped by the soft triads that float from everywhere. Out of such material is this wonderful Rondo made, the wild dance ever and anon appearing followed by the others, the whole finally ending in a furious Gypsy tempo.

Aside from the inspired melodic beauty which this quintette contains, there are all the elements which appeal to the judgment and intellect of the cultivated listener. This composition, first brought to light thirty years after the death of the immortal Schubert, has by common consent occupied a high position in chamber music with scarcely a rival among the works of any composer, classic or modern.

H. E. K.

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Mrs. Theodore Thomas desires to inform the press, the public and the amateur musical clubs of America that her name has been a second time fraudulently used in the circulars of the National Federation of Women's Musical Clubs, as the chairman of its Board, in spite of her published statement to the contrary and her indignant protest against its unauthorized use in the same connection last fall. Mrs. Thomas wishes to state emphatically that she is not, and never has been connected with the Federation in any capacity whatsoever, and that the circulars issued by that association signed by her name as president of its Board, are, so far as she is concerned, fraudulent.

Chicago, January 10, 1898.

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Musical criticism is a very dangerous art. Some time ago Mr. Henry T. Finck, the musical editor of the New York Evening Post, commented upon the performance of the Beethoven fifth symphony by the Boston Orchestra, and said, "To be made interesting at the present day Beethoven's symphonies need to be interpreted with a great deal more nuance of expression than the Boston Orchestra bestows on them under its present leader. Bostonians as a rule are not educated up to expression in music (they like it mathematical and intellectual purely), but we New Yorkers are and we miss it when we do not get it." With this as a starter the critic of the Oakland Inquirer, Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, took the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra to task for playing the fifth symphony of Beethoven instead of some more modern work. The consequence is that quite a nice little storm was awakened on the Pacific coast with a center shifting about from San Francisco to Oakland in a highly reckless and troublesome manner.

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Miss Florence Clinton Sutro, president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs and Societies, characterizes MUSIC magazine as



being "very instructive; it is really a work of art and of inestimable value to all music students."

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Prof. John C. Fillmore is delivering his lecture upon "American Indian Music" before a number of clubs and teachers' associations in California.

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Mr. and Mrs. Bleknell Young have lately made a highly successful recital tour of Colorado and Oregon. These recitals, both on account of the inherent interest and importance of the musical selections they contain, and the beautiful manner in which they are interpreted, are such as inevitably to awaken a desire for more.

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One of the recent programs of the Ladies' Thursday Musicale at Minneapolis had some guitar pieces, the curious thing about them being the nature of the selections. There were three; first a Bourree from the third 'cello suite; second, a fugue from the first violin Sonata, both by Bach, and "Anitra's Dance," from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite. This is the first occasion on record, so far as the present writer knows, that the guitar has ever shown any disposition to become practically acquainted with good music.

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Miss Julia K. Barnes of the Mendelssohn Club of Rockford, Ill., suggests that a circulating musical library or a series of circulating libraries might be placed upon the market, in the same manner as the circulating libraries of the Chicago University in connection with university extension lectures. Something of this sort might be found advantageous, although the opinion of the present writer is that it is very desirable for every musical club to have a collection of standard works upon music, sufficient, as far as possible, to answer questions in regard to composers and important works that are liable to arise from week to week. If I were asked to make such a list of books, I would begin with Grove's Dictionary of Music, then Riemann's Musik-Lexicon (which is a little more modern than Grove, but will not take its place); Naumann's History of Music, Mathews' Popular History of Music, Vol. 1 of How to Understand Music (because it contains a large number of programs and comments upon individual pieces in different aspects), a good dictionary of musical terms (Mathews & Liebling), Famous Composers and Their Works (mainly on account of the pictures and the musical illustrations, but the reading matter also is good and some of it very excellent, as for instance Prof. John Fisk's essay upon Schubert, which is one of the best I have ever seen); and for the sake of ornament and the gratification of the aesthetic sense, that handsome book about music, published by the Appleton's. I do not know the name of it, but it contains some very pretty pictures. Whenever questions of operas and dramatic music come up, the best authority on the subject will be found in French. There is a dictionary of operas, I believe, by A.

Pougin, which contains a memorandum of the composer and of the plot of the opera and the date of its first performance. When one digresses from these works, which are mainly utilitarian, then the field becomes very large for all sorts of miscellaneous writing upon music, musical aesthetics and biographies. The serious practical difficulty which every club will experience is that new composers are continually coming to the front, examples of whose works are rendered in the club concerts, while no information is obtainable concerning them. A striking example of this is in the case of the very popular composer of the present time, Ludwig Schytte, whose name is not contained in Riemann's Dictionary, even in the English edition, which is the latest yet published. Omissions of this kind we are endeavoring to supply as fast as possible in this magazine, but it is difficult to obtain suitable information, even in a city as large as Chicago. When all is said and done, the principal business of the club is to become familiar with music and if the particulars of the life of the composer cannot be ascertained his musical compositions are there to speak for him, and this, after all, is the main thing.

W. S. B. M. .



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

BY MRS. EMMA C. THOMAS.

Teacher, Ohio—

"Our conception of what we should teach should be derived from what life requires."—Wales C. Martindale.

Q. My regular teachers and pupils take so little interest in the music work, what would you suggest to arouse their interest?

A. One thing I particularly impress on my teachers, is to be enthusiastic in their work. I have heard more teachers criticized for the lack of enthusiasm than anything else. It is a well-known fact that the lack of it brings failure to many accomplished teachers, and it atones for the defects of others less favored and makes their work a success.

Be earnest and enthusiastic; put your whole heart and soul into your work and identify yourself with it until others will catch your enthusiasm, and be inspired with your spirit.

Without enthusiasm work is a drudgery and the scholars indifferent. With it no task is too hard and all difficulties are overcome. Be enthusiastic in all that you do and others will, too.

Teacher, South Dakota—

Q. Will M. M. kindly tell me if Dr. L. W. Mason, author of National Music Course, and Lowell Mason are the same party?

A. Lowell Mason and Dr. Mason are often supposed to be the same person. They are a generation apart, the latter being a pupil of the former.

Dr. L. W. Mason's public school work began in Louisville, Ky. He was called later to Cincinnati, where he had an opportunity to work out his plans for a music system. He visited Europe for study in that line. He afterward spent fourteen years in school work in Boston. Dr. Mason was then called to Japan, where school music is now called the "Mason Song."

Teacher, Kansas—

Q. Do you think it necessary to have pupils sit near those of the same part that they are singing?

A. I do. When the parts are not sitting together I have them

change their seats, and keep the same singing seats throughout the term. Every pupil knows his singing seat. The teacher or I arrange an order of procedure which will accomplish it in the least time and with the least commotion. Ten to fifteen seconds is sufficient.

Q. My pupils read music well, but do not sing to suit me. It sounds to me mechanical. What would you advise?

A. I would have them think about the songs; tell them something beautiful and interesting about it. With the little ones I try and select songs they can understand, and sometimes I have a picture of it drawn on the board and let them tell me about it. Get them to think about it. A tone without thought is like bread without salt. With the older pupils, I have a good reader in the room read the words of the song with all the expression he can put in it, and then we try and sing it the same way. Get them interested and you will be successful, I am sure.

#### MUSIC IN PRACTICAL LIFE.

BY EDWIN C. THOMPSON.

A new book appeared in April entitled "The Choir Invisible," and in it I read: "To me every civilization has given out its distinct musical quality; the ages have their peculiar tones; each century its key, its scale. For generations in Greece you can hear nothing but the pipes, during other generations nothing but the lyre. Think of the long, long time among the Romans when your ear is reached by the trumpet alone. All Ireland—it is a harp. We know what Scotland is. Whole events in history come down with the effect of an orchestra playing in the distance. Single lives sometimes like a great solo." Again, in a recent educational report, I read: "The Slavonic songs, mostly written in minor keys, reflect the melancholy mood of these peoples; the wild, weird ditties of Hungary reflect the fierce character of the Magyars; the placid temper of the Scandinavians is seen in their sweet hymns; the Scotch Highlander's sturdiness is noticeable in his songs; the gaiety of the southern Frenchman, the cheerfulness of the Tyrolean and the Swiss—all these peculiarities are plainly discernible in the native songs and lays of these peoples."

What is true in history and national life seems equally so in individual life. Martin Luther thundered forth in tones like those of the great cathedral organ of the Church of Jesu; Samuel Johnson reminded one of the dum, dum, dum of the base drum. De Quincey was the violin; David Swing, the lute; Napoleon, an anvil chorus; and Thomas Carlyle, a combination of a snare drum and a bag-pipe. So it goes—one a fife, another a drum; one timbrel, another cymbal. One a fiddle, another a spinnet. One a deep-toned organ, another a dancing piano. One a Christ hymn, another a love song—a "Funiculi, funicula" in soft Neapolitan accent. One reflects the stirring national melody in active music, another strikes

minors only on the harp of the soul, and still another "goes softly all the years." Every one, every where sings some song. It is a universal language. All nature is said to be tuned to the key of A. The universe keeps time to the "music of the spheres" and choirs invisible make heavenly melody. We see then, how closely the threads of music net-work life. I do not wish, however, to speak of the sentiment of music nor of its ennobling and refining influence. To-day, we will accept all the beautiful and strong things that might be said along these lines, without comment or discussion, but I wish to speak briefly of the practical value of music as men among men understand the meaning of the term—the bread and butter side of the subject. Men work and are paid for what the world demands. The world calls for music as emphatically as it calls for groceries or clothing and is willing to pay for it. The prima donna sings and the world cheerfully pays a thousand a night to listen. Remenyi or Camille Urso appear and there is not standing room in the opera house. The announcement that Paderewski is to play and railroads reduce their rates and tickets are purchased in all parts of the state. "Parsifal," Wagner's matchless masterpiece, is on the boards, the elite of the world pours into Bayreuth and gold flows free even in hard times. If music were taken out of the world, thousands would go hungry. Think of the army of men and women who teach music and are paid for it; of the still larger army engaged in the sale of music and musical instruments; of the still larger number of manufacturers and back of these the army who prepare the wood and steel, who build and tend the drying kilns, who saw and shape and smooth and carve the lumber, who select and cut the forest trees, who mine the ore, smelt the iron, temper the steel, spool the wire and polish the finished instrument, who make and manage the enginery and machinery which do the work in infinite variety. All this vast army work and are paid for their labor in dollars and dimes with which they furnish food and clothing for themselves and families.

Run this subject down in any direction and the truth appears. The man who composes the music is paid for it; the man who prints it is paid for the printing; the men who make the paper upon which it is printed are paid; the men who make the type and the men who mine the lead of which the type are made are paid; the men who move the presses and those who manufacture them, as well as those who build and feed the boilers which run them are paid for their labor. The ink is paid for and the color and art work upon the illuminated cover; so at every turn music touches and stirs the business world. Like architectural and decorative art it holds a large place in the world's commercial life.

But its value to the business world does not lie entirely in the things of which I have spoken.

"The meaning of song lies deep."

Let me illustrate: Two boys apply for a vacant place in a busi-

ness house. One appears with dirty hands and face, soiled clothing, finger nails in mourning and hat on his head—the natural accompaniment of the boy who has no song in his heart—and this is what he says: "Mr. Smith, I saw your 'ad' in the paper and I have come to apply. I want some money. Can't you give me the place?" (The speaker gave this in harsh rough tones and undesirable manner.) The other approaches with a pleasant "good morning" and with hat in hand, and Mr. Smith observes that his face and hands are clean, his clothes brushed and neat and his tone clear and pleasant. This is what he says: "Mr. Smith, I see by the morning paper that you want an office-boy, and I think I can please you. Try me a week. I will do my best." Which boy, do you think, would stand the best chance and which would hold the place after he had secured it? This may be a little overdrawn. I meant it so, but the truth is there. What I wish to emphasize is, that music as taught in the schools tones down the harsh voices, smooths out the wrinkles of speech, indirectly makes the boy more polite and agreeable and withal brightens his prospects in the business world.

Said a gentleman in my office not long since: "If I were to select from all the studies pursued in the public schools one only for the education of my child, that one would be music." The statement startled me at first, but the more I thought about it, the more I was able to see the force of it. What better study for the cultivation of the observational powers and the training of the most important senses? Hearing is the sense of music. How delicate and sensitive does the ear of the skillful musician become; what shades of sound come trooping in. The ear of the musician must do its work quickly, accurately and for a purpose. Time judgments must be made instantly and perfectly.

Following closely is the training to habits of quick seeing. The eye must support the ear; it must run over the page and take in at a glance the intricate complications of the written masterpiece; the slightest failure to see with almost lightning rapidity, produces discord and renders the music valueless from the standpoint of the musical artist.

And then the touch; how wonderfully it responds to the soul's commands. The hand strikes with the power of a battle ax or lingers on the strings lovingly like the velvet kiss of baby lips. The training of these senses is as rapid and satisfactory through music as by any other means. Open these three gateways to the soul as they may be and will be opened through the study of music and, with the multiplicity of books and reading matter at hand, coupled with the necessity to aid in song, and who shall say that reading and the mechanical operations of language will not take care of themselves? The love of literature will be cultivated by the memorizing of literary masterpieces in song. I am not sure but that all the mathematics necessary in everyday business experience can be taught through music. Certainly, counting, grouping, addition, subtraction, multiplication, division and fractions may be taught, and

with an absoluteness seldom brought into the ordinary methods of the school room. Again, to know music one must know physics and chemistry. The laws of vibration, upon which harmony depends, demand this. The quality and tension of the strings, the weight and shape and musical qualities of the sounding board must be considered, and then how insensibly the sound waves grade into color waves and again into chemical heat and electrical influences perhaps yet undiscovered. Who could study music any length of time without being led into physiology and on into psychology? So all branches of knowledge lead out from or rather into music. Let me go a little deeper still. Music affords rare opportunities for the exercise of attention and application; by its study perception and apperception are cultivated, memory and imagination strengthened, reason developed and judgment matured. In short, through the appeal which this study makes to the sensibilities the heart life is quickened; through the muscular effort required, the body is strengthened and beautified; through the exercise of synthesis and analysis, the mind powers are built up. Thus the head, the hand, and the heart are harmoniously developed, making the perfect man. Such possibilities I see in the study of music. What more is required to prepare for a successful business career?

Then let us hear no more about this study of music being a "fad," useless to the business life, but let thoughtful men and women everywhere support us in our efforts to give this wonderful science a more prominent place in our educational system.

(Read at the Michigan State Teachers' Association.)

# ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"I have a child about ten years; have been teaching him for about three months, two half-hour lessons a week, and it seems almost impossible to get him to read and play together notes that run differently for each hand. So long as it is the same in both hands he does very well. I have been using Foundation Materials. Any suggestions from you will be very thankfully received. I also tried writing some exercises, but could not see that it made any difference.—G. W."

The difficulty probably is imperfect conception on the part of the pupil. If you will give him an easy piece to learn, at first preferably not a contrapuntal piece with a melody for each hand, but a short piece with a bass of chords or broken chords, and let him learn each hand by heart and then both hands together it will be well. A few exercises of this sort will improve his musical thinking very much. The inability to follow two parts is probably due to his not paying attention to two parts.

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## OPERATION FOR WEB-FINGERS.

100 State street, Chicago, Dec. 20, 1897.

My Dear Professor Mathews:

In all probability it will be an easy matter to give the person concerning whom you write a satisfactory stretch in piano playing. Perhaps you will remember Miss Bessie Green, whom you referred to me for accomplishing this same purpose. I presume you will find by corresponding with Mrs. Jacob Green, Martinsville, Ind., that she was pleased with the work I performed upon her daughter and that the case came out with extreme satisfaction.

You can inform the individual that I shall be glad to perform the operation to put the hands in a more useful shape.

Respectfully yours,

E. H. PRATT.

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"I wish to again express to you the satisfaction I gather from



the fact that we have a journal like MUSIC, which gives space to articles dealing with special subjects. Articles which have to do with harmony, counterpoint, form, and the general structure of music are to be found only, so far as I know, in your valuable journal."

HOMER A. NORRIS."

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Boston, Mass., Dec. 15, 1897.

Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, Editor of MUSIC.

Dear Sir:—The Neumen, the Longa and Brevis, all expressed quantity, or length, and were, in their required usage, scientific. The present musical age recognizes the measure as the metrical unit; but, strange to say, many musicians call the whole note (semi-breve) the rhythmical unit.

The common measure (C or 4-4) represents a primary and secondary accent as to quality, or a long and short syllable as to quantity. Will you explain how one note can represent two accents, or two syllables? Can you represent an Iambic, or a Trochee with one syllable? If the whole note refers only to Metric, and represents a metrical unit, what is the sense of using the time-signature and measure-line?

If any note is a rhythmical unit, it must be the note represented in the time-signature. In 2-2, 2-4, 2-8, 2-16 measure, the half, quarter, eighth and sixteenth notes each represents precisely the same thing—the tone distance between two beats. If the whole note is a unit, the different notes, under all circumstances, should represent the relative length indicated by their names.

Let us have a little light on this question.

Yours respectfully,

NOTA.

I respectfully leave the foregoing conundrums to "whom it may concern." I, at least, have never called a whole note a unit.—M.

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#### UNANNOUNCED ABRIDGMENTS.

The following letter has been received concerning the abridgment of Dvorak's 'cello concerto in the Chicago performances:

"To the Editor of MUSIC: My Dear Mr. Mathews—The writer is an admirer and constant reader of your most enjoyable magazine, and is also a great lover of Dvorak's music and of justice in general. A year ago he went to a concert conducted by Mr. Thomas, hoping to hear the great Bohemian's new 'cello concerto which had been announced. There was nothing on the program to prepare one for a mutilated rendering of the beautiful work, but the soloist was incompetent and the conductor unmusical and a whole movement was omitted. Again this year has the concerto been announced. Mr. Steindel is supremely qualified for his part, but again Mr. Thomas refuses to let us hear the complete work, although the program deceitfully announces that it will be played. The writer of these lines claims that Mr. Thomas is unmusical and undignified in

thus mutilating so great a masterpiece. No symphony is considered too long for a program. Why should any concerto be so considered? If Mr. Thomas thought that his recent program was too long, why not omit the uninteresting Humperdinck number and devote the time to Dvorak? Or why not allow Mr. Steindel to finish the concerto instead of playing the trivial Godard thing? We lovers of music take great pride and pleasure in our splendid orchestra. It is one of the things in Chicago to be proud of. But the programs should be an authority for us to point out to strangers. Mr. Thomas should have announced "Two movements from concerto, op. 104," and named the movements. Or, better still, he should have given us the opportunity of hearing the complete work played by so great a cellist as Steindel. Mr. Paur would have done as Mr. Thomas did, but Mr. Seidl would never have made such a blunder. Dvorak is one of the great men of the day whom we watch with fascinated interest, eager to get everything from his pen. Like certain novelists, he does not publish fast enough. It is one of our luxuries that we live where we can (or ought to) hear great works as they were written. X.

It would, of course, have been better to have designated the fact that the concerto was played in an incomplete manner, but the fact seems to be that the other movements are perhaps not worth playing, although Mr. Thomas very likely considered it beyond his duty to notify Mr. Dvorak of the fact in the program book.—Ed.

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#### HOME STUDY OF MUSIC.

"I was reading an article written by yourself a short time ago pertaining to a course in music where one could study at home and attain a general education in music by studying and the sending of questions. I wish you would write me if there is such a course, and what would be the probable expense. I am a teacher in music and am trying to educate myself, but am not able to attend a conservatory. The last two years I took of one of the best private teachers in Portland, but owing to finances could do no farther, but would like to be improving along as best I can until I am able to do better. I thought probably such a course would be quite a help to me, and I would like to ask you as to the matter of prices.

"I realize that in playing all pieces we should study the composer and try and get into the spirit of the writing of the piece, and there are so many pieces written with a history or fiction about them, as, for instance, some of Beethoven's sonatas, and the 'Erl King,' and some of the lighter pieces. But where to obtain this fiction, or history, I do not know, and would be very grateful to you if you can catch my meaning and tell me where I could get some light on the subject. Also, I would like to have you recommend some good (not expensive) magazine of music that I could take. I teach your graded course in music and think it the finest I ever saw, but as to the pieces you recommend I can get but very few of them here. I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in asking so much

of you, and would be glad to hear from you at your convenience.—  
L. G."

The matter of a practical music extension available for players and singers has been the subject of a great deal of study with me for a number of years. Of course, a music lesson cannot be given by mail any more than a kiss can be sent by mail. If an affidavit accompanied the place where the kiss was supposed to have been imprinted the document might, under some circumstances, be valuable; but as an actual realization of affection it would always be regarded with reserve by persons of affectionate disposition. The illustration is not wholly irrelevant. The difficult thing in playing is in not altogether the technic. This can be got by any one who will practice well-selected material with sufficient care, although even here certain mannerisms in the use of the fingers are liable to form themselves without the knowledge of the student, and yet they are at once noticed by a person who sees the student play. The same difficulty is in the interpretation of the music.

It is to have things played in the right movement, with the necessary emphasis and expression, with the proper phrasing and spontaneity. When students work by themselves, especially conscientious students, upon music which is rather too difficult for them, they almost always acquire an uneven and unsatisfactory style of performance. Instead of flowing along smoothly from beginning to end, the movement is continually interrupted. Some little finicking expression at an unimportant point stops the course of the entire music-thought and throws the listener off the point towards which he has been working.

When a student writes the central office that she has played such and such nocturnes of Chopin, such and such sonatas and pieces by Schumann, the question then arising is: How did she play them? And everything turns upon this "how," reliable information concerning which cannot by any possibility be given by the student herself. Her playing must be heard by a disinterested and competent person who can answer certain questions regarding it.

There is a great deal of music which a careful student who is somewhat musical can succeed in playing fairly well, without outside help. This will very rarely be the case with Bach, because Bach makes great demands upon the technic in the way of clear definition of the voices which at the same time must be accomplished without impairing the apparent spontaneity of the musical thought. All of the Beethoven works, except the last sonatas, can be learned by any student very well indeed. The musical thought is so strong and so well individualized that the proper movement, or something nearly approaching it, will be secured by the careful student who practices the things until she loves them. But this will be hindered sometimes by the too well-made modern editions, where the marks of expression are so numerous that they interfere with the thought. In many editions, for instance, the first phrase of the Andante and air in the sonata, op. 26 in A flat, has staccato

marks over the second and third beats of the first four measures. The pupil plays this and carefully observes these staccato marks. The consequence is that the continuous crescendo from the first tone of the first phrase to the fourth (the accent of the second measure) is lost by these staccato touches, which break off the thought; and one of the first instructions necessary to be given in the expression of this phrase is to disregard these staccato marks and to push for that leading accent of the phrase.

I had the idea for several years and elaborated plans in that direction, with a great deal of care, by means of which this work might be accomplished to a certain extent, provided the following apparatus could be organized:

I would wish first that the candidate report to me a list of the principal pieces she had studied, and especially a list of those which she was able to play by memory for the pleasure of her friends. If she plays them by memory this certifies that in some respects at least she understands them. If she plays them for the pleasure of her friends, this certifies that there is at least a minimum of musical quality in the playing, because friends do not take pleasure in playing which is mere exercise work. I would also wish the candidate to state what she regards as her principal deficiency and what kind of music she thinks herself able to play best. By the aid of the list and by the weaknesses of memory which the list of memorized pieces would almost certainly reveal, I should be able to form some idea of her musical talent and to designate a certain number of pieces which, if practiced in connection with each other, would almost necessarily modify the playing in desirable directions.

This work might occupy two or three months, but at the end it would be imperatively necessary that the playing should be heard by some person who could answer me certain questions regarding it. And here would come in the second part of my apparatus, which would be a list of fairly reliable music teachers in all the important towns or cities, who would undertake this work at their usual rate per hour for lessons, the same to be paid by the candidate. I do not even think it would be indispensable to have a great society of examiners and a great parade of organization. Within a practicable distance from the residence of any student there must be some one music teacher abler and more experienced than the others in whom the student would feel a certain confidence. I think it would be possible for a teacher of this kind, without having any particular relation to a central office thousands of miles away, to make a careful examination of the playing of the student and report concerning the same to me, answering certain specific questions which would be sent for that purpose. I should want to know, for instance, what the general character of the playing was, whether loud and boisterous, mild and inefficient, intelligent, sentimental, very free or very mild and old-maidish. I should want to know the general impression of her technic, what class of passages she was most deficient in, how she used the pedal, whether she had any man-

nerisms at the piano, and in particular what pieces of the entire list played she interpreted best. By the aid of a report of this kind, supposing it to have been fairly well done, it would be possible to designate other studies, exercises and pieces, which, if studied together, would certainly advance the pupil, when another examination would be necessary.

In my original plan for music extension I contemplated also the publication of a series of musical text books, consisting of the most useful selections from the standard and classical authors for each grade. I have made such a collection of Beethoven, Schubert and Chopin pieces available in the fourth grade, and the Schumann collection which I have made is available from the third to the fifth grade, and contains in fact practically all the Schumann that a rather clever student would really need up to that point.

And I will say to you and to any other reader caring to go into this that I think we are now in position in this office to undertake a limited amount of this kind of work, and we will see what comes of it. Terms and directions will be furnished on application.

The disposition of various circles and educational agencies to promote reading about music is a very good plan and it is highly desirable that all students should read more than they do. Nevertheless, you must be able to see that one might read thousands of pages and understand them well and stand examinations on them, and still be no nearer playing a Beethoven sonata or a Bach fugue in a musical way than at the beginning of the chapter. The actual and practical performance of music, and acquaintance with it in that way as art, is one thing, and knowing everything about it that has been written in books, is another and a very different thing.

W. S. B. M.



## REVIEWS AND NOTICES

**SIXTH SONATA FOR ORGAN.** By Alexandre Gullmant. Organist de la Trinite, Professor d'Orgue au Conservatoire de Paris. Opus 86. Price 4 fr. net. A Durand & Fils, 4 Place de la Madeleine. Paris, 1897.

This new sonata by the distinguished French master is dedicated to C. M. Widor. It is in B minor, opening *Allegro con fuoco* with a strong subject which is well handled, and naturally in a manner eminently well suited to the organ. The second subject is of a quieter nature and the elaboration takes one through a rather wide chain of modulations. On the whole a practicable first movement, capable of considerable effect without great demands upon the player. The second movement is a Meditation in D major, relieved by a short middle piece, the entire movement extending to only three pages. This part will be available for church use. The finale opens with a rather strongly marked fugue subject which is carried out with some elaboration; after this there is a very soft *adagio* of two pages, in place of a coda. The effect must be very charming, although the fugue makes severe demands upon the player not blessed with a first-class organ technique. Mr. Eddy thinks this sonata perhaps not quite so fine as the fifth (which was dedicated to him), but at any rate it is little less difficult.

### NEW COMPOSITIONS FOR THE ORGAN.

Mr. Clarence Eddy has lately received from the author three new publications for the organ, which will be read with interest by concert and church organists in search for novelties:

**SONATA IN RE.** By Enrico Bossi. G. Ricordi & Co., Milan.

**SECOND SONATA IN F MINOR, op. 71.** By M. Enrico Bossi. Robert Cocks & Co., London.

**TWO PIECES FOR GRAND ORGAN.** By M. Enrico Bossi.

1. Meditation.

2. Tocatta. Laudy & Co., London and Paris.

The sonatas are in the usual three movements. The first one is a vigorous production in modern style, thematic, modulatory, rising at the end to the first movement of an extremely powerful climax.

The second movement, *larghetto*, in F flat, with some rapid and difficult treatment for the pedal. The third movement is a *tocatta*, showy, but not altogether satisfactory.

The second sonata in F minor is somewhat more after the usual style of organ sonatas, and lighter, less extravagant and Italian, and for this reason, perhaps, it found a publisher in London, where safety is one of the prime requisites for vehicles accommodating the public. At the same time it will be a mistake to imagine that there is anything commonplace in this work of the young Italian master. It is vigorous, and to judge from appearance and examination at the piano, will be effective. The slow movement, *poco andante*, begins very softly with the *voix celeste* and promises one of those sweet séances in the soft and distant stops, of which Mendelssohn set the pattern so beautifully in his organ sonatas. Mr. Bossi, however, is an Italian, accustomed to the transitions of the opera, and the little love scene is soon interrupted by troubles of a manifold character. Later on, however, the original theme is resumed in a manner perhaps entirely unprecedented in organ writing. The effect must be somewhat orchestral, as the melody is laid in octaves and extended chords for the right hand upon the soft stops, while the accompaniment runs in sextolets in a harp-like figure in the medium range of the instrument, and the pedals put in the fundamentals now and then. This passage is capable of very charming effect. The finale is of a more strict organ character, well worked out, very sonorous and extremely showy in proportion to its facility. In the copy sent Mr. Eddy, additional pedal basses are put in in the second, third and fourth measures on page 26, the same basses as the lower voice of the left hand part. This must be a material improvement over the printed form.

The *tocatta* is of a very light and pleasing character and not so excessively fast nor so irrepressibly vertiginous as *toccatas* of the German school are apt to be; since this one, after twenty measures of rapid movement, has four measures of chords; thus the whirling, rapid movement is very much broken up and a better contrast is obtained. These pieces will be found interesting by all players who have occasion to use light selections.

SONGS OF THE CHILD-WORLD. Words by Alice C. D. Riley; kindergarten thought by Helen A. Lloyd; music by Jessie L. Gaynor.

(The John Church Co.)

In this elegantly printed little book of 121 pages Alice C. D. Riley and Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor have produced a very remarkable and valuable addition to the stock of children's songs. The book has been written for use in the kindergarten. It contains six songs upon the family relation; four songs of the trade world; six songs of wool; four Christmas songs; five of the state relationship; three of the church; one of the earth; eight of the water; two of the air; five of the light; thirty of the seasons; eleven songs for games; five

greeting songs; three gift songs; four occupation songs; two hand-plays, and two musical commands. The kindergarten workers will appreciate this classification more readily than those who are not accustomed to the kindergarten methods. The songs have been written in the kindergarten spirit; but best of all is the music. Mrs. Gaynor had a very difficult task to perform. Simple melodies were demanded, and short forms, decided rhythms, and at the same time to avoid the commonplace and the monotonous. This, through her cleverness as a composer, she has been extremely successful in doing, considering the limits within which she had to work. An interesting circumstance in connection with this work is that all the songs, as they were written, were tried upon her own children and upon other children handy by. Those which the children found uninteresting she changed or replaced by others. Those which the children found it impossible to sing were modified. The musical handling of these songs is unusually free, particularly in the accompaniments, which, without being anywhere difficult, are much more diversified harmonically than is usually found in children's music. Especially in music for small children. As an example of great clearness take the "Song of the Blacksmith," or "Song of the Little Shoemaker," the accompaniment of which makes a very nice piece without the melody, owing to its persistent figure and sprightly rhythm. Many of the songs are extremely musical and beautiful, as for instance, the "Song of the Moon-Boat." Unusually clever for a child's song is that about Mistress Doh and her neighbors, which has an inner significance of a musical kind such as only a good composer would have managed to do well. In short, Mrs. Gaynor has here produced one of the most attractive collections of children's songs which has ever been made, all the better because the words are new and it is no longer a question of "Hickory, dickory, dock," and the other standard poems of the nursery rhymes. It is a song book which ought to be in every house where there are small children.

(From Arthur P. Schmidt.)

#### INSTRUMENTAL COMPOSITIONS BY MRS. H. H. A. BEACH.

Among the many clever compositions of Mrs. Beach the following are perhaps the most suitable for our use:

Ballad for the pianoforte, dedicated to Mme. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, a seriously-made composition with a beautiful principal melody, cleverly developed and a good deal of dramatic power in the working out of the middle part. A composition of considerable difficulty for the player and also capable of very excellent effect when well done.

There are also four sketches, "In Autumn," "Dreaming," "Phantoms," "Fire-flies." "In Autumn," a very sprightly composition in F sharp minor, is a good 4-8 rhythm, capable of very charming effect.

"Dreaming," a meditative sustained melody, in the key of G flat,



resting upon a triplet motion in the middle part, with harmonies sensitively changing at unexpected places, capable of most beautiful effect; also an excellent study in cantabile. "Phantoms," a scherzo or quasi-mazourka, very sprightly and pleasing. "Fireflies," a very delightful study in thirds for the right hand, with novel and modern fingering; therefore extremely well adapted for study. This, when well done, must be very beautiful, but it is necessary that the thirds be played with the utmost lightness and equality. More difficult, and also more extended than either of the preceding, but extremely well worthy attention.

There are also three interesting pieces not so difficult in their working out. First, there is a "Barcarolle" in G minor, op. 28. No. 1, a very attractive rhythm and an extremely attractive harmonic treatment. This is a piece to be played with pleasure by any amateur of taste. It is only of moderate difficulty, as, for instance, sixth grade. Perhaps a little less attractive, but more easy of execution, is the "Menuet Italien," No. 2 of the same opus as the preceding. This is remarkably well worked out, however. The third piece in the same opus is a waltz, "Dance of the Flowers," bright, sparkling, evanescent, clever for the piano, and attractive if well done.

Best of all, perhaps, is a "Romance for Violin and Piano," which is dedicated to Miss Maud Powell. This is a very delightful piece and would make an admirable conclusion to a program. It requires good playing in all the parts.

With reference to these compositions by Mrs. Beach, it deserves to be said that they are not women's compositions. They are simply just ordinary music of a very superior kind, if the contradiction of terms may be permitted. The musical spirit is unquestionable, the technic of developing ideas that of a well-trained artist, and the writing for the instrument that of an accomplished pianist. At the same time, Mrs. Beach makes no effort to be boisterous and to prove that she is a man by the brute force necessary to play her works. Unless I am very much mistaken, her music will have a much wider currency than it has yet received, because it deserves it. M.

(From Arthur P. Schmidt.)

#### SONGS BY HENRY K. HADLEY.

- "Hope."
- "Kathleen."
- "Abandoned."
- "Why."
- "The Water Nixle."
- "My Star."

These six songs are evidently the work of a composer who takes his art seriously and who seeks to impart a poetical-musical expression to the poems selected.

The first four on the list belong to the op. 7. "Hope" is from a poem by W. E. Henley, "Bring Her Again, Oh Western Wind, Over

the Western Sea," an interesting and musical song. "Kathleen" is one of the best of the lot. This is on a poem by Samuel Minturn Peck, "I Think of You Beneath the Blue, When Morn Tips O'er the Sea," and the piece is written in a quasi-Celtic strain which will be found very attractive, indeed, or utterly reprehensible, accordingly as the singer and hearer have or have not a trace of Celtic blood in their veins. This song is for a baritone. "Abandoned" is for a high baritone, upon a poem by Heine, "And if the Little Flowers, Could See How Pierced My Heart with Grief." "Why," also a poem by Heine, "O Dearest, Canst Thou Tell Me Why the Rose Should Be so Pale?" is for a contralto and is thoroughly in sympathy with the rather disconsolate tone so much affected by low voices.

The remaining two are from a later opus, No. 9, but they are perhaps no better than the previous. "The Water Nixie," on a poem by Heine, "Dimly Sinks the Summer Evening," is for baritone. "My Star" is for contralto, the words by Paul Lawrence Dunbar, "Over the Hills of the Valley of Dreaming Slowly I Take My Way."

The musical handling of these songs, take them altogether, be-tokens feeling and a certain poetry; while the melodic phrases themselves are not remarkably original, the manner in which they are carried out, the treatment of the pianoforte part, and the modulations which play so important a part in the local coloring of the moods of the poet, give them a character wholly out of the commonplace, and they deserve therefore the attention of lovers of song. Moreover, it is certainly a very important circumstance for the art of music in America that so much attention should be given to the composition of songs, since in all ages of the art of music the principal advances in musical expression have been made by composers who were seeking to find a more truthful representation of poetic concepts. The exercise, therefore, educates the composer and leads to progress of the hearer, since through the happy correspondence of the words and music the meaning of many things in music becomes clear which, without the explanatory words, would still remain vague.

(From Breitkopf & Härtel.)

A DRAMATIC SCENA. For contralto voice and orchestra or pianoforte; words by Helen Schweitzer; music by Reginald Steggall.

MADCHENLIEDER. (Maidens' Songs.) Music by Alexander von Fielitz; words by E. Geibel; English version by John Bernhoff.

"In meinem Garten die Nelken."

"Wohl waren es Tage der Sonne."

"Gute Nacht, mein Herz."

The Dramatic Scena "Elaine" is a very elaborately composed affair, extending to seventeen pages in the piano copy. The poem is by Helen Schweizer, beginning, "Ah, gone without a word, the noblest knight that ever bore the shining lance in field." For a singer who would thoroughly master it, and with the support of a first-rate accompanist, this scena would produce a very powerful effect. It is highly dramatic and at the same time contains a great

deal of variety.

The three "Maidens' Songs" are by one of the best of the present song writers, and are charming examples of his art. In all of them the old-fashioned symmetrical melody has given place to the arioso style which Wagner did so much to establish, for which reason while the correspondence of the words and the music is very much promoted, the hearer has to listen to the pieces several times before their beauty appeals to him.

(From Arthur P. Schmidt.)

SECHS RONDOS IN TANZFORM, for Kleine Leute. By Ludvig Schytte.

"Slyphen und Nixen."

"Landliches Fest."

"Plauderei."

"Der Hochzeitszug unter der Linde."

"Eine Spanische Geschichte."

"Ausden schonen Italien."

In spite of the cleverness of the author of these well made little teaching pieces, there is a certain perfunctoriness about some of them which leaves them a little short of the charm one would desire in a work of a composer of so high a class. On the whole I think I like the second one best. It is a very open question whether it is desirable to supply pupils with pieces so long as these at so early a stage of the progress. These pieces are all designed for children and belong in the second grade. Nevertheless, they run out to about seven pages in length, making demands on the player in the way of sustained effort rather beyond what is desirable. It is impossible to manage one of these in a single lesson unless they are left to a point in the progress where they will be entirely too easy to benefit the pupil very much; at the same time the rondo form gives a certain monotony, whereby the new lesson has nothing in it particularly new. That they are elegantly written and well fingered and handsomely printed belongs to the publisher no less than to the author.

(From H. B. Stevens Co.)

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN. '97 Hasty Pudding Play. Music by J. A. Carpenter. Words by M. E. Stone, Jr. Lyrics by H. T. Nichols.

Mention has been made before of the talent of Mr. J. A. Carpenter, and in this operetta we have additional evidence of the same. The Flying Dutchman is the Hasty Pudding play of the class of '97 at Harvard. Both music and words were by Chicago artists, the words by Mr. M. E. Stone, Jr., the son of the manager of the Associated Press and the president of the Globe National Bank; the music by Mr. Carpenter. The lovers of jollity will find in these pages something to please them, and in every serious moment a suggestion of something a little better than the occasion absolutely and necessarily requires. A social club with a tendency to mirth-

fulness might do worse than to bring out this highly learned production. The following selections have been published separately:

- "On the Bouwerie."
- "Memories."
- "Farewell, Fair Harvard."
- "Flutter at Will, My Heart."
- "The Breeze and the Violet."

(From H. B. Stevens Co.)

**NORSE LULLABY.** By J. A. Carpenter. Words by Eugene Field.

A singer with a low voice seeking for the occasion when they have neither been buried, attended a funeral, or out at night in a graveyard (topics to which basses and contraltos are mainly condemned), will find in this Norse Lullaby of Mr. Carpenter a very attractive number. It is so planned that it has a great deal of contrast in it, while at the same time the prevailing motive is a very beautiful and charming one. It is on the poem by Eugene Field, beginning, "The sky is dark and the hills are white, as the storming speeds from the north tonight," and the refrain which always comes back, "Sleep, little one, sleep."

(From the Ryder Music Pub. Co.)

**TWO SONGS BY M. A. TIPTON.** For soprano or tenor.

- "Beautiful Lake Champlain."
- "Love's Incantation."

(From Arthur Evans & Co.)

**THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.** By M. A. Tipton.

These three songs are of a somewhat commonplace character, with easy singable melodies for the most part. "The Mistletoe Bough" is from the famous old ballad of the pretty bride who locked herself in the oaken chest, and a nice cheerful subject for a song it is.

(From Phillips & Crew.)

"There, Little Girl, Don't Cry." By Alfred Barilli.

"O Say Not Love's a Rover." " "

These two songs by Mr. Alfred Barilli have the Italian quality of lying extremely well for the voice, and therefore being pleasant to sing and agreeable to hear. The expressive opportunities of song are more largely in the skillful placing of the melody with reference to the voice than in the harmonic handling itself, although the latter is by no means devoid of merit.

(From Arthur P. Schmidt.)

**TWELVE SONGS BY CHARLES DENNEE.**

- "Easter Song."
- "Good night."
- "Memories."
- "An Old Scotch Song."
- "Awake, My Love."

"At One Look of Love."

"Ritournelle."

"My Love's Jewels."

"So Fair and Pure."

"In Dreamland."

"Come, Little Boy Blue."

The songs here brought together will be of interest to a large singing public who are seeking for songs with melody and at the same time better than the commonplace products which were formerly the only ones of the American muse. In all of them the vocal part is very well done and the accompaniments are of moderate difficulty. In fact, the entire range of the song is well within the extremes. "Come, Little Boy Blue" has something the character of a topical song with a refrain, and it ought to have a large success in church sociables. "In Dreamland" is a very pretty lullaby. There are two copies of the setting "So Fair and Pure" from Heine's "Thou Art Like a Lovely Flower," one for high voice, the other for low. The one for high voice should make a very pleasing effect. Another song of similar scope in which the sustained notes of the voice afford the singer an excellent opportunity for comfortable singing, is the "Good-night Serenade," and the lovers of the Scotch will be well pleased with the setting of James Hogg's poem, "Come All Ye Lovely Shepherds," and very likely will sing it until "the cows come home," as the poet requested.

On the whole an extremely utilitarian set of songs, one would say, likely to be in demand where the influence of Schumann and Schubert would be at best but limited.

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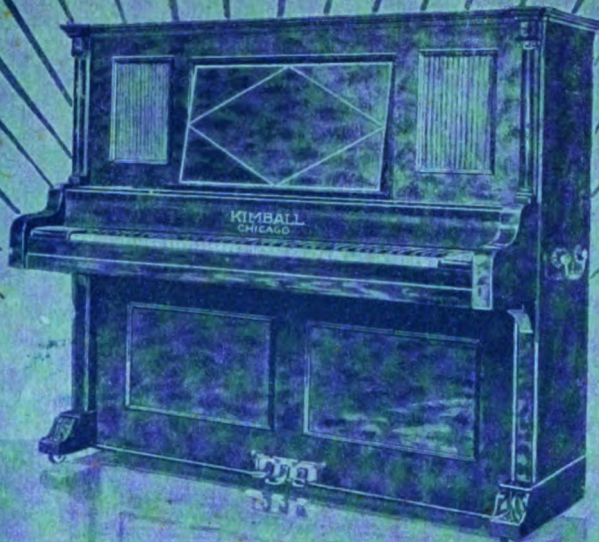
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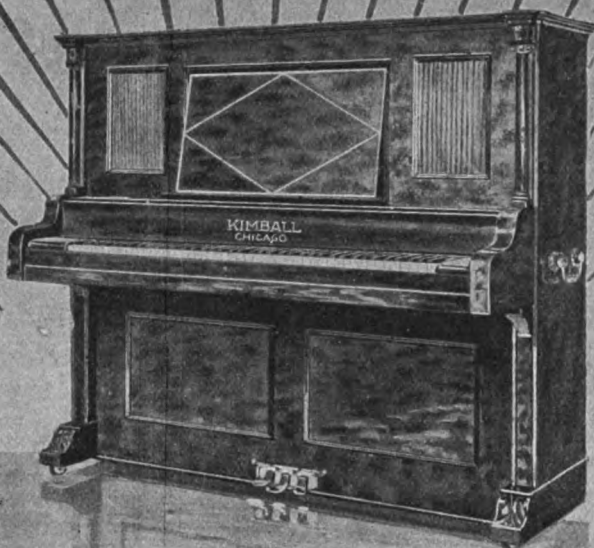
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STUDENT ORCHESTRA AT ST. FRANCIS SOLANUS COLLEGE, QUINCY, ILL.

# MUSIC.

MARCH, 1898.

MODERN INSTRUMENTATION.

FIFTH AND LAST PAPER—THE ORCHESTRA AS A  
WHOLE.

BY ARTHUR WELD.

Having now considered in individual detail, and in their respective groups, all the instruments of the orchestra, it is necessary to treat of the orchestra as a whole, and in this connection there are two clearly defined points of view, each of which, again, has important subdivisions. Either the orchestra is wholly independent, furnishing by and from itself all that is sought after by the composer—as in the case of the symphony—or it is used as an accompaniment to one or more voices, or a chorus, or some solo instrument, as is the case respectively in opera, oratorio or concerto.

And in the first case the use of the orchestra may be sub-music; the first, music pure and simple, proceeding, to be divided into two general forms—absolute and programme sure, in certain well-defined forms, but otherwise free and untrammelled and undertaking nothing more than to please the ear, the senses and the mind by its artistic and intellectual beauty.

In program music, on the other hand, the composer seeks to convey a positive and definite idea, or train of ideas, by that which he writes and to assist the auditor in following his intention he furnishes him with a more or less elaborate clue as to what he intends the orchestra to portray. In other words

the "program" is capable of all degrees of development from the mere suggestion of a simple title—as in the case of Beethoven's Eroica symphony—to the complexity of several closely printed pages describing in careful detail almost every individual bar of the composition from beginning to end.

And when the orchestra is only accompanying the subdivisions are also two—when the orchestra is wholly subordinate to the voice or solo instrument (excepting in the "tutti") and when the voice or solo instrument has no special predominance and is simply an addition, so to speak, to the massed musical forces, as is often the case in Wagner's later music-dramas.

Bearing these introductory details in mind we can now proceed to considering the "make-up" of the orchestra which may range, as shown below, from the complete concert and opera orchestra of some 112 men down to the so-called operetta, or dance, orchestra of 28 men.

The concert or opera orchestra in its broadest sense would be made up as follows:

Twenty-two first violins, with 2 concert-masters; 20 second violins, 18 violas, 14 violoncellos, 19 double basses. Total, 84 strings.

One piccolo, 3 flutes, 2 oboes, 1 English horn, 2 clarinets, 1 bass clarinet, 2 bassoons, 1 contra-bassoon. Total, 13 wood.

Four French horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, 1 bass tuba, Total, 11 brass.

Also 2 harps, 1 kettle drummer and 2 musicians for other percussion instruments, making a grand total of 113 musicians. And for certain works, notably Wagner music-dramas, and other modern music, there would be necessity of such extra instruments as 4 tenor tubas, 1 bass trumpet, a third bassoon, 4 extra French horns, and so on.

The above body of instruments is beautifully balanced and entirely capable of producing anything at all in the way of orchestral music. To the novice, or layman, it might appear at first that the body of 84 strings as opposed to only 24 wind instruments was too great, but this is not the case as experience has repeatedly proved.

The operetta, or dance-orchestra, on the other hand, would be made up as follows:

Six first violins, 4 second violins, 2 violas, 2 violoncellos, 2 double-basses. Total, 16 strings.

Two flutes, 1 oboe, 2 clarinets, 1 bassoon. Total 6 wood.

Two French horns, 2 trumpets, 1 trombone, 1 drum, etc. Total, 6 brass, making a total of 28 musicians in all.

These are the extremes in both directions. On the one hand it is impossible to produce anything that can be dignified with the name of "orchestral music" with less than the 28 men of the above outlined small orchestra, and all music lovers in any way able to do so should use their influence to bring about a change in our present theater orchestras that they may at least approximate that figure. On the other hand, the large orchestra of 113 men is quite large enough and can hardly be increased without undesirable results as will be shown presently. It is true that Berlioz dreamed of something much larger, to wit, the following monster combination of instruments, regarding which he writes most enthusiastically:

One hundred and twenty violins, in 2, 3 and 4 parts, 40 violas, 45 violoncellos, 37 double-basses, 6 ordinary flutes, 6 other flutes in various keys, 2 piccolos, 6 oboes, 6 English horns, 5 saxophones, 16 bassoons, 12 clarinets in various keys, 3 bass clarinets, 16 French horns, 8 trumpets, 6 cornets, 12 trombones, 3 ophicleides, 2 bass tubas, 30 harps, 30 pianofortes, 1 set of 16-foot organ pipes, 8 pairs of kettle drums, 6 snare drums, 3 bass drums, 4 pairs of cymbals, 6 triangles, 6 sets of bells, 12 pairs antique cymbals, various keys, 2 deep-toned church bells, 2 tam-tams, 4 Chinese bell-pavilions, this being 467 instruments in all.

To this he proposed to add a chorus of 360 voices distributed as follows: Forty boy sopranos, 40 female sopranos, 60 altos, 100 tenors and 120 basses. He then proceeds to devote many pages of his great work on instrumentation to describing, with the most unbounded enthusiasm, the wonderful effects that could be obtained from this enormous aggregation. Much that he says is interesting, of course, especially when he argues that such a large orchestra need not of necessity be noisy.

"Three badly-used trombones may be 'noisy,' indeed, unbearably so, while a moment later—in the same hall—12 trombones used properly may move the audience to amazement by their noble and mighty harmonies."

This is true, naturally, and the same theory applies to everything else connected with the orchestra, but there is a very valid objection to such a large body of instrumentalists, or, indeed, to any orchestra larger than the maximum set earlier in this article, and Berlioz, in his enthusiasm has entirely overlooked it.

Namely, with so large a number of individuals playing together, it is acoustically impossible to produce artistic results.

I was only a lad at the time of the great World's Peace Jubilee in Boston in 1872, but I was a musical lad and I remember very well that I was not at all impressed by Pat Gilmore's monster aggregation of 2,000 instrumentalists and 10,000 singers. The music seemed very badly blurred, so to speak, and when I grew older, and learned this profession, I also learned what had caused that effect.

Namely, large bodies like that take up so much room, and some of the musicians are consequently placed so far from others, that the question of the time occupied by sound in traveling a certain distance becomes a very serious one and forms, in fact, an insuperable obstacle to good results.

For example, when the Chicago Auditorium is occupied by the Metropolitan Opera Company and the Thomas Orchestra is seated in the regular orchestral pit, which, of course, is long and narrow, let a person seat himself on the extreme left of the parquette, well forward, and he will notice a curious effect. At the extreme opposite end of the orchestra pit, that is, the right-hand end, is the so-called heavy brass, that is, trumpets, trombones and tubas, while at the left-hand end, that is, near him, are the four horns seated, according to the modern custom, with the wood wind instead of with the heavy brass. Now then, in every rhythmic passage in which the horns and the heavy brass are playing together it will sound to the person seated on the extreme left as if the heavy brass was a little bit behind the horns.

But it is not. This is merely caused by the aforesaid question of the time occupied by traveling sound.

If the investigator presently seats himself directly in the middle of the parquette, at a point from which both ends of the orchestra pit are equi-distant, this is no longer the case and the instruments sound well together. Last winter I pointed

out this matter to a number of musicians in Chicago and all were much struck by the fact that so short a distance as the length of the orchestral pit in the Auditorium—not much over 100 feet, I imagine— could make this difference.

But it does. And in this very fact lies the chief objection to augmenting the size of orchestra and chorus beyond a figure that can be seated well grouped together. In concerts, of course, orchestras of proper size, say 100—a few more or less—are grouped much closer together by the very nature of the semi-circular, amphitheatral method of seating and thus the acoustic difficulty is practically overcome; but it is not safe to add many more musicians than the figure given above as the maximum.

I have twice heard the great Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace in Sydenham, near London, namely, in 1880 and 1883, on which occasions there were employed some 500 instrumentalists and some 3,500 choristers, but I was not in the least favorably impressed on either occasion. In fact, the rhythmic unclearness brought about by the above-mentioned self-evident causes was positively disagreeable to my ear and more than counterbalanced the possible grandeur of the great volume of sound.

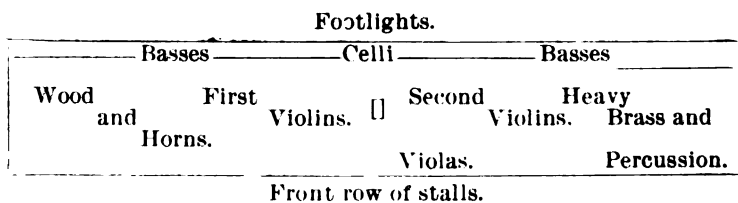
Let us then consider the round figure of 100, or thereabouts, as the most desirable maximum, and let us not be led to foolishly increase this by elusive dreams of wonderful majestic musical effects which can never be realized in actual practice.

As to the seating of the orchestra different methods are in vogue, each conductor having certain personal peculiarities of his own. For concerts the most effective seating is probably as follows, with certain slight individual variations:

Basses.	Percussion.	Basses.
Wood.	Cellos.	Brass.
	Violas.	
First violins.	□ Conductor.	Second violins.



For the opera the method of the German opera houses-- and probably the best—is as follows:



In France and Italy the basses are frequently placed behind the conductor instead of in front of him, and in some houses they are placed at each end instead of in the middle. Again in some houses the conductor, instead of being seated equidistant between the footlights and the front row of stalls, sits either close up to the footlights or right back to the front row. The above, however, is the most common and best method, if practice and careful experiment go for anything.

Having now covered adequately all the preliminary details of considering the orchestra as a whole, in so far as purely technical matters are concerned, we will proceed to the more musical portion of our subject always bearing in mind that the orchestra can be used in two ways, as we have seen, for absolute music and for program music.

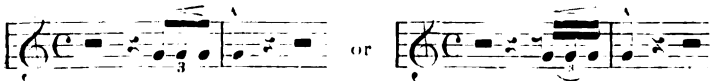
In a broad sense the functions of the orchestra may be subdivided into five distinct classes—dynamic, rhythmic, harmonic, melodic and coloristic.

Dynamically speaking, we have the widest possible field, from the pizzicato note played pianissimo by a single muted violin to the supreme fortissimo of the entire orchestra, yet none the less it is just in this department where experience—practical experience—is absolutely necessary, for very often certain combinations designed to sound pianissimo will entirely fail of the desired effect as will others intended to sound fortissimo. For example, in the first instance, if very low notes for oboes or bassoons, or very high notes for piccolo, flutes or even clarinets, are included in a chord, it cannot be played pianissimo. It is simply technically impossible for these notes will only speak in mezzo-forte at best, and should consequently be rigidly omitted from all instrumental combinations intended to be produced softly.

On the other hand, a fortissimo cannot be satisfactorily

produced by merely writing notes for each instrument and marking them FF. Firstly, each instrument must be handled in such a way as experience has shown will put it at its best, and, what is still more important, each group of instruments must be harmonically complete in itself. That is to say, if a certain chord is to be played fortissimo by the whole orchestra it must be harmonically complete in the wood, the brass and the strings.

Rhythmically speaking everything is possible for the orchestra, but certain things are more effective than others. Thus, if we write a very rapid passage of marked rhythmic peculiarities for the strings alone it will not sound so clear and distinct as it would if its rhythmic characteristics were reinforced by accents in the wood or brass, or both, the ease of the so-called "double-tonguing" of the brass instruments making it possible to mark out the most rapid rhythms with distinctness and ease. Then again, accents of this nature are especially effective if carried over from the last beat of one bar to the first heat of the following bar. For example, let us suppose that the strings are working up a crescendo in runs, or some other rapid figuration; its progress will be very effective if the trumpets, for instance, play a triole at the end of each bar followed by a note at the beginning of the next bar, as follows:



Or, if the passage is being worked up in a similar manner in the wind instruments, such an accent, or series of accents in the strings, would prove effective.

Again, just as it is almost always against musicianly feeling to terminate any passage other than upon the accented beat of a bar, the forms at b being almost always a more effective close than that at c. So in the orchestra a true sense of



rhythm requires that each instrument shall end its contributed passage upon an accented beat, even if the melody be taken up by another instrument. And it is equally desirable that the succeeding instrument shall begin its work upon an

unaccented beat. Consequently the following method of writing a little passage of a duet-like nature between the flute and oboe would be ineffective:

A musical score for Flute and Oboe in C major, 4/4 time. The Flute part (top staff) begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The Oboe part (bottom staff) begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The two parts are written in a way that makes them sound like a duet, but the phrasing is ineffective.

While the same passage, written as follows, would sound smooth, finished and delightful to the ear:

A musical score for Flute and Oboe in C major, 4/4 time. The Flute part (top staff) begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The Oboe part (bottom staff) begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The two parts are written in a way that makes them sound smooth, finished and delightful to the ear.

To the beginner such things may seem like insignificant trifles, but it is of thousands of similar trifles that the great and beautiful art of instrumentation is built up.

Harmonically speaking, I may revert to a point already dwelt upon briefly—the absolute necessity of harmonic completeness in each instrumental group. For example, a chord, the fundamental tone of which was in the strings, the third in the brass and the fifth in the wood, would practically “not sound”—as the orchestra phrase goes—at all. But, if it is desirable, for any good reason, to have the third in the brass, in the first horn, for instance, then the entire chord must be complete in some group of the orchestra, in the strings, for example. (In such cases, and indeed in all orchestral writing, the student need not worry about doubling the third if it is not carried to excess.)

This is a detail which is not a trifle, and which is more often neglected—through ignorance arising from lack of practical experience—than any other single detail in orchestral writing, especially by young composers who have heard little or none of their own compositions played.

It may be asked how the needful practical experience may be obtained.

That is easily answered—by hearing music and following in the orchestral score at the same time, for the mere home

study of orchestral scores is insufficient. For example, a young musician happily possessed of a number of classical orchestral scores—but no “ear-experience,” so to speak—might argue that the study of Beethoven symphonies, for instance, would prove his best orchestral schooling, but this would not be true if he failed to complete this home experience by actually listening to these great works, score in hand. For it is not true that everything that Beethoven wrote for orchestra “sounds” well, or, in other words, the mere fact that Beethoven wrote a given passage does not prove it perfect, or even good. And until the young student has actually heard these works, with ear and eye combined, he cannot learn—“from his inner consciousness”—what is effective and what is not.

To conclude the harmonic treatment of the orchestra I may give two more general rules which will prove of value. 1st. Do not leave any “wide spaces” in the score as such passages are always ineffective. It is true that Berlioz, that tireless orchestral experimenter, wrote into his Requiem a quaint passage for three flutes and three trombones, leaving thus certainly as wide a space as he well could, but this novel combination simply does not sound well nor do any similar passages. 2d. Do not make “instrumental false relations.” Just as in harmony exercises we retain the note which is chromatically altered to change the harmony in the same voice, so in the orchestra we should keep it in the same instrument, whenever possible.

Melodically speaking, we learned in the detailed consideration of the various instruments which of them are most suited to melodious passages. Such are pre-eminently the violins, the violoncellos, the French horn, and clarinets, oboes and flutes—while violas, double basses, trumpets, trombones and bassoons are much less suited for this purpose unless an especial effect is desired and such instances will be separately treated under the final class of coloristic effects. There are two instruments the English horn and the bass clarinet, which are used practically solely for melodic passages, although they are of course also included in the “tutti” if they happen to be in the score. The percussion instruments have naturally no melody, although quaint attempts have been made to use the

kettle drums in this manner, and there even exists, I believe, a concerto for kettle drums with orchestral accompaniment. The choice of an instrument for the portrayal of a given melody must depend largely upon the characteristics of the melody itself and the manner in which it is to be used, and this point also comes more under the head of color. But it will be easily understood that any kind of melody is possible in the orchestra whether it be cantabile or broken, legato or staccato, and so on. But the individual taste of the composer will show most clearly in the instruments that he selects for melodic passages and the manner in which he applies the melodies to the especial characteristics of the instrument selected.

The fifth and last class—that of color—is the largest perhaps in its manifold subdivisions, but certainly the hardest to describe and here, more than in any other department, is practical experience absolutely essential. It is not sufficient for a composer to know that guitars and tambourines are used in Spain—it needs more than the mere introduction of such instruments to add Spanish coloring to a musical composition. Characteristic color is not given by the mere introduction of a certain instrument, for, unless the instrument is so used as to carry out the desired coloring nothing whatever has been gained. But if the careful student will look back to what was said of each individual instrument while they were treated of in detail—will study their characteristics and peculiarities as he hears them applied by experienced composers—I mean as he hears in the concert room, not at his desk at home—he will presently become so familiar with the variety of color of which each instrument is capable that he cannot go wrong in selecting combinations to produce any given desired effect. In many respects this is the most important department of the study of instrumentation, and yet it is the hardest branch to teach for it is precisely in the matter of color, and how to apply it, that the student shows whether or not he has an inborn gift for orchestral composition.

If not, no amount of lessons will help him, and a house full of text books, reference books and orchestra scores would do him no good.

We see instances among great composers, as I said in the first of this series of articles, of men whose great musical

minds were full of beautiful melodies but who lacked the ability to put those ideas into suitable shape for orchestral interpretation. Brahms, wonderful composer and all-round musician as he was, never mastered the art of instrumentation in its fullest sense, and all of his orchestral works suffer proportionately.

But it is evident that it was not in him to do other than he did.

And if there is little or no natural gift for mentally perceiving instrumental combinations the person whose musical intelligence is so limited will never accomplish anything to speak of in the work of orchestral composition, no matter how much time is devoted to study. In other words, it does not follow that every musician is a composer, or that every composer is an orchestral composer, any more than it follows that every musician is a conductor. But, just as every musician nowadays seems to think that the art of conducting consists of merely taking a baton in the hand and waving it, so do nearly all young composers—especially in this country, if they have studied nowhere else—seem to think that to write for orchestra nothing is necessary further than to learn the compass of each instrument and what sort of passages it can play.

I have had to look through hundreds of orchestral compositions that were written on that basis and such young men invariably adopt a most aggressive attitude against those who try to point out where they have failed. All such should give up all hopes of ever writing for orchestra before so much time and money have been spent that deep, though vain, regrets will follow. Nothing will help them.

As I said at the outset of these papers, my object was to place the more important orchestral problems before the student in a purely practical form, as free as possible from needless technicalities. This has been my aim, and if I have even partially attained the end in view I am more than satisfied.

The main thing to be considered and constantly remembered in the practice of every art, is that it can never be mastered. That artist is greatest, and his works show best, who considers himself a student all the days of his life, for it is indeed true that life is short, while art is long.

## SOME OF NATURE'S ORCHESTRAL PLAYERS.

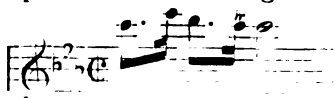
BY J. NEFF HUYETTE.

To the true musician all sounds are musical tones. **Some** one has said, all nature sings in minor, and if one listens to the buzzing insects on a hot summer day, there will be heard the minor sounds, in the grass, in the trees and even from the distant fields.

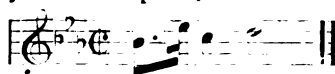
The lowing kine, returning from the pastures, roll out a chromatic scale.

The roosters crow mostly in the minor, but occasionally one chants in the major. The little bantam's notes are much like those of an oboe, and often he gives a turn or trill as an embellishment.

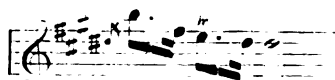
I once owned a pet bantam who sang this melody (a), while



a common barn-yard fowl produced two melodies; first (b)



then repeating by singing B natural. Another had quite a cultivated crow as in the following (c):



The robin usually sings in the cheerful major key and is one of the exceptions to the minor in nature.

The cricket, which we have from mid-summer until cold frost chills his noise, sounds the note B flat, three octaves and a seventh above middle C. The pitch is maintained regardless of temperature.

The grass-hopper's musical tone is an octave higher than the cricket, and at times so sharp and shrill that it is almost impossible to distinguish.

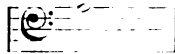
Locusts and katy-dids sing a song all their own, but with less music than any other insect.

One of the sounds often heard in summer is the mosquito, which sings on E, first line of the treble staff, and though a little thin in tone, has a strong resemblance to the clarinet. This may be a new idea associated with the mosquito, but if the listener will observe the sound more than the bite, it will be quite apparent.

The fly makes a sound an octave lower than the mosquito, except when informed that its presence is not desired, then he sings three or four notes higher.

The honey bee when flying sounds A natural below middle C. Schubert in the opening measures of "The Bee," a composition for violin, has produced a splendid imitation of the buzzing bee.

The bumble bee sings a deep bass on B, second line of the bass, and sometimes as low as A. I once heard bumble bees and honey bees in chorus and their notes were:



Think of this! With active fly and a weary mosquito we could have the dominant seventh of E Major (e).



The faster the insect flies the higher will be the pitch. I use the international pitch, considering that the most true.

Another interesting insect, which I have studied for several years, is the tree-hopper, one of the many varieties of cicadaria. It is small and green, but makes flying leaps of five or six feet.

Change in temperature causes great change in pitch of the tones, which are in the minor, and are produced by a drum-like apparatus on each side of the abdomen. By muscular action they are drawn inward and relaxing cause the sound. It is limited by temperature and humidity. The highest I have ever known was fourth F sharp above middle C, the lowest the seventh below, or G sharp. Having studied their sounds for several years, possibly others may find interest in my



experiences.

One of the most striking instances was in August, 1892, when one of these little insects found a hiding place in a sleeping room of our home. For two nights the room was abandoned to its sharp chirp; it seemed under the foot of the bed, then under a chair, but two days' search failed to find its hiding place, and at night the room was as noisy as a Chinese orchestra, with the continuous noise of the insect on D, while those out doors chirped out B flat, and as the night became cooler lowered another half tone.

My first observation this year was July 26th. The temperature at half past 7 was about 74 and the atmosphere very moist from much rain. On this date the pitch of the insect was C sharp, within the seventh limit already given. A few hours later the temperature had dropped to 68 or 70 and was followed by a drop in pitch of a half tone.

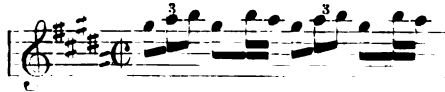
Another interesting effect of temperature occurred on August 19th at half-past seven, when 58 degrees was recorded, and the tone was B flat. At ten o'clock, the atmosphere growing colder, the sound ceased, often going down to A flat. The minimum temperature of the night was 44 degrees.

On September 9th at 7:30 the temperature was 84, the chirping E natural, and in some places as high as F.

This local difference is caused by unequal temperature, such as might be produced by reflected heat from buildings.

An interesting result of such conditions was observed on the same date, while walking down a shaded avenue. In one place the tone was E, in another F sharp, caused by perceptibly higher temperature. In another place it was E flat and a shade cooler. None of the other insects seem to be affected by temperature.

An instance of a minor melody was observed in October, 1893, produced by three hoppers, and was something like this (f): They were all in the same tree and conditions favora-



ble for a full orchestra and chorus. All these sounds are from small insects. How much have we in the birds, and even some of the lower animals?

If one is awakened from sleep on a summer night by a barking dog or a company of musical cats, will such an one care for the tone of either?

The dog will bark in a range from middle C to an octave above, unless a very small animal, then its tone will be within a fifth above. If a good watch dog it will go down into the bass cleff for its growl.

The cats in concert will range from F below middle C to the second C above, covering contralto and soprano voices—no doubt entertaining, if we could comprehend the song. If the cat is happy and contented in its surroundings, it will purr on A and B, lowest tones of the piano scale.

The birds of the air and the beasts of the field have the power to produce each its own individual sound, and if we could properly combine them we might bring forth results such as possibly prevailed in the Garden of Eden, when Adam knew and called by name all in the animal kingdom.

## FORWARD TONE.

BY JOHN DENNIS MEHAN.

Forward tone, as generally understood, is not always good tone. Conscious muscular effort to put tone forward is necessarily wrong, since pure tone is certain to be forward anyway, and pure tone is hardly possible while muscle is making itself felt. True, not a large proportion of singers employ right muscular action, even when their singing is reasonably satisfactory, as singing goes; but that is more the fault of tone-concept than of muscle. Given normal conditions, muscle will fall into line all right as soon as thought becomes correct. It is sometimes, frequently indeed, profitable to observe muscular action in singing; but only in a secondary way, for singing is psychical before it is physical, and right action can be induced through right tone-thought more quickly than in any other way.

Voice culture is undoubtedly a science, both psychical and physical, the latter force being ever subordinated by the former. Scientific truths are always at variance with the natural sense, strangely enough, hence attempts to secure the right tone by making it feel so, or so; or here, or there, will be more likely to fail than to succeed. The good physician does not apply his remedies to symptoms, nor does the successful voice teacher find for his pupils the right tone by insisting upon a certain sensation at a given place. And yet, despite all this, the true artist has learned to depend upon feeling rather than hearing. How is this brought about? Difficult to tell. Certainly not through himself alone, nor entirely through the instruction of teachers. But this is a digression. Forward sensation may be right, but is ten times more likely to be wrong.

The expression, "forward tone," is certainly misleading a large proportion of American students of singing. In many cases it would be better had they never heard of such a thing. Nearly all of them get the forward sensation by such contrac-

tion of the throat as induces superficiality—thinness, that is. The only forward tone worth considering is forward tone that has depth and roundness. Fact is, tone that has the right depth cannot be otherwise than forward. So, if you want forward tone that is good tone, go down for the generating point. If rightly done the pressure will be downward, not upward. Apply the principle as in hydraulics, and thereby obtain maximum power with but minimum effort. Such indirect pressure induces powerful resistance at the larynx without harmful strain, thereby establishing the contra-condition necessary for dynamic force; besides expanding the pharyngeal cavity so that laryngeal vibrations may be amplified without impingement, occasioned, as it so often is, by contraction of the extrinsic muscles, thus bringing on such extraneous vibration as renders tone unmusical and inert, with the further disadvantage of throat friction that in time becomes chronic ailment.

Remember, the above described conditions may appear, near as can be determined physically, and yet have tone that is absolutely bad; this being one of the many subtleties of this perplexing subject. But open, easy throat is necessary for good singing, and this is a partial description of one of the ways of getting it.

“Loose throat” does not quite describe the condition, as the throat may be loose without being sufficiently open for singing, and also open without being loose enough; proper tone preparation requiring the throat to be both open and loose. The principal active physical agents of singing are the breath and the larynx. The larynx should be low in the throat; not pulled down by direct muscular tension, but lowered by the natural action induced by deep inhalation. A simple and easy way to open the throat is to think the required vowel (it matters little which vowel), allow the mouth to assume the correct form (flexibly, of course), then prepare the throat by simply drawing a deep breath, through the mouth. Emit the desired vowel without allowing throat or mouth to change the placing effected by the inhalation. If this direction be fully regarded and carefully worked out, it will be found a certain and comfortable way of placing muscular adjustment for flexible production of tone. Let it be

remembered the larynx should not rise as the tone begins, nor should it be drawn down by conscious muscular effort; it should simply remain passive, exactly where drawn by the deep breath. Make the tone as if done entirely with the breath, and without reference to power or duration of sound. Practice to this end should be where the air is of such purity and temperature as will not injure the lining of the throat, for inhalation must be through the mouth to insure an understanding of what is meant. Everything should be done with patient deliberation, and not given up until thoroughly comprehended.

Do not condemn the plan on the ground that distinguished authorities have not favored this mode of inhalation. It is easily possible that even distinguished authorities have missed points here and there. If tone can be placed at all, as the phrase goes, the adjustment must be placed before the tone is made; and the most rational way of placing it is by the indrawing breath. Commit this sentence: "Form the tone with the breath while inhaling, then exhale the tone without changing the form induced by the inhalation."

Assume that the breath is the tone; it is not, but just play that it is, until the habit of "singing with the breath" becomes fixed.

The so-called "column of air" vibration so often spoken of in relation to vocal study, is merely one of the pleasant fables made use of to describe things that do not exist. If the idea helps people, why that is good reason for its employment; but the "column of vibrating air" isn't so. Breath is the fiddle-bow, not the fiddle; and it is the fiddle, not the fiddle-bow, that vibrates. But, to accord with what was said in the outset, the scientific truths that underlie the art of singing are at variance with natural acceptance, hence it may be necessary to lie a little in order to get at the truth. This plan has been followed by philosophers of other schools than singing.

#### VOWEL FORMS.

The vowels are subtle things, being susceptible of so many modifications that any written explanation as to their use must of necessity be of little actual help. No two persons pronounce "father" in precisely the same way, and yet this is one of the commonest words in our language. So, to advise the

use of "a as in father" might prove helpful to the student, or it might not, since much would depend upon his way of sounding the word. Take the word "last," for instance; is it given the same in Chicago as in Boston? Does "Italian a" convey definite meaning of any special importance in its bearing upon vocal art, to the average young man or woman who never had lessons from an artistic teacher? Indeed, it might with propriety be asked if the so-called "a" means anything in particular to the precious Roman himself—unless he happens to be a good singer—which, by the way, is pretty certain not to be the case. Speaking of the "Italian a" as given by the Italians, will the reader kindly attempt to recall any sound that in all his life ever came to his ear with force and disagreeableness enough to make him feel more uncomfortable than he has often been made to feel by the unholy bleat of this self-same standard vowel, as emitted from the brass-lined throat of some sturdy Italian whose present calling is to vend fruit? "Italian a;" ah, yes—extremely nice sound for singing, as it is commonly used.

The fact is, the broad "ah" is frequently the most difficult of all sound-forms to make musical. Try the following: If it happens that your tones are thin—as is more than likely, think of o as in "bought," open the mouth to about the form of the letter itself (not too wide), draw deep breath through the mouth, to place muscular adjustment, then breathe out the form in sound, with the thought that it is not to touch at any point until it reaches the front of the mouth. Let the pitch be at some place in the lower middle voice that is perfectly easy, making no attempt at intensity, for that would spoil everything. Intensity is developed by repression, and will be spoken of in another chapter. Many voices are ruined through too early trials for brilliancy, than which no greater mistake could be made.

The form above given will tend to lower the larynx, which in the beginning of study is nearly always too high in the throat for the production of tone round and deep enough for artistic singing. Soon as the tone acquires necessary depth the form should be gradually broadened, care being taken to avoid the thinness that so readily comes in during change to forms naturally more flat. The small vowels, long e, short

e, short i, a as in ate, etc., should have precisely the depth of the o, else the voice will never suffice for artistic expression.

By "thinness" is meant the superficial quality noticeable in untrained singers, the word not necessarily applying to the small, or closed, forms. Loudness has nothing to do with it, for a thin tone may be very loud and a deep one very soft. Most of our singers are lacking in depth, the fault being chiefly due to haste for intensity.

Observing the plan of drawing breath, one may early acquire the right profundity by using double and long "o," but an experienced hand is needed in developing the tone to the point of brilliancy. It can be done, however, and the way of its doing is through concentration—closing more and more, that is. It is all done by the breath; that is to say, breath is the principal factor, although the artist may perform his part of an entire opera without once giving his breath direct thought, for when the breath is doing its work properly it does not invite attention, any more than muscle does. But it's the breath, nevertheless, and during the conscious stage of voice development breath frequently requires much attention. With it the throat is opened and formed, the proper depth secured, and many wonderful things made possible.

Use the breath freely. Let it feed the tone, carry the tone, color it—in short, let it do almost everything that has reference to singing. Breath is like Christian charity, the more you exercise it the more of it you will have. And yet, should you study to the extent of becoming a finished artist, you will come to feel that the tone actually controls the breath; for, after all, the breath is but the painter's brush, and the vowels are his paint. The latter can be modified and blended in ways to bring about as many wonderful results as can be produced through blending different colors of the rainbow.

#### COVERED VOICE.

Covered voice is not necessarily dark voice; indeed, covered voice can be developed until made to ring like a silver bell. Ordinary speaking voice is covered. None but coarse, vulgar people habitually employ "open" voice in speaking, except perhaps when angry or otherwise excited. Open voice is not beautiful, nor can it be made so. To the truly artistic ear "open" singing is intolerable. And yet there are people fool-

ishly using this detestable quality, just because ignorant teachers have assured them that it is the way to make their voices brilliant. Nothing could be farther from the truth. "Open" tone leads to hoarseness, hollowness, and somberness of the worst description. The so-called open tone is simply shocking, and the student reader is advised to avoid its use, just as he would shun bad company and eschew cheap jewelry. Believe it, every variety of artistic tone, from the most somber to that which rings like silver and steel, is developed from what is commonly called "closed voice;" and the more brilliant and open it seems, the more it has been closed and hammered into compactness, so to speak.

Verily, the truths of vocal science are antagonistic to natural sense.



## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PIANISTIC MEMORY.

How to Memorize—How to Diagnose the Pupil's  
Talent—Visual, Audible and Tactile Mental Images—  
Joint-Sensations—Space-Perceiving Sense.

BY HUGH A. KELSO, JR.

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No branch of study will stimulate original investigation better than psychology. By means of it we become more thoroughly acquainted with ourselves and see more clearly the most intelligent methods by which we may develop our faculties. This chapter is intended to point out many of the operations of the mind, which, if better understood, will enable the teacher to diagnose correctly each case presented; by this knowledge both teacher and pupil will be more perfectly qualified to apply intelligently the proper remedies for any deficiencies. I am indebted to a valuable work on psychology by William James, Professor of Psychology in Harvard University, for the psychological phase of this article; the application of it to the study of music is original with the present writer.

### THE WILL.

The effort of the will manifests itself only through muscular activities. If we desire that certain movements be made, but do not make them, we simply wish; but if we follow the wish with the action thought of, then we have willed. Attention is directed to the voluntary movements as distinguished from those which are reflex, instinctive or emotional. No voluntary movement can happen unless there existed before its execution an exact mental picture of it, either visual, aural or tactile. For executing a series of rapid movements nature has supplied us with guiding sensations arising from the skin, the eyes, and the ears, which enable us to know at just what link in the chain of movements we are. Besides the senses of touch, sight and hearing we have other impressions called

kinaesthetic impressions, which are caused by the parts that are moved. Not only are our muscles supplied with afferent as well as efferent nerves, but the tendons, the ligaments, the articular surfaces, and the skin about the joints are all sensitive, and, being stretched and squeezed in ways characteristic of each particular movement, give us as many distinctive feelings as there are movements possible to perform. It is partly by these kinaesthetic feelings that we are guided to make the correct succession of movements. The ability to feel these sensations varies in different people: thus it is that some pianists depend more upon their ears, others upon their eye, and others upon the kinaesthetic feelings, in executing a difficult passage. Concerning these points each student should experiment on himself and determine which guiding sensations, the visual, aural or tactile, are the most pronounced. He can thus arrive at a more thorough and intelligent method of study, which will accomplish the maximum results by the minimum expenditure of time. It will be observed that one of the senses is usually more acute than the others, and the student in learning a piece will rely principally upon this sense; but under conditions where the nervous organism is somewhat abnormal, as in public playing, the pianist is without resources if this one sense should fail him at a critical moment. On this account the pianist should cultivate to a high degree of perfection the visual, the aural and the tactile mental pictures.

I will now proceed to give tests for determining the comparative distinctness of the visual, aural and tactile mental pictures.

#### THE VISUAL IMAGE.

“Sensations, once experienced, modify the nervous organism, so that copies of them arise again in the mind after the original outward stimulus is gone.” The visual images may be tested by requiring the pupil to describe minutely the furnishings of a room visited at some former time; the location and number of chairs, tables, doors, windows, mirrors, rugs, pictures, and the various color tints; the shape and color of the flowers; descriptions of the people, their faces, clothing, hair, eyes, etc., or a minute description of a dinner table; of names on sign boards; the diversified results will be surprising.

Good visualizers are usually correct spellers. In my own researches I find the visual images are very distinct in most children and young ladies while with men accustomed to thinking in abstruse subjects, the visual images are apt to be dim. People with sharply defined visual images are usually very receptive, very enthusiastic, and thereby imaginative; while those with dim visual images are quiet, cold and less susceptible to the emotions. To apply the visual test to music I have selected a beautiful phrase from Moszkowski's Polo-



naise. The student is to look at the soprano, without singing or playing it, and observe the signature, the time, length and location of every note and rest, and the wrist and pedal marks, then close the music and write on ruled music paper all the details which were left as mental images. Apply the same test to the bass staff. By practicing along this same line this sense may become highly developed.

After the mental image of the notes as they appear on the sheet music has been sharply marked, look at their relative positions on the keyboard and thus establish their mental pictures. Some students see mental images better with their eyes closed than open.

#### THE AURAL IMAGE.

The aural images of very pronounced character appear to be rarer than the visual. "Persons of this type imagine what they think of in language of sound. In order to learn a lesson they impress upon their mind, not the look of the page, but the sound of the words. They reason as well as remember, by ear. In performing a mental addition they repeat verbally the names of the figures, and add, as it were, the sounds, without any thought of the graphic signs. Imagination also

takes the auditory form."—(Binet.).

Some playwrights hear a scene as they write it from their imagination, others see it in their mind. Mozart, by writing from memory the Miserere of the Sistine Chapel after two hearings, and the deaf Beethoven by composing and inwardly repeating his great symphonies, exhibited aural images which indicated wonderful development of this sense. Aural images may be tested by requiring the pupil to name, without looking at the keyboard, the various notes within the compass of two octaves, sounded indiscriminately by the teacher. After the faculty of naming the correct notes has been acquired, the pupil should sing, hum, or whistle, the major, minor, augmented or diminished intervals, as requested by the teacher. (The singing of the intervals is outward evidence of the correctness of the aural image.) When this faculty has been developed, the pupil should be able to name and sing without looking at the keyboard the various chords (tonic, sub-dominant, dominant, etc.) as played by the teacher. As the aural images become more sharply defined, more complex chords (chords of the seventh, the diminished seventh, and augmented sixth) should be attempted. If the pupil understands how to modulate, starting with a given tone, he can hum the correct tones of very intricate modulations.

An aural test may now be made of the same phrase of Moszkowski's Polonaise to which the visual test was applied. By reinforcing the visual with the aural images, the phrase will be quite indelibly impressed on the mind. First observe the rhythm of the entire phrase by repeating with the tongue the syllable "la" with each note, then establish the tone-image of the tonic chord of the key of B flat by sounding it on the piano. (To the student who is gifted with the sense of "absolute" pitch this is unnecessary.) With this note as a starting point, sing separately the melody, the right hand accompaniment, then the bass, all without the aid of the piano. Then hum as much of the combined soprano and bass notes as possible.

By practicing it is possible to hear inwardly and minutely very complicated passages.

#### TACTILE IMAGES.

The tactile, or motile type, as they are sometimes called,

appear to be the least understood of the three varieties. Images derived from movement are the direct factors employed in all mental operations such as reasoning and memorizing. A visualizer may see mentally the six sides of a cube simultaneously, but a motile finds it necessary to run his mental eye over its contour to establish a distinct picture. School children draw pictures of maps for the purpose of reinforcing the visual by the tactile image. I have often noticed my wife (who possesses highly developed mental images of all three varieties) when attending a concert, close her eyes, the better to see the keyboard, and trace with her fingers the imaginary notes of a phrase she wished to play when she returned home. Her visual images are so perfect that very slight muscular contractions of but one finger, in an exceedingly small arc, or the rhythmical striking together of the teeth, is sufficient to associate the proper muscular finger movements with the visual memory. The following test employed by the scientist, Prof. Stricker, will aid in making clear to the reader what is meant by tactile mental images:

“Partly open your mouth and then imagine any word with labials or dentals in it, such as ‘bubble,’ ‘toddle.’ Is your image under these conditions distinct? To most people the image is at first ‘thick,’ as the sound of the word would be if they tried to pronounce it with the lips parted. Many can never imagine the words clearly with the mouth open; others succeed after a few preliminary trials. The experiment proves how dependent our verbal imagination is on actual feelings in lips, throat, larynx, etc.”

“When we recall the impression of a word or sentence, if we do not speak it out, we feel the twitter of the organs just about to come to that point. The articulating parts—the larynx, the tongue, the lips—are all sensibly excited, as suppressed articulation is, in fact, the material of our recollection, the intellectual manifestation, the idea of speech.”—Bain.

#### JOINT SENSATIONS.

Tactile images involve a consciousness of joint sensations, which arrive from surfaces such as those of articular cartilage, tendons, ligaments, and the skin around the joints. It is a mental copy of the feelings arising from the various positions in which these are squeezed which enables a motile to repro-

duce a previously executed chain of movements. It is also from these joint sensations that pianists measure the distance that the hand, wrist, or fingers move. Some psychologists hold that the muscle sense primarily establishes the space perception for movements, but on examining the accumulated evidence, pro and con, I am led to believe that the muscle sense is only indirectly thus concerned. The muscular sensations, per se, are those of massive strain, and they convey no accurate discrimination of the length of the path moved through. Muscular feeling gives tolerably fine evidence as to the existence of movement, but hardly any direct information about its extent or direction; it (muscle-feeling) does not belong among the space-perceiving senses.

Numerous examples for testing joint sensations should now be practiced with closed eyes, broad skips of one to four octaves such as a bass note and its chord or broken octaves in skips of two, three, or four octaves. The broad skip for the right hand in Rubinstein's Valse is an excellent example. There are two sets of tactile sensations which should be cultivated by two ways of practice. First with closed eyes play one note (with the thumb), then with the fingers adjusted statically and the fifth finger pointed toward the note to be played, slide the thumb in the surface of the keys until the fifth finger is over its key; then slide the fifth finger when the thumb is to play; by this means the sensations arising from the thumb sliding on the keys will be added to the mental cue which regulates the distance the hand moves. The second way depends entirely upon the joint sense; with closed eyes play the first note with a bounding movement of the wrist, remove the thumb entirely from the key, then carry the hand along laterally, with the fingers several inches above the keyboard, until the fifth finger is immediately over its proper note. The attention of the mind must first be directed to the visual image of the distance on the keyboard, then to the joint sensations which measure the exact distance. A tactile test may now be made of the phrase from Moszkowski's Polonaise above quoted. First, without looking at the keyboard, or with closed eyes, trace on a table or in the air the notes belonging to the right hand, then those of the left hand, separately, great care being taken to introduce the correct movements of the wrist as well as fingers. Observe closely

the feelings of the joint sensations. If the student is a visualizer, new paths of an aural and tactile nature should be made previous; if an audile, develop visual and tactile paths; if a motile, cultivate the visual and audible images. With these three types highly and evenly developed, the pianist will be thoroughly equipped for any emergency. I require my pupils to memorize new pieces by application of the above principles before attempting to play it on the piano. One of my pupils learned the Chopin Etude, Op. 25, No. 1, while riding to and from home on the elevated railroad.

Handel Hall, Chicago.

## MEMORIES OF ROBERT SCHUMANN.

BY CARL REINECKE.

C. T. A. Hoffmann, the once much-read visionary, now nearly forgotten, has among his Fantasies in the "Manier Callots" also one which he calls "Kreisleriana," in which he relates the musical sorrows of Johannes Kreisler, the Kappellmeister, and of others. Johannes Kreisler is pictured as a genial queer sort of a fellow, who, in spite of his hyper-romantic nature, is a fanatical admirer of Johann Sebastian Bach, and who subscribes himself at the close of a letter as "Kapellmeister as well as mad musician, par excellence." Hoffmann's ever amusing portrait of this original disciple of music must have exercised a great charm over Robert Schumann, who was always very susceptible to anything fantastic, for he likewise called one of his most beautiful piano works (composed in 1838), the "Kreisleriana." It is dedicated to Chopin. As a boy I received this work soon after its first appearance. On the title page of this oldest edition, which now is seldom seen, you can see the unfortunate Kreisler seated at the piano; on one side a devil, surrounded by several different frights, was clutching at his head; on the other side angels and birds seemed to be singing to him their beautiful melodies. Each of the eight fantasies which the "Kreisleriana" contains, is decorated with a small but effective vignette, and it is highly probable that Schumann himself was responsible for this "get-up" and ordered this sort of detail, for he laid great stress upon the editing of a work.

The so-called "Kreisleriana" was the first of the little-played and little-known compositions which I learned at that time. But it dropped a spark in my musical soul which burst into a clear flame of enthusiasm at a later day when, after several years, I learned to know his "Clavier quintett," and finally heard the first performance of the "Peri" under the leadership of the master himself at Leipsig. It can be believed



that from then on I studied all his works with predilection, and that I was proud and happy when, during my first stay at Leipsig (from 1843-46) I was permitted to make his personal acquaintance and to meet him frequently.

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy (who at this time, with the



MR. CARL REINECKE.

exception of short intervals, was living in Leipsig) was very affable, though knowing how to make sharp and pointed criticisms, so that one could gather more hints and musical rules in a quarter of an hour from him than one could use in a

lifetime. Schumann, on the other hand, in general showed himself little communicative. Nevertheless he was more confidential and encouraging in his personal intercourse with the struggling young disciples of music than the other. Very probably the latter was forced into a sort of reserve by the throngs who crowded to see him.

It may have come to the ears of Schumann that I was an ardent admirer of his work, at that time so heartily despised, and this may have gone far toward making him very agreeable to me on our first meeting, which was at a soiree at the music publisher's, Friedrich Hofmeister, for he proved himself very amiable. In regard to this I wrote to my father in March, 1844, as follows: "Robert Schumann, who has been heretofore very quiet, was exceptionally talkative and invited me to visit him; he also asked after you." This proves (as a fresh impression put into words) that my memory of that evening does not deceive me.

It goes without saying that it was a great event for me when I found the opportunity, in the first days of January, 1846, to play before him his quartette for piano and string instruments op. 47, besides the before-mentioned quintette, and to share in the appreciation which he expressed in the most gracious manner in a letter to me on the 22d of January. This opportunity came to me through Andreas Graham (at that time regarded as the best interpreter in Leipsig of Schumann's instrumental works), who arranged a matinee at his rooms in honor of Schumann. Otto von Königsloew, later well known as a violin virtuoso; J. W. V. Wasielewski, a musical writer, especially famous for his biography of Schumann, and Albert Rubensow, a subsequent director of the Conservatory at Stockholm, took part.

I never have had the advantage of living in the same place with Schumann, but I often visited him in Dresden, and when later, as musical director, he lived in Düsseldorf I was domiciled in Cologne, not far distant, and could with ease accept his repeated invitations. In any event, my remarks to-day can only recall detached experiences, reveal single mosaics, from which the reader who is so disposed can in the most favorable case construct only a tolerable likeness of this great artist and genial man. But "even the smallest hair casts its shadow,"

as Goethe said, and so I may perhaps hope to add something to the completion of Schumann's portrait, through these incoherent bits of information.

When I visited Schumann at Dresden in 1848, he came quite early in the morning to the Hotel de Saxe, where I had arrived, to take me walking, and brought me at the same time the score of the C major Symphony, which had just appeared. As we walked he said in regard to it: "When I began to write the Symphony I was sick, but when I reached the finale I had written myself well." Who would believe that the Symphony could be in part the expression of a sick man's mood! It seems as if there were in many comic operas less wholesomeness than in the first three parts of this Symphony. It speaks of touching modesty that soon after, in sending the D minor Trios, he should write: "I should be greatly pleased if you find something in this pleasing to you, as I almost believe the first part will be."

In the same year Schumann sent me another souvenir at Christmas; it was that later widely-known "Album für die Jugend," op. 68. This copy, indited: "To Carl Reinecke, with friendly Christmas greetings. Robert Schumann, Dresden, Dec. 23d, 1848," was in a certain way a copy *avant la lettre*, for the work was first published in January, 1849. Doubly proud was I of this possession, when Schumann in October of this year sent me with the manuscript to Legeberg, in Holstein, and entrusted to me the transaction with the publishers, Schubert and Co., in Hamburg.

Eight days later Schumann came to Leipzig, and there I had the delight of playing with him from the manuscript his "Bilder aus Osten," for four hands. It was in a room of the Hotel de Bavière, and Schumann, who in his youth had brought on a permanent weakness of his right middle finger through too strenuous technical studies at the piano, played the lower part. When we had finished he said: "Now, you must orchestrate these pieces." When many years later I had accomplished this after the repeated requests of the publisher, I had to endure the criticism that it was very inartistic to orchestrate a four-hand piece.

In 1850 I had the pleasure of greeting Schumann and his wife in Bremen and hearing Clara play the F major Trio, not

then published. When the second part of the trio was finished Schumann asked me with a sly smile if I had not remarked anything peculiar in the phrase. After he had shaken his head to everything which I proposed, without saying a word, he finally pointed out to me that in the first six bars of the movement the bass of the piano and violoncello were in imitation; a hidden finesse which most do not perceive at first hearing. The third movement also is especially clever, and as Schumann always took the greatest delight in the exercise of his power in counterpoint, without doubt the words he wrote shortly after the completion of trio refer to it: "I am always pleased when they come to the beginning of the Adagio and Allegretto, instead of the Scherzo." It was a privilege for me in Bremen to play with Clara Schumann at her concert the "Variations" for two pianos, written by her husband. As thanks I received the beautiful copy of the Medallion, with an inscription from the two artists.

When I attended the performance of the opera "Genoveva," directed by Schumann himself in Leipsig, I had little opportunity of coming closer to the much-courted master. Sad to say that work had only the tribute of respect and was laid aside after two more presentations. This is not the place to discuss the fate of the opera, which even to-day appears sporadically on this or that stage, deservedly or not; it is certain that Schumann, when he wrote the "Genoveva" had already passed the highest point in his creative power, and that insidious disease, to which he fell a victim in his forty-seventh year, had already thrown its shadow over him. Though in his last years he gave many beautiful things to the world, among which is the so-called "Rhine Symphony," "The Pilgrimage of the Rose," and above all the music to Byron's "Manfred," his most important creations, "Paradise and Peri," the Symphonies in B Flat Major, C Major and D Minor; his most beautiful chamber music, his glorious, unsurpassable songs and his best piano compositions, were all written before "Genoveva"; and even Schumann's greatest admirers, among whom I may count myself, cannot deny that in his later, especially in his last works, there is not to be found that freshness, exuberance of invention, or that beauty of form which make his earlier composition so worthy of admiration.

I also discovered in my personal intercourse with Schumann, from about 1850 on, a change in his nature, without the least suspicion of what it meant. He became more quiet, occasionally had some difficulty in finding a word and complained often, in the last years, that he would hear sometimes one tone, or several, sounding loudly for a quarter of an hour, when all about him was still. It was an ominous illusion. His manner of conducting became in time more and more uncertain, and I recollect one very painful concert rehearsal, in which I had to rehearse under his direction the Beethoven *Fantasia* for piano, chorus and orchestra. The soloist who was originally chosen had had to resign suddenly on account of illness, and so Schumann summoned me from Cologne to Düsseldorf early on the morning of the concert day. I snatched the necessary articles, went to Düsseldorf and hastened to the rehearsal; it was, as I said, very painful and very prolonged, for Schumann could not find his place quickly enough in the oft-changing tempi, and we had to repeat eternally, until finally the concertmeister and myself took the direction in hand, behind Schumann's back.

More agreeable, however, were many other meetings. For the time Schumann was unenlightened as to the symptoms of his disease. I was repeatedly invited to be soloist in concerts directed by him, or to be present at the performance of a new work in his own house; in such cases I stayed with him and then about bedtime he would always give me the score of some new work to read before I retired. One evening after we had had music, refreshments and good wine (for Schumann could suffer bad wine as little as bad music) he became so jovial that he struck up a little dance in which he took part, while Clara Schumann and I took turns in playing for him. The next morning at breakfast he told me with an extremely sly look that his Clara instructed the children (who were sitting by themselves at a small table and drinking their morning milk) with great success in the theory of music, and then he began a serious examination of the little ones, but wanted to lapse into hilarity when their wisdom soon came to an end, and teased the mother about it.

Still another time I saw him just as heartily diverted, because he was discovered in an equivocation. It happened in

this way: One evening when I went into his room after the first greeting he asked me if I would drink a glass of Bavarian with him, and as I, as may be supposed, did not refuse, he seized his hat to go with me; at that same moment a publisher from Elberfeld came in with a deep bow. Schumann quickly dispatched him with the request that he come another time, as he had to take a very important walk with me, which he could not possibly postpone. Then we came without much delay into a small beer place. Scarcely had we seated ourselves at the table with our beer when in came the Elberfeld gentleman and almost fell over us. But he was sharp enough to remember Kaspar's words in the "Wolf's Glen," "A discreet person sees nothing," and soon disappeared again. Schumann, however, was much amused that we had been discovered in our important walk which could not be delayed.

I have also a perfectly clear impression of the first private presentation of "The Pilgrimage of the Rose," given in Schumann's house. It was in Cologne in 1851, when early one morning Robert Schumann and Ferdinand Hiller came into my room. The former carried a delicately bound book under his arm; it was the manuscript of the "Tondichtung," which the master wished to bring out on the coming Tuesday at his house in Düsseldorf. He had found in Düsseldorf material for all the solo parts with the exception of a tenor, for whom he was now looking in Cologne. Hiller recommended to him an amateur, Mr. A. P., who was extremely musical and endowed with a real lyric tenor voice, and as he himself was hindered from taking his friend to Mr. P., they both came to me to take Schumann there. Without formalities the amiable amateur undertook the task. I seated myself at the piano and studied the part with him while Schumann turned the pages and from time to time made a short remark. Then after the rehearsal Herr P. and I accompanied Schumann to the station. I regarded it as my duty to draw his attention to a few details with which Schumann had not been pleased while he was singing the places. When Herr P. expressed his astonishment that I should know these things by heart, Schumann, with a friendly smile, said: "Oh, he knows my things by heart before I have composed them!"

The performance took place as planned. Clara Schumann

was at the piano, Robert Schumann directed the chorus, and the charming, delightful work produced general ecstasy. When the program was finished and Schumann was aware of the great impression the work had made he came to me and asked me to orchestrate it. But as the accompaniment was so evidently written for the piano, I believed one could not make a practical orchestration except by freeing it in places wholly from the original, and as I should not have dared to proceed so absolutely independent of Schumann, I begged him to relieve me from the task, which I did not feel capable of, though highly appreciative of his evident confidence. Later he undertook the task himself.

Now follow many sad memories, of evenings after concerts when the great master, troubled by hallucinations, would sit speechless for a seemingly endless time, his forehead in his hands, while we waited in breathless silence, and of a moment when—the only time in his life—he was unkind to me. One Sunday morning the two artists had played the "Ballscenen" for four hands, for some of us younger musicians, who enjoyed the privilege of receiving invitations from them. There was yet an hour before mealtime. Schumann left us; we went up to our room, took the "Ballscenen," which naturally interested us very much, and began to play it through, when suddenly Schumann appeared, with an angry look tore the notes from the rack, and without having said a word, disappeared. We were as if annihilated, and as may be believed, placed ourselves at the dinner table with far from agreeable feelings, but our anxiety was in vain, for Schumann, to all appearances, had forgiven and forgotten and was doubly kind.

During the time of the Cologne carnival in the midst of a gay masking party, the terrible information reached me that Schumann, his mind in utter darkness, had thrown himself into the Rhine! As is known, he was saved, but now the tragedy drew to a close, until on July 29, 1856, the Angel of Death freed the unfortunate sufferer from his sorrows.

Translated by Charlotte Teller.

## CLARENCE EDDY ON FRENCH ORGANISTS.

Continuing the conversation recorded in *MUSIC* for last month, the French organists came up again in connection with the visit of M. Guilmant to this country, and the question was asked who were the greatest organists in France at the present time.

"Without doubt," said Mr. Eddy, "the three greatest organists in Paris are M. Guilmant, M. Widor and M. Gigout. I do not find it altogether easy to characterize the playing of these three artists in a few words, since, when the technic is so masterly as in the case of all three of these, and when all of them are experienced and highly successful composers, the differences in their playing are mainly those of personality and temperament, and in this line a multitude of delicate shades will appear in the playing, which it would be impossible to describe in words.

"For instance, to begin with their different ways of playing Bach. Guilmant and Gigout both play Bach in a very warm and what I might call human way, not to say humane. That is to say, they use whatever color they think will be most advantageous to the effect of the piece, and they vary the touch, as I mentioned last month, and as you have already heard in M. Guilmant's playing, and use whatever expression the sense of the music seems to require. As compared with the German organists, I may say that everything the French organists play they make very clear; all the parts and the form are clearly defined, so that everything they play has a sort of perspective; they do not mass it together the way the Germans do. They accomplish this by special phrasing, and by contrasting staccato with legato touch, which the Germans never have done until quite recently, although they are now getting to do it to some extent.

"In many respects M. Widor occupies a peculiarly honorable position in Paris. He plays Bach more in the German



manner. He plays everything very slowly, with very strong rhythm, but with no attempt at sentiment. He is what is ordinarily called a cold player; 'dry bones' the irreverent call it. For this reason the public cares comparatively little for Widor, but he is admired very much, in fact worshiped, by the fraternity, and by all people who are especially fond of the German classical school of organ playing.

"His organ symphonies, as you perhaps know, are quite unique. They occupy a field entirely their own; they do not represent orchestral work upon the organ, but polyphonic work, which is orchestral to a certain extent only, and quite in the genius of the organ itself. There are various themes and independent parts running through, and his technic is something entirely extraordinary. For instance, he will play two parts on the pedals and he will play on four manuals at the same time, which, of course, is impossible unless the keyboards are very near together. He does all sorts of extraordinary things. He is a very remarkable player and a great composer. While his technic lacks the brilliancy of that of M. Guilmant, he has a tremendous command of the organ."

"How would he be, for instance, in those most difficult pieces by Thiele?"

"I do not think he would care for them," said Mr. Eddy. "In the first place, because his mind does not run to that brilliant style. Everything he plays is very broad and dignified. I heard him give a lesson at the Conservatoire to an organ class, but all the pupils were playing Bach solely. He is most strenuous with regard to the rhythm. Rhythm is the strongest thing. He wants every theme to weigh a ton, and every measure to be just as solid as it is possible to be. No emotion, no nuance, no special phrasing, but very strong rhythm and the tempo very strict. As he was illustrating this on an ineffective two manual organ, of course, something had to be left to the imagination."

"Speaking of organs, Mr. Eddy, in this modern organ with electric action, does the touch have as much influence in the result you get as in the old tracker organs? What is the influence of the modern organ upon the touch? Does touch play a larger or smaller part than it used to in old times in organ playing?"

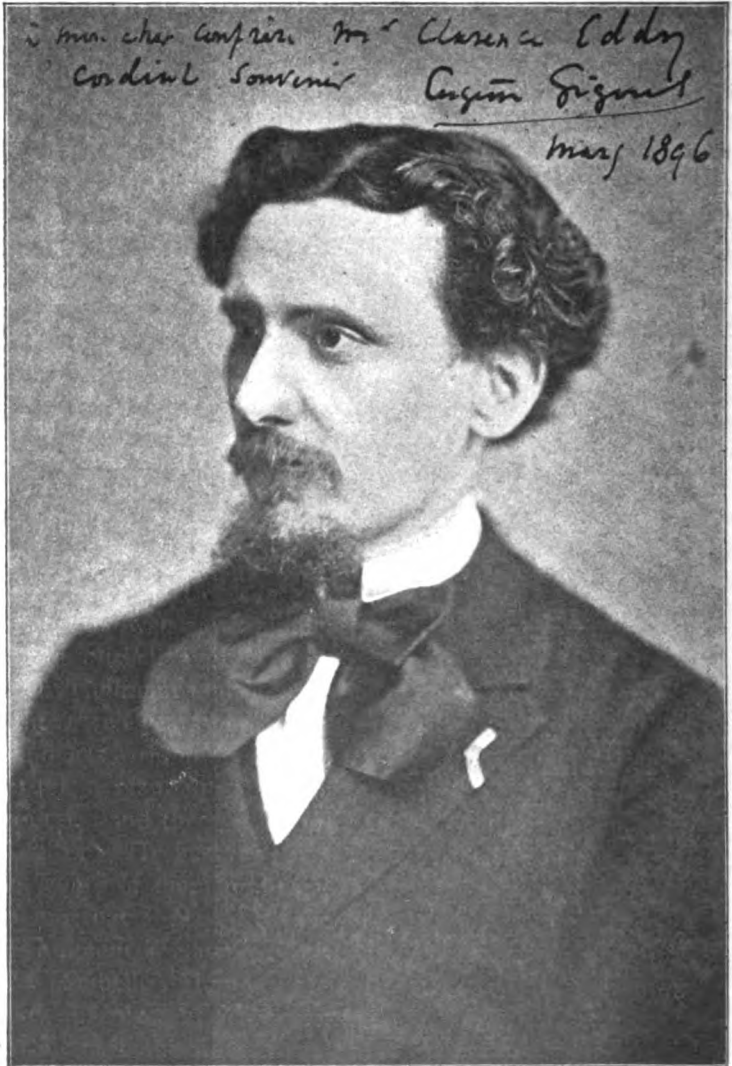
"I do not know as I can answer that clearly," said Mr. Eddy, "without thinking the thing over very carefully. My own opinion is that the modern action is of very great assistance to tonal effect, because you can phrase in a much more delicate way and you can do more with it. You are not handicapped; you have no weight to overcome. You have more freedom in the execution and you can employ the same art in phrasing."

"How is it in the case of such a piece as the Thiele Concertsatz in C minor, where you have the hands crossing and large chords brought in free very often? Can you do that with the same safety on the modern electric action that speaks very quick, as you could on an old-fashioned action?"

"Oh, yes," he answered, "if the action is adjusted properly. Much depends on the adjustment of the key action. If it is too light or too sensitive then it is dangerous. I have played organs so adjusted that the key would speak by simply resting the finger upon it. That was very dangerous and very annoying. I told the builders that no playing could be successful on that kind of a touch, and that they must adjust the key so that there was no danger of blurring. You see, in playing chords, if the finger turns slightly, and the adjustment is too sensitive, the key goes down; but they have overcome that difficulty. They adjust the spring under the key so that it is heavy or light, as would be most agreeable to the touch. Personally I dislike very much an action that is too light and sensitive. You have no feeling of grasp. I like to have the key speak after a depression of about one-sixteenth of an inch, because if you have it very much more you are not able to play light and free in the staccato passages. But you were speaking about other French organists.

"I have already mentioned the name of M. Gigout as one of the greatest and most distinguished organists in Paris. M. Gigout is very remarkable for his improvisations, which are full of imagination and feeling and very scholarly. He is also a virtuoso of the first rank. He has been organist of the Church of St. Augustin for a good many years—as long as I can remember—and his playing there is very popular. People go to hear him improvise and to play the service. This is also one of the most fashionable churches in Paris and a great place for weddings and funerals, and of course there

are extra fees for these, so he makes more by his weddings and funerals than he does by his salary. It is a very important position on that account, and the church is very beautiful.



M. GIGOUT.

"M. Gigout is now about forty-five years of age, I should think. He has recently experienced a very severe loss in the

death of his nephew, M. Boellman, with whom he was associated for a number of years in an organ school. M. Gigout has in his house a very charming two-manual organ which he uses for his own pupils, and he has what he calls an organ school, and his pupils practice there when there is an opportunity. He frequently gives recitals with his pupils at his studio, which other teachers cannot do for lack of the opportunity. In Paris you are not allowed to give recitals in a church, and the only private organ I know of in Paris is that of M. Widor, which is in his studio and is never used for anything else than lessons. M. Gigout has been very anxious to visit America for a long time as a virtuoso organist, and I have noticed recently that there is a prospect of his doing so next year. In reply to your question as to the repertory he plays, I would say that it embraces the finest class of organ music of all schools, a great deal of Bach and of all the best modern composers. He is very conscientious and a very fine musician. He has made a number of tours in the continent, especially in Spain, and is extremely well known.

“One of the most interesting personalities among the French organists is M. F. de la Tombelle, who is comparatively a young man; having inherited a sufficient estate to place him above the need of personal labor, he has followed music simply because he loved it and he has accomplished a great deal. He has been a pupil of Dubois and of Guilmant and perhaps of some others, and for the last eight or ten years he has devoted all his time to composition and has written some very elaborate things. I have in my trunk a piano quartette of his and a trio, not known in this country, and there is a concerto for piano and orchestra and so on. He has written a whole raft of things for the organ, some of them quite important. One piece he wrote for me that I played at the dedication of the Auditorium. M. Guilmant is playing in his American concerts this season De la Tombelle's Marche Pontifical; meanwhile M. Tombelle takes his place at the organ in the Trinité while he is gone. M. de la Tombelle is a perfect gentleman, very refined and very highly esteemed in society. His home is at No. 6 Rue Newton, near the Arc de Triumphe, a most beautiful place.”

“How are these new French organists related to that older

school of which Batiste and Lefebre-Wely were the representative masters?"

"The relation of these organists of the new school to those older names you mention is merely that of countrymen. The



MR. F. DE LA TOMBELLE.

recent organists have gone away entirely from that sickly sentimentality which pervaded so much of the work of Batiste, for instance. The new men have imagination, grace and invention and they are more serious and their work is much

more thorough. They now make a great deal of the school of Bach. Batiste and Wely were effect players. Wely had more technic; he was really a great organist in a charming and unique way. Batiste was a prolific composer, but his compositions are played very little now even in France and are not highly esteemed."

"How do you find the French organs as compared with the American organs?"

"There are two leading organ factories in France, of which the one best known in this country is that of Cavaille-Coll, and the other that of Mercklin. They have made a specialty of voicing and of developing tone qualities. I think that we are very much in advance of them in all mechanical parts and that we have a better system of controlling the resources of the organ than they have. Their system is more stereotyped. In an organ like that in the Auditorium it is possible to adjust all sorts of combinations to your own taste, and by pressing one pedal down the whole department sounds. That involves a different planning of the wind chest and it also involves a different planning of your playing. In their organs you cannot reduce the tone so quickly as we can here. On their organs, as well as ours, you can build up a great crescendo adding one thing after another, but when you wish to reduce again you have to do a great many things; whereas here it is much more simple.

"One of the American inventions which I prize very highly is the sforzando pedal. By pressing it down you get a full organ in all departments without changing a stop. They have no such thing in the French organs. It is a very great advantage, because you not only have it on all the manuals collectively, but on each manual separately and you can get very quick changes.

"Our system of organ building is founded very much upon the English system, and it is much more comprehensive for the concert player."

## A REVIEW OF ANCIENT AND MODERN VIOLIN MAKING.

BY W. W. OAKES.

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### SECTION FIFTH.

#### MODELS.

This is a part of the violin question that has caused more controversy than all others, from the fact that many have taken it up that really know nothing about it. All the old models have their advocates, and each follower is equally positive that his choice is the best, and will argue learnedly, or otherwise (mostly otherwise), to any length to prove their contention.

Of late years the Stradivarius model has come largely to the front; but just why, I very much doubt if a rational or logical reason can be given. It is not because of its superiority to other old models in beauty or results. It is a matter of history that all old makers, from Gaspard da Salo, down to Bargorizi, each produced at least one better violin than Stradivarius. He perfected nothing, he invented nothing, neither did any of the Cremona makers, for the violin was brought to its present size, form and general outline in the tower of Bresira, years before Amati brought the art to Cremona, and what improvement it may have undergone was made before or during the forty years that Stradivarius served as an apprentice to Amati.

It is true he changed the outline somewhat, but viewed as a work of art, it surpasses only a few of its old companions, while its own modified copies surpass it in artistic lines, notwithstanding the ravings to the contrary of would-be critics who have become befogged and lost in a sea of attempted description. The honors were given to other makers until a few years ago.

During the life of Stradivarius his work created no great interest. At one time he sent a number of violins to England, where they failed to sell for \$25, while those of other makers sold from \$30 to \$250. This difference in price has been a true indication of actual value till well along in this century. I have no desire to deprive the old artist of any honor justly due him, but in giving him all, do we not withhold honors from others more justly entitled to them? So far as I am able to judge from the facts before us, we can give him credit only for being a conscientious and painstaking workman, who was wedded to his art. With the exception of the very high-arched class that Amati produced at one time, and which Steiner copied and carried to a still further extreme, there is practically no difference in models.

The excellence of a violin does not depend on the model. I realize that this statement may raise a cry of indignation against me for having the presumption to doubt the time-honored belief of makers and connoisseurs. Still I have so unmistakably proven the fact by a hundred tests that I confidently reiterate the statement that the excellence of a violin does not depend absolutely on the model. With the exception of the two models referred to above, I will take any model and duplicate the qualities of any other model. So long as the air capacity is about the same, it can be made to reproduce the volume and quality of any other model. The air capacity should be near 124 cubic inches, as that will produce the purest soprano quality of tone. When the volume is enlarged much beyond this the violin will partake of the viola, or tenor tone, and when the volume is much reduced it is like nothing in particular, which accounts for the general uneasiness felt while listening to a half-size violin. It is called half size, but is, in fact, larger, containing about eighty cubic inches of air. To be able to make one model produce the power and quality of any other requires all the scientific knowledge there is in violin work.

To be able to do this is proof positive that notwithstanding the glory with which the Stradivarius model has been crowned, and the gush that has been wasted in trying to immortalize the inventor, one model is as good as another. If this multitude of enthusiasts must give praise and adoration, why do they not bestow it where it belongs, on the Brescans,



who perfected the violin long before one was ever made in Cremona, in which place it was only modified in form a very little. If this modification was an improvement, then for this they deserve credit. But that required no heaven-sent gift. Thousands are able to suggest improvements on inventions who could not give birth to a new thought should they live a thousand years.

The Cremona makers were only imitators. There is not a word of evidence that they understood and worked from those high and absorbing principles that they have been credited with. The beautiful science of acoustics, and all other scientific principles that center in the violin, have all been worked out since the Cremona days. They have been credited with a knowledge that they could not have possessed. Could they not have made violins without this knowledge? Hundreds have done so who did not know that such a science existed, and have made fairly good instruments. How many makers are there to-day who fully understand that science, and what benefit would the knowledge be to them when there are more vital points of which they know nothing, the ignorance of which can only lead to disaster, and in no way could an error be overcome by the most profound knowledge of acoustics only.

I will now give a final and indisputable proof that the whole secret lies in construction, and is due to the perfect harmony of the various parts, one with the other—the bass bar to harmonize with the graduation, the graduation according to the arching and quality of the wood and the cubic inches of air. As I have before mentioned, in the last two years alone I have reconstructed seventy-four violins, not to mention the hundreds done before with the same results. In this number there has been nearly every known model, and some of no known model. Fully fifty of these have been of the cheapest grades of factory-made violins. They would average in cost not to exceed \$5 each. I give it on the judgment of good authority that not one of the number is now worth less than \$50, and the evidence of the owners shows that there are not three that could be bought for less. These fifty were made of cull wood, the trash of the factory that otherwise would have been burned. The others were well-made violins, with good wood and fine workmanship, but they were poor violins.

Of these there are a number that could not be bought for \$200, and none of them for less than \$100. The variation in value is owing to the length of time given to the work, and the possibilities of the wood. I will take one instance to show what can be accomplished in this line when carried to its fullest extent. A gentleman of this city who is an accomplished violinist of no small reputation as a soloist and orchestra leader, and for whom I had reconstructed a genuine Guanerius, came into my shop bringing a German factory violin, for which he paid the music firm of Winter & Harper of this city the sum of \$1.50.

He said: "I have brought you this to do with as you choose. See what you can make of it."

I took it in hand and worked it over, inside and out. Shortly after it was completed the great Ondricek gave concerts in this city, and having heard of me, called at my shop to examine my work. During his stay this instrument was shown him, he not knowing its origin. After a careful test he gave it his unqualified approval, and pronounced it a work of art for its purity and quality of tone. Now, in the face of all this evidence, I ask on what other grounds beside the one mentioned can any one account for this unflinching success? There is simply no other cause to advance. The old theories of wood, model and varnish must fall before this evidence.

## SECTION SIXTH.

### THE NECK.

What can be said of the neck of sufficient interest to justify the use of time and space, will be asked by some, perhaps of many. I assure you it is of more importance than it gets credit for. There are thousands of players and makers who attach no importance to the neck beyond that of convenience and beauty. If it is shapely and easy for the hand that is all they ask. I admit that in the matter of beauty it has taken a very prominent part at least in imagination. The Cremona scrolls have also been a sort of safety valve for too imaginative minds to gush over, and so lessen the dangerous pressure of pent-up admiration.

There are not many aware that the neck is of nearly the first consideration, but such is the case. Yet it does not require that exactness in work that many of the other parts do,

but an instrument is easily ruined or made by its proportions.

Some argue that it has no part in the vibrations and that patent heads and keys do not affect the tone. But this is a grave mistake. As a test, just clamp a pound of iron firmly to the head and try the effect. You will no longer have any doubt in the matter. Of course the pound weight is an extreme, so will be the result; but if a pound is detrimental, the patent head will be so in the same ratio. The tension of the strings exerts a force of about eighty pounds. If the neck is too small it will yield to this pressure; the consequence is it cuts off and crosses the vibration, and will stand no forcing of the tone. I have met with scores of violins that were ruined in this way. Where I have been able to convince people of this, and been permitted to replace the small neck with a larger one, it has never failed to remedy the fault.

But this fault must not be confounded with another of similar effect, caused by too weak wood in the body. No universal rule can be given by which the size of the neck can be determined, as all violins do not require the same pressure to bring the strings up to the proper pitch. While it is best to have a good-sized neck, it should not be overdone, because, if too large it has a deadening effect but large enough to withstand the strain and impart solidity to the tone.

There is another point which I will consider briefly in regard to wood which perhaps should have been discussed in my chapter on that subject. Some violin makers will not use the wood that will not yield a certain tone when struck. The tone sought for is the letter C of the natural scale, I believe. No doubt they have a theory that is satisfactory to themselves for this proceeding. But on what line of construction or principle of investigation the theory was formulated is more than I can understand. It sets at defiance all principles of tone regulation. They must ignore the fact that the better tone of any piece of wood is determined by its size, so if the piece of wood they are testing should give the tone A or B, all they would have to do would be to shorten the piece, which would sharpen the tone till it reached C or any other tone in the scale. When they have found the wood that gives whatever tone they are in search of, they begin to shape it for the violin, and every shaving they remove changes the tone, and by the time it is in place in the violin it will have

run the chromatic scale several times. But granting the plate happened to have the right tone (for by no possibility could this be done by design), when it was ready for the varnish, the first coat would change the tone somewhat, and a second coat would change it more, and so on with every coat, and nothing short of an infinite mind could tell what the tone would be at the last stage of varnish.

Now they begin to rub down the varnish, and with every rub they change the tone a little. Where will it be when done? They stand just one chance in ninety-six of having the tone of C, this allowing for the sixteenth of a tone. But we will grant that they have succeeded in keeping their better tone throughout the course of construction. Wherein is it better than if it gave E or C or any other tone? The most superficial observer can see that the theory is the merest nonsense.

Very much might be said regarding the f or sound hole, and very much of it would be speculation, as it has been in the past. To what extent of importance the old makers regarded it I cannot say, as the most I have been able to gather has been purely speculative, or in the form of comment or criticism on its beauty, as each of the old makers had his own peculiar form. It seems to have been as much for a mark of distinction as the form of the instrument. As to whether each regarded his as possessing the most beauty, or embodying the best form of results, will, I think, never be satisfactorily settled. The f, like the neck, while of very great importance, does not require that accuracy of work that other parts do. Yet it is essential that the size of the opening should conform to the cubic inches of air contained in the shell. If the opening is too small the tone is smothered, and if too large, it has no intensity. For a violin containing about 125 cubic inches the f should have a surface opening that would make nearly one and one-fourth square inches.

The present shape of the sound hole, in my opinion, has not been adapted on well-defined scientific principles. I think it must have been selected as a nearer approach to artistic lines than any other form. But it is doubtful if the attempt at beauty has compensated for the injury it has worked by cutting away three and a half inches of the top, thus destroying unnecessarily two and one-fourth inches of vibrating surface.

Some of the early makers had the better idea when they made the sound hole in an elliptical form, which only interfered with three-fourths of an inch of the top.

But there is another fault in the present form of far more serious consequence than the loss of vibrating surface, and that is the weakening of the top near where the greatest strength is required. The sweep of the *f* has cut off all the full length fiber excepting what is contained between the upper points, and this is about one and one-half inches, which is all the wood there is to support the pressure of the strings, which amounts to from twenty to thirty pounds, according to the size of the strings, and the pitch, or slope of the neck. Of course the sound post supports some of this pressure, as does also the bass bar, but the remaining pressure is too much for the very small amount of wood to support and give the best results.

I have spent some considerable time in investigating this matter, and I am fully satisfied not only that the present form is not the best that could be adopted, but that the old elliptical form of sound hole would yield the best possible results, even with the present system of graduation. This form would destroy less than an inch and a half of surface, leaving the greatest amount of whole fiber for interrupted vibration, and an opening sufficient for ordinary air capacity. It is not artistic in form, neither is it as objectionable as one at first thought might suppose. Another point to its advantage is that the breast would be far less liable to split, in fact but little more than the back. This in itself is a consideration of some importance.

Before closing I wish to correct a very general mistake. It has long been an accepted theory that all new violins have that raw roughness of tone that is very unpleasant, and which renders them unfit for an artist till after years of use. This should no longer be the case. If a violin is worked out on the true principles it will not have that objectionable quality. I have not made a violin in fifteen years on which the newness can be detected after the first few months, and some of them not after a week. This fact has been fully conceded by some of the first artists of this and other countries. It has also been very erroneously claimed that if a violin should have this fin-

ished quality when new, it will soon degenerate. I admit there are such violins, but it does not hold good with instruments built on sound scientific principles. For my part, I have not made a violin in twenty years that has not steadily improved, to which fact the owners are willing to testify.

The only remaining part of interest, and to which much importance is attached, is the sound post. In this there is very little scope for a difference of opinion. This should be a matter for congratulation that all may join in harmony around the post. There is a prevailing opinion with the uninformed that there is a definite position for the sound post. This is known to be an error. It must be placed to suit each violin. Its position, as conceded by many makers, may be anywhere between the outer and inner point at the right foot of the bridge, even up to three-fourths of an inch back of it. The proper position cannot be determined at once. What would seem to be the right position to-day might be all wrong to-morrow; only move it a little at one time, and when the right place is found, see that it remains there. Every time it is moved it changes the form of vibration, so requires some time to settle to its work. I have known many violins nearly ruined by a persistent moving of the post.

I have now reached the end of my task, and will close with as few words as possible. I have had two prominent aims before me: First, the imparting of a new and truthful information, culled from the experience of forty years of research and investigation. Second, to show as clearly as I could some of the errors of long-accepted systems and theories, and to refute illogical conclusions. There is one thought I have tried to keep constantly before me, and that is brevity, and it may be I have been too brief in some parts to make myself as clearly understood as I could have done at greater length. A ready writer with this groundwork could have added twice the number of pages by clothing each idea in a more beautiful form; but the substance would have been the same.

February 8th, 1898.

## MAMMY'S SONG: A NEGRO MELODY.

AS TAKEN DOWN BY MRS. JULIA NEELEY FINCK.

I am taking the liberty of sending you for use in your magazine, if you will (or another proposition which I will advance later in the letter, may suit you better), a negro melody which is really the genuine thing.

The old mammy belonging to my husband's family sung their generation to sleep with its mournful melody; and to hear her sing it, and to see her, produced on me a wonderful commingling of emotions. Old Harriette, as the old woman was called, claimed to be the granddaughter of an African prince and an Indian maiden; nor did her face and bearing belie her claims to such ancestry. Tall and straight and slender, with an indescribably mournful face, with its low, narrow brow, the deepset and melancholy eyes, and the long, slightly aquiline profile.

Not long before her death, as she sat with my little golden-haired lad lolling against her, I jotted down the song she was singing to him, and herewith I send it exact. There should be a distinct pause before "But" and after; before "You ain give break none mine"; and again after "No!" Sometimes, too, she would speak the last "No! You ain!"

The first verse is used as a refrain, and the "No! You ain" may be repeated several times with wonderful effect; while the accompaniment melting into silence underlies the saddened melody.

If you should care to collaborate with me in a more elaborate arrangement I would be glad to hear from you to that effect. But the harmony should not do more than to outline and surround, as it were, the melody. In playing the banjo, which is the negro's instrument, they never have any set accompaniment. Just a succession of indicating chords, connected by the distinctly outlined melody. Then, too, they nearly always accent the second beat in an accompaniment, and follow with a pause, producing a throbbing effect, which seems to me the **beating of the slave's sad heart.**

MAMMY'S SONG.  
Mammy's Song.

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Arranged by JULIA NEELY FINCK.

1. Oh, it's hard to lub; An' it's  
2. Oh, who will kiss Dem

mighty hard to lub; An' it's mighty hard a - mak-in' up yo'  
blubber, lub-ber lips? An' who's gwine kiss dat lil - y

min'; An' it's many a heart is breakin' fer to lub; But you  
han'? An' who gwine lub lak po' ole Mammy do, 'Way yan'

ain' gwine break none mine! No! you ain! No you ain!  
in de prom - is' lan? Prom - is' lan! Prom-is' lan!

D. C.



## MADAME MARCHESI AND HER BOOK.

BY FLORENCE DINGLEY.

Upon several accounts unusual interest attaches to the story of her life which the celebrated teacher of singing, Mme. Matilda Marchesi, wrote in French some years ago, just now published in English dress by the house of Harper Brothers. The indomitable energy which everywhere shines through her narrative, the distinguished pupils she has formed and the great masters in music with whom she has been in many cases intimately associated, are all points of great interest. Moreover, there is in the story as a whole something of the American naivete and the satisfaction appertaining to the mental attitude of the "self-made" man or woman, which brings the book into the category of the heroic or at least the epic. For this reason it seems worth while to trace in mere outline the main incidents of this remarkable life, which in its latest days has been so full of accomplishment and honor.

Madame Marchesi was the youngest of a family of three girls. Her father, Johann Frederick Graumann, was a wealthy merchant, whose home was at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and it was there that Mme. Marchesi, then Matilda Graumann, was brought up. From earliest childhood it was her delight to sing; but there were the usual household duties to attend to, which in German families come before everything else in the training of girls, and music could not occupy nearly as much of Matilda's time as she could have wished. She was permitted to study the piano, and to do some voice work with the instructors within easy reach. The list of instructors of whom Miss Graumann took is very long; but none of them had pleased her, and they had found little promise in her voice.

At home a good deal of attention was given to the study of language, a governess having been engaged to tutor the young ladies. It was not until Miss Graumann's father had lost his money that she had the long-wished-for opportunity of spread-

ing her wings and devoting herself to her cherished idea, that of making singing her profession. At this time she was seventeen years old. She went to Vienna to study, through the financial help of her sister, who had obtained a position as governess.

Her teacher was the director at the Imperial Opera House, who finally told her that he understood the direction of an orchestra better than he understood her voice. She became much dissatisfied with her progress, and as there seemed to be no one in Vienna with whom she cared to continue her work, she returned to Frankfort and for a year devoted herself to the instruction of others. She sang a good deal in public, and by the end of the year had saved enough to enable her to go to Paris to study with Manuel Garcia, who even then was perhaps the most celebrated singing teacher in the world.

In 1845 she began her lessons with Garcia, who initiated her into the Italian school of music, as a florid execution was then the principal aim of all singers; in connection with her vocal lessons she took lessons in acting and elocution, dancing, Spanish and Italian. Her progress was so rapid that when in the spring of 1847 Garcia sustained an injury from a fall, which prevented him from teaching for some time, Miss Graumann was given a good many of his pupils to teach. After having studied with Garcia two years she went to Milan in search of an engagement for opera, and was just on the point of signing a contract when the revolution of 1840 broke out, and she had great difficulty in making her way out of the city. She returned to her studies in Paris and, in compliance with the earnest wish of her parents, signed a written contract renouncing all idea of the operatic profession. It was not done, however, without many heartaches and tears on her part. From that time on Miss Graumann resolved to become a teacher.

She was attracted to London as a profitable field for the exercise of her talent. The London situation is explained at some length.

“At that time England was a gold mine for concert singers (since then things have changed considerably), and Mendelssohn was the favorite composer. He was absolutely worshipped, and I may say that Mozart, Haydn, Weber, even

Beethoven, ranked after him. England since Handel had become the home of the oratorio, and hailed Mendelssohn's 'Saint Paul' and 'Elijah' with enthusiasm. On several occasions I heard these works excellently interpreted by Costa as director and the most celebrated English concert and oratorio singers, who then were Mesdames Dolby and Birch, and Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley. There were very few good amateurs, music being less cultivated in England than at the present time; and so, when, after a good dinner, paterfamilias suggested to his daughter Jane or Mary to give us a song I could not help shivering, for Jane or Mary generally sang out of time and tune. I might have found a vast field as teacher there, yet refused an excellent offer as professor in Manchester, as I was in hopes of being able to devote myself principally to concert singing.

"I met with a very kind reception at the hands of Julius Benedict, afterwards Sir Julius Benedict, who wielded his mighty sceptre over musical England for nearly fifty years, and whose protection was indispensable to any one's success. At his house I met singers, composers, authors and artistes from all countries, and made the acquaintance of celebrated violinists like Ernst, Joachim, Sivori and Molique; also of Charles Hallé, the delightful pianist; of Formes, the German bass; of the witty and lively Vivier, the wonderful horn player; besides Karl Eckert, Balfe and many others. They were all very kindly disposed towards me, assisting me to overcome the difficulties which beset the beginning of nearly all careers. Both socially and artistically my life in London soon became so pleasant that I no longer minded the fogs which had impressed me so unfavorably on my first visit and I felt less eager to return to Paris; moreover, I had no time left for melancholy thoughts. Still a separation of four years made the longing to see my parents grow stronger every day, so that the London season was barely over when I packed my trunks and started."

After a short rest at home she returned again to London, and gave several concerts at her own home, which were fashionably attended. At one of them Salvator Marchesi, an Italian gentleman, possessing a fine baritone voice, made his debut. The name of Marchesi was an adopted one. He had

been obliged to flee from Italy on account of his political opinions; but he belonged to one of the old aristocratic families of the "sunny clime." He accordingly adopted music as his profession. He studied with Garcia, and soon became a great favorite as a concert singer. Mr. Marchesi was principally distinguished for humorous rendering of Italian bouffo arias. Mme. Marchesi continues:

"Shortly before the end of the season I received a very charming letter from Moscheles, then at Leipsic, with the offer of an engagement to sing at several of the Gewandhaus concerts, which offer I naturally accepted with delight, and I left London with a light and joyful heart for the continent. I had made this celebrated pianist's acquaintance at the time I was studying in Paris."

Having spent a few weeks at home she left for Weimar, for the purpose of calling upon Liszt, to whom she had an introduction from a friend of hers in Paris. Liszt was then living at the Altenburg, and she dined several times with him there, and the Princess Wittgenstein, and she gives a glowing account of the devotion which the Princess expressed for the great pianist. While at Weimar Miss Graumann sang a number of pieces in public, Liszt playing her accompaniment; she also sang several airs by Rosinni, and the famous Gluck "The Senzacfaro Eurydice." After a very pleasant sojourn at Weimar, she was off to Leipsic, which naturally seemed to her, as she says, "cold, stiff and puritanical," chilling her completely.

At her first appearance at the Gewandhaus, she was cordially welcomed by the families of Moscheles, David and Hauptmann, as also by Madame Livia Frege, an excellent singer, and an old friend of Mendelssohn. At her first appearance in the Gewandhaus there was a young pianist made his debut; his name was Otto Goldschmidt, the same who afterwards became the husband of Jenny Lind. She describes the very primitive arrangements of that famous hall, there being no green room for the artists, but they were compelled to wait in a corner of the passageway for their turn.

Her success was so great that she was immediately engaged for five succeeding concerts. This offer, however, she was obliged to decline on account of receiving news of the death

of her father, which naturally put an end to all public appearances for some time.

In December of 1850 she returned to London and sang in several concerts. Towards the end of the season of 1851 Miss Graumann gave a soiree at her own house. The entertainment consisted of an opera by Mendelssohn, called "Die Heimkehr aus der Fremde." Signor Marchesi and Signor Manuel Garcia, Miss Graumann's respected teacher, who had removed from Paris to London, were in the cast. Shortly after this she was engaged for a tour in the English provinces, together with Ernst, the violinist, and several others. The end of the year found her in Frankfort again. She had been there only a few days when Signor Marchesi was unexpectedly announced; he had come to ask her mother for her daughter's hand. Miss Graumann and Signor Marchesi became engaged; and on the 19th of April, 1852, she was married to Salvator de Castrone, better known as Signor Marchesi. Soon after the wedding Madame Marchesi and her husband went to Berlin, whither Meyerbeer called them to sing at some court concerts. These concerts did not take place, owing to illness at court, but she stayed a month at Berlin, and became well acquainted with Meyerbeer, and she and her husband sang to his accompaniment many duets. In the winter of this year Signor Marchesi had many engagements in opera, and they both appeared in many concerts. At Bremen one of the ladies of the Opera Company fell ill, and Mme. Marchesi resolved to take her place, as Rosine in "Il Barbieri." She was received with much enthusiasm, but the objections of her husband kept her from pursuing an operatic career, and saved to the world a great teacher. From Bremen Madame Marchesi and her husband traveled on a concert tour through the Belgian provinces, and in April went to London. It was at that time that the first performance of "Tannhauser" was given in Leipsic. Meyerbeer's "Prophete" was given for the first time during the season of 1853, the composer directing. At the end of the season Mme. Marchesi and her husband left London and went to Florence.

During the winter they saw a good deal of Rossini. Music was never mentioned in his house; he was most uninteresting in his own home, but when he visited Mme. Marchesi he

was always talkative, and had interesting stories to tell of his travels and experiences. This reserved and uncomfortable feeling, so noticeable in Rossini in his own home, may perhaps in a measure be accounted for when we realize how very inferior to him in every way was Mme. Rossini. It was said that all who frequented her home suffered from the depressing influence which she exerted upon it.

Towards the end of November, Mme. Marchesi and her husband left Florence for Ferrara, where a daughter was born to them. In September of the same year, 1854, they went to Vienna, where Mme. Marchesi became professor of singing at the Vienna Conservatory. Her yearly salary amounted to about one hundred and sixty dollars. At the time her duties began there was no operatic class in the school, and she was not allowed to form one. She began a class on her own account at home, and had lessons in acting and dancing given them. In this manner many German singers were made capable of grand opera. Among Mme. Marchesi's best artists at that time were Antoinette Fricci, Caroline Dory and Gabrielle Krause. These singers all gained great names for themselves. Besides these fine singers Mme. Marchesi had many more at that time, but some of them married, and many careers were spoiled by the peculiar views held by their friends and relations.

After the concerts given at the beginning of her stay in Vienna Mme. Marchesi sang no more in public, as teaching absorbed all her strength. The one exception which she made was on the centenary of Mozart's birth, where she sang without rehearsal the part of Donna Elvira in the finale of "Don Giovanni." It was just about this time that the great strife began in Vienna in connection with Wagner's music. Wagner visited Mme. Marchesi and her husband in Vienna, and Mme. Marchesi had a long discussion with him on matters relating to singing. He was of opinion that every voice should be at the command of the composer. Mme. Marchesi maintained that the composer should take into consideration the compass of the different voices. Wagner remained true to his principles, however, and many wonderful voices have been ruined by his persistence.

Madame Marchesi's family had increased during these years.

She had the great sorrow of losing her two little sons. Her duties at the conservatory were getting obnoxious, and in September, 1861, she left Vienna with her two little daughters and went to Paris, followed thither by twelve of her pupils. The journey to Paris was a terrible one, for on the way her youngest daughter became very ill and died five days after her arrival in Paris.

Mme. Marchesi had a new position to make for herself, and she realized that in order to keep from being crazed by grief she must work. She began teaching on her own account, and was received everywhere with open arms, pupils flocking in from all sides. In 1862 Mme. Marchesi and her husband went on an artistic tour through Switzerland. They went to Germany and sang repeatedly at court concerts.

Towards the end of February Mme. Marchesi returned to Paris, where a little daughter was born. This daughter grew up to be a beautiful singer and a fine musician—Miss Blanche Marchesi.

At that time Rossini was a frequent guest at the house of Mme. Marchesi, and they had many delightful talks on singing. Rossini sang a little himself. He thought it impossible for one to write for the voice unless he understood the possibilities of it. In March, 1864, Mme. Marchesi and her husband were engaged for a tour through England, Ireland and Scotland, together with a pianist and other artists. In London they sang at court, and Queen Victoria spoke to Mme. Marchesi of her work in a very pleasant way. During the summer of that same year Mme. Marchesi and her husband were engaged to sing at concerts at Baden. After their return to Paris, Mme. Marchesi devoted herself to her teaching again. Her health was impaired by her constant work, and the doctors advised her leaving Paris for a change of air.

The position of professor of singing in the Cologne Conservatory was offered her, and she accepted it, arriving there towards the close of September, 1865. She found Cologne very dull, and during her stay there of three years she laments that she was not able to fit more than two pupils for the operatic stage. One of her pupils at this time, Antoinette Sterling, has become one of London's favorite singers.

In Cologne Mme. Marchesi became acquainted with Anton

Rubinstein and with many famous musicians. During the third year of her stay at Cologne she received letters from competent persons at Vienna who were dissatisfied with the classes at the Vienna Conservatory, urging her to return and teach there again. She decided to do so, and the first of October, 1868, found her at work again at the Vienna Conservatory.

The old conservatory was replaced, in the autumn of 1869, by a new musical academy, and classes in acting were formed. Madame Marchesi had succeeded at last in making the directors of the conservatory see the necessity of operatic classes.

In 1870 Liszt came to Vienna to give some Wagnerian concerts. In one of these Caroline Smeroschi, a pupil of Mme. Marchesi, sang Elizabeth's prayer, from "Tannhauser," which no other singer had been willing to undertake. The first operatic performance en costume, which took place in the conservatory, was in May of the year 1870. The orchestra was composed of pupils of the conservatory, and all the singers were pupils of Mme. Marchesi and her husband. One of these young ladies who took part in the opera, Anna d' Angri, afterwards made a brilliant career for herself, and at the zenith of her musical career she married a rich banker. The majority of Mme. Marchesi's successful pupils studied three years.

Mme. Marchesi is of opinion that in order to become a good singer one must know a good deal besides music. She believes a knowledge of history, language and literature to be the most important. Time must in her opinion be given to develop the voice. Why not as much time to master the vocal technics as the instrumental technics? Two more of Mme. Marchesi's pupils made a great sensation at these concerts, the first, Wilhelmina Tremelli, afterwards made a name for herself in grand opera. The second, Caroline Salla, sang in opera in Moscow, London, Vienna and Paris, creating the leading role in Ambrose Thomas' "Francisco da Rimini."

In May, 1882, Mme. Marchesi began to teach a young Hungarian of most winning manners and a beautifully silver voice, who afterwards became famous throughout two hemispheres—Etelka Gerster, by name. From this period on, the great teacher was full of labors. Many honors came to her unsought. Among them are to be mentioned the gold medal for



art and science presented by the Emperor of Austria, and similar tokens from the King of Italy and the King of Saxony. She was made honorary member of the Society of St. Cecelia at Rome, and of the Royal Academy at Florence.

Her reputation as a former of fine voices had now become world wide, and every year brought her new singers, many of whom, after a few years under her fostering care, made world-wide careers. Among them are such names as Emma Nevada, Calvé, Eames-Story, and that most delightful of vocalists, Melba.

Into the curious complication which led to her resigning her position in the Vienna Conservatory and her second removal to Paris, we need not enter. In Paris she found her true home, and in that fascinating city she has lived and worked during twenty years, renewing again the successes of her early youth, and bringing to her daily task the added experience of life-long familiarity with fine voices and their order of development.

At her soirees are to be seen the most distinguished composers of the day, who quietly serve as accompanists to their own works sung by the brilliant pupils of this great teacher. One of her latest successes, naturally overlooked in the present work (wh'ch was written some years ago) is the Iowa girl, Rose Ettinger, one of the most beautiful voices of the entire list.

The general judgment of the artistic world upon Mme. Marchesi is that her teaching combines the vocal art of the Italians with the solidity of the Germans and the versatility of the French. Her book is the story of a hard working life.



## EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC

### EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

One of the most interesting events of the last month was the visit of the celebrated French organist, Mr. Alexandre Guilmant, who was heard twice in connection with the Chicago Orchestra and gave two recitals in Steinway Hall. As readers of MUSIC are well aware, M. Guilmant is one of the most distinguished representatives of the French school of organ playing. In fact he might almost be credited with having himself made the French school of playing, since he has been a master of many of the organists who are now prominent in France as well as many of the more talented players in this country. He has also produced a large number of compositions for the organ which without ever rising to originality and force of the very highest class are nevertheless beautifully worked out productions, of a thoroughly genial and playable character.

The playing of M. Guilmant was very interesting and remarkable in many ways, but especially for the conservatism of his registration and the clearness of his manual technic. His pedal technic, while sufficient for the demands of the works he produced, was not calculated to attract attention. The manual playing, however, was remarkable on just those points which are most desirable to be cultivated for the pleasure of the listener, being especially characterized by differences of touch, a combination of legato and staccato, by means of which leading and secondary voices are made clearly perceptible to the ear. Partly in consequence of this use of staccato, his playing is much more rhythmical than organ playing in general; and when the composition happened to be of a quick movement,

the peculiarly heavy character of the organ was for once successfully concealed. This was noticeable in all of his own compositions which he produced, and perhaps even more in a very exquisite little *Andante Cantabile* from Widor's fourth organ symphony, which is on the whole one of the most beautiful movements ever composed for the organ. It deserves to be known to every good player. Also in a Bach choral prelude the registration of the different voices and the treatment of the phrasing brought out that delightfully musical quality which so many organ players miss in their Bach interpretations.

M. Guilmant seems to have struck a happy medium between the pleasing and the severe in his conception of the modern organ, and his work is a legitimate development from that of Lefebvre-Wely and Batiste, who had so much reputation in England and America about a generation ago.

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What we might call "up-to-date" organ playing in America had its beginning with the erection of the organ in Boston Music Hall in 1863. On this occasion, if I remember correctly, the late W. Eugene Thayer introduced two of those honey-sweet, soft offertories of Batiste, and Prof. John K. Paine played a fugue by Bach. There were many other performances on this occasion, but these two were the typical ones. At that time there were very few organs in the country with complete pedal keyboards, and very few organists indeed who had a sufficient technic to warrant them in playing the larger fugues of Bach. The Music Hall organ was a very large affair with many stops and with a great deal of solid German voicing. The appearance of these ridiculous things of Batiste in a program of the importance of that of the opening of this great organ, which cost at that time nearly \$70,000, gave them a wholly fictitious importance in the fancy of rural organists, and very soon the works of Batiste and Lefebvre-Wely became very widely played all over the country. The registration effects in the Batiste compositions were new to American players at that time, one of his favorites being a melody upon the swell (with a combination of oboe and tremulant or *vox humana* and tremulant), against an accompaniment in which the eight-foot wood tone predominated. As a relief from solid

work this combination for a time produces a very pleasing effect, and it is possible with more or less success on almost any organ, even the smallest. In consequence of its availability and the ease with which it could be done, pieces of this character become the type of the average church organ playing throughout the country, and this lasted with the common run of players for about twenty-five years.

In 1867 Mr. Dudley Buck came back from his studies with Frederick Schneider and from one year in Paris. Buck was what might be called a cosmopolitan organist. His technic was of such facility that he was in the habit of playing any large fugue of Bach comfortably from the notes after going through it a few times, and in the course of his studies he had played the greater part of that master's organ works as well as the concertos of Handel and a great quantity of lighter works of the German school. In Paris he paid much attention to French organ playing and also to transcribing orchestral overtures for the organ. As he entered upon an active career in this country as concert organist, being much in demand for opening new organs and for recitals, Mr. Buck's influence was immediately felt in favor of a more solid school of organ playing than that represented by this Batiste matter. He produced a considerable number of organ compositions, many of which remain in the standard repertory of players at the present time and probably long will remain. It will be remembered that Mr. Buck came to Chicago in 1869 and remained here until the great fire in 1871, after which he became organist of Boston Music Hall for about three years, removing thence to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he has ever since remained the organist of the Church of the Holy Trinity. In Chicago he had a three manual organ in his studio, a little music hall which would seat probably seventy-five people, situated at the corner of Cass and Illinois streets, and on Sundays he was organist at St. James. The influence of Mr. Buck was very important in the development of a sounder taste in organ playing throughout this country.

In 1875 Mr. Clarence Eddy returned from his studies with Haupt in Berlin, where he went after two years of most thorough foundation work with Dudley Buck. He immediately assumed the commanding rank as an organist, which he has:

ever since maintained. Mr. Eddy was the first exponent in this country of the extreme German school represented by the organ sonatas of Ritter, Merkel and Rheinberger, and the concert pieces of Thiele. These latter astounding compositions he played with a mastery which has probably never been surpassed. At that time Mr. Eddy was a thoroughly German player in all of his ideas and his technic was of the most commanding description. His pedal playing was the very perfection of reliability, smoothness, quietness and facility. The most difficult passages went with all apparent ease and with perfect phrasing; and his manual technic was equally astonishing, since with his long fingers and wide reach between the thumb and first finger he was able to play his voices legato in all sorts of extended positions and to play upon two manuals at the same time with the same hand, a trick at that time much more difficult than now, as the organ keyboards are now put nearer together. The introduction of this extreme German school among American organists led to the development of a much more complete organ technic than had previously been the case, but the very vital matter of tasteful registration was not considered to the same extent.

The German school, as will be remembered, had been developed by two centuries or more of work, in which church playing was the principal business of the organist. In the larger establishments, like that which Bach conducted at the St. Thomas Church in Leipsic, there was an orchestra to supplement the organ. The organ, therefore, was relied upon for the sustained and solid effects which are its peculiar province. In the German organs the swell includes only a few stops, and in the older instruments was wanting entirely; and the German players of the older fashion made a disposition of stops on each manual upon beginning their sonata or other work and played straight through without troubling themselves any farther about stops during the performance.

When this is done in a large church like the Cologne Cathedral, for instance, the distance and the extreme height of the room and the echoes produced by the many pillars peculiar to the Gothic style, break up the effect and mellow it with distance; so that what you get is not so much a clearly voiced music piece as it is a certain kind of ecclesiastical effect, which

falls upon your spirits and influences your mood like the light of stained glass windows, without your noticing particularly what the picture is or what the tints.

In America, of course, nothing of this kind is possible. Our churches are designed primarily as auditoriums in which to hear preaching, and clear hearing is intended to be an indispensable feature. Hence, in most of our churches the organ loses the mystery which a large cathedral gives the sound, and in the full organ passages the tone is apt to be brutally overpowering. When these qualities are aggravated by the selection of music in which long, sustained, full organ passages occur, with much pedal and counterpoint, a by no means gentle form of cruelty to animals ensues, which it is a wonder some protestant society has not been formed for preventing. In fact, there has been no kind of musical solo work in recent years so well adapted to justify old Sam Johnson's reputed wish, that a certain execution of music had been "impossible," as a thoroughly solid German organ piece, whether by Bach or by some of the recent sonata writers, played through relentlessly without change of stops.

Fortunately, these things are difficult in themselves and the ordinary ministrations of the organist are perforce kept upon a somewhat lower level.

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There has been a curious English eddy in the course of our American organ playing. It began somewhere about 1860 when the late George Washbourne Morgan came to this country. The English school has always leaned to registration and to what might be called a spirit of peace and goodwill in the character of music promulgated by it. I think it got its cue, first, from Handel, whose organ concertos are always rather jolly and genial, not to say beef-eating in their expression, and in England also there is a great recollection of the organ playing of Mendelssohn, which is believed to have been a revelation from another world, or something of that sort.

Of course this estimate of Mendelssohn's organ playing is absurd. He never had a competent organ technic; the late August Haupt, who heard him repeatedly, told Mr. Eddy that Mendelssohn could never play the pedal parts of even an easy

Bach fugue, like that in D major, except by diligently practicing the pedal part; and the musical effect of his work was due to his own cleverness as a musician and his quick and genial fancy. He was very clever at devising impromptu orchestral effects upon the organ, and his playing was no doubt very delightful to hear.

The most astonishing performer upon the organ probably, of recent times, was the late W. T. Best of Liverpool, who not only played everything of all schools, but left a vast literature of arrangements of orchestral and chamber works for the organ, many of which are very beautifully put upon the instrument and require only a thoroughly satisfactory technic on the part of the player to afford a great deal of satisfaction to the hearer. In fact, Best's arrangements I should say are the most successful that have yet been produced.

Another distinguished English player who has made a good deal of mark in this country and is still doing so, is Mr. Frederick Archer, who just now presides over the orchestra in Pittsburg and gives the free organ recitals in Carnegie Music Hall there twice a week. Mr. Archer is above all the prophet of the genial and the understandable, and, having originally had a most astonishing organ technic both upon the manual and the pedals, his playing has always been heard with great pleasure. It is a curious circumstance, however, that the English school of organ playing, in spite of the range it has covered in the selection of material from all the German sources, has only lately begun to produce original works of the first-class. It is true there were organ compositions by the Wesley's which were sound and well made; but having been designed for church service they lacked this quasi-orchestral variety of the modern works, as well as their geniality.

\* \* \*

This school of M. Guilmant strikes a happy medium. He does not seek to make the organ orchestral, because orchestral effects in the strict sense are impossible upon this instrument. You can only approximate them or suggest them. Every instrument in the orchestra has an attack and finish of tone. You can make a perfect legato and whatever the phrase that is assigned to any instrument, it has its beginning, its culmination, its finish and its proper proportion to the accompanying

matter, so that as you listen to an orchestral web the phrases come to the surface in the hearing, and bring out the pattern in much the same way as the different colored threads in a carpet web emerge and disappear. On the organ you have only two hands and two feet. The benevolent organ builder has provided you with work enough for four feet, especially with these modern inventions with two or three swell pedals and a battery of ten or fifteen composition pedals, besides the regular pedal board. With four feet conveniently located, and three or four hands—four, we will say—an organist would be able to do the things which the great arrangers would like to have him do on the keyboard. With two hands, and an occasional help from a third, he could carry on all the manual parts successfully and have one hand left to change stops. In the same way with two of his feet he could play his pedal voices legato and with the other two he could work the composition and swell pedals, and most delightful and charming effects could be educed, if only the process of evolution would give us an organist with natural talents of this kind.

Meanwhile, our genial master of the French school has given organists a large list of compositions of moderate and greater difficulty of all sorts of moods and types, planned with a most excellent judgment as to the kind of things the organ can do well, and those that it can only pretend to do. And even if it were claimed that none of these works rise to the point of epoch-marking originality, it would be perhaps all the better for their popular success and usefulness; and for a generation, at any rate, his influence upon American organ playing can only be beneficial and inspiring.



## THE CORNET.

BY SAM L. JACOBSON.

Although immensely popular with the masses, the **cornet** is often frowned upon, regarded with indifference and placed in the category of nuisances by some eminent musicians. The prominence given the instrument in modern instrumentations, particularly in dance and street music, has caused it to be regarded as vulgar, and the manner in which it is generally played has induced many composers to consider it barren of resources and of doubtful utility in serious music. Association wields a potent influence, but it is rather strange that with the array of virtuosi who have repeatedly demonstrated the truly remarkable capabilities of the instrument, any defense should be necessary or desirable.

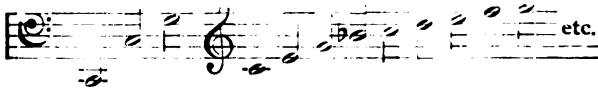
The early performers on the cornet were drawn principally from the ranks of trumpet and horn players, and the performance of each was characterized of course by the peculiarities consequent to his individual training, abilities and tastes,—naturally resulting in a chaos of imperfections and absence of method. Gradually specialists appeared,—and some linger with us yet,—one being remarkable for his execution, another for his lip, another for his tone, and another for his expressive readings, but a considerable period elapsed before any one performer appeared who possessed each and all of the essentials of the virtuoso. But now that its resources have been brought forth, the cornet should receive the recognition that it deserves.

The objections advanced to the natural tone of the cornet can not stand under criticism, for the quality of the tone may be varied quite as widely as can that of the human voice. The tone of the clarinet, oboe, bassoon, or any other reed instrument, can not be modified, except by the substitution of a stiffer or a softer reed, and the tones of these instruments are certainly not more attractive or of more musical beauty or nobleness than that of the cornet. Yet no word is uttered

against a reed instrument. The quality of the tone of the piano is susceptible of but slight modifications; yet the piano is not condemned. The only instruments possessing greater scope in this regard are the stringed instruments played with a bow, and only an artist can bring out these gradations.

The methods for the cornet are as complete as are any of those for other instruments or the voice, and the mastery of the instrument requires as earnest endeavor and persevering toil. The cornet is almost perfect; in the hands of an artist it is a truly great musical instrument, and the existing unfounded prejudices should be dispelled by investigation.

As to range and limitations, the cornet may be regarded as a conical tube emitting these tones:



To this tube, and communicating with it by means of valves, are attached short tubes, so scaled that the depression of the valve nearest the mouthpiece, or first valve, adds its respective length of tubing, producing a new tube of a pitch one tone lower than the original or "open" tube. In similar manner, the application of the second valve gives a tube one-half tone lower,—the third valve, one and one-half tones lower; by depressing the first and second valves the resultant tube is one and one-half tones lower,—second and third valves, two tones,—first and third valves, two and one-half tones,—all three valves, three tones. Thus, with and without the valve mechanism, the cornet embraces seven tubes, each of course producing its generator and its several harmonics, giving a chromatic scale ranging from F sharp below middle C to C two octaves above. It is possible to play the notes from F sharp below to middle C, and a fifth higher than mentioned above, but these tones are very difficult, not good, doubtful, and useless except as tricks. It will be noted that a gap exists between the lowest C of the instrument (an octave below middle C) and the F sharp mentioned. The writer has invented an attachment that admits of the production of the intervening tones, and makes it an extreme possibility for an expert to descend to D flat, two octaves below middle C.

The majority of players are usually capable of playing only from A below middle C, two full octaves, but the cornet itself

is limited only to the extent noted. Soloists are usually content with the chromatic range first given, but the extraordinarily ambitious ones cultivate the extremes also, although of exceedingly doubtful utility, hazardous undertaking and savoring of quackery.

The tone is produced by placing the mouth piece to lips after drawing them to a tension, and having placed the tongue against the teeth, so as to seal the mouth, suddenly drawing the tongue back by inaudibly pronouncing, as it were, the syllable Tu, as in tuck. This operation allows the pent up air to escape through the mouth piece, setting in motion the column of air inclosed in the tube, the desired harmonic of the tube being governed by the tension of the lips; whence evolves the tone. The mouth piece, once placed, must not be moved either to ascend or descend, otherwise it were impossible to play such passages as contain a high tone following a low one in rapid succession, or vice versa. To emit the high tones the instrument is pressed against the lips so as to produce an amount of tension proportionate to the demands of the note to be produced, the vibrations thereby being quicker, the sound is of higher pitch. Oppositely, to produce lower sounds, the mouth piece is held more lightly to the lips, whence, through the relaxation of the muscles the vibrations are slower, and graver tones result.

Breath is taken at the corners of the mouth. The first valve is manipulated by the index finger of the right hand, the second valve by the middle finger, the third valve by the third finger. The instrument is held lightly in the left hand, and must not be pressed too heavily upon the lips, otherwise the action of the lips would be paralyzed to a great extent. Suppleness of the lips is a great desideratum.

The various embellishments,—trills, shakes, turns, etc., articulation in many forms,—in fact, any ornament practicable on an instrument limited to the production of but a single tone at a time,—are feasible on the cornet. The tonguing or articulation on the cornet embraces many refinements, and the resources in this regard are truly remarkable. From the portato or tonguing on the sound,—carrying the sounds one to another without slurring or separating them,—used in music of slow and broad execution,—to the most crisp and brilliant staccato, is a broad field, but is covered thoroughly.

The quality of tone may be varied to a considerable extent: widening the lips giving clear tones, compressing them causing veiled tones,—similar to the voice in singing. Thus, harsh, brilliant or muffled tones may be produced. By using a mute,—an instrument inserted in the bell, a kind of stopper, with a small air space around the perimeter,—a peculiar, soft tone is obtained, and this tone may be very closely imitated without using a mute. A tone closely resembling that of the French horn is obtained by hanging an ordinary felt Derby hat on the bell. A tremolo effect is produced as on the violin by a slight quivering movement of the hand.

There are many little artifices known to the artist and the close student by which astonishing contrasts are presented, and often at the same time enabling the performer to rest while playing. Thus with careful attention to the details of technique the cornet player possesses an instrument with all the resources of the human voice and of about equal range.

One great fault with the cornet is, that by reason of its construction it is impossible to have a "tempered" scale. Thus while the natural scale of the instrument is true, foreign keys are sharp or flat in their different intervals. This fault is remedied as far as it is possible to do so, and a skillful performer "forces" and "nurses" his tones in such manner that the error is not obtrusive and sometimes barely noticeable. However this fault limits the true musical value of the instrument, as the extreme sharp and flat keys are very objectionable. By reason of this fault also some embellishments lose their quality and are abjured.

The denomination of cornets, as well as other brass instruments, is rather confusing. Thus the cornet in B flat is a transposing instrument,—that is, the tone represented by, say C in cornet notation is in reality B flat; hence each tone is a major second lower than as represented, and the part must be written a major second higher than it is to sound. The cornet in A sounds a minor third lower than the notation would seem to indicate. On the other hand the cornet in E flat sounds a minor third higher than the written note, while the cornet in C is non-transposing, sounding the tones represented by the notes.

Facility of execution is rendered difficult of attainment by reason of the instrument having but three valves, and conse-

quently the player is at times hampered, and certain trills and similar ornaments are rendered extremely difficult, sometimes almost impossible. However, "labor omnia vinces," and passages that at first blush appeared impossible of execution are frequently mastered by a little earnest effort. Beside, every instrument has its limits.

It has been said that players have been known to produce two distinct tones simultaneously on a single cornet, but a little thought will quickly prove that this is an impossibility. The tone of the cornet is the result of the vibration of the column of air enclosed in the tube, set in motion by the air forced through the lips of the performer. At any time there is but one tube, and obviously that tube can contain but one column of air, and but that one column of air can vibrate therein. It is patent that one pair of lips can not, by any possibility be in two different positions at one and the same time, and that a tube can certainly not simultaneously enclose two distinct columns of air, one shorter than the other. Every cornet player has time and again "split notes," as a violinist has scraped the bow on the strings, but that is not producing two tones,—only a little accident that occasionally happens by reason of improper attack of the tone to be produced. It was once told that a certain amateur cornet player had played "Sewanee River" in duet on one cornet! and that the rendition was perfect! but that was one of the things that was said and left undone.

The Uses and Abuses of the Instrument Notable.—In ordinary band music the cornet in B flat, and frequently also in E flat, is used as the leading instrument, the part usually containing the melody throughout and almost invariably written so high that the best tones of the instrument are rarely heard. This is particularly true of marches, and is the ruin of many excellent performers, for the constant emission of high tones necessitates an incessant high tension of the muscles, and gradually the strain stiffens the lips and only the high tones remain, with all the niceties of tone gone. There are very few ordinary bandsmen who can play a simple cantabile passage in the medium of the register with any degree of expressiveness. There can be but little art in the rendition of ordinary band parts, the prime object being to "wake 'em up." In the arrangements for the better and best classes of

military bands, of course, the cornet is considered as a musical instrument and the parts are written in a manner that adds to, and does not detract from, the ensemble. The cornet in B flat is also used to complete the harmony section of the instrumentation, in which position it is of great utility.

In ordinary orchestra music the cornet is liberally used in playing melodies of various characters, has abundant harmony work, and then as though fearful lest the cornet player do not earn his wage, a plentiful supply of bits of clarinet, oboe, bassoon, flute, horn, trombone, and cello parts is cued in the part, and in the absence of any of these instruments the cornet player is called upon to play the cued-in parts. The only excuses that can be offered for this are that "people want to hear everything going," or that the leader wants "everything full." There is nothing in the tone of the cornet like the tone of the clarinet or oboe or bassoon, and the substitute is far from effective, musically considered. There is entirely too much cornet in ordinary band and orchestra music, but then the cornet is a wonder in the small band and orchestra. The majority of orchestras contain from three to eight or nine pieces, and in order to fill a theater or ball room, each instrument must do as great service as it is capable of. Doubtless this requirement has led to many inartistic arrangements. The cornet should be used as a painter uses red color—judiciously, and often toned down; but an all violin and piano orchestra would be a failure, and as the cornet is regarded as the instrument next in importance in an orchestra, it must exert every fibre to satisfy. In the high grade orchestras the cornet usually receives proper treatment.

As a solo instrument the cornet has won immense popularity, and it is probably in this respect that it is most pleasing. Although the artist who truly plays his part in an orchestra or band may be as cultured a musician and as great a virtuoso as the most eminent soloist, the world at large generally disregards his humble efforts to bow before the splendor of the latter. Solo playing is not the end of music; it is only a means to an end, and that end is Art. No less so, however, is ensemble playing.

As has been shown, the cornet as a solo instrument offers a vast latitude, and it is in this capacity that it, in common with all other instruments, can be shown to best advantage.

Although many brilliant solo artists appeared before him, none so thoroughly demonstrated the resources of the cornet as did Jules Levy, and his advent gave a new employment to the instrument in the solo field. This virtuoso astonished the entire civilized world with his marvelous abilities, and though the comparison may be offensive to many, a parallel between Paganini and Levy,—as soloists on their respective instruments,—was evidently the situation, and like Paganini, Levy was forced to compose solos to evidence his powers. In fact, Levy inaugurated a new school of cornet playing, as did Paganini for the violin, and so seductive was this departure that even that consummate artist, Arbuckle, was captivated by the enthusiasm created and attempted it. Until this time, for some years, Arbuckle, a master musician, was much of a public idol. Often has it been said that Arbuckle's playing went to the very souls of his auditors, and that it was not uncommon to see strong men weeping with emotion aroused by his playing, but since Levy's appearance the flashy solo has been the rage. Both styles of solo work are now quite general, but, as with all other solo instruments, the employment in the brilliant and bravura claims the greater attention.

There are of course many and diverse styles of playing the cornet. The average bandsman cultivates the high notes, strong, loud tones, the ability to play loud and long and often on the high notes and is not particularly concerned with art-considerations. The average orchestral player, however, gives some attention to nicety of tone, ease of blowing and does not disregard the ensemble. Naturally the cornet players in the high grade bands and orchestras are artists and their work is true art, and there are many true artists playing in lower grade organizations, who are forced by various considerations to play in styles abhorrent to them.

Then there is the "nice" young man, with the carefully attended moustache, and all-important society-act, who, "the girls" declare, "plays just too sweet for anything."

But the soloist has mannerisms and peculiarities galore, and it were almost impossible to either generalize or particularize on his many styles. Many of them are artists and throw their souls into their work, while the majority of them are concerned only with making "hits," the prime consideration

being the soloist and not the music. True, there are the indisputable facts that when a livelihood is to be earned, personal popularity is the first essential to monetary success, and that when paid to do certain work the service must be rendered acceptably to those who pay for it. Consequently, soloists are usually bent on first acquiring a reputation or popularity, and working to that end, each selects the style he believes will please.

Many cornetists have contracted some serious faults, either through carelessness or through imitation of the style of others who have acquired success, securing the faults though not always the good qualities. The articulation or tonguing on the cornet is a thoroughly reliable criterion of style and method, but an exposition of this subject would be too technical and lengthy to be interesting. Suffice it to say that without excellent method in tonguing all execution is seriously impaired.

Ask any of the eminent cornetists why they do not play better music and invariably the reply is, "The people don't want it, and we must satisfy them." The popular demand is for bright triple-tonguing polkas, familiar airs with variations and the popular songs of the day, and every professional musician realizes that this demand must be respected and satisfied.

When the popular taste shall have reached an art level the cornetists will be found catering to that. Many are nobly contributing their mite in the attempt to draw the popular taste upward, but few can afford to labor for art at the expense of themselves and their necessities.





## NOTEWORTHY PERSONALITIES

### “CASE AND M’GRANAHAN.”

The headline above will be recognized by many readers as a sort of trade mark which for quite a number of years distinguished the printed accounts of the work of those two evangelistic singers, Messrs. James McGranahan and Charles Clinton Case. Both are self-made musicians, born in Ohio, the former in 1840, the latter in 1843. The beautiful voice of Mr. McGranahan early attracted attention in the neighborhood, while on his own part his love for music was irrepressible and he availed himself of all promising instruction within his reach. Among the first of his teachers was that queer genius, Mr. J. William Suffern, who was prominent as a vocal teacher in Ohio between 1860 and 1872. Mr. Suffern was gifted with the ability to inspire enthusiasm, and he also held positive ideas upon musical terminology. Later both McGranahan and Case came closely under the influence of the late Dr. Geo. F. Root, and from time to time received vocal instruction of Mr. Bassini, the late Dr. Geo. James Webb, and others.

When they were still quite young men they made several successful seasons upon the road with two other singers, as a quartette, after the style of the “Hutchinson Family,” singing folk songs to the accompaniment of the cabinet organ, and traveling by private carriage. It is altogether probable that the receipts of these little concerts did not reach the size of those of a Melba or Patti concert; but it is equally unlikely that they fell so low as Remenyi tells of the concerts he and Johannes Brahms used to give in the small towns in Hungary and Germany, where, after playing all sorts of tremendous virtuoso tasks (Paganini, Bach and several of Brahms’ early

works), they felt quite rich when the admissions at five cents a ticket aggregated one dollar.

Through the influence of the late P. P. Bliss both Messrs. Case and McGranahan entered the evangelistic work as singing evangelists and in this way they have made themselves widely known here and in England.

Although both are self-made men, both have learned in that



M'GRANAHAN AND CASE.

best of schools, experience, and are distinguished for intelligent outlook upon life, seriousness of purpose, excellent business sense, and unblemished personal characters. They live not far apart, Mr. McGranahan at Kinsman and Mr. Case at Gustavus, Ohio.

Both are well known and still active as authors of books for Sunday schools and evangelistic singing. While not musi-

cians in the same sense as we use the term when speaking of Rheinberger, Weld or MacDowell, they are at the same time musicians in quite a true sense. Their writing may be habitually in what the Germans call the "folk tone," and their songs addressed to that vast constituency to whom Tschaikowsky and Richard Strauss, and even Beethoven and Bach, are sealed books; but their songs are music, nevertheless; performing for the singers that healing of spirit which Pythagoras esteemed the peculiar function of the divine art. Such men endear themselves to the hearts of thousands; and from many a home where the domestic music is drawn from these sources exclusively there arise players and singers desiring to go higher and enter into that deeper world of music, with which the gospel song has only one bond of union, namely, its purity of spirit. And, as of old, the pure in spirit eventually see God.

# THINGS HERE AND THERE

## LONDON LETTER.

BY HORACE ELLIS.

It is interesting as well as instructive to cast a glance back over the last year and notice what has been done and left undone as regards music in Great Britain in general and London in particular.

I have spoken before of the tremendous increase of orchestral concerts here during the 90's. The past year was probably a record one in this respect. London can now be said to have a practically permanent orchestra at Queen's Hall which has already achieved good results and which we hope will do still better in the future. A greater number of foreign conductors of renown have appeared, a greater number of new works have been produced and a greater number of people have listened to orchestral music pure and simple than in any preceding twelve months. The demand must have been great and the competition keen to have induced the Philharmonic Society to give an extra season of three concerts with novelties at each.

A result of this new-born love for the modern orchestra has been that oratorio and choral work in general has, here in its stronghold, lost ground, but more in London than in the provinces. The Royal Choral Society goes steadily onward at the Albert Hall, but it is not the power that it used to be and hardly so well patronized. Scattered through the suburbs are a number of choruses, but their work is, as a rule, merely of local significance. The new order is healthy though rather extreme at present; but doubtless time will properly balance things.

In the matter of creative work the past year has been much the same as its predecessors. Nothing of superlative excellence has been brought forth by any of the British composers; some, indeed, seem to have retrograded. Lack of fancy still stamps the work of the native of these isles. He usually has an able grasp of the technique of his art and it is upon that that he mainly depends. He writes sonatas, string-quartettes and symphonies in strict form (and of course cantatas) and shudders at the thought of a "Symphonic Poem." How rare it is to have complete mastery of the craft.

and a poetic imagination as well!

There is one form of musical entertainment that always holds its own here and that is the ballad concert. Hour after hour a big audience will sit open-eared while more or less well-known artists sing song after song, mostly of the "hall-marked" English ballad type, ad nauseam. There is no doubt that if you want to see the least musically intelligent audience in this city you must drop in at a ballad concert. To be strictly just, however, I must say that they have improved lately.

At the Mansion House January 4, the thirteenth annual conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians (which was born thirteen years ago in a top back room in Barton-arcade, Manchester, and which has now grown to a membership of nearly 2,000) was opened by the Lord Mayor who, after a few words of welcome, resigned the chair to Sir John Stainer, professor of music at Oxford University.

Sir John in his address dealt with the subject of placing music and music teaching on a firm and recognized basis by creating a representative body with statutory power of licensing music teachers after they have passed the requisite examinations. He said that the universities and public schools now considered music as one of the essential factors of a good education and that therefore some check upon worthless teaching had become necessary. The Incorporated Society had made efforts in this direction, but had met with apathy and opposition; however there were unmistakable signs that the government would before long take the matter in hand.

The second day's meeting took place at the Hotel Cecil with Dr. Heap, of Birmingham, in the chair. Dr. Heap followed up Sir John Stainer's lead of the preceding day and said that he hoped the time would come when the great choral societies would be under municipal control as in Germany. He also criticized the programs of choral society's concerts on the score of lack of variety. He thought there was too much "Messiah," "Elijah," "St. Paul," etc., and asked for more chances for the British composers.

Dr. Sawyer, of Brighton, read a paper on the "Tonic Basis of All Music," claiming that, consciously or unconsciously, the theorist, the student at the pianoforte, the singer, the orchestra player, all used the tonic method. He praised Miss Glover and Mr. Curwin for what they had done for the tonic-sol-fa system, but severely condemned their idea of a new notation.

Dr. Hiles, Manchester, took the chair the morning of the third day and Dr. Iliffe read a paper on "The Forty-eight Fugues of J. S. Bach," in which he examined the question, "Were the fugues written as an answer to the preludes?" Schumann said they were not and Bach himself had collected the preludes into an independent volume; therefore he opined that both preludes and fugues might be used as separate pieces. In the evening a concert was given in the Grand Hall of the hotel. Two numbers on the pro-

gram demand especial attention: A motet in forty parts, by Thomas Tallis, written about 1575, and an "Irish Toy Symphony," played by an orchestra of grave and reverend musicians under the direction of Prof. Prout.

The motet, which is in the mixolydian mode and written for eight five-voiced choirs (sopranos, altos, first and second tenors and basses) is in 2-2 time and is 276 bars in length. The Latin words are taken from the Sarum Breviary where they occur in the service "Secundo nocturno" for St. Matthew's Eve. Probably the most interesting part of this composition for the hearer is the section based on the fourth subject with the words, "In tribulatione dimittis, Domine." Here we have an interesting example of forty-part florid counterpoint with ingenious points of imitation in the inner parts. Also to be noted is a conclusion on the chord of C major followed after half a bar's silence by a fortissimo chord on A major, giving an effect strangely modern in a composition of such a character and such age.

The score used at this performance was prepared from the copy in the library of Gresham College, the oldest manuscript copy known. It consists of twenty leaves with the separate voice-parts written on both sides of each leaf instead of being in the usual score form; and on the inside of the last cover is the organ part thus inscribed: "A thorough bass to ye song of forty parts for ye organ." Only five previous performances of this old English work are known.

The "Irish Toy Symphony" was specially written for the Dublin conference in 1895. There are four movements as follows: I. Adagio Patetico—Allegro by J. C. Culwick. II. Air and Variations by T. R. G. José. III. Recitation—Scherzo Fugoso by Michele Esposito. IV. Stretta Finale by Joseph Smith. The list of instruments used in the orchestra sounds exceedingly nightmarish. Here it is:

Flute à bec, Bombyx, Herd of Chalumeaux, Tuba e Tremolo, Carnyx Doloroso, Tromba Spezzata, Fog Horn in XX, Pneumatic Cuckoo, Electric Cuckoo, Corno di Bovril, Sparkling Zummarah, Telegraphic Chatzozerah, Motor Basspommer, Full Sackbut, Extra Contra Sackbut Gong, Furioso, Hydraulic Trombone, Boomerang in E flat, Magnetic Arghool, Piccolo Bombardo, Zufolo Kodak, Celeste Cecilia, Triangolo Generoso, Castanualas, Rattlesnake Carnivora, Timbrel in Aspic, Glockenspiel—Ma non troppo, Campanelli Agitato, Enharmonic Nacchera, Gran Tamburo, Chest of Viols, Hammer Clavier.

Some of these fearfully and wonderfully named engines, such as the "Bombyx," the Carnyx Doloroso, the "Telegraphic Chatzozerah," the "Motor Basspommer," the "Boomerang in E flat," the "Zufolo Kodak," etc., were nothing more nor less than "Bigot-phones" of different shapes. "Flute à bec"—Tin Whistle, "Herd of Chalumeaux"—Penny Trumpets, "Rattlesnake Carnivora"—Toy

Rattle, "Timbrel in Aspic"—Tambourine, "Enharmonic Nacchera"—Toy Drum, etc. You can easily imagine that the "tone-color" obtained was absurdly laughable. No less amusing were the construction of the music and the orchestration, for in the fugue of the Scherzo the subject, "Garry Owen," was given out by the side-drum, followed by the answer on the castinnettes, while the side-drum had a counter-subject of a different rhythm! Then the tambourine took the subject, and so it went on for about twenty bars before the melody arrived, nothing but the rhythm having so far been heard. Also in the Scherzo the bigotphones gave out "The Minstrel Boy to the War Is Gone" as a Canto Fermo, accompanied by "Garry Owen" as a counterpoint on the tin whistles, penny trumpets, etc.

This performance reminds one of the occasion when Haydn's "Toy Symphony" was given at St. James' Hall in 1880 on behalf of a charity, Sir John Stainer playing the triangle, Randegger the drum, Santly the violin, Blumenthal the rattle, Arthur Sullivan the cuckoo, Wilhelm Kuhe a tin trumpet, while Julius Benedict, Frederic Cowen, Wilhelm Ganz, Joseph Barnby, August Manns and Carl Rosa were among the other well-known musicians who took part.

A banquet at the Hotel Cecil the evening of January 7, when some 500 members and their friends were present, brought this year's conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians to a close.

For a long time past London dilettanti have been clamoring for a revival of Offenbach's "Grand Duchess of Gerolstein;" now they have it, newly revised and dressed, at the Savoy and they are not quite as pleased as they thought they were going to be. It was in the spring of 1867 that this opera was first produced in Paris, which promptly went mad over it and everybody sang, played or whistled: "Ah! que j'aime les militaires," "Voici le sabre de mon père," "Dites-lui" and the rest. From then on the craze spread over all Europe and before the year was out there were few cities of importance where the work had not been given and enthusiastically received. To those who heard the operetta in the days when Hortense Schneider was the heroine and came to England to give her much lauded impersonation of the flighty Duchess, this revival must be a source of pleasure, although I heard many murmurs that the representation could not compare with the old ones. They feel a change, but the change is in themselves. In spite of a rearrangement of the plot in the last act (which I think is a great improvement, as thereby it is made more coherent) and a bringing up to date of the dialogue, the whole thing seems old-fashioned. Messrs. Charles Brookfield and Adrian Ross have been criticized rather severely for their readaptation of Meilhac and Halévy's libretto, especially the latter, who is responsible for the lyrics, for changing the old English translation, "Oh! I dote on the military!" into "Soldiers! I'm simply mad about 'em!" and substituting "Here is

the broadsword!" for "Lo! Here the sabre!"

Of course the principal interest centers in Miss Florence St. John's "Duchess." I have never been able to understand why Miss St. John should be considered by so many a fine singer and a particularly brilliant comedienne. Anyhow, she has not added to her renown by her work in this opera. The rest of the cast was good and Mr. Walter Passmore, the leading comedian of the Savoy, especially so; I know of no one on the stage to-day who can excel him in his particular line.

Another comic opera failure, following the ill-fated "Wizard of the Nile," is to be chronicled at the Shaftesburg. "The Scarlet Feather," adapted from the French of MM. Leterrier and Vanloo by Harry Greenbank, with music by Charles Lecosq (additional numbers by Lionel Monckton), in spite of a strong cast, was singularly uninteresting and tedious. It served, however, for one thing, to introduce to London Thomas Q. Seabrooke, a comedian well-known in America, who, together with Miss Nellie Stewart, did the brightest work of anybody.

The death of Ernest Nicolini (Patti's husband) was not unexpected by those who were aware of the state of his health for some time past. I wonder how many know that he was the son of a Breton innkeeper and that in 1853 he took a prize at the Paris Conservatoire for pianoforte-playing. It is difficult to realize that he was nearly 64 years of age when he died.

London, Jan. 28, 1898.

#### MUSIC ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY JOHN C. FILLMORE.

The account you ask for must be incomplete, since my personal knowledge of the subject is confined to a few localities in southern California and a ten days' experience in San Francisco during the holiday season.

To begin with, the latter as the most important point: I heard there a symphony concert the latter part of December by the Symphony Society of San Francisco. It was given in the afternoon, since the musicians could not be obtained in the evenings on account of their engagements at theaters, etc. The orchestra numbered about fifty with a full complement of wood-wind and horns and the material seemed to be very good. The program included the fourth Schumann Symphony, the Beethoven Egmont overture, the Lohengrin Vorspiel, four numbers from Delibes' ballet, Sylvia and the overture to William Tell, with no soloist. The conductor was Mr. Fritz Scheel, formerly concert-meister in Hans von Bülow's Berlin orchestra. I was very much pleased with his work. He was evidently familiar with his scores, conducting practically without notes, and is a real commander, handling his men well and being completely master of the situation. He made his orchestra phrase well and shade well; his climaxes were well prepared and effec-



tive; the quality of tone and blending were good and the various choirs very well balanced. If only this orchestra could have daily rehearsals and be relieved from the necessity of theater and other truck-work, it might easily develop into a first-class symphony orchestra under its present conductor. He has intelligence, temperament, routine and the ability to get what he wants.

The Tivoli Theater, where this concert was given, was crowded to the doors. In Los Angeles, a much smaller town, a symphony orchestra has just started on similar lines and has already given its first concert on a Tuesday afternoon, when, unfortunately, I was unable to be present. I do not remember the details of the program; but it included a Beethoven symphony (the second, I think) and the overture to William Tell. The Schubert Unfinished Symphony is down for the next concert.

The conductor is Mr. Harley Hamilton, who has charge of the music at the Los Angeles Theater. He is a young man of much ability and promises, from what I have already seen of his work as a conductor, to develop into a good leader of a symphony orchestra. The audience at this first concert is reported to have been gratifyingly large and also enthusiastic over the performance; so that there is reason to hope for a good support of this most laudable enterprise.

There is a good deal of local musical activity in Los Angeles in amateur clubs, choral societies of greater or less importance, pupil recitals, etc. The choral societies and clubs, male and mixed, are numerous enough to divide the forces and an attempt to give oratorio this season proved unsuccessful; although I am told that the real reason for the failure to give the Messiah at Christmas time was the impossibility of securing a financial guarantee. Some of the smaller towns have also musical clubs. Redlands, for example, has The Spinnet Club, an organization which includes most of the leading musical amateurs of the place. Its members are all required to take some part in the meetings and the programs are excellent. This club also does admirable service in obtaining artists from abroad.

Of visiting artists we have had during the past year and a half Anton Schott (now resident in San Francisco), Clarence Eddy, Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler, Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel, Paderewski and Miss Villa Whitney White, with possibly others whom I do not at this moment recall. Neally Stevens and Ellen Beach Yaw have been residents here, though neither is here at present. Los Angeles has a child prodigy in the way of a pianist: Little Paloma Schramm, a child nine years of age, who is a real genius both in interpretation and improvisation.

There are numerous good teachers of piano, violin and voice, this part of the country being quite as well served, both as regards number and quality, as are cities and towns of similar size east of the Rockies.

We are not so badly off for opera, either, as one might reasonably think. There were three or four weeks of Italian opera in Los Angeles last fall by a company from Naples, the company going from there to San Francisco. There were several good soloists in all the kinds, a very good chorus and orchestra; in short, a good stock company aiming at excellence in ensemble rather than at a star performance. The repertory consisted of old and new Italian operas, ranging from Bellini and Donizetti to Mascagni and Puccini, whose *La Bohème* was given here twice; I think its first performance in America.

The Bostonians are in Los Angeles all this week, giving Victor Herbert's "The Serenade" and DeKoven's "Robin Hood."

J. C. FILLMORE.

#### THE CLARENCE EDDY CONCERT.

One of the most remarkable concerts of the entire season was that given by the Chicago Conservatory in honor of the distinguished organist, Mr. Clarence Eddy, in the Auditorium, February 15th. The forces engaged consisted of the entire Chicago Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas, Mr. Clarence Eddy himself, Mr. Leopold Godowsky, Signor Marescalchi, and Miss Grace Buck.

Mr. Eddy made three appearances, the first being a Rhapsodie on Catalonian Airs, by Eugene Gigout; the second, Triumphant Fantasia, by Dubois, and the third (a) Double Theme Varie, (MS) Rousseau, (b) Caprice W. Wolstenholme, (c) Lamentation, (Guilmant). These numbers were selected with reference to illustrating the power of the instrument, and also on account of their novelty, several of them being new and played either from manuscript or from recently printed copies. The remarkable thing about the entire list of organ selections was that of its representing the French school entirely, with the possible exception of the Caprice by Wolstenholme. This composer is a blind organist living in England, and a Bachelor of Music of Oxford. His Caprice is very much in the piano-forte style, almost as much so as Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." On the whole the best of the works was the "Triumphant Fantasia" by Mr. Dubois, the present head of the Paris Conservatory. In all of these selections Mr. Eddy showed his consummate virtuosity to very great advantage. There was nothing on the list demanding special facility in pedal playing, and consequently his organ mastership on the German side remained unillustrated; but his registration and manual playing and his command of the unexampled resources of this great instrument, which has one hundred and five sounding stops, were of the most artistic description. Upon the manuals he seems to have profited by his further study in French School, as also perhaps in registration. His treatment of the pedals was masterly in the highest degree; although there was no bravoura work for the pedals to do, what they had was

played with such artistic legato, and refined quiet as only a master could do. Mr. Eddy was recalled over and over, and played two or three numbers.

Another distinguished and in every way remarkable part of the program was that furnished by the great pianist, Mr. Godowsky. He played Saint-Saens' Concerto in G minor and two solo selections, his own "Perpetual Motion" and Liszt's Concert Study in F minor. This Concerto of Saint-Saens is now almost universally recognized, as one of the most masterly and delightful productions for the piano and orchestra. Very elegantly written, it makes unusual demands upon the performer in the way of interpretation, and the work contains many long bravoura passages for the comfort of the concert player. Mr. Godowsky's playing was extremely finished and beautiful, anything more artistic one might go around the world to hear, and fail to find it. For intelligence, beautiful conception and extreme finish in the finger work, nothing could be finer than his playing in the Liszt Concert Study. His own "Perpetual Motion" is written upon a persistent figure in the bass, which might almost be termed a "ground bass." The entire right hand part has an incessant motion in eighth notes, which in this instance were played at the rate of twelve notes to the second—a speed too rapid for the ear to follow satisfactorily, in consequence of which the impression of difficulty is lessened as compared to the same work played at a slower tempo.

Signor Marescalchi sang the Prologue from "I Pagliacci," and Miss Grace Buck sang three French songs. Mr. Marescalchi is an Italian artist who made on the whole the most pronounced popular success of the evening, giving in reply to numerous recalls the famous "Toreador" song.

The orchestra played the Dvorak Overture, the "Carnaval," Wagner's Vorspiel to "Lohengrin" and Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" (orchestration by Felix Weingartner). In all of these numbers the playing was good. In accompanying the Saint-Saens Concerto and the Triumphal Fantasie by Dubois the orchestra was generally a little slow and unsympathetic. There was perhaps a little excuse for this in the case of the organ pieces, on account of the distance of the instrument and the want of percussion in the organ tone, but in the case of the piano there was no excuse at all except insufficient rehearsal, as Mr. Godowsky's playing is characterized by clearly defined accent and excellent rhythm, which although somewhat free and artistic is nevertheless rational and entirely easy to follow. The criticism has been made more than once in relation to these cases where the orchestra has been hired that a proper pride in artistic finish on such occasions is not maintained. There seems to be an impression that when once the orchestra appears and Mr. Theodore Thomas stands up as conductor everything is bound to be perfect—which unfortunately is sometimes far from the case.

There was a degree of propriety in this testimonial to Mr. Eddy.

First, of course, on account of his position as the leading American exponent of the art of organ playing, a position which he has held for at least fifteen years. Furthermore he has been connected with the Chicago Conservatory to some extent for ten years or more. The president of the Conservatory, Mr. Samuel Kayser, was head of the elocution and dramatic departments in the Hershey School of Music, of which Mr. Eddy was head more than twenty years ago.

Mr. Samuel Kayser is one of those pervasive personalities who is always liable to do a good deal more than you expect. He has been born in Poland, his first appearance in Chicago was as teacher of English elocution. He established the Chicago Conservatory about fifteen years ago and has surrounded himself with a brilliant staff of teachers, many of whom are of great eminence; he brought Mr. W. H. Sherwood to Chicago and his assistant, Mr. Kelso, and Mr. Sherwood remained with him six or eight years. Finding it possible to secure Mr. Godowsky three years ago, this distinguished artist was added to the faculty; and it is safe to say that there are very few musical schools in the world at the present time, if any, from whose faculty a performance of the same virtuoso rank with this concert could be given.

As there is comparatively little in the management of a first-class music school but the glory to be got from it, it is no more than fair that Mr. Kayser should be paid his proper dividend on the present occasion. It was a first-class occasion, carried out in great style.

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#### GRAPHIC MUSIC.

Apropos to the many expedients to represent musical relations by numerals instead of notes, I have received a long letter from a pupil of Mr. Gullford living at Cambridge, Mass. The length of the letter precludes giving it entire, but the following paragraphs seem to me worth noticing:

"It might seem that when persons of prominence in musical matters endorse a system, that their endorsement, so far from biasing a would-be critic against them, would prove an incentive to slow and more thoughtful examination.

"The very evident slur cast at persons who have expressed themselves favorably towards Mr. Gullford's system—some of them known universally throughout the world of music—constitutes a form of intolerance peculiarly unfit for expression in a magazine purporting to be issued in the interest of music and musical instruction."

All I have to say in regard to this is that any time when it is shown me satisfactorily that Mr. B. J. Lang, Geo. W. Chadwick, or any of the other well known musicians whose names are used as having endorsed this system, have begun to make use of it in their own teaching or have any idea of making use of it in their own teaching or have advised any one of their own pupils to make

the acquaintance of the system, or have shown themselves able to read a plain chorale at sight written in this notation, I will very cheerfully withdraw the slur herein complained of.

The writer of the letter then goes on to demonstrate the want of resemblance between Mr. Guilford's system and the tonic sol-fa. I cordially admit this want of resemblance; the tonic sol-fa certainly has a scientific basis, it depends upon tonic relationship. The graphic system has no scientific basis at all, and no system of unity.

I am always delighted to get a personal appeal like the following feeling enumeration of the "dizzy combinations" incident to the staff notation:

"To identify a tone in the staff notation you must combine in one thought a mental octave entablature with a visible staff, clef sign, key sign, measure sign, measure line and note. In the Guilford system you combine a visible Roman and Arabic numeral with an accent line, these symbols corresponding in principle with the letters and punctuation marks of modern written language.

"Because the staff hieroglyphics have been your pabulum from the cradle up and you find the contradictory and indefinite imagery simple, you declare that an exact and definite notation is impossible to read.

"You take the same point of view as the Chinaman."

I will say further that the notices formerly made and the first part of the present were written in ignorance of the alleged fact that: "To learn music (harmony and metrics) one must have (sic) the Guilford system or its equivalent. The underlying principle of absolute and relative pitch and of metrics must be understood."

The fact remains, however, that the staff system of musical notation affords the instrumental player a combination of many advantages along with a comparatively limited number of disadvantages, against which no radical change is likely to make headway, unless the principle of tonic relationship should be given up entirely, as it is now by Mr. Guilford's system. The staff representation has no relation whatever to a system of Chinese writing, which it appears to the writer of this letter to be founded upon.

To give an idea of the wonderful facility with which complicated musical relations can be represented and deciphered from the staff notation, I will mention the case of the great composer, Saint-Saens, who when at the Conservatory at Paris called upon a very talented but then unknown young German musician, a Mr. Richard Wagner. Wagner was then writing his "Tannhauser;" Saint-Saens asked the young man what he was writing, and requested to see it; Wagner produced his manuscript with six or eight more lines than had previously been seen in orchestral scores. The young Frenchman was very delighted with what he saw; he exclaimed, "I would like to play it." Wagner replied: "But we have no orchestra." "I know that," said Saint-Saens; "I meant to play it on the piano." Wagner opened his eyes very wide and

said: "Do so, I should be delighted to hear it." Saint-Saens took the score to the piano and proceeded to read through and play an entire scene, not reading simply the string quartette, but all the parts, bringing out the leading melodic idea wherever it happened to lie.

Wagner had never seen anything of this sort before with such astonishing completeness and grasp, and he was naturally delighted.

I had this incident from the distinguished teacher of singing, Mr. A. D. Duvivier, who accompanied Saint-Saens on this occasion.

Neither Mr. Saint-Saens nor Liszt nor any other man could play at sight a four-voice movement written in the so-called Graphic method of Mr. Guilford, much less an entire score. All systems of this kind rest upon an imperfect understanding of what it is that musical notation undertakes to do. While appearing clear to the beginner, as soon as he knows the twelve semi-tones of the octave, they lack entirely those principles of classification which make a complicated musical score so open a book to musicians. Every good musician knows this, and it is simply unbecoming for any man with a reputation to endorse any of these new systems without stating what he really means—namely, that they are useful only to those who wish to know a very few things about music, and to know those with a minimum of trouble.

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#### THE INDIANA TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

The official report of the twentieth meeting of the Indiana Music Teachers' Association has been received, dated January 22-25, 1897. From the treasurer's report it appears that the association is in a very flourishing condition. The papers in the book mostly refer to music in the public schools.

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#### CIRCULATING MUSICAL LIBRARIES.

Mr. G. W. Stratton, the well known composer of light operas and music publisher, of Boston, established some time ago the Stratton Free Library and Art Gallery at West Swanzey, N. H., where lectures are given and recitals of music, some of them by Mr. Stratton himself. The building is very solidly constructed and the collection of books is of approved comprehensiveness. The most unique feature in the case is the provision of a circulating musical library. All sorts of musical compositions are loaned out like other books. The building itself is in one room forty by twenty-five feet, the walls eighteen feet high, with arched ceilings. In all about two hundred and eighteen pictures are hung upon the walls. The idea of providing a circulating library of music is an excellent one, since it enables the townsmen of West Swanzey to enlarge their musical

reading to an extent which would be impracticable without this assistance.

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#### WOMEN IN MUSIC.

The Lewiston Journal says that there are at present over two hundred and ten lady musicians in Lewiston and Auburn, the towns being practically one. Out of twenty-eight regular music teachers in Lewiston, sixteen are women. The church organs in many cases are played by women, who also have their musical clubs and are naturally prominent in all enterprising ways. It mentions a daughter of one of the leading physicians of Lewiston who has played the violin to hushed houses, and several others who have given concerts out of town with great success. It mentions one girl who worked in a shop until she saved enough for a piano and still worked until she had laid up a sum for instruction and support while studying. Then she took lessons and made a regular business of it, practicing early and late. She has now removed to a larger city, where she is carrying on a very successful business. This, however, is nothing remarkable, as music is the natural form of art for women.

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#### MR. ROBERT W. STEVENS' CONCERT.

Late in January Mr. Robert W. Stevens gave a concert in Central Music Hall, in which he had the assistance of the complete Chicago Orchestra, with Mr. Theodore Thomas as conductor. His selections were the Schumann Concerto in A minor, the Henselt Concerto in F minor, and the Chopin Andante Spinato and Polonaise in E flat, also with orchestral accompaniment.

Mr. Stevens is a young artist who is to be taken very seriously. He has devoted himself to his studies with the utmost assiduity and during the past two years or more has been under the supervision of Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler. Inasmuch as this debut was made with her encouragement, it is evident that the technical attainments of the pianist are to be taken for granted.

The ordeal to which Mr. Stevens subjected himself was undoubtedly a very severe one, since to play easily with orchestra requires a certain maturity and experience in the artist which it is very difficult indeed to obtain in this country. In the estimation of the audience present, however, Mr. Stevens distinguished himself in the first and second movements of the Henselt Concerto and in his playing of the Andante Spinato of Chopin there were many touches of grace and beauty. In the Schumann Concerto, which requires such an accurate interlocking of the piano and orchestra, the effect was not quite so satisfactory, a circumstance in the opinion of many present due quite as much to the accompaniment as to the solo. As this concerto was given primarily for the sake of establishing the reputation of the young artist, it is proper to quote here some of the comments made by the Chicago papers.

The Record says: "His work shows a firm and thoroughly adequate technique, considerable richness of coloring and intelligence. Considering that he is not yet completely at home in playing with orchestra, he displays abundant confidence and self-command. The rendering of the Chopin number and the first of the concertos was admirable, even conceding that the pianist is still lacking in certain qualities of temperament. With his manifest talent, his technical equipment and his general mastery of his art, he should make a very interesting performer, his work promising that with coming maturity he will broaden and secure a more brilliant technical style."

The Tribune says: "The young pianist is possessed of excellent technic and, a quality previously lacking in his performances, sense of color. In this respect it is, as well as in the matter of technic, refinement and finish, that he has gained. The matter of temperament is another question. But with the degree of advance that has marked his career in the last two years, which he so excellently demonstrated last night. Mr. Stevens is a pianist to be reckoned upon. While the young soloist is more or less unsteady when it comes to playing with orchestral accompaniments, it must be said that those afforded by the orchestra last night, particularly in the Henselt concerto, were far from satisfactory. Mr. Stevens was well received by his audience, which included M. Guilman."

The concert occurred upon one of the most stormy nights of the season and against the powerful counter-attraction of one of the largest annual charity balls. In spite of this there was a large audience present, which was very cordial in its expression of pleasure.

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#### LEIPZIG NOTES.

That your list of Gewandhaus programs may be complete I begin where I left off in November. The following was the program. December 2:

Symphonische Dichtung, "Tasso, Lamento e Trionfo," Liszt.

Concerto for piano, No. 5, in Eb major, Beethoven.

Entr' acte, B major, from "Rosamunde," Schubert.

For piano solo,

(a) Rondo, A minor, Mozart.

(b) Fantasia, F minor, op. 49, Chopin.

Symphony in F major, H. Goetz.

Pianist, Edward Risler of Paris.

The ninth concert on December 9 had the *Missa Solemnis*, D major, Op. 123, from Beethoven. The soloists were Frau Amelie Gmür-Harloff of Weimar, soprano; Fräulein Anna Stephan of Berlin, contralto; Heun Franz Litzinger of Düsseldorf, tenor, and Johann Messchaert of Amsterdam, baritone. The violin prelude and obligato in the *Benedictus* was performed by the old concert-master, Engelbert Röntgen, who died of heart disease three days



later, after having served the Gewandhaus organization for forty-eight years. He had been a pupil of Spohr and was for some years a teacher in the Royal Conservatory here.

Following was the program of December 16:

Overture to "Jessonda," by Ludwig Spohr.

Songs (a) "Die Allmacht," (b) "Du liebst mich nicht," (c) "Der Musensohn," by Schubert.

Serenade for orchestra, Eb major, Op. 6 (first performance), Joseph Suk.

Songs (a) "Fluthenreicher Ebno," (b) "Marxveilchen," (c) Two Venetian Boatsongs, (d) "Der Hidalgo," Robert Schumann.

Symphonie, No. 4, D minor, Robert Schumann.

Baritone soloist, Raimund von Zur-Mühlen of Berlin.

The eleventh of the series occurred on January 1, and the program contained only:

Fantasie and Fugue, G minor, for organ (Paul Homeyer), J. T. Bach.

Concerto for violin, D major (Joseph Joachim), Johannes Brahms.

Symphony, "Eroica," Beethoven.

Joachim, in complinace with a request from Nikisch, played the Bach Chaconne as encore number, both at the rehearsal and at the concert.

The twelfth on January 13:

Overture to "Oberon," by Weber.

A minor Concerto for piano, Grieg.

Pieces for orchestra, (a) Rigandon from "Dardanas" and (b) Musette et Tambourin, by J. Ph. Rameau.

Piano solo, (a) Nocturne, Op. 48, No. 1; (b) Mazurka, Op. 6, No. 1, and (c) Etude, Op. 25, No. 11, Chopin.

Symphony, C major, Schubert.

Piano soloist, Martin Knutzen of Christiania.

Some December programs still unmentioned were: December 7, the fifth of the Philharmonic series, the orchestra, under the direction of Hans Sitt, with Liszt's "Faust Symphony" as the main number. The soloists, Emil Pinks, tenor; Lula Gmeiner of Berlin, soprano.

The seventh evening of the Liszt-Verein on December 17, was simply a recital by Sophie Menter, who played from:

Schumann, Symphonische Etuden.

Beethoven, Andante Favori.

Scarlatti, Two Sonatas.

Mendelssohn-Liszt, "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges" and "Liebeslied."

Tchaikowski, Chanson triste.

Sapelinikoff, Elfentanz.

Chopin, Scherzo, B minor.

Liszt, Etude, Db major, and Rhapsody, No. 13.

The Bach-Verein gave Bach's Christmas Oratorio in Thomas Church, December 13, under the direction of Hans Sitt. The soloists, Fräulein Strauss-Kurzwelly, soprano; Fräulein Junkers, contralto; Emil Pinks, tenor; E. Hunger, baritone; Paul Homeyer, organist. The Winderstein Orchestra.

In the "Kaufhaus" Teresa Carreno gave a recital on January 8, as follows:

Organ Fantasie and Fugue, G minor, Bach-Liszt.  
 Sonata, Eb major, Op. 27, No. 1, Beethoven.  
 Nocturne, Barcarolle, Scherzo, Bb minor, Chopin.  
 Variations and Fugue on a Händel theme, Brahms.  
 Improptu, Op. 90, No. 3, Schubert.  
 Etude, MacDowell.  
 Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 13, Liszt.

E. E. S.

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#### ORCHESTRA AT ST. FRANCIS SOLANUS COLLEGE.

Speaking of the orchestra in St. Petersburg University, and the absurd and illiterate attention expended upon the supposed music of banjo and mandolin clubs of American "universities," this office received a while ago a photograph of the orchestra at the College of St. Francis Solanus, at Quincy, Ill., which showed at once that something serious must be under way in that school. Accordingly I wrote for particulars and some programs were sent me and later a letter from the director of the orchestra, and the teacher of the players as well, Rev. Raphael Fuhr, O. S. F.

"Cicero has said somewhere that no man can speak of himself or his own achievements without being vain. Therefore, as I do not like to refuse your well-meant request altogether, I shall at least be brief. My justification for saying even the little I do say is partly your wish and partly the thought that it might perhaps encourage others gladly to undergo similar difficulties and troubles in order to make music God's choicest gift, more known and more loved.

Yes, a great many difficulties I had to encounter in order to have such an orchestra as I have at present. I have been teaching at this college for the last fifteen years (since 1883) and have been at the same time the principal of the Musical Department. Although this college is not a Conservatory, and music is considered by the other members of the faculty as a secondary matter (the college, strictly speaking, has only Commercial, Classical and Philosophical Departments), yet music has never been neglected as you will see from the enclosed page of our annual catalogue. If to-day the college has an orchestra of thirty-six members, who (to use the words of one of our strictest musical critics), "rendered their program with a degree of excellence that made the audience forget they

were listening to an aggregation of young students and untried dilettante," is the result of many years' unremitting toil and great and constant labor.

From the different pictures I have sent you, you will have noticed that there is a change in the personnel every year. My orchestra is a truly "transitory" organization. At the end of every scholastic year I lose some of my players, sometimes as many as ten at a time, and of course generally the best players, who have played under my direction for five or six years and now having completed their respective courses, leave to take up their professional studies elsewhere. This is a hard sacrifice on my part, and how I feel about this you can easily understand from the enclosed clipping, " 'Tis a Pity," which a Journal reporter wrote two years ago. Not knowing that he was a reporter I told him my heart's grief, and there he comes out with it in the paper.

Yes, indeed, it is a sad thing to lose such who have faithfully worked with you for a long time. Of course, I manage to have always some new players to take their places. To a number of talented students I give music lessons on orchestral instruments without charge, only that they in turn may take the places of the others that have to leave as soon as they have acquired the necessary proficiency. In September I always have to begin with simple and easy compositions, but in November we are "all right again," make our first public appearance as a rule on the feast of St. Cecilia, November 22d, and after that strive to improve steadily to the end of the year.

My dear boys certainly merit unrestrained praise, for they have always shown an untiring zeal and have willingly sacrificed even their spare time whenever I call them together for practice. And what I like best is that they are all good boys and excellent students, who give full satisfaction to their other teachers in their respective branches. There will be teachers always and everywhere who object to students devoting a part of their time to music, fearing that the latter might neglect their other studies; yet our professors here cannot deny the fact mentioned before. And certainly, only boys who have good talent and at the same time good will and persevering energy, will be able and willing to make the numberless sacrifices demanded by the director from the members of his orchestra.

Our aspirations have been high. How far the achievements have come short of the aspirations I leave to be decided by the judgment of Quincy musical critics. Sunday, February 20, the drama "William Tell" will be produced at our hall; we will open the evening's program by playing Rossini's Overture, and I am sure we will make a success of it. Between the acts one of Dvorak's Slavonic Dances and other selections.

I find it exceedingly hard to keep up a good mixed choir, as the greater number of the youngsters come to college without having the least knowledge of music, and without having even taken part

in any singing whatsoever (certainly unpardonable on the part of their former tutors); or their voices begin to "break" just at the time they enter. At the end of the school year I have hardly any sopranos left and therefore choose mostly compositions for alto and three male voices. Our choirs (mixed and male) cultivate not only secular music, in order to cheer and grace our festivals and entertainments, but aim above all to further the splendor of our Divine worship at the college chapel, where we execute only Gregorian chant and such figural music as is based upon it, namely, compositions of the old masters (Palestrina, Vittoria, etc.), as well as of modern composers, similar to the one I sent you which was dedicated to me by the composer. Theatrical or operatic renditions are not tolerated in our chapel.

By the way, genuine "church music" is my favorite study. Repeatedly I have lectured on this subject during my summer vacation.

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#### CHICAGO ORCHESTRA.

The fifteenth program of the Chicago Orchestra had the following selections:

- Overture, King Lear, Berlioz.
- Symphonic Poem, Le Chasseur Maudit, Caesar Franck.
- Concerto for violin, D minor, Dubois.
- Chorale and Chorus from Reformation Cantata, Bach.
- Sonata for Violin Alone, G minor, Bach.
- One Hundred and Fourteenth Psalm, Mendelssohn.

This program was varied certainly, but on the whole of rather doubtful character. The Berlioz "King Lear" Overture has the character of an immature work imperfectly developed. The Symphonic Poem of Caesar Franck was in many respects very clever. These two constituted the whole of the orchestral numbers, except accompanying the concerto for violin by Dubois. This concerto is a very elegantly written affair, very finished and pleasing, but not deep. It was well played on this occasion by Mr. Marteau. For his second number he played a sonata for violin alone in G minor, by Bach. In this work his quality of tone was noticeably defective, at times scratchy and never up to his best standard. Mr. Marteau has been absent from the stage for a couple of years, during which time he has been completing his military service. He has grown in stature and is much heavier about the shoulders, but his technic hardly seems to have kept pace with his development in other respects.

The chorus appeared to the number of one hundred and twenty-five. Their singing in the Bach Cantata was extremely commonplace, the quality of tone having nothing artistic about it. They seemed to know their notes very well; naturally in the Mendelssohn piece it sounded a little better. There was nothing in this program to get excited over. But why should there be?

## PUGNO RECITALS.

Mr. Raoul Pugno, the French pianist, gave two recitals in Steinway Hall, February 10th and 12th. The program of the second was as follows: Prelude and Fugue in D, and Gigue by Bach; Piece in A by Scarlatti, Sonata, Op. 31, No. 2, by Beethoven; *Abenlied*, *Blue Devils*, *Amici* by Schumann; *Papillon* and *to the Spring* by Grieg; and Sonata in D minor by Pugno, *Grande Polonaise in E flat* by Chopin. The three pieces from Schumann with the unusual titles were "*Des Abends*," "*Grillen*" and "*Ende vom Lied*." It will be observed that the difficulties included in this program were of a very moderate character. The sonata from Beethoven Mr. Pugno played with notes—not badly. In the other pieces his pianissimo was very pleasant and agreeable, the quality of tone being nice, but his fortissimo passages were brutal and inartistic. The best thing upon the entire program was the *Papillon* by Grieg. His own sonata was explained upon the program by a long series of unrelated quotations from poetic and romantic writers. The composition itself is perhaps above mediocrity. His playing in the Chopin *Polonaise in E flat* was not at all satisfactory. Mr. Pugno is a pianist whose playing has the general characteristic of amateur work. Owing to the beauty of his touch, however, he pleases many people.

## SOUSA'S BAND.

Mr. John Philip Sousa gave three concerts in Chicago on February 4th and 5th, at which he played long and interesting programs, embracing quite a number of important works, and diversified by a great number of light pieces in response to recalls. Mr. Sousa expects to go abroad about the middle of May with his orchestra for a long tour in England and Germany. An English company has been formed for the purpose of undertaking the enterprise. There is every reason to expect that Mr. Sousa will be well received over there, as he has a large and well trained band. There are one or two things, however, which he will do well to correct. The first of these are the cadenzas in his version of the Liszt second rhapsody, the management of which in respect to rubato is of very questionable musical soundness. Another point in which he lays himself open to criticism is the extreme facility with which he responds to demands for encores, and the similarity of the pieces which he brings forward. This is one of those occasions where the proof of the pudding is in the eating and as Mr. Sousa himself has to settle with the box office seven or eight times a week, he is in a better position to know what the public wants than any outsider is able to tell him. For which reason further comment is unnecessary.

## "EL CAPITAN."

John Philip Sousa's spirited operetta "*El Capitan*" played two weeks to a very large business in Chicago with De Wolf Hopper

and his company. Mr. Hopper is distinctly the best of the comedians in the light opera business. "El Capitan" is beautifully put upon the stage and the music, without ever being deep or pathetic, is extremely bright and inspiring. The consequence is that the "show" is one to enjoy, and if the curious scheme which the newspapers have reported of Mr. Sousa to take "El Capitan" abroad and accompany it with his own band should be put in force, something very lively may be expected.

#### THE GREAT ORGANISTS.

A New York correspondent who happened to be in Chicago on the occasion when Mr. Guilman played with the Chicago Orchestra writes: "On Saturday evening, the 22d of January, I had the pleasure of hearing the great organist Guilman. It was to me a very impressive sight to see seated at the organ together the two greatest masters of that noble instrument, one from the Old World, one from the New, a sight I never expect to see again." Messrs. Eddy and Guilman can divide the honors at their leisure.

#### THE PITTSBURGH ORCHESTRA.

The Pittsburg Dispatch has the following to say about Mr. Archer and the Pittsburg Orchestra:

"Already there is talk about the continuance of the orchestra for another season. That it is doing a great work is self-evident. That bitter factional work from the outside has interfered with it has been made plain again and again. There seem to be would-be critics in Pittsburg who are determined that unless they are under salary with the orchestra, or unless they have their friends put in high places, the orchestra is to be abused. The conductor is made the especial target of their venom. Nothing he can do pleases them. His work as leader, they say, is never right. One will continually harp; another screams at intervals that some particular number, as occurred at the first concert, ought not to be on the program. They insist on perfection, and they would not know it if they heard it. These musical misanthropes have the artistic conscience of Pittsburg in their pockets, to hear them bellow. Yet none of them have ever done as much as Mr. Archer, either on the organ, with the orchestra, or with a pen. Honest endeavor ought to be recognized. Both Mr. Archer and the orchestra do as good work as any organization, constituted as this one is, could accomplish. The public, too, does not appreciate the concerts as it should. How much of this is due to rabid criticism cannot be gauged. The orchestra ought to be continued for another season if the guarantors wish to pose as philanthropists. It is doing great work in spite of fierce opposition from self-seekers."

## CARL FAELTON ON FUNDAMENTAL TEACHING.

Mr. Carl Faelton has lately published a little pamphlet on fundamental hints for piano teachers. In the introduction he explains the reason for undertaking such a work:

## WHY FUNDAMENTAL TRAINING WAS WRITTEN.

The Fundamental Training Series originated with the authors and came to a direct issue by the publication of "Fundamental Training" and "Fundamental Reader" when under their direct supervision a systematic effort was made to cultivate and improve the faculties of reading at sight, transposition and improvisation among students of the pianoforte.

There is a vague idea prevalent among teachers and musicians that slowness, awkwardness and inability on the part of their pupils in the above-mentioned directions are due mainly to lack of experience. The authors of this series, in their investigations, have found these shortcomings to be the outcome of faulty or superficial systems used in teaching fundamental matters. Pupils whose finger dexterity allows the playing of a sonata by Beethoven, and whose writing ability permits the composing of a song, have been found helpless in reading at sight, in analyzing easy music, in transposing and in playing simple improvisations.

Upon investigation the trouble has been found to be lack of elementary knowledge and the inability to apply such knowledge readily. It may be difficult for the casual observer to acknowledge that such defects are possible, nevertheless they do exist. There must be something wrong in the system of instruction which leads to the result that a pupil is able to play the preludes and fugues from well-tempered clavichord of Bach, and yet unable to play at sight the first twelve pieces of Schumann, Op. 68. The authors have made the unerring observation that these very pupils understood rhythm instinctively, but not correctly, and cases have come up frequently where advanced students have remarked: "I feel that the rhythm is faulty, but I do not know how to reason it out." The same observation has been made with the knowledge of keys. Many so-called advanced students, to quote them, "have forgotten the minor scales;" yet they are expected to play and understand studies and pieces in the minor mode. At an examination for graduating, in which a pupil had prepared and memorized the sonata, Op. 26, by Beethoven, the following question was asked: "In what key is the third variation?" The answer, "I do not know." When told it was in A flat minor the pupil expressed much surprise, remarking, "I did not know there was an A flat minor key." A pupil who has only instinctive feeling, but no positive knowledge with regard to rhythm, key-board, scales, intervals and staff notation must not only be uncertain and unreliable in solving tasks dealing with such matters, but must be utterly helpless (usually misnamed nervous), when called upon to read at sight. Hence the authors assert that training in fundamental matters needs a complete reform, especially from the musical side. The mechanical side of pianoforte playing

has undoubtedly been improved during the past twenty years, and an energetic effort should be made in the musical development to keep apace with the former.

#### THE STORY OF LEOPOLD GODOWSKY.

The following particulars have lately been published in regard to Mr. Godowsky's association with Saint-Saens:

Leopold Godowsky, the Russian pianist, was born at Wilna, Russian-Poland, in 1870, and is, therefore, the youngest of the great pianists now before the American public. He began the study of music when about five years of age, attending the Berlin Conservatory as the protege of a banker of Konisberg. There he studied until fourteen, when he came to America at the suggestion of Ovid Musin, the violinist, and with Musin he toured the United States, everywhere attracting attention. It finally came to a point where critical clamor resulted in changing the name of the concert organization from "The Musin Concert Company" to the "Musin and Godowsky Concert Company." Godowsky was then fifteen years old and totally without business experience. As a result of this he failed to receive the salary promised him, and was unable to save enough to pursue his study abroad, as he had hoped to do.

In 1886, Godowsky, then a lad of sixteen, reached Paris. It was the dream of his life to meet Saint-Saens, but he appreciated the difficulties in the way of a young artist practically unknown in the French capital. It happened that one day a friend of Saint-Saens heard Godowsky playing in the studio of an artist, and on learning that the young pianist wished to meet the great composer he contrived to bring about a meeting where there were only three or four present, and where two well-known artists of the day also appeared. The great Frenchman listened while the boy played one of his own compositions, and made no comment when he finished. A little later, however, he said: "Let's have young Godowsky again."

Godowsky was brought to the front, and asked what he should play. "Something of your own," said Saint-Saens, and the little fellow did as he was told. When he had finished the veteran handed him his card, and told him to call at 10 the next morning. Godowsky was promptly on hand. Saint-Saens opened the conversation. "I want you to play at the next entertainment of the Trompette."

Godowsky was amazed, from the fact that the Trompette was one of the most celebrated clubs in Paris, where only the greatest artists appeared, and where the audience, being made up of composers, artists and musicians, were particularly critical. In arranging the preliminaries for this appearance, in accordance with the suggestions of the composer, Godowsky, when he presented himself to the committee in charge of the arrangements, was laughed at by the gentlemen, who told him that Saint-Saens must have been



fooling him, as the composer himself was to play at that particular concert. As all the other attractions had been definitely arranged for they told him there would be no place for him. He carried this information back to Saint-Saens, who promptly said: "The gentlemen are mistaken. I do not play at the next concert; it is you who shall play in my place."

The program was altered to meet this extraordinary suggestion and all Paris wondered who this little Godowsky could be. The night of the concert came. The hall was filled to suffocation. Six hundred of the keenest and most critical minds of Paris were busy when the slightly built boy seated himself at the piano. He played a selection of his own, and was encored, and when he finished the second selection, Saint-Saens, who had been sitting close to the stage, stepped up to the piano and, throwing his arms about the young pianist, kissed him.

The interest excited by this incident, particularly in artistic circles, may well be imagined, and Paris rang with Godowsky's name. Saint-Saens at once began work with Godowsky and for several years devoted practically all his time to the talented young musician. It is no wonder that Godowsky has the deepest reverence for this grand old Frenchman, to whose interest he owes much in the development of his artistic nature.

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#### ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRITTEN.

In one of the German cities where Miss Rose Ettinger lately sang, the program furnished the English words, with certain peculiarities:

Oft have J seen the swift swallon  
 Dart thro' the clear morning blue,  
 Swiftly the keen eye could follon  
 As to the land of Apollo,  
 Sunshine and jasmine she flew.  
 Oft have J seen the swift swallon!  
 Long J struined my eager eyes  
 Where she vanisht in the azure  
 And my soul with dreamy pleasure  
 Speeds with her thro distant skies Ah! Ah!  
 Where the land of myst'ry lies! Ah!

Overhill and over hollow  
 Mould J still hev path pursue  
 Often have J seen the swallon  
 Scanely could the keen eye follon  
 Oft have J seen the swift swallon  
 Dart thro' the clear morning blue;  
 Scanely the keen eye could follon  
 As totte land of Apollo  
 Sunshine and jasmine et flew  
 Oft have J seen the swift swallon!  
 J've the swift winged swal'on! Ah!

#### MINOR MENTION.

Mr. Carl Stasny of Boston lately gave an interesting piano recital before the musical department of the State Normal and Training School, Pottsdam, N. Y. Among the important works given were: Theme and variations, Navratil; part of the Sonata in A minor by Schubert, and Liszt's Concerto in E flat major.

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An American pianist named Frank Weltner has been giving recitals in Missouri, with very good programs.

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Professor B. D. Allen lately gave a lecture on Beethoven before the Department of Music of Beloit College, the illustrations consisting of songs, "Adelaide," and "In Questa Tomba," the "Hallelujah Chorus," from the Mount of Olives (given by the Beloit Musical Association), the "Romance," opus 50, for the violin, and an organ arrangement of the slow movement of the fifth symphony.

• • •

Mr. W. Irvine Andruss lately gave a piano recital at Doane College, Nebraska, in which he played the "Moonlight" Sonata of Beethoven, an Andante and Variations in F minor, by Haydn, a Valse by Bachmann. There were excellent violin solos and songs on this program, among the latter being Schubert's "Hark, Hark the Lark," Lassen, "A Dream" and Rubinstein's "Asra."

• • •

The splendid series of recitals credited to Northampton, Mass., two months ago were given in Miss Margarethe von Mitzlaff's vocal school, which has no connection with Smith College. The program of the fourteenth and fifteenth of these analytical recitals on the development of song, are given. The illustrations on the fifteenth program were played by the Philharmonic Orchestra, Mr. F. P. Nutting conducting.

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The programme of the second of Mr. Gullmant's organ recitals in Steinway Hall was the following: Prelude and Fugue, in E flat, Bach; Berceuse, Salome; Marche Pontificale, F de la Tombelle; Sixth Sonata, in B minor, op. 86, Gullmant; Andante Cantabile (from the Fourth Symphony), Ch. M. Wiwor; Flat Lux, Th. Dubois; Marche Sacrement, A. Chauvet; Improvisation (on a given theme), Finale in B Flat, Caesar Franck.

At the recital of the pupils of the Faelton Piano School given February 15th, in Boston, the most important selection was the Chopin Sonata in B minor, played by Miss Monroe; Miss Cole played the Intermezzo and Finale from the Schumann Concerto, opus 54, Mr. Faelton furnishing the second piano accompaniment.

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The graduating class in the intermediate department of the State Normal and Training School, at Potsdam, N. Y., had the following very creditable vocal pieces under the direction of Miss Julia E. Crane: Murmuring Zephyr, Hiller; Pearls of Love, Pinuti; Jack Frost, arranged from Gaul; Revel of the Leaves, Veazie.

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At the ninth concert of the Pittsburg Orchestra the Festival March, by Mr. A. M. Foerster, was performed with distinct success.

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Mr. William Edson Strobbridge, a piano pupil of Mr. J. C. Fillmore, lately gave a piano recital in Los Angeles, with the following very important selections: Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, Bach; Praeludium from Suite, op. 10, E. A. McDowell. Also three other pieces from the same author—"The Eagle" and "The Brook," Improvisation, op. 46. Nocturne, op. 9, No. 1, Etude, Op. 10. No. 12, Chopin. Chant elegiaque, Tschaikowsky; Berceuse, Iljinsky. "Du bist die Ruh" and "Erl King," Schubert-Liszt; Etudes Symphoniques, Op. 13, Schumann. The programme was diversified with some excellent vocal selections by Mrs. Evangeline Hardon, the teacher of singing in the school.

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The Evanston Musical Club gave their second concert on February 22nd. After the Forty-third Psalm by Mendelssohn the programme consisted of part songs, of which the following were given: "The Storm," "Good Advice," Rheinberger; "Lullaby of Life," Henry Leslie; two Elizabethan Madrigals: "Corydon, Arise!" and "Sweet Love for Me," C. Villiers Stanford; "The Maiden of the Fleur de Lis," E. A. Sydenham; Hunting Song, Benedict. In addition to this the Ladies' Chorus sang Schubert's Twenty-third Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd." The solo attractions were furnished by Mr. Henri Marteau, who played a very choice programme, with the invaluable piano accompaniment of Mrs. Johanna Hess-Burr.

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At the reception given Mr. Guilmant by the Chicago Manuscript Society the following original pieces were produced: Organ: Toccato and Fugue, Middelschulte; Vocal: "A Christmas Story," and "Stagirus," Eleanor Smith; Organ: Pastoral Fantasie in French Style, Lutkin; Vocal: Christmas Carol, Jessie L. Gaynor; Organ: Andante tris tamente, Scene Orientale, op. 37. No. 2, E. R. Kroeger.

An interesting programme of pieces by Bohemian composers was given February 23rd by the Vilim Trio, consisting of Mrs. Murchough, Mr. Joseph Vilim and Mr. John Kalas. The following was the programme: Trio 1st Movement, Smetana, op. 15; Ladies' Quartette, Bendl. Elige, Trio Jiranek. Violin, (a) Barcarolle, Ondricek (b) Zdomoring, Smetana. Slavonic dance, Dvorak. Vocal duet, Bendl. "Sonata," Dvorak. Violoncello, Idylla, Kalar. Trio (last movement), op. 15, Smetana.

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Miss Blanche Sherman lately played a piano recital at Indianapolis with very distinguished success. A correspondent writes that she gave the most charming entertainments of the season, the Indianapolis "Journal" characterizing it as a "delightful recital," and crediting her with the artistic musical temperament and sound virtuosity. The "Sentinel" says that few pianists have been there with such magnetism. "Her technique is marvelous. She at once gains the sympathy of her hearers and holds them rapturously through her entire work. Miss Sherman is a young girl, being but seventeen years of age." Miss Sherman has a large repertory, including all four of the Chopin Ballades, twelve of the Etudes, a liberal supply of Bach and the modern writers.

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The Musicians' Club of San Francisco has announced a competition for original pieces of chamber music. The work must be for not less than two instruments, and not less than three movements, and not necessarily in sonata form. Pieces will be accepted until May 1st, 1898, but not after. The judges will be Prof. Edw. A. MacDowell of Columbia University and Prof. Xaver Scharwenka, and a third will be added if necessary. The prizes will be gold and silver and bronze medals for the three best works. Further particulars can be had by addressing the secretary of the union as above.

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On Wednesday evening, February 9th, Miss Carrie S. Pierman, a pupil of Prof. Gilbert Reynolds Combs, director of the Broad Street Conservatory of Music, gave a piano recital in the Concert Hall of that institution. Her programme, which follows, was played completely from memory, and with a clearness and ease that would have reflected credit on any artist. Miss Pierman is an extremely talented student, and she displayed her musical abilities probably at their best in the MacDowell number, playing it with great brilliancy, and yet displaying what is so seldom found in students, that perfect control which leaves us to imagine the force that is back of it all. Sonata, op. 7, Grieg; Impromptu, op. 90, No. 1, Schubert; Prelude, in E minor, Mendelssohn; Liebestraum, Liszt; Prelude, Ballade, op. 23, Chopin; Gondoliera, Moszkowsky; Valse Lente, Schuett; Etude de Concert, op. 36, MacDowell; Valse Scherzo, Godowsky.

# MUSICAL CLUBS

## A PROGRAMME FROM MACDOWELL.

By general consent of music lovers and connoisseurs, Mr. Edwin Alexander MacDowell, or Prof. MacDowell, as he should now be called, is the most finished and accomplished writer for the piano-forte that we have. Mr. MacDowell was born in New York on the 18th of December, 1861, and after having some instruction from his mother, who was a good musician, he received lessons for awhile from Teresa Carreno. In 1876 he went to Paris and became a pupil of Marmontel and Savard. Later on he went to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where he studied composition with the late Joachim Raff, and piano playing with Carl Heymann. In this manner five years of Europe student life passed, and in 1888 he was made piano teacher at the Darmstadt Conservatory, but remained there only one year, in 1882 going to Wiesbaden, where his position was a very distinguished one. In 1888 he returned to America and located in Boston, where he immediately succeeded to an extremely fine clientele. In Boston Mr. MacDowell naturally found very congenial surroundings. He lived on West Cedar street a few doors from Arthur Foote, well down on the slope of Beacon Hill, a short distance from the Common and not very far from Charles street. The aristocratic desirability of this particular location in Boston is measured by its remoteness from street cars and all means of public transit. This, however, is a mere detail. In 1896 Mr. MacDowell was appointed professor of music at Columbia University after negotiations extending over several months.

It is impossible to read over the list of Mr. MacDowell's published works without realizing at once that here we have a composer of no small fertility of idea and great seriousness and ambition of purpose. The list from which I take the following particulars is no doubt incomplete, since it reaches only to opus 50, which work was published in 1895. But the list contains four symphonic poems for orchestra, the first suite scored for orchestra, and the second or Indian suite in all six large works for orchestra. There are two concertos for pianoforte and orchestra, both of which have been played very successfully, the first one many times over by Mme.

Carreno and by Mr. MacDowell himself. There is a romance for 'cello and orchestra, two numbers of four hand pieces, originally so composed, twelve books of songs and quite a long list of pieces for the pianoforte. To take the more important of these, there are first twelve studies, op. 39, which are of various lengths from two to six pages each, in part fancy pieces for the piano and in part intended to serve as exercises in different styles of playing. Then there are twelve virtucso studies, op. 46, much more difficult than the preceding and very interesting and marked in their characteristics. There are six idylls, op. 28, and quite a number of other small pieces for piano of no great ambition, but all poetic and seriously done. The most popular of the purely pianoforte pieces perhaps is "The Witches' Dance," which has the advantage of being a most excellent finger study. The only drawback to this piece is the rather commonplace character of the melody which serves as middle piece. This, however, is somewhat concealed by the cleverness of the treatment.

Of all the piano works the three upon which Mr. MacDowell's reputation in the higher musical circles will rest are his first suite and his two sonatas, the one called tragic, the other heroic. The first suite dates from the time when he was with Raff, at Frankfort, and it was published in Germany by Breitkopf Hartel. It is perhaps modeled somewhat on a suite by Raff. The first movement, Preludium, is quite in the old style at first. Presently, a flowing melody in the bass begins against a pianissimo arpeggiated accompaniment in the right hand, with a very charming and thoroughly pianistic effect, and the Preludium is carried through on this motive. The second movement, Presto, is practically a scherzo with a strong flavor of fugue at the beginning. It is very fully developed, extending to eight pages. Then follows the slow movement, Andantino and Allegretto, bearing a motto "Per amica silentia lunae," (Virgil); and "by the friendly silence of the moon" the sweet cantilena goes on, now for soprano, now for tenor. The middle piece is of a more dramatic character perhaps. This is followed by an Intermezzo, like a quick minuet, which is a very successful movement indeed, and this in turn by a Rhapsody, which also bears a motto from Dante's Inferno, "Those who enter here leave hope behind," surely not a very inviting suggestion to the student who takes it for the first time. Fortunately the period when hope forsakes the reader is short, being really of only one page, after which a sort of mitigated grief ensues, and in another page this movement ends. Then follows the finale, a fugue in E major, well made and effective, but by no means easy to play. At the end of the fugue there is a coda of a stormy character. This suite, as a whole, is a very brilliant piano piece, and also difficult to play. But it is musical and well done, and therefore worth playing.

The latest of his large works in a serious form is the second sonata, called the "Eroica." This is designated by the composer

as a "Flower from the realm of King Arthur," and it is dedicated to William Mason. Beginning very seriously and slowly, it almost immediately rises to intense vigor, which after awhile gives place to a second subject, a song melody in the folk tone; and out of these two ingredients, or three, more properly (the motive of the first page, that of the second and the song form already noticed), the movement is carried to completion. It is very difficult to play, but when well done, effective and serious. The second movement is a very playful scherzo which is designated as "Elf-like, as light and swift as possible." The third movement is designated "tenderly, longingly, yet with passion;" the hero is now in love, very much so; his being is stirred to its utmost core, his rhythm is shaken up so that twos and threes intermingle in the most inviting confusion, and his harmonic foundations are also subjected to fast and loose experiences very trying to the outsider who would comprehend all this inner something. Nevertheless the movement, when well done, is very lovely. The finale is designated "Fiercely and very fast," a very strong and tumultuous movement.

Throughout his career as a composer Mr. MacDowell has placed great importance upon the advantage a composer gains from a poetic standpoint or conception. He has often maintained that one could write better music if inspired by poetry than when he merely gives rein to his musical fancy as such, and that in fact the only salvation for the modern composer, and his only protection from falling into mere rhapsody, is by having a poetic story in mind to which the music should conform. Accordingly, in all these large works of Mr. MacDowell, especially in the two sonatas (and perhaps even more so in the second than in the first), the transitions of mood in the music are very noticeable indeed, and the work needs to be played with a great deal of taste as well as mastership in order to prevent it from having a certain fragmentary effect. This in the production of a composer so masterly in musical treatment as Mr. MacDowell is rather curious, and I have never been able to fully account for it. The disposition to lean on poetic suggestion is very evident in the books of studies already mentioned. For instance, in the opus 46 there are such titles as "Wild Chase," "Elfin Dance," "March Wind," and in the former book the "Dance of the Gnomes," "The Shadow Dance," "In the Forest;" in the opus 37 "By the light of the Moon," "In the Hammock," "Dance Andalusian;" in the opus 32 entitled "Four Little Poems," "The Eagle," "The Brook," "Moonshine," "Winter;" then again in the latest of Mr. MacDowell's works which I have seen, the Woodland Sketches, opus 51, there are ten little pieces with such titles as "To a Wild Rose," "Will o' the Wisp," "At an old Trysting Place," "In Autumn," "From an Indian Lodge," "To a Waterlily," "From Uncle Remus," "A Deserted Farm," "By a Meadow Brook," "Told at Sunset." These titles may or may not have been in the mind of the composer at the moment of producing the work. It is quite possible that a significant musical idea

upon being developed suggested the name for it, and the fanciful name was taken for the sake of the advantage to the student. These "Woodland Sketches" in particular are very simple pieces indeed, rarely presenting difficulties beyond the fourth grade; and all of them musical.

Mr. MacDowell has also shared the opinion of many writers that something new is to be reached by the modern composer from the assistance of characteristic folk songs, and in his Indian suite he has made use of themes derived from the North American Indian, or suggested by some of their melodies. The Indian suite is undoubtedly a very beautiful and poetic work for orchestra. I cannot say that I find it better by reason of its barbarous themes, but the treatment of those themes has in it nothing that is barbarous, but on the contrary everything that is highly finished and polished, with a keen sense of the comely and well sounding.

On the whole, therefore, considering the mastery with which he has worked out his different pieces and the characteristic and modern manner in which his poetical suggestions are realized upon the piano, we are obliged to take Mr. MacDowell very seriously and to rank him among the first of writers at the present time. As he is still a young man, and has accepted the professorship of music at Columbia primarily for the purpose of having more leisure for composition, other and greater works ought to follow from his pen. I have been informed that he has in hand, or already finished, a symphony for full orchestra, and no doubt his portfolio contains a multitude of other pieces which as yet he is not ready to give to the world. Many of the songs which he has published are upon his own verses, and some of them are very beautiful. In fact, you will rarely find eight songs together so pleasing and well worth knowing in every way as these Eight Songs by Mr. MacDowell, opus 47.

At the same time there is a certain amount of make believe in these fantastic titles for piano pieces which after all can be nothing else than more or less legitimate developments of certain musical motives as such; and can be satisfactory only in proportion as the ideas are legitimately unfolded and adequately treated and contrasted with other material. Even the marks of expression are arbitrary, a very amusing illustration of which I am able to give from my own experience. It happened some months ago that an out-of-town pupil, connected with a musical club, brought me a programme of MacDowell's works which she had to play at one of the club meetings, and in the list was the difficult chord study entitled "March Wind." This was marked pianissimo. It is rather a difficult thing to bring down to smoothness, and I spent a great deal of time in getting it played softly, in order to represent the distance of the wind and the rise and fall of the intensity.

A few days later Mr. MacDowell played a recital in Chicago, and among the other selections was this same "March Wind,"



which he played fortissimo throughout. When I saw him the next day I began, in that irreverent manner which critics and composers have with each other (for Mr. MacDowell was not yet a professor), "You're a fine fellow! To mark your own 'March Wind' pianissimo and then play it fortissimo. What's the good of my working two hours with a pupil to get it down fine when you upset everything by playing it in this tumultuous way?" To which Mr. MacDowell answered, "Did I mark that pianissimo? When I got ready to play it I couldn't remember whether it was pianissimo or fortissimo, and I said 'March Wind,' 'March Wind,' that must be very loud and roaring—and so I played it fortissimo."

But however this may be, it can be said of Mr. MacDowell that he has illustrated his talents as a composer in a wide variety of styles and always in a delicate and finished manner. He is therefore a composer to be treated seriously and to be looked up to as a master, with expectation of even more beautiful and satisfactory works still to follow.

1. First Suite, op. 10.
  - Praeludium.
  - Presto.
  - Andantino and Allegretto.
  - Intermezzo.
  - Rhapsodie.
  - Fugue.
2. Woodland Sketches.
  - To a Wild Rose.
  - Will o' the Wisp.
  - At an Old Trysting Place.
  - In Autumn.
  - From an Indian Lodge.
  - To a Waterlily.
  - From Uncle Remus.
  - A Deserted Farm.
  - By a Meadow Brook.
  - Told at Sunset.
3. Two Songs from opus 33.
  - Cradle Hymn.
  - Idylle.
4. Selections from opus 39.
  - Romance.
  - Arabeske.
  - In the Forest.
  - Idylle.
  - Shadow Dance.
  - Witches' Dance, op. 17, No. 2

## 5. Eight Songs, op. 47.

The Robin Sings in the Apple-tree.  
 Midsummer Lullaby.  
 Folk Song.  
 Confidence.  
 The West-wind Croons in the Cedar-trees.  
 In the Woods.  
 The Sea.  
 Through the Meadow.

## 6. Sonata, Eroica, op. 50.

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 CLUB NOTES.

For several years past Miss Amy Fay has been giving diligent attention to a very talented pupil named Laura Sanford, and on January 11th, 1898, she brought her out with orchestra, and the assistance of the distinguished singer Mr. David Bispham, at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City. The programme begins with a list of patronesses numbering sixty-four well-known society names. Miss Sanford played the Schumann Concerto in A minor with orchestra, and a group of piano pieces. She has been playing in public a great number of times lately with very distinguished success.

\* \* \*

Miss Lillian P. Hunt, assisted by Miss Cora B. Elgin, gave a piano recital in the Christian College chapel at Columbia, Mo., on January 17th, on which occasion she played the following selections: Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, op. 57, Schumann's Novellette in E, Liszt's Waldesrauschen, Schubert-Liszt's "Hark! Hark the Lark," and the Wagner-Liszt Spinning Song. Contrary to what might have been expected, the audience unanimously found the Beethoven Sonata the most interesting number upon the programme.

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The fifth concert of the Spiering Quartet was given at Handel Hall on February 15th. The programme comprised the following three works:

Beethoven's Quartet in C Minor. Op. 18, No. 4.  
 Grieg's Sonata for piano and violin in G Major. Op. 13.  
 Dvorak's Quartet in F Major. Op. 96.

The most successful number was the sonata for the piano and violin, played by Mr. Spiering and Mr. Walter Spry. Mr. Spiering has a great deal of temperament, and is an excellent violinist; Mr. Spry has many musical qualities, and is a very good pianist; the playing in both the quartets was smooth and enjoyable.

The Dvorak quartet is one of those "from the new world," with queer negro themes. It has many elements of popularity, in spite of which it is antipathetic to many of musical temperament.

Some interesting violin lectures and recitals are being given in different places by Miss Edith Lynwood Winn of Boston. In a programme lately received from Lockport Normal School she played the Beethoven overture from "Prometheus," Vieuxtemps Ballade and Polonaise, Gabriel Marie's Serenade Badine, Weber's Priere from "Der Freischutz," Eberhart's Ghomentanz, Wieniaawaki's Legende and Strauss' "An der sconen blauen Donau." Her work is spoken of in enthusiastic terms.

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The Ladies' Thursday Musical at Minneapolis continues to do excellent work with enthusiasm. At one of the recent meetings the programme was devoted to the operas of Beethoven and Weber, and among the illustrations were the finale of the second act of "Oberon" and some selections from "Der Freischutz." At the next following meeting one of the important pieces was the Andante in F Major, from the concerto in D Minor, for organ and two pianos, by Bach. The standard of musical performance in these clubs is excellent, such things as the Liszt Etude in D Flat, the Grieg Sonata for violin and piano and the like occurring as ordinary incidents.



### THE STORY OF A GREAT SINGER.

(For Supplementary Reading.)

On the 20th of August, 1843, a little girl was born in the hamlet of Sjoabel, near the little town of Wexio in the southern part of Sweden, not very far from the Baltic Sea. It was a poor farmer's home to which the baby came, a little home with hardly more than one room, and the farm was a little tract of land on the hillside where the thick forest had been cleared away, and the soil was thin and the winters long. The little girl was named Christine, and not long afterwards a little brother came to the family.

In a few years the farmer died and the mother and the two children were in desperate straits for food to live upon. The whole of that country was poor. It was settled by small farmers who had a few acres of ground each, and who raised vegetables and grain for the family food, but very little to sell.

Both the children were fond of music; the girl had a very clear and telling voice. She was a scrawny, dark complexioned little creature, with deep-set and very serious eyes that seemed to be looking out into the world from some sphere far beyond. The boy played upon the violin.

Very soon the fame of these two little musicians spread through the country, and they were in demand at all sorts of merrymakings and family gatherings, to make music first for the entertainment of the guests and then for the dancing. When there was nothing of this sort required of them they used to go on long tours, walking the country roads over the hills and playing at the back door of each farm house they came to, for the entertainment of the one or two women who might be there, who gave them in return a little food, a glass of milk, and now and then a penny.

Presently the tours took a longer range, and the children found themselves one day in the large village of Wexio, and, as their ambition had begun to develop itself, they naturally found their way to the grandest house in the place, which was that of the

Baroness, who herself was a good singer. By good chance the lady heard the children's music, and the voice of the girl attracted her attention.

She called the little girl into the house and tested her voice in various ways, and then ensued lessons in singing, and the journeys upon the road were stopped, the kind Baroness herself providing the children with a small sum of money for those necessary expenses which even the poor cannot wholly avoid. So the fame of the young singer began to grow in the town, and means were found to send her to Stockholm for further training.

Here she carried off all the prizes and made quite a fame for herself, and some wealthy friends sent her to Paris for the most distinguished vocal teaching which could be had. In Paris she studied several years and, in 1864, being then twenty-one years of age, Christine Nilsson made her debut at the Theater Lyrique, the same theatre in which Gounod's beautiful opera of "Faust" was first produced.

Here she sang all the light roles of the operas where the heroine is a young girl, who has pleasing adventures and sings bright and sparkling songs—such operas as "The Daughter of the Regiment," the story of a vivandierre who encourages the soldiers by all sorts of pretty martial strains; the opera of "Faust," with the loves and woes of Marguerite; the sweet "Somnambula," who walks in her sleep and sings beautiful and plaintive songs; and many bright and sparkling demoiselles of the French operas of Adam, Mehul and others.

For three years she sang in this theatre to constantly increasing fame. Now and then she had a vacation of a week or two, in which she made a trip to London or some other city and sang for a few nights, and in this way her fame was constantly extended. At length she was engaged for the Grand Opera in Paris, and here she had a still larger field before her, more serious roles, with greater dramatic opportunities, and so at length there came a time when a manager made her an offer to come to America.

Accordingly, in 1870, she came to America under the management of Max Strakosch. Here she was received with a distinction which has been accorded very few singers. Particularly she won the American heart by the tender manner in which she sang the song "Way Down on the Swanee River." This she sang with a pretty Swedish imperfection of accent, very slowly and with intense feeling. She told afterwards that every time she sang it she thought of her dear brother who had been dead many years, with whom she used to go playing the violin and singing along the simple country roads of her native province. Whenever she sang this song all the audience found tears in their eyes, and she was called back many, many times.

There were other great songs in which she made a reputation, one of which was that famous aria from Handel's "Messiah," "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." This beautiful song requires

of the singer a great deal of seriousness and sincerity. Christine Nilsson's famous countrywoman, Jenny Lind, was the first who taught it to American ears, and after her no one sang it as Christine Nilsson.

In these later days of the career of this great artist, many were the romantic encounters with people who had known her in her simpler years. It happened once in Chicago that two Swedish girls, sisters, were serving in a family when Nilsson came to the city to sing. They told the lady of the house that they had often heard her sing at their door in the little farm house in Sweden, and that they never would forget the serious eyes of Christine, and her beautiful, telling voice. When their name was sent to the great singer she immediately sent them a pass to her concert, and they went. When last they had seen Christine she was a little, scrawny peasant girl, perhaps ten or eleven years of age, in the homely apparel of the Swedish peasant; now she came upon the stage in the blaze of the most beautiful Parisian gown, with plenty of jewels, a very queen in presence and beauty.

At first they could not believe their eyes, that by any possibility this could ever have been the little Christine they remembered, but when she smiled, those same eyes and the smile brought back the early years to them, and they recognized her as unmistakably the same Christine; and with what delight they heard that wonderful voice. It was to them like a fairy story.

Many were the charming incidents that happened to this distinguished prima donna. In 1884 the opening of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York was celebrated by a performance of Gounod's "Faust," with Christine Nilsson as Marguerite. The tenor of the evening was the celebrated Campanini, and the enthusiasm of the audience was very great indeed. After Mme. Nilsson had sung the "Jewel Song" in the garden scene of the opera, she was recalled and a casket was handed over the foot-lights, which, when she opened it, proved to contain a beautiful gold wreath, so adjusted that it could be worn around the waist as a belt, or worn around the corsage—a wreath of laurel leaves, and an inscription saying it had been presented to Mme. Nilsson by her admirers of the Metropolitan Opera House. The applause was deafening, and as soon as the house quieted down Mme. Nilsson kneeled again in front of the chair bearing this casket and repeated the "Jewel Song" from the beginning, with even greater effect than at the former occasion.

The present writer had the good luck to witness an appearance of hers on another occasion when she gave her annual concert in the Royal Albert Hall in London, which is one of the largest music halls in the world. On this occasion it was entirely filled with a richly dressed audience and in the royal box were the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh and his wife, while all sorts of notabilities were scattered around in prominent

places. Mme. Nilsson was assisted by a number of very distinguished singers, but as usual she herself was the queen of the night. And not the least noticeable was the warmth of the applause from the royal box.

Mme. Nilsson was very fond of children, and she appeared to peculiarly attractive advantage on one occasion in Chicago when she visited the children's classes of Mr. William L. Tomlins. On this occasion about seven hundred children were gathered in Central Music Hall and were singing those beautiful songs which Mr. Tomlins teaches them in so charming a way. Criticism had been made on Mr. Tomlins' work that it was liable to injure the voices of the children, and Mme. Nilsson had been requested to hear the performance in order to give her own impression in this regard. Her delight at the singing was something charming to see, and she entered into the occasion thoroughly, and at the end of it was enthusiastic in her praise of the sweetness and expressiveness of the singing she had heard. What interested her very much was the care with which the children followed the baton of the conductor, in which respect she thought many operatic choruses could learn a lesson.

During her career as artist Mme. Nilsson sang in all parts of the world and in a great variety of the most important operas. She received for her work large sums of money, and accumulated a handsome fortune.

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#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

By Mrs. Emma Thomas.

Q.—Would you take any time in trying to make pupils acquainted with the lives of great masters? Do you think it would prove interesting to children?

A.—I certainly feel that it is very beneficial, not to say necessary, to make our pupils acquainted with the lives of great masters; and time is so very short for most of us that we can do very little; but where the teachers have the time it will prove very interesting and add much to the interest of music, and the pupils will enjoy selections from the works of a great master much more when they have become acquainted with his life.

I have found down as low as the third grade several who could tell me considerable of the life of Mozart, and several other musicians. They seem to enjoy it very much indeed.

Q.—In our Glee Club in our High School I find it difficult to get enough voices to sing the alto. Many of the young ladies seem to think it more creditable to themselves to sing soprano, and some to have the feeling that it would injure their voices to sing alto. What would you advise?

A.—I should tell them plainly that it could not be injurious to them. If they have an alto voice it is far more creditable to sing alto. It requires a cultivated ear and musical skill to sing alto

properly. I have met several who tried to change their voices from alto to soprano, which of course was very injurious. You cannot make a soprano out of an alto voice.

I would advise the sopranos to occasionally sing the second part, simply for practice. I often think of Dr. Luther Whiting Mason's plan of dividing the room into two parts. When the voices were all apparently alike he would go to the teachers' register and, looking over the names of the pupils, he would select those who stood highest in their other studies and in deportment and allow them to sing alto. He made it a great honor, and in a short time he found the room all wanting to sing the second part. Of course the songs were written so that they would not hurt their voices. I should consider the matter carefully and insist on their taking their proper parts.

Q.—I am teaching music in a city where it is needed for me to assist in outside work in order to please the public. I am also anxious to try and help in all ways and raise the musical standard of the people. I have been asked to take charge of the singing in our Sunday School. After singing the opening number the superintendent will say we will "begin" our service by reading such a chapter. They seem to feel that the singing is simply a sort of recreation. Some seem to consider singing is a good time to whisper and visit together and have a general good time. The pupils are mostly my public school pupils, and I feel that it will hurt our music in the schools if we do not pay more attention to the sacredness of the music of the Sunday School. Sometimes I feel like giving up. Do you believe that I should insist on having due respect paid to the music of our Sunday School?

A.—I certainly feel that it will help you in your school work if you take charge of the singing in Sunday School, and I certainly believe if you put the subject before the superintendent in the proper way he will assist you in keeping order. If not I would certainly take it in my own hands. I know that a great deal of music used in the Sunday School is not really music that is helpful, but we as public school teachers can do a great deal to help in that way.

To me the music in our Sunday School is as much a form of worship as any other part of the service. I often think how impossible it would be to have the church service or Sunday School service without music, and I sometimes feel that perhaps we do not all think enough of the sacredness of music.

Both the old and New Testaments are full of the grandest music. They are made musical by their inspired writers, who dwell so emphatically on the sacredness of music. The whole Bible rings with music, and in its pages, music, both vocal and instrumental, is considered as one of the grand elements of the worship of the Almighty. St. James says: "Is any merry, let him sing: Psalms." When the earth was created we are told that "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."



and again at the nativity of our Lord, there accompanied the herald angel "a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'"

In the fourth chapter of Genesis we have the first instruments, which were the invention of Jubal, "the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ," and in the thirty-first chapter appears the first choir, where Laban says that he would have sent Jacob away with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp. After this the grand book teems with music. So from the earliest moment of which we have any record, even before the creation of man down to our own time, music has been employed as an important factor in the worship of our Heavenly Father.

In view of all this, why should not our songs of praise be joined in heartily by every member of our school, and all noises and inconveniences stopped just as much as during the prayer?

Q.—After a teacher has thoroughly fitted herself as a special teacher of music, do you feel it necessary to continue the study and attend the summer school?

A.—Many persons take the course of instruction with a view of teaching and then as soon as they have secured a position they stop there. The world in its onward movement soon leaves them behind, and as soon as they realize this they become discontented and unhappy. The teacher should never cease studying. Music is making rapid progress in this country. Educated men and women are daily more and more taking possession of the field of instruction, and we must all try and keep up with the latest methods. The summer schools, held during the vacation, are a great inspiration and rest, and the enthusiasm that we carry back with us to our schools makes the work lighter and more pleasant for us all the year through.

Q.—My pupils often bring songs from home which they wish to sing in school, and they feel hurt if I do not allow them to sing them. They are the popular street songs of the day. What would you advise?

A.—I most certainly would sing nothing but good music in school. We cannot help what children do at home, but we can certainly try and give nothing but good music to our pupils from the very beginning, and by doing so we will cultivate a taste for good music. Children generally love good music, and I should certainly not allow the coarse popular music of the day to be sung in the school. Good strong music will strengthen, while silly music will weaken their characters.



## REVIEWS AND NOTICES

**HARMONY. A Course of Study. By G. W. Chadwick, A. M. 231 pages. Published by the B. F. Wood Co., Boston.**

The object of this handsomely gotten-up text book of harmony is stated in the preface as being "to give the student a working vocabulary of chords for the harmonizing of melodies, in the order of their practical value and harmonic importance. The author has endeavored to encourage the student to use his ever-increasing chord material—not so much by warnings against what is bad as by examples of what is good, as musicians understand it, and by maxims deduced from such examples. This book is not intended to deprive the teacher of his occupation, but rather to furnish him with useful text and material, systematically arranged, which he is to illustrate and elucidate as much as is necessary. To this end copious references and elaborate explanations of details have been avoided as much as is consistent with lucid statement. The student is supposed to have already a rudimentary knowledge of the intervals, scales and chords given in the introduction.

At first sight it would seem that Mr. Chadwick had produced one of the most remarkable practical text books on harmony known to the English language, and probably much more practical than any similar treatise in German. The indications on which this somewhat sweeping opinion is founded are such as the following: As is well known to musicians, the great master of musical construction for the last twenty years has been Josef Rheinberger, the director of the Royal Conservatory at Munich. Nearly all the good German composers, and most of the younger generation of really competent American composers, as well as many English, have pursued advanced courses in composition with this great master. The composition classes at Munich result in giving the student a practical command of musical material, even in the recondite branches of double counterpoint, canonic imitation, fugue, and orchestration to a degree probably superior to that ever attained in class instruction by any other master. Mr. Chadwick, after having pursued the usual course there with distinction, has exercised himself somewhat diligently in the higher forms of musical

composition. He has also been a practical teacher of harmony for several years—ten or fifteen.

In the present book he commences quite simply, and during the seventy-two lessons of the book brings in successively one element after another of the harmonic handling of musical ideas, reaching finally a very full and complete treatment of every chord known to modern music, together with enharmonic changes, modulations of every variety, all kinds of non-harmonic tones, reaching, at the end, three chapters upon the figured chorale and a closing chapter upon analysis of a very thorough kind.

The book is remarkably free from explanations and talk. Each new lesson brings in one new subject. This subject is treated briefly, with clearness, and an example of the proper carrying out is given, after which a variety of exercises follow, some of them working from figured basses and some from given sopranos. When a certain amount of material has been accumulated the pupil is supposed to play the previous lessons in a variety of different keys and to write them in different keys when called upon. In short, the teacher, carrying out Mr. Chadwick's directions, especially if gifted with practical skill in handling musical material, will find his pupils becoming more and more musical as they go on in their work. So far as it can be ascertained without an actual experiment with the book in teaching, it would seem to be thoroughly interesting and free from the dry and mechanical influence of ordinary text books on harmony. What Mr. Chadwick really does is to give the student harmony from a composer's standpoint. This has been attempted by other writers, but, in the opinion of the present reviewer, never in a satisfactory way. From the number of lessons involved in the course, the book is evidently designed to occupy one school year with four lessons a week, or two school years with two lessons a week. But it is not a book for a student working alone. The explanations are insufficient.

At the end of the book Mr. Chadwick lays down the general laws of part-writing as follows:

"I. No progression is right if it can be altered for the better.

"II. No progression is wrong if it cannot be altered for the better.

"III. Any progression of not more than one degree which does not involve consecutive fifths, consecutive octaves, augmented seconds, or false relations, is not wrong.

"IV. Between a strong progression and a strong chord, choose the strong progression."

This is a harmony book which a musician can look at with some satisfaction, and if the pupils of the New England Conservatory are made to study harmony in this spirit the school will be in imminent danger of turning out musicians.

**MOTHER GOOSE SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.** By L. E. Orth.

Published by the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston.

Mrs. L. E. Orth has undertaken in this little book a very curious and suggestive idea, that, namely, of writing little pieces for children founded upon the nursery rhymes. On the left-hand page of the book the poems are printed, on the right-hand page the music corresponding. They are not to be sung. They are simply instrumental pieces bearing the titles of the nursery rhymes, such as Old Mother Hubbard, Sing a Song of Sixpence, Bye Baby Bunting. There are seventy of these pieces in all, in a variety of keys and styles, and some of them are very good. The idea certainly is an excellent one, and in some instances it has been carried out with great cleverness. For instance, the King of France, with the drums suggested in the bass, is very well done. My Son John, a gavotte-like movement, and Little Boy Blue, with the echoing horn. And as much might be said, no doubt, of many others. In some cases, however, Mrs. Orth has not composed her melodies melodically. They run too far in one direction, and suggest the desirability of a thorough training in counterpoint. For example, take the second phrase of Hickory Dickory Dock, or the third phrase, which is even worse. In both the cases the melody progresses about an octave and a half in one direction without any interruption. These arpeggio figures are not melodious, and it would have been much better to have avoided them except when used more judiciously. Another exception can be taken to Mrs. Orth's work in the undue extension of the basses, which, in several instances, cover the interval of a tenth in arpeggio. This figure, which is universal in playing later on, is rather a wide stretch for the little folks, who are the ones naturally to be expected to use these nursery "songs without words." On the other hand, it is to be freely admitted that the gift of being simple, short, and original is a complicated sort of a benediction which happens to very few people with anything like reliability; and if the composer of these songs, like the child in the kindergarten, occasionally happens to drop one of her "gifts," it need not be wondered at, and we might better be thankful that she has saved so many.

(From the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.)

**TONE PICTURES.** Four Hands. Primo part in five keys. By Josef Low.

These little pieces, in which a child plays the primo upon a compass of not exceeding five notes, are very cleverly done. Some of them are extremely clever, as, for instance, the Blacksmith Song, No. 8, where the rhythm is so strong and persistent; the Waltz Song, No. 11. Each piece is of the compass of one page, and the book as a whole will be found extremely useful to all teachers dealing with young children.

**FIVE SONGS FOR MEDIUM VOICE, by Charles F. Manney.**

When Gazing in Thine Eyes So Dear.

Comes My Love To-Day?

Dedication.

Yonder Now the Sun Is Sinking.

Orpheus With His Lute.

A series of seriously composed songs of medium difficulty which are really musical. Comments are made upon these songs with a degree of reserve, since at the bottom of the title page the notice is given "Public performance permitted." As there is nothing said about comments being permitted and as all kinds of international and reserve copyrights seem to have been entered, one approached them with certain care. But in general if private study of these songs is permitted one would say that they would be found useful and agreeable. In the last song of the series the melodic treatment is extremely cruel to the syntax of Mr. Shakespeare. The last remarks:

"Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing:  
Bow themselves when he did sing."

Mr. Shakespeare's intention evidently having been to say that Orpheus in playing his lute made the trees bow themselves when he did sing, and the mountain tops that were in the habit of freezing also had to bow, but the song says that Orpheus with his lute made trees (created trees?) and also he made mountain tops that freeze; because he comes to a dead stop after his "trees" and another dead stop after the "freeze" and so after the "sing." The only proper treatment of a song so elaborately related in syntax would be to avoid resolutely any feeling of repose or finish at the end of the first and second lines, leaving the fourth line for the actual culmination of the idea. Little things of this sort in the musical setting of a poem give an unfavorable impression to the observer of taste, because it is the first duty of a musical setting of a poem to bring out the meaning of the poem as well as its musical spirit. But when a nominative case sits down and goes to sleep and allows some other nominative case to intervene between itself and its verb, it should be so handled as to have its own mistakes remedied.

**SONGS BY HELEN HOPEKIRK.**

Highland Baloo.

O, Whistle and I'll Come to You, My Lad.

A Lament.

Bonnie Wee Thing, Cannie Wee Thing.

Jockie's Ta'en the Parting Kiss.

O, Can Ye Sew Cushions?

(From the B. F. Wood Music Co., Boston.)

The lovers of either one of the two foreign languages of broad Scotch or German can be gratified in these six songs of Mme. Helen Hopekirk. They are wildly and wierdly Scotch. From a musical standpoint not bad—but (adagio, largamento) distinctly Scotch.

THE HEAVENLY DREAM, by Bryceson Treharne.

THE PASSING TROOP, by G. L. Tracy.

A very pleasing and well written part song for four male voices. Light in spirit and effective for performance.

SONG OF PRAISE, by Ed. St. Quentin.

THE CHILDREN'S THANKSGIVING, by Bryceson Treharne.

WE MUST NOT PART, by Frank L. Moir.

TWO LITTLE FRIENDS, by C. Francis Lloyd.

The five songs above given are engraved in the great pica style of the London engravers, and from this standpoint will be a boon to that large class of musicians who have arrived at a point where they no longer can see clearly without glasses, but are not quite ready to acknowledge the fact. The coarse print will be a Godsend to them. Musically these five songs belong to the same class. They are the typical English ballad, with a pronounced religious flavor, beginning quite simply, working up to a moderate sort of a climax, going back again to a simple beginning, and finally at the end working up with triplet accompaniment and with a sufficient number of effective melody notes, to a very imposing and triumphant ending. It is the old story of "The Lost Chord" and "Jerusalem," and all of that type. Of no particular musical value. The last one of the lot, "Two Little Friends," is the most reasonable and singable of all, and also less short.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF DREAMS, by A. Gertrude Clark.

A commonplace cradle song, instrumental rather than vocal.

IN ANTHEM OLD, by Lucius Hosmer.

This song might well have been added to the English list above, as those which are possible to sing in church. It is, however, far less effective.

(From Thiebes-Stierlin Music Co., St. Louis, Mo.)

IN FAIRYLAND, five characteristic pieces for the pianoforte, by E. P. Kroeger.

The Enchanted Well.

Oberon and Titania.

The Fairies' Lullaby.

Cinderella.

The Dance of the Fairies.

**CREOLE SHAWL DANCE**, by E. R. Kroeger.

These six pieces, of about the fourth or fifth grade of difficulty, were probably intended for teaching purposes at the piano. The first of them, "The Enchanted Well," is a fountain from which many have drawn previously, and the freshness of the liquid is perhaps a trifle impaired, so that the cynical observer might suggest to let well enough alone. One of the most original is the second, where the principal subject, probably supposed to represent Oberon, is very queer. The best of the lot is the Cinderella waltz or mazourka, and the poorest, "The Dance of the Fairies." At least so it seems to the reviewer.

**MARCHESI AND MUSIC**, Passages from the Life of a Famous Singing Teacher, by Mathilde Marchesi, published by Harper Bros. & Co., A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 301 pp.

In this nicely printed volume is reproduced a translation of the autobiographical sketch which Mme. Marchesi produced about twenty years ago, mainly for the satisfaction of her friends, but also incidentally to give a record of her most remarkable pupils, the number of which, as is well known, is very great. The reader of this volume will be pleased or disappointed according to the prepossession with which he approaches it. What Mme. Marchesi has done is to give an entirely unvarnished and somewhat matter of fact account of her actual life from her early student days and first appearance upon the stage to a time near the present.

For upwards of forty years she has been an active teacher of singing. As early as 1853 she was teaching in the Vienna Conservatory, where she made a very material advance over the methods previously in use. Later she removed to Paris and afterwards was again in Vienna for some years. Finally, about twenty years ago, she returned once more to Paris, where she has held a position peculiarly her own up to the present time. The story is that of a hard working, ambitious, energetic teacher who, having attained a certain distinction very early in life has come in contact with the foremost composers and musical spirits of the world during the last forty years and more.

The book contains a great number of musical sketches which have been written in her album at different times by well-known composers, from Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer all the way down to Gounod and Massenet. Had these souvenirs been reproduced in fac-simile instead of being set up in type, they would of themselves have added a very great charm to the volume.

The main value of this work, aside from the precise and definite record it gives of those pupils of Mme. Marchesi who have come to distinction, lies in the side lights here and there upon musical currents and musical individualities of this long period. Of this kind a number of extracts will be made at a more convenient season. Of course it is well known that Mme. Marchesi has been able to surround herself with a very distinguished body of musical friends,

and it has occurred over and over again in her public exhibitions that the accompaniments have been played by Gounod, Massenet and others, and even long ago, by Meyerbeer himself. Nothing could give a stronger impression of the force of character of this remarkable woman than little circumstances of this kind. Among those who have served her at different times as accompanist by the month together, were Arthur Nikisch and Felix Mottl in their student days, and it is to this experience in Mme. Marchesi's classes that Arthur Nikisch attributes the foundation of his versatility as an accompanist.

There is another side of this contact between the eminent singing teacher and the composer and conductors of which the volume contains so many instances, viz: the very obvious fact that pupils appearing in public in important selections from the most distinguished living composers who themselves play the accompaniment for them, can be reasonably certain of having received a thoroughly authentic interpretation.

Speaking of Mme. Marchesi, it is a very amusing circumstance that in the article Marchesi in Riemann's Dictionary, the post of honor is given to the Cavaliere Castrone himself, while the madame is done up in a few unimportant lines, a circumstance strongly suggesting the question as to who wrote the notice.

INTERPRETATIVE TECHNIC. The pedals, by Hugh A. Kelso, Jr.  
Published by Mr. Kelso.

Book III.

Book IV.

We note the appearance of two numbers of one of the most ambitious works upon pianoforte technic which has ever been undertaken. The two volumes here published relate to the pedal, and a large number of particular cases are cited and a number of interesting discussions are carried on. Particularly valuable, perhaps, are the illustrations in Vol. IV. "when to use and when not to use" the pedal. Mr. Kelso is the originator of a series of marks for wrist position and different nuances of touch as elaborate and confusing perhaps as those of Riemann for expression, and the notes in these examples are full of these additional marks which really have nothing to do with the pedal. It is an extremely difficult question for the piano teacher to decide, how far it is desirable to mark up the music with a multiplicity of signs, which, when all is said and done, have no deeper ground than the author's idea of expediency. This, however, is a question which will be considered later when a volume appears containing an explanation of these marks.

Mr. Kelso is undoubtedly a very serious student who, after an elaborate course of piano study, three years or more of which were made under the editor of Music, and about eleven years with Mr. W. H. Sherwood, came in contact with the Delsartian philosophy in an unusually attractive form. This led him first to marry and then



to reconsider his mechanical theories in regard to playing and interpretation; and in the course of his studies he has hit upon many brilliant suggestions. Whether he has in fact a philosophy is not so certain. But it is certain that the volumes here offered the student have an actual practical value.

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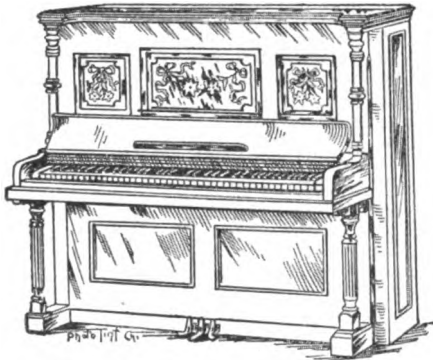
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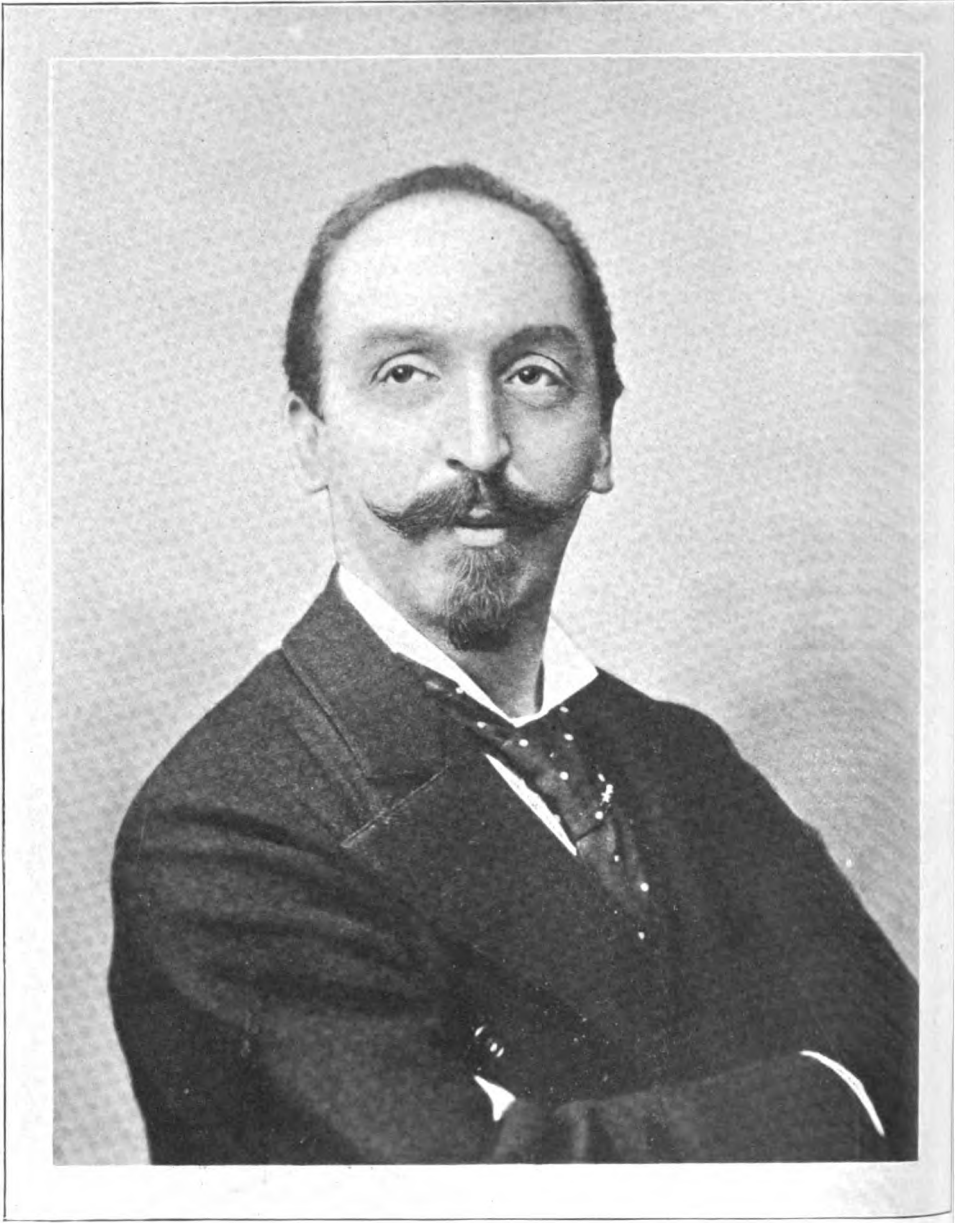
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APRIL, 1898.

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## FILIPPO PEDRELL AND THE SPANISH LYRIC DRAMA.

BY GIOVANNI TEBALDINI.

The name of Filippo Pedrell has been for some time attracting the attention of Europe. His numerous publications on the history of music, and above all the great depth of erudition and research shown in his "Hispaniae Schola Musica Sacra" (in which are brought out the most interesting and hitherto unknown compositions of Morales, Guerrero, Cabezón and Ginés Pérez) have revealed in this able compiler an ardent desire to rehabilitate the Spanish name as regards musical traditions. And what is better, his studies have resulted in placing at the disposition of history many works of art which, having been thus far hidden away, did not permit the rectification of the many errors encountered by past historians in writing of the development of ancient Spanish music.

But this undertaking, however important, shows only a secondary side of the artistic figure of Filippo Pedrell. His efforts to acquire fame as a man of letters were made with the object of attracting attention to the lyric compositions which he had written with the idea of creating a purely national lyric drama. It was not in Spain, however, that he received the first encouragement or the first evidence of appreciation. The reason of this is easily found in the present condition of music in that country. An art of its own, Spain cannot be said to possess. The zarzuelas and melodramas, the greater part

of which reflect, as in Italy, the deleterious French influence—representations involving no idea, philosophic or moral, and not even musical—long since smothered the vital forces which might have, ere this, elevated the artistic destiny of that proud people, in whose history there is such wealth of romance and of heroism.

Although Filippo Pedrell had tried for many years to put in practice the saying of Padre Antonio Eximeno, the celebrated Jesuit, that every country should base its music on the melodies of the people, Spain has never recognized in him, or at best but coldly, an illustrious composer, strong, gifted, inspired. Not even the opera of "L'Ultimo degli Abencerragi" (both words and music by Pedrell), given at the Liceo in Barcelona in 1874; nor "Quasimodo," presented to the public at the same theater the following year; nor "Tasso a Ferrara," put on the stage in Madrid in 1881, sufficed to give him a celebrity as a composer.

But nothing daunted, he pursued his work indefatigably, although attention thereto was constantly diminishing. Finally, by the supreme condescension of the academic authorities, he was taken, on the strength of his ability as a musical historian and critic, into the Royal Academy of San Ferdinando at Madrid. To have arrived at this distinction was, in his case, all the more remarkable, as he had never belonged to any school, never studied with distinguished masters, and was never the pupil of any conservatory. Entirely self-taught, he had gone to the fountain-head of the classics, had learned from the people the true musical traditions of his race, had initiated himself into the secret recesses of the ancient art, and had developed in himself that peculiar faculty possessed by so few—the faculty of feeling through the musical imagination all the fascination of history, all the poetic seduction of nature.

Notwithstanding his admission into the Royal Academy, the announced completion by Pedrell of two new lyric operas, "Cleopatra" and "Mazeppa," aroused no interest in Spain. Of the first, only a symphonic extract, "Invocazione alla Notte," was played at the Ateneo in Barcelona in 1885.

The illustrious master was, however, not discouraged. Al-

though seeing others winning fame as composers of melodrama, he did not leave the thorny way he had chosen for the smooth and flowery one by which so many have easily gained the plaudits of the multitude. With his soul full of the greatness and the misfortunes of his country, he took in hand the poem of "I Pirenei," by Victor Balaguer, and in 1891, after having arrived at a full conception of the subject, wrote in three months the Trilogy that is the theme of this study, regarding which Moszkowsky, Cui, De Casembroot, Van der Streeten, Pouglin, Soubies and Krebs have expressed themselves at length, recognizing in it the foundation of the new Spanish art.

The great success obtained by the Prologue to "I Pirenei" at Venice, where it was produced for the first time on the evenings of the 12th, 14th and 17th of March, 1897, by the Societá Benedetto Marcello, under Director Enrico Bossi, has attracted to the name of Pedrell the attention and sympathy of Italy. Let us, therefore, dwell a while upon this new great lyric drama; upon the ideas involved therein, the way in which they are carried out, and the masterly technique by means of which they are expressed. But first of all, let us look through the work of Victor Balaguer.

\* \* \*

The poem of "I Pirenei" consists of three great historical episodes and a Prologue which, in some of its parts, might also be called an Epilogue. Indeed, the final invocation of the Bard to the future greatness and happiness of his country seems like the expression of a desire for restoration inspired by the many heroic events of which the Pyrenees have been the silent witnesses throughout the centuries.

The first part of the Trilogy recalls the eventful history of the Castle of Foix, a place most intimately connected with the fortunes of ancient Spain. It is the year 1218. King Peter of Aragon is dead; Provence has fallen. The count is away from the castle, engaged in the war with France, and the refugees gathered there revive for a moment the "Corte d'Amore," the "Giuochi," and the "Tenzoni" by singing the "Orientale," the "Lai," and the "Sirventese.

The stage represents the great hall of honor of the castle,

richly decorated in the style of the time and arranged for an evening festival. A tempest rages outside. Miraval and Sicart, two troubadours from Provence, lament the sad news received that day. The Count of Foix had been taken prisoner by the King of France, and on the same day the Cardinal Legate, an emissary of the Pope, had arrived unexpectedly at the castle, probably with the intention of taking advantage of the absence of the count.

"The count in fetters! And the Legate of the Pope in his house!" exclaims Sicart.

"We are lost," replies Miraval. "Nothing remains to us—neither country, hope, nor refuge. To-morrow, or perhaps before, the Cardinal Legate will take possession of the castle in the name of the Pope."

Ermessinda, the Countess, now enters the great hall, followed by the ladies, captains, pages, esquires and jugglers of her court. The festival then begins. Miraval and Brunissenda sing of love. Raggio di Luna, a female juggler, follows them with the "Canzone di Giovanna la Pazza" in which is recalled the unhappy fate of Toulouse and of Provence. Sicart sings his "Sirventese;" the jugglers go through with their performances, and just as the enjoyment is at its height, the Cardinal Legate, accompanied by his Dominican inquisitors, comes upon the scene with a terrible denunciation.

The countess is moved to rebellion against the provocation of the Legate, whereupon he promptly declares the count and his family excommunicated, their power lost, and the castle given over to the allies of France.

Here follows the verification of an old legend already related by Sicart and Miraval. It was to the effect that if a stranger were to take warlike possession of the castle, the great paving-stones in the hall of honor would be rent asunder, and up through this chasm would come a rescuing army. At the moment of the Legate's denunciation, strange and mysterious sounds are heard from below; the floor of the hall opens in the middle, showing a great abyss from which issues, first, a pale light, and then the flare of torches. With loud-sounding trumpets the count and his soldiers come marching up through this opening to the rescue of the castle. Cries

of joy are heard, together with the triumphant singing of "Foix y Tolosa, Foix y Foix sempre," and the Castle of Foix is saved! The scene concludes with the singing by the soldiers of "La Morte del Lupo." (1) "La Morte del Lupo" (The Death of the Wolf)—the name given to a song composed in 1218 to celebrate the death of Simone di Montfort, who fell under the walls of Toulouse while at war with the Count of Foix.

The second part of the Trilogy unfolds itself in the celebrated Monastery of Bolbona, in the year 1245, at the conclusion of the bloody War of the Albigenses. Rome and France had conquered everywhere; the Castle of Montsegùr alone continued to resist. The Count of Foix was living in seclusion in the monastery erected by his ancestors, where he had sought refuge from the ire and vengeance of the French and of the Inquisition.

It is night; part of the cloister is lighted by the moon; the rest is in shadow. At the rising of the curtain the solemn chanting of "De Profundis" is heard from within. It is the funeral chant of the supposed Count of Foix, who thus gives himself out for dead in the hope of securing safety and peace of mind.

Raggio di Luna is heard singing in the distance the "Canzone di Giovanna"—it is the elegy of her lost, unhappy country. In a few moments Sicard, hurried and panting, comes upon the scene as if in search of some one. Raggio di Luna, in the garb of a female pilgrim, soon follows. Both wish to see the count, and address themselves to a monk who is crossing the stage. He tells them that the count is dead.

Raggio di Luna (to the Monk, who avoids her glance): "The Count dead, do you says? Since when?"

The Monk: "This night; the brothers are now praying for him within."

Raggio di Luna (strongly confirmed in her doubt): "Then he died in good time. I came to show him of what that coward and villain accuses him."

The Monk: "Who accuses him? Where is he? Who would dare to injure the Count?"

With the vehemence of this exclamation the true Count

discloses his existence. Sicart and Raggio di Luna recognize him and declare his identity. They urge him to leave the monastery immediately and hasten to the castle of Montsegür, where his faithful adherents are waiting under arms for him to come and save the poor remnants of the country. But he replies:

"Of the Count of Foix nothing remains but the memory."

At this moment the funeral procession of the supposed Count crosses the stage.

"Now let the inquisition come! I have saved myself from it. The peace of my tomb is henceforth secure!" exclaims the fictitious monk. But Sicart and Raggio di Luna continue to urge him on to the salvation of the country. They recall to him the joys and sorrows, the greatness and glory of their native land. His sister, Chiramonda, and his brother, Lupo di Foix, have arranged everything for renewed resistance; the counts, barons, and all the powers of Sabartey, Lordat, Robat and Cabanés are anxiously waiting to see lighted the fires of Bidorta—the signal of attack—to hasten to the defense of the Castle of Montsegür with the cry of "Foix per sempre."

But the count replies again that it is madness. He has not the strength to renew the conflict. The war had already lasted for two generations, and everything was lost. There were no more men to take up arms, no place where the banner of France was not waving, and no spot of earth that was not red with the blood that had been spilled. He bids Sicart go and tell his followers that to resist longer is temerity, and that resistance has many times proved fatal to valor even greater than theirs.

Raggio di Luna, seeing that all persuasion, all exhortation is useless, approaches the tomb of the count's ancestors, and, after having struck three times upon the iron door, applies her lips to it and calls with a loud voice upon Ruggiero, the deceased father of the count. "His tomb will open," exclaims she. "He will come; I shall see him! He was a man indeed! And though his son may forget his vow to bravely defend his native land, the father will show that a Foix is not lacking!"

At this invocation the count, taken with a sudden resolution, turns to the sepulchre of his ancestors and cries:

"Beloved father, sleep in peace; the vow shall be fulfilled."

He then bids Sicart to go in haste and light the signal fires. The Count of Foix would go to war, in which, if failing, he knew how to die. But as Sicart is upon the point of departure, Corvario, a faithful old soldier of the count, enters hastily, and, having heard the last few words, exclaims sorrowfully:

"O Count, too late your sacrifice. Montsegùr has fallen!"

He then relates, to the horror of all, how the last three hundred defenders of the castle, having fallen into the hands of the inquisition, were burned alive upon the plain of Abès.

While Corvario is telling of the dreadful fate of Montsegùr, a band of inquisitors and monks, followed by soldiers, appears at the top of the monastery stairs and descends into the cloister.

"They come promptly," says the count, perceiving them, "as crows upon the track of carrion."

The inquisitor Izarn—one of the few troubadours that had earned infamy by abandoning the cause of country and passing over to the invaders—comes upon the stage, followed by the banner of the inquisition. The count turns towards him with these words:

"I know for whom you come, Izarn. I know they told you that I was dead—but it was false. Behold me! I am still alive. But with my country dead I can no longer live. The house of Foix was born to live only with her—with her to die. Take me to the purifying fire; give to the winds my ashes, and may they be carried far away upon the Pyrenees!"

Izarn coldly commands his soldiers: "Take him, then!" They surround the count, Raggio di Luna, Sicart and Corvario. As they move off Izarn exclaims:

"With the count in our hands and Montsegùr destroyed—the land is now ours. All honor to Rome!"

With this exclamation of the inquisitor closes the second part of the drama.

The historic and celebrated "Giornata di Panissars" forms



the base of the third part of the Trilogy. It is Saturday night before the Sunday following the feast of St. Michael, in 1285. France, having become absolute mistress of Provence, of Languedoc, and of all the Midi, Philip the Bold, who aspired to the control of the Pyrenees, thought the time favorable for carrying out the old ambition of the Carlovingian kings, to extend their dominion as far as the Ebro. King Don Pedro of Aragon prepared himself for the struggle, and together with his Catalanian vassals, took his position on the hill of Panissars.

The French king advanced to the attack of the hill, but before his soldiers could reach the camp of the King of Aragon, the Almogavári fell upon them and obliged them to retreat. The expedition seemed a failure until a monk revealed to the French king a pass by which he could descend into Catalonia. The danger was great, and the whole country rose in arms against the invaders.

At the opening of the third part of this drama, an encampment is seen on the hill of Panissars. Several Almogavári stand around a fire; others are walking about here and there on the stage. Raggio di Luna, having escaped from the inquisition, is seen digging her own grave while mournfully singing the "Morte di Giovanna." The young juggleress of the first part of the Trilogy has become an old woman of more than eighty years; her white hair hangs disheveled upon her shoulders.

Lombardo, the chief of the Almogavári, and Lisa, a young Sicilian woman disguised as a soldier and passing by the name of Lisardo the Almogavár, detail to each other the French defeat. At mention of the name of the Admiral Ruggiero di Lauria and of the King Don Pedro, Lisardo is carried away with gratitude to them for having liberated Sicily from the hated French. Raggio di Luna, joining in the conversation, tells the story of her romantic life, and of the events she has witnessed in the Pyrenees. She sings of the wonders of Provence, of Carcassone, and of Toulouse, the rival of Athens; she recalls the fatal day of Muret, when Don Pedro the Catholic, of Aragon, fell; the desperate defense of the castles of Foix and Montsegúr, and finishes with the wish that

the *Almogavári* might now show as much courage in discomfiting and exterminating the French in their renewed attempt upon Aragon and Catalonia. But Lombardo, who has just returned from the camp with orders from the king, replies that, considering the crushing defeat of the French on sea and land, the hostile army ought to be allowed to depart without further reprisal. King Don Pedro had promised this to Philip the Bold, then ill and near to death; also to his son, Philip the Fair. They, together with the Cardinal Legate, were to pass that day the hill of Panissars. Such were the orders.

Raggio di Luna, however, after having referred to Lisa's history and to her well-known passion for the king, by reason of which she was impelled to enter disguised the ranks of the *Almogavári*, works upon the latter's feelings to prevent the safe passage of the enemy. Together they could induce the *Almogavári* to close the pass so that not a single Frenchman might get through alive.

The *Almogavári* soldiers come upon the scene looking for Lisardo, and urge him to sing the "Canzone della Stella" and the "Romanzo della Conquista di Sicilia." Raggio di Luna follows with the song of the *Almogavári*, thus hoping to rouse them to revenge upon the French who are soon to cross the hill. Responding to this song the cry of vengeance bursts in unison from their throats. But Ruggiero di Lauria surprises this movement, and extracts from Lombardo a promise to have the orders respected unless, as already agreed, he hears three blasts of a trumpet in countermand.

A messenger is announced. This messenger—a descendant of the Counts of Foix—having become a vassal of the King of France, comes to arrange with Ruggiero the safe passage of his master. Raggio di Luna, hearing unseen the colloquy in which the Count of Foix betrays the baseness of soul that led him to trample underfoot the glorious traditions of his ancestors and sell himself to the King of France, explains in horror, upon seeing him depart:

"And is that man a Foix?—of that race that once we knew, O Pyrenees?"

Lisardo comes in with the information that the French column conveying Philip's litter is about to pass the hill—the

trumpet signal for attack is heard. Lombardo and all the *Almogavári*, brandishing arms and torches to the cry of "Àur, àur," fall exultingly upon the enemy. Raggio di Luna remains alone, absorbed in her thoughts of vengeance. After a short time Lisardo runs in with the cry of "Vittoria, vittoria! Aragona ha vinto, i Pirenei son liberi." ("Victory! victory! Aragon has conquered, the Pyrenees are free!") The stage is immediately filled by a crowd that takes possession of every place and crowns the summits of the hills. Barons, cavaliers, servants, men and women of the people—all wave banners, standards, ensigns, flags, and even branches of trees. All is excitement and enthusiasm. King Don Pedro the Great crosses the stage on horseback, surrounded by his nobles and cavaliers, among whom are seen Ruggiero di Lauria and Ramon de Moncada, the Seneschal of Catalonia, the chorus meanwhile singing the Hymn of Victory.

This vast dramatic creation, vibrating so powerfully with patriotism, so intense with great and noble emotions, and presenting to the eye of the spectator the events and places most celebrated in mediaeval Spanish history, is preceded by a prologue synthetically including the salient points of the Trilogy.

The bard of the Pyrenees relates the glories and misfortunes of his country. He invokes the greatness of the past, while the scenery in the background, which represents the Pyrenees in their whole extent, from Navarre to the last peak of Catalonia, is gradually illumined by the rising sun. The spectator sees before him the long succession of mountains and valleys; he discerns the peak of *Altabiskar* on the hill of *Roncisvalle*; the point of *Uruèl* with its historic monastery of *San Giovanni della Rupe*; the hills of *Puig-Moren*, *Canigò*, *Montperdut*, etc., etc. Upon the mountains are seen the castles of *Foix*, *Montsegür* and *Lordat*.

The first sound is of the horns and trumpets—echoes of those that once rang among these mountain fastnesses—playing the *Fanfare of the Pyrenees*. With the invocation of the bard are mingled the characteristic melodies of the mountains, the songs of the *troubadours*, and the *Hymn of Victory of the Almogavári*. The spirits of the past, invoked by the bard,

appear for a moment, singing the "Laudi del Signore." Above the Castle of Foix floats the family standard with the motto, "Toccamì se osi."\* This motto expresses the underlying idea of the epic struggle sustained by the Spanish against the French invasion. It runs through the whole Trilogy and dominates its dramatic and philosophic development from the beginning to the end.

After having finished his invocation to the mountains, the bard, carried away by the prophetic spirit of the Hymn of Victory at the battle of Panissars, turns to the public with a grand peroration urging again to glory the country and the people.

The sun now illumines with all its splendor the Pyrenees; above their summits appear and disappear the shadowy forms of the great genii of the mountains, while an invisible choir sings the Motett of Holy Saturday:

"O filii et filiae  
Rex celestis, rex gloriae  
Morte resurrexit hodie  
Alleluja!"

The Fanfare of the Pyrenees, re-inforced by the voices, now sounds again; the slow and solemn tones of trumpets and trombones are repeated, and the prologue to the historic action closes with an epilogue calculated to inspire patriotism and national regeneration.

All the personages of this Trilogy are truly historic. The Count of Foix is Ruggiero Bernardo, called the great, on account of his valòr, and of his civil and military distinction. But when, after long and exhausting wars, and with the fall of Montsegùr, he found himself abandoned by all, his cause lost, and his usefulness ended, he retired to the monastery of Bolbona, where he died some time between the years of 1242 and 1247.

The Countess of Foix, Ermessinda, was a Catalonian and the daughter of Arnaldo, Viscount of Castelbò. Wedded to the count in 1202, she died at the Castle of Tarascon, whither she had been driven from that of Foix in 1230.

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\* "Toccamì se osi" (Touch me if you dare)—the motto of one of the Counts of Foix in his struggles with the house of Armagnac.

Bernardo Sicart di Marjevols was a troubadour of Gevaudan; Ramon di Miraval was also a celebrated troubadour. Both found refuge with the house of Foix.

Adelaide di Perantier, Gemeschia di Minerva, and Brunisenda di Cabaret were ladies frequently mentioned in the chronicles of chivalry of the time.

Raggia di Luna is, however, only partly historic. A young Moorish woman of that name was taken prisoner in the battle of Toulouse in 1212, and from there passed into Provence.

The Count of Foix, as presented in the third part of the drama, succeeded to that title in 1265 and united himself to the King of France, whom he recognized as his master. He accompanied Philip the Bold on his expedition to Catalonia.

The other personages, such as Ruggiero di Lauria, are either well known in history, or sufficiently delineated in the poem above traced.

This poem is due, as we have said, to the illustrious pen of Victor Balaguer, the distinguished politician and littérateur of Spain, and the learned philologist who once said that he learned the Castilian language as a civil obligation; the Catalanian from patriotism, the Provençal from gratitude, and the Italian from love of it. "I Pirenei" was published for the first time in Catalonia in 1891. Second and third editions appeared successively in 1892 and 1894. It has been translated and published in German, Provençal, French, English, Hungarian and Italian. This is indeed a literary work of sufficient size and importance to attract the attention of the world of art, and to merit the enthusiastic admiration of the great Catalanian composer who has given to it a worthy musical form. Around the poem of Balaguer will flourish a new art; and from it will spring fountains of vigorous and healthy inspiration. The pen and the pencil, the lyre and the chisel will unite to exalt the past and the future glories of the Pyrenees. Music has already paid its great tribute in the work of Filippo Pedrell. Let us now examine the latter in all its parts, for a conception so grand, so original and daring the lyric stage has not otherwise produced, the case of Wagner excepted.

(Abridged from the Italian of G. Tebaldini, in *Revista Musicale Italiana*, by Annette E. Crocker.)

## THE MAKING OF A SONG BOOK.

BY CUNNINGHAM MOFFET.

There appeared some time ago in a Scottish daily newspaper a number of letters written by various Scottish poets and German composers to George Thomson, who published a "Collection of Original Scottish Airs" in Edinburgh about the beginning of the present century, that throw some light on old-fashioned methods of editing, and the compensation musicians received for their work one hundred years ago. Thomson was clerk of the Honorable Board of Trustees in the Scottish capital, and being a musical amateur of some distinction employed his leisure in gathering up all the wandering airs of his native land that he could find. Selecting those melodies that were regarded the most popular and national in character he sent them in score to such prominent German composers as Beethoven, Haydn and others, with the request that they should furnish introductions, finales and piano accompaniments to what the former brusquely denominated *musique barbare*.

The letters received by Thomson from these great German masters in reply are now published for the first time, and the terms upon which they performed this work would rather astonish the Sullivans and De Kovens of to-day. The spirit in which they did their work is shown very clearly in these communications, however, which illustrate most graphically the great difference between their ideals and those of too many composers of the present hour. Perhaps the charming audacity of the *douce*, bespectacled Scotchman—who was, by the way, an adept in the art of letter-writing—coupled with an enthusiasm for his work that convinced his correspondents that he labored more from a sense of patriotic duty than any desire of profit, were not the least factors in engaging their own disinterested devotion to the work. At any rate, they certainly earned the few ducats they received, for it should

be remembered the wars that were being carried on in those troublous times made it necessary frequently to write duplicate copies of their letters and music to post at different times so as to lessen the chances of loss in transit, and this added considerably to the labor of composition.

In dealing with the poets of his own country Thomson treated them with a freedom in striking contrast with his courtly politeness to the German musicians. When he received the "copy" of a song that did not entirely suit him he did not hesitate a moment to send it back to the writer, sometimes more than once, suggesting improvements, curtailments and additions. And to speak frankly, Thomson did more than he has hitherto received credit for to cast many Scottish songs in the shape we now know them. Even so great an expert in song-writing as Burns came in for a share of this severe editing, and it is astonishing to find a writer so independent and firm deferring often to the fastidious Edinburgh clerk regarding the alteration of a word, a phrase, or even a line, and sometimes the substitution of one figure of speech for another. Now and then, however, the Ayrshire bard "kicked," as we would say, against this radical censorship. In a letter written in April, 1793, published many years ago, he said, among other things: "Give me leave to criticise your taste in the only one thing in which it is in my opinion reprehensible. You know I ought to know something of my own trade. Of pathos, sentiment and point you are a competent judge; but there is a quality more necessary than either in a song, and which is the very essence of a ballad—I mean simplicity. . . . The last feature you are a little apt to sacrifice to the foregoing." Yet it must be admitted that Thomson's criticism was almost always sound, and that even in the matter of simplicity he was not so often at fault as many of his contributors.

But it is with the composers that we are most interested in this collection of letters. It may be said at once that there is no question of their authenticity, as they are in the possession of Mrs. Sinclair Thomson, of Dunbeath Castle, Caithness-shire, whose husband was the grandson of George Thomson. It was the original intention of the compiler of

this Collection of Scottish Songs to publish it in one volume containing about one hundred airs, but he soon found this was impossible, and when it was finally completed it comprised six volumes of fifty airs each. Although his edition of the songs became at once very popular and were heard in parlors throughout Scotland that previously had known nothing less barbaric than Italian airs, Thomson probably made very little if anything on them, as he expended an immense amount of labor on their compilation, and was content with a small margin of profit on each copy sold.

The letters of Haydn that follow, it will be noted, antedate those of Beethoven by several years. They are brief and business-like, but observe with what polished phrase he points each one of them. It may be added, by way of parenthesis, that while Beethoven writes in French, Haydn employs Italian:

## HAYDN'S LETTERS.

December, 1801.

Stimatissimo amico. I send you now the rest of the airs, and I am persuaded that better could not be done, since I have taken every pains to please you and to show to the world how much a man can do in this science, and particularly in this kind of modulation. I would wish that all the principal compositions were done in this manner; the result of the labour would in time certainly be well remunerated. By this work I hope to live in Scotland many years after my death.

January, 1802.

I send you with this the favourite air "The Blue Bells of Scotland," and I should like that this little air should be engraved all alone and dedicated in my name as a little, little complimentary gift to the renowned Mrs. Gordon, who, without having the honour of knowing, I esteem extremely for her great virtue and reputation. I would not wish to make a more brilliant accompaniment, in order to reveal the expression of the beautiful voice of a "virtuosa" so talented. I thank you for the handkerchiefs, which are very pretty.

January, 1802.

Stimatissimo Signor mio. I have received to-day, the 29th January, 1802, yours of the 28th December, 1801, with fifteen



other airs, which I shall take every pains to arrange for you like the others in a short time. I hope you have already received in all 32 airs, which I have sent you at different times, leaving, therefore, still eight, which, being already finished, I send you to-day by post, and you ought to have them in four weeks. I would be very pleased if you would send me the money quickly, which amounts in all to 40 guineas—that is, 400 florins of Vienna.

July, 1803.

Thanks, dear friend, for the pocket-handkerchiefs, which are very beautiful, particularly those destined for my poor wife, who has already been three years under the sod. I have therefore presented them to a married lady, who has great merit in regard to music.

May, 1804.

. . . I send you finally all the rest of the Scotch airs, which have cost me much trouble, for I've been very unwell for some time, but with all that I hope they will give some pleasure, but it is difficult for a man of seventy-three years of age to please the world: but be that as it may, I have done all I possibly could not to disappoint my dear friend. I will soon send you my bust "per la vostra cara a bella figlia," whose hand I kiss. God preserve you all; I love you and esteem you without having the honour of knowing you. Wish me well, I am, and always will be, dearest friend, your humble, sincere friend and servant.

October, 1804.

. . . In your last letter in July you paid me too many compliments on my "Creation of the World." I esteem myself very happy that God has given me this little talent, for the satisfaction of the lovers of music, the more so that by this Divine grace I am able to do some good for the poor. I would like, then, to know if in London "The Creation" has been given for the poor by professionals, and how much money was made. I have made in Vienna with these two pieces of music—that is, "The Creation" and "The Four Seasons"—for our poor widows of musicians in three years 40,000 florins. If you can in time give me an answer on this point you will do me a great pleasure. I send you now thir-

teen airs, with the same hope that they will please you. I would like still before my death to do five-and-twenty, or at least a dozen more, of these great airs, but only for you, dear friend. Great things I can no more undertake; my old age makes me increasingly weak. Hoping for a little reply. I kiss your dear daughter's hand.

## BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS.

17th July, 1810.

Here are, sir, the Scottish airs of which I have composed the greater number *con amore*, as I wished by cultivating their national songs to give a mark of my esteem to the Scottish and English nations.

February, 1818.

My copyist is ill, and that is the reason why I send you my MSS. I shall have to get some ducats more than usual, because it has been necessary to copy them myself.

May, 1819.

You write always easily, very easily, and I do my best, but—but—but the honorarium must be for so much more difficult work. I assure you that I shall be always with pleasure at your service. I shall soon be in a position to write you more fully as to the honorarium for my theme with variations. I fixed in my last letter to you by M. Feeze upon at least ten ducats in gold. This is, I swear to you, only in order to oblige you, since I have no need to concern myself with such small matter; yet one has to lose time over such bagatelles, and honour will not let one say to some people what one earns. I wish you still good taste for true music (*le bon gout pour la vraie musique.*)

July, 1811.

I return again to your letter of 17th September. Having regard to the offer of the hundred ducats in gold for the three sonatas, I declare to you that I shall accept them in order to please you. I am as ready to compose for you three quintettes for a hundred gold ducats, but as to songs with the English text the fixed price of them is sixty ducats. For the cantata on the battle of the Baltic I ask fifty ducats. But only on condition that the original text is not offensive to the Danes.

In the contrary case I cannot occupy myself with it. [This letter has reference to a project of Thomson's for publishing other music than songs.] As to Mr. Koseluck, who delivers to you each song with accompaniments for ten ducats, I very much congratulate you, and also the English and Scottish audiences when he is playing to them. As for me, I esteem myself something superior to the genre of MM. Koseluck (*miserabilis!*), and I hope, believing that you possess some distinction, that you are able to do me so much justice.

## THE MUSIC OF THE GHETTO.

(Dedicated to Judge Mayer Sulzberger of Philadelphia.)

BY PROFESSOR NAPHTALI HERZ IMBER.

Melodies of the Mystics, or "Chasidim."

In Russia and in Galicia, the bulk of the Jews belong to the well known sect of the "Chasidim" (pious ones), whom I styled in the "Jewish Exponent" the "Jewish Salvation Army."

In regard to their outside method of worship they deserve that title, but concerning the ethics of their cult they might be called the "Jewish Theosophists." The sect has been known since a century ago under the name of "The Chasidim," as founded by the wonder Rabbi, the Jewish Mahatma, Israel Baal Shem Tob (man of a good name). They believed in the reincarnation ere a Madam Blavatsky taught it to the Gentiles, and the secret of the astral body revealed a hundred years ago by that great Mahatma, while he used to smoke his pipe, ere a Blavatsky told it to her inner circle when smoking cigarettes. (As Madam Blavatsky was a native of Russia, she got the theosophy copied from the Chasidim there, giving it out to the ignorant Gentiles as new revelation.) That peculiar sect is only a transfiguration of the ancient Jewish sect, the Essenes, transformed in other respects according to the circumstances and ages, which are constantly working upon every organic or inorganic system of this life. Their chief belief besides the Jewish religion is the Cabbala, or mystic teaching, a teaching which I traced back to its greatest exponent, Jesus the son of Sirach Hanosri (the saw-man or the carpenter), who lived two hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. In the middle ages that teaching was known only to a few worthies until it began to illuminate the darkest half of Asia with the luster of a great optimistic ray from Israel Baal Shem Tob a century ago. He said that

the only thing which uplifts the mortal to the sphere of the immortals is joy, and he claimed that the Almighty was more pleased when he (Israel Baal Shem Tob) smoked a pipe, than by the long prayers of the rabbis.

In the midst of our alarming and charming life of the nineteenth century of culture and civilization, the Chasidim live a life like those in the hermit kingdom of Korea. Their connection with their Talmudical brethren and with the natives is more mechanical than a real one—for the Chasidim live in their own spiritual world, that unseen universe, of which neither Kepler nor Herschel had any idea. They are the real "Children of the Ghetto," whom culture has not yet touched with its noisy vibration.

If you come into a city town in half Asia, in Russia and in Poland, you will find three classes of Hebrews, corresponding to their three kinds of worship houses. The one is the Synagogue, built in the Gothic style, a place kept very sacred, and it is only opened at the hours of prayer. The worshipers there as a rule belong to that class who are religious without knowing why. They are recruited from the all day life Jews.

The second worship house is called "The Beth Hammedrash" (house of research); it is built in the style of a village mosque in the Orient. The house is devoted to worshipers as well as to students. The worshipers there are the conservatives with strong Talmudical belief to the letter. In both of those worship places a hired Chasan (melody maker) is appointed with a full choir, and he sings the prayers in accordance with the spirit of the Hebrew melodies. As a rule the Chasan, who is hired by the city, prays always in the synagogue.

The third worship place is the "Klaus" (an old German term for a monastery). The Klaus has the appearance of one of the storehouses which adorn the Ghetto, and no one would ever dream that this is a place for worshiping God, and if it had not inside the sacred shrine with the sacred screen, we would take it either for a free reading room or for a club house for gossipers. The place is commonly called by the Jews "The Chasidim Stibel" (the little house of the Chasidim). As a rule each Ghetto has many Klausen as each bears the

name of that wonder Rabbi or Mahatma in whom the said congregation believes. The Klaus has no Chasan nor Choir, for every one is a born singer, and, in time of prayer, the visitor will think that he is in Bayreuth hearing the hundred various voices of Wagner's music in Brunhilde. Indeed those sacred Ghetto melodies and the mode of their execution suggests to one the question if Wagner has not worked after the model of the Ghetto music.

#### THE MAHATMA.

The wonder Rabbi, or the Mahatma, is, as a rule, the descendant of the first prominent disciples of Israel Baal Shem Tob. Each Mahatma has people in every town, who form a congregation; and the Klaus is called by the surname of the Mahatma, and so are called his followers, as the "Belzer Chasidim" or "Alska Chasidim," meaning Chasidim who believe in the wonder Rabbi of Belz or those who believe in the Mahatma of Alsk. The descendants of Israel Baal Shem Tob are held in the highest esteem of sacredness, and each of them is known by the pet name "The Grand Child."

The wonder Rabbi is worshiped like the idols of the ancient pagans, and his word is law. He is the living oracle, to whom thousands from all corners of the land come with applications in one hand, and with the Shekel in the other, to beg the Rabbi to alter the rolling wheels of fate. Not only Jews, even Gentiles of higher order are to be found among the peculiar crowd of the Ghetto, who come impulsed by the same human desire—to have a niche in the future. Thousands are the daily visitors; some come with their imbecile children, and others come to apply to the Rabbi to keep away the grim messenger from the deathbed of their nearest and dearest.

His followers, the Chasidim, no matter whether rich or poor, make a pilgrimage twice or three times in a year, specially before the New Year and Atonement Day, when there may be more than ten thousand followers from all the corners of the land to pray with the Mahatma. They believe, as even the Talmudical Jews believe, that on the New Year's day the heavenly court is at the celestial bench to decree the fates

of man. Satan (or Uncle Sam, as he is called by those mystics) plays the part of prosecuting attorney, while the good angels are pleading on behalf of suffering humanity. The Mahatma, when he gets his "Aliath Neshama" (soul accession to heaven or going out by his astral), wrestles with Satan, and of course Satan gets the worst of it, and so the decrees are made favorable to the Children of the Ghetto through the powerful influence of the wonder Rabbi; hence they are eager to be present at that day in his Klaus, as he carries their prayers right to the throne of the Most High. Often the Mahatma takes a trip round the land, and on such occasions the Klaus of the city becomes a most interesting sight, worthy of seeing and hearing those mystical melodies, which probably were sung by the Essenes two thousand years ago in the wilderness of Judea.

#### THE KLAUS.

(The Worshipping Place of the Chasidim.)

The Klaus, as I said before, has not the outside appearance of a worshipping place, neither does its inner appearance denote it as such. You can find in the morning, while the reader says the prayer before the sacred shrine, and some or many are clothed in their white prayer mantles—you will find many of them sitting around drinking their white coffee, or liquor, or gossiping about the newest miracle of the Mahatma. The Chasidim like liquor very much, as they regard it as a medium of inspiration; yet in spite of their fondness for it, you never can find a drunken Chasid, and it seems that even when the devil is used for a good purpose he turns out an angel.

The gloom which is cast in most of the worshipping houses is partly due to the strictness of the prayer drill and partly to the gloomy sermons of the Rabbis. That cast is missing in the Klaus, for the Chasidim are not bound by a prayer discipline and worship regulations, and "worship as you please" is the motto of the Klaus, for when they get into the inspiration of prayer they seem not to conceive where they are and their spirits move upon the surface of celestial nothingness. Not only is the Chasid gesticulating, he shows a restlessness as the tiger in the cage. You will find him pacing

up and down while praying, lifting up his hands in a motion resembling our baseball players, as if he intended to catch some flying demon. Often he will make a jump, as if he is trying to fly direct to heaven. While praying it will appear to the stranger that the whole house is a musical training school and the people practicing voice culture. Here, by a certain sentence, he will give a roar like a lion reaching the highest pitch of the organic D, while a moment later he will let out a trill in the soprano, so that you will think that some canary bird is nestling in his throat. He will while praying perform all the evolutions, gymnastical vibrations, from the soft motion of a stage actor, to the whirling dance of a ballet girl. In his melodies, he tries to outdo the Seraphic Celestial choir, who spend their whole existence in singing.

The optimistic view of life manifests itself in every movement on this earth. A Chasid never grieves; no matter how time and circumstances may press him hard, he cheerfully will accept them, and in order to escape temptations he will leave his wife and children to the care of the Almighty, while he will trust in his wonder Rabbi, the Mahatma. He will go there often on foot to sit in his Klaus, eating from the free lunch given daily by the wonder Rabbi. (The Klaus of the wonder Rabbi maintains a free lunch on the expenses of the wonder Rabbi, for which he has a special fund, and hundreds of Batlonim, "Idlers," as they are surnamed, are fed daily.)

There the "Idler" sits until the Rabbi finds an opportunity to work on his behalf good will in heaven. (The idea of "good will," or, in plain English, if the heavenly court is in good humor, is an established fact amongst the mystics of all nations, as they try to make a God more humane and man more than divine.) In every city, village or town in Russia and in Poland where there exist Chasidim, there you can find their Klauses open day and night full of people, some reading the books of the Zohar (the light), that Bible of the mystics (although they cannot translate you a line of it), while others are sitting along the benches in such an attitude as those idle onlookers in America's hotels.

They sit and gossip about everything on earth from the concert of the European powers and the wars to come till



the expected coming of the Messiah and the horrors which will herald his coming. Of course the recent wonders wrought by their Mahatma are interwoven in the long thread of the gossip. The wonderful tales of their Mahatma's power inspires them often to ask the sexton for a drink of liquor. The sexton of the Chasidim has many duties to perform; not as those of the Synagogues and other worship houses, whose business is to attend to the dead, and keep clean the worship place, the sexton of the Chasidim has the duty of attending to the living, to provide them with the nectar as a medium of inspiration that they may be able to visit the unseen by his own unseen astral.

Below the sacred shrine there he has a box, which represents his little saloon, containing a bottle of white whisky and a few eggs and some cakes. He sells to the Chasidim per glass, and the charges are as in other saloons. Another of his duties is to illuminate the windows of the Klaus on the death day of Rabbi Simon Bar Jochai, the author of the Zohar, and to provide a good provision of the nectar. I asked a Chasid once: Why do you need such a common medium as liquor for an inspiration to spirituality? He answered: "In order to get the highest we must get the push from below, as the balloon can not go high until it gets a push from below."

The Chasidim are the most good-hearted fellows I ever came across on God's green earth, for in everything they see only joy and life, and the gloomy side of things they never look on. In the night their Klaus is converted into a free hotel, and you can find the weary wanderers, or tramps, stretched along the benches snoring while the Chasidim are gossiping. Music is their religion, and here lies the secret of their happy temper. The Sabbath day, especially at the third meal (every orthodox Jew eats three meals on the Sabbath), which takes place a half hour before sunset, is the most interesting celebration among the Chasidim. On Sabbath they believe that each man has another soul in addition to his own on the eve of the Sabbath, and it departs from him on the outgoing of the Sabbath. Many Cabbalistic songs in the Chaldean language were written by famous Cabbalists in

honor of the great soul and of the Sabbath queen. The immortal poet Heine has immortalized that celebration only in the way orthodox Jews celebrate, but he did not know the ways of the Chasidim and how they celebrate it. While the Jews of other denominations are spending their time in hearing the sermons of wandering Rabbis or studying Talmudical lore, the Chasidim in their Klaus spend the day as others, with the exception that neither cigarette nor pipe smoke fills the elysium of the mystics.

A half an hour before sunset, while the Jews go home for their third meal, the Chasidim prepare the tables of the Klaus for a social entertainment. The one table is reserved for the Haute Valeue of the sect, the others have no tablecloths, as every Chasid brings his own meal to the religious picnic. At the dressed table their local leader occupies the seat of honor and some wealthy man among them sends fishes, while others donate the loaves. It begins now to be dark, and the Jews of other denominations are by this time at home doing and pursuing their daily work in their designed stations of life; but the Chasidim are still celebrating the Sabbath, and the Klaus is under cover of darkness, as their mystic life is. The leader drinks the first cup of wine and breaks the loaves, distributing them among the people; the same he does with the fishes. Such a ceremony reminds one of the last communion of Christ. Those who cannot reach the table have in their pockets their picnic loaves and fishes. After the leader says some mystical lores in the name of the Mahatma, they begin to sing the well-known Chaldaic mystic song for that occasion, known as the "Benei Heichala" (children of the palace). Their Chaldaic songs can hardly be translated, for in another language they turn out to be vulgar love poems, yet in the esoteric meaning they cover the deepest thoughts ever conceived by a philosopher. They sing—and the song is a song no mortal can play, for it is the most stirring and touching ever vocal music is able to produce; during the song every one present joins in the singing and it is marvelous that such a multitude without any director executes the pieces very satisfactorily, and you will never hear a false turn from one of

them. The closing is the singing of the chapter 144 sung in the popular Jewish traditional air.

The evening prayer is said, the candles lit, and a new proceeding of a peculiar celebration comes, which is known as "Melave Malka" (accompanying the Queen Sabbath by her departure). The meal, or, better, the menu, consists of "Borsht" (soup made of beet sugar), a few eggs and loaves of bread and a bottle or two of brandy. When the banquet in honor of the queen is finished, which is often at ten o'clock in the night, then again music of a mystical tenor is heard, and it reaches the highest pitch of inspiration when they, as by an impulse, form their mystical dance.

The music is accompanied by the tambourine, which is to be found in every Klaus; the tambourine is a half drum in the shape of a circle and little bells are distributed round its wooden borders. Music and dance were the first used by primitive man in paying attributes of admiration to the higher powers. Drum and bell were the first primitive play instruments, through which the primitive divine music was executed.

The most primitive religion was the Phallic cult, a religion well represented by the primitive play instrument of the bell and the drum. Their clappers and drums symbolized the organic instrument by which the Phallic cult was worshiped. The deep mysticism of these mystics has a philosophical leaning to the Phallic cult, hence its corresponding play instrument, the tambourine, is sacred to them. Their dance is as peculiar as their music. They dance by forming a large circle, one's hand on the shoulders of the others, and while they are whirling around to the strains of the mystical tambourine so that they cut Madonna faces, they kick with their legs outside the circle as if to drive away somebody. The kicking means to kick away Satan and his host, the "Klipos" (undeveloped evil spirits, the word denotes shells, they can be styled to their meaning spiritual bacteria). I have seen pleasures enough for my short life, I have sat at banquets where royal nectar (champagne) flowed in streams, and each cup was presented by a beauty worthy to be enlisted as a houri in Mohammed's Paradise; yet I confess that I never had such

elevating pleasure as when I sat at the parting banquet to Queen Sabbath, and that unspeakable mystic power of mystical melodies carried me off from the earth to enjoy sights unseen and feel that elevating pleasure, for which we all now linger.

THE MAHATMA'S MELODY  
(DEM REBINS NIGIN)

OR

THE THROWING OUT OF THE ASTRAL.

When the Mahatma once a year makes his tour through the land the Klaus always serves as a reception room as well as a banquet hall. The banquet is given by his faithful on the Sabbath days, and among the wonderful treasures which my memory has collected it has also preserved the "Melody of the Mahatma." The Mahatma, who is now mummified in the coffin of my recollection, or whom I have now in my mind, was of medium height, with a face shaped like a full moon, and carried a belly as big as the big drum of the "Salvation Army." It was Friday evening he entered the Klaus, which was packed to suffocation. He went, escorted by the noblest of the sect, to the prayer stand before the sacred shrine. Donned in his silk Kaftan, he covered it with the white prayer mantle and began to lead his folks to welcome Queen Sabbath. It was not a prayer meeting, as it resembled more a musical concert with a variety program. The first word of the prayer he uttered sounded as the harsh commanding word of a general ordering the soldiers to break up camp and to march. Then he began to pray in such a powerful and tremendous voice, which made the very roof shake and the people tremble; then following the roar of his war cry followed a song in a minor key resembling the cry of a babe intermingled with thrills and shrills in rapid succession, all in the strain of the mystical melodies, the real "music of the Ghetto." The jumps, the dance, the springs, made manifest the highest pitch of his inspiration and it seemed to speak, with the Psalms, that all his bones praised the Almighty. The uncountable multitude joined in, and there was a real Wagner concert, for every tune, from the roar of the ocean to the silent whisper of the rose, was represented. That singing, praying

and jumping lasted from 6 o'clock in the evening till 11 o'clock in the night, five hours without pause or rest, and yet neither was the throat of the Mahatma nor of the multitude sore nor did they show symptoms of being tired. When the prayers were at an end, then the ceremony of handshake begins, and every one, young or old, comes to shake hands with the wonder Rabbi, and say good Sabbath. Then the table is prepared for the banquet. The one I witnessed there were two tables arranged in a delta shape. The Mahatma occupies the head seat, and each member is placed in accordance with his rank in the sect and the station he occupies in life. The multitude are satisfied to fill out the vacuum and causing a helter skelter by each attempt to move on. The menu consists of fish, meat and puddings. First he sanctifies the wine, and taking a sip from the cup he presents it to the most prominent member near, who presents it to the other, and by such means the cup makes the round trip, and any one thinks himself in grace if he can only smell from it, not to speak of drinking. The plate of soup is now before the wonder Rabbi. He takes two spoonfuls from it, then the multitude begin to battle for the drops of soup, as if it was the "elixir of life." When the first dish is finished, the signal is given, and the multitude begins to sing the Cabbalistic poem written in the Chaldean tongue to the strain of the Rabbi's "Nigun" (melody). Every Mahatma has a different strain from those who believe in another wonder Rabbi. When the last sound of his favorite song echoes away into the vacuum of an unseen space, the Mahatma gets his full divine inspiration. He turns his weary head aside, closes his eyes, and a death silence reigns as if the multitude were a petrified solid mass, for the Rabbi throws now out his astral, goes to heaven to get new revelations in mystic lore. The Prophet Elijah went to heaven in a chariot of fire and by horses of the same element. The Mahatma of the Theosophists cannot throw out his astral until he falls into a cataleptic fit (indeed, every one who is afflicted with that terrible affliction says he goes into a trance to shield his trouble). But the Jewish Mahatma cannot go to heaven through his astral until preceded by the sweet strains of music. How sublime—how grand—to be

carried on the wings of the muse to the celestial realm of happiness, beyond mortal's grasp! The trip to heaven there and back does not last long, a half an hour or more, then the Rabbi awakens and tells them the new revelations he got there above, and after those mystical hints the multitude breaks out into joyous music again until late at night. The same is repeated in the morning and in the evening, when the tambourine calls them out to the mystic dance.

#### THE CHARACTER OF THE MYSTIC MELODIES.

That real music of the Ghetto, those deep, mystical melodies, are distinguished from the present and ancient "Hebrew Melodies" known under the name of "Golos Lieder" (songs of the exile), or the Synagogue melodies known as the Siniatic tunes. The two latter are on the minor key, Oriental through and through, while in the mystic melodies, in spite they are on the deepest minor key, there is the manifestation of a strange, unknown touch, which gives them that joyous sound, that cheerfulness which is missed in the "Hebrew Melodies" as well as in the "Siniatic Tunes." They are more of the character of victorious musical marches, and I do not know any nationality to which I shall claim the inclination of those deep mystic melodies. While in the Hebrew melodies or in the Siniatic songs, no matter how cheerful the text may be, the melody will always betray its nativity, the exile, and the ear will understand the groan of the suffering Zion singer. Again those mystic melodies, even a funeral march of them will sound out that cheerful sound of hope, that joyous elevation, which will make us to forget the mournful text. It is a mystery in musical psychology. It seems that music has no nationality, it is only the product of the temper of the composer or producer, the optimistic view and cheerful life of the Chasidim, so their music is only a manifestation of themselves. If it is not so, then what is it? Both are Jews, both drink from the bitter cup of the exile, and both are lamenting the fall of Jerusalem, and both hope for the restoration and a Messiah, yet how different is the expression of their music. Another peculiarity of those mystical melodies is that they are adaptable to any text, and you can apply a funeral march

to the text of a nuptial march and it will sound as cheerful as the occasion requires. The music of the Ghetto is deep, a music whose singers fight by its powers the force of Satan and his demons, a music which lifts up the mortal to the loftiest spot of eternity, a music by which we can throw out our better self, the astral, and being conscious of what we hear and see, is more powerful than the hypnotic musical power of a common Svengali. Wonderful is that music, its singers and composers! Without the study of general "bass," without being able to write or read the notes, they compose, they sing, and as soon as a favorite song is composed it is in a short time traveling the whole land from the Volga to the blue Danube. I have observed that those who are trained to play or to sing from the notes are unable to take the sense of hearing into activity. The musicians of half Asia play all the airs you want by the aid of the sense of the ear. Many have tried to sketch the lives of the Ghetto, but he who lives in a city of culture can never comprehend them, as you cannot comprehend their music. He who wants to understand the children of the Ghetto must be a child of it. It is a pity that such a most interesting music has not reached the drumskin of modern musicians. We have wine music, church music, Jewish music, Gentile music, Oriental music and Occidental music, but we have not yet mystical music, which is more of musical need, for music alone is a mystical power, and he who is not of a mystical temper can never comprehend its powerful touch. The Jewish theaters in New York City may be given the credit of having imported into America some of those mystical melodies. I say some, for it needs a good deal to hear them play in preservation in notes for the benefit of those who are always lovers of divine science. Should my present sketch call the attention of music lovers to that mysterious music of the Ghetto and to their mystical melodies, I will feel greatly rewarded.

JOHN BARRINGTON, JR.

BY EMILE LOUIS ATHERTON.

(PART IX.—CONCLUSION.)

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Barrington Continues the Narrative.

As I look back now, many years later, to the time when I returned to America, I know that it was the most momentous time in my life. I had gone as far along the road of easy uselessness as circumstances would let me, and now I stood looking over a precipice which was at the end of this road. You will understand that I was face to face with a serious calamity, or what I then considered a serious calamity, when I tell you that upon my return home I was told by my aunt that she would listen to no explanation, and that our relations, financial and otherwise, were at an end. My last resource, the money my father had left me in trust, was gone; for the executors claimed that owing to my failure to draw the money for a certain length of time I had no right to continue to do so. This decision was based upon a clause in my father's will which I, and I am sure Mr. Earlington, had not noticed. The case, I learned, was to be decided upon by the Courts, and it would be probably six months before I hear their decision. I was also informed that through a legal connection it was possible for Mr. Mackenzie to influence the surrogate to delay the matter for a year or more. I had returned home with almost no money in my pocket, and with no valuables but some personal jewelry and a rather large and costly wardrobe. The fact that I had absolutely no certainty for the future; that I was dependent upon my own feeble powers to care for myself, was like the merciless grasp of a strong hand at my throat. I would wake up at night in the small room I had hired, and think, with a sickening sense of fear, of my uselessness for any occupation; of the



almost certainty that when my small store of valuables was gone I would either have to stoop to the most degrading forms of labor and of existence or starve. Say what you will, I, who have experienced the terrors know that it is this selfish fear for one's own stomach, it is this dreadful uncertainty and the selfishness it engenders that nerves a man to be a man. It was this which forced me against my over-refined will, to look for employment, and though I did not find it, the effort gave me heart. It gave me a clear view into the practical side of my life; and one day, moved by a sudden and powerful influence, I rebegan my book. This time I no longer played at literature, but from early morning until late at night I wrote steadily on, until it was written through. My sentimental pleasure in the work had gone. All hysterical emotion had vanished, and I regarded what I had written from a purely mental attitude. Without the loss of a day, I reread the story as I had last written it, and then draughted it into a distinct and easily understood plan. And then I rewrote it all. I will not say that I cannot do better now, nor that it was in any way a remarkable book, but you who have read it know that it was firmly constructed, and that all I talked about in it was of the things I knew about. It was this which gave the book its quality of reality and character. I sent it to the executors but within two days it was returned to me, and a note from Mr. Blaming, which accompanied it, said that it was the poorest story in every respect that he had ever read. I had almost expected this result, and without losing hope I sent several copies of the book to publishers. When one of these returned it was on a night when I was very near the last of my money. Overcome by my despondency, I went out into the streets and walked down Broadway. The desire for amusement, the desire to forget my troubles, led me to purchase a seat in one of the theaters. This seat was right under one of the boxes. As I sat there looking at the curtain before the play began, I heard voices which struck my ear as familiar, and I saw entering a box Mr. Blaming and Anna and Mr. Earlington. I sat there looking at them in perfect astonishment, unable to understand how a friendship could have sprung up between those two men.

The second act of the play had nearly reached its climax when something fell down and struck my hand, and lay on the floor at my feet. It was a letter. Without an instant's consideration I jumped at the conclusion that it was from her, and I immediately put it in my pocket. At the end of the act, I hurried down to the smoking room of the theater, and tearing out the envelope without even looking at the address I unfolded six pages of closely typewritten matter. I saw the heading "Mr. William H. Blaming," and in my disappointment I could have thrown the letter away had not my eye caught sight of the characters which formed my own name. Without the slightest compunction, I read the letter from the first word to the last, and when I closed it up I knew that John Barrington, was his own man at last. Going to Mr. Blaming's box I entered it, and found him sitting nearest to me. They did not see me for a moment. As I stood there I noticed that Mr. Blaming's coat was thrown over the rail of the box, and from it I concluded the letter had fallen.

I saw the suggestion of sadness in my darling's eyes and in the posture of her figure. I noted Mr. Earlington's gentle indifference, and Mr. Blaming's miserable alertness. But this was only for a moment, for she suddenly looked up, and as she started back in astonishment Mr. Blaming sprang to his feet.

"Come with me," I said, and I held up the letter.

He stepped quickly forward to take it from me, but finding that this was impossible he followed me from the box to the smoking room. Then and there I told him what I had learned from the letter, and I gave him his choice of being prosecuted as a criminal, or of making a full confession and giving me his resignation as executor, as well as assisting me to obtain the resignation of the other members. This he refused to do without some time for thought, and I agreed to meet him the next day at Mr. Mackenzie's office. That night I slept soundly and well, for I knew that I had reached the worst of my troubles, and that the future would be surely brighter.

On the following morning I received a letter from a publisher to whom I had sent one of the copies of my book, and

this letter told me of the acceptance of my story and offered the usual conditions. The character of the house which had written me was such that I knew that the book itself contained enough merit to win the prize for which I had been striving, father's estate.

## CHAPTER XVII.

On the following day Mr. Barrington went with his lawyer to the office of Mr. Mackenzie. There they were received with but scant courtesy from that gentleman and with very apparent uneasiness by Mr. Blaming. The former gentleman evidently had no thought in his mind other than to fight them and their case, but Mr. Blaming was filled with misgivings and doubts as to the possibility of any defence. He realized as Mr. Mackenzie did not that Mr. Barrington probably possessed other evidence than the letter and he realized that it would require very little more than this letter to make out a very strong case of conspiracy against the executors.

When they were seated Mr. Mackenzie said:

"I am given to understand that you have come here to offer certain evidence which you have said that you have against me and some of my brother executors, in exchange for our resignations and the return of a certain sum which you allege that we have abstracted (temporarily) from the estate?"

"That is correct," said Mr. Gross, Mr. Barrington's lawyer.

"Very well then. You produce your evidence and let me see whether what you have to offer for sale is worth the price that you ask?"

Mr. Gross then explained in a lawyer's way all about the matter. But as a lawyer's way is not my way, and as there is no record of what was said save the remembered points of the conversation, the author can only tell what these were. Mr. Barrington claimed that:

First; the directors had sold for scarcely half its worth a valuable mine.

Second; two of the executors were proved by the letter to be large shareholders in the purchasing company, as well as officers of it.

Third; there was the evidence of Mrs. Barrington, which before her death she had put in writing, and had sworn to, by which it was proved that Mr. Blaming had openly boasted of having lined his pockets at the expense of the estate.

From these three points, and some others of minor character which, however, served to confirm the three mentioned, one of three possible results would follow.

First; the court, when appealed to might remove the executors as incapable, because of their having lost to the estate so large a sum of money.

Second; if this did not occur, and the court accepted the evidence of the conspiracy, it might become a criminal matter, and the executors might not only be removed, but might also be prosecuted.

Third; the mere public possession of a knowledge of the affair would seriously injure both Mr. Blaming's and Mr. Mackenzie's reputation. Mr. Blaming would probably fail of re-election to several positions of trust, to which he had lately been appointed. Mr. Mackenzie would probably lose the control over estates which were, at this time, in his sole charge.

Matching the three results with the three possibilities, one of which was sure to be proved, the two gentlemen, and later their associates, agreed to credit the estate with an amount which would make the purchase price a fair one. The executors agreed to resign in a body, and thus the Blaming conspiracy came to an end. The money was refunded, and a fairer body of men appointed to take charge of the estate.

Although this happy result was accomplished with as much dispatch as possible, it was some time before its effects could be felt. During this time, Mr. Barrington suffered many hardships and privations; but these were ended by a check from his publisher, which proved that his book was a success.

It is almost impossible to describe the change which that check worked in its recipient. It was noticeable in the complete metamorphosis of his old habits and disposition, and in his energetic look and determined bearing. He had met

necessity face to face, and he had conquered; and when a man has once done that, he is indeed a man. When he has failed to do it, he is never granted that strength and breadth that the struggle has as compensation for the one who struggled.

The longest time of waiting finds its period, and Mr. Barrington's probation was no exception. The new executors at last met, and as their first official act withdrew the protest of their predecessors in regard to Mr. Barrington receiving the allowance of ten dollars a day.

One week later, they performed their second official action; which was to accept Mr. Barrington's published book because it was of the required length, and because in their opinion it represented the full expression of his present abilities and powers, and because it was written as carefully as they believed he could do it. They then executed the necessary forms, and on the 3rd of April Mr. John Barrington became the sole owner of his father's land and property.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

I had not seen John Barrington for several months when, on a certain night, as I was seated by my fire feeling a trifle lonely and desirous of companionship, he suddenly entered my room. We shook hands heartily, and he sat down in my other easy chair. Noticing that he was still wearing the same suit of clothes in which I had seen him for the last eight months, and that he did not look particularly happy, I said to him:

"You don't mean to say, old chap, that those fellows are still keeping your money from you?"

"Why, no," he answered. "The matter was decided yesterday in my favor, the estates have been turned over to me, and in short the whole affair is settled."

"Well," said I, severely, "why in the world are you so unhappy?"

"That is a matter," said he, "that I have not yet succeeded in regulating. I suppose so much money as I now have ought to buy anything that a reasonable man could want. But I'm

not reasonable, and it's not likely that I ever will get that which I most desire."

As I knew only too well what this desire was, and also that he would not be likely to talk about this trouble, I turned the subject of conversation to his future plans. This interested him at once, and he immediately began to question me about my work. When he found that it was a possible thing for me to leave New York for a while, he said heartily to me:

"You must come down with me to Barrington Manor for a long stay. I have planned to go down immediately, and when I get there I intend to re-engage all the old servants, whom the executors turned away, and I will open the old house, and begin again that old style open-door hospitality for which the manor used to be famous. I haven't much heart for this kind of thing, but I cannot spend my life closeted with my troubles; and it seems to me that to go down there, and live as my people have lived, in the same old place and in the same old way, spending my time in writing, in the business of the estate, and in entertaining my neighbors, will suit me as well as anything could. I want you to help me through the first, the hard part of the execution of my plan. You must keep me up to it, and prevent my absentmindedness from making me unpopular. Will you come?"

"Gladly," said I.

A week later I found myself with my friend at the station near Fredericksburg. From that place we drove to the Manor House. It was late in the spring, and all of the trees had put forth their first shoots of leaves. The earth was damp and the sod springy, while the air was full of that persistent odor of earth and the perfumes of flowers, and the cool invigoration which are things of the spring and of no other season of the year.

The manor was situated on a bluff, where a fine view of the river and bay was to be had; while in the far distance, like a realized horizon, was the Maryland shore, looking dark or light blue as the winds came from the north or from the south.

The house was a typical southern mansion, with the usual plain treatment of the front elevation, but with that air of cer-

tain welcome which, in this country, only southern houses have. Dormer windows looked out between arched shoulders from all sides of it, and the ivy and rose vines covered the walls with masses of flowers and green. They twined about the great house, and seemed to an active imagination as if ever moving forward to new conquests of roof or side; resting on each dormer window in great masses of bloom, only to shoot branches over the tiles beyond.

The place itself was in a dreadful condition of unrepair. Terraces that frost and water had cracked had gradually tumbled down, and the grass had grown over the black earth. Thus the place looked as if a battle with arms, instead of executors, had taken place there. My friend was greatly pained at the condition of the place, and walked all about it with me before we went into the house, telling me all that he meant to do to make it more beautiful than ever before. It was a scene of utter desolation. Ceilings had fallen; windows had been smashed, furniture carried away and broken up, apparently for firewood. We thought this, because legs and arms and backs of handsome mahogany furniture had been wrenched or hewn away, and the parts had disappeared. The next day John and I went to work, and with the aid of decorators and landscape gardeners soon made the place as fresh and fine as report credited it with having been in the old days.

While the work of decorating and regenerating continued, my friend was fairly happy, with only temporary fits of moody abstraction. But by the end of June, when all was perfect again and we had settled down to a quieter existence, the gloom deepened again on his face.

About this time we heard that Mr. Earlington was seriously ill, and two days later learned of his sudden death. Instantly on the receipt of the news, Mr. Barrington made ready to return to New York. I begged him not to do this, but he insisted, saying that she (Miss Earlington) might by some chance be in need of a friend, and that he must go to be near her in her time of possible need. I remained at the manor to look after his affairs while he was gone, and heard no more from him, save occasional short letters of query or request. At last, late one afternoon when the rain was pelt-

ing against the windows, and the pine trees, wet and moaning, looked dismal and forlorn; on an afternoon like this, when my own feelings were gloomy and depressed, I received a long letter from him, which told of the third great revolutionary change in his life. I quote it in full.

## CHAPTER XIX.

(Conclusion.)

My Dear Friend:

You have often said to me that it is impossible for a man to simulate other emotions than those he feels when his medium of expression is a letter. I have a long story to tell you, and I do not want you to know at the beginning the way in which it ends. Therefore, I shall tell you about it with no thought of the end in my mind as I write. For, in this way, you may understand, as you can in no other, the emotions which I am now feeling. So, to begin at the beginning.

When I left Barrington Manor my heart was filled with that kind of wild hope which only a man who is also a hopeless lover, and only a soldier who is contemplating a coup de grace, can feel. Shall I explain more fully? Well, then, it is a large hope growing out of a small certainty; it is the arousal of one's full courage and desire; it is, in short, the feeling that comes to a man—the soldier man—when he turns to his men and says:

"See, there is a break in their lines! Quick, we may win while we die!"

This, perhaps, you will think an exaggeration. My dear fellow, you think everything is exaggerated. The wish to do, so it be a compelling, an absorbing wish, will take a man through a hell of fire, or from Barrington Manor to see a lost love.

I arrived here. There is a little inn in the place, where I was assigned to comfortable rooms, and where I learned that Mr. Earlington's funeral had already taken place, and that his niece was still living in his house, which the innkeeper believed she had inherited from him.

With a ridiculously exaggerated idea of the importance my appearance would play, I dressed with the utmost care, in



that new English riding suit which I remember satisfied **even** your critical taste. They gave me an admirable mount, **and** in the afternoon I rode along the old, familiar road, up **the** winding driveway, past those curiously cut evergreens I **have** told you of, and at last dismounted and tied my horse **to** the pillars of the porte-cochere.

I suppose you, with your romantic notions, would **have** thought that the piazza on which we had walked and **talked** and loved would have excited some definite, realizable **emo-**tion in me. But no; instead, those familiar inanimate objects affected me very much as I would have been affected by a **mere** acquaintance who cut me. The feeling was no more **than** this; a certain cold surprise on my part, a certain aloofness on the part of the silent objects. In short, these inanimate things were no longer full of palpitation, as they had **been** once to me; now they were indeed inanimate. The **bright** colors of association had been dimmed by the touch of **time**, and by the absence of that great painter—the loved one's presence.

She came down to see me in the same room where we had written the book together. She stopped a moment on the threshold, in her old way, and came towards me pleasantly enough, holding out her hand. But the change which time and disappointment had brought about in her was the same change that I had noticed about the inanimate objects out of doors.

You know how slow my nature is to move, and to what momentous actions its ponderous impulses often lead me. As I looked at her I noticed that she showed not one trace of emotion; that there was not one sign of disappointment or sorrow for me, on her clear, beautiful face. Instead, there was just a quiet, gentle dignity, full of good nature and kindness. The effect was as if I had been struck in the face. I saw that the thought in her mind was that she was **doing me** a charity to see me. By heavens, Will, how the words rushed to my lips, and how they overwhelmed her!

I told her that, absolutely unheard, she had condemned me; that in her narrowness of view she had left out of the account all those strange chances which no one can believe until he

has heard of them—those chances which rule men and nations and shape the career of both with the same iconoclastic force. I demanded of her to reply to me. To tell me how she dared come into the presence of a man who loved her as I loved her, wearing that look of charity and self-satisfaction.

“My God!” I cried, “do you think that such an eternity of love as I bear for you can stand satisfied waiting upon your commiseration? You are my love, my religion and my life; and I care not what you feel or say, you love me. I can read it in that very startled look of your eyes. I can see it in the deepening of those little lines about your mouth. You cannot hide it from me, nor from yourself. But you are determined to let what you call ‘conscience,’ and what you call ‘the right,’ to stand in the way of what we both desire.”

And with that, dear Will, I made no bones about it, but took her in my arms and kissed her, as a man should do; for, for what purpose is a man made stronger than a woman, but to hold and compel her!

I knew that she would never forgive me if I stayed. That if she yielded now, she would be stronger to resist later on. And so I kissed her again, and left her standing cold, and trembling, and unresisting. And this is the first chapter of my story.

I write this very boldly now, and as I rode away I felt that I had done a right thing in the right way, but later, in the evening, as I sat in my room, all this courage left me, and in its place came a shrinking dread; a fear that my temerity had forever ruined my chances.

I went to bed with this thought in my mind, and I awoke in the morning with it still fresh in the power to make me miserable. I thought of writing her a letter, apologizing, pleading for another interview, begging to be forgiven. I wrote many such letters, but each seemed to me to have some part in weakness, and so I sent none of them.

After dinner faith in my first plan reasserted itself, and I wrote her a short note saying that I intended to call upon her that evening. But no reply was returned, and when I rode up to the house I fully expected to see her. I was kept waiting in the drawing room for some moments, and then a ser-

vant informed me that Miss Earlington regretted that she could not be at home to me.

You may not see the sense of it, but I rode away that night with my heart bounding with hope; for I said to myself: "The woman who is afraid to see her lover is the woman who cannot trust herself," and my dear fellow, when a woman once begins to waver or to doubt, she is like a shaking tower; she bends this way and that, and at last the foundations of her resolves give way, and she is precipitated into your arms. This, mind you, was what I thought. The sequel will show whether I was right or wrong.

Now that I had committed myself to a certain course, to a course of boldness and masterful action, I knew that I must follow it up and continue in it; and the more boldly the better. So the next day I wrote her a long letter, in which I told her that it mattered not how long she held out against me—how determined she was in her resolve not to see me—that my love would yet overcome her. I said that I did not mean or wish to persecute her, and that I should not attempt again to see her; that although I should continue to write letters to her, an order to her servant would easily prevent her the knowledge that they were written. I said that I did not expect any reply, but that it was a comfort to me to live near her and write to her, and to feel that some time in the future misunderstandings might be understood, and she and I might at last be united.

As I have said, I received no reply to these letters, but after a few days I learned that the house was closed, and that she had gone to visit a relative in New York. Then came the first real hope. I heard, through the careless gossip of the man who carried my letters to her, that by her orders they were sent to her at her New York address.

Many days and weeks passed in this kind of uncertain waiting. Each day I sent her a letter, and each day passed in deadly, impatient ennui. Each day, until the fourth of May, when I heard that she had returned with her aunt, that the old house was open, and that she had herself received that day's letter, though she had sent a message by the bearer that she could not receive any more communications from me.

Do you know, my dear Will, although I knew that she had now committed herself, and that I could not write again, I knew for this very reason that my cause had gained a little by my persistency. Three or four more days passed, during which I spent a large part of my time riding about near her place, going as near to it as I dared to, without danger of giving her offense.

On the fifteenth of May I walked past the Earlington mansion, into the deep woods behind the place, and found myself in the prettiest glade you ever saw. A little brook ran through it, with the trees meeting overhead. A short distance further on the rocks began, and they rose to quite a height—big cracked boulders, round-faced stones, and smooth, flat table-landed rocks, looking as if they had crashed down there after the trees had grown.

Climbing up to the top of these, I came to a place where the water fell over the high rocks to a small pond beneath. And still further on, I discovered a place where the rocks reached to some distance above the water, and below them (running between two equally high ledges) was the swiftly running stream, which, for all its speed, had a smooth, mirroring surface.

As I emerged from among the trees and came out on the clear rock, I stopped suddenly, for there, opposite to me, sitting on the opposing ledge, was my sweetheart. And what was in her hands, Will, but a letter of mine! She wore a large straw hat, which shielded her face so that I could not see it, and she was bending over, her pretty, shapely hand trembling a little as she held the loose papers.

Of a sudden, she gave a sigh, and looked back of her towards the towering pine trees. And as she looked she must have loosened her grasp on the papers, for the wind gently slipped one of them from her hand, and it fluttered and flittered down to the water below.

She started hurriedly around, and bending her head looked far down into the water; and I bending forward also, saw her shadow, ay, her very features in the little brook. And she—why, of course, she saw mine also.

I wonder if the best woman who ever lived had not about

her some degree of that kind of deception which men with a knowledge of women call coquetry? Certainly I never saw the faintest touch of it in her before. But, Will, when she looked up there was the sweetest, archest look about her face. Without the slightest touch of seriousness, and with an utter irrelevancy, a lack of consideration of the silence that had gone before, she said:

"But you cannot get across!"

Heavens! Had it been the Mississippi or the River Styx those words would have carried me to the other shore! The brook was only a sixteen foot space (though, to be sure, with a bad place to fall in between), but I had no thought of failure. In the space of an instant I had run back; but I have forgotten all that followed, every bit of it. I have forgotten the shock of landing on that hard rock, if there was a shock. I have forgotten everything, except that I sat there holding her hand, and telling her the living truth about the trouble. When it was through, and I saw that she believed, she did not lay her head upon my shoulder as a heroine should do; but she said in the most impatient voice, full of the spice of eagerness:

"Quickly, John, kiss me!"

And this last I trust to your honor and discretion never to repeat, unless it be in the way of teasing of my wife when we are all three together again, at Barrington Manor. Pack your grip to-night, wire your tailor for a groomman's outfit (for, you slovenly fellow, you never have anything ready), and come quickly. Come with speed and with the cracking of whips, and with all the patience you can muster; for you must listen to a lover's raptures, but you must not fall in love with the most wonderful woman in the world.

Your faithful friend,

JOHN BARRINGTON.

(THE END.)

## EDITORIAL BRIG-A-BRAC

There are curious differences of temperament in artists. It happened a few weeks ago that Mr. Marteau, the famous young violinist, and the pianist Siloti were in Chicago for some days together. On one occasion there was a long discussion, in which Godowsky and others participated, concerning the value of Brahms. Mr. Siloti, as might have been anticipated from his temperament and general manner, regards Brahms as a failure. He thinks his music not well sounding, badly written for the instruments and a mistake any way. His opinion was advanced with the utmost sweetness to Godowsky and Marteau, both of whom are enthusiastic admirers of Brahms, as are nearly all clever musicians of the younger generation. Mr. Siloti belongs to a slightly older stratum of pianists, he having been born in 1863 and a member of the last coterie that surrounded Liszt between 1883 and 1886.

As opposed to this opinion of Siloti, both Godowsky and Marteau, hold that Brahms was a much greater and deeper musician than any other man of recent times; they consider that in masterly technic of construction and in nobility of sentiment and beauty of melody he is to be placed above any except the very greatest, and alongside of these, even, and according to their views, what the artist has to do who finds the compositions badly written for the instrument and uninteresting in themselves, is to study his instrument afresh and find out how ideas of this kind can be elicited from it; and to approach the compositions in a wholly different spirit, the question being not whether Brahms has created anything beautiful, but whether the artist is able to find in them the beautiful inner something which Brahms had put there.

When the Brahms works are studied in this spirit by an

is a good pianist or a good violinist, the other artist is usually of a mediocre character and the works are given with a few rehearsals, the performers taking the view which a certain eminent violinist living in this town is reported to have given another artist concerning the Paganini concerto. Speaking of a quiet appearance he said: "When we are trying to play works of that kind it is not a question of how we get it; it is a question of whether we can get it at all."

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I have lately been reading a highly commendable piece by a lady writer upon the manner in which literary men have appreciated music. If I had been writing an essay of this kind in a hurry I think I should have done it upon the famous formula of the chapter on snakes in Ireland, because as a matter of fact literary men have no appreciation of music or very rarely express any in their writings. There are great differences in this respect, however, which it is worth while to consider for a few moments.

If we go back to the early literature, before the differentiation in art had made such advance, we make this very curious discovery, which I for one am entirely unable to explain, viz: that at the time when music as such had made but little more than a beginning, it was regarded with as much veneration as it is at present, and some of the most beautiful things that we have on record concerning the art of music were said by literary men who never heard any kind of tonal combinations in any degree approaching the complexity and beauty of those possible upon the cheapest kind of an American cabinet organ.

For instance, if you will look through the old testament some time, you will find quantities of references to music, and also a few rather interesting references to the habits of musicians such as might have been produced in our own times by some journalistic writer; as where the preacher advises the son of Sirach to avoid yielding himself to the fascinations of women singers, showing that the singing woman had got in her work already, about the time that the Second Temple was being built.

Some time before this, the Greek bard, Homer, had spoken

of music in very pleasing ways; and the lyre or cithara, an instrument of very considerably less musical capacity than the modern banjo, is recognized as a wonderful enlivener of feasts and of all kinds of solemn festivals.

Two or three hundred years later in Greece they began to take the art more and more seriously, although their music itself, so far as we know, did not greatly increase in complexity or amplitude or resource; but Plato, Aristotle and Plutarch said very delightful things about music, which the sceptical in that day would have been justified in labeling with the journalistic headline "Gratifying If True," for it was not until twenty centuries later that any music was actually produced at all answering these high ideals of the Greek writers.

That the mediaeval poets should speak of music, when they mentioned it at all, in the same complimentary spirit, was only natural; a fact partly due to the tradition, for poets have always imitated each other more or less; and partly due to the fact that about the time of Dante and Boccaccio and Chaucer, music had a very wide currency as an art in practical life, and very charming examples of it still remain from those times, which give pleasure, even now, when performed according to the original design.

But, as yet the modern art of music has not begun to be appreciated, for when we speak of it in this high and serious way we mean the art of music as represented by Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven and the masters since; and the first creations of this art go back no farther than the beginning of the eighteenth century. The two hundred years just ending contain the entire blossoming time of the modern art of music. Or even if we extend it back another hundred years, in order to take up the beginning of opera, we still gain in that century but little more than apprentice works.

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Between the American or English literary man and the German scholar there is a very wide difference in the manner in which they speak of music. A German scholar like Max Mueller, who in boyhood came in contact with the best composers of his time, necessarily imbibes certain elementary ideas in regard to the art such as an American scholar, having his



education in a university where music is represented only by the mandolin and banjo clubs and the gospel songs, has no incitation to form. The American scholar, if of a religious turn of mind, undoubtedly makes certain elementary observations in regard to the province of music, or the effect of a musical form of utterance, as occasionally illustrated in the handling of the gospel songs already referred to, and in his lighter moments it is quite likely he may have experienced a certain physical uplift from the inspiring twang of the banjo and the mandolin. Music is universal in its nature and one never knows what particular phase of it will strike the serious soul. I remember that once the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher told me that if he were condemned to the use of a single instrument for supporting congregational singing, his choice would be a snare drum. He said there was something in the tone of a snare drum that got a congregation thoroughly waked up, so that they sang with a spirit and an unction that you were totally unable to obtain from an organ or any other instrument.

Of course there has for a long time been a certain amount of musical tradition at Harvard. While the freshmen cavorts around with his banjo or mandolin, the Harvard Musical Association for many years has maintained chamber concerts there, and occasional lectures upon the art of music, whereby it has been difficult for a polished man to pass through the university course without realizing that there was somewhere such a thing as an art of music—to be mentioned in the same spirit as the art of painting, in which Raphael, Murillo, Titian and Rembrandt distinguished themselves.

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The great difficulty which the literary man has in understanding the art of music arises from the complexity and extent of the art, to appreciate which requires a diversified contact with the master works such as has not been possible in this country until within very recent years and now only in a few cities. To mention merely the compass of this literature, we have hundreds and hundreds of pages of each of the various forms of chamber music, such as string quartettes, trios, larger combinations, duos for piano and violin or other instrument;

a vast amount of really high-class tone-poetry for piano alone, a whole library of art songs, before we come upon the enormous literature of opera, cantata, and part-songs. There is a whole world of music here, even if we limit the term to the productions of writers classed among the greatest. The field is so large that very few musicians even know the field as a whole, in the sense of being familiar with all the works of real authority.

Much of this music is of exquisitely refined and musical character, to fully appreciate which requires many hearings or much individual study. But even among musicians the number is limited who are able to read string quartettes and chamber music from the score and hear it mentally; and among laymen such an accomplishment would require a preliminary training tantamount to a complete musical education.

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Moreover, it is necessary not only to have heard these master works at different times but to have felt them. One has to hear them often enough and passively enough to permit the music to move upon the inner springs of the mind and express its power, as it certainly will wherever the opportunity for repeated hearings and the capacity for quiet hearing exist together. The man who hears a symphony or sonata with an aggressive determination to understand it at all costs, very often misses the pith of the whole matter through the puckering up of the pores of the mind by this determined resolve. His condition is somewhat like one of these dried up sponges which is plunged into the water and taken out quickly. If the sponge were left in the water long enough it is bound to soften out, but you can immerse it several times in this puckered condition with a very imperfect moistening.

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But while individualities of mood and fluctuations of spirit are reproduced with wonderful accuracy in music, it happens unfortunately for the new-comer that music, even the purest of it, contains many other things aside from the expression of pure ideality. External qualities, such as pleasure in tonal-symmetries as such, agreeable combinations of sound and

showy passages of a sensational character, occur in almost all tone-poems for solo instruments and in a great many of those even in the pure realms of chamber music and symphony. By these the new-comer is at first misled. His attention centers itself upon one or the other of these qualities and it is not seldom that for a time he overlooks the central fact of all, namely, this expression of spirit.

There is yet another difficulty confronting the casual music hearer in his search for pure spiritual expression. Owing to the intermingling of opposing qualities mentioned above, and to the possession of direct spiritual expression in a minor degree by many of the classical writers, it is possible for him to overlook this quality entirely, even while listening to quite celebrated works. Moreover, there is also the question of the responsive qualities of the interpretative artists and their capacity for taking the art seriously, and themselves so feeling it as to bring out these inner qualities.

But sooner or later, a few hearings of any one great work will bring it home to the consciousness of the hearer in its true light; in which this inner expression of ideality becomes the main thing, and all the rest, the sensational passages and tonal-symmetries, take the lower place assigned to the hay, grass and stubble of the prophet's criticism. Yet the hearer with an attitude may miss this altogether.

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Thus it is by no means an easy matter for the literary man to understand music, or for the musician to understand literature as such. The provinces of mental effort are both extremely large and practically like separate stories in the same building. In every story there is a multitude of rooms and the dweller in either one has little time to explore those above or below him. Moreover, the art of music is comparatively new, and musicians themselves are not yet settled as to whether the primary office of music is to express emotion or to awaken thought. Music does both. There is music which conduces to sensuousness and an enervating languor; there is also music which leaves the head clear and fresh for any kind of effort. There is music which modifies the mood and lifts one out of melancholy, or depresses one in sadness. There is music which

passes over the mind with no more disturbing influence than the summer zephyr over the quiet lake. And so the fact remains that in the beginning, before the art of music was so widely differentiated as it is at present, and before it had come to the expression of its powers, it was felt in advance, in a sort of prophesy, and wonderful and beautiful things were said concerning it. While now that the art has blossomed out in such a wonderful way and presents to the student such a never-ending wealth of attractive resources, the literary man finds himself also in a similar blossoming out of his own department in consequence of which he rarely finds time to give himself to music in the only way in which it would reveal itself to him in its full force.

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The difficulty of outsiders approaching music in this direction is further complicated by the faulty manner of the musical education of interpretative artists. The playing of all instruments has now been carried to a considerable degree of mechanical perfection and all recent master works require of the interpretative artist a mastery of his instrument in ease and responsiveness like that which the finished speaker has over the modulations of his voice. Now the great difficulty is that our students seek to acquire this mastery of the instrument by the practice of difficult combinations, purposely invented for presenting the most serious obstacles which the player will ever meet; and the pursuit of these exercises and studies occupies, as a rule, nine-tenths of the total time devoted to the study of the instrument. The result is that the virtuoso, when he has become completed as a virtuoso, has his training as a responsive artist still to begin.

He is like an elocutionist who has spent some hours a day for several years in pronouncing all sorts of difficult and impossible combinations of letters, but hardly once in his whole life has given himself over to a real enjoyment of a poem or a beautiful discourse as such. In the few instances in which he has given himself to the study of a poem or a choice piece of prose, he has been concerned with the manner of its delivery; and the beauty of the thought has hardly occurred to him, still less the manner in which this inner something is to be trans-

ferred to the audience. It is, indeed, notorious that virtuoso elocutionists are never successful in poetic readings or recitations. Each one has a limited repertoire of rather mediocre selections which please an audience, and if you put him at Hamlet or any other part in which nobility and sensitiveness of idea are concerned, he shows himself, in the graphic words of the apostle, to be "but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal."

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Here, again, we come upon one of the most crying defects of our systems of musical education—a defect which handicaps the singer almost or quite as fatally as it does the accomplished amateur player. I mean the faulty order and subject matter of the steps a student is called upon to take in the very beginning. The usual way is to put him at reading notes from the staff, when as yet he knows nothing at all of musical discourse as such. He knows neither melodies exactly, nor scales, chords, rhythms, nor any of the most elementary properties of tonal combinations. But exactly like the child who, without knowing how to speak or having the merest rudiments of language, should be put directly at reading from books, all that he gets or can get amounts to a parrot-like guessing at the combinations indicated by the notes. These are reproduced, mechanically, without passing through the musical consciousness; and it is not too much to say that the great majority of young students upon the piano or other instrument are without developed musical consciousness of any degree. And it happens over and over again that the student, when already well along towards distinguished attainments upon the keyboard, has to acquire for the first time a true feeling of the very elements of musical discourse.

Many attempts have been made and are making to reform this province of our musical education, and to effect the reform in such a way as to bring a true elementary training of musicians within the reach of students of moderate means. I fancy something of this sort is being aimed at by the so-called "synthetic guild" of Mr. Albert R. Parsons. Mr. C. B. Cady also has been working along the line of this true foundation in child music for some years.

It is this kind of reform also which is meant by the kinder-

gartners who are working the various games with staff symbols, such as hanging wooden notes upon string lines, putting in wooden rests to fill up mechanical aggregates, and the like—attempts which miss the central thing of all, namely, the formation, not so much of knowledge of the signs used in notation (for there is enough of this now), but a real feeling for the musical entities which the notation signifies, which entities, according to the time-honored rule of "the thing before the sign," have their proper place at the beginning of musical life.

But the case which interests me most just now is that of the Carl Faelten piano school in Boston, where his system is being worked out under his own eye, with most surprising results.

The child is educated to talk music (that is to make music intelligently) for a full year; acquiring an elementary vocabulary of musical concepts such as scales, chords, rhythms, keys, melodic symmetries, and so on—all this for a full year before being brought to the staff. Mr. Faelten says: "What is the use of expecting one to read before he can talk? And just as a child will not talk correctly until he is taught, so he will have only the most imperfect and vulgar musical beginnings unless you go about it to teach him correctly." The manner in which this is accomplished will afford matter for another occasion, but it has in it a possible solution for much of the musical illiteracy which we now find among literary men. It is for the child to have this foundation laid for him among the other incidents of his early education, previous to the time when specialization begins.

Because if an academic boy were to enter upon his higher education with a musical foundation of this sort, he would almost necessarily acquire a true musical culture along with his other humanities.

W. S. B. M.

## A REMINISCENCE FROM THE LIFE OF AUGUSTE FAURE.

It was in Paris, in the Avenue de Villiers, in the sumptuous apartment of the great singer, Clement Laurière. A reunion of artists, of poets, of literary men. The coffee was steaming in the delicate Dresden cups. They were all talking.

"Yes," said the musical voice of the poet, Louis de Verneuil, "yes, gentlemen, I maintain that there is in every one's life a certain reminiscence either of joy or of sorrow, of happiness or of pain, which always confronts us whenever we throw a glance into the past, and which, if forgotten for a time, returns again to knock at our threshold, crying, 'Here I am.'"

"Yes, truly," replied the master of the house, lighting a cigar, "our friend is right, and for my part I have a certain reminiscence which I cherish with care, and which I never invoke without deep emotion."

"Tell it to us, tell it to us," came from all sides.

"I will do so. But I must first ask your permission to go back very, very far, to the days of my early boyhood. The newspapers must have told you that I am a Provençal, a brother of the gentle Mireille, the heroine of the poem of the great Mistral.

"My mother died at my birth and my grandmother, Dame Renaude, as she was called, received me and took me to the 'mas,' the farm where she lived, for there were still vineyards in Provence in those days. My father, one of the most famous drummers in the south, was accustomed to go from town to town, conducting to the sound of the fife and the long drum those marvelous farandoles which are executed in our villages or upon the hilltops at the hour of twilight.

"I have a vague remembrance of all this; a faint recollection of something like country festivals; dances under the willows or plane trees; quadrilles in the open squares, where

the long white roads meet, and above everything else I can still hear the fife of the père Laurière sending into the azure air trills to make the nightingales die of envy.

“My poor father! one day, after having led the farandoles in a burning sun, he drank more wine than usual. What happened then? Some countrymen, I have been told, allowed themselves to criticise his talent as a drummer. Now, on this point the père Laurière had little patience. There was a quarrel, a fight, and in the evening he was brought to the farmhouse, where I was living with my grandmother, bleeding at the mouth and with three ribs broken.

“Three weeks later the curé and his acolyte entered the house; when they went away I was an orphan. The poor drummer was buried in the little village cemetery. He was only thirty years old.

“Dame Renaude wanted to make a farmer of me. I was ten years old and the idea did not please me. A peasant! Bah! A cultivator of the soil! that did not run in my blood. The raising of silk worms and the cultivation of mulberry leaves did not interest me in the least. But what I did like was to make my escape from the farm and run wild about the country.

“With other vagabonds of my own age I ran about the great plain scorched by the sun. We did everything imaginable till nightfall; then we would make of grape cuttings and dried twigs great bonfires, around which we danced wildly, whistling meantime like blackbirds the native airs.

“Perceiving that decidedly the soil had no attractions for me, Maman Renaude conceived the idea of continuing the tradition of the Laurières, and of making a drummer of me.

“This plan did not suit me any better. To travel about the country in a flowered waistcoat and a stiffly starched shirt, with a red sash around my waist, and blowing into a fife with three holes! Mon Dieu! I hope the père Laurière will pardon me, but the thing appeared to me simply ridiculous, and then, shall I confess it, my friends; I, who am not afraid of a C sharp, before this little flute I was short of breath.

“Every evening there were scoldings and recriminations from Maman Renaude, who, in sermons of which she alone



possessed the secret, complained bitterly of my inaptitude for any useful kind of occupation. I can see her still, the good woman, with her white cap tilted back like a butterfly ready to take its flight, repeating till I was tired of hearing it, 'Eh bien, garçon, are you going to spend your life chasing after grasshoppers?'

"Oh, this phrase! How often have I heard it pronounced with that energetic Provençal accent which makes every syllable stand out in relief. Nervous, wiry, short of stature, Dame Renaude was a courageous woman, who could manage a man as easily as a cake in the frying pan.

"It was necessary finally to come to a decision. One evening, when a couple of leagues from the mas, I saw coming in the distance an immense covered vehicle, evidently a traveling wagon of strolling montebanks. There were fifteen persons inside—men and women—all in costumes dotted with spangles of silver and gold. They were singing in this old wagon with the greatest good humor. Just at that moment the vehicle stopped, and a tall young man with an olive-colored complexion, descended to examine the wheels.

"I approached this gentleman and said, with my most engaging air, 'Could you not take me with you, sir?'

"He turned around and staring at me, broke into a fit of laughter.

"'Oh, indeed, and how old may you be?'

"'Twelve years.'

"'The devil! You are a precocious youth. But your parents, what would they say?'

"I was on the point of replying that I had decided to leave Maman Renaude, but reflection came to me and I said in the voice of the greatest assurance:

"'My parents! I have none. I am an orphan, and as I have a good voice I go from village to village, singing the airs of the country to those who give me in return a piece of bread and a glass of sweet wine.'

"The man in the high boots got into the wagon again, spoke to his companions, and at the end of a moment called out to me:

"'Very well, then, get in.'

"I climbed into the old wagon like a squirrel, and behold me en route; I confess that at this moment the severe profile of Maman Renaude passed before my eyes. Imagine the excellent woman scouring the country in search of her little Clement, invoking the virgin and the saints, Martha and Maria, believing me devoured, perhaps, by terrible Tarasque, the legendary monster of Provence. At this thought the tears rose to my eyes. Happily, no one saw them, for it was growing dusk, and I finished by falling asleep in one corner of the old wagon, lulled by the songs of my traveling companions.

"It was a traveling troupe going to visit the large towns to give entertainments on fête days. They were now bound for Valence, at which place we arrived several days later.

"Upon reaching this city my first care was to write to Maman Renaude, to tell her in the first place that I loved her always, and then that she must give herself no anxiety about me. I said that I no longer wished to chase after grasshoppers; that I wished to be a comedian, an actor, a singer and that some day I would come back to the farm within a carriage with two horses and my pockets full of money.

"At Valence I made my *début*. The troupe played there a frightful melodrama, the three acts of which were performed before a background representing an African forest. At a certain moment the author had found no better inspiration than to interrupt the dialogue with the roaring of wild beasts. And I held my own in this famous concert. Yes, my friends, Clement Laurière, installed in one of the wings, blew into a lamp chimney to imitate the roaring of a lion. This is what I did for two whole weeks, and it must be confessed that for this occupation I showed some aptitude, for as soon as I began to roar the spectators looked towards the door with the air of people who have little confidence in the situation, and would like to make their escape.

"From every town through which we passed I wrote to Maman Renaude, but my letters always remained unanswered. My grandmother was certainly angry with me. Nevertheless, one day I experienced a great pleasure. This was to receive a basket filled with figs, almonds, sausages and water melons! Ah! I said to myself, Maman Renaude loves me still.

"I will not relate to you my years of misery. There are within them pages too sad to need a new edition. You all know how a rich amateur, hearing me sing in a café at Montmartre, enthusiastic over my voice, took upon himself the expense of my musical studies. You all know how, perceiving in me indications of artistic ability, he caused me to perfect the happy talents with which nature had endowed me. You know also the history of my début as tenor at the opera, and with what favor the Parisian public, a public unique in the world, received and pronounced me an artist.

"With what passion I have sung Raoul of the Huguenots, Faust of the master, Gounod; Eleazar of the Juive, Ferdinand of La Favorite; you know, my friends. I have known the greatest triumphs of which a man can dream. I have had the honor of interpreting various master pieces, and often, I say it with a kind of pride, the public has led me to believe that I comprehended them.

"But there was one sorrow remaining in my heart. It was ten years since I had appeared in opera and Maman Renaude had not written me a single letter. This silence of the good woman weighed upon my heart. It was the punishment, the merited punishment of my egotistical departure from the farm.

"I learned one day that I was to be decorated, and that the next time I sang Faust I was to receive the cross of the Legion of Honor. A celebration was in preparation, of which I was to be the hero. Then I wrote once more to Maman Renaude, and slipped into the envelope a bank note of a thousand francs, saying that I should be very happy to see her in Paris upon that occasion. But would she come?

"When the curtain rose that evening upon the study of Dr. Faust and when, casting an eye over the auditorium, I saw no Maman Renaude, I came near losing my self-control. But seeing all the opera glasses leveled upon me, I recovered myself through professional necessity. Courage was needed and I found it.

"The Kermes act passed as usual. It was at the end of that act that the decoration was to be bestowed upon me. They came to fetch me from my dressing room. All the members of the company were present except Rouvière, the incomparable Mephistopheles, whom you all know.

"Rouvrière was posted as to my affairs; he knew that I expected somebody from the old home. I had told him many times of my grandmother's displeasure, and he was not ignorant of the fact that I had invited the good old lady to be present on this memorable evening.

"I was surrounded by my comrades. On one side the artists and the chorus, on the other the ladies of the ballet. The director addressed me in the customary little speech that always accompanies this kind of a festival, a speech to which I listened in an absent-minded way, my thoughts being elsewhere.

"Suddenly this sentence fell upon my ear:

"My dear Laurière, before beginning the third act, our friend Rouvrière has asked permission to present to you the person designated by Monsieur le Ministre des Beaux Arts to bestow upon you the cross of the Legion of Honor."

"The director then withdrew. I took three steps in advance when I perceived coming from the back of the stage this brigand of a Rouvrière, Mephistopheles, laughing in his satanic beard, and giving his arm—you can guess to whom—to Dame Renaude, who, notwithstanding her seventy-five years, advanced with firm step, bearing in her trembling hands the cross offered by Monsieur le Ministre.

"Ah! my friends, my blood gave but one bound. I embraced my grandmother before the whole audience of the Academy of Music, who gave an indescribable ovation to the old lady from Provence. I embraced my good Mephistopheles, I embraced the ladies of the ballet, I embraced the machinists, I embraced everybody. And now, after years have passed, I can still see Dame Renaude, who wept for joy.

"There, my children, you have the happiest reminiscence of my life, the reminiscence that always consoles me in hours of weariness and fatigue, and never, never—you understand—NEVER will Clement Laurière sing Faust again as he sang it for his old grandmother."

FINIS.

## AN INTERVIEW WITH HENRI MARTEAU.

When Mr. Henri Marteau, the violinist, was in Chicago a representative of MUSIC waited upon him for the sake of meeting him and of picking up a few of those bits about music and musical work such as one gets only from artists who are in the "world-swim," as one might say in German fashion. Marteau is now twenty-four years of age, a strong and charming personality, speaking English remarkably well, as also he does German, and some Italian, in addition to his native French. There are few artists who have occupied a more advanced position at his age. It is now nearly ten years since he began to be known as an artist and it is probably eight years since he was first heard in this country. He was the pupil of Leonard, the master of Cesar Thomson and Ysaye.

At the concerts in Chicago Mr. Marteau played a new concerto by Dubois, the new director of the Paris Conservatory. Upon being asked for a history of this work Mr. Marteau gave the following:

"Dubois, you know, was my teacher in harmony and for composition more than eight years ago. At that time he had written only one small violin piece, which I played a great deal and liked very much, and nearly every time I came to take my harmony lesson I said to him: 'My dear master; you must write something for me; I want a concerto.' But he was always afraid of it, because it is not easy to write a violin concerto.

"Well, every year when I got home from my tours I went again, trying to get it, and suddenly he came to the position of director of the conservatory. So last summer I was engaged to play here in Chicago, and I went to him and said, 'Now, you ought to write a concerto for me. It is time; I am going to America again; and through your organ music and some of your religious music you are very well known there and I think it would be a good thing to give them something new and different, such as a violin concerto.'

“And so that concerto was made principally for me to play here first because I wanted to have something new, you know. For a little before I had the same idea as Ysaye, to play the Mozart concerto in America this year, and during the three months he was studying that concerto I was studying it, too. So I was very glad to have the Dubois concerto, in order to have something new.

“In the summer Dubois was spending his time near Reims, where I was born (he also was born near that place—about seven miles from there) and this summer we were together about two months—while he was writing the concerto; and when he wrote a part I played it immediately; and so he got more and more excited, and it was completed very rapidly. It was to be played first here in Chicago, but suddenly, upon returning to Paris at the beginning of October, he received a letter from Colonne, the orchestral leader, who said to him: ‘My dear Dubois, I have heard that you have written some new compositions. Don’t you want them to be heard this winter? I shall come to see you soon to arrange it.’”

“And Dubois said: ‘I have written some small piano pieces (one of the small piano pieces was written for Diemer, one of the principal French pianists) and I have also written a violin concerto which is dedicated to Marteau and I want Marteau to play it first.’”

“So Colonne said: ‘All right; we will have it played the 28th of November.’ But at that time, you know, the beginning of October, the concerto was not orchestrated; so he had to hurry up, and two weeks before I had to play it the orchestration was barely finished, and only two days before the rehearsal the copies were made of the orchestral parts, so that in less than four months the concerto was composed, copied and played for the first time, November 28, 1897. It was an immense success in Paris and Colonne asked me to play it a second time the next Sunday; and the Marseilles Society, knowing that I was going away, telegraphed me to come at once, December 12th, the third Sunday, and play; so it was played three times, and when I came to this country and they asked me in Pittsburg to play something new I played it there; and I have been with Thomas down South,

in Louisville and Nashville, where we have already played the same program, so I had played the concerto six times before it was given here."

Speaking of playing under different conductors, Mr. Marteau gave Mr. Thomas great praise for the quickness and thoroughness with which he understood and interpreted the concerto from a manuscript score, not having seen it at all before rehearsal. This led to other traits of conductors, and Mr. Marteau testified again his fondness for Mr. Thomas and his admiration of his loyalty to good music. For Mr. Marteau is an artist who believes in the great American maxim of getting the best; he said, speaking of Thomas' enthusiasm for good music: "When I am with him I get a veritable apostle fever (missionary spirit) to play all sorts of good music, for with Thomas you can do anything."

Here the conversation was diverted to the great French conductors, Lamoureux and Colonne, but all attempts failed to draw him out in any comparison of relative valuation of the two men. He said:

"You know these two men are very different from one another. Lamoureux has a great deal of the character of Mr. Thomas. He has done more for the Wagner music than anybody else in Paris; and he has the same control over his orchestra that Thomas has, that discipline of the orchestra—between us, the only way to conduct a band of seventy men."

"Have you ever played with Nikisch?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I played with Nikisch five years ago in Boston. That was a great moment. We played the Max Bruch G minor concerto without a rehearsal and so beautifully as it has hardly been done for me since or before. That orchestra is magnificent. They are a lot of nice fellows. Kneisel and Loeffler, and they are also fine musicians, and I was sorry I could not play with them this year. I do not know what happened."

Here the conversation turned upon his violin, which is a Maggini. The instrument is remarkable for a very deep and viola-like tone. "It was originally owned by Maria Theresa of Austria," he said. "She gave it to a Belgian musician, who used to play a great deal of chamber music with her in Vienna,

and he brought it back to Belgium. It stayed in Ghent until his death, when it passed into the hands of a collector, who sold it to my master, Leonard, who gave it to me at his death.



MR. HENRI MARTEAU.

I have now had it eight years and I do not believe I will ever play any other in public, for I love the beautiful instrument and no money would tempt me to part with it. In the great



chords of the Bach sonata I think it is a marvel of deep and satisfying tone."

In the course of the conversation the name of Sinding was mentioned, of whom Mr. Marteau gave such an interesting account in the *Song Journal* a few years ago. Immediately I asked about the symphony which Mr. Thomas played three years ago, and Mr. Marteau said:

"Well, I will tell you about that symphony. Sinding is a great friend of mine and I believe in his great, I may say, his immense talent. It is more than talent; I believe he is one of the most wonderful composers we have. That symphony was written by him when he was a pupil at Leipsic, and I myself, if you remember, have not expressed myself very enthusiastically about it. When you consider that it was written by a man who at that moment was studying, it indicates a very strong musical imagination. It is orchestrated with much fire and shows that there is a big musical temperament, but certainly the work is not so great as some.

"Sinding is a Norwegian and of course it is a little in the style of Grieg and a great deal in that of Wagner, by whom he is even yet influenced; but his way of writing is very much stronger than Grieg's. He is much more powerful and you will see that once in a while he will give us something good. He must be in the forties. I have just received a few days ago a very nice letter from him, with a message that he had just composed a suite of small pieces for the violin, which he has dedicated to me, and that was very pleasant to me.

"He is a nice fellow. He is a Norwegian and has a pale face, a very blonde moustache and beard, and he has the most extraordinary forehead, immense; his hair is way back, he has a strong head, and wears spectacles that make him look rather like a professor; but he has very blue eyes, and when he begins to talk about music or gets excited about something, then they get dark. It is very remarkable. He has an immense temperament. He is rather a small man, comes but a little higher than my shoulder. We had a great time together."

# NOTEWORTHY PERSONALITIES

## ANTON SEIDL.

At the head of the personalities this month is placed the eminent name of Mr. Anton Seidl, the distinguished Wagnerian conductor. Mr. Seidl was born in Budapest, May 6, 1850. At the age of twenty he entered the Leipsic Conservatory, where he continued two years, after which he became a private pupil of Hans Richter, who was then director of the opera at Budapest. At this time—1872—Wagner was preparing the first production of the Ring at Bayreuth and wrote Richter, desiring him to send a thoroughly capable young man to act as assistant and secretary. What he desired was a young musician of exceptional qualities, writing a good hand, and thoroughly versed in orchestration, to carry out Wagner's directions from the sort of shorthand directions which he noted in his penciled first sketches. Accordingly, Seidl was sent; and for five years he was a member of Wagner's household, during which time he made copies of the score of the Ring, for the engravers, in which, incidentally, it fell to him to correct one or two errors which Wagner had fallen into, in consequence of writing for tenor tubas, which proved to be impracticable. I believe he was also with Wagner during the composition of "Parsifal." At Bayreuth he also acted as repetiteur for the chorus and subordinate soloists. In 1878 he went to Vienna as stage manager of the opera house to preside over the production of the Wagner operas then being brought out there for the first time.

The following year he became conductor at Leipsic and a year later produced the Ring at the Victoria Theater in Berlin under the supervision of Wagner himself. This was in 1881.

In 1882 he conducted the Ring in London and for the next two years was occupied in superintending the production of Wagner's operas in different parts of Europe, where he was sent by the composer's authority to see that everything was properly done. In 1885, while conducting at Bremen, he met and married the singer, Augusta Krauss, who has since been heard in America, but for some time since has retired from the stage. I have not the date of Mr. Seidl's coming to America, but think it was about 1887 and his first work here was as director of the German opera at the Metropolitan Opera House, a position to which he was called on account of Walter Damrosch being at that time too young and inexperienced in conducting to exercise the necessary authority over the large forces employed. In 1891 Mr. Seidl succeeded Mr. Thomas as conductor of the New York Philharmonic, and has retained the position ever since. He has visited Chicago many times as conductor of opera and he has made several tours of the country with his orchestra of fifty men. In New York his services are in frequent demand as the conductor of concerts and for several seasons he has carried on summer programs at Manhattan Beach.

The face of Mr. Seidl very much resembles that of the late Abbé Liszt, a resemblance which is heightened by his manner of wearing the hair; but in figure he in no way resembles him, Seidl being of moderate height, rather stocky, whereas Liszt was very tall and slender. As a conductor of Wagnerian opera Mr. Seidl is justly ranked as one of the finest in the world, being in this department probably without a superior. He knows the works very thoroughly and being an expert orchestral chief, accomplishes remarkable results. As a classical conductor, his readings and tempi have been very much criticised, but as I have never heard him play a Beethoven symphony I have no idea whether these criticisms are just or unjust. I do not think it follows that because a man is a master in conducting works like the Ring, "Parsifal," "Tristan and Isolde" and the "Meistersinger" that he could not equally well conduct the ninth symphony, or the fifth, or the third. In the modern works, especially those of Tschaikowsky and Richard Strauss, I should count upon Mr. Seidl's work with a great deal of confidence. He has the rare virtue among or-

chestral conductors of being a very superior accompanist, in this respect deserving to rank with Nikisch, the best accompanist of the whole lot. In spite of the remarkable artistic activity which this account gives Mr. Seidl, he has the reputa-



ANTON SEIDL.

tion, among those who know him well, of living up religiously to that life saving maxim which directs that on no account whatever should you do to-day what you can possibly leave until to-morrow. A man who perseveres in this course

of life for a sufficient length of time, provided the pressure of circumstance is strong enough, is bound to come to eminence and at the same time to preserve his health and strength.

Mr. Seidl has never had the opportunity in this country of fully illustrating what he could do as an orchestral conductor with an instrument of the first class. The New York Philharmonic is a co-operative society of players and the ranks always contain a good many men who are past the age of their best work, besides which they are insufficiently rehearsed, and he has never had the opportunity of controlling a body of players exclusively under his own baton, for the production of the orchestral repertoire as a whole. A move has been on foot in New York for some time to raise a guarantee fund for a Seidl orchestra, on a plan similar to that by which the Chicago orchestra was financed. It is greatly to be hoped that this plan will succeed, or something like it, because whether Mr. Seidl is a better or worse conductor of Beethoven than Richter or Thomas or Nikisch, he is unquestionably one of the greatest orchestral chiefs in the world at the present time, and it is highly desirable that America should have the benefit of this work.

W. S. B. M.

#### MR. HUGO KAUN.

Mention was made in these columns some time ago of the production of a new symphony by Hugo Kaun of Milwaukee. This work as played by the Chicago orchestra showed uncommon force and virility. The work is musical and full of feeling and, while many effects in it could be traced to other sources, the work as a whole is original and full of character. Mr. Kaun is now about thirty-six years of age. He has written a considerable number of pieces for the pianoforte, none of which, however, I have seen; several books of songs, and in addition to this symphony a variety of works for chamber instruments and a large orchestral suite. Also a great carnival overture for orchestra, in four parts, the second scene being a "Romeo and Juliet" scene. The chances are that from this composer we will have many other interesting and valuable works. Mr. Kaun was born in Germany, but has been living in Milwaukee for several years.



MR. HUGO KAUN.

## MISS ROSE ETTINGER.

The beautiful picture herewith given is from one of the latest photographs of the charming young singer, Miss Rose Ettinger, who has just now been making a distinguished success in Holland. As she has appeared in that country mostly in the symphony concerts she has been singing a group of German songs, one of which is the Schubert Hedge Roses, and in this she has gained astonishing success.

The photograph from which this half-tone was made is one of the most beautiful pieces of work which has reached this office in many a day. I believe that Miss Ettinger is to sing next year with the opera in Berlin in light roles. For an American girl who is not yet twenty-one her success is most astonishing. Her tour this season began with the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipsic, and took in the most important musical centers of Europe, as far east as Budapest and as far north as Moscow and St. Petersburg, with eight or ten concerts in the principal musical centers of Holland.

## MR. FRANZ RUMMELL.

The frontispiece this time is the portrait of that most excellent and reliable artist, Mr. Franz Rummell, who made his first appearance in this country somewhere about 1885 and in 1890 again made a very successful tour, playing among other things the Beethoven E flat concerto with the New York Philharmonic, under Mr. Theodore Thomas (November 15, 1890). Mr. Rummell has been an indefatigable student of the piano and during the last six or eight years has distinguished himself by playing very elaborate and difficult programs, covering the entire range of piano literature. During the past two years he has been at work unusually hard, with the result of impairing his health and nerve force. The present American tour has not shown him at his best, and his future at the present moment appears uncertain. But his record as a conscientious and ambitious artist is one which will give him a lasting distinction in the history of the art which he has so well adorned.



MISS ROSE ETTINGER.



## MR. P. J. HEALY.

On the 17th of February, 1898, the firm of Lyon & Healy completed a third of a century, the organization having been effected October 17, 1861. On that date the two men, comparatively young, Mr. George W. Lyon and Mr. Patrick J. Healy, with Oliver Ditson as a financial partner, organized the firm of Lyon & Healy, to do business in Chicago. They began with sheet music and small instruments, the house of Smith & Nixon handling the Steinway piano in the same warerooms. Through all the difficult financial times of the re-establishment of specie payments, the firm steadily gained, and when the original partnership ran out a new one was made, much more favorable to the young men who had created the business. The house has been burned out three times, but it has steadily continued to grow in business until it is now the largest house of general musical merchandise in the entire world.

The house of Lyon & Healy manufactures all kinds of small instruments and has greatly distinguished itself in producing perhaps the most perfect concert harp constructed anywhere in the world, the mechanism being very greatly improved over that of Erard. The Lyon & Healy harps are now in use in the best orchestras in Europe as well as in this country, excepting in that of Chicago.

Since the house of Lyon & Healy went into business, more than one hundred and thirty-five firms which have been concerned in music business in Chicago have gone out of business or have changed their names, mostly the former. While Mr. Healy has been surrounded by able lieutenants in such men as Messrs. Post, Freeman, Bowers, Gregory and others, the entire financial management of the business from its foundation until the present time has been in his hands, and it is due to his prudence and general tact that the house has made such a splendid record.

Mr. Healy is one of the most remarkable men in the music trade. Coming to this country from Ireland a boy of twelve in the steerage, and beginning his career in the music trade as an errand boy in Tolman's store in Boston, he was able, by

studying in a night school, to acquire an English education and learn bookkeeping and in process of time became the head bookkeeper and confidential clerk of Tolman's house, from which place he was taken to organize the firm of Lyon & Healy. A man who overcomes the disadvantages of early training in this way and secures such a large outlook upon life and affairs as Mr. Healy has enjoyed any time the last twenty years, deserves to be recognized as a strong and incisive personality. Incidentally the story is the old one of the self-made American man who, like Senator Farwell, rides into town forty miles on a load of wheat, and fifty years later rides out in his carriage, a senator of the United States and a millionaire of fruitful potency. It is pleasant to record of Mr. Healy also that during the existence of the house of Lyon & Healy there has never been a year when a dividend was not paid.

• In a private conversation I had with Mr. Healy some years ago he was telling me of the late Mr. Lyon, who never could understand the art of bookkeeping, and when the annual balance sheet was produced, showing that the house of Lyon & Healy was worth so and so much, Mr. Lyon never could understand it. He used to say, "Healy, do you mean to say we are worth all this?" And Healy would say, "Yes, the books show it." And Mr. Lyon would say, "Where is it? I haven't got any such amount of money; where is it if we are worth all this?" "Well," Mr. Healy would say, "it is down stairs in the book and music stock; it is upstairs in the small instrument stock; it is rented out in pianos; it is in the safe in bills receivable that are coming to us; it's all there." But Mr. Lyon was always skeptical until the final settlement, when a very handsome fortune was paid over to him as the surplus remaining as his share of the business, and for the good-will of the name.

## THE POLES IN MUSIC.

BY MAURICE ARONSON.

The unmistakable and pronounced favoritism shown in recent years by the musical public and the profession to compositions and interpretative artists of Slavonic origin, has caused the writer to investigate the merits of the Polish nation in music. The mere announcement that a new opus from the pen of a Slavonic author is to be rendered at some public occasion, or that the cradle of a new hero of the keyboard or the violin happened to stand on Polish soil, suffices to excite at least interest in the work itself, the author or the interpretative medium. The Pole is particularly fortunate in this respect, and once imbedded in popular favor, it seems impossible to alter the conditions, though at a first glance it appears that with the exception of Frederic Chopin, Poland cannot pride itself upon being the mother country of a musical genius, whose name could be placed in the rank of those chosen few marking epochs in the history and literature of music. This condition is by no means due to a lack of genius or talent within the Polish nation, but rather to circumstances, having their origin in the continuously unsettled political affairs of Poland and in the events which are inseparably connected with the history of this brave but ill-fated nation.

A retrospective view into the history of nations will show scarcely an instance where an entire nation has been politically so effectively destroyed, as was the Polish nation at the end of the eighteenth century. The decree of October 24, 1795, ordering the third division of the Kingdom of Poland, drove the nail into the political coffin of that country and literally wiped from the map of Europe the once mighty and powerful Kingdom of the Jagellons, whose dominions, during the period of its political glory, extended from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Since that day the Poles have ceased to be a nation and have had to accept the hospitality of other nations,

who have welcomed and tolerated them wherever they appeared, on account of the glorious traditions which are theirs and the splendid qualities of their character. Warfare, inner political strife and forever haunted, as Franz Liszt says, by a vain and strange phantom of glory, was the lot of proud, haughty, but unhappy, Poland, and every attempt to regain its former independence, as in the fierce and bloody battles of 1830, was effectively crushed.

These events certainly proved destructive to the development of science and the arts in Poland. The art works of a nation reflect not only the individualities of composers, but its historic events, its culture and civilization. Karasowski says of the Poles:

“Although exhausted by the Napoleonic wars and earnestly engaged in healing its own wounds, the nation was anxiously desirous of restoring culture, and encouraging literature and the arts.” There was a general feeling that on the establishment of a new social and political order literature, poetry and the sister arts would find its subjects in the life and manners of the people.

The Poles enjoyed a rather limited cultivation and a peculiar training of mind. Being decidedly national, they enjoyed but little contact with foreign nations. They were fond of their country, their customs and traditions, prone to gayety, pompousness, festivities and above all of music. Their organization lends itself admirably to the cultivation of music and languages, for, as a nation, the Poles are more picturesque, subtle and flexible than gifted with genius. The love of song characterizes the Poles to the same degree as their Slavonic brethren, the Russians, Bohemians, Czechs, etc., and it is known of them that their love for music is so intense that they sing about the commonest and most trivial affairs of daily life in pleasing and touching phases.

Although the national music of Poland matured into a complete art at an earlier period than Russia, for instance, but little of real artistic merit is chronicled in the musical annals of that country prior to its destruction, folk songs and dances receiving almost the entire attention of musical writers. The national dances of the Poles differ strongly from those of other

nations, strong accentuation and pronounced rhythm being their chief features. The polonaise, mazurka and cracovienne are the most popular Polish dances, which, like other national dances, have not been able to preserve their racy originality to our days. The polonaise, in particular, has experienced so much change in style as to be now almost indiscernible. The polonaise of old is without rapid movement, without real steps in the true sense of the word, more intended for processional display and pompousness than the exhibition of seductive grace (Liszt). This dance is in 3-4 time, of martial, majestic and chivalrous character, in a tempo between an ante and allegro. Its rhythmic peculiarity consists in the falling of the beginning upon the strong beat of the bar, the closing note falling upon the third quarter.

Sowinski (1803-1880) traces the origin of the polonaise to Christmas carols, but more likely it has its origin in the festivities of the Polish nobility connected with the coronation of Henri III of Anjou, at Cracow in the year 1574.

The mazurka is in character decidedly different from the polonaise. Whilst the bold and rigorous coloring of the latter is more adapted to reflect in larger strokes the despairing efforts of a nation's heroism, the devotion to its country and the numerous deeds of valor and bravery, with which the history of Poland abounds, the mazurka reflects impressions of a more personal and individualized character. If the Poles possessed any one quality in a very marked degree it was patriotism, and it was this patriotism, the lament of lost prestige which forms the basis of so many original and beautiful tone poems of Chopin, and of the poetry of Mickiewicz, the Dante of the North. The polonaise stands, therefore, more as a portrayal of manly ardor and pride, while the magic of the mazurka enters the domain of tenderness, delicacy and the most evanescent shades of emotion. The strong contrast in both dance forms is very likely caused by the necessity of seeking consolation and distraction from political disappointments in the pleasures and delusions of the ball room. As the mazurkas embody in many cases the melodies of national songs, they contain a world of mingled joy and pain, of love, conquests, vanities and passions. Gallantry and courtesy to

the objects of their love and admiration were, next to heroism, the most pronounced features of the Poles; and no dance of modern time breathes of as much pure and infinite love as the Polish mazurka. In its gracefulness, charm of rhythm and noble dignity it is probably the most characteristic national dance. The mazurka is also in 3-4 time, but rhythmically differing from the polonaise.

Less popular than either the polonaise or the mazurka, is the Krakowiak or Cracovienne, originating, as the name implies, appertaining to Krakow, the old capital of the Kingdom of Poland. This dance is in 2-4 time, very lively in character and is danced usually with vocal accompaniment. Ere the dance begins, one couple steps in front of the band and sings the cracovienne, a short song of two stanzas. They are then joined by all other couples, who follow the first until a new song is begun. The character of the music is more melancholic than gay, and the rhythm is indicated by firmly striking one heel against the other. Particular charm is given this dance by the playful, teasing and jesting movements of the dancers.

These dance forms have found much cultivation in Poland, but were in a primitive state and totally bereft of the poetry until it was later on infused into them by Poland's most illustrious tone poet, Frederic Chopin. The authors of many polonaises which were written in the latter part of the last, and the earlier part of this, century, are not known, and they were frequently given the name of a Polish hero, such as the famous de Kosciusko polonaise, probably the best known of that period. The polonaises of Count Oguiski are a decided improvement upon previous efforts and have retained their popularity to the present time. The polonaise in F major (Litolff edition) is the most famous of the fourteen polonaises left by that author. They are full of grace, of delicious tenderness, but of mournful gloom as well, and while not of the highest poetical order, are of historic interest.

Michael Cleophas, Count Oguiski, was born September 25, 1765, in Gurow, near Warsaw. After leaving his native country on account of insurrections, he lived in Italy, but was granted amnesty in 1802 and returned to Poland. In the year

1810 he became imperial counsellor at St. Petersburg. He died in Florence in 1833. Outside of polonaises, he wrote many French and Italian romanzas and was a pianist and violinist of real merit. His uncle, Michael Casimir, hetman of Lithuania, a celebrated musical amateur, is supposed to have conceived the idea of an oratorio on the subject of "The Creation," which he communicated to Haydn. He is also said to have invented the addition of pedals to the harp.

Albert Sowinski, previously mentioned, was a son of the Ukraine and was born in 1803. He enjoyed the instruction of Czerny, Leidesdorf and Seyfried in Vienna, and was a friend of Hummel and Moscheles. In 1830 he settled in Paris as a pianist and literateur and died there March 5, 1880. He compiled a biographical dictionary of Polish musicians (*Les musiciens polonais*) and published a translation of Schindler's "Beethoven." He wrote an oratorio, "Saint Adalbert," a symphony, "La Fatalité," overtures, masses, etc., and was assistant editor of Fétis's "Revue Musicale."

Of utmost importance to the national history of Poland, next to the above mentioned, was Karl Kurpinski, born in Posen in 1785. He made the study of Mozart's works a specialty and thus sought to penetrate into the spirit of German music. After 1811 he lived in Warsaw, supplying the national theater at that place with his operatic works, which enjoyed much popularity. Emperor Alexander I nominated him court-conductor and thereafter he undertook extensive journeys in western Europe, to absorb new ideas and prevailing tendencies for the purpose of utilizing them for the benefit of art in his native country. Kurpinski was a magnificently endowed artist. He composed with great ease and possessed much sentiment, refinement and energy. To him and to Joseph Elsner (1769-1854), the teacher of Chopin, the Polish nation is particularly indebted for the advance which Polish music has experienced during this century and for the relation which it established with the art-world of other nations.

In the art history of their native country all these authors will always occupy an honorable position, however unimportant their works may appear in the more brilliant light of later times.

Whatever is glorious and eternal in Poland's annals of music clusters around the name of Frederic Chopin. It is not the intention of the writer to dwell at length upon the position occupied by Chopin, preferring to refer for a proper valuation of this master to the meritorious works of Karasowski, Liszt, etc. Nothing, however, would more fittingly illustrate Chopin's noble mission on earth than the ever-increasing popularity of his works, which must remain unassailable. In spite of the fact that his family is of French origin, he has become the greatest and most national exponent of Slavonic, and particularly of Polish, nationality in music. An eminent historian says of Chopin's music: "A peculiar importance belongs to it, because in it more than in any other our nation is represented in the noblest light, in the possession of an independence hitherto unknown. Such music springs from the same source as the national poetry of Poland."

The national dances were idealized by Chopin to a degree never known before or since. His intimate knowledge of the folksongs and national melodies from his earliest childhood, enabled him to imbue his compositions with that feeling of delicate melancholy so characteristic of the Polish nation. Notwithstanding this strongly national type of his compositions, his music is always expressive of his individual feelings and intense sufferings, to a degree rarely met with in the records of art. That they exhaust the entire scale of human feelings must not surprise when we remember that his affable, delicate, kind and unaffected nature was embittered by the political troubles of his dearly beloved, but sorely tried country, the separation from his fond relations, the disappointments of an unhappy love and the enfeebling effect of disease, which co-operated unmercifully to terminate prematurely the precious days of the greatest lyrical composer of the modern school and Poland's most illustrious tone-poet.

The age of instrumental virtuosity, which was so auspiciously inaugurated during this century with the appearance of Liszt and Paganini, found a remarkable exponent in Chopin, too. He is remembered as the most poetical pianist of his time, the refinement of his nature being equally well portrayed in his compositions and in his playing. Since Chopin



we find as the most conspicuous figures in the art world of Poland men whose names are more identified with the element of virtuosity than original productivity. In the person of Carl Josef Lipinski we meet one of the greatest violinists of this century. He was born November 4, 1790, in Russian Poland and gained at an early age the unbounded admiration of Paganini, who induced him to appear in conjunction with himself in concerts. He had a most perfect mastery of the technical difficulties of the violin and his broad, rich and mellow tone was greatly admired. His bequest to the musical world consists of three beautiful and brilliant violin concertos, fantasies, the famous G minor variations, studies, etc. During twenty years he occupied the post of royal concert-master at Dresden, and died December 16, 1861, on his estate near Lemberg.

Poland may justly pride itself upon its two famous sons, Antoine and Apollinare de Kontski. Antoine, the elder, is known as an eminent pianist and a very prolific composer. He was born October 27, 1817, at Krakow, and undertook at an early age very extensive and successful concert tours. He lived in Paris, St. Petersburg and London as a pianist and teacher, and composed many brilliant and difficult parlor compositions. He is the author of a well-known educational work entitled, "L'Indispensable du Pianiste." The most popular of his compositions is the heroique caprice, "Le Reveil du Lion," op. 115, which has made the rounds of well nigh every piano and orchestra of the world. Antoine de Kontski has concertized during the current winter with much success in Siberia at the age of 81 years.

His brother, Apollinare (1825-1879) is remembered as a most excellent violin virtuoso. When twelve years old he caused such a furore in Paris that Paganini took him into his care and left him in his will one of his best violins and several manuscript compositions. In the mastery of the most intricate difficulties of his instrument, in perfection and beauty of tone, he is said to have approached his illustrious teacher closer than any other violinist. His compositions have no particular artistic merit and consist largely of caprices, dances, etc.

One of the best known Polish-Russian composers of recent age is Stanislaw Moniuszko (1819-1872). He owes his success largely to his opera, "Halka," which was given in Warsaw in 1858 and since then in other cities of the European continent. His operas treat national subjects and elements almost exclusively and he is equally well known as the author of numerous charming songs of the loftiest poetical conception. As such they deserve much more popularity. His instrumental fantasie, "Das Wintermaerchen," is an extremely musical work, and displays much originality of thought and beautiful harmonic treatment.

The Scharwenka's engage our attention next in the list of noteworthy Polish composers and artists. Philipp (1847- —), the elder, is well known as a composer, while Xaver (1850- —), the younger, has gathered laurels as pianist and composer of very ambitious and extremely interesting works, particularly of chamber and piano music. His piano concertos in B flat and C minor enjoy a well-merited popularity and were much praised by Liszt. His Polish dances have become known in the most remote corners of the globe.

Bringing this review down to the present day, we may close the list of notable men in the music world of Poland with the names of Ignaz J. Paderewski and Leopold Godowsky. Both belong in the category of the greatest living exponents of the true art of piano playing, and are magnificently endowed artists. Whilst the former had not reached his artistic maturity until a few years ago, the latter—but twenty-eight years of age—has more than fulfilled the brilliant promises of his early childhood. As a composer Paderewski has made a good name for himself and holds his own as such. Of Leopold Godowsky it is said that as a composer (his opus number having passed the three-figure line) he bids fair to outrank the pianist. To disclose what the world has a right to expect from the consummate musicianship of Leopold Godowsky, from his phenomenal knowledge of the art and science of music, his absolute mastery of the piano and his intimate acquaintance with well nigh the entire literature of music is, however, beyond the scope of the present article.

Chicago, March 10, 1898.

## ON THE LACK OF TONALITY IN WAGNER'S MUSIC-DRAMAS.

BY JOHN COMFORT FILLMORE.

The highly suggestive and carefully studied paper on "The Quintessence of Wagnerism," in the November issue of *MUSIC* displays so much serious purpose that I am moved to submit to its author, and incidentally to others who may be interested, certain considerations which have been in my mind a good while.

Mr. Spencer seems to arrive at the conclusion that "The Quintessence of Wagnerism" consists in music "devoid of tonality." But this conclusion can only be reached by our insisting on limiting the term "tonality" as it was limited practically in the days of Haydn and Mozart. That is to say, we must regard the diatonic scale as the fundamental fact in tonality and must limit our conception of the harmonic contents of any given key to the chords built up on the several tones of that scale, without using tones outside of the scale. That is the doctrine inculcated by most of our text-books on harmony. To form a chord, even partially, out of tones not to be found in the scale is, in this view, a departure from the key. Thus, the chords of E major or of A flat major introduced in a piece in the key of C would be regarded as taking us out of that key, even if they did not take us clearly and decisively into any other key. At best they would be considered as confusing the tonality, and the use of them would be treated as a license which might be allowable for special purposes to a great master, but must be strictly forbidden to pupils.

Now, if anything has become clear to me in many years of study, not only of the later productions of culture-music, but of the most primitive folk-music, it is this: That scale is not the fundamental fact in tonality. The scale is a product of reflection; is nothing more nor less than a consecutive ar-

rangement of the tones actually used in our music; tones which, more frequently than otherwise, are not used in consecutive order. The fundamental fact in tonality is the key-note and its chord. In the most primitive music of savages which I have yet discovered (and I have been looking into this matter as thoroughly as I was able for the past ten years), the invariable tendency of the human voice making melody spontaneously is to move along the line of the tonic chord, most commonly the major chord. Savage songs so primitive that the quality of tone is as much like the yelp of a coyote as like the song of a man, will yelp a do-mi-sol as unmistakably as they could be sung by a Patti.

When other tones come to be used, the first ones are invariably the re and the la, one of which completes the relative minor chord and with the do, makes two-thirds of the sub-dominant chord; while the re, with the sol, makes two-thirds of the dominant chord. Arranged in consecutive order, these tones make the pentatonic scale, which is not only to be obtained from the old Scotch and Irish folk-songs by the effective process of consecutive arrangement, but also from the folk-songs of all races of men. I speak advisedly, for I think there are no races whose folk-music I have not studied, in at least a few examples. The question of mode (major or minor) is simply a question of the center of gravity. When the point of repose is do, the mode is major; when it is la, the mode is minor. The series of tones do-re-mi-sol-la may have its center of gravity on either do or la, the very same tones being used in both modes. We also find savage folk-tunes embodying the minor tonic chord and nothing else. The filling out of the dominant and sub-dominant chords by adding the fa and the si is only a question of time and of the further development of the natural harmonic sense, which is the same the world over and for all races of men.

In this stage of diatonic melody natural folk-music probably continues for a long time, using only the tones belonging to the major tonic, sub-dominant and dominant chords, but recognizing also, more or less clearly, the relations of the same tones as embodied in the three chords which are the relative minors of these three principal chords, and shifting

the center of gravity from do to la—that is, to the relative minor—whenever the kind of feeling to be expressed requires it. In this case the minor chords become principal and the three major chords subordinate.

I have not space in this paper to go fully into the evidence which has convinced me that folk-melody is always shaped by the natural harmonic sense, but I have no doubt of it whatever. I have even found tunes which naturally implied harmonies outside of the six chords embodied in the diatonic scale, and even some which implied moderation; and hundreds of experiments on Indians have shown that their natural sense of harmony invariably coincided with my own.

It is a great pity that our modern culture-music could not have been allowed to follow the natural lines of development of the folk-music instead of being trammled by the bonds of Greek theory, whether misunderstood or otherwise. Music never developed naturally until it became emancipated from the church modes, based, as they were, on an artificial theory, and misapplied at that. And our theoretical teaching is still lagging behind the practice of the creative minds in music.

As regards Wagner, for example, the fact that he is accused of being chaotic in the matter of tonality is due, I believe, mainly to the fact that we have not yet learned to perceive the natural relations of certain chords to the tonic; relations which Wagner perceived very clearly. Haydn and the composers of his time embodied in their melodies mainly the harmonies involved in the diatonic scale. Schubert and Beethoven began to recognize the fact that the major chords of the (major) over third (E in the key of C) and under third (Ab) were almost as closely related to the tonic as the chords of the over-fifth and the under-fifth. But our harmony textbooks have not even yet come to this recognition. Schumann and Chopin made still freer use of these chords and also of the chords of the over-sixth and under-sixth. But Wagner and Liszt were, so far as I know, the first to recognize the fact that there is no major or minor chord conceivable which is further away from any given tonic (major or minor) than a simple secondary relation. It will probably be a long time before the popular intelligence will come abreast of theirs and

still longer before theoretical teaching acknowledges the fact that any chord whatever may be used in any key without forcing upon us the sense of a new tonic. Yet this is certainly true. Melody everywhere is harmonic melody. The question of tonality is never what chords are used but how they are used. And since this is true, it must sooner or later come to full recognition in human consciousness.

As for the second example which Mr. Spencer gives, if he will look at it more closely he will probably see that it is only a familiar chord of the augmented sixth, or rather 6-5. It is simply the major chord of F flat with an added D (augmented sixth).

# THINGS HERE AND THERE

## SOME RECENT PIANO PLAYING.

BY EGBERT SWAYNE.

To the Editor of MUSIC:

Although I am well aware that comparison has no place in musical criticism, and that every artist is to be judged by himself alone and according to the manner in which he represents art, yet the public has much to learn by comparing different artists with one another since every player has his own merits and defects, and the entire art of piano playing properly conceived should embrace all the merits of all the players and omit all the defects. The recent appearance of a number of very distinguished pianists in Chicago seems to me to afford matter of interesting study. Within the last four or five weeks we have had Mr. Raoul Pugno, a French pianist of rather limited reputation in Paris, which, however, like a modern orchestra, had been specially "augmented" for the American tour; Mr. Alexander Siloti, the Russian pianist; Mr. Franz Rummel, an English-born pianist of Belgian stock, and Mr. Leopold Godowsky, a native of Russia-Poland, of cosmopolitan qualities.

Mr. Pugno played with the Chicago Orchestra the Grieg concerto and in two recitals a variety of modern selections of no very great difficulty. In personal appearance he is large and heavy; in his style of playing spasmodic, not to say jerky. In the loud playing he employs a force that is almost brutal; from this extreme he passes to a piano or pianissimo with scarcely any intermediate gradation. In his pianissimo playing, and in everything except his extremely loud passages, his quality of tone is very satisfactory and agreeable. His phrasing and general style of interpretation are that of a salon player or an amateur rather than of an artist. His intellectual status with reference to music he carefully defined for us himself by playing the Grieg concerto with orchestra with the notes before him; he also employed the notes in the Beethoven sonatas in his recitals. The only pieces, in fact, that he seemed to feel quite sure of were those of salon dimensions and the one little Liszt rhapsody, which he had memorized for a piece de resistance.

Mr. Alexander Siloti is in many respects a very interesting artist, perhaps more so on account of his limitations in comparison with

his reputation than for any other special reason. His selection with the orchestra was in some respects fortunate for him and in other respects not. The Wanderer Fantasia of Schubert, as doctored up by Liszt, is a composition containing many traces of the Schubert charm and with a certain suggestiveness of larger meaning in places; but on the whole it is a piece in which a virtuoso has very little opportunity, and the demands it makes upon the skill of the player are of a very moderate degree.

Mr. Siloti's manner at the piano is eminently quiet and composed. Of the respectable height of six feet two inches, he seats himself at the piano upon a seat at least two inches higher than almost any other player would use, and the consequence is that he towers above the keyboard in a way which most modern players regard as very unfavorable to a good tone production. His hands are extremely long, so that it is possible for him to reach a twelfth; and, while this gives him great advantage in wide chords, it makes it very difficult for him to play fine finger work requiring a compressed condition of the hand, such as the chromatic passages for five fingers, of which Tausig made so much use in his exercises.

The best thing about Mr. Siloti's playing was the beautiful tone he produced. In this respect his playing is entitled to a position in the first rank, although some of this credit should also be given to the makers of the piano, for the instrument itself was of singular beauty. Moreover, he has the curious trick of using the soft pedal for more than half the time during his recital.

The programs of his two recitals in Steinway Hall were composed largely of recent Russian compositions of a salon grade, and with the exception of the Beethoven sonata, op. 109, which he played beautifully, there was nothing beyond the grade of salon piece in either of his recitals, excepting always the Chopin Etude in C sharp minor and the Liszt 14th Rhapsody, which he repeated in both of his recitals from his concert program. It deserves to be put on record for Mr. Siloti that in the really difficult places of his programs he generally plays somewhat unclearly and with an insufficient technic, a very unusual circumstance to record of a virtuoso; the general rule of a virtuoso being to play well in the difficult places and to play slovenly in the easy ones. It is evident from this circumstance that Mr. Siloti cares very little for difficulties as such. In other words, that it is not to him an incitive to effort as it is in the case of a real virtuoso, and that his reputation in this regard has been to some extent the result of accident.

If it were possible for Mr. Siloti to play a program of masterly compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Schumann and Chopin as well relatively as he played the Beethoven sonata in his first program, and with as good quality of tone as he uniformly employes, he would be one of the most charming pianists ever heard, lacking



only the personal grace and the delicate and local nuances of Paderewski to stand at the very head of the line. As you, yourself, pointed out in a conversation we once had, some of these limitations of Mr. Siloti are probably due to his intellectual standpoint, which, as we heard him say, regards Brahms as a composer of no value, without musical feeling or imagination and without piano-playing instinct. Schumann, also, he holds in moderate esteem. He was eminently successful in abstaining from Bach in his Chicago performances, from which circumstance I concluded that the peculiarly musical Apostolic succession of Bach, Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms is not recognized or understood by Mr. Siloti at its real value.

The third pianist of this remarkable group of players was Franz Rummel, who has been heard in this country twice or three times before. Rummel, it will be remembered, came to America somewhere about 1884 and awakened a great deal of interest in New York and was quite successful in his tours throughout the country. At that time his principal numbers in concert performances were the Liszt E flat concerto (which he played in an extremely noisy and brilliant manner) and brilliant concert pieces of corresponding grade. A little later he gave his attention to the production of ambitious programs drawn from the very innermost sanctuary of the pianistic pantheon, such as the Chromatic Fantasia of Bach, the last sonata of Beethoven, the Schumann Fantasia, the Chopin Fantasia and the sonatas. Programs of this kind about ten years ago he played, from a technical point of view, very well, indeed, but Mr. Rummel's playing always had the character of something which has been studied and learned, rather than of something which has come to him naturally. Everything that he played sounded as if it had only partly coalesced from the condition of being an exercise.

There was another peculiarity in his playing as in that of nearly all virtuosi except a very small number of the highest possible type, viz., an absence of what might be called molecular expression; for it must be remembered, as one of the interesting things in the art of piano playing, that a well-made piece of tone poetry for the piano is a highly complicated construction. We have always a principal idea, and in connection with it a variety of smaller ideas which combine to constitute what is called the accompaniment. Now to the piano playing intellect, of the class to which Mr. Rummel belongs, all this subordinate matter is lumped together under the head of accompaniment; and it passes, like the background of a picture, with comparatively little development, and remains obscure. Whereas, the same part of the piece when interpreted by a master of the first class, turns out also to be not simply a background, but actual living things, such as trees and shrubs, and flowers and hills and clouds. In other words, while the background

is not developed and finished with the minute care that a few of the old masters of painting used to bestow upon it, so that it distracted attention from the foreground, it is nevertheless carefully drawn in all its particulars and not conventionalized. In respect to this part of piano playing the standard has materially changed within a very few years back, a change mainly due to the increased intelligence of artists as well as the very remarkable increase in executive ability, which is to be seen in comparing our latest pianists with those of the older time. This will be understood farther on.

In his recent appearance in Chicago Mr. Rummel gave only one program, which was heard by a large audience at Central Music Hall, but with varying sensations. Almost quite without exception the musicians present found the performance very painful. Mr. Rummel repeatedly lost the thread of his playing and improvised on the motive that was then in hand, sometimes for several measures together, and sometimes for only half a measure or so, after which he recovered the thread and went ahead. This lapse of mind never formerly occurred with him; its appearance on this occasion, in connection with certain other qualities of the playing, raised the suspicion that he might be temporarily incapacitated for public appearance through the influence of a narcotic or brain disturber of some sort.

It is believed, however, by the many who know so much more about a public man than he knows about himself, that Mr. Rummel has passed the time when successful virtuoso appearances will be the rule. Some kind of impairment of faculties seems to be going on in his case, from the effect of which his career as an artist is likely to remain closed.

The fourth artist to be mentioned in this connection was Mr. Leopold Godowsky, who was heard with so much pleasure in the second Concerto of Saint-Saens in the Clarence Eddy testimonial, and shortly afterwards in a very remarkable recital, of which the program here follows:

Ballade, in the form of a Norwegian air and Variations....Grieg  
 "Ave Maria" and "Hark, Hark the Lark".....Schubert-Liszt  
 Etudes Symphoniques (Theme and Variations).....Schumann  
 Scherzo in C sharp minor, Ballade in A flat, and Polonaise  
 in A flat.....Chopin  
 Petpetual Motion .....Godowsky  
 Studies in F minor and D flat major.....Liszt  
 Sonata in B minor.....Liszt

This remarkable program was played from beginning to end in a most masterly and beautiful manner. It was such a recital as a student of the piano living in Berlin would be fortunate if he heard twice in a year. Every piece upon the program was treated conscientiously and seriously, and in all the wonderful technic of

the artist was used in a consummately musical manner to bring out the ideas of the composer to the fullest possible extent. The Grieg Ballade is well known in Mr. Godowsky's reading as a very phenomenal interpretation. He makes so much of it. The Etudes Symphoniques of Schumann require all sorts of piano playing, that is to say, all the good sorts. Then the two studies by Liszt are risky things, particularly the one in D flat. This very naturally went in a most delightful manner; but the most trying piece of all upon the program was the Liszt sonata in B minor. This somewhat Mephistoflean piece is made, as you know, out of about three fundamental motives, which occur in the most unexpected ways throughout the work. The piece has the character of a rhapsody while still approximating a sonata form to some extent. It is a piece lying extremely near the line between pathos and bathos, and a player in the least degree uncertain about the many technical difficulties it contains is bound to make nonsense of places which are capable of sounding quite serious and even beautiful. It was also a hazardous experiment of program making to put this sonata at the end of so long a recital, in spite of which the attention of the audience in this, as well as throughout the recital, was of a most excellent kind. In fact, I do not remember any player, except possibly Paderewski, who has held a Chicago audience with the same quality of attention as on this occasion. The hall was entirely full and the applause at all intermissions prolonged and enthusiastic.

It is of course entirely unsuitable to speak of Mr. Godowsky in connection with the artists previously mentioned, except for purposes of instruction to students, since he so far outclasses all of them in every respect (technic, intellectual qualities, and musical instinct) that there is no possible competition. I am one of those students who, like yourself, consider Mr. Godowsky one of the most remarkable masters of the pianoforte that has ever appeared. His technic is more advanced than any, and his musical qualities are without exception the most commanding that I have ever known in any pianist. This is seen in the quality of his various interpretations, in the mastery with which he unravels every sort of complication, and the refinement and finish and musical discrimination with which the subordinate ideas of the compositions he plays are treated. He is also a very interesting study from a technical point of view, on account of the great power and repose he has when you consider that physically he is of so slight a build; and I never cease to wonder at the things those cunning hands of his do—hands, which are not large, and apparently not very strong; yet here we have them capable of the intense fortissimos of the Tschai-kowsky concerto, the lightest and most long-continued running work for fingers, and nuances of melodic expression of a most refined and beautiful character.

If space served it would be a pleasure to speak of the Chopin interpretations in this program of Mr. Godowsky's. The ballade in particular he gave with a very interesting and beautiful interpretation. Taking it a little slower than usual, the particulars were made more of and many suggestions of melodic ideas in the inner parts were brought out, without at all interfering with the sweep of the main ideas. Then, in the middle part, in C sharp minor, the treatment was very delicate. Here his wonderful left hand gave him a great advantage over other artists. In fact, this interpretation was as masterly as anything in the entire evening, a fact well worthy to be chronicled, considering that from an artist who has been before the public for so many years as Mr. Godowsky (who although but twenty-eight years of age has been a concert pianist almost twenty years) and who has played this ballade a vast number of times, it is a striking confirmation of the quality of his musical endowment and his artistic nature which enables him to take an old piece seriously, and find in it new beauties.

The difference in the mental standpoint of these players was curiously illustrated in a private conversation which I happened to hear, when Mr. Siloti was speaking of his treatment of the Chopin scherzo in B flat minor. This much-played work he conceived somewhat more seriously, in the manner of a ballade, and he was speaking just then of his wholly novel treatment of the brilliant passage work with the melody in the bass, after the middle part in A major has been heard. It appears that in his first performance of this work he devoted his entire attention to the finger work in the right hand and played the left hand purely and simply as an accompaniment. One day, in a concert when he was playing the work, he said it suddenly occurred to him that there was a melody in the bass and he said: "Heavens! Why, how nice that is," and so he changed his interpretation and played his finger work very light and played the melody with the bass very seriously and weightily. Probably truth is between these two views of Siloti, which represent the extremes; Chopin intended the passage work to be somewhat brilliant and the bass melody there is interrupted intentionally, as is plainly indicated in the manner of writing. But it nevertheless forms an important part of the impression at that place in the scherzo, and Mr. Siloti went in his interpretation from one extreme to the other, instead of combining both excellencies as the composer probably intended.

An oversight of this sort would never occur to Godowsky. His manner of studying a piece and his curious way of observing the resolutions of all dissonances and the appealing quality of every unusual combination in the middle parts of the composition, shows that all these musical values are realized by him and foreseen, just as they must have been by the composer himself, for notes do not

get themselves placed in a piece by accident so that possibly melodies result of which the composer did not dream.

Aside from the pleasure I had in observing the individualities of these four pianists, I am inclined to think that their success and non-success points a lesson for other players. I should say that we are now at a point where a new school of virtuoso pianists is coming upon the stage, a class of interpretative artists who in the first place have a quality and an amount of technic previously unknown in the history of the instrument; and, secondly, mental qualities and a musical comprehensiveness making them take pleasure in presenting serious undertakings, as distinguished from the old-time virtuosos, who cared for nothing but brilliant difficulties.

As distinguished from this class of great artists, who occupy the foreground of the picture where Liszt, Rubinstein, Bülow and Tausig formerly stood, we are now beginning to have a race of what you might call parlor virtuosos, or salon virtuosos; pianists who play with a degree of technic which a generation ago would have entitled them to high rank in this direction, and with an agreeable tone quality which is one of the first elements of success with the public; and in works mainly light and of a salon variety. Pugno and Siloti both belong to this category, where they are extremely interesting figures.

Mr. Siloti enjoys an extraordinary reputation in Europe, and it is possible that when he is comfortably at home, with plenty of time to practice, he indulges in a more extensive repertoire than he has found convenient to give in his American tour. But his main success unquestionably lies in the melodiousness of his playing, its repose and general good sense; and the weakness of his playing is found in his lack of intellectual movement and an almost equal lack of sensitiveness. An artist of this kind, who plays quietly and without any kind of fuss, whose face is pleasant, soon picks up a public who enjoy piano playing of this sort where there is no serious strain put upon the intellect, and where all the stories come to a nice and commendable end, an end also not too far away. As for Pugno, I do not consider him worth spending much time over. He is not taken very seriously even in Paris, and there is no reason that he should be anywhere else. And as for poor Rummel, it is a question of "has been."

In this connection I was much struck the other evening in conversation with Mr. Godowsky, who said that the more pianists he heard the better he liked Paderewski. In his boyhood days in Paris he and Paderewski were very good acquaintances, but this was before Paderewski had undergone the Leschetitzki training, and Godowsky found his playing at that time rather unsatisfactory, especially in the matter of technic, although he admitted that it had charming qualities. But there is in Paderewski's playing now a musical intelligence and a sympathetic quality which appeals to the

feminine heart, and in fact to every sensitive person, such as the playing of very few other artists ever attains, and considerably beyond that of any of the artists in the present list.

Mr. Godowsky seems to me at times to be, if anything, a little too clear. At the end of a phrase, and certainly at the end of a period, he almost always pauses slightly, and no matter how impetuous or rapid the piece, his playing almost always has the character of deliberation and intelligent foresight, which does not wholly leave it ever in such a frightful task as his own Perpetual Motion, where he plays an unbroken succession of eighth notes at the rate of twelve a second for some six or eight pages. Meanwhile a modulating figure in the bass is taking care of itself in good musical forms.

Mr. Godowsky's tone quality is far more varied than that of any of the other artists in this paper, and at times perhaps fully as beautiful as that of Paderewski in his best moments. Moreover, everything that he does is distinctly musical, the presentation of musical ideas in a musical way being of the very essence of his art. If it were possible to combine with this something of that impressionist charm, which Paderewski possesses in such a distinguished degree, then there would be piano playing which would set the world on fire. But, after all, why should one artist seek to combine the virtues of all, and thus deprive the lesser men of their opportunities?

#### THE DAMROSCH-ELLIS OPERA.

The Damrosch-Ellis Opera opened in Chicago, February 14th, with Verdi's "La Traviata," in Italian, the director being Sig. Bimboni. The cast contained two very excellent singers, Mme. Melba, who is perhaps the best soprano before the public at the present time, and Sig. Campanari, who had the role of the older Germont. Mme. Melba, newly and most ravishingly gowned for the various occasions, was in good voice and sang delightfully. The audience, which was large, was somewhat cold, and in fact at no time during the evening became entirely warm. Sig. Campanari's work was very highly appreciated, and the ensemble number at the end of the third act was perhaps as well received as anything in the entire performance. The role of Alfredo was taken by Mr. Salignac, a light lyric tenor of the kind that Mapleson used to put in for Lohengrin on Saturday nights after a big matinee. Mr. Salignac is an artist of sincerity who, in a small theater, like the Schiller for instance, as the tenor of a stock company a little better than the late Castle Square Company at the Great Northern, would shine as a star of decided magnetism.

The remaining members of the cast were of that useful and unhaloed class whose names are printed by discerning managers in the smallest display type the office happens to have. The staging was

very fair and the orchestra of forty-seven moderately good. Sig. Bimboni, the new director, appears to be well versed in the traditions of the Italian operas. His gyrations and the picturesqueness pantomime of his beat make up a combination which could only be appreciated if reproduced by a cinematograph. In this way he would afford a foundation for one of the most delightfully entertaining musical numbers ever brought before a discriminating public.

#### THE DAMROSCH OPERA SEASON IN BOSTON.

The season of grand opera in German, French and Italian, under the Damrosch-Ellis management, opened at the Boston theater on the 21st of February, and continued three weeks. During that time there were produced *Faust* (twice), *Tannhauser* (twice), *Traviata* (three times), *Barber of Seville* (three times), *Valkyrie*, *Siegfried*, *Meistersinger*, *Romeo and Juliette*, and *Lohengrin*—*Traviata*, *Barber of Seville*, and *Romeo and Juliette* under the direction of Signor Bimboni, the rest under that of Mr. Damrosch. The house was at all times well filled, and from the singers' standpoint "warm," and all the operas presented were given thoroughly good setting and were well sung, so that neither the company nor audience had cause for complaint.

It will be seen at a glance over the list of works given there was nothing new offered. The chief attraction of the season in the way of novelty was the appearance of Mme. Nordica as *Brunnhilde* (her first Boston appearance in that character) in the *Valkyrie*. In anticipation of this the house was unusually crowded on the night of the 25th, and Nordica was greeted with a storm of applause. She started in bravely, but her voice soon failed her, and at the close of the second act the director came before the curtain and requested the indulgence of the audience, as the singer had caught a severe cold. Her acting, however, throughout the performance was magnificent, and by carefully saving herself for the finale she came out there very strong. There was, however, no fair opportunity to judge her until the presentation of *Siegfried*, several nights after, when she appeared in good voice. Her voice shows signs of the severe racking it has been subjected to in the study of Wagnerian roles, but it is still wonderfully sweet and is handled with all the wealth of expression that has endeared it to us in years past. *Gotterdammerung* was not presented here, owing to the continued indisposition of Mme. Nordica, who was unable to appear after the performance of *Siegfried*.

The real star of the season was Gadski. Her first appearance this season was as *Elizabeth* in *Tannhauser*, which role she sung as it has probably never before been sung in Boston. Her singing has improved wonderfully since she was last heard here, and her

acting has kept pace with it. In the prayer and consecration song she showed a truth of conception and a beauty of phrasing that were superlatively good. She was at all times sincere and convincing, and her tones were true and sweet. The impression created in this part was strengthened by her later appearances, especially by her work as Siegelinde. In both these roles she had the advantage of singing opposite to Herr Kraus, who has proved a worthy successor to Alvary. His bearing is magnificent, his acting generally good—though lacking in the softer passages—and his voice is all that can be desired. If there is a criticism to be passed on him it is that in the tender passages he seems unable to soften his voice, but sings with a strained intensity that is wearing. This hardly held true in Siegmund, in the second act, in which he sings over the body of the unconscious Siegelinde. In this he showed a tenderness and a capacity for fineness that was as delightful as it was unexpected.

Melba had nothing new to offer. She was, in fact, at a decided disadvantage in having to sing opposite to a tenor (M. Ibos) with a mediocre voice and a bad tremolo. In *Traviata* and in the Barber of Seville, especially in the former, she did very well indeed, and in the last scene as Violetta surpassed herself. But her work in *Marguerite* was distinctly bad. She sang, it is true, with a sweetness and precision that were delightful to listen to, if one had not to see the actress, or if one did not look for expression. But her acting of the part—what little she attempted to act—was abominable. Her first appearance was in itself enough to disenchant the performance for a lover of the part. It will be remembered that *Marguerite* is a simple, pure-hearted village girl, who, on her way to mass, or from it, is accosted by Faust with an offer of attendance. She does not expect it, and does not go out of her way for it or to avoid it. It surprises her. There is no idea of flirting with Faust, nor of “freezing” him. She replies in a simple way, with some surprise at his remark, and it may be a little alarm, “Nay, —, neither a lady nor a beauty I, and do not need thy arm to help me on my way.” She then brushes by him, and continues on her former way. This is ordinarily done by having *Marguerite* enter first entrance left (which is, of course, the entrance next to the proscenium arch, on the right of the audience). The villagers, with Faust and Mephisto, are in the background. As *Marguerite* enters Faust steps forward and accosts her. She stops in surprise, hesitates as she hears him, replies sweetly, as if she were correcting him, and then passes directly on, diagonally up-stage right, and exit, in her original course. The whole thing is a natural incident, a chance happening.

But Melba came in second entrance, downcast eyes, and walked down-stage almost to the footlights, and waited, with eyes on the ground and a conscious expression, while Faust stepped forward and



spoke to her. Then with a sternness that spoke of convent upbringing, and made one look about for the sister superior, she made reply, and hurried off by the usual exit. One was impressed that Faust and Marguerite had met down in the side street and fixed up this encounter to blind the populace, and that Marguerite, not being a good actress, had, by her manner, plainly shown that she expected something. The spinning song was spoiled on the opening night by the self-consciousness of the singer. But on the second production it was beautifully done. In the jewel song, however, she did even worse than in her first appearance. Instead of the Marguerite who puts on the unexpected jewels with hesitation, and half fear, and then sings in ecstasy at the sudden revelation of and joy in her own beauty—as a pleasing and delightful thing to her in itself, not as an end or a means—Melba showed us as she gamboled clumsily about the stage a Marguerite who has vainly aspired to such things, but has never had the chance before to put them on, is tickled to death with the effect they make on her and (it is to be expected) on her friends. In the fourth act, again, one wishes she would not be so strained throughout, and that there could be a little more simplicity and sweetness when, forgetting her trouble, recognizing Faust, thinking, in her madness, of nothing but her first innocent love for him, she returns to her first theme, "Neither a lady nor a beauty I, and do not need thy arm to help me on my way."

I have said a great deal more than it is worth while, it would seem, about the acting of a singer who does not pretend to be an actress. But that is exactly why I have said it—because she does not pretend to be an actress. There are few of us who do not like Melba, and who do not love her voice, in itself, as a pure, almost flawless one. But we feel we have just cause for complaint when one of the greatest, one of the most poetic of all our opera roles, and the one which calls for the utmost sympathy and feeling in the interpretation, is entrusted to the particular singer who is least equipped in these very essentials.

In these same productions of Faust we were treated to another innovation, in the presentation of Siebel as a soprano role—sung by Miss Toronto, a debutante of this season. This change did not altogether meet the approval of the Boston critics, at least one of whom opined that it was taking a liberty with M. Gounod's score. I think likely, however, that the gentleman who made this insinuation would find upon investigation that the role was originally written for soprano and is always so sung abroad, being given to a contralto only in this country. It is probable that this role, like that of Urbano in Huguenots, was written down at least a couple of tones for contralto, both being recognized soprano roles. It was something of a surprise to hear the song "O parlate d' amor" sung

by a soprano, but the change was not altogether disagreeable, and on the second hearing was distinctly pleasing. Of Miss Toronto herself there is little to say but praise. She is a pupil of Marchesi, and as her name indicates, is from Toronto, Ontario, in honoring which city she has followed the example of Melba and Albani. She has been for nearly four years with the great Parisian teacher, having been sent to her through the interest of Mrs. John Morrow, of Toronto. Mr. Damrosch, I believe, heard her abroad, and immediately engaged her for this season, which is her first. Her voice is a clear dramatic soprano, of considerable strength, and is handled with good judgment and effect. Her roles here were Siebel, the Forest Bird in Slegfried, and Stephano in Romeo and Juliette. She has also in her repertory Urbano, Marguerite, Juliette and Michaela, which latter she has sung with success where Carmen has been produced this season, though we had not the good fortune to hear it here. Miss Toronto is goodly to look upon and has considerable dramatic ability. She shows the result of the training of the Marchesi school in this as well as in her singing, and has a familiarity with the stage and its accessories that could have been gained only by the thorough drill gone through with in Paris. On the whole she is a very welcome addition to the list of American opera singers, and one of whom her native city may well be proud.

Among the men this year there were two new ones of whom good things were expected, but in whom we were disappointed. M. Ibos, the tenor, proved to be a well-meaning but inefficient gentleman who sings with a tremolo and never rises above mediocrity. M. Boudouresque, the basso, who was heard first as Mephisto, had the disadvantage of following in his part M. E. de Reszke and M. Plancon. He has considerable voice, sweet enough, but without any great merit. He sang amiably through the part, but did nothing to show originality nor especial genius in imitating. Herr Fischer was, as always, thoroughly artistic in his work, and was always well received.

On the whole, with the exception of the Gounod works, the season has been very satisfactory, and the operas, as directed by Mr. Damrosch, have been rendered by his orchestra with a perfection few of us have ever had the pleasure of hearing before.

A. S. INGER.

#### THE CHICAGO ORCHESTRA IN THE EAST.

At the time of writing, the Chicago Orchestra is engaged in giving concerts in New York, Boston and other eastern cities. It is gratifying to notice that the excellence of the orchestra is universally conceded by critics and that Mr. Thomas is greeted with the distinction which belongs to so prominent a figure in the American

musical world. A very brilliant feature of the eastern trip has been the engagement of the young pianist, Josef Hofmann, who is now about twenty years of age, and is making his first appearance since the year 1887. Hofmann is described as possessing remarkable power, splendid technic, and an extremely original charm in his manner of playing. They credit him with looking like a well-grown boy, with a fresh boyish face, and a simplicity of manner which is very captivating. All these qualities will be shown in Chicago about the time this magazine reaches the reader.

#### THE MANUSCRIPT SOCIETY OF CHICAGO.

At the eighth concert of the Chicago Manuscript Society, March 3d, 1898, the following composers were represented: Piano and violin: "Evening Chimes," by Margaret Ruthven Lang; songs: "Poor Little Heart," "Gather Ye Rosebuds," "The Ways of Love," by Clarence Dickinson; Mazurka, Op. 40, No. 3, by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach; Christmas Dance, Op. 14, No. 5, Mazurka in C minor, Op. 6, No. 1, Allegretto Espressivo, C major, by William H. Sherwood; Tarantelle, by Edmund S. Mattoon; songs: "Madrigal," "Love's Power," by Roy Lamonte Smith; Valsette, Op. 37, by W. J. McCoy; "Sehnsucht," by E. R. Kroeger; trio for piano, violin and 'cello.

#### THE MUSIC TEACHERS' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

President Herbert Wilber Greene, 485 Fifth avenue, New York, sends an advance circular concerning the annual meeting which is to be held in New York City at a time not mentioned. He says: "Our plans embrace a musical festival, conducted on broad but conservative lines, in which, as in the preceding meeting, educational topics and matters relating to strengthening the teacher, as well as the pupil, will greatly predominate. The scope and plans in detail will be placed before you in the announcements of the various committees. We have the assurance of the program committee that the musical programs (an outline of which it will be impossible to furnish at this early date) are to be superior to anything that has ever before been attempted in connection with the association. The experiences of last year have been seriously taken into consideration, and the errors in the matter of acoustics, interference, etc., have been provided against."

It is also stated that the report of the meeting of 1897 is now available for the sum of one dollar. It contains the results of the various conferences held at the last meeting and it ought to be a work of considerable value.

## THE SPIERING QUARTETTE.

The present season of the Spiering Quartette closed with a concert on Tuesday evening, March 8th. The souvenir program gives the list of works performed during the season:

## I.

Haydn Quartet in G major, Op. 76, No. 1.

Beethoven Quartet in E minor, Op. 59, No. 2.

Soloist, Mr. George Hamlin, with songs by Brahms, Richard Strauss, Weidig and Von Fiehlitz.

## II.

Mozart, Quartet in C major.

Beethoven, Trio for piano in B flat, Op. 97.

Schubert, Quartet in A minor, Op. 29.

Soloist, Mr. William H. Sherwood.

## III.

Schumann, Quartet in A major, Op. 41, No. 3.

Dvorak, Quintet for piano and strings in A major.

Songs by Hahn, Massenet, Hildach, by Mrs. Dudley Tyng. Mr. Hans Bruening, pianist.

## IV.

Weidig, Quartet in D minor.

Brahms, Quartet for piano, etc., in G minor, Op. 25.

Schubert, Quartet in E flat major, Op. 125, No. 1.

Soloist, Mr. Emil Liebling.

## V.

Beethoven, Quartet in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4.

Grieg, Sonata for piano and violin in G major, Op. 13.

Dvorak, Quartet in F major, Op. 96.

Mr. Walter Spry, pianist.

## VI.

Haydn, Quartet in D major, Op. 64, No. 5.

Schubert, Quartet in D minor, Op. posth.

The soloist of the last concert should have been Mr. George Ellsworth Holmes, who was to have sung three songs by Brahms, but he was unexpectedly called to New York by the illness of a little daughter, who died a few days later.

## CHICAGO MENDELSSOHN CLUB.

The Mendelssohn Club of Chicago gave the second concert of the season at Central Music Hall, Wednesday evening, February 23d, assisted by Mr. Henri Marteau and Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson. The director was Mr. D. A. Clippinger, who has been acting as substitute for Mr. Harrison Wild.

The work of the club showed the most careful training, the attack in all cases being sharp and clear and the shading very good indeed. Especially good was the singing in "The Chafer," by Veit, and the "Bugle Song," by Buck, two songs widely different in style, but both demanding careful work on the part of the chorus. The "Bugle Song" was by all odds the most pretentious on the program and was given with organ and piano accompaniment. The basses in both these selections showed a good composite tone, but the tenors seemed on this occasion to sing with a too individual tone; there was not enough of a blending of the separate voices into a beautiful whole.

Mr. Marteau played in a thoroughly artistic and finished manner. His tone was full and clear and his phrases beautifully made. Mrs. Wilson was heard to great advantage in this hall and sang delightfully, one of her chief charms being the clearness with which she pronounces her words, thereby bringing out points in the music and words which are often lost by singers. Her singing of the old-fashioned ballad, "The Lass with the Delicate Air," was especially good. And the "Song of Thanksgiving," a more dramatic composition, was well done.

The concert closed with a waltz song by the club which was very pretty and well done. In each selection the club seemed to enter fully into the spirit of the music and render it accordingly.

#### VIOLIN RECITAL BY HENRI MARTEAU.

Mr. Henri Marteau played a very interesting violin recital before the Amateur Musical Club February 24th. His selections consisted of the fourth concerto by Leonard; four violin pieces by Dvorak, Allegro Moderato, Allegro Maestoso, Allegro Appassionato, Larghetto. Also the following: The Adagio, by Karl Valentin; a Romance, by Sinding; entr'acte des "Erynnies," by Massenet, and Andre Wormser's "Suite Tzigane," Op. 8. Below the program was the eminently satisfactory line which ought also to be on the program of the Thomas concerts in Chicago: "It is kindly requested that large hats be removed." The gentlemen have been complying with this rule for many years now, but the ladies have this degree of manners yet to learn. But to return to our violin playing.

On this occasion Mr. Marteau was supported by that magnificent accompanist, Mrs. Hess-Burr, and he played with the utmost fervor and satisfactory musical quality. His tendency to force the tone was noticeable in a few instances, but in general the playing was thoroughly fine and musical. As for the program itself there was too much purely lyric music. Perhaps if it had been relieved by the introduction of the Paganini caprice or a Bach sonata the sweetness of the numbers presented would not have been so cloying. In justification to Mr. Marteau, however, it is to be noted that he had

already played before this club four or five different programs, and on the present occasion he sought to bring forward compositions not on the previous lists.

#### LETTER FROM DR. MASON.

In a recent letter from the Editor of MUSIC to Dr. Mason mention was made of a prominent teacher of the piano, a highly esteemed friend of Dr. Mason, who at the same time did not approve the technics. In reply to this letter Dr. Mason writes:

"I ought not to complain, however, after the commendations I received from Moscheles, from Alex. Dreyschock, the celebrated Dreyschock (as regards my manner of cultivating touch and developing tone as well as wrist and arm mechanism), from Rudolph Willners, and later from Liszt, Rubinstein and Bülow. You know Liszt wrote me strongly commending the whole of my accent system, and this system appeared in no methods or works previous to mine. When in the very latest times Paderewski wrote me (without solicitation) that he thought it the 'very best method of which he had any knowledge.' I have very recently heard, too, of him speaking in the strongest words of approbation while in Vienna, and this testimony comes from the person to whom he spoke individually. Joseffy, too, without solicitation, has written that Touch and Technic, in his opinion, takes an 'unapproachable (unantaadar) position among the most modern methods.' One of Rosenthal's friends also told me that he (Rosenthal), when last here, individually hearing of the work, sent to the music store for a copy, and after examination, spoke in very high terms of it. Indeed, I have been so highly favored in this respect, of receiving strong commendations from high authorities all over the country, as well as to a large extent from European countries, that it would be most ungracious for me to complain. Only a few weeks ago came a letter from Harold Bauer, a comparatively young pianist, living in Paris, of rapidly rising reputation, and whose services as teacher are in great demand, in which he speaks of T. and T. as a very 'remarkable and meritorious work, and one which he could recommend to his pupils.'

"As a finale to this subject I will add a little 'anecdote,' being a matter of my own personal experience, which surprised and astonished me quite beyond measure. About a year ago a young lady who had spent some time abroad and had studied mainly in either Leipsic or Dresden, I cannot remember now precisely which, called at my studio and said that her stay in New York was only for a day or two, as she was passing through the city on her way home. She wished, however, for a lesson from me; and, as it chanced, she came at a most auspicious moment, for I happened to have a full hour and a half at my disposal. So she sat down at the pianoforte and played. I was immediately very much impressed with her

touch and resulting tone—her power and force, the elasticity and absence of effort with which the muscles extending from the finger tip to shoulder were used. She had great power, but notwithstanding her constant application of it no 'twanging' of the strings resulted, but pure and large tone. The pianissimo effects were also very delicate and at the same time distinct and full of temperament.

"My interest in and appreciation of her playing constantly increased, and I thought to myself that if I had ever had a pupil who should have followed precisely the directions as I have tried to, and wished to express in 'Touch and Technic,' and who should have succeeded in accomplishing everything, even to the smallest point, that the result would be precisely what this lady had accomplished. Finally, full of curiosity, I made inquiries as to her teacher. She gave me his name, but it was new to me. I suggested that he was probably a young man and she said, 'Yes, he was.' 'Well,' I said, 'your playing is thoroughly satisfactory to me and is just what I should have tried to make it had you been my pupil. Had this teacher of yours a method of his own, or, if not, what method did he use?'

"The reply came without hesitation: 'He used your method!' I was never more astonished—and I confess that pleasure was mingled with my surprise. That my method should be used in old Leipsic, or, next thing to it, in Dresden, was a 'stunner.'

"On reading over the preceding papers I wish to say a word in order to avoid wrong impressions, viz.: Rubinstein's commendation, referred to, rests upon my manner of playing as he knew it, and, of course, my method resulted from this in a large measure. He spoke in warm terms of approval to William Steinway, and the latter referred to the fact in a letter which he addressed to the 'Musical Courier' about a year before his death. Rubinstein never saw 'Touch and Technic' in its developed stage. This was also the case with Dreyschock, Willners and Bülow.

"By the way, I read not long ago an article of yours about modern technic in which you referred to the increasing use of double thirds, sixths, etc., by pianists of our day. These things, together with octaves, were specialties of Alexander Dreyschock, and I do not believe that there is to-day a pianist who equals him in these things.

"Several of Tausig's pupils have frequently testified to me of his high estimate of the two-finger exercise and of his daily and constant use of it for years. Joseffy, in particular, has told me more than once (quoting his own words): 'Whenever I went to Tausig for my lesson I found him practicing the two-finger exercise.' Well, as I said before, I am sorry Mr. X. cannot find something good to say about the method, for I have no doubt that were we to con-

verse together we should find that we were in agreement at most points, although we might have our preferences of ways to reach desired results."

It has been Dr. Mason's lot to lay the foundations for a large number of American pianists who afterwards have studied in Europe, and in many cases have entirely ignored the valuable results of his teaching and have advertised themselves as pupils of this, that, or the other German master with whom, perhaps, they studied less than half as long as with Dr. Mason. Cases of this kind have occurred in large numbers, and it is by reason of this that Dr. Mason takes so much pleasure in the highly distinguished commendations of his method of touch and of securing touch in students, of which the foregoing is a synopsis. At the time when the Mason technical exercises first began to be used, tone production on the piano was not considered at all in ordinary piano teaching.

The range of tone variety upon the same instrument in the days of Hummel and Moscheles was very slight, and in consequence of this their music affords very little opportunity for tone color. The same is noticeable in the piano writing of Von Weber, which is almost wholly devoid of tone color, although in his orchestral writing he shows a sensitive ear in this direction. In the later years of Beethoven the piano had reached a much more advanced condition than in his earlier years, and there are suggestions in his writing of many things which are prominent features in modern pianoforte playing, but Schumann was the first composer who really understood the pianoforte tone in a broad sense; and there is very little in the modern handling of the instrument which is beyond the demands of Schumann in his most important works.

In respect to tone variety and power, Chopin makes much less demands upon the player than Schumann; and even Liszt is not beyond Schumann in this respect. Leaving these two masters, there is nothing new later until we come to Brahms, where a considerable variety of new effects are suggested. At the present time any piano teacher who ignores tone production simply shows himself deficient in artistic sense.

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#### THE CHROMATIC HARP.

In reply to the letter of M. Hasselmans condemning the new chromatic harp, M. G. Lyon, head of the house of Pleyel, Wolff & Co., in Paris, and inventor of the chromatic harp, has sent a letter to "Le Guide Musicale," pointing out a number of errors in M. Hasselman's criticisms. M. Lyon claims that so far from impairing the sonority of the harp the additional number of strings has no influence upon this whatever. It depends entirely upon the proper equation between the number of strings and the tension they exert, and the solidity and amplitude of the sounding board. He calls at-



tention to the fact that the modern grand pianoforte, with many more strings than the older ones had, is nevertheless not only more powerful, but much more solid and lasting. He says that the harp parts in the Wagner operas can only be played by dividing them between several performers, owing to the rapid adjustments of the pedals necessitated by the frequent chromatic changes; whereas in the chromatic harp, without pedals, every one of these parts is practicable with no great difficulty. Further than this, he says that the most chromatic music we have is entirely practicable upon the new instrument; the chromatic fantasia of Bach and fugues of Bach can be played upon the new harp and he considers that by this new invention he has opened to the harpist the entire domain of pianoforte music, which has heretofore been closed to him on account of the impossibilities appertaining to the chromatic pedals.

He also calls attention to the misrepresentations in regard to the chromatic harp of Pape. This, in place of being arranged as the modern chromatic harp is, with a set of strings on one side corresponding to the white keys of the piano, and a set of colored strings starting from the other side of the wrest plank, corresponding to the black keys of the piano, was adjusted with six of the strings in either octave upon one side of the wrest plank and six upon the other. The result was that in each plane of strings there was a scale of whole steps, and the whole adjustment was so different from that of the tempered keyboard as to require an entirely new mental adjustment in mastering it. The new harp, on the other hand, corresponds entirely to the tempered keyboard, is easily mastered, so far as the location of the notes is concerned. It is claimed for the new harp that all those disagreeable incidents of the old harp, due to the rattling of the pedal mechanism and a frequent failure of adjustment (perfect adjustment and especially perfect re-adjustment in the Errard harp being practically impossible), are done away with. The new harp is destined to give much more satisfaction.

No doubt this which M. Lyon claims in regard to the new instrument is true. The fundamental fact still remains untouched, namely, that the modern unpopularity of the harp is due perhaps quite as much to its tone quality, which is totally lacking in *sostenuto*, as to the difficulties of the mechanism. In fact the want of melody power in the harp is its most serious defect, and no invention has yet been able to improve it in this respect; whereas the modern pianoforte in its best state has acquired a solidity of intonation and a sustaining power which makes it a veritable microcosm among musical instruments.

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#### VIEUXTEMPS IN "LUCIA."

The performance by Vieuxtemps of "Lucia" was so enthusiastically applauded as to bring him out again, and the audience fairly

exploded when he commenced the national air of "Yankee Doodle," but silence was imposed at once by the ravishing notes with which that inspiring tune was rendered. It is difficult to conceive how this slender melody could have been arrayed in such an ample garb of splendor. Ingenuity must have been exhausted in devising the variations performed by this king of violinists. He played it "low down," and then high up on the E string with all four parts at once; with the bow up against the bridge; without any bow at all; he played it backward and forward, and I believe sideways and crossways; began at the end and left off at the beginning; began at the middle and left off at both ends; then commenced at both ends and finished in the middle; twanged it like a guitar; growled it like a base viol ("a base violation of the time," quoth my neighbor); squeaked it like a fife; warbled it like a flute, and picked it out like a banjo. It was "Yankee Doodle" all the time, however; sometimes solus, like a boy whistling; anon as a duet, like a pair of harmonious cats; then again with all the "variations," all of which displayed and set off the original air as a multitudinous array of jewels adorns and enhances the beauty of the fair wearer.—N. O. "Delta," 1858.

#### THALBERG AND HIS "NORMA."

Next came a "fantasia" from Norma (my left-hand neighbor inquired of me where that town was situated) by the miraculous Thalberg, who sat down to the piano as if he had made up his mind to polish off Norma to its heart's content; which he proceeded to do, and did so. It was thrashed out of that piano till the instrument quivered with rage; it was banged into it, jerked through it, and dragged over it, as it were, by the hair of the head, until the very wires groaned again. After being thus brayed into a mortar, so to speak, Norma was taken gently, and led trippingly up the scale, as if walking on eggs, and there made to dance and frisk about like a fairy spirit, while a deep rumbling down among the base notes showed a vivid remembrance of the violence which had just been done to their feelings.

The sparkling melody then subsided into sadness, into mellowness, into melting sweetness, and then into almost an "echo of soft silence," at which time you might have heard a pin drop (a rolling pin, for example, had anybody so far forgotten the proprieties of the occasion as to bring to such a place that useful culinary implement). Suddenly recovering itself, the piece started off afresh, this time into hysterics, warbling incoherently like an insane cockatoo, the notes tumbling over one another like boys let out of school, each out-screaming the other, when, finally, gathering up all his energies, the performer suddenly finished by a stunning blow at all the keys together, which closed the business at once for that piece, and settled Mr. Norma forever.—From the N. O. "Delta," spring of 1858.

## CONCERNING MUSICAL CONDUCTORS.

A recent writer in the *New York Times* has some remarks about conductors, which possess points of interest. He says:

The noblest qualities which a musician can possess must be combined in a successful conductor. There must be a thorough familiarity with the various instruments of an orchestra and the necessary technical knowledge must be supplemented with enthusiasm, a poetic nature, and high ideals. As a successful general must have power to command, so must a conductor possess that inherent force by which great bodies of performers are controlled and do his bidding. They must follow implicitly his lead and sink their own individuality in one harmonious whole. This is not accomplished by violent contortions nor great physical exertions; in fact, the latter frequently lessen the director's command of his forces. What can be accomplished by the most simple and graceful methods is well known. Did any one ever see Theodore Thomas frantically beating the air or Nikisch perform any gymnastic contortions over his desk? Never! Only a graceful beat within a limited contour; an occasional wave of the left hand, perhaps a raise of the eyebrows, each a movement full of significance, conveying more meaning than the violent gyrations of the novice.

As one who sat for four years under the baton of Mr. Thomas, I can attest the wonderful meaning imparted by each gesture, every look. Tremendous effects were accomplished by the simplest means. The two conductors mentioned are perhaps the most conspicuous examples of what can be attained by graceful method, but the same is true of Seidl, Damrosch, and others equally prominent.

The foremost conductor in this country is unquestionably Theodore Thomas. What he has done for music in America is well known. His concerts at the old Central Park Garden, which did much to cultivate a taste for the classical, are remembered with interest. He was a pioneer in the field of orchestral music of the better class, and his programs were not only of the highest standard, but rendered in a manner befitting the masterpieces of the world's greatest composers. As a conductor of the symphonies of Beethoven, Thomas stands unrivaled. He is a strict disciplinarian, exacting in the minutest detail, and will never tolerate any careless or indifferent work from any member of his orchestra.

Prof. Horatio W. Parker, of Yale University, deserves a place among the conductors of America, as the New Haven Symphony Orchestra is now a permanent organization. Its membership includes a majority of the professional and the foremost amateur players of New Haven, and among the latter are several talented violinists of the gentler sex. The formation of the orchestra was due to the labors of Mr. Morris Steinert, an enthusiastic patron of art. Prof. Parker is a hard worker, and the orchestra, now in its fourth

season, has shown steady improvement from the start. One of the standard symphonies has been on the program of each concert, and the other selections have also been from the realm of the classics. Prof. Parker, whose ability as a composer and master of theory is well known, has gained steadily as a conductor, and his success in this field should be added to his other accomplishments.

### EUROPEAN GLEANINGS.

BY CHARLOTTE TELLER.

In the "Rundschau" for October J. V. Widmann gives his "Memoirs of Johann Brahms." In the introduction he gives a picture of the light red hair, and the protruding underlip, which gave to his beardless, youthful face a somewhat scornful expression, were striking alone because of his mighty piano-playing, with which mere virtuosity, however brilliant, cannot be compared, but also because of his personal appearance. Indeed, the short, thick-set figure, the almost lion-like chest, the herculean shoulders, the mighty head which he threw back occasionally while playing, the thoughtful, beautiful brow, radiant from an inner light, and eyes which shot fire from between the blonde lashes, all bespoke an artistic personality which seemed to be charged to the very finger-tips with genius. There lay, too, something confidently triumphant in this face, the shining serenity of a spirit, happy in the practice of its art; and, while keeping my eyes fixed on the young master playing with such musical life in his father's home where Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven and Schubert were the patron saints, and where Wagner was regarded distrustfully, and the name of Brahms unknown. But in 1865 Widmann saw the "Vienna master" for the first time, and notwithstanding his conservative training was carried away by the personality of the great genius. He says: "Brahms, then in his thirty-third year, gave me the impression of a powerful individuality, not peculiarities which at first might be displeasing, but the whole appearance was swallowed up, as it were, in strength. The broad-spirit, the words of Iphigenia concerning the Olympian ones, went through my mind:

"But they, they stay  
At eternal feasts  
Before golden tables,  
They stride from mountain  
To mountain. . . ."

Brahms was always an ardent debater, who would rather have the conversation enlivened by a war of words than to have people flatter his ability and success. He was very fond of his joke, too, and never missed an opportunity for a hearty laugh. The music director of a little Swiss town which he was visiting one time assured

him that he knew all of his music. Brahms made no comment, but invited the man to listen to some of his festival music. He seated himself at the piano and struck a military march of Gungl, which the inoffensive but uninformed director took for a real Brahms' composition and listened to with thoughtfully upturned eyes and wide-open mouth. Brahms, in cruel joy over his successful deceit, whispered to his companions: "See the Basilio!"

His lovable nature was shown by his popularity with children; he made friends with them wherever he went, and often on his return to a town there would be a troop of little ones to welcome their friend, the great musician.

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Brahms never married, and Widmann repeats a conversation in which he spoke feelingly of the pleasures of a home: "I have lost all that," he said. "When I would have had that joy I could not offer any woman what would be her due." When asked if he meant that he was not confident of being able to support a wife and children by his art, he said: "No, I do not mean that. But at the time when I would most gladly have married my music was hissed from the concert room, or, at the most, received with icy coldness. I could bear that well enough, for I knew exactly what they were worth and that my luck would turn. And whenever after such failure I returned to my room I was not in such bad spirits. On the contrary. But if in such times I had had to stand before my wife, see her eyes fixed anxiously on mine and have had to say to her, 'It was not a success,' that I could not have stood. For however much a woman may love the artist whom she has for a husband, and, as they say, believes in her husband, she cannot have as full assurance of a final victory as he has in his own heart, and if she had wanted to sympathize with me—sympathy of a wife for the failures of her husband—ah, I don't like to think what a hell that would have been. At least that is the way I feel it."

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In the July number of the same magazine Widmann writes very interestingly of Brahms' visits to Italy, a country which was for him a wonderland of beauty. Widmann accompanied him on one or two of them and describes the enthusiasm and ecstasy which the musician felt in the presence of art. The tears would come into his eyes as he stood before the works of the great artists, and he had the keenest appreciation of color and form. He was full of reverence for Verdi and always said that they were brothers, for they had both sprung from the people and had no love for ostentation. Although a severe and discriminating critic in other things, so prejudiced was he in favor of everything Italian that he refused positively to see any faults in land or people.

On the 25th of September a memorial was unveiled at Bergamo in honor of Donizetti. From the green background of a grove rises the marble pedestal in the form of a semi-circular marble bench, in imitation of the seats of the muses discovered at Pompeii. In the middle of the semi-circle stands Melpomene, the tragic muse, playing on her enchanting lyre, while on the end of the bench to the left of the observer is Donizetti, sitting listening to the muse while he composes.

The ease with which Donizetti composed has been much praised. He was scarcely twenty-one years old when he wrote his first opera, "Enrico di Bologna." In his forty-seventh year he closed his work with "Duke d'Alba." During these twenty-six years he composed sixty-five operas and an oratorio, "Die Sintflut." In four of his best years he composed four operas yearly. "Lucia" was written in six weeks; the "Babeletta," which aroused so much enthusiasm, was written in half an hour, when Donizetti was in bed with a severe headache; "Lucrezia Borgia" was completed in twenty-five days, "Liebestrank" in fourteen days, "Don Pasquale" in eleven days, and the wonderful last act of the "Favorita" was written in a single day. A few of his best numbers came to him while walking, or even while packing for a journey. Donizetti himself was not proud of the wonderful ease in composing, and he had to pay for it, for his soul was darkened even in the height of its vigor, and he became insane.

Donizetti was born in 1797, the child of a poor weaver, who did not wish at first that the boy should become a musician. However, he won remarkable renown, almost as soon as he began to devote himself to his art, and gained everyone's admiration, not merely by his ability, but by his rare personal charm. He always had a premonition of his insanity and wrote one time to a friend: "Light! Light! Only light; whether from God or from candles." He always had during his insanity lucid intervals when he could play his music as of old, and as he was dying he called out: "Poor Donizetti; he is dead!"

The "Donizetti Album," edited by Parmenio Bettoli, giving the remarks of contemporary poets and artists, shows best how Donizetti's melodies echo in the hearts of the present. Copée writes: "How can I be but grateful to Donizetti? His melodies accompany all my memories; how often I sung the fiery aria from 'Favoritin' when I was young and in love." And Zola: "I understand too little of music to be able to speak of Donizetti, but I cherish in him the melodious interpreter ('försprecher') of the Italian folk-soul."

Donizetti's letters show him as an exceptional writer. Writing to his brother-in-law in regard to a piano which he had just sent him, he says: "Sell it at no price—this instrument which contains my whole artistic life from 1822. I hear it, and hear whisper from it Anne Boleyn, Maria Stuart, Lucia, Belisar, Marino, Falerio, Kenilworth and all the others. Oh, let it live as long as I live. I lived

with it in the time of hope, in the happiness of my marriage—in solitude. It was the witness of my joys, my tears, of my ecstasy; it shared my toil and labor. With it dwelt my genius; every portion of my life is alive in it. Thy father, thy brother, all of us it has seen, known, and we have all tormented it. For us it has been a companion, and may it be one for thy daughter, a dowry of a thousand kinds of sad and joyful thoughts.”—Das Magazin.

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In the September *Deutsche Revue* is to be found yet another article on Wagner, “A Recollection of ‘Lohengrin,’ ” by Eugen Lindner. He tells of the first appearance of “Lohengrin” at Weimar, made possible at that time (1850) by the energetic support of Liszt and the Grand Duke Karl Alexander. There is an account of the change in “Lohengrin’s” lines in the last scene of the third act, and an unpublished letter from Wagner to Liszt in regard to the change. The article closes with the inevitable allusion to Bayreuth: “It is evident that the public should and must learn to know the mighty creations of Wagner in their original form. But for that purpose memorial days ought to be chosen, say the anniversaries of his birth and death. The piano transcriptions should be thoroughly studied, and those who cannot do that should go to Bayreuth.”

## MINOR MENTION.

The American composer is a singing bird whose voice is sometimes a trifle uncertain and whose imagination is perhaps a shade too playful. What I have in mind at this moment is a set of technical exercises for the pianoforte consisting of chromatic sequences, ascending an octave from middle C upon certain modulatory patterns. Mr. Wilson G. Smith has written fifty-four pages of this matter in this particular instance, and several other books, I think, upon the same harmonic foundation, issued by other publishers. I do not object to a composer confining himself to a given harmonic foundation when he finds a good one. Many American composers have pumped immortality out of the well, at the bottom of which lie these three blessed discoveries of modern art—the tonic, sub-dominant and dominant; and one may read many thousand pages all drawn from this same well.

My point of order relates to the preface of Mr. Wilson G. Smith's book of studies, where an extract is given from an article concerning him, written by an admirer, in which he is described as the "American Mozart," his work always being characterized by sweetness and beauty, etc. I do not wish to deprive Mr. Smith of any of his halo, because it is a very becoming one; but if I had been engineering this preface I think I would rather have had it in connection with a real piece of music than in connection with fifty-four pages of mechanically constructed technical exercises for limbering the fingers of pianists. It would have seemed more Mozart-like. In fact, so far as I can see, Mr. Mozart never realized the advantage that a composer can derive from having a harmonic pattern laid down once for all as a relief from further efforts at invention. On the contrary, if you play through some scores of pages of his writing you will find that while his melody is always sweet and beautiful, and sometimes very touching, and more and more delightful in proportion to the refinement with which it is given, he is never able to confine himself to any harmonic foundation whatever, except in a very few cases where he has cultivated the basso ostinato. But he mixes you up with all sorts of delicate refinements of harmony in a way much more analagous to the harmonic freedom of Bach, Haydn and Beethoven than to those of Mr. Smith in these studies. This, however, is a mere incident.

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Mr. Alexander T. Stewart has been organizing an orchestra of thirty-five players at Oakland, California, the apportionment of in-



struments being as follows: Eight first violins, eight second, two violas, two 'cellos, two basses, two flutes, oboe, first and second clarinet, bassoon, first and second horns, first and second cornet, trombone, tympani, drums.

At a concert given February 25th the orchestral numbers consisted of a march, the Gounod overture to "Mireille," and a concert waltz by the conductor. The "Alameda Argus" says: "Mr. Stewart has gained admirable control of the amateurs who compose the orchestra of the First Methodist Church. One was in many ways reminded of the virile conducting of Mr. Tomlins; and, indeed, Mr. Stewart studied methods under this original and magnetic man. The 'Mireille' overture (Gounod) was very nicely played. Mr. Stewart made use of some clever modern ideas in the orchestration of his waltz, 'Esten,' and this composition pleased the audience particularly. Indeed, all the concerted playing was much in advance of that usually accomplished by the ordinary amateur orchestra."

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The seventy-sixth concert of the Philharmonic Society of Dayton, Ohio, was given on Tuesday evening, January 18th, the first part of the program miscellaneous, the second part consisting of Massenet's "Eve," the whole under the direction of Mr. W. L. Blumenschein. The soloists were Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson, Chicago, soprano; Mr. E. H. Douglass, Cleveland, tenor, and Mr. Grant Odell, New York, baritone. The pianist was Mr. Howard F. Pierce, and the piano used the Everett Concert Grand, the first case I have seen of the concert appearance of this remarkable instrument.

In this connection mention should be made of a very remarkable series of pupils' recitals given in Mr. Blumenschein's studio, the programs taking a wide range of piano music and songs. The programs at hand contain recitals Nos. 204 to 208, and the selections besides the ordinary range of pupils' tasks, go as far as the Waldstein sonata, Op. 53, of Beethoven, and Liszt's concert-pieces.

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The Onarga Choral Union, under the direction of Miss Rowley, gave a concert February 3d with a miscellaneous program, the most important choral numbers being Mendelssohn's "Judge Me, O God" and Gounod's "By Babylon's Wave." The Choral Union consists of thirty-one sopranos, ten altos, six tenors and twelve basses, an apportionment of resources which speaks eloquently of the difficulty of maintaining choral societies in small towns. There was also an orchestra, the composition of which is eloquent in the same direction, since it consisted of three first violins, three seconds, one viola, two clarinets, two cornets, one flute, and one trombone, and no 'cellos or basses. Where, oh, where, was the Lady Jane with her contra-bass? There was also a doubling of duties in the program, from which larger orchestras are not free (as when some of the

second violins have to play the extra instruments of percussion, and one of the double basses takes the tuba, and the like). The first violin seems also to be the leader of the alto in the chorus. But this is, at any rate, a beginning, and it will not be long, if the effort is kept up, before the missing instruments will be in some way supplied.

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Teachers in search of available teaching pieces of medium grade which can be used in public performance will find great assistance if they can secure the programs of the recitals of the Faelten Piano School in Steinert Hall, Boston. These programs cover an unusually wide range of teaching material and it is probable that if any one would send the postage, and perhaps a small fee, to pay for mailing the copies, that any teacher could have the programs regularly sent.

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At Carrollton, Ill., February 11th, there was a concert given under the direction of Mr. J. A. Carson, in which the participants consisted of various solo singers, a chorus of forty voices, an orchestra of twenty players (apportionment not specified) with a "pipe organ"; whether a "string piano" was also used is not stated. The second part of the program consisted of a cantata, "Rolling Seasons," for chorus, orchestra and organ, by Caleb Simper, whoever he may be. It is evident that the demand for orchestra is on the increase.

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An interesting program comes from Parma, Italy, where a concert was given at the Royal Conservatory of Music, under the direction of Sig. Tebaldini, the 27th of February, at 14 o'clock. The program consisted of a suite by Hugo Reinhold, a concerto in D major by Bach for clavimcembalo (piano), with accompaniment of double quartette and contra-bass; Schumann's Fantasie Pieces, Op. 12, the first four numbers; Chopin's Barcarolle; Two Songs Without Words, No. 25, and Spinning Song; a gavotte and musette by Bach, instrumented for orchestra by P. Florida; a rigaudon for orchestra by Rameau; the Liszt 12th Rhapsody, and the Mozart pianoforte concerto in D major, with accompaniment of the orchestra. The piano playing was by Mr. Luigi Gulli, of Rome, and it is stated that the orchestra was composed of professors and graduates of the Conservatory and of the Society of Artists. There are certain points in the arrangement of this program which are very singular. The prominence given the pianoforte was undoubtedly due to a desire to make the most of the presence of a competent artist, hence the unusual liberality of two entire concertos with several solo numbers. But to play the Liszt Twelfth Rhapsody as a piano solo and to follow it with the Mozart concerto in D major is a juxtaposition which leaves the solo pianist at a certain disadvantage, unless, indeed, he happened to be an artist of unusual powers.

In the Boston Symphony concerts, February 11th and 12th, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach's "Gaelic" symphony in E minor was repeated. All the newspaper comments are distinctly favorable to Mrs. Beach. Perhaps that of Mr. Apthorp, in the Transcript, is the most frank: "Mrs. Beach's symphony improves mightily upon better acquaintance; and a work that does this is a work worth talking about. When it was brought out last season we heard (we believe) all the rehearsals, as well as the public performance; and still we had our doubts of the composition, especially of certain points in the scoring. Many places sounded unclear, merely tentative. But last Saturday evening the work made a far different impression upon us. Save that in that place in the finale where all the strings unite in unison upon the second theme, the effect still seems less strong than it looks in the score, we could find none of the weak points that struck us at the first hearings. Whether Mrs. Beach has in any way modified her scoring since the performance last season, or that the fault was wholly our own, we do not know.

"As the symphony sounds now, it seems to us an admirable work, full of both musical force and poetry. The themes show true invention, the development and working-out are carried through with an unusually firm hand, and show both skill and rare fertility of musical resource. In short, it is a work which well deserves repeated performance on its own merits, and not merely for the sake of a clearer understanding. There are some compositions which one wishes to hear again, to see if one cannot at last make something out of them; others which one wishes to hear again because it is pleasant to hear them. Mrs. Beach's symphony now belongs distinctly to the latter class. It has earned a place in the repertory."

The other critics are almost equally satisfactory in their verdict.

On the same program there was a "fantastic concerto" for the 'cello and orchestra by Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler of the orchestra, the soloist being Mr. Alwin Schroeder. This concerto consists of five movements, but no accounts of the performance are at hand.

In this connection mention may be made of the program books of the Boston Orchestra, the annotations in which are made by Mr. William F. Apthorp. While the writing is often interesting and instructive, the typographical appearance of the book is extremely cheap and common. The reading pages are sandwiched between advertising pages, and the lower half, or third, of the reading page is cut off and occupied by advertisements, in order to afford as much advertising space as possible in connection with the reading matter. This peculiarity and the absence of musical examples in the annotations taken together, show that the principle of noblesse oblige has not struck the program department of the Boston Symphony concerts as yet. It is really a shame that the program books of high class orchestral concerts, distinctly devoted to art, should be defaced by advertising material of any kind, except that apper-

taining to the business of the orchestra. If, however, the revenue from the advertising is too precious to forego, then at least decency would require that it be made as unobtrusive as possible, and the literary character of the matter and a certain air of elegance be given the whole, in keeping with the artistic character of the concerts. In the Boston books the advertising is profuse, the paper thin, and the printing mean-looking; and about the only mitigating circumstance we mention concerning it is that the copies of the program book are not sold to the subscribers to the concerts. This enormity, fortunately, we do not practice in America.

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I have from Amsterdam the program of the concert given February 24th, under the direction of Mr. Willem Mengelberg. The program consists of the second Symphony of Saint-Saens, the Prelude to the third act of "Tristan and Isolde," and Liszt's Mephisto Waltz. The soloist of the evening was our lovely young country-woman, Miss Rose Ettinger, whose first number was the Bell Song from "Lakme," and her second the Schubert "Hedge Roses," Schumann's "Moonlight" and Jensen's "Murmelndes Lüftchen, Bluthenwind."

The program sheet itself is of four-square construction, to speak scripturally, measuring ten and one-half by fifteen and one-half inches, the program occupying the first page, the remaining three pages being filled with advertising, in spite of which it was sold to the audience at ten cents per copy—ten cents Hollandish being about four cents American. On the corner of the program is pasted a cabinet-size half-tone portrait of Rose Ettinger, which most likely was one of the considerations for selling the program.

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Among the many interesting concerts which are being given in churches in place of Sunday afternoon services is the thirty-ninth recital of the choir of Grace Church, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, given March 6th, at 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon, under the direction of Mr. William J. Hall, the musical director and choir master. The work performed on this occasion was the sacred cantata, "The Daughter of Jairus," with solo, chorus and organ.

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Speaking of advertising, the program of this service is an admirably executed piece of work, with all the words of the cantata occupying the second and third pages of the sheet, which, when folded, is five and one-half by ten and one-half inches. On the last page, in a very small and modestly displayed card, it is stated that "These programs are presented to Grace Church Choir by T. M. Sinclair Company, packers and manufacturers of Fidelity hams and lard." Messrs. Sinclair & Company deserve the congratulations

of lovers of modest advertising for the neatness and good taste with which, in this instance at least, they have got in their work. Whether it is entirely scriptural to defile a Sunday program with the advertisement of the remains of a beast which, under the Mosaic law, was unmistakably unclean, is a fine theological point which we leave to the doctors of divinity.

The position of the advertising in modern concert programs reminds one of the story of the poor Irish cotter with whom the doctor remonstrated for keeping the pig under the bed. The doctor desired to have it relegated to a position outside the house, whereupon the old lady exclaimed: "What! turn out the gentleman who pays the rint? Divil a bit."

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The second evening concert of the University students was given the 10th of February at St. Petersburg, under the direction of Prof. Hlavac. The student orchestra, numbering one hundred and fifty men, played Mendelssohn's overture, "A Calm Sea and Happy Voyage," Borodin's symphony, "Middle Asia," and Rubinstein's "Trepak," and there were two choral numbers which were student songs, arranged with orchestral accompaniment by Hlavac. The concert was a roaring success of the most emphatic student kind, everybody coming in for a distribution of good feeling, but most of all the popular music director, Mr. Hiavas; so at least one infers from the St. Petersburg Zeitung.

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On March 12th, at the studio of Mr. Ad. M. Foerster in Pittsburg, a program was given consisting entirely of compositions by Joachim Raff. As the list may be of service to others it is here given entire:

Les Pecheurs de Procida; Love Finds a Way; Valse Impromptu, Op. 94; Fantasia-Polonaise, Op. 106; Abendlied; Betragen; Etude Melodique, Op. 157; Ever With Thee; La Fileuse, Op. 157; Mary Stuart Songs, Nos. 1 and 3; Scherzo "Im Walde," Symphony, Op. 153; Serenade; Maidensong; Maerchen, from "Suite," Op. 164; Dei Lorelei; Sulte, Op. 72.

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Mr. Grant Weber, who is now connected with the Denver Conservatory of Music, gave a recital March 11th, at which he played the Beethoven sonata, Op. 31, No. 2; the Schubert-Liszt "Hark, Hark, the Lark," a serenade and a variety of selections from Chopin. The newspaper comments are very favorable, indeed. Mr. Weber has a very expressive and pleasing touch, and has been a most earnest student.

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Lovers of musicians' autographs will do well to write to Mr. Julius Fuchs, in care of Hofmeister, Leipsic, for a circular of his new work called a "Critique of Musical Compositions," of which mention

was made some time ago, since, in addition to a description of the work and a list of favorable notices concerning it, it contains facsimiles of letters from Richard Wagner, Rubinstein, Liszt and Hans von Bulow, addressed to Dr. Fuchs.

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At the Armour Institute, in Chicago, March 3d, Mr. Otto Pfefferkorn gave a piano recital, the program of which consisted of the Beethoven "Waldstein" sonata, the Chopin Fantasia, Brahms' fourth ballad, two compositions by Mr. Pfefferkorn, the Wagner-Brassin "Magic Fire Scene," Schumann's Nocturne in F, and Rubinstein's Valse Caprice in E flat. The program of the evening contained explanatory notes concerning the compositions.

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The New School of Methods, of which Mr. C. C. Birchard is superintendent, announces two courses this year, one at Hingham, Mass., July 18 to 30, and one in Chicago, August 1 to 13. The Summer Music School at Martha's Vineyard will also give instruction in the natural music course. Further particulars will be elsewhere announced in due time.

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Recital Hall, in the Auditorium, was crowded on the occasion of a violin recital given by Mr. Earl Drake, assisted by Mr. Emil Liebling, Mr. Sidney P. Biden and Miss Roosevelt Fuller, accompanist.

Mr. Liebling and Mr. Drake played the last two movements of the Kreutzer sonata, and Mr. Liebling played several solos of an attractive character. Mr. Drake made his appearance in several very trying numbers, the most important being the Vieuxtemps "Fantasie Appassionata," Ernst's "Airs Hungroises," and the Paganini Concerto in D. In these difficult movements Mr. Drake illustrated his remarkable range of execution and his ambition.

The singing of Mr. Biden was noticeable for two points, both commendable, first for excellent selections, and second, for good style. Mr. Liebling's solos were a very important feature of the occasion.

# MUSICAL CLUBS

## A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SCHUBERT.

To properly characterize the work of Schubert within the limits here available is by no means an easy task. First, on account of the tremendous volume of the works composed by him, which extended to nearly every province of musical composition, and in many provinces to an unusually large number. For example, there were ten symphonies for full orchestra, eight string quartettes, many chamber compositions for unusual combinations of instruments, such as stringed quartettes with two 'cellos, octettes, and the like, a considerable number of trios and sonatas for piano and strings, and a large volume of pianoforte sonatas, several volumes of pianoforte music of different kinds, and last and most remarkable of all, an enormous number of songs, the aggregate of which is usually stated as above six hundred. I am not sure that this number is correct, since I find in Riemann's Dictionary the number stated at four hundred and fifty-seven, including no less than one hundred poems by Goethe. In addition to this there is a very considerable number of choruses for men's voices, women's voices, cantatas, and several complete operas.

There is hardly one of these thousand or more music pieces which does not exhibit talent above the average, and some of them are of unusual beauty.

At first sight it would seem just to characterize Schubert as a melodist, in which respect he is undoubtedly the greatest of all that the art of music has known. The term "melodist" nevertheless has to be considerably extended when we speak of the works of Schubert, since the strangely expressive quality of Schubert's music turns very often upon strange harmonies and unusual refinements of modulation, such as had not appeared in music before his time. His sense of rhythm also was extremely delicate and peculiar. The art of carrying rhythms of two's against rhythms of three's (such as we find so often in the works of Brahms) was not unknown to Schubert; in one of his songs, "The Frühlingsgaube," there is a most beautiful illustration of it, where a very quiet and reposeful melody in 2-4 measure is superimposed upon an accompaniment running in

triplets. These triplets are so placed that the effect of the song and the accompaniment together is wholly delightful, and somewhat evasive, as if one felt beneath the tender beauty of the melody the budding and mysterious forces of the springtime.

Of the ten symphonies which he wrote several have been lost, and practically only three remain, and of these there are two of most distinguished beauty; of beauty so great and a charm so complete that no other symphonies are to be mentioned before them. One of them, the Fifth in C major, opens with a most beautiful adagio introduction in which the horn has an exquisite melody which Schumann said sounded like the voice of another world. Then follows a bright sparkling allegro, after which an andante in A minor, a curious half-march-like melody, which is repeated over and over and over with endless changes of color in a manner wholly Schubertian; yet, after all, not so astonishingly different from the manner in which the allegretto is developed in the Beethoven seventh symphony. The other of these two pre-eminent specimens of Schubert's genius is the so-called "unfinished" symphony, of which we have two movements lasting about fifty minutes. This work is of the most exquisite character; the melodies are so refined and pure, the orchestration has such a peculiar flavor of its own, and the treatment is so characteristically dainty and fanciful that the heart of every musical hearer immediately responds to it.

In the opinion of some the pianoforte sonatas of Schubert are works of distinguished merit and are likely to have a more important consideration hereafter than they enjoy at present. Certainly the first movement of the first sonata is a very romantic and beautiful movement, and the second is a set of very charming variations. There are other sonatas, also, which have splendid ideas; but the great trouble with all Schubert's instrumental music is that it is too long. The gift of conciseness was foreign to his talent. His fantasy was endless and he spins it out and spins it out without any just consideration for musical proportion and contrast. Indeed, both the strength and weaknesses of the instrumental works are of a highly significant character. All of them are melodic; no matter what he tried to write, melody is what comes; and we do not find anywhere in the sonatas and other extended compositions for the pianoforte or for chamber music the successful thematic treatment which he might have learned from the proper schooling in counterpoint and the careful study of the works of Bach. Nevertheless, the world has great fondness for melody, and this abundance and luxuriance of melody of Schubert will be, to the great majority of music lovers, more than compensation for any lack of precision and brevity in the working out of his subjects.

On the other hand, the comparatively narrow limit of his instrumental works on the harmonic side, and especially on the side of the graphic and sensational, is in striking contrast with the wide



range which he often takes within the short compass of a song. In fact, when Schubert begins a song there is no telling where he will be before he has completed it. Everything will turn on the nature of the poem itself. If the poem is simple and arch, he may confine his writing almost within the folk tone, as in the beautiful "Hedge Roses," which is one of the most delightful and arch songs in the singer's repertory. On the other hand, the musical construction may take on a most unexampled freedom, such as we find in the "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel," the "Erl King," and even in the reposeful "Thou Art the Rest."

Thus Schubert was distinctly the first of the romanticists in this, that the amplitude and fancifulness of his musical fantasy, and especially his most characteristic touches, were always awakened by poetry. It is always a poetic image which carries him into these unusual resources, resources which in his instrumental music he rarely or never touched.

One of the most wonderful elements in the Schubert genius to me is the clearness and simplicity of his melodies, in spite of the sometimes very unusual harmonies that underlie them and the extraordinary range of imagination which he brings out. Sometimes these imaginative touches are almost realistic, as in the "Erl King," where the boy cries out in terror, a half a tone sharp of the chord which accompanies it. This happens three times, each time the entire figure being transposed one note higher, but the boy is always a half a tone sharp in his cry of fear. There is an element of realism also in the accompaniment of the "Erl King" in the headlong speed of the father; and again in the spinning wheel accompaniment of Gretchen's song; and perhaps even more remarkable is the beautiful effect, like the dripping of water, in the figure which runs through the exquisite "To Be Sung on the Waters." Nothing could be more suitable than these different motives for the uses to which Schubert has applied them, and it would be impossible to have made more out of them and to have accomplished it so simply and to have obtained such an extraordinarily vivid and pictorial representation, without having passed beyond the limits of the well sounding in the music. All of these pieces make extremely good pianoforte solos when the poem is entirely taken away.

There is something incomprehensible in genius. It is true that Schubert was the son of a musical father and that in his childhood he had musical surroundings. They used to play quartettes at his father's house on Sunday afternoons, and an older brother of Schubert was himself a composer of very considerable talent. Nevertheless, when we find a boy of seventeen breaking out into musical composition, like the irrepressible blossoming of a rose tree or of a fuchsia when its time has come, as happened to Schubert in the years 1814 and 1815, we have an expression of genius pure and simple, which education and the environment in no way

account for. In the first of these years the boy produced a considerable number of songs, one of which was this same "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel," as graphic and masterly a song as he ever composed. In the very next year the "Erl King" came to expression and many other beautiful songs to the number of more than one hundred; in the year following an equally large production, so that before he was twenty fully four-fifths of all his songs had been composed. Some of these so-called songs were themselves cantatas. There is one which occupied seventy pages of music paper; another which occupied twenty or twenty-five pages, and many which were what we now call fully composed songs, that is, songs in which each stanza of the poem has its own music.

No doubt in the vast number there are some which are dangerously near the commonplace. Whatever Schubert read, if it interested him at all, awakened in him musical expression, and Schumann well said that if Schubert had lived he would have set the entire German literature to music.

Everything of Schubert is an improvisation. It is a fancy thrown off in a heat. Many of his most beautiful melodies were what we might call accidental happy thoughts, occurring to him in the most unlikely places. Picking up a volume of Shakespeare, he chanced to light upon the poem "Hark, Hark, the Lark," and calling for a paper, or ruling a staff off-hand with pencil, the germ of the well-known Shakespeare serenade was fastened. The well-known serenade in D minor is said to have been composed in a delightfully impromptu manner through his having looked at the poem in a book which a friend had while they were waiting for a glass of beer. Turning over the play-bill, he sketched the melody on an impromptu staff.

As said before, the curious element in all these songs is their suitability for singing, the happy manner in which they respond to the sentiment of the poem, and the unusual musical means which they often display. Especially is this true of the accompaniments, which are extraordinarily clever; in fact, the pianoforte in these songs is as much an instrument of expression as the voice of the singer.

Thus, when we think of Schubert, two aspects must be equally present in our thought: First, that of the improviser and spontaneously creative tone-poet, who translates everything of his environment into tonal equivalents; and, second, of the refined and elegant style, of such purity and distinction as to entitle the composer to a lasting place in literature for the sake of this quality, even if others were wanting. There is also a third element, namely, that of range of expression, i. e., expression through a variety of mediums, such as the voice, the violin family, the full orchestra, and so on. Schubert is therefore to be counted as one of the greatest masters who have ever adorned the art of music. Also one of the most lovable.

M.

## MUSIC IN MADISON, WIS.

In a quiet but persistent way there is a club in Madison that is doing good musical work and helping the uninitiated in no small way to understand music in its broadest and best sense. I refer to the musical department of the Woman's Club.

At a recent meeting of musical clubs, held in Chicago, it was voted at the outset not to admit woman's clubs at all, so the club at Madison was barred. Yet I venture to say that few so-called musical clubs are doing any better, if as good, work as this department of the Woman's Club of Madison. During this winter there has been a systematic and thorough study made of the works of the noted composers, with special reference to their symphonies. At the meetings, held once in two weeks, a sketch of the life of the composer in question is read by some member (quite in the orthodox way) and then there is an analysis of the symphony usually studied out by a member with no aid except hearing the symphony played at rehearsal. The different themes of each movement are played, and a good comprehensive analysis of the symphony is given without any attempt to "sentimentalize" at all, just a clear, straightforward analysis. And then the symphony is played in an eight-hand arrangement. In some cases one or more movements are repeated after the whole has been played, and the listener carries away with him a fair idea of at least one work that is standard, and is prepared to hear it "with the understanding" at any time when an orchestra can give it as it was intended.

In this way this winter the fifth symphony by Beethoven, the unfinished symphony by Schubert, and one by Schumann and others were given.

On the day devoted to Schubert, in addition to the symphony, there were many of his songs, showing how great a melodist he was, and how, like Schumann, the song, words and accompaniment made one harmonious whole. On the afternoon devoted to Schumann it was the same and many of his songs were sung.

It is at once seen that a club of this kind, composed, as it is, of earnest women, is entitled to a place among the musical clubs as such. But, not being admitted, though they were ably represented and their merits for admission discussed at the recent meeting in Chicago, the work still goes on, accomplishing much, and fostering a greater interest in music for the best there is in it.

\* \* \*

In a quiet studio down-town, before a select audience, very much in earnest, there has been a course of lectures on opera this winter, special work being done on the Wagner operas. The lecturer is at home in mythology, and Norse sages, and old German legends, so spoke with enthusiasm, and a knowledge whereof she spoke. In

these lectures first the story is told, then the overture played, then the principal songs and arias played, after having read the words. The lectures are very instructive.

\* \* \*

At last arrangements are completed for the festival which the Choral Union expects to give in May. The festival will last three days, two evenings and one afternoon. The singers engaged are the best to be had anywhere, including Mme. Gadski, Campanari, and others from the same opera troupe, and Mollenhauer's Boston Symphony Orchestra. The Choral Union will present Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and "The Daughter of Jairus," the soloists occupying the time left from these short oratorios, while one concert will be entirely by the soloists.

The Choral Union of Madison does good work, and at the recent concert when Judas Maccabaeus was given the singing was very creditable. The director deserves much credit for the work done, also for the kind of work, as the membership might be called a "floating membership," many being students in the university, so few sing together year after year. This makes it all the harder for the director. So greater praise is due him for what he accomplishes and for the standard he has set for the Union, and for Madison.

E. M. C.

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#### CLUB NOTES.

At the Onarga Conservatory of Music (state unknown) Miss Caroline D. Rowley, director, gave a lecture on "National Musical Characteristics," March 4th, with the following interesting program:

Folk Songs, (a) Chinese, (b) German, Lorelei, (c) English, Sally in our Alley, (d) Scotch, Robin Adair; Italian, Nella Fatal di Rimini, Donizetti; French, (a) Pan, (b) Pas des Amphores, Air de Ballet; Norwegian, (a) Notturmo, Op. 54, (b) Alla Minuetto; German, (a) Sonata, (b) Song, Der Wanderer; Polish, (a) Prelude, (b) Polonaise, both by Chopin.

\* \* \*

The Symphony Club, of Aurora, Ill., held a recital at the residence of Mrs. J. B. Arnold, February 16, where the program consisted of the Schubert "Unfinished" symphony and the Beethoven Fifth symphony, arranged for piano, organ and one violin; the organ part played by Miss Doty, and the piano part by Miss Hobbs. There were also pleasant songs. This club is independent of the Derthick Club in the same town.

\* \* \*

Among the new aspirants for public appearances of a musical and educational character is Miss Helen Goodrich, of Chicago, who was for two years a pupil of Prof. Julius Hey in Berlin. She is a

soprano thoroughly educated for German songs, oratorio, English ballads and artistic singing generally. Miss Goodrich seems to belong to the growing category of well trained and artistic American singers.

\* \* \*

Mr. Fordyce Hunter, of Memphis, Tenn., gave a Grieg recital, the program of which consisted of the Peer Gynt suite, the Ballade, Op. 24, six of the lyric pieces, and the Sonata Op. 7.

\* \* \*

Mrs. George A. Coe has been giving some very interesting lectures upon musical subjects in Evanston, among others one upon "Indian Music," in which she has used the collection made by Miss Alice Fletcher and Prof. John Comfort Fillmore.

\* \* \*

The Apollo Club of Kansas City, consisting of twenty-seven active members under the direction of Mr. Edward Kreiser, has been giving some very interesting selections of part songs, which take a wider range than usual in such associations. At one of their recent concerts they sang Arthur Foote's "Crossing the Bar," a "Slovak Folk-Song" by Dvorak, an Ave Maria by Nessler and Victor Herbert's beautiful piece, "The Angelus," from "The Serenade." This charming number, while by no means out of place in the opera as it stands, is nevertheless liable to have its true value overlooked by the casual hearer, who is thinking only of fun.



## ON THE VIRTUE OF PATIENCE.

BY GEO. W. PETTET.

Success means something finished—something done, speaking in a relative sense. This matter of finishing things should be made a habit, in school and out. It is of vital importance and should become fundamental in all teaching. It is not unnatural that we should complete things; in fact, it is very unnatural for a person not to desire to bring any task to a satisfactory ending. It is the natural instinct to want to arrive at definite conclusions. The contrary is always an evidence of weakness; of bad heredity, or bad education. For instance, a man who has been hired to hew logs, stops work because, as he says, his axe is dull. "But," says his employer, "what matters the condition of the axe? You are employed to work by the day and due allowance will be made for the condition of tools." Nevertheless, the workman is not satisfied. He wants to see the chips fly. So we find every one anxious to accomplish, to finish and complete the work in hand. But the trouble is we are not willing to work for results. The trouble with the young people in schools is they are not willing to pursue their work with persistence to the close. The weakness is in shifting from one thing to another. And it seems to me that modern methods of teaching encourage this idea of vacillation of effort. The play element in education has been introduced so generally and encouraged so persistently that there seems to be very little place for work. So much is done for the pupil nowadays and so little is left for the pupil to do for himself. This idea of not completing and finishing the task at hand finds so much encouragement on the part of the teacher and the distinguished educator that the pupil does not thrive in accomplishments, neither in ideals. He gets the idea that somehow or other the desired result will be reached; if not by his own effort, by the effort of a friend or a teacher; and all too frequently it is reached through the effort of a teacher, and the individual boy or girl who should be getting strength by exercise of his own powers is weakened by the opposite process. A lesson in arithmetic, for instance, is given. The boy works on a difficult problem and in a short time gives it up because,

as he says, "it is too hard." The teacher may not actually ask him to skip it and go to something else, but she does not tell him to stick to it until solved, which has the same effect, and the boy leaves the task for some more convenient season. He likely takes up something else to be dismissed probably in a similar manner. So the boy actually accomplishes nothing and becomes weaker and weaker continually as a consequence—not in his studies simply, but in his character.

Some persons advocate this idea of dropping tasks and returning to them again, on the ground that this is the way of life. This, in a sense, is true, but to encourage such a thought is weakening in the extreme. Children should be impressed with the idea that there is such a thing as a finishing process in their work, a completion in every step; in fact, that every step can be made a definite unit. There should be, it seems to me, no such idea as vacillation encouraged in the curriculum of the common school. The idea that things come by chance and not as a result of effort is a bad one, and this thought of drifting with the tide rather than changing the current of the stream is pernicious in all things. It is the idea of controlling one's environment, being the master of the situation, rather than of being controlled, that we want. If the problem is difficult so much more reason for its being solved, not by the teacher, but by the pupil. The great Goethe says that the best thing that any person can do is to finish the thing that he has at hand. Certainly it is this idea of individual effort that is of the greatest importance in education.

This leads to another thought, which is that there is no real success without individuality, which is not at all understood by many teachers. To speak definitely, there are teachers in our schools who consider certain methods of instruction preferable to other methods, because they are advocated by certain well-known authorities. I find teachers every day who follow certain set forms of instruction because I advocate them, and who are satisfied to repeat my ways, not in anything like their own terms, but as imitators. This is wrong. Nothing should be accepted on authority. There is no such thing as an authoritative statement, and it is a truth that what is best for one person to do is not necessarily best for another. This is a very practical statement for teachers. An instructor says in teaching time to children, "the signs should be made arbitrarily down, up, down, left, up, etc." Now, this plan may be used with satisfactory results by certain teachers for whom it becomes the expression of their individuality, but for other teachers some other plan that they will enter into more heartily, and to which they can give more conviction, will be very much better for them. The best that any one can do is to be true to the light he has at the present, to be true to the best there is in him. This is the watchword of progress. A teacher who is true to himself, to his best thought, is the teacher who is improving, who is growing. This teacher will eventually attain high success.

## GOD THE AUTHOR OF MUSIC.

FRANK JOSEPH PARKER.

"God is the author of music. He who orders the winds out of their caves, and makes the ocean roar its hoarse amen, fills the air with birds of varying note, and makes the rills drip music as they fall down mountain heights, and sends the rivers singing to the sea, there to merge their liquid treble in creation's ancient bass; He who puts rhythm into the flight of birds and into the play of children and melody into the hearts of lovers; He who shakes the earth with His thunders, yet swings the globe so gently that He wakes not a babe from its slumber, and disturbs not a bird in its little nest; He who caused the morning stars to sing together, and promises the new song of Moses and the Lamb; He who dropped music from the heavens at the advent of the Savior, and inspires the heart of the universal church to send it back to Him again; He whose voice is as the sound of the many waters, and whose presence awakens the song of the one hundred forty and four thousand, and thrills the harps of the innumerable hosts whom no man can number; He who makes holiness to blossom into happiness and righteousness to break forth into song and everlasting joy; He who turns the shadow of death into the morning, and makes music eternal in the heavens—He, the Mighty God and Everlasting Father, He is the author of music, and we shall learn the melody and keep the rhythm of heaven only as our lives and thoughts keep time with the heart-beats of the Great Musician."

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

BY MRS. EMMA THOMAS.

**Question.**—Do you think it necessary for a grade teacher (to be thorough in her work) to take a course in public school music?

**Answer.**—I think every grade teacher should be able to teach her own music, and believe that the time will soon come when every teacher will be required to be fitted in that branch, the same as in every other study.

The communities everywhere are coming to see the importance of music in the school curriculum, and the teachers here would be willing to thoroughly learn to teach music if they only knew how much lighter it would make their daily tasks.

The children are yet to be found who cannot be quieted by music, or who, also, if dull and stupid, on a dark day cannot be wakened and made more alive.

In training schools for teachers all over the country the students are required to take a course in music, the same as in drawing, penmanship, etc., and it will very soon be asked of an applicant for the position of teacher, "Can you sing?" or "Can you teach vocal music?"



These questions are familiar to teachers in Germany, and they expect them to be asked.

Question.—To what extent would you teach patriotic and folk-songs in the public schools? That is in what grades, and how much time devoted to them?

Answer.—I believe that patriotic songs should be taught in all grades, from the first to the last, and as much time spent upon them as is necessary.

Not long ago there was an article in one of the Washington daily papers, in which it told of a party of perhaps twenty young people who tried to sing the "Star Spangled Banner" and broke down before finishing the first verse. I really think the Americans are more neglectful than almost any other nation, in regard to teaching the patriotic songs. Much stress is now being put upon the importance of teaching the patriotic songs in our public schools, and I believe before long we will have them universally throughout the land.

Dr. Larkin Dunton in an address recently said: "While we are not rich in national songs, what we have would be rendered much more effective as a means of inspiring patriotism if every child in America were taught to sing and love what few we do have. The Germans are wiser in this respect than we. They understand better the wonderful and lasting effect of the singing of patriotic songs." We all know how the Germans make this a part of the education of their children. And it is the music of which they make so much. The words do not appeal to our hearts as does the music. Remember the many times it has rallied the soldiers in battle, and then think of the little children in school, who are restless and uneasy, and are quieted by singing a simple little lullaby.

It is after all more the music than the words, but still the words must not be neglected. Teach the words by drawing a word picture, one that they will always associate with the words, and will help them to get the soul and inspiration from all of their patriotic songs. The death of John Brown furnishes a remarkable illustration of the influence of a sentiment finding simply intellectual expression contrasted with the influence of the sentiment sweeping over the country on the wings of poetry and music. The feeling of the North over that tragic event found a scholarly and philosophical expression in an oration by Mr. Emerson. The oration was forgotten within a week. But some unknown poet expressed the Northern sentiment in a song, and a musician set the song to music. And while not one soldier in a hundred ever even heard that Emerson had written an essay on the "Hero of Harper's Ferry," the entire Union army marched to the song:

"John Browns' body lies a-mouldering in the grave,  
While his soul goes marching on."

In my schools the children in the first grade (five and six years of age) can all sing America through, and love to sing it. They always stand as do the others when singing it.

The boys in the upper grades specially like to sing patriotic songs, and also some of the hymns which we teach in school, better than anything else, and when they are a little hard to manage, or do not feel like singing, all the teacher need to do is to start "America," or "Star Spangled Banner," or "Abide with Me."

As to teaching the folk-songs of different nations, it seems to me there is nothing better to awaken the emotion and sympathies of the children, and we all know that to stir the sympathies of a child is to make him thoroughly alive.

I have found that the songs the older children like to sing best for recreation are "Old Kentucky Home," "Old Oaken Bucket," etc.

There is nothing more unusual than the folk-songs. The popular songs of to-day are much more harmful than otherwise. We notice much difference in the folk-songs of different countries, especially those of northern and southern Europe. When the popularity of the folk-songs was at its height, we see that the Southerners lay much more stress upon the music, and they certainly had much greater brilliancy of execution, while the main thought of the Germans, Russians and English was the words, and the thought into which they carried.

The folk-songs of the northern countries are really folk-songs, in that they express the feelings, ambitions and characteristics of the people who composed them and of the people in general who sang them.

Very little is known of the people who composed these songs, and they were probably composed by more than two or three persons.

Let us cultivate a taste for this kind of songs when our children are in school (which is the best time, certainly) and they will have no desire to cultivate the cheap, trashy class of music, of which we hear so much nowadays, and which is so common.

It was Plato who said: "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws."

Let us see if we cannot influence the future generations for good, through our music.

# ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

## RELATIVE GREATNESS OF WORKS.

In critical writings I am unable to find definite information on a few works. So I take the liberty of addressing you, as you do not state nor compare the worth of some works in your "How to Understand Music," etc. I would like to know what is considered Beethoven's greatest sonata? and if the "Moonlight, 27," Pathetic, 13, Waldstein, 53, are as great as Sonatas Op. 101 to 111 inclusive? Is the "Emperor," No. 5, the greatest of his piano concertos?

What are a couple of his greatest quartets, and which of his symphonies has the most vigorous and fiery finale? Some say the finale of the second, others that the fourth, and again others the fifth and seventh. I presume the opening movement of the third Heroic and fifth C minor would not be as quick as these finales.

Is Tschalkowsky's fifth symphony greater than his sixth "Pathetic"?

I believe critics agree that the first, in B flat, is Schuman's best; and the third, "Scotch," is Mendelssohn's best.

Is not Schumann greater than Chopin as a composer for piano, and is not Chopin a greater harmonist than melodist?

If you do not have time to answer these later points, please be kind enough to tell me about Beethoven's sonatas and symphonies.

Your reply will greatly oblige, yours truly, J. F. M.

The questions you ask are rather troublesome ones to answer, since it is not easy to say of one sonata that it is better than another, especially when several of them are great.

The difference in time between when the first three sonatas you mention were composed and the last works was about twenty years, during which it is only natural to suppose that the composer had become more mature and more serious. It is generally considered that in point of difficulty the Sonata Op. 106 stands at the head, and in point of harmonic range this perhaps is as good as any. My own preference is for Op. 111, and next to this the Appassionata, Op. 57.

The Emperor Concerto is the best, and the greatest quartets are the last ones, Op. 130 and 131; this is the general opinion. I should say, in regard to the symphonies, that the most vigorous finale was

that of the fifth symphony; it is impossible to say whether the fifth or sixth Tchaikowsky symphony is the greater.

Schumann is now regarded as on the whole a more musical composer than Chopin, a composer who understood the musical possibilities of the piano more thoroughly than Chopin did. I do not think it is proper to say that Chopin was more of a harmonist than melodist; on the contrary, I think him a much finer melodist.

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#### AMERICAN CHURCH MUSIC.

"I write to you at the suggestion of Mr. Dudley Buck. I am to write a paper upon the development of church music, and I would like to know what authorities exist upon the subject. Mr. Buck tells me you are likely to know what has been written upon the subject and where to find the books if they exist at all. I am not limited as to period, but prefer to devote most of my paper to the consideration of the progress made during the past two hundred years in our own country. If not too much trouble, would you enclose me a list of authors and their works to which I may refer? I shall be everlastingly grateful. Very truly yours, Mrs. E. J. Grant, 117 Montague street, Brooklyn, N. Y."

I print this letter in full because I am unable to answer the questions satisfactorily. The history of church music in America is rather short. From about 1775 to the beginning of this century there were a few men in New England who were prominent in the production of books of psalmody. One of these was William Billings, another Oliver Shaw. Neither of these men was a trained musician, in consequence of which their works are excessively crude and full of the grossest harmonic faults. From about 1800 a better taste began to prevail, which was no doubt materially assisted by the influence of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, which was founded in 1815. The first book of decidedly respectable standard was the Handel and Haydn Society collection of church music by Lowell Mason, which was published in 1822.

Two or three years later Lowell Mason became the director of the Handel and Haydn Society and remained so for four or five years until it became apparent that under the existing conditions he would not be able to effect the improvements he desired. He therefore established the Boston Academy of Music in 1837, and here, for the first time in this country, was a trained chorus well balanced in all the parts. Meantime, from the publication of the Handel and Haydn Society collection to 1860 Lowell Mason published a series of psalmody books which in many ways were entitled to respect and had strong points. The anthem department, however, was weak, Dr. Mason having been without the necessary skill for developing an extensive composition.

After Dr. Mason there were a variety of psalmody composers, such as Thomas Hastings, I. B. Woodbury, William B. Bradbury and others, who, however, did nothing to elevate the public taste and are remembered now merely by a small number of hymn tunes of their composition which still survive.

In 1867 Mr. Dudley Buck returned from his study in Europe and published, through the house of Schirmer, his first motet collection. This work was the beginning of a new epoch in American church music. Already there were choirs in different parts of the country, and especially in the large cities, which were using a few of the English motets, the production of the older and newer English composers, but the standard in England advanced at about the same time as here, the graphic motets of the modern writers such as Tours' "The Lord Hath Appointed a Day," and some of the pieces by Sir John Goss, being contemporary with these works of Buck.

Another writer who had a fleeting currency in American church music was the late Adolph Baumbach, and in 1871 the house of Lyon & Healy had two manuscripts submitted them for publication: the one Dudley Buck's Second Motet Collection, the other a collection of motets by Adolph Baumbach. They decided that the Baumbach book would be more salable and therefore accepted that and forwarded the manuscript of Dudley Buck's book to the house of Oliver Ditson in Boston, who published it. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that this diagnosis of the mercantile value of the two works turned out to be wholly erroneous, as Baumbach's book had a very ephemeral existence, while that of Buck still remains a very influential factor in American church music.

Thus it is easy to see that the history of American church music divides itself into three periods: The colonial period, where crudity and ignorance largely prevail; the second, the epoch of Lowell Mason and his followers, under whose efforts our psalmody was practically established; and, third, the epoch of the motet and artistically composed church piece, dating from Dudley Buck's first collection in 1867. It is not too much to say that Mr. Dudley Buck remains still the master in the department of American church music. Not content with the production of a large amount of music for Episcopal choirs, one of the most famous works and also one of the best of the lot being the *Te Deum* in B minor, and these motet collections already mentioned which have been more used in Evangelical churches than in the Episcopal church, Mr. Buck has lately turned his attention to the production of what might be called church oratorios, or cantatas, works designed to be performed as a religious service, such as "The Coming of the King," etc.

Among the later writers of church music one of the foremost names is that of Harry Rowe Shelley, who has produced a number of very pleasing works in this department. Other writers who have dis-

tinguished themselves in the same direction are Samuel P. Warren, W. W. Gilchrist, and so on.

It should be said in regard to American church music that the motet in its modern development is practically a concert piece with what might be called sacred aspirations. The desire to be pleasing and effective is one which is almost always in evidence and the old-fashioned so-called church style has entirely given place to a free style in which the organ is treated as nearly as possible like an orchestra for supporting the voices and coloring the effects. This is not peculiar to American church music, however, but many of the modern English works show the same tendency.

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#### "WHO IS GERTRUDE GRISWOLD?"

"Will you kindly write on the enclosed postal just the word 'yes' or 'no' in reply to the following question: Is Gertrude Griswold, who wrote the song, 'What the Chimney Sang,' an American? Yours truly, E. R."

Who is Gertrude Griswold? What is the "Song That the Chimney Sang?" I was obliged to answer in different terms from the specifications above and say that I do not know.

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#### THE POLES IN MUSIC.

"Dear Sir: Can you tell me where I can find anything concerning the Poles in music, and oblige A Constant Reader."

In another part of this issue of MUSIC will be found a carefully constructed article by Mr. Maurice Aronson, which contains most of the information available on this subject.

Mr. John Vance Cheeney, librarian of the Newberry Library, gives the following references also as available on this subject: Mendel Musical Conservation-Lexicon, supplemental vol., pages 353-60; Famous Composers, by John K. Paine, vol. II, pages 855-9; Niecks' Life of Chopin, vol. I, page 66; A. Sowinski, Les Musiciens polonais et slav (Paris, 1857). All the above are in the Newberry Library. In addition to this a desirable reference is to the work of Ladislas von Trocki, "Die Entwicklung der Oper in Poland," 1867.



## REVIEWS AND NOTICES

**SYMPHONIES AND THEIR MEANING**, by Philip H. Goepf. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.00.

This work seems to be a republication of a series of lectures tracing the development of symphonies from Haydn to Brahms. In the course of the work there are analyses of two symphonies of Haydn, No. 1 and No. 3; two of Mozart, the G minor and Jupiter; three of Beethoven, the Eroica, fifth and seventh; two by Schubert, the Unfinished and the C major; of Schumann two, C major and the third; Mendelssohn's Italian symphony and Brahms' second. In beginning the author disabuses us of any intention to effect a technical analysis of the works discussed, or to include biographical particulars. What he attempts to do is to characterize the feeling and meaning of the different moments of the works in discussion, fortifying his remarks by numerous musical citations.

This book will appeal to quite a large circle of readers, especially of those who are not thoroughly musical, but simply love music in a somewhat aimless and sentimental way. Those who are deeply musical will find their comfort in the music itself and not in any kind of writing about it. The music itself explains itself to them much more definitely and satisfactorily than any words about it can possibly do. It is not clear in the present case that the author of the book belongs to this inner brotherhood of souls who are deeply moved by music. At the same time it is the writing of an enthusiastic music lover in the lighter sense of the term, gifted with a certain amount of literary skill; and perhaps the best verdict of a critical kind that could be passed upon it would be the famous saying of Lincoln, "that for those who like this sort of thing this is about the sort of thing they would like," which is merely another form of the remark at the beginning—that it is, on the whole, a well written and cleverly made book appealing to a very large class of music lovers.

To a musician all discussions as to the meaning of a really great work, such, for instance, as the third or fifth symphonies of Beethoven, the Unfinished of Schubert, or the second of Brahms, is a waste of time. The meaning of these works is music; the intention of these works was the production of music, and the end which they

propose to awaken in the hearer is musical delight. Now, musical delight is as kaleidoscopic as emotion in general, and the phases, contrasts, evanescent shades and progressions of mood are as difficult to characterize and describe in words as the changing lights and beautiful colors of a sunset sky. And it is by no means certain that the most beautiful work possible in music, such, for example, as the Unfinished symphony of Schubert, has a definite literary purpose any more ascertainable than that of the ever new and ever different spectacle of a brilliant sunset.

This is not the same as saying that music is without purpose or without objective value. It is quite different from any effort to reduce music to a mere "sozzling with sounds." Max Müller, in one of his suggestive essays, finds in the vanishing azure of the distant horizon a material suggestion of the infinite, and Ruskin long ago suggested that all the natural uses of moisture upon the earth could have been accomplished just as well if once in so often a great black rain cloud had been brought up and turned loose upon the entire continent, according to the needs of the soil, in which case all that vast suggestion of beauty in the clouds and the changing lights of heaven would never have been, and the visual sense of man in its highest and most imaginative reaches would have remained undeveloped and unawakened.

The reverie of the beautiful which the splendid sunset awakens is not subject to control. When such a scene is vouchsafed we perceive it and enjoy it; but the creative imagination of man through art is able to call up pictures of this kind in almost superhuman splendor and beauty; in words, in line and color and in tone. Every such treasure, when once created, is cherished by mankind among its most precious possessions, and it is in music that this creative imagination reaches its most perfect expression. For in music there is the same evanescence and the changing tints and the play of beautiful forms as in nature—to a degree which cannot be affirmed of any other form of art to the same extent. And for the very reason of this flexibility of music as a material for imaginative expression, it follows that the images, moods, changes, contrasts and delicate play of motive and subject peculiar to the higher examples of this form of art give rise to transient and delicate shades of musical delight which are not translatable into words—words being ever so much less flexible and expressive than the forms which the art of music has created. And all this the musician feels as a part of his inner charter as musician; and by reason of it he is apt to become impatient with attempts to describe in words impressions and beauties which to him are so much clearer than words, which at best only dimly suggest them.

At the same time it is wrong to frown upon serious attempts at expressing in words something of this meaning which the great works of art convey to susceptible minds. There are stages in the



development of almost every music lover when an effort of this kind is a real help, and if it be understood once for all that no characterization of the meaning or intention of a musical work has any objective validity whatever, these things can do no harm, since, when the incongruity between the proposed explanation and the deep impression which the work of art itself makes dawns upon the observer, he will not allow himself to be disturbed thereby, but will accept this inner and deeper light as the true one, leaving the elementary help, by which he ascended a part of the way, for the use of after-coming neophytes.

The book is somewhat handsomely printed with a new style of running head, which, like the great hats the ladies are wearing, rather overshadows the page. The musical examples might have been more effectively done by having them engraved and afterwards reduced by process to half the usual size of sheet music; this leaves them still perfectly clear and would have given a much better effect to the book, besides including a larger amount of music if necessary. These, however, are details of more interest to the publishers than to the buyer.

(From the Hatch Music Co.)

"BARCAROLLE." By Wilson G. Smith.

A very pleasing piece for teaching or for parlor playing, of the fourth grade of difficulty.

(From Arthur P. Schmidt.)

"ON THE LAKE," "DISTANT CHIMES." Two pieces by George F. Hamer.

Two pieces of rather commonplace melodiousness, the last being of a more popular character than the other.

"ROCKABY DEARIE," "GOD'S ACRE." Songs by John Hyatt Brewer.

Two songs of pleasing but rather commonplace character, well adapted for ordinary use, or for concert use where qualities of this sort are desired. The one last mentioned is on a poem by Eugene Field.

"EGYPTIAN WAR," "IN THE FOREST." Songs by Henry K. Hadley.

The first a baritone song, full of dash and material clangor. Effective if the singer has the necessary voice and the hearers the requisite imagination. The same qualities are needed for the second song on the list, which is for bass voice.

"FORGET-ME-NOT." By Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

A very impassioned song probably intended for tenor voice.

SONGS BY ARTHUR FOOTE.

"A Song of the Four Seasons."

"Love Me if I Live."

The first of these songs has a very difficult rhythm to which it is by no means easy to impart a smooth effect. The second one is an extremely impassioned love song, the words by Barry Cornwall. It is meant for mezzo-soprano, and, temperamentally considered, belongs to the impassioned warming up which the Boston atmosphere seems to be experiencing musically about this time, to judge by the extremely intense love songs which we are getting from that quarter.

SONGS BY C. WHITNEY COOMBS.

"Spirit of the Summertime."

"Child of the Dark Eyes."

"Once at the Angelus."

Three songs upon unusual poems. The first, of pleasing character, fairly well adapted for domestic use. The second, song on an old man who sees in the dark eyes that which tells of forgotten days.

The third, a still more complicated poem of reminiscent character. This song is dedicated to Marguerite Hall. The great difficulty of the last two of these songs lies in the complicated character of the text, which in itself is not particularly well adapted to musical setting, and is entirely too far-fetched to be easily realized by the hearer unless he have the words of the text before his eyes. The proper excuse for songs of this character would be found in a highly original musical setting, and even then the success would be questionable. In the present instance the music is creditable, but not distinguished.

"TO THE NIGHT." Song by P. A. Schneker.

A highly impassioned song for the bass voice, which will be welcomed by all that large number of low voices who are tired of the somber subjects to which they are usually condemned. Curiously enough, the whole of this song is written in the treble clef, although it is unmistakably intended for the bass voice.

SONGS BY MRS. WATKIN POWELL.

"The Answer."

"Cradle Song."

"Cupid Kissed Me."

Three songs of pleasing sentiment but very commonplace musical treatment. The second one, it appears, has already passed through several editions.

(From H. Kleber & Bro.)

SUITE IN F MAJOR for the pianoforte, by Mr. Ad. M. Foerster.

Prelude.

Waltz.

Intermezzo.

Finale.

The Suite in F major by Mr. Ad. M. Foerster is in many respects very admirable and interesting. The prelude is decidedly strong and worth while, and not excessively difficult. The second movement, a "Waltz," is very unusual. The third movement "Intermezzo," a sentimental melody with a certain amount of breadth. The "Finale," which is called "Homage to Brahms," is a serious and well-meant piece with very good effect. Parts of it require a very brilliant and strong style of playing with excellent octaves. The piece as a whole is interesting and highly creditable.

FOUR SONGS BY AD. M. FOERSTER.

"The Grecian Isles."

"She Walks in Beauty."

"Shepherd's Lament."

"When Thou Art Nigh."

Of the same interesting and musical character are the four songs above mentioned. The first one, on words by Lord Byron, is somewhat handicapped by the text, which is a little too reflective and imaginative. This, however, might be overcome by the singer particularly good in enunciation of the text. The second one is well written for low voice.

The last on the list is very distinctly in the style of Schumann. These songs are worked out seriously and are to be studied and heard with interest.

(C. F. Summy Co.)

PRIMARY TONE PICTURES FOR PIANO, by Mrs. Crosby Adams.

A series of ten little harmonic pieces for one voice and two voices, designed for primary pupils of the piano. These pieces are very well done indeed, but the price (sixty cents) seems rather high for a selection, which, all told, contains only thirty-nine lines of music, and those rather short. Those who have very small children to teach will find these little pieces by Mrs. Crosby Adams extremely nice.

(Arthur P. Schmidt.)

BAGATELLES FOR THE PIANO, by Arthur Foote.

Pierrot, the first of these pieces, published in a collection some years ago, is in an old-fashioned dance rhythm, like a gavotte; it is

a very pleasing piece; in the middle part there is some very nice work for two voices. It is short but effective, and well done.

The second, "Pierette," is one of those modern pieces, half nocturne-like, in which a single melodic idea is taken through a variety of keys, in chromatic harmony and syncopated accompaniment. If well done, pleasing; if badly done, not so pleasing.

"Valse peu dansante," the last, is a very pretty drawing-room waltz, delicately done, and having a little sentiment. Also not long, only four pages; well adapted for use in the fourth grade. Will not sound well on a poor piano.

(From the Rohlfing Co.)

HALF HOUR STUDIES, by Wilson G. Smith.

In an elegant edition we have here a new set of studies by Mr. Wilson G. Smith. Studies in technique, exercises, harmonized in the chromatic scale. Each motive is carried up through the scale in the same harmonic sequence, and there are thirty-four of these studies, all having precisely the same harmonic basis. The selection is not to be recommended to the lover of variety, unless he is also a very distinct lover of unity. These exercises, if well practiced, will undoubtedly be useful; at the same time it is a question why Mr. Smith should adhere to the same harmonic sequence throughout. Why not have a little variety in it?

EDUCATIONAL MUSIC COURSE.

We have received from Ginn & Co. the fifth and sixth Musical Readers by W. W. Gilchrist and others. They contain abundance of exercises and quite a number of spirited pieces. The book is probably intended for some of the higher grades, for which reason a signature like Zwhissig will have in it only a suggestion of faith and hope. Here is another signature also a little unusual, "Zschavitz." From these and other circumstances it is evident that the authors have tapped somewhere a new vein.

MUSIC TALKS WITH CHILDREN. By Thomas Tapper. Philadelphia. Theo. Presser. 16mo. 174 pp.

A very curious and interesting little book, and valuable as well, is that of Mr. Thomas Tapper, lately published by Theo. Presser. It contains a series of "music-talks" for children. In his preface the author says:

"A book of this kind, though addressed to children, must necessarily reach them through an older person. The purpose is to suggest a few of the many aspects which music may have even to the mind of a child. If these chapters, or whatever may be logically suggested by them, be actually used as the basis of simple talks

with children, music may become to them more than drill and study. They should know it is an art, full of beauty and of dignity; full of pure thought and abounding in joy. Music with these characteristics is the true music of the heart. Unless music gives true pleasure to the young it may be doubted if it is wisely studied.

"Our failure to present music to the young in a manner that interests and holds them is due not so much to the fact that music is too difficult for children, but because the children themselves are too difficult for us. In our ignorance we often withhold the rightful inheritance. We must not forget that the slower adult mind often meets a class of difficulties which are not recognized by the unprejudiced child. It is not infrequent that with the old fears in us we persist in re-creating difficulties.

"There should ever be present with the teacher the thought that music must be led out of the individuality, not driven into it. The teacher's knowledge is not a hammer, it is a light.

"While it is suggested that these chapters be used as the subject matter for talks with children, they may be read verbatim if desired. All foot-note references and suggestions are addressed to the older person—the mother or the teacher. There is much in the literature of art that would interest children if given to them discriminatingly."

Among the 25 chapters in this book are such topics as: Why We Should Study Music; The Tones About Us; Thinking in Tone; The Classics; What We Should Play; What the Roman Lady Said; Love for the Beautiful; Music in School; How One Thing Helps Another; The Child at Play.

Mr. Tapper has already been noticed in these columns as a teacher of the modern type. In preparing himself for his work he began by endeavoring to comprehend the subject matter which he had to communicate; that is to say, he learned music, and is continually learning it. For the other side of his qualifications he then proceeded, at the expense of long continued and wide reaching investigation hard to be imagined, to find out how children think of music and can be made to think of it. What is there in the mind of a child when we begin to teach him to which our knowledge must attach itself? And what other qualities of the child must be expected to be awakened from time to time as more knowledge is taken in? In one of its peculiar aspects this book amounts to a little manual of musical pedagogy, since the phases in which music is presented to the child will serve the teacher equally as well as a memorandum of the possibilities opened to him in his work.

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