

KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

A JOURNAL

Devoted to Music, Art, Literature and the Drama.

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No. 7.

DE PROFUNDIS.

Down to the tide, by Jersey side—
O, pause and shed a tear—
A fair young dame for water came,
And almost got a bier.

How can I tell what her befell?—
Alas, that such things be!
The fierce, rough sea rolled in, and she
Rolled in the fierce, rough sea.

"Oh, take me in! Oh, take me in!"
Affrighted, did she shout,
The breakers dread had turned her head;
She meant, "Oh, take me out!"

Forgive who can the cruel man
Who heard that frightened shout,
And through the din cried out, "Swim in!"
Yet should have cried, "Swim out!"

Forgive who can the cruel man
Who raised his horrid hand,
And with one swift and mighty lift
Propelled her safe to land.

Now some there be who say that she
Doth oftentimes thoughtful sit,
And say "The sea had swallowed me,
Had I not swallowed it."

And now a sort of moral short
I point in two lines more;
Far better stand unwashed on land
Than be washed upon shore.

—Harper's Monthly.

COMICAL CHORDS.

THE dress-circle—The belt.

PITCH in music does not defile.

UNIVERSAL MUSIC—The bank note.

PASTOR-ALE—the clergyman's beer.

SHEET music—Children crying in bed.

AH!—The French horn—a glass of absinthe.

NOTES of music are always sold by the score.

A TURKEY with clipped wings has a defective flew.

WHEN a man has the gout, his voice becomes *all toe*.

MIGHT the *timbre* of a bass voice properly be called bass-wood.

THE first thing that a man takes in his life is his milk; the last is his bier.

THERE is one bone which even a hungry dog refuses to gnaw. It is a trom-bone.

BELL MUSIC—The music of the bell is not its tongue. Bells should remember this.

ALL songs are written in "bars" and in *tones*; they are all, therefore, bar-y-tone songs.

CROWS practice *chro-matic* scales. Hens *en-harmonic* scales or "lays" *con egg-spressione*.

"HAVE another dozen, Bill?" said a drunken man; "let's get up a furor in the oyster business."

"HORRID little thing, without a set of bangs to her name," is the newest Chicago phrase for describing a rival.

"DOES your wife play euchre?" asked one. "No," replied the other, rubbing his head, "but she's death on poker."

IT is not safe to criticise a singer's upper register. She may become heated, which will act as a damper upon you.

A PARISIAN musical dictionary defines a shout to be "an unpleasant noise produced by overstraining the throat, for which great singers are well paid, and small children well punished."

"CALL me early in the morning; call me early, mother dear," is not to be quoted after this year, because it's sloop year, you know.

A CHILD being asked what were the three great feasts of the Jews, promptly and not unnaturally replied: "Breakfast, dinner and supper."

"SHALL I hereafter darn your stockings," is said to be the fashionable language for a young lady to use when making a leap year proposal.

THE youngster who was sent away from the table just as the pastry came on, went sadly up stairs saying: "Good-bye, sweet tart, good-bye."

"SOMEBODY'S waiting when the Dewdrops fall," is the latest song. Somebody will probably have catarrh or influenza, then. These songs are not adapted to our climate.

WHEN you see four or five children who need combing, washing and patching, holding a convention on a front door step, you have come to a house where the mother paints pottery.

A DANBURY man can kick eleven inches higher than his head. Should this year prove a good one for fruit he hopes to make considerable money in traveling through the state and kicking boys out of trees.

FATHER (who is always trying to teach his son how to act while at the table): "Well, John, you see that when I have finished eating, I always leave the table." John: "Yes, sir, and that is about all you do leave."

THE Texas style of popping the question: "I've a great mind to bite you." "What have you a great mind to bite me for?" "Kase you want have me." "Kase you ain't axed me." "Well, now I ax you." "Then, now I have you."

TEACHER: "Now, Robby, what is the plural of mouse?" Robby: "Dono, m'm." Teacher: "Why, Robby, I am surprised. The plural of mouse is mice. Don't forget that now." Robby: "No 'm." Teacher: "Now tell me, what is the plural of house." Robby: "Hice."

A FAIR debutante at a late ball "received" with a large, almost embarrassing armful of bouquets. To her is presented one of our "howling swells." F. D.: "No fewer than eight bouquets—just think of it! Are they not lovely?" H. S.: "Yaas. Lovely indeed. And how good of your papa."

MR. LINCOLN used to tell a story about a big Hoosier who came to Washington during the war, and called upon a street Arab for a shine. Looking at the tremendous boots before him, he called out to a brother shiner across the street, "Come over and help Jimmy. I've got an army contract."

ONE of the lady teachers in a Reno public school a few days since was laboring with an urchin on the science of simple division. This is what came of it: "Now, Johnny, if you had an orange which you wished to divide with your little sister, how much would you give her?" Johnny: "A suck."

"SEE that my grave's kept green," he warbled under the window of his fair one's domicile, one pleasant night last week. "I'll 'tend to the grave business, young man," shouted her enraged parental ancestor, as he poked an old musket out of the second-story window. No more concert that evening.

LITTLE Henry returns from catechism. He wears an air of melancholy. "What's the matter, dear?" asks Aunt Augusta. "Monsieur le cure is always scolding me. To-day he asked me how many gods there were." "Well, you told him one, I suppose?" "Oh, aunty, I told him five, and even that many didn't satisfy him."

AN ingenious manager in Burlington has made a drop curtain representing an enormous bonnet with sprays of flowers and drooping plumes. This is let down on the play early in the first scene, and is kept down all the evening, and the audience, seeing about as much of the play as it is accustomed to seeing, goes away delighted.

AN Oil City Irishman having signed the pledge, was charged soon afterwards with having drunk. "Twas me absent-mindedness," said Pat, "an' a habit I have of talkin' wid meself. I sed to meself, sez I, 'Pat, coom in an have a dhrink.' 'No,' sez I, 'I've sworn off.' 'Thin I'll dhrink alone,' sez I to meself. 'An' I'll wait for yes outside,' sez I. An' whin meself cum out, faith an he was dhrunk."

Kunkel's Musical Review.

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

ST. LOUIS, MO., - - - MARCH, 1880.

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SCHOOLS, and teachers, wishing to become familiar with our publications, will receive any they may wish to see for selection, and they can return them, if they are not suited to their wants. Remember, we publish nothing but good music, such as every teacher should introduce into his class. Good music elevates the taste.

WE take pleasure in calling the special attention of our readers to the charming sketch entitled "The Singers' Offering," which our distinguished friend Count de Vervins kindly consented to write for the REVIEW, and which we publish in this number. After having read it, our subscribers will doubtless wish to become better acquainted with this skillful author, and we promise them that we will use our best endeavors to procure for them that pleasure in future numbers of our paper.

THE present editor of the REVIEW took full editorial charge of it with the July number of 1879. At the time, he thought it would add to his editorial independence if he preserved his *incognito*, and, although the publishers wished it otherwise, his name has not heretofore appeared. It has since transpired that several of our local musicians have been supposed to be at the head of the REVIEW and in some quarters

have been made responsible for its editorial expressions, expressions with which they perhaps did not agree. Under the circumstances, the editor thinks it but right to put an end to surmises by allowing the publication of his name, and thus publicly assuming the responsibility of the editorial views of the REVIEW since he has managed it. He only hopes that the professional musicians of St. Louis will not feel lonesome when they discover in him one who, although an admirer of their art, never has been a member of their guild.

WITH the next number we shall enlarge the REVIEW eight pages. These additional pages we shall devote to the publication of music—vocal and instrumental—carefully selected from different catalogues. Each number will contain from two to four pieces. The principal piece published each month will be accompanied by a lesson of the piece prepared by eminent and practical teachers. Our paper will thus become a means of practical education in the science and art of music and will be more than ever indispensable, alike to teachers and pupils, to professionals and *amateurs*. The plates for these pieces will be prepared from new type and gotten up in the best style of the art. Our readers will, of course, see the difference between the indiscriminate publication of all manner of musical trash, for advertising purposes, which we have taken occasion to condemn in these columns, and the publication of sterling works which we propose. The subscription rates of the REVIEW will remain the same as heretofore; subscribers will still be entitled to the full amount of their subscriptions in music of their own selection from any catalogue, home or foreign. The additional expense which this new departure will entail upon the publishers is justified by our ever-increasing circulation. Our subscription list, however, is like an omnibus, there is always "room for one more," and we hope our readers will show their appreciation of our work in their behalf by sending us new names.

THE FUTURE OF OPERA.

THE very moderate success, or, to speak more plainly, the relative failure of grand opera in the United States during the present season, is doubtless due to a variety of causes. There is one factor, which we believe to have been the principal one in this result, which we do not remember having seen mentioned by our contemporaries and which may be expressed by one familiar word—*Pinafore!* Among the patrons of the opera, it cannot be denied that a large number did not love or support it for its own sake, but only because it was *le bon ton* to do so, and they did not dare to be so unfashionable as not to pretend to delight in it. "Pinafore" has popularized opera in the United States, has made it an amusement for the masses, and, in so doing, has stripped it of that conventional halo of exclusiveness which was its principal attraction to the nincompoops of "society." They are the class who have been conspicuously absent from their accustomed places at the opera, much

to the sorrow of the managers, who would quite as soon handle the money of intellectual imbeciles as that of wiser men. It would however be a grave mistake to conclude that the true lovers of opera have diminished in numbers in this country, or that the more serious styles of opera music are no longer relished by the American people. "Pinafore" has begun a work which "The Pirates of Penzance" promises to continue, in creating a taste for opera music among a large class of persons of moderate means but artistic instincts, who will eventually be the strongest supporters of that form of art. True, they may not feel able or inclined to pay three dollars a seat; they may think, as the *Globe-Democrat* expressed, it speaking of Mapleson's prices, that a charge of three dollars means "Two dollars for 'Her Majesty' and one dollar for opera," and refuse to pay for a name, but, with reasonable terms of admission, opera has a future in this country which will far surpass its past. The present is only a transition period from opera for fashion's sake to opera for its own sake. Opera was a luxury, it is not yet quite a necessity; but, while the demand for it is diminishing in certain quarters, it is bound to increase in a much larger ratio in others.

THE SUBJECTIVE IN CRITICISM.

Fluctuating, capricious and ever-varying as experience has shown it to be, taste evidently cannot be measured by any fixed, mathematical standard. Upon the other hand, much as men may differ as to what is good or bad taste, they universally believe (outside of speculation), that there is a good and a bad in taste, just as they naturally believe in the existence of a good and a bad in morals. The existence of a sense of the beautiful is testified to by the same authority that testifies to the existence of the sense of moral responsibility or even to personal being: our consciousness. Upon the belief in the existence of this innate sense and in the regularity and constancy of its action, the whole science of criticism is necessarily based; for if there were no such sense, or if, unaffected by extraneous influences, it acted differently in different individuals or at different times, it is evident that, except by the merest chance, there never could be any agreement between critics as to even the most elementary matters—that is to say, no recognition of any critical canons. But, while we know that such is not the fact; that, on the contrary, there is a very general agreement as to the correct principles of criticism;—we too often lose sight of the no less important fact that all criticisms are necessarily tinged with the personality of the critic—in other words, that, however honest or able the critic, his views will be more or less the expression of his own subjectivity. Blair very justly says: "Though reason can carry us a certain length in judging concerning works of taste, it is not to be forgotten that the ultimate conclusions to which our reasonings lead, refer at last to sense and perception. We may speculate and argue concerning propriety of conduct in a tragedy or an epic poem. Just reasonings on the subject will correct the

caprice of unenlightened taste, and establish principles for judging of what deserves praise. But, at the same time, these reasonings appeal always in the last resort to feeling. The foundation upon which they rest, is what has been found from experience to please mankind universally." Now, feeling, the "last resort" in matters of taste, is entirely subjective and may be consciously or unconsciously affected and biased by many things entirely outside of the object which is to be referred to it for its appreciation. This peculiarity of the human mind, which under certain circumstances, causes it, so to speak, to project the hue of its predominant modes of thought or feeling upon the objects which it chances to be considering and which really have no connection with those thoughts or feelings, is truthfully portrayed by Shakespeare, when he puts into the mouth of the Salarino these words:

My wind cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew docked in sand,
Vailing her high tops lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone
And not bethink me straight of dang'rous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now, worth nothing.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

We do not mean to say that critics, as a rule, are so possessed by one idea that all others suggest it in some way or other, though even that is not so rare as might be desirable, but what we do say, is that preconceived notions, personal preferences and national prejudices are by all men consciously or unconsciously projected more or less into the field of pure criticism. To cite but one instance: who has during the last ten years seen a criticism of French works by German critics, or of German works by the French, which was not more or less colored by the national antipathy engendered by the late war? Not only mental impressions but also physical states are reflected in the work of the critic. The dyspeptic sees the same pictures, hears the same music, reads the same poems as his neighbor who is blessed with a better digestion, but unconsciously he writes *dyspepsia* upon his every appreciation. Perfect fairness in criticism could be reached only if we could entirely eliminate the subjective element from judgments, but this we believe we have shown to be an actual impossibility. If this be so, a perfectly fair criticism from a human source is not to be had or expected. Were this fact kept in view, there would, on the part of critics, be less dogmatizing and foolish assumption of infallibility; on the part of the public, less blind trust in their dicta and on the part of artists and *litterateurs*, less readiness to ascribe unfavorable and even very unjust criticism to personal spite or malice:

"'Twad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Why, ask the old girl!" said Luigi.

"What! question a domestic! What are you thinking of?"

"Contented it! I am not of noble birth, and I merely give you the simplest means" —

"Certainly," said the marquis hastily, for he would not hurt his friend's feelings, "certainly — but I think we might find out from the priest himself."

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

But the marquis adhered to it, and again said: "I have an idea of my own; we shall see."

During the dinner, which was excellent, although lean (for these events occurred on a Saturday), the priest, notwithstanding his efforts to conceal it, was preoccupied, and Jane was sad, in spite of her bustling about the guests upon whom she waited.

When the servant brought the cheese and the fruit, the marquis, who had at last imparted to his friend what he called his idea, rested both his elbows on the table, and suddenly said to the priest: "You need five thousand francs, Father?"

"Why, yes — indeed" — stammered the priest, who grew very red and seemed quite taken aback by the bluntness of his guest.

"But do you need them very much?" continued the marquis.

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

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

"Well, my dear Father, we will give them to you to-morrow."

"But," — said the priest, more and more bewildered; very happy of the offer which removed from him his load of trouble, although but doubting whether his self-respect would permit him to accept it.

"But," repeated the marquis, "to-morrow, just after mass, — for you will have high mass to-morrow, will you not? — well, to-morrow, just after mass, I shall hand you the five thousand francs."

"Why, you do not belong to the parish, marquis, and there is no reason why you should make this enormous gift. It is for the church; it is but right that the wealthy should give for the poor, to build a house of prayer, to raise a monument to the glory of Him who causes their harvests to grow; but you are a stranger here" —

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

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

"Very good!" interrupted his guest, who appeared to be decidedly following out his idea and not paying much attention to objections; "then permit me to ask two or three more questions: Have you an organ in your church?"

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

"Then you have an organist?"

"Of course!"

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

"Oh yes, I have there," said he, showing a chest full of books, papers, and musical scores, "Haydn's Imperial Mass, Weber's Mass in G, Mozart's Mass No. 12, some Masses of Palestrina, and others."

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

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

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

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

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

"Ah! the gentleman is a chanter!" exclaimed Jane.

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

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

"Two hundred francs!" exclaimed in unison the old man and the servant.

"Yes," said the guest quietly, "we might ask three hundred, but since five thousand francs are enough" —

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

"I promised you the five thousand francs," said the young man mirthfully, and turning to Jane: "Get me some pens, ink, paper and envelopes!" The old maid rushed out, pressing against her heart the plate which she held in her hand, and returned five minutes later with the objects asked for.

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

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

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

The next morning, the sky had cleared, the day promised to be splendid; thirty handsome chairs, borrowed from the first families of Ville-Jossy, were set in two rows between the choir and the ordinary seats left for the use of the public; a small table, covered with a little cloth, carried a large platter, destined to receive the contributions imposed upon the privileged ones; the altar was illuminated as on a Whitsunday, and the choir was filled with flowers.

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

When the priest of Ville-Jossy, clad in his finest vestments, came forth from the vestry and advanced to the altar, a sort of sigh of pleasure, followed by a last rustle of silks, ran through the congregation; then a complete silence took place.

After the first prayers of the priest at the foot of the steps, the organ softly preluded; then all at once, a voice, pure as that of a seraph, a voice of wonderful compass, and soft, sympathetic and pliant as one would not think it possible for a human voice to be, struck up the beautiful *Kyrie* of Haydn's Mass, then in the *Gloria*, a bass, without a rival down to the present time, mingled its tones with those of the tenor and held the audience spell-bound, long after the tones of the organ had died away in an harmonious sigh. The Preface was chanted by the officiating priest, who was not the least moved of the assembly, for his thoughts seemed to wander, he felt as if he were under the impression of prodigious events. He was in a state which partook of ecstasy and stupor; he had never thought that human voices could pour forth such floods of har-

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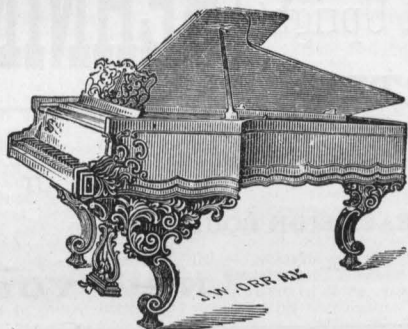
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mony, or drop such a shower of pearls. Then, at the solemn moment of the elevation of the host, there rang out a *Salutaris* of inexpressible sweetness—for the song was heavenly, and it would take an angel's pen to retrace its inflections, its shadings, and the emotions which it awakened in all hearts. The *Agnus Dei*, that cry of anguish of the Christian soul, was at first poignant as a remorse, heart-rending as a dying complaint, then it became an evocation, warm, burning and tender as a prayer going up from the bottom of the abyss, but carried to the foot of the ever-bright throne of the Holy of Holies of the Most High, upon waves of incense and harmony.

At the close of the service, the organ-loft was invaded by the elegant people whom the marquis had invited to share in his good work, and who considered it an honor to shake hands with him and with Luigi. At the head of all the ladies, came the Baroness de Nangis, claiming her guests. Many were the ladies who envied her when the two artists, yielding to her entreaties, said that they would return with her, and asked a delay of five minutes only prior to their departure, to pay their respects to the good priest.

When they entered the vestry, the priest was removing his priestly robes, which Jane was carefully folding and putting away.

"Well, Father," joyfully cried the marquis, as he entered, "the idea was not a bad one, was it?"

"And the receipts are first rate, Miss Jane!" said Luigi, who seemed to take a special interest in the old maid.

"Yes, my benefactors," said the priest, going to them with open hands, "the idea was good and generous, and the receipts exceed your promise, for there is there," said he pointing to the money, "over ten thousand francs; but that money is yours."

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

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

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

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

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

"COMPLIMENTS D'ALLEMANDS."

The members of the orchestra belonging to the opera are in Germany nearly always engaged for life, receiving a pension when too old or infirm for longer service. In the case of the wind instruments, and the giving out of *embouchure*, etc., such members generally receive subordinate positions among the strings, and it therefore follows that the second violin and viola parts are filled mostly by men who are unable any longer to play their former instrument. As a matter of course, the change is not only hard for them, but also injurious to the general tone of the orchestra. An opera by Wagner being in rehearsal as above, Wagner himself arrived to conduct the same. The overture contained many difficult and rapid solo passages for the viola. The exponent of this instrument, an old and honored flutist, tried in vain to overcome them. Again and again were the parts repeated. At last, Wagner, losing all patience, and at no time the most amiable of men, cried aloud to the viola:

"Take the part home and study it; a little child would be ashamed of such blunders."

And this before the whole orchestra! At the conclusion, the old musician, an artist on his chosen instrument, came to Wagner, and burning with indignation, spoke:

"Mr. Wagner, as a musician and composer, I have for you a very profound respect, but as a man and a gentleman, my feelings toward you indicate the greatest contempt."

Wagner replied, smiling blandly:

"And I, my dear friend, must speak just the reverse; as a man and a gentleman you have *my* greatest respect, but as a musician, I cannot disguise *my* contempt for you."—*Art Critic*.

Golden Gate Criticism on Carlotta Patti.

The San Francisco *Post*, not having before its eyes the fear of the law, nor the sad fate of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and the *Kansas City Times*, relieves itself of the following burst of critical genius in connection with Madame Patti:

"Of Carlotta Patti herself we regret we can say very little in praise. Her first number, a symphony in B-gorra, by dear old Beethoven, was given with much apparent nervousness. In fact, this well known soprano (we think she is a soprano) seemed to realize that she stood in the presence of one of those cultured and critical San Francisco audiences we read about, many of whom have walked in from Hayes Valley and Laguna street a purpose. The result was that her knees knocked together with such force as to throw the accompaniment out several times. Her voice had several paramount faults, and we will endeavor to render our meaning clear to our unprofessional readers by using a few musical phrases as possible. In the first place, her technique is bad, besides being too small. When a brand-new technique can now be had for three dollars there is no excuse for this. Of course, we all know—all we critics—that there are no tears in Mrs. de Munek's voice. There is a marked deficiency in breadth and depth and thickness in the upper register, which does not admit the air freely in consequence, and a far-off nearness; a sort of inanimate after-taste, so to speak, in the diminuendo of her flats, particularly French flat. Her singular mannerism of holding her chin lop-sided during her G ups is in bad form, and the first thing she knows one of her sharps will come out edgeways and cut her throat. Then she opens her mouth too much and too often when she sings, which makes her chest notes mouthy and her mouth notes cheesty. It would be much better, to say nothing of more artistic, if she were to open only one side of her mouth at a time. This would save wear and tear of her teeth, and at the same time give the other corner time to rest and brace up. She exerts herself too much in her trills, and it would save both breath and expense if she had them hereafter done behind the scenes by a boy with a dog whistle or something.

Mr. Gilmore's Angel.

We are glad to learn that the particular angel who inspired Mr. Gilmore has at last been discovered. Many years ago there lived in Paris a musician named Antony Lamotte, who in his day was known as the composer of numerous waltzes, quadrilles and other pieces of light character. His opus 628 was a *Grand Quadrille Historique et Caractéristique, Gillaume Le Conquerant*, which concluded with a *Marche du Sacre*. The first eight bars of "Columbia" are an exact transcript from this *Marche du Sacre* of M. Antony Lamotte, published long ago in Paris. As Mr. Gilmore assures us that his anthem came from above, Lamotte's descendants will be glad to learn in this indirect manner that their ancestor has reached the golden shore in safety. If they, however, doubt that Mr. Gilmore went higher than the book shelves for his inspiration, both they and many who probably will agree with them will be obliged to rank "Columbia" among the plagiaristic coincidences of the day. It now remains only to trace the words to the proper source. For, with a keen appreciation of their real quality, Mr. Gilmore disowns them.—*Musical Review*.

A CHINESE student at Andover wrote in a lady's album the following version of a well-known poem:

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From flowers just got busted."

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* NATIONAL NOTES *

(We do not always endorse the opinions of our correspondents.)

BOSTON.

BOSTON, February 28th, 1880.

Editor Kunkel's Musical Review:

I am several days late with my letter. Will it reach you in time for insertion in the March number? I cannot tell. I know I have been entirely unable to write sooner.

The Strakosch opera season in our city was not a success. Fraulein Singer, who was advertised as the leading star, was sick during the entire stay of the company, and that had a tendency to dampen the enthusiasm of opera goers; still we doubt whether she would have saved the *impressario* from financial failure. Even intellectual Boston is soon surfeited with Italian opera, and Mapleson had recently been here and given about as much opera as our people cared for. Besides Mapleson's orchestra and chorus are vastly superior to Strakosch and his stars are better known, if not better.

The Fifth Howard Symphony Concert was attended by a large and fashionable audience. The principal feature and novelty of the programme was Berlioz' *Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste*. The plot of the work is as follows: A composer attempts suicide, all for love. Instead of dying from the opium he has taken, he merely sleeps, when the beloved one comes to him in the guise of a melody. At one time this melody is cut short by the headman's axe, the sleeper dreaming that he has killed the woman. Again, there is a coarse burlesque of a funeral service, and monsters and witches dance and sing. It is a wonderful specimen of programme music, and was much praised by some and thoroughly damned by others.

On the 22d instant the irrepressible Gilmore gave his "Columbia Concert" at the Globe Theatre. Gilmore's Band of New York, the Cadet Band of Boston, a grand orchestra, chorus of two hundred voices, and Miss Isabel Stone, Messrs. Howard Reynolds, A. H. Pease, H. L. Cornell and others took part. Mr. Gilmore's new anthem was of course the feature of the concert. Gilmore out-Barnums Barnum. The whole thing is a third-class humbug.

The sixth concert of the Harvard Association which occurred on the afternoon of the 26th at Music Hall was a very enjoyable affair. Mme. Julia Rive-King played the pianoforte Concerto in G. minor of Saint Saens, and some of her own compositions in a very superior manner.

This afternoon at Union Hall, a concert was given by a few of the pupils of Carlyle Petersilea's Academy of Music. The overture to "Stradella" (Melnotte's celebrated arrangement) headed the programme, and was extremely well played by Miss Maxwell and Master Pottgieser. Mme. Rive-King's "Pensees Dantesques" closed the programme, and received adequate interpretation at the hands of Misses Gerald and Emerson. Among other excellent work, I may mention Miss Gilbreth's playing Liszt's Rhapsodie No. 2 with Julia Rive-King cadenza. Petersilea's ability as a teacher is evident in the ability of his pupils.

It is now said that the "Pirates of Penzance" will be produced at the Globe Theatre on the first Monday in April, and scenery and properties are already being got in readiness. Mr. Stetson is said to have paid \$10,000 for it, which will probably eat up all the profits, though giving a prestige to the theatre which will pay in the long run, as he has ten years' lease. He has placed several elegant mirrors, lambrequins, chandeliers, etc., in the lobby of the theatre, and he proposes to decorate the entire walls, dome, and fronts of the boxes in blue and gold during the summer. I am getting sleepy, ain't you?

CHICKERING-WEBER.

CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, February 27th, 1880.

Editor Kunkel's Musical Review:

You have doubtless heard that the Thousand Dollar Prize has been awarded to Dudley Buck, and that the announcement has been received with a big interrogation point addressed to Thomas who gave the casting vote, and who, it seems, knew who was the composer of the successful work, although, under the terms of the prize offer, neither the judges nor the public were to know the name of the successful competitor until the night of the performance of the work at the May Festival. The cause of the big interrogation point is that Thomas and Buck are known to be intimate personal friends, rather to any belief that Buck's composition was actually preferred over a more meritorious one. So far, the matter still stands thus:—?

Grau's French Opera Company closed a successful season the past week. Musically, some few good things have been done by the company, but their greatest charm lies in their acting and the charming manner in which they participate in the dialogue. Mlle. Marie is pretty, as plump as a partridge, lively and vivacious, charming in manner and action, and displays great histrionic ability. But her voice, when it leaves the chest tones, sound harsh and grates on the ear. Some of her low notes, however, would be envied by many Italian *contraltos*. She is conscientious, and in the different characters given during the week threw life and fun into all her work, and, after all, fun is what the spectator wants at opera bouffe. Mlle. Paola Marie made many warm friends during her brief stay here, and received numerous beautiful floral tributes.

Mlle. Angele is a magnificent looking woman, graceful in action and has a bright, amiable and intelligent face. Her voice lacks training, but she makes all that is possible out of it. Mlle. Gregoire as *Girofle-Girofla* was pretty and full of life, and sang her role nicely and sweetly. She was also excellent as *Aveline*. Mme. Delorine, as *Aurora* in the matinee performance, made a good impression. Capoul is trying an experiment in opera bouffe. He has to study every thing, the music, the words and the by-play, and it is to his credit that he is making a success of his efforts, though he is a trifle too sober and does not quite catch the humor and fun in the operas. MM. Duplan, Jouard, Mezieres, Juteau, Poyard and Vilano are all excellent comedians and actors, and thoroughly understand what is needed in opera bouffe. Mlle. Raphael is one of the strongest members of the troupe, having a sweet and sympathetic voice, and is a good actress. The chorus has been good and the orchestra barely tolerable.

Gilbert and Sullivan's latest success, "The Pirates of Penzance," is the attraction of Pike's Opera House this week. It is full of light, sparkling and catching music, and its company has been rehearsed by its authors in person. It is cast as follows: *Richard*, G. T. R. Knorr; *Samuel*, G. M. Palmer; *Frederick*, J. C. Armand; *Major-General Stanley*, A. F. McCallin; *Edward*, Wm. Paul Bown; *Mabel*, Miss M. Conron; *Kate*, Miss Helen Gray; *Edith*, Miss M. A. Taylor; *Isabel*, Miss Stevens; *Ruth*, Miss Laura Joyce.

Mr. Karl Pallat gave a "Trio Soiree" at College Hall, on the 25th, assisted by Miss Heckle, Mr. Thiele and Mr. Brand. It is said to have been an artistic success.

To-day was the birthday of the poet Longfellow, honored by the pupils of our Public Schools by recitations from his poems, and the singing of songs, the words by Longfellow and the music by some of the best composers.

The piano recital of Prof. Geo. Schneider, at College Hall, last night was one of the most successful given by this popular teacher. The programme was almost entirely classical.

Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," one of the most beautiful and attractive compositions of this great composer, will be given at the next symphony concert, March 4th, with a full chorus and prominent soloists from the College of Music.

The manager of the Highland House is seriously thinking of giving us a summer theatrical season at the Belvedere. If the plan is carried out, burlesques and the lighter forms of vaudeville entertainments will be the attractions five nights in the week, with matinees, while Theodore Thomas' Orchestra concerts will be given on the other two evenings. How can the great Thomas consent to play second fiddle to burlesques and vaudevilles?

BROTHER JONATHAN.

See our offer of premiums to subscribers, in Publishers' Column, page 104.

MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, February 9th, 1880.

Editor Kunkel's Musical Review:

Your valuable monthly is received here regularly and is eagerly looked for. Seeing nothing in it from our city, I take the liberty of sending you a few lines. We have quite a number of good musicians here. Mr. Henry Carter, now at College of Music, Cincinnati, Mr. S. P. Warren, now in New York, and Mr. Lucy Barnes, organist of Trinity Church, New York, were all formerly residents of our city. Mr. J. Prume, the great violinist, resides here. A few weeks ago, Franz Rummel, of New York, opened Nordheiner's Hall with a pianoforte recital; the audience was invited, no tickets being sold. Mr. Rummel is certainly a fine pianist; but it appears to me that he is not sympathetic or finished; he plays with great breadth and fire, and, above all, musicianly, but he did not arouse any enthusiasm in his audience. Last week we had Mme. Julia Rive-King, from New York. She appeared as the soloist at the Mendelssohn Society's annual concert at Mechanic's Hall, Friday evening, February 6th, playing the Sonata Appassionata of Beethoven, Prelude in D flat from opus 28, Ballade in G minor and Nocturne in E flat, opus 9, No. 2, Chopin, and the Andante and Rondo from the violin concerto, opus 64, arranged for the piano by herself. Her playing created a great *furor*, and she was recalled time after time to the stage. Miss Ida Hubbel, from Grace Church, New York, was the soprano. The Society, besides several part songs, gave Mendelssohn's unfinished "Lorley"—they covered themselves with glory. Mr. J. H. Prume, who was to have played a solo, unfortunately had his violin broken on the way to the Hall, and consequently the audience missed a rare treat. The concert, all in all, was one of the most successful ever given in Montreal. The next afternoon, at two o'clock, Mme. Rive-King gave a recital with the following programme: Beethoven, Sonata E flat, op. 22, No. 1; Schumann, (a) "Warum," (b) Grill; Saint Saens, Concerto G minor, No. 2 (orchestra part on second piano by Miss Z. Holmes); Ballade et Polonaise from Vieuxtemps, op. 38 (arranged by Mme. King); (a) "Bubbling Spring," (b) Polonaise Heroique, Rive-King; Polonaise in E, Liszt. The Hall was crowded with the *elite* of our city, and Mme. King's playing was superb. In the evening Mme. King was engaged by one of our most wealthy and prominent citizens, Mr. G. A. Drummond, to give a recital to one hundred and fifty invited guests, the first families in our city. She played Beethoven, Sonata E flat, op. 31, No. 3; Prelude et Fugue, Haberbier-Guilmani; Joseffy, Tanz Arabesque No. 2; Rive-King, "Gems of Scotland"; Robert Goldbeck, (a) "Moonlight on Green Lake," (b) "Dream of the Lily," (c) "Melodie D'Amour," (d) "Sweet Laughter," (e) Polonaise. Mr. Goldbeck's compositions show great genius and scientific musical education, and in the hands of such an interpreter as Mme. Julia Rive-

King, must soon become favorites with all musical people. Mme. King has made a deep impression here, both professionally and socially. She is truly a great artiste, and as modest and lovely as she is great. J. G.

MONTPELIER, VT.

MONTPELIER, VT., February 4th, 1880.

Editor Kunkel's Musical Review:

At the entertainment in the Seminary chapel by the members of the senior class, the music was worthy of special notice. The players were members of the graduating class in the music department, and displayed great artistic skill, as well as having spent time and labor. The first selection, a valse by Chopin, rendered by Miss Julia Clark was beautifully executed. Miss C. is a no less graceful than brilliant player. Miss Alice Stevens followed her with Mendelssohn's "Evening Bell," which she played with her usual elegance. Chopin seemed the favorite composer of the evening, as Mr. E. A. Smith also rendered one of his most beautiful vales to the delight of the audience. The duet "Traume von den Himmel" was perhaps the most popular piece of the evening, by Miss Carrie Gould and Mr. A. A. Hadley, who is not only a brilliant performer on the piano, but also a rising organist. Altogether the music added to the programme a charm which only good music can. Professor Briggs, who has charge of the department, has reason to be gratified with the success of his pupils. OBSERVER.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

CHARLOTTE, February 14th, 1880.

Editor Kunkel's Musical Review:

A very fine entertainment was given last night by the pupils of the Charlotte Female Institute for the benefit of the young ladies' reading room. The musical part of the programme, which was under the able direction of Prof. Bidez, LL. D., a musician of thorough culture, great natural talent and great energy, reflected great credit upon the school and upon the professor himself. The Misses Gregory, Swink, Johnstone, Walter, Neal and Badham were the principal vocalists. Miss Gregory rendered Robyn's vocal waltz, "Bliss all Raptures past Excelling," in a style which would have done honor to a prima donna, and was loudly encored. Another concert is to be given at the Institute early in March of which I shall write you. Schœnacker's "When Through Life" and Jean Paul's "Last Rose" are being rehearsed for it—more I have not heard at present. QUISQUIS.

An Anecdote of Gerard.

Gerard, the celebrated painter, was charged by the Emperor Napoleon I. to paint the battle of Austerlitz. In his composition of that great feat of arms, General Rapp was to be represented as coming up at full gallop to announce the winning of the battle. Everything was prepared on the canvas, and there only remained to place Rapp on horseback; but Gerard could not find a charger which suited his ideas. The Emperor had placed at his disposal, not only all the horses of his own stables, but ordered that those of all the cavalry regiments should be open to him. The animals were made to gallop, rear and perform all kinds of movements, but none of them pleased the painter, and Rapp still remained unmounted. One day, while walking along the boulevards, the painter, in passing a toy-shop, uttered an exclamation of delight on observing a small pasteboard horse, painted gray, and with a black head, which, from its position, looked as if it were about to jump out of the window. "Ah!" cried Gerard, "that is the horse for Rapp." It is said to be this animal which figures in the famous picture in the Museum at Versailles.

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