

The Impresario.

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NO. 3.

Poetry.

[For the Impresario.]

A DAY DREAM.

BY WAHSEK.

The hour of eve was drawing nigh;
A gentle stillness hovered o'er
The sleepy earth; above, the sky
Was clothed in subdued light. Before
Me stood a dwelling place; I know
Not whether a plain and simple cot
Or stately pile, which marked the flow
Of untold riches. I know not
This; but entering, a home I found
Bathed in the pure and sunny light
Of domestic bliss. The air 'round
Me breathed the joy the heavenly spirit
Gave the beholder. Just before
Me sat a loving pair; beyond—
A little way—upon the floor,
A tiny child. Glances of fond
Affection beamed upon the boy
From loving eyes. To each other
They spoke not much, but looked the love
They both so deeply felt. "The joy
Of that eternal land above,"
I mused, "must surely be like this—
A home where reign sweet peace and love,
Must be a taste of heavenly bliss."
With one more look, I turned around
And sadly left the sacred spot.
Since then I've sought, but seldom found,
Such love, in halls or way-side cot.

MOZART.

THE subject of this sketch was born January 27, 1756, in the town of Salzburg, and was scarcely three years old when he gave most striking indications of extraordinary musical talents. The instruction in piano which his father imparted to his older sister, Mary Anne, made a great impression on the boy. He would often go to the piano and endeavor to touch keys sounding in accord, and he grew quite enthusiastic when he found a third. At the age of four, his father, to amuse him, began to teach him several minuets and other pieces. To master a minuet, he took a half hour, and to render a heavier and longer piece, one hour; but he always executed them in perfect observance of all the little niceties and adhered to strict time. From this period his progress was so remarkable that at five he was able to compose minor pieces, which he would play for his father, and request him to put them on paper for him. Now, too, did he lose all relish for the wonted plays and distractions of childhood, and if any diversions still charmed him, it was because they were blended with music. Thus, for instance, when he and his playmates would carry toys from one apartment to another, young

Mozart would require one of them to go empty-handed and play or sing a *march*. In these happy days of childhood it was affecting to observe how his loving disposition and tender sensibilities manifested themselves to all. Ten times a day would he ask those around him whether they loved him, and if any one answered no, although in a jesting manner, big tears would instantly fill his eyes. His love and esteem for his father seemed to know no bounds. "After God comes Father," was his constant saying, and, in his child-like simplicity, he would tell how, when father should have grown old, he would preserve him in an air-tight glass case, and carry him always with him. Never would he retire in the evening before he had sung a little melody of his own composition, a kind of benediction or invocation for protection during the night. For this purpose his father would lift him on to a chair, and sing a second, and this little solemnity past, the young genius would caress his father most affectionately and repeatedly, and finally resign himself to rest and sleep.

Perhaps a few anecdotes, throwing some light on the early signs and development of his bright talents, will not be inappropriate. They are taken from a letter addressed to his sister, shortly after Mozart's death, and relate to his boyhood. The writer of the incidents is *Mrs. Schackner*, a great friend of the family and a constant companion. One day, says he, his father and myself entered his room and found him busily engaged in writing. To our question, what he was doing, he replied, in a manly tone, "I am composing a *piano-concert*; the first part is nearly done." The father examined his writings, or rather blotted scrawl, and was astonished to find concealed, behind clouds of half-erased blots, a well arranged, set concert piece, with the parts for trumpets and kettledrums, and every instrument that the breath or the hand may wake to music, carefully written out, but the piano part seemed too difficult for any one to master. When his father expressed this last opinion, the five-year-old Mozart answered, "Therefore, too, do I call it a *concert*; it will require much practice to succeed in its rendition." In his idea, to play a piano-concert and work a miracle, were one and the same thing. After a few lessons on the violin, he acquired so much skill in touching the four strings, that, at a musical entertainment given at home, he unexpectedly asked his father to play the second part, and soon after the first, and acquitted himself so successfully as to elicit the warmest applause. It became daily more evident that the entire being of the child was a compound of music. A certain tenderness, we might better term it spirituality, discovered itself

in his feelings and tastes, which explains many a page in his future history.

Up to his tenth year he manifested an invincible dread of the *trumpet*, especially when this instrument was played by itself, and often he was painfully affected when he only beheld it. To cure him of this childish fear, his father gave orders, at one time, although the young composer entreated and begged to be spared the suffering, to sound the horn to its utmost pitch; but already at the first blast he grew pale and sank to the earth, and worse might have happened if the infliction had not ceased.

Induced by the very extraordinary talents, the acquired skill of our young prodigy, Mozart, and the admirable performance of his sister, Mary Anne, the parent determined to travel with his children, and make them known beyond the narrow circle of Salzburg. The first excursion led them to Munich, in 1762. They spent three weeks here, played in presence of the prince, and created great astonishment and admiration. This happy success encouraged the father, who resolved on a trip to Vienna, and actually set out in September of the same year. While en route, the children played in Passau before the Bishop, and gave a concert at Linz. As they proceeded on their journey, they came to the monastery at "Ips," and here, relates the father, while the Franciscans and some visitors were seated at table, Wolfgang (for this was his Christian name) paid a visit to the organ in the chapel, and began to touch it with so much skill that the good fathers, guests and all hurried from the dining hall to the choir, and were surprised to find there a boy playing at the instrument with such a master's hand. At Vienna, high society and the imperial family, the Emperor Francis I and the Empress Maria Theresa lavished caresses and presents upon him, and young Wolfgang, in his child-like simplicity, would repeatedly bound into the lap of the Empress and kiss her like his own mother. However, there was little danger that the praises of the great and illustrious would puff him up and engender pride in his priceless spirit. Already at this period he played nothing but pleasing trifles and dances, when persons with no knowledge of music were his listeners. He acted with the self-possession and consciousness of a true artist, and displayed a soul as free from vain-glorious aims and thoughts as it was ever unembarrassed. But were connoisseurs present, his soul glowed with inspiration and poured forth all the richness of his art.

It once happened, at the Court of the Emperor Francis I, that Wolfgang, though but a boy of six years, noticed that he was surrounded by courtiers only, and, thereupon, he imme-

diately inquired of the Emperor whether Mr. Wagenseil, the chapel-master, were not present: "Let him come and play." The Emperor bade Wagenseil go to the piano in Mozart's stead, but the little genius whispered to the music director that he himself would play one of his concerts, provided the leaves were turned for him.

After a short excursion, made in December, to Pressburg, the father and his children spent some days in Vienna on their return, and came home to Salzburg in the beginning of the year 1763. The stay of the musical family in their native town was of short duration.

Leopold Mozart, the father of the gifted children, soon determined to enter upon a more extensive tour, and have the talents of his two prodigies felt in other countries besides Germany. He had Paris principally in view, and, on his way to that renowned capital, he presented his children at the various German capitals that lay on his route. Thus it happened that he passed through Munich, and later visited Augsburg, Ludwigsburg, Mayence, Frankfort, Bonn, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Brussels, and arrived in Paris in the early part of November, 1763.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Art of Singing, and its Teachers.

NO. I.

THERE is no branch of musical art so generally attempted in this country as singing, and, we may venture to assert, there is no finer field nor better material for the earnest efforts of judicious and competent teachers. Especially is this true of the Great West. Unfortunately for the modest and qualified teacher, the erroneous idea prevails that singing is a natural gift, vouchsafed to only a few; that all that constitutes good singing is the possession of a fine voice and an ability to read notes.

We must combat this error, not only for the sake of the worthy teacher, but in behalf of the people themselves. That a good voice is an indispensable requisite for effective singing is not denied, any more than feet are essential to walking, but that it is a gift bestowed only upon the few, is a grievous mistake, which has occasioned the criminal waste and neglect of one of God's noblest gifts.

Good voices, like precious stones or metals, are not always apparent in their natural state. They do not, so to speak, always lie upon the surface, ready polished, smelted and fit for use. Many men and women have borne, throughout a long life time—even to the grave—vocal gems hidden away beneath uncouth exteriors, that the discipline of art might have rendered irresistible in the pulpit or by the hearth side, in the song or in conversation. It is not for music alone that the voice should be cultivated. In speech, many a lost word would have been winged and pointed, like a sure arrow, had the voice but fully seconded the wish and impulse of the speaker. Nothing

human can so instantaneously touch the heart as the tones of the human voice, and nothing is so susceptible of being regulated and improved by art as this wondrous instrument.

Yet, on the other hand, like the precious gems to which we have compared it, the voice may easily be spoiled in the process of its development. Therefore, no person should submit his voice to the care of a teacher who does not fully understand the nature and the management of the vocal organs, and whose system of instruction is not rationally in accordance with this knowledge. Every person, whose auricular and vocal powers are not impaired—in other words, who can hear distinctly and speak audibly—can be made to sing; and further, can approximate toward perfection as a perfect singer. In the same ratio that his perception, taste and judgment are improved and refined, will his voice develop, strengthen and become beautiful. In order to accomplish this, the discipline which he practices must be adapted to his individual infirmities, and hence, the need of experienced and wise teachers.

A discipline of the vocal organs adapted to produce the voice in its purity, and render it the ready instrument for exhibiting all the finer shades of feeling, together with a cultivation of the sympathetic perceptions, are absolutely essential to the singer. It matters not how excellent may be the quality of the voice in its natural state, to this schooling its possessor must submit if he would become thoroughly effective as a singer. These facts are amply sustained by the histories of every vocalist of excellence from Mara to Nilsson. If such education is required for voices naturally the most perfect, how much more is it requisite for those more deeply encrusted in dross. We have written these hints for the encouragement of many who, through misapprehension of the subject, are neglecting this important endowment. Such may often be heard to exclaim, "I would give worlds if I could sing or play; I am fond of music, but I have no voice or ear for it!" We have, at times, been tempted to reply to such, that their ears were larger than they were aware of, but good nature forbade it. Our present hints, we trust, will serve another important purpose, in enabling the public to judge for themselves as to the merits of teachers who are receiving their money under the pretense of teaching them to sing.

A knowledge of musical notation, with an ability to sound notes with the voice correctly, as to their duration and pitch (or loudness and softness), and the art of singing—be it remembered—are two distinct and different acquisitions. The voice should first be properly developed through the operation of progressive and scientific principles, before the attention is confined to the mere attainment of music reading. A practice, the reverse of this has been extensively established in this country by ignorant pretenders, calling themselves "singing masters." The result is, that false intonation, nasal, guttural and crude singing—(no, let us not dishonor this word, mewing or bleating would be better terms)—everywhere abound among us. Many fine

voices have been thus hopelessly ruined, for, in addition to the fact that these natural habits have become confirmed, the unhappy exhibitors of them have imbibed the notion that they are respectable singers. Consequently, there is but little hope that in this ignorant conceit they will ever be able to even discern their deficiencies, much less submit to their eradication.

Stanley, the Indian Painter.

ON the 8th day of April, Mr. J. M. Stanley, the celebrated Indian painter, died at his residence, in Detroit, of heart disease. He was the only representative, besides Chas. Wimer, in the United States, of that class of painting which displayed the wild Indian tribes of the West in their sports and their dances, in the chase and on the war path. The pictures of both of these artists are becoming more valuable every day, on account of the rarity of the subject and from the fact that no artist will be likely to follow in their footsteps. The works of Chas. Wimer are now held at from eight to twelve times their original cost. A Detroit paper speaks of Mr. Stanley as follows:

Mr. Stanley was a man of more than a national reputation as an artist, and no mere biographical sketch can do justice to his achievements. He was born in Canandaigua, N. Y., on January 17, 1814. At an early age he was thrown upon his own resources for a livelihood, and he spent the greater portion of his boyhood in Buffalo, N. Y. In 1834 he removed to this State, and in 1835 commenced his profession of portrait painting in this city. He remained here until 1837, and went to Chicago and resided there and at Galena, Illinois, until 1839, where he spent much of his time in painting portraits of the Indians, and taking sketches of the Indian country in the region of Fort Snelling, Minn. Subsequently he followed his profession in New York City, Philadelphia, Pa., Baltimore, Md., and Troy, N. Y. In 1842, having in the meantime become imbued with a love for Indian scenes and adventures, he traveled extensively over the great prairies of the West, painting the portraits in full costume of the leading warriors around Fort Gibson, Arkansas, in Texas and New Mexico. He accompanied the Kearney and Emory expedition across the Rocky Mountains, and after performing much important labor for the United States government in California, he visited Oregon, and traversed the greater portion of the Columbia river, taking a large number of sketches of the scenery along the route and transferring them to canvas. Afterward, he spent over a year in the Sandwich Islands, and in 1851, settled in Washington, where he resided until 1865, when he returned to this city, where he has since resided.

During his residence in Washington he placed in the Smithsonian Institute a large and very valuable collection of portraits of the leading Indian chiefs of this country, and when a portion of that building was destroyed by fire on January 24, 1865, these pictures were burned with it. This collection was the result, substantially, of eleven years of travel and labor, and their pecuniary value can not be estimated. This gallery comprised one hundred and fifty-two paintings, mostly life size, of the prominent chiefs and leading men of forty-two distinct tribes.

There are no less than ninety-one opera companies performing in Italy at the present time.

[For the Impressario.]

OVER THE RIVER.

IN MEMORY OF E. F. W.

Over the river of care and time
 Comes unto me a chant sublime;
 Floating to me through the evening air,
 From o'er that river of time and care.

And oft as I watch the sun's decline
 I think of that angel friend of mine;
 I seem to hear him singing to me;
 From o'er that river of mystery.

From o'er that river that ye call Death,
 I feel on my cheek a fragrant breath;
 I hear a voice that ye cannot hear,
 From o'er that river of time and care.

Oft as I pass through the busy street
 Some favorite flower of his I meet;
 And then, as its fragrance fills the air,
 He speaks o'er that river of time and care.

Yes, yes, he calls o'er that tide to me,
 And I see a form ye cannot see;
 And he calls to me to join him there,
 Over that river of time and care.

When God shall will that I leave this earth
 And join my friend of the nobler birth,
 Together we'll chant the praise sublime
 Sang o'er that river of care and time.

GEO. W. THOMPSON.

[For the Impressario.]

ON PIANO INSTRUCTION.

NO. 2.

FIRST, then, let us see what difficulties we must overcome. The names of the notes have to be mastered and the corresponding keys on the keyboard have to be found. Here it is worth mentioning a fact which will explain why so many find it difficult to master the notes. The lines of the staff, as they are printed, run horizontally, whilst on the keyboard they run in right angles with the body; they run, so to say, from the inside of the piano toward the pupil. I therefore teach the lines on the piano first, and then, when perfectly familiar with it, those on the paper. Further, as piano music always embraces at least ten lines (two staves), I take the one lined C (beneath the name of the manufacturer) as the centre, and teach at once the five lines on the right and the five on the left of it, making the pupil tell the number of the line when I strike the key, or I give the number of the line and the pupil strikes the key. After this is properly "digested," I proceed to teach the printed lines (leger lines included) in a similar way, thus teaching at once treble and bass. This knowledge acquired, I preclude the possibility of forgetting by giving the first five finger melodies in strict accordance with this system, and therefore alternately in bass and treble until all the ten lines and three leger lines on each side have been thoroughly mastered. *The greatest sin a teacher can commit is, going on too fast.* Every point that has been taught must be thoroughly and practically familiarized before teaching a new point. To keep a pupil for weeks and weeks on a difficult piece is not only a great loss of time, but will, in most cases, dishearten the pupil and dampen his desire to learn. By learning the

notes in the above manner the pupil becomes his own regulator, his own counsel—whenever he has doubts about the proper place of a note, he will look to the centre C, and from there find the place, counting by lines. These two things, viz., knowing the notes well and never playing a piece which is too difficult, combined will necessarily secure the so coveted ability of playing at first sight; it is also the first step to a still higher prized power—that of improvising. But it is not to be understood that the pupil must avoid difficulties far from it. But most of those ought to be given simultaneously, in small but regular doses of finger exercises. How these ought to be arranged will be the subject of my next number. Before I close, however, I must earnestly warn teachers not to give way to assumptions of pupils or their parents. A wish to play a "pretty" piece is generally expressed, and shall be complied with; but never before that "pretty piece" is suited to the development of the intellect and the fingers. Indeed, the teacher ought to possess sufficient knowledge and good taste to choose pretty, attractive melodies for the pupil, and it would pay him well to keep a memorandum of all pretty pieces that have passed under his hands. And as I just mentioned memorandum books, I may also state that I found it a great assistance to the memory of the pupil as well as myself to provide him with such a book, in which a regular record is made of the date when the lesson is given and the contents of the lesson itself, so that by looking at the memoranda the pupil knows exactly what his teacher wants him to do for the next lesson, and the teacher knows what he has taught or has commenced teaching.

Musical and Literary Entertainment.

EDITOR IMPRESSARIO: On the evening of Friday, April 19, I had the pleasure of attending a literary and musical entertainment at the residence of Major J. E. D. Couzins, 2647 Washington avenue, given for the benefit of Miss Perkins, a lady well known to fame as a public reader and teacher of elocution. The following was the

PROGRAMME.

Piano Solo—Selections from "Maritana," Louis H. Meyer.
 Recitation—"After the Battle"..... Miss Perkins.
 Tenor Aria—"Ah, Che la Morte"..... P. H. Cronin.
 Reading—Selections from Mark Twain..... Miss Perkins.
 Soprano Solo—"La Farfalla"..... Mrs. C. Smith.

INTERMISSION.

Reading—Scene from "Merchant of Venice," Miss Perkins.
 Soprano Solo—"Flute obligato" "Ah! So True,"

..... Mrs. Smith.
 Reading—A Bedott Paper..... Miss Perkins.
 Humorous Song—"Widow Malone"..... P. H. Cronin.

The selections were well rendered, and received hearty encors.

At the conclusion of the performance, refreshments being next in order, the party adjourned to the spacious dining-room and partook of the good things set before them, after which all left for home, feeling well pleased with every one in general and Phoebe Couzins, Esq., in particular. H.

Stradivarius and His Violins.

THEY have," says an English writer, speaking of the Stradivarius violins, "all the grace and boldness of a Greek frieze drawn by a master's hand. The curves are perfectly graceful, the arch of the belly, not too flat or too much raised, is the true natural curve of beauty. On each side the undulating lines, as from the bosom of a wave, flow down and seem to eddy up into the four corners, where they are caught and refined away into those little angles with that exquisite finish which rejoices the heart of a connoisseur. When the instrument is held side-ways against the light, the curve of the back, without being exactly similar, is seen to form a sweep in delicious harmony with the upper arch. The details have lost all their cut-and-dried stiffness; the two slots in the front are carved with a symmetry and elegance of pattern which later makers have copied closely, but have not ventured to modify. The Stradivarius is throughout a thing of beauty, and, it may be added, almost a joy forever. When opened for repairs, the interior is no less perfect. The little blocks and ribs and slips of wood to strengthen the sides, all are without a scratch or shadow of roughness, the weight and size of each are carefully adjusted to the proportion of the whole, and as great poets are said to spend days over a line, so Stradivarius may well have spent as long over the size, position and finish of many a tiny block, and as the great architects of the thirteenth century lavished exquisite work on little details of their cathedrals, in lofty pinnacles and hidden nooks, so did this great maker finish as carefully interior angles and surfaces that were, perhaps, never to be seen but once in a hundred years, if so often, and then only by the eye of some skillful artister."

Polledro, the old chapel master of Turin, has left a quaint description of Stradivarius, from which we learn that he "was tall and thin, and looked like one worn with much thought and incessant industry. In summer he wore a white cotton night-cap, and in winter a white one made of some woollen material. He was never seen without his apron of white leather, and every day was to him like every other day. His mind was always riveted upon his own pursuit, and he seemed neither to know nor to desire the least change of occupation. His violins sold for four golden livres apiece, and were considered the best in Italy, and, as he never spent anything except upon the necessities of life and his own trade, he saved a good deal of money, and the simple-minded Cremonese used to make jokes about his thriftiness, and not, perhaps, without a little touch of envy, until the favorite proverb applied to a prosperous fellow-citizen used to be, "as rich as Stradivarius."

Such is the man who is said to have gathered up in himself the perfections of all his predecessors, and bequeathed to modern ears, in total splendor, delights analogous to those which the noblest painters have left us in form and color." Stradivarius lived to the advanced age of ninety-three, and when ninety-two years old finished his last violin. He died in 1737, and was buried in the church of San Domenico, at Cremona. When that building was taken down recently, the remains were conveyed to the cemetery of the town, where an appropriate monument is to be placed over them.

The members of the "Palette" Association or Artists gave a very brilliant and interesting entertainment at the Chew House in Second avenue, New York, on Monday evening last. During the early part of the evening a musical programme of a high order was given. The exhibition of pictures was large and embraced some very fine works.

The Impressario.

ST. LOUIS, MAY, 1872.

NATIONAL SAENGERFEST.

THE building which is now in process of erection on Washington Avenue, for the uses of the coming National Saengerfest which is to be held in this city, is going up steadily and beautifully, and will be completed in ample time. The workmen are busy, and the edifice seems to rise with almost the celerity of Aladdin's Palace. As a mere pecuniary enterprise, apart from its main features, which are musical, the Saengerfest organization is successful, and if it eventuates in a grand opera house in St. Louis, we shall not be surprised.

The first and second rehearsals for the ladies who intend to participate in the reception concert of the above festival, were held on the 8th and 15th ult. Considering the threatening aspect of the weather prevailing at the hour set for the rehearsals on both these days, they were pretty well attended. The number present at first was about 120, which increased to 160 at the second. In view, however, of the gigantic proportions which the festival assumes, both by size of hall and probable number of singers, it is very desirable to have at least 400 lady performers.

The musical director, Prof. Egmont Froelich, conscious of the friendly interest taken by all our citizens, without distinction of nationality, in the success of this the first festival of the kind in St. Louis, had the parts prepared so that our lady singers (English) will find no difficulty in taking part, the text being printed in English script. We were very much pleased to notice a goodly proportion of our American vocalists in attendance. Still we missed quite a number who were wont to associate with such a choir, and whom we should like to see enrolled for this occasion. The number of female voices will necessarily control the strength of the male choir.

DeBAR AS FALSTAFF.

AMONG the most important events in the dramatic world, during the present season, was the appearance of Mr. Ben DeBar as Falstaff in the Opera House on Monday night, April 29. The audience assembled upon that memorable occasion has never been excelled in St. Louis for brilliancy and numbers, nor was more frequent or enthusiastic applause ever given. It would exceed our limits were we to enter into a thorough analysis of this remarkable impersonation; it had its few defects, but, as an entirety, Mr. DeBar has in it added new laurels to a brow now plentifully garlanded by fame. The make-up was perfect, and the illusion complete—this, too, in a city where Mr. DeBar is known to every one on the streets; and if such be the case here, how much more

successful will it be in cities where his face is less familiar.

Let us add, also, that every opportunity where originality could be displayed was seized, while, at the same time, there was less individuality than we came prepared to find. DeBar's Falstaff is no copy, except in such particulars as have become standard requisitions. His appearance in this extraordinary character will mark an era in our dramatic history—one not soon to be forgotten. The delineation is one which, like good wine, will improve with time, and we sincerely hope that our genial and talented townsman will live long, to see the fruition of his great and successful attempt.

We can not close these brief and hurried lines without paying the company a well-merited word of approbation for the admirable support which they rendered. We shall not individualize where all has been so good, and shall only say that this has been the grandest triumph in St. Louis for many years.

THE CHOIR-UNION.

WE notice with gratification another event which tends to show that musical culture in our midst has received an impetus that augurs well for the future. The long-felt want of a suitable hall or academy in our city sufficiently large for a concert or musical "feast," on a large scale, has been an insuperable obstacle to the proper rendition of the works of the great masters by a chorus and orchestra sufficiently large, and, at the same time furnish sufficient acoustic room. A number of the organists of the Catholic Churches, with the members of their choirs—which include much of the best vocal talent of the city—have organized themselves into a permanent "Choir-Union," on the plan of the musical unions of some of the larger Eastern cities, for the purpose of rehearsing and rendering, in appropriate style, some of the splendid compositions of the great masters. Although the organization was initiated by the Catholic choirs, it is not contemplated to confine it to themselves, but all the vocalists of the city, who desire, are cordially invited to become members.

Two rehearsals have already been held, and they will be continued every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the hall of the Young Men's Sodality, corner of Ninth street and Christy Avenue (formerly Green street). It is contemplated to have the first concert of the Union take place in the Saengerfest building at an early day subsequent to the meeting of the Saengerfest Association, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the support of the orphans. We sincerely cherish the desire that the enterprise may prove a magnificent success. It can not but redound to the credit of our city, and utilize and develop the large amount of latent and isolated musical talent in our midst. We advise all our vocalists to become members, and make it, as its founders desire, cosmopolitan in character and a credit to the growing musical taste of our city.

THE HAYDN ORCHESTRA.

ON the 17th ult., the Haydn Orchestra, a well known local musical organization, gave a private musical soiree at the Polytechnic Hall, which, despite the inclemency of the weather, was well attended by an audience of elegant and refined taste. The various parts were well rendered—so well, indeed, that to individualize would be to become invidious. The audience was highly pleased, as was proven by the frequent outbursts of applause, and the entire performance was an eminent success. Below we give the programme, from which the character of the music may be inferred:

PART I.

Overture—"Fisque Dame,"	F. von Suppe.
Andante—6th Symphony,	Haydn.
Duett—Soprano and Alto—"I would that my love,"	Mendelssohn.
(Piano, Violin, Violoncello, Flute and Trombone Accom.)	
Introduction and Vincer Assai—3d Symphony,	Haydn.
Andante—Quartette,	Kummer.
(Flute, Violin, Viola and Violoncello.)	

PART II.

Allegro di Molto—6th Symphony,	Haydn.
Piano Solo—"Aria "Lucia,"	List.
Reverie—For Orchestra,	Vieuxtemps.
Duett—Soprano and Alto—"Maria e Rizzio,"	F. Campana.
(Piano, Violin, Violoncello, Flute and Trombone Accom.)	
Overture—"Tancredi,"	Rossini.

A SPLENDID ORGAN.

THE arrival and erection of a grand organ was celebrated at the Second Presbyterian Church the past month. The full power of the instrument was amply tested by Prof. A. J. Creswell, in presence of a large audience. The organ was built in Alton, Ill., by Mr. Joseph Grotian. The following is a description of the organ:

Commencing on the first floor, where the bellows are, it rises to the height of forty-four feet, and is twenty-five feet in width. The main front is divided into five compartments, which are filled by thirty-three colossal pipes, from the great diapasons of eight and sixteen feet, the largest of which is, however, twenty feet by one foot in diameter. Above the main front, and a little back of it, stands another case which encloses the solo and swell organs, so that the organ is two stories. The swell organ passes through the window and projects into the chapel, and, with a trifling expense, can be made available for service in the chapel, equaling the use of an additional organ, which would cost, under other circumstances, two thousand dollars. The following is a list of pipes: The organ contains forty stops, distributed on three manuals and pedal. Compass of manuals, CC to A, fifty-eight notes; compass of pedal, CCC to D, twenty-seven notes. All the stops, with but one exception—the clarinet—which has its usual compass, are complete registers. They are:

Great Organ—Double open diapason (all metal), 16 feet; open diapason, 8 do; keraulophon (gamba), 8 do; principal, 4 do; fifteenth, 2 do; trumpet, 4 do; stopped diapason, 8 do; flute harmonic, 4 do; twelfth, 2 do; mixture (5 ranks), 2 do; clarion, 4 do.

Swell Organ—Bourbon, 16 feet; rohr flote, 8 do; flote traverso, 4 do; mixture (3 ranks), 1 1/2 do; hautboy, 8 do; open diapason, 8 do; sub-clinal, 8 do; violin principal, 4 do; cornopean, 8 do.

Solo Organ—Dulciana, 8 feet; keraulophon, 8 do; principal, 8 do; melodia, 8 do; flute d'Amour, 4 do; fageolet, 2 do; clarinet.

Pedal Organ—Double diapason (wood), 16 feet; sub-bass (wood), 16 do; double gamma, 16 do; violoncello (metal), 8 do.

NINE MECHANICAL STOPS AND TWO COMPOSITION PEDALS TO ACT ON GREAT ORGAN.

One to bring on full organ, or full without reeds; the other is double-acting and draws out a given combination, and reduces the organ to the same. The most important of the mechanical stops is the *sforzando*, which transposes any or all the small eight-feet stops into sixteen-feet tone, and the sixteen-feet into thirty-two-feet pitch, giving not only a dignified grandeur to the tone, but a wide range for solo playing—the only stop of the kind in the city. These compositions can be arranged to suit the tastes of the performers. The draw stops, keys and pedals are nicely adjusted for ease in playing. The stops of the different departments are planted in groups; over each group is an iron plate on which is engraved the names of departments to which the stops belong. Notwithstanding the unusual magnitude of the instrument, the touch is rendered perfectly easy and agreeable by the introduction of pneumatics.

It may be an item of interest to persons to whom the above description does not convey an idea of the power this instrument possesses, to say that there are in it 1,995 pipes, and that by some combinations the pressure upon a single key produces sounds from forty-seven pipes.

THE SINGER'S HANDBOOK (First Book) and THE CLASSICAL SINGER (The Singer Handbook, fourth part, first series) are the titles of two collections of songs adapted to instruction in singing for our schools and higher institutions of learning.

The form of the first part and the first series of the fourth part of a series of song-books, expressly written and compiled for our schools by H. Robyn, one of our citizens and teachers, who, by a long experience and a thorough musical education, such as only Germany can give, seems eminently fitted to the task. Encouraged by the success he had in St. Louis when musical education was not at a high standing, by the advances musical study in the Institution for the Blind made under his direction, he engaged about four years ago in the arduous task of teaching singing in our public schools.

We have had opportunity in a former number to reprint one of his essays on the subject, and the results of his activity as witnessed at the examinations of the High, Normal and District Schools under his care, showed conclusively not only the correctness of the system which—doing away with trivialities and the different systems of watering tendencies—leads the pupil to the natural system of self-activity and gradual overcoming of difficulties.

Mr. Robyn has, with eminent success, followed up his system in the present series. Giving to children exercises and tunes of a character adapted to the age in sentiment and the possibility of overcoming difficulties, he strikes in the songs selected the very best chords of the young heart. Cheerfulness combining with self-emotions, child-like sport with deeper sentiments—a return to much neglected nature—speak from the

tunes and the text, both the works of classics in their line, and so acknowledged by the voice of connoisseurs and the people. The author does not give the names of the composers, but we find among the compositions songs of Mozart, Von Weber, Silcher, Andre, and others; while the gems of English songs, as "My Country," "Old Hundred," "Do They Miss Me," "Shed Not a Tear," have found their proper place. The simplicity of the instructions strictly consequent gradual increase of difficulties, the omission of everything not essential, recommend this little book as one of the best that has come to us.

The "Classical Singer" is a collection of three-part songs of exclusively classical character, and brings in an arrangement both new and yet completely following the ideas of the original composers, master-pieces and favorites taken from the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Von Weber, Kreutzer, Abt, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Rink, and others.

The arrangement, based on a successful carrying out of the plans underlying the whole course, brings the singer to the most difficult and intricate compositions for vocal music, such as no thoroughly trained German choral union would be ashamed to consider a task. We had opportunity to hear some of these compositions performed by the scholars of the High School and those of the Normal School, and were surprised by the zeal of the singers and the correctness and understanding of the performance.

The West has long been inundated with educational works of the East, based on Eastern ideas; not less so with musical productions, song-books, etc. The character of the West is that of an unspoiled child of nature—strong, active, kind-hearted, like his mother. A people of such character need their own literature; and if we add that, as far as typographical execution is concerned, we have yet to see an Eastern book that may surpass this publication, we may safely award the palm to our Singer's Handbook.

The School Board of St. Louis, in just appreciation of the merits of the author, has introduced these series into the Public Schools, after having tried unsuccessfully many other books.

Written as this series is, or will be, for the very wants of our schools, it certainly deserves the success we heartily bespeak for it.

MUSICAL MELANGE.

Nilsson invests in insurance stock.

Serenaders are out in force these nights.

The young Italian lady who bids fair to rival Adelina Patti as a vocalist, is Linnia, a pupil of Campana.

Miss Gertrude Orme, traveling with Ole Bull, used to be known as Miss Winne, a haymaker of St. Paul.

Meyerbeer's magnificent opera of "The Prophet" was produced at New Orleans on Thursday evening.

A butterfly of diamonds was presented to Patti in St. Petersburg recently. It was valued at 35,000 francs.

The opera of the "Crusaders," by Sir Julius Benedict, is in preparation at the Berlin Imperial Opera House.

"Notre Dame" has been removed from the stage of the Adelphi, London, after 255 consecutive representations.

A young singer, Eol Jona, who has made a successful debut in "Der Freischutz," is favorably reported of from Berlin.

The music at the consecration of Bishop Ryan, at St. John's Church, was as fine religious music as was ever heard in this city.

The death is announced, in Paris, of Mme. Duprez, who, years ago, was a popular singer in Italian opera in Paris and elsewhere.

Faure, the eminent baritone, is definitely engaged at the French Opera, Paris, having refused all offers from America and Russia.

Verdi is putting the finishing touches to a grand opera founded on Dumas, *filii*, last new comedy, entitled "La Principessa Giorgio."

It is reported that Mme. Parepa-Rosa is engaged as principal solo vocalist for the Rhenish musical festival, to take place next summer at Dusseldorf.

By the way, the mother of Lord Dufferin, who is to be next Governor-General of Canada, was Lady Dufferin, author of that well-known poem, "The Irish Emigrant's Farewell," beginning, "I'm sitting on the stile, Mary."

Among the large number of American musicians and singers abroad who are winning laurels and high positions in their art is the young tenor, George L. Osgood. He is from Boston, and is distinguishing himself both as a composer and a vocalist.

It is currently reported in the Treasury Department, that the diamond ring received at the Easter offerings at St. John's Church, in Washington, on Easter morning, was deposited by Christine Nilsson, who was among the worshippers on the occasion. The ring is valued at \$300.

Miss McKenzie, daughter of Col. John W. McKenzie, of San Francisco, who lately made her debut in that city as Leonora, in "Il Trovatore," is soon to visit Europe with a view to further study. She will appear in New York on her return. She is said to have a full and melodious soprano.

The cornet player Levy is shortly to be married to a young lady moving in a fashionable circle in Buffalo. Arrangements have been made that the marriage should take place in Russia, where the great cornet player is now filling a star engagement, and the lady, accompanied by her mother, will shortly set out for St. Petersburg, where the nuptials will be celebrated.

Munich, the capital of Bavaria, has 150 photographic establishments engaged exclusively in manufacturing illustrations for publishers. The business has developed wonderfully, the two largest of the establishments employing each over 2,000 workmen.

GEORGE FREDERICK
HANDEL.

AT Halle, on the Saale, in the Duchy of Magdeburg, Lower Saxony, February 23, 1685, was born the man whose genius has revolutionized the science of music and left behind a monument of imperishable renown. The early history of Handel furnishes another illustration of the truth, now quite generally recognized, that those who are instrumental in bringing us into the world are not always the persons best qualified to judge what we should do when we have taken up our residence on this planet. Handel, senior, after mature deliberation upon a subject of which he knew nothing, had come to the following conclusion, and written it down in unmistakable black and white: "Music is an elegant art and fine amusement, but as an occupation, it hath little dignity, having for its object nothing better than mere entertainment and pleasure." Consequently, when the son was a child, his manifested a precocious fondness for sweet sounds, he not only received no encouragement, but was unmercifully snubbed on every occasion that seemed to demand it. For Handel, senior, was a doctor; loved the profession of physic with passionate adoration, and had decided that his offspring must tread the illustrious path, administering pills and powders to afflicted humanity, until grim death should snatch him beyond the reach of medicine. So the child was kept away from the public schools, lest he should learn the gamut, and was never permitted to see even the inside of a concert-room, for fear the musical devil might take possession of his infantile soul, and wean him from the service of Esculapius. Day after day he was made to study Latin, but no amount of persuasion or beating could induce him to absorb much of that classic language; and whenever opportunity offered, he was accustomed to steal off into the garret, where he would covetly rummage and rubbish, the carcass of a defunct spinet. Upon this worn-out instrument, whose strings would only emit a faint tinkle, impossible to hear below, the boy at seven years somehow learned to play. He kept his secret well, and, perhaps, but for a lucky incident, it would never have been revealed, and the composer of the "Messiah" might have sunk out of sight as a country physician, to whom the fraternity of undertakers had great reason to be thankful. An older brother was in the service of the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels, and Handel, senior, thought one day he would pay him a visit. As the carriage was starting, little George ran after it, begging lustily to be taken along; but he might see the wonders of the ducal palace, and the magnificent gardens and grounds pertaining thereto. The request was granted, and the pair rolled away, having small idea, we imagine, that the revolving wheels were bearing one of them onward to immortal fame. Arriving at their destination, the junior member of the family was allowed to amuse himself; and, in course of his explorations, wandered into the chapel, where he discovered a handsome organ perched in the loft, with no one standing guard over it. The temptation was too strong to be resisted, so he scrambled up the winding stairs as fast as his juvenile legs could carry him, intruded the clavier and commenced playing in most lively style. By chance the duke happened to be passing, and heard the sound. The hour was unusual for such performances, and he slipped quietly into the chapel to ascertain who it was that dared produce music without his august permission. He recognized the intruder, listened a few moments, and departed as silently as he came. The boy was sent for and confronted

with his astounded father and the great personage aforesaid. The former began to apologize, and promised that the offender should have a sound thrashing for his impudence; but the duke—more sensible than the majority of his class—stopped the mouth of the good doctor by declaring that his boy was a musical miracle, and that such music should be treated as usual. George Frederick, instead of returning to Halle to resume his researches in the vocabulary of the ancient Romans, was immediately placed in charge of Zachau, a famous organist of that day, where he remained until he was thirteen. During these years of preliminary tuition, he wrote a cantata or motett once a week, and analyzed nearly the whole of German and Italian music then in existence. At last honest Zachau tells him that he knows more than his master, and advises him to go where his stock of knowledge can be increased under able teachers. In 1698 he went to Berlin, and became a pupil in the opera school established there. His progress was so brilliant as to attract the attention of the Elector of Brandenburg, who offered to defray the expenses of a journey to Italy if the young composer would consent to go. His father, however, declined this proposition for him, and Handel soon afterward went back to Halle to attend the old man, then in his declining years. He died a year or two later, leaving his family in comparatively destitute circumstances; and the son, who never forgot the demands of duty, laid aside, for the time, his own private plans, and hired himself as second violinist in the orchestra of the Hamburg opera house. He played so poorly that the rest of the orchestra laughed at him, on one certain occasion, when the leader was absent. Handel, then only nineteen, volunteered to fill the vacancy, and wielded the *baton* with such wonderful skill that, at the conclusion of the rehearsal, the members of the orchestra saluted him with tremendous applause. About this time he received a proposal of marriage. The position of organist at Lubeck was offered him, on condition that he would marry the daughter of his predecessor. He went to Lubeck, made the acquaintance of the organ and the young lady, and declined to accept either—the reasons for his decision he never thought best to place upon record. While at Hamburg he composed four operas—*Alcina*, *Alceste*, *Poli-rinda* and *Dafne*—the success of which excited the wrath of a rival named Mattheson, who challenged him to fight. The duel transpired according to the regulations of the German code, and the point of his antagonist's sword struck a large brass button on the breast of Handel, causing thereby a severe laceration, inflicting the claims of wounded honor. "On the 30th of the same month," writes Mattheson, "I had the pleasure of having Handel die with me, and we were better friends than ever."

In July, 1700, he went to Italy, and while in Florence produced the opera of *Roderigo*, which put an hundred sequins in his impoverished purse. Caring little for the price he wrote *Agrippina*, which took the city of gondolas by storm, and had an uninterrupted run of thirty nights. From Venice he made his way to Rome, and there was received with much cordiality by the cardinal, Ottoboni, a great patron of the fine arts, who appreciated the talents of the young genius, and gave him every encouragement. Under the cardinal's auspices he brought out the opera of *Il Trionfo del Tempo*, of which nothing now remains but a single anecdote. Corelli, the leading violinist of his day, was engaged to play in this opera, and performed so indifferently that Handel's anger was roused to fever heat. He relieved himself in a thoroughly characteristic manner by walking up to Corelli, taking the violin from his hand and beating him over the

head with it. *Acis and Galatea* were composed in Naples, and in 1710 we find their author comfortably located in Hanover, at a salary of \$1,500 per annum, as chapel master to George of Brunswick, afterward King of England. The duties of that office not being very onerous, he obtained permission to leave his post, and he made a tour of sojourn, and gave a number of new operas which won high reputation in the fashionable circles of the metropolis. The first of these, *Rinaldo*, he disposed of for a trifling sum to a shrewd publisher who cleared \$7,500 by it. Handel, provoked at his loss, met the man one day and exclaimed with bitter emphasis, "My friend, no time you shall compose the opera and I will sell it."

When, by the death of Queen Anne, George I came to the throne, the chapel master became a fixture in England, and, with the exception of brief trips to the Continent, spent the remainder of his days there. In 1720 a Royal Academy of Music was formed with a fund of \$250,000, and Handel was employed to compose operas for it, and superintend their production. He met with much opposition, not only from jealous competitors in the same line of business, but from the artists themselves, who were quite as insubordinate then as they are now. One or two stories are told, but of this irascible genius so admirably that we can not refrain from telling them. Carestini, a celebrated singer in the service of the Academy, sent back the air "Vesti Prate," saying he would have nothing to do with it. Handel seized the rejected score, rushed to the Italian's room, and thrusting the music into his hand, shouted in broken English: "You fool! don't I know better as yourself vat you shall sing? If you will not sing all de song I give you, I will not pay you an stiver!" Carestini sung "Vesti Prate" like a nightingale, and never sent back any more scores.

Cuzzoni, a popular soprano, manifested signs of insubordination at a rehearsal. Handel scowled at her for a while, and then he spoke in his own shrill voice to the delighted woman as he uttered shakes a rat. "Ah, I always knew you was a little devil," said he, "and I shall now let you know that I am Beelzebub, the prince of devils!" Suiting the action to the word, he dragged her to an open window, and would probably have thrown her out into the street if she had not cried for mercy and promised to behave. Cuzzoni never gave any more trouble afterward.

Handel was exceedingly particular about having every instrument in his orchestra in perfect tune, and the tuning process must always be completed before the audience assembled. Woe to the unfortunates who were obliged to exercise caution. One grand opera night, when the Prince of Wales and all the *bon ton* of London were to be in attendance, some sly rascal slipped into the house before the musicians arrived, and put all the stringed instruments out of tune. The orchestra, suspecting nothing, took their seats, the curtain went up; Handel sat in his seat, and every bow descended upon the expectant cat-gut with refreshing unanimity. The discord was horrible beyond description. The conductor started to his feet as if shot out of a gun, jumps at a double bass and kicks it into fragments, throws a kettle drum at the leader of the band; loses his temper, and begins to sing in this manner, and winds up the show by rushing down to the footlights and staring at the shouting multitude in a speechless agony of rage.

In spite of all Handel's ability and energy, he could not make opera thrive in England, and lost \$50,000 of his own money by the experiment. He was actually driven into that department of music in which he never has had, and is never likely to have an equal; but even there his pre-eminent powers were not at first appreciated.

The oratorio of *Esther* was produced in 1733, and *Deborah, Alexander's Feast, and Israel in Egypt* soon followed. *Adelphi's Penserio* and *Saul* appeared in 1740, but none of them seemed to hit the popular taste. Curiously enough, the first recognition of Handel's matchless skill as a composer of oratorios came from Ireland. In the spring of 1742 he went to Dublin, presenting there several of the works we have enumerated to crowded houses, and closing the season with the first representation of the now renowned *Messiah*. The success was so immense that England was compelled to acknowledge it, and tread in the footsteps of the Irish public. Thence forward the path was clear, and fringed with abundant triumphs. London echoed the enthusiasm of Dublin, and the whole kingdom was proud to reward the man so lately despised. The *Messiah* was repeated again and again, and elevated by common consent to the place it holds to-day in the estimation of the musical world.

In 1752 Handel's eyesight, which had long been failing, departed utterly; but this terrible affliction, instead of irritating severely, soothed his temper. He continued cheerful and happy to the last, and on the 6th of April, 1759, conducted the *Messiah* with all his accustomed zeal. A week after he died—"in hopes," he said, "of meeting his good God, his sweet Lord and Saviour, on the day of his resurrection." Beneath a majestic monument in Westminster Abbey is carved this simple, sufficient inscription:

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, ESQUIRE,
Born February xxiii, mdcclxxxv.
Died on Good Friday, April xiv, mdcclxc.

—Republican.

ART ITEMS.

Mr. William Bradford, the painter of Arctic scenery, has sailed for Europe.

The Queen and other members of the royal family have been sitting to Mr. James Sant, R. A., for their portraits.

An ingenious Englishman claims to have discovered a method of taking photographic panoramic views of natural scenery.

Mr. Albert Bierstadt has received from the Emperor of Russia the Stanislaus cross in recognition of attentions offered to Prince Alexis during his stay here.

The Albert memorial in Hyde Park, said to be the finest work of its kind ever produced, will soon be completed. The bas-reliefs on the base are from the designs of different artists.

Titan's celebrated picture, "The Madonna with the Veil," supposed to have been destroyed during the sack of Rome by the Constable Bourbon, has been discovered in a chateau belonging to Dr. Riteri.

The trustees of the National Gallery, London, are considering the propriety of purchasing a Raphael for \$25,000. The connoisseurs doubt whether it is a work of the great master, and characterize it as "poor, feeble and faulty in drawing."

Prof. William Swinton has written a non-elementary history, to supersede "Parley's Child's History." It is called "First Lessons in Our Country's History," and will have illustrations from Waud, White, Eyttinge, and other leading illustrators.

Dr. Horace Wells, of Hartford, the discoverer of anaesthesia, is to have a bronze statue erected to his honor and memory. The work is to be executed by T. H. Bartlett, and the State of Connecticut and the city of Hartford authorize and pay for it.

Angero, one of the few artists in America who paint important historical subjects, has just finished two large pictures, representing "David before Saul" and the "Coronation of the Magi." Both works are well composed, and have a marked Eastern character.

Rogers has advanced considerably with his most important work, "The Watchfires of the Revolution." He is now engaged on the figures of Washington and his horse. The group will be half life-size, and will mark a more and more important departure in the artistic life of Mr. Rogers.

Quincy Ward has been tendered a commission to execute a statue of Gen. Putnam, of Revolutionary fame, for the public park in Hartford, Conn. The statue is to be in bronze, and of heroic size. The funds for the work are the contribution of the late Judge J. P. Allyn, and his father, Hon. T. M. Allyn.

The St. Louis Art Society, which was formed in this city some months since, has commenced the collection of paintings and statuary for an art gallery. A portion of the fourth floor of the Polytechnic Building is devoted to this purpose, and visitors call daily to view the specimens that are beginning to adorn the walls of the institution. A school of design, to be supported by voluntary contributions, has also been opened at the same place.

"We Boys" is the name of a very charming group just finished by John Rogers. The boys have brought the horse down to the brook; the one on his back has lost the reins while the horse has been drinking, and is trying to regain them with his stick, but he is alarmed at the threatening action of the horse, which is turning round to bite, being irritated by the second boy, who is trying to climb on his back from the bank, and is pulling himself up by the horse blanket.

It seems to pay well. Powers gets one thousand dollars for a bust, and spends one hundred dollars—for marble and work. His *Proserpine* for about five hundred; about a hundred copies of it have been made at a cost of eighty dollars. Our artists in London are making handsome livings, and there is quite a colony of American artists in or near the city. Hughes, Scott, Hennessy, Brougham, Stillman, all belong to it. Some of these furnish designs for periodicals, which are adding much to their reputation.

Some fine alto and bas-reliefs from the ruins of the great temple of Diana, at Ephesus, recently discovered by Mr. T. J. Wood, have been sent to England. The ruins of this grand edifice are covered by twenty-two feet of sand and debris, and a considerable distance from the location hitherto pointed out as the site of the temple. Mr. Wood discovered the ruins by following from the Magnesian Gate of the city the ancient roadway which appeared to have been most used. The ruins are at least 2,000 years old.

The greatest drawback of our American art is that it lacks meaning. In painting, the landscape; in sculpture, the historical; in poetry, the descriptive, are our especial favorites. And yet these are almost the lowest forms of the respective arts, being the least ideal. The more an art approaches imitation of what is individual, the lower it is. On the contrary, the more it embodies high spiritual truths, those airy notions, which, notwithstanding, are the most real of things, the genuine substance whereof individual things are but shadows, the higher its position, and the more enduring its products.

Literary men are rapidly monopolizing the lyceum platform. On the list of the Boston

Lyceum are the names of Bret Harte, George MacDonald, Joaquin Miller, Colver Higginson, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the Rev. W. H. Murray, Dr. Isaac I. Hays, "Carlton," "Josh Billings," "Nasby," Dr. Justin Felton, Dr. Gilbert Haven, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, the Rev. Robert Collyer, George M. Baker, Frederick Douglass, the Rev. William L. Gage, John B. Gough, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, the Rev. John Lowell, "Oliver Optic," James Parton, Charles Sumner, Theodore Tilton, Elias Nason, "Mark Twain," Mrs. Virginia Vaughan, Charles D. Warner, and E. H. Whipple—all authors of well-known books.

A correspondent inquires whether Troyon's "Animax Fuyant l'orage," from the Patric Collection, recently sold at auction in Paris for 63,000 francs, was ever exhibited in this country? A picture, resembling the one in question, was sent to New York many years ago. Our informant, however, is satisfied that the Gambart picture, and the one in the Patric Collection are not the same. He further says: "The price of a picture, of course, does not fix its value, but none of Troyon's pictures, 24x30, have ever brought one-sixth the price of that just sold in Paris." The large landscape by Troyon, belonging to Mr. Albert Bierstadt, exhibited last year in the Academy of Design, was sold in Boston recently, we understand, for \$6,000.

Selous' two grand pictures of Jerusalem, well known to the English public, have been placed on exhibition in New York. They are each fourteen feet by ten; the first seizing the Holy city at the date of A. D. 33, and including the triumphal entry; the second representing the city in its fall as now viewed from the Mount of Olives. In all they contain over 200 figures. The latter are minutely finished, and almost suggest actual portraits, standing out with stereoscopic distinctness, and the whole is flooded with a pure, strong light. Their main value appears to be, however, their painstaking, historical accuracy, or at least—for the subject of the ancient is a difficult one—the attempt to embody a conception of the ancient Jerusalem in as far as investigations and excavations have unveiled it, which is scarcely far enough to admit a unified conception.

A TUNE ON THE VIOLIN.

BLISTERED by the tongue that first called a violin a "fiddle!" This tripping, trifling word has brought more contempt upon a noble instrument than all other causes and influences combined; a contempt which, in the minds of fully one-half the honest people in the world, is not counterbalanced by all the genius which Paganini furnished, and Ole Bull sweet sounds. A piano retains its aristocratic title at all times and in all places, and the clumsiest that ever pounded ivory is always a pianist. An organ is an organ from Dan to Beersheba, and though some Scotch Presbyterians insist upon calling it "a kit o' whistles," that curious term has never been generally adopted; nor is the individual who assists the bellows-blower in producing solemn melody ever known save as an organist. So we might run through the whole list of musical devices without finding such atrocious slanders pinned to any of them as "fiddle" and "fiddler." Why, pray, if the nick-

namers *not* select exercise their diabolical art, did they *not* meet nearer game? Why pitch upon the monarch of the tribe, and sell the fat of the greatest and grandest servant of music by a villainous designation which would have sufficed to destroy the reputation of David's harp? If it were possible to run into one mould all the harmonious combinations of wood and brass now extant, the result could not approach in excellence the despised "fiddle" whose awful tortures at the hands of itinerant Italians excite our wrath and laughter. There is a divine soul in it to be found no where else; and though that soul can only be evoked by a master spirit, yet when once developed there is there a match for its wondrous utterances? Out of those queer mouths in the breast of the violin come mirth, tears, the songs of joy, the wailings of despair, shouts of triumph, piteous accents of grief, hymns of praise, and the whispered murmurings of prayer. The player holds his pet close to his cheek, and in the supreme moments of his work bends over it with the tenderness of a young mother caressing her first-born child. Many think this is only to secure certain mechanical effects. Bah! They know nothing of those sources of inspiration which feed the violin. The man who wields the bow intelligently must be in his nature a poet; and when the poetic fire is stirred by the presence of a vast audience, or the master-piece of a famous composer, or his own passionate experience, he draws the vocal wood to his very heart, and breathes into it the same mysterious afflatus which in another form thrills the world with a majestic poem. No fool, or knave, or blackguard ever attained prominence as a violinist; such an one may tickle the ear and please the fancy, but the folly, the knavery, the blackguardism, which may come from the strings, and though we may not know what it is which fails to satisfy, we do feel that there is something lacking—a something which touches the fountain of purest and deepest emotion. There is, and always must be, a cord of strongest sympathy uniting the player and his instrument, when both belong to the first order—and the feelings, the tastes, even the habits of the former, are communicated to the latter, and from it poured out upon the air.

RUSSIAN MUSIC.

RUSSIA has never been great in musical respects. Her church music, like her religion, came from Greece. This music was preserved strictly in its primitive forms, until the days of Catherine II, when Italian music was permitted to make inroads. Galappi, the Italian composer, who lived at the court of Russia, more than any other person, was instrumental in bringing about this change. He composed much music for the Greek service, and trained Russian singers and composers. Since his days we find in the Russian churches a combination of the old Greek, and the more modern Italian forms, a condition similar to that of the Latin Church.

The native opera never flourished in Russia. Foreign singers visit the country, and are liberally rewarded. Foreign operas, if there is no political objection to them, are the favorite entertainment of the wealthy and the nobility. German and Italian operas both flourish in Russian cities. Of native operas Russia has but few; and although Russian music has a character of its own, Russian operas either lean toward the Italian, or German schools. Russian stars are said to be more enthusiastic in their applause. To call a favorite singer twenty-five times before the curtain in one evening is not a rare occurrence. The prices which are paid singers are said to be only exceeded by those

of this country, while the richness and elegance of the presents bestowed upon musicians far exceed those of other courts in Europe.

In her people's songs, however, Russia merits our closest attention. Her songs have a peculiar cast, and deserve the study of musicians. Russians love to sing, and frequently dance to singing; in place of instrumental music, a practice not uncommon in Ireland. Engel, in his most excellent work on National Music, says that their music is apparently in opposition to their national character. Although Russian songs are generally pervaded by an expression of melancholy and plaintiveness, the Russians themselves are known to be of a remarkably cheerful disposition. "Indeed," says the same author, "a more light-hearted people, probably, does not exist." Rochlitz, in his writings, speaks of the songs of the Russian soldiery and tradespeople, and observes that their melodies are generally confined to the compass of a fifth. Having himself heard many tradespeople at the great fairs at Leipzig, he noticed that the tonic and dominant were the most prevalent tones, the intermediate ones being but rarely sounded. The Russians, especially those of Ukraine, are a music-loving people, and their better music is said not to be as simple as that described by Rochlitz. Engel, in a statistical compilation of the keys of the various national songs, says that out of every hundred Russian songs fifty-two are minor, twelve begin major and close minor, and four begin minor and close major. Only one country—Norway and Sweden—has more minor songs than Russia; the proportion in Sweden being eighty, and in Norway fifty-five minor songs to each hundred people's songs.

The Russian national hymn, of which we heard so much lately, owing to the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis, is a pretty but not a remarkable composition, having very little, if any, of the Russian characteristics about it. It was composed by Alexis Swoif, a General of the Guards, and was by order of Czar Nicholas recognized as the Russian national hymn. Neither text nor melody can be pronounced original, the latter having a strong resemblance to a Sicilian hymn, and the former to "God Save the King." Few of the Russian songs have found their way into our parlors, and we are by no means as well acquainted with the music of that Empire as it deserves. Perhaps Russia is so to it that we shall hear more of her pretty melodies in the future.

DEMI-SEMI-QUAVERS.

A nine-year-old prima donna is Robert, too qui j'aime-ing in New York.

Adelina Patti owns more diamonds than any other cantatrice of the day. So does Nilsson; also Pauline Lucca.

Mrs. Parrington will not allow Ike to play the guitar. She says he had it once when a child, and it nearly killed him.

A Morristown editor, to whom was sent a song entitled, "What Shall My Love Wear?" wrote a kind but decisive article advising her to wear clothes.

We have heard of the base of the cliff—where do you find your treble?

Horace Greeley is reported to be practicing the violin.

A thirteen-year-old girl in Warsaw, Ky., is said to play two tunes at once on the piano, one with each hand, while vocalizing another tune.

"Come into the Varden, Maud," is the way in which musical mammas urge their daughters to try their new calico dresses.

Indianapolis girls, when at the opera, occupy

balcony seats, and playfully hang their feet over the railing. A man in the parquet recently had the top of his head crushed in by one of the young ladies dropping her shoes on him.

And here is another: "Blanche Davenport, the daughter of the tragedian, is under vocal instruction in Italy, and gives promise of being another great American prima donna."

Krupp, the great gunmaker, has just cast a cannon weighing 72,000 pounds. It is to be one of the tenor accomplices at Gilmore's Boston Jubilee.

A diabolical Boston itemizer has horrified the world with the malicious assertion that Nilsson chews spruce gum. The only thing spruce that the divine cantatrice tolerates is that spruce young banker in Paris, with whom she intends to set up housekeeping this summer.

A writer in a Cincinnati paper has calculated that, as the average area of the human mouth when open is about four square inches, the combined mouths of the 25,000 singers at the Boston Jubilee will form a cavity of over 736 square feet.

One of the principal instruments to be introduced at the World's Jubilee will be a fine thirty feet long, which a Connecticut man is now working out of a saw-log. The *Norwich Bulletin* says it will be blown by nitro-glycerine.

A wave of music is passing over Boston. In the cars even one sees young ladies copying musical scores, and poring over dry school books, and even the little folks are beginning to open their throats and sing in these bright spring mornings.

The Cleveland *Leader* says: A young Romeo residing upon Garden street, whose voice has just commenced to change, and sings anywhere along the scale from falsetto to the home bass, purchased a forty-dollar guitar a few weeks since, and last week thought he would serenade his Juliette, who lives on the same street. Hastily chewing a few bronchial troches to clear his pipes, he crept within the shade of a bay window and nervously began clawing the instrumental chords, while he softly tipped a ballad to his charmer inside. He had just sung.

"There's music in the midnight air," when he became convinced that there was sole leather soaring about through the atmosphere also, and before he could strike the chorus he found the stuffing kicked out of his guitar, and himself in the road using his nose as a shoovel plow. The girl's father had returned from down town at an unusually late hour—hence the result. The warbler is now practicing on the concertina and getting his pants half soiled with sheet-iron. He says he will make the old man sick if the bellows don't go back on him.

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