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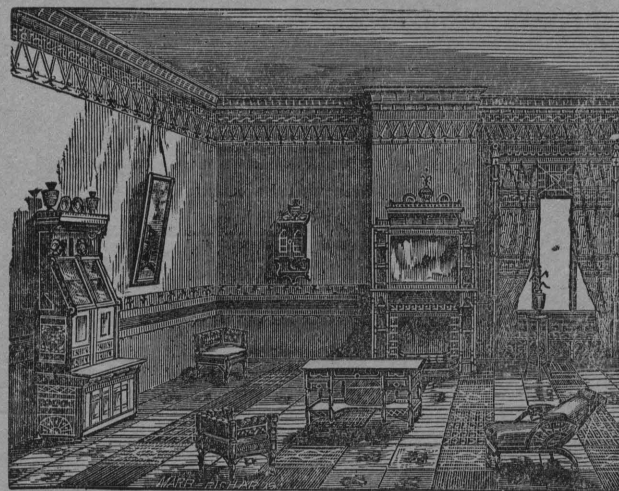
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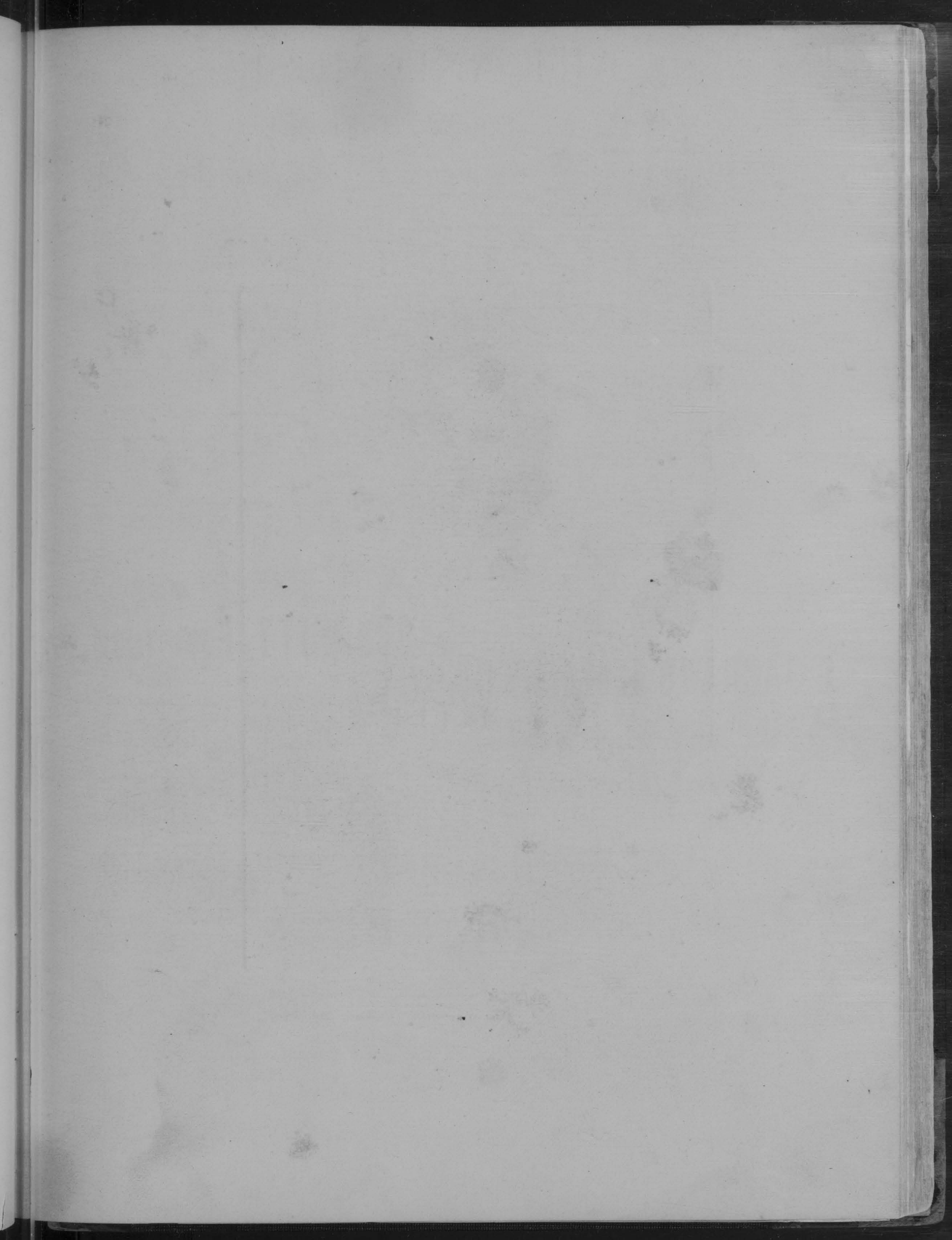
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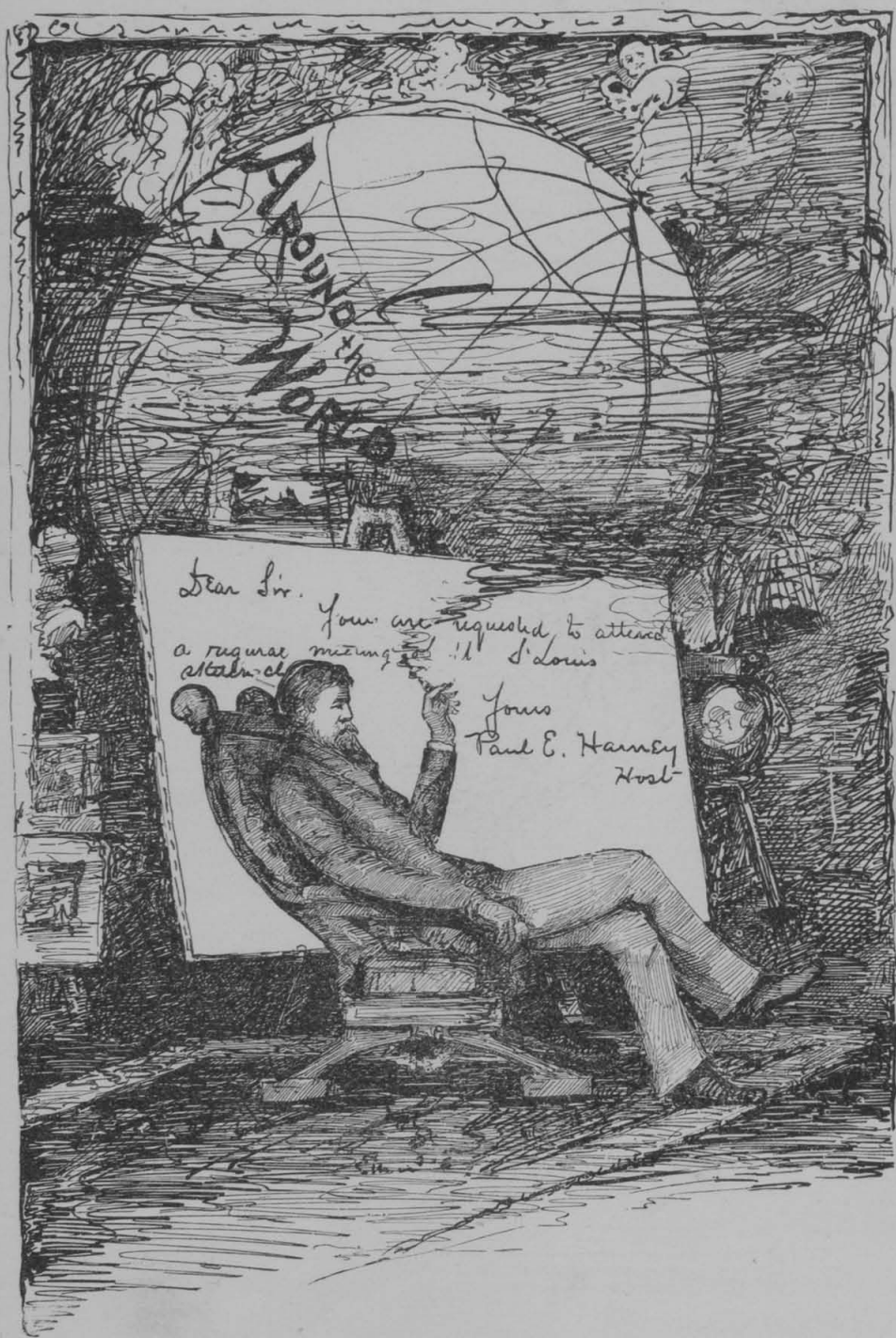




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AROUND THE WORLD.

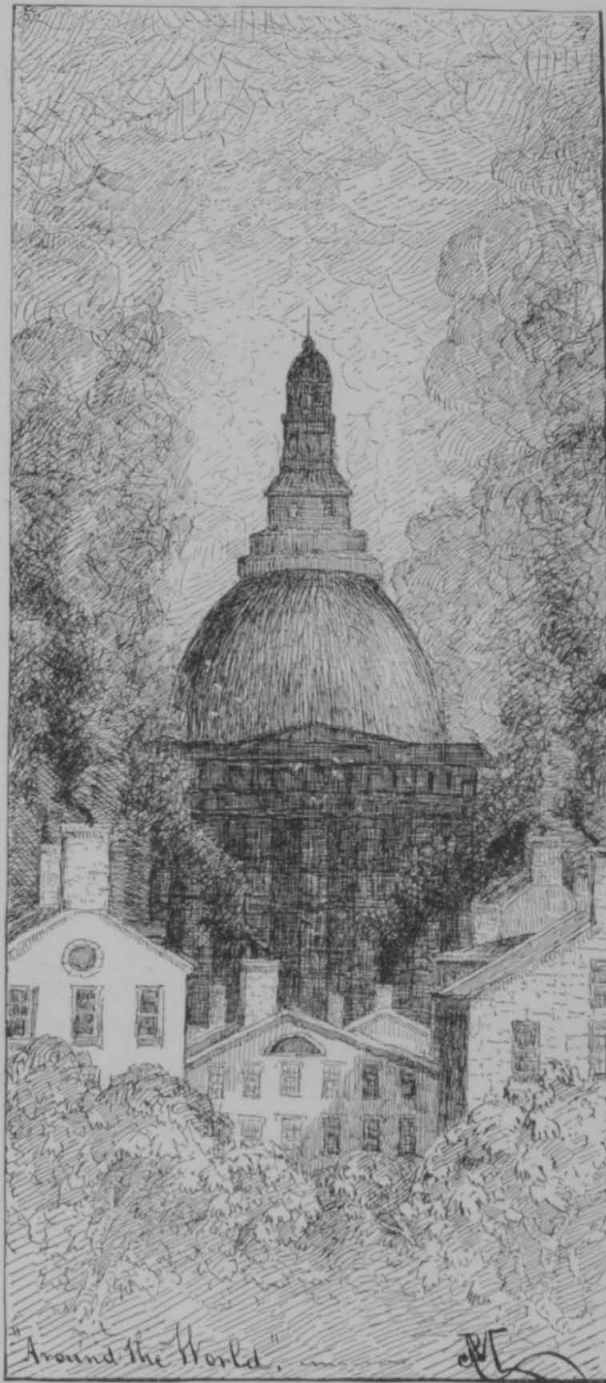
VIEUX-TEMPS. The days when untrammelled by the mercenary motives of a modern artist's life, we wandered free in fancy and regaled ourselves with an inspiration of the glorious autumnal weather in far distant climes. So the smoker dreamed



as he lolled in his easy chair and toasted his slippers at the ruddy grate; and with thoughts disenthralled from mundane strife he erected chateaux en Espagne in the eddying wreaths of vapor which curled in fragrant circles above his head. The reveries recalled cosmopolitan rambles through the jungles of India, the redolent clover fields of New England, the sage brush of the Pacific slope, and a general glimpse of our own expansive country affording illustrable scope for the crayon and brush to ravish Nature's adornments from their birthplace and transplant to an appreciative atmosphere. Old times, in fact with all its prepossessing and golden recollections were irrepressibly conjured before the gaze on the occasion of the "Rug-warming" of the new

Sketch Club rooms on Chestnut Street. Paul Harney, the presiding host of the December reception, awakened the foregoing reflections by stimulating retrospective in selecting sketches from "Around the World." The subject was a grand, bold, sweeping topic, which offered

no restraint to the artistic sense, but rather by its very comprehensiveness decried studied ambition and commanded broad commentary, overriding the every-day phases of life. The simple mention of the caption title recalls Jules Verne's memorable work and panoramic accompaniment of scenic effects, which fill the recesses of the mind with redundant colors and teeming foliage. Nature, in all her changeful moods, from smiling, kine-populated vales, to the towering crags of the Andes or the precipitous bluffs of our own Rocky Mountains. The



COURT HOUSE DOME.

Pen and Ink Sketch by J. R. Meeker.

presented by J. R. Meeker, who confined his researches to his immediate entertainment by reproducing the Court House dome wreathed in clouds, and towering aloft above the dingy surroundings. This was appropriately entitled

Bohemian, like the Red Man, is fast disappearing before America's iron-bound civilization, which, like the hundred arms of the mythical Briancus, outstretch in a binding embrace, which clasp our glowing continent into a friendly, compact nation. The Bohemian has not a resting place and withal the sacred sanctuary of the artist represented in the parlors of the Sketch Club has no positive affinity with the guerrillas of the pencil and palette. The new rooms have received their appointments with a view to producing a reciprocal vein of ambition in its frequenters. Persian rugs, arabesque paper, and aesthetic lambrequins harmoniously allied with gold, woven poetiere and heavy damask curtains constitute the salient features which greeted the gaze on entering through the canopied doorway.

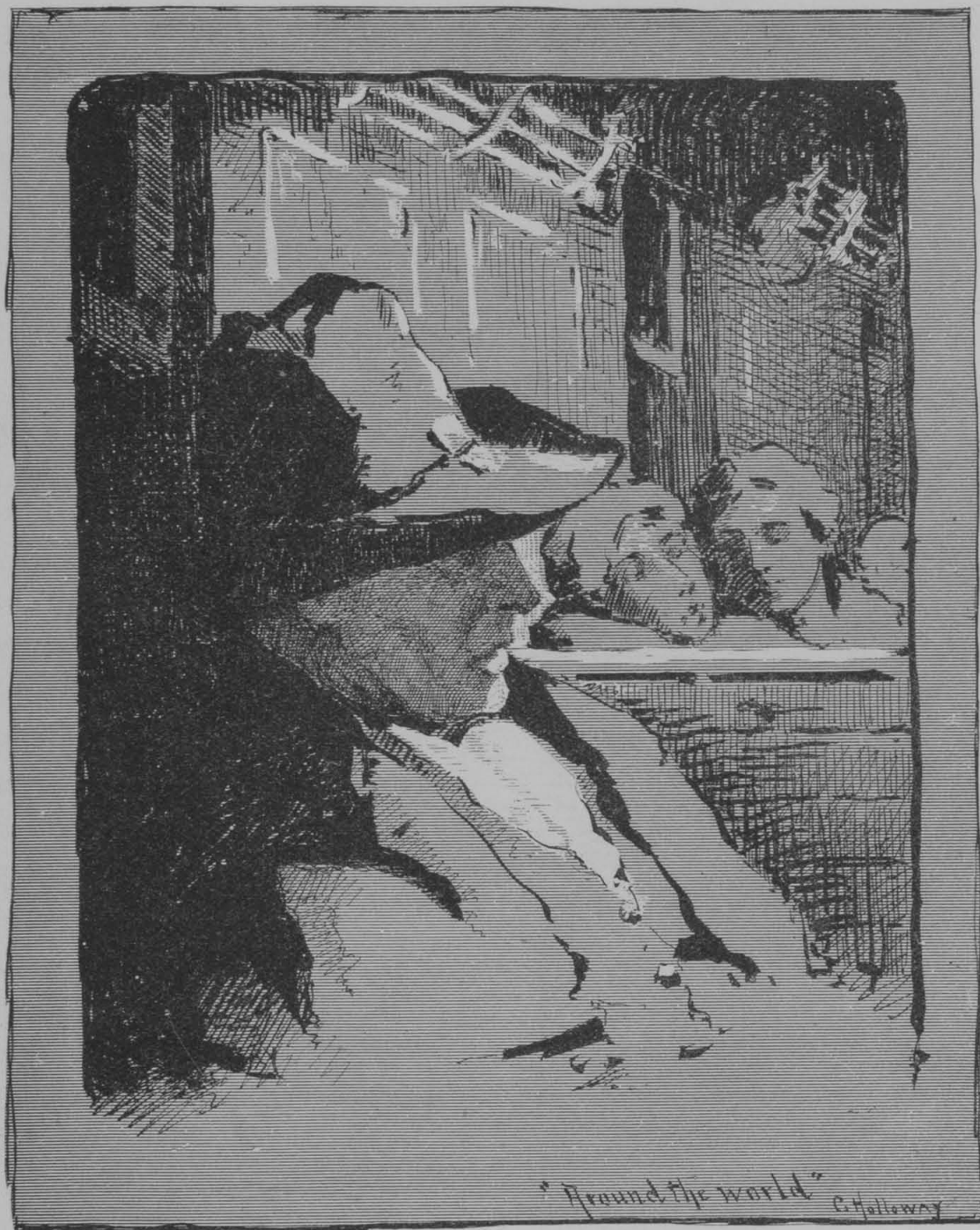
The happiest sketch of the evening was



"MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT MARE."

Pen and Ink Sketch by Will Schuyler.

"The Start," but unfortunately for the thread of the narrative the sequel is carried through a dozen lands without discrimination, the only guide being the perception of the artist. "Midsummer's Night Mare," a travesty on "Midsummer's Night Dream," represents



"THE EMIGRANT CAR."

Pen and Ink Sketch by Charles Holloway.

Puck placing a girdle around the world in forty minutes. The artist is Mr. Schuyler, author of the librette of L'Afrique. From the grotesque we travel to the pathetic as discovered and immortalized by C. Holloway in his masterly sketch of "The Emigrant Car." The subject is very strong, and shows to considerable advantage in colors where the travel-stained habiliments, the rusty and dingy furnishing and the haggard uneasy expression of the travelers can be more clearly cast. The figure in the foreground is in itself a study. Carl Gutherz improved his intimacy with Tyrolean life to offer a wandering

boy minstrel, who has halted on a cathedral step to produce music from the violin which he supports on one knee.

F. E. Gates, with the inherent passion of an American, depicts the natural scenery of a country home. His picture represents an old-fashioned wooden bridge, fast lapsing into decay, which seems to lead the traveler over a ravine through which meanders a trickling

brook interspersed with placid pools from whose mirrored recesses are reflected the over-hanging foliage. Ernest Albert's reputation as a scenic artist does not sustain disparagement in a winter scene in the "Evening on the Delaware." The coloring is distributed judiciously and with masterly results.

California life and scenery always find an ardent apostle in W. L. Marple, whose tireless brain can ransack the treasures of the past and always disentomb some quaint oddity which is admired as a bijou by the critics of the Atlantic and Western States, to whom these selections are instructive and attractive. So his "Spanish Adobe," disjointed and dilapidated in outline, but preserving a picturesqueness which appeals to admiration, was classed among the best contributions.

"A Chateau on the St. Lawrence" is a sketch by J. M. Barnsley, of one of those antique mansions which the Canadian signiors of Louis' reign delighted to erect on the banks of the parent of all living waters—the noble St. Lawrence. The neglected and illy trimmed poplars, once stately as their Normandy sires, they bow dejectedly towards the building as though mutely extending their protection to the



AROUND THE WORLD.

Pen and Ink Sketch by Carl Guthertz.

ancient chateau from the glance of the Nineteenth Century. A pretty bit of marine painting is included in the sketch.

The only two Indian ink sketches preserve their acute lives as they appeared in the original, and owing to this fact the ideas of theorists are better realized than in other instances where the real claim of the sketch to honorable distinction reposed in the combination of coloring which gained a desirable effect.

Will S. Eames employed his pen in reproducing the "Terrace Walls of the Palace Padenta Geneva."

The supporting piers and columns comprise a mass of delicate stucco, modeled in a hundred designs, which to portray required careful study and close application. W. R. Hodges, in describing an "Antique Statute and Lion on the Church of Grand Lorenzo, Geneva," seemed imbued with a broad touch of humor when in sketching the antiquities preserved from the past, he ingeniously grouped about the base the ubiquitous Yankee advertisement.



OLD FASHIONED WOODEN BRIDGE.

Pen and Ink Sketch by F. E. Gates.

A fitting finis is found in Paul Harvey's "Farmer's Boy," who, reclining negligently under umbrageous shade, pours studiously over the book which fascinated our youthful senses and distracted our thoughts from duties more severe—for what is more entertaining to the youthful mind than a History of a "Trip Around the World."

JOHN C. MARTIN.



AROUND THE WORLD.

Pen and Ink Sketch by Paul E. Harney.

ART NOTES.

DURING the past month the artists of this good city have been considerably under the weather, and many of them have almost entirely neglected their chosen profession as far as work from innate love of Art is concerned. This depression does not seem to have spared the majority of the better artists of the city. They have, with one or two exceptions, contented themselves with the production only of such works as have been ordered, and have totally neglected the nobler part of their life calling. It remains to be seen how soon they will recover from this feeling, and will awaken once more to that life



EVENING ON THE DELAWARE.

Pen and Ink Sketch by Ernest Albert.

which pervaded them during the months prior to the last unfortunate Art sale. The more sensitive artists say that their fellow-citizens do not appreciate their efforts properly; but they, in their extreme dislike of the apparent adversity for their work, overlook the stringency of the times in which the sale was held. ART AND MUSIC hopes most sincerely that this feeling will soon be overcome, and the industry that should be seen in the studios will once more make itself apparent, while melancholy and cynicism will disappear from quarters where they should be so little known.

The depression of the painting world only serves to brighten the busy life of the sculptors who have their hands now as fully occupied as they can well be with work.

Howard Kretschmar last week finished the clay model of his heroic portrait bust of Mozart, and all to whom was accorded the honor of inspecting it agreed that it was the



SPANISH ADOBE.

Pen and Ink Sketch by W. L. Marple.

finest of all the fine work that has been done by Mr. Kretschmar. As soon as possible he cast it, and then busy as a bee immediately started to make a model of the bust of Rossini, which will be the companion piece of Mozart in Tower Grove Park. This has advanced sufficiently to indicate clearly what will be the form, and in this one he will not be in the slightest inferior to Mozart. Mr. Kretschmar has achieved a good name for himself, and his works well deserve it.

At present with Mr. Kretschmar is a young man who is undoubtedly destined yet to make his mark in the sculptural world. This man, Mr. W. W. Gardiner, is one of very quiet ways and retiring disposition, whose name has never appeared in bright colors, owing chiefly to his disposition, which avoids publicity. His bust of Garfield, which was universally admired at the last Art Exhibition at the Fair, attracted wide-spread applause, and yet while it was so praised, no one knew who the sculptor was and what he did. Gardiner relies on his works alone, and is never seen outside of his studio. As a consequence, when it was announced that he had obtained the Blair monument award, many a person asked who he was. When told that he was the one to whom Garfield's bust was due, it was at once acknowledged that the award was a good one. Mr. Gardiner

is finishing some work in Mr. Kretschmar's studio, but hopes in a few days to start to work on his Blair monument, though as yet he has not been able to find a room suited for the studio in which to mold this piece of work.

J. R. Meeker still works away at his swamp scenes, and in each one some new beauty is found. In the painting of these dreamy, hazy scenes Mr. Meeker is unequalled in this city. He has, however, drawn himself out of these special works, and has made several paintings which are very creditable, in which he has portrayed Northern scenes. One of the best pieces of work that he has ever done was that done with his palette knife, which he contributed to the last meeting of the Sketch Club. Mr. Meeker sent nine paintings to the late Kansas City exhibition, and they had not been on exhibition two days ere they were all purchased. Mr. Meeker has just finished a magnificent landscape for Mr. Geo. C. Hackstaff, whose father was born at the foot of the Whiteface Peak Mountain, which is



ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Pen and Ink Sketch by J. M. Barnsley.

represented in the painting. The painting represents Lake Placid, Adirondacks, and is one of Mr. Meeker's best productions. Mr. Hackstaff feels as though he has a great painting, and would not part with it under any consideration. Mr. Meeker will leave for the South in a few weeks.

W. L. Marple has for the past two weeks given up Art entirely, and has become a social man. The occasion for such a change has been the presence in the city of one of the most genial and cultivated artists in the West, Harvey Young, of Colorado Springs, who has been here partly on business and partly on pleasure. Marple and Young are well matched, and well have they done their best to enjoy themselves by throwing all cares aside and laying themselves open to the pleasures of all kinds which they could find. They were the only artists who represented their calling at the Press Club inaugural reception, and they did all in their power to hold up their end.

G. W. Chambers works away all day in his studio at the Art Museum, and has done some work of late that gives high promise of a high place for this artist. Notable in their general characteristics, as well as in attention to details, are the two beautiful paintings "Gleaning in Normandy" and "The Fisher Girl." Mr. Chambers complains that in this city there exists a false feeling against serving as models for the artists. Mr. Chambers says that though he can procure models of a certain class, yet such are not what the artists desire, and they feel most deeply the necessity for a better feeling and for models that the artists can use, and can give themselves honor in serving for artists to copy from.

A. J. Biddle, whose painting at the last Fair was awarded a premium, has been suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia, and for this reason has done no work of late.

George C. Eichbaum works at present only on order work. He has not attempted any ideal work since his severe illness. Mr. Eichbaum has, however, been occupied with the original of his celebrated "Pickwick," on an order from the original's son. In addition he has done some fine portraits, but has not taxed himself of late. He expects to leave for New York in a few days, where he will execute several orders which were received through his Pickwick. After his return he will turn out something new, which will surpass his Pickwick and Weller.

Carl Gutherz, since the completion of his delightful little study of light and shade, has not done any original work of importance, but has contented himself with order work and his classes in the

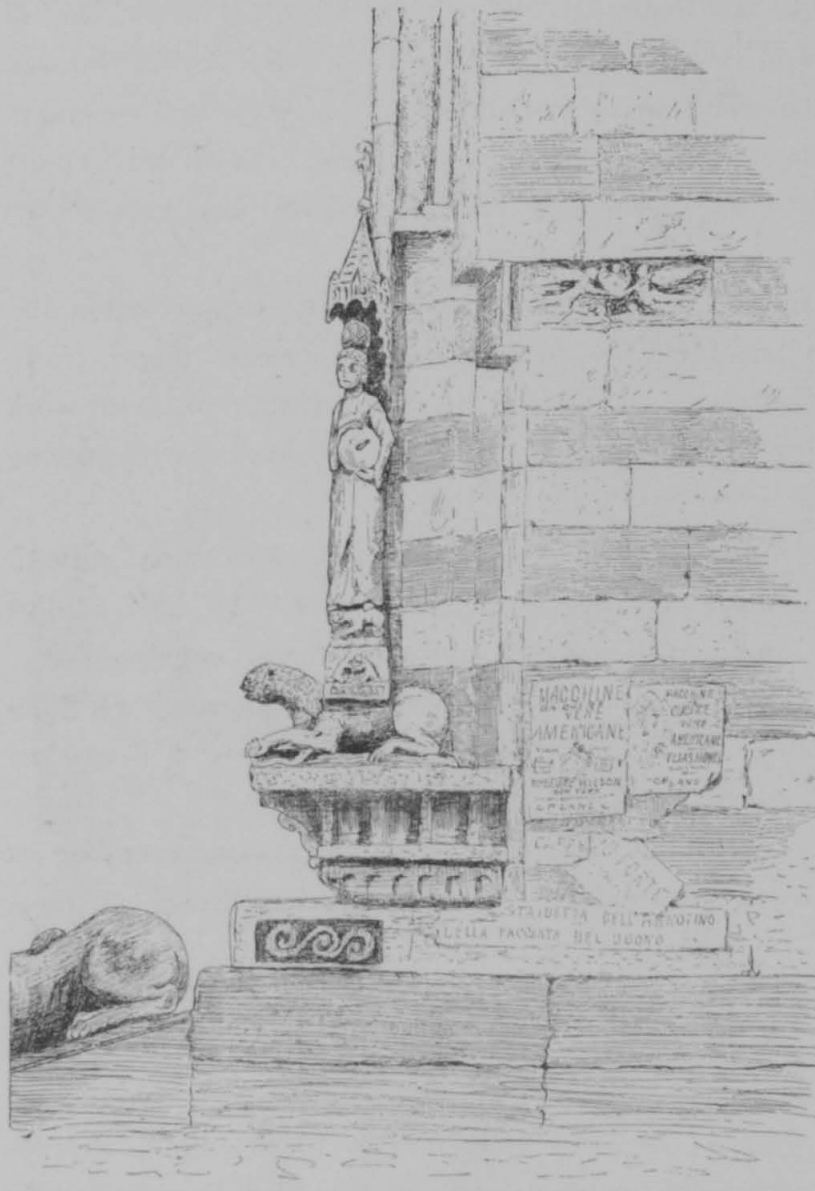
Art School. Mr. Gutherz' fancy sketches and paintings are beginning to be held for their proper worth, and people are talking of his work and its brightness and originality. It is to be hoped that he will soon tear his mind away from the common work, and will show his innate genius once more.



PALACE WALLS OF THE PALACE PADANTA, GENEVA.

Pen and Ink Sketch by Will S. Eams.

Charles Holloway is working most mysteriously on some model work, but just what it is no one can find out. Holloway of late has always kept his studio locked, and will allow no visitors. It is, however, whispered that the work when completed will far surpass all his previous works in beauty and in expression. In the meantime there are many curious ones who would like to know what he is doing.



ANTIQUE STATUETTE AND LION ON THE CHURCH OF GRAND LORENZO, GENEVA.

Pen and Ink Sketch by W. R. Hodges.

J. M. Barnsley has several pictures under way, among which is a "View of Cahokia," and "An Illinois Side Road." These two pictures are among Mr. Barnsley's best works. Last week Mr. Barnsley sold one of his pictures, "In the American Bottoms," to a prominent banker of this city before it was completed. All those who have had the pleasure of seeing this picture pronounce it the best work from the brush of this young talented artist.

Mr. Will James Lowry, the beautiful painter of ladies, is giving the finishing touches to a most elegant portrait of the late Miss Lottie Haight, a daughter of Mr. Newt. Haight, General Passenger Agent of the Union Pacific Railroad, now residing in Louisville, Ky. We consider this one of the artist's finest pictures. It is a half length, represents the lady as resting on a rustic chair among some rich garden shrubbery, beautifully painted. Besides being a very fine likeness, it is a very lively picture.

Paul E. Harney has been occupied almost wholly on special work. He has felt more depression than almost any one else, and has given his time and attention more closely than ever to class and order work. His portraits are continually improving, and are beginning to be properly appreciated.

Prof. Ives, of the Art School, has shown that he can paint as well as teach painting, and has on exhibition at the Art Museum, two paintings which do him perfect credit. What work Mr. Ives does is always good, and the only pity is that he does not do more of it.

F. W. Ruckstuhl, the sculptor, will leave for Paris about March 10th. Mr. Ruckstuhl is yet a young man and has achieved quite a reputation for fine artistic work. He goes now to a place where he will receive the best instruction in his art. He will be special correspondent for ART AND MUSIC, and its readers will no doubt look with pleasure to the coming letter he has promised every month. *Bon voyage.*

Ernest Albert, of Pope's Theatre, came here a stranger a few months since, but he has already achieved a reputation for his truly artistic paintings, both of scenes and of sketches. In either line Mr. Albert displays talent, and were he to devote himself exclusively to the one or the other he would be almost incomparable. As it is no one in the West can compare with him in delicate and tasteful scene painting. With Mr. Albert is a young artist, Frank E. Gates, who assists Mr. Albert, and of late has shown considerable talent.

Mr. Henry Marquardt has just finished a very handsome statuette in marble for Mr. J. Stohlmann, which is to be placed in St. Marcus Cemetery. It represents Hope, Faith and Love. All those who have been fortunate in seeing this truly artistic piece of work pronounce it one of the finest statues ever finished in St. Louis. Mr. Meier, while seeing it gave an order for one like it to be placed in St. Peter's Cemetery.

Mr. Conant is a quiet worker, but he has gained a wide reputation for careful portrait work, and as a consequence he is constantly occupied in portrait work. He only a short time since sent a portrait of Edwin Harrison to Leadville, and now he is engaged on painting of a prominent merchant which will hang in the Chamber of Commerce. He goes to New York in a few days in company with Mr. Eichbaum, where he will execute several commissions which he has received there.

Will S. Eames, W. R. Hodges, Will Schuyler, Russell Riley and the other members of the Sketch Club, who have confined themselves to sketches, are doing excellent work now, and are constantly evincing tokens of improvement, and many are found who are willing to state that more than one of these gentlemen will yet make their mark in the Art world.

Speaking of the sketchers, calls to mind the fact that the finest collection of pictures seen this season at the monthly meetings of the Sketch Club were those which were seen at the last meeting. The work was far above the ordinary, and were in many respects superior to mere sketches, but well deserved the name of studies, such was the carefulness shown to details.

Ernest Monnier is having his hands full of orders for the porcelain painting of which he makes a specialty, and has a large class whom he is instructing in his beautiful branch of the Art.

Mr. A. A. Prall will remove to 513 Elm street, where he will have ample room and facilities to do such work as will come in his line. He has been awarded the contract for the entire wood carving and decorative work for the new Olympic Theatre.

Ernest Albert will be the next host at the St. Louis Sketch Club. The subject is Enoch Arden, a very good one, and we hope that the members will spread themselves.

CAUSERIES ON THE ARTS.

[CONTINUED FROM DECEMBER NUMBER.]

BY COUNT A. DE VERVINS.

CONCERNING POETRY.

THERE is one consideration in favor of this opinion, which is this: the Beautiful is of one type, that is, a principle; and the ugly is the absence of this type, or principle; in other words, its exception. If beauty did not exist, ugliness would not be remarked. But even under ugliness beauty shows itself. A regular form is of the beautiful, a genuine or fine sentiment is fine, and the absence of those qualities renders the form ugly and the sentiment abject. But what is there in Art which can found itself an abstraction, an accident or a negation?

Poetry creates in fact, but quite like the painter of antiquity, who from out of a great number of models, chose from each one those traits which, combined, might make one grand whole. In like way the poet is compelled to fall back upon nature and his own imagination when choosing the objects of his creation; and it is thus that he creates unto himself a new universe. Whatever he had to do for outward things, he must apply to matters of moral concern. If he were to describe a beautiful evening, it was not necessary that he should content himself with painting the down-going sun, disappearing behind hills, or plunging into immeasurable waters; he must furthermore have the art to establish a sort of harmony, either on accord or a dissonance between the aspects of the heavens and the state of the soul of the personage whose history he writes; or of his own soul, in which case he needs only chant, instead of narrating, or of the soul of the reader touched by the sentiments to which he has appealed. Only on these conditions can the writer, be he prose or verse writer, become a poet. For it is only in the moral world that in the present age poetry can find a home and make good its claim to citizenship.

It is physical science, indeed, which searches to discover the material truth, and all which that science commits to our care comes from or depends on external objects. The idea of the moral Beautiful, on the other hand, is born and developed in our own inner self, and gives to us that which we search in poetry, and which was one of our instincts, even before we were born, while all the time science invites us to discover or digest that which has hitherto been undiscovered, so to say. In the poetical or mental organization of the world man occupies an eminent rank; in its physical organization man is merely an atom. In fact, what science proves is that our insufficiency is the limit of our mind. What does poetry reveal to us? The immortality of the soul, the resources of the imagination and all the tenderness of the heart and the eternity of the human soul.

That is why a happily endowed man, accustomed to interrogate and develop the poetical inclination of his soul, will feel his spirit exalted, and his imagination carried beyond his judgment, while still his thoughts cannot but know humanity. He will listen to the beating of the human heart, and to the secret of human passions; but he will not perceive or understand the details of nature, though he color and illuminate it in grand masses, which he will place in rapport with his emotions in a manner to make him understand more readily the moral harmony and the grandeur of God than the man of science can comprehend them.

Nevertheless it happens, for nations as well as for individuals, that an age of positivism arises which lords it over the imagination, and prefers the *utilitarian* to the *pleasing* features of life. An age arrives, sooner for those, and later for these, when people will study chemistry or mathematics, which study enables them to improve their industries and perfect their mathematics with more ardor than would result from a pursuit of poetry and other arts, that nevertheless would add to the development of their minds. In an age, or amidst a society of similar construction this privileged man, of whom I am about to speak, will be less appreciated than the mechanic; and will remain more impoverished than a mason; but though he be condemned to silence it does not follow that his art no longer exists, or that he has become insane.

The era of learned barbarism which he has to travel over, even as our fathers had to cross the Dark Ages of ignorant barbarism that succeeded the new birth of letters in Greece and Italy, prepares the resurrection of poetry, since it is as immortal as is the human mind, and since, if men shall reject it, women, like the priestesses of Vesta, would always keep alive the sacred fire from which poetry lights its torch.

And it is thus that they lift us above the prosaism of the age, which threatens to swallow us up, and that they advance and polish our manners in a country wherein *materialism* seems to be the object of a special culture, on the pretext of being *practical*.

But if the knowledge of letters, even in their lowest form, is of advantage to civilization, what would result from the use and study of a poetry that would speak to men only of all that is grand, elevated, generous and beautiful in the world? If here we lose somewhat of that rectitude of judgment, cold appreciation and mathematical equilibrium of thought, which seem to open the lap of fortune to us, how much do we gain in delicious sensations, noble thoughts and delicate sentiments, even supposing that we really had lost in learning better!

The knowledge of material things is conveyed to us by means of our senses, while imagination creates for us an order of things which our senses do not reach. This operation of the mind is simply the result of a new combination of received images and impressions and of a vague reminiscence of previously perceived objects; in short, it is like a refraction or a sort of revelation of the unknown by means of the known.

The observation of things existant and real leads to the penetration of their unperceived original principles, and as the individual student finds more or less difficulty to explain the phenomena observed in a way to satisfy his reason, he can gauge his own imagination,

Hence, if a writer, without confining himself to rational probabilities, limits his imagination only to regard things in their natural order of grandeur and beauty in order to produce analogue impressions, his mind may be said to be of a poetical cast.

But the imagination, even in its grandest flight, must always confine itself to a certain method, which nature does not abandon in any of her productions; and this is the reason why, instead of proceeding by analysis or logic, the power of imagination finds no longer an echo among those to whom it addresses itself. That which it has tried to express is now nothing more than an odd, irregular, strange idea, which is comprehensible only to the author. Hence it results that the study and observation of the rules of a writer's art is all the more necessary to him, as his imagination is rich and productive. But how many writers are there—and the Lord knows that we have an abundance of them!—who have undertaken this study, which is so absolutely essential to their art, unless, indeed, they are content to produce works full of common places and monstrosities. A poor devil who writes, and who has never profited from what he has read sufficiently to write his own language grammatically, who disdains Greek and detests Latin, will nevertheless come up and tell me that Shakspeare has had no masters and that his works are immortal even though they violate all rules and mock Aristotle and his whole school.

That is true, but not all of us are Shakspeares. Shakspeare was a creator, and creating is an attitude of Divinity, an attitude given over only to genius. And is he still admired? Yes, and justly, and for two reasons: firstly, on account of the magnificence with which we put his works on the stage, and of the genius of his interpreters; and secondly, because the poetical genius of the North, choked up by centuries of barbarism, exploded, so to speak, in that marvelous organized brain. Thus was Shakspeare in the North the echo of his age and country as Æschylus was the echo of Greece and of his time. But as Shakspeare was inspired without reflection, choice, or calculation, solely through material verity, which often was low and trivial, while the Greek poets were inspired by a poetic and always natural verity, it follows that if we take Shakspeare for a model we may be true, real and ugly, whereas if we imitate Æschylus we shall always be poetical and often beautiful.

At the present time, when the minds of men are given up to the exact sciences, it is proposed, in conformity with the taste of the age, to restrict poetry to the narrative, that is to a servile imitation of reality. But instead of conforming to the taste of our cotemporaries had we not better respect the universal taste of mankind and endeavor to cultivate it by our effort?

Taste is that faculty of the mind, which knows how to distinguish the Beautiful in all arts: in painting, sculpture, music and poetry. All other kinds of taste are only of a temporary character. Those works of literature, which our age imperatively demands, are those which are quickest forgotten by a subsequent age, and the only works that have stood this test are those that, braving the current fashion, have been confirmed to the immutable dictates of taste, that is, of the Beautiful, which is the same for all ages.

Was it not to gratify the taste of his age that the grand Corneille ceased to be himself, when he adopted Spanish rhythms and measures to honor the marriage of the Infanta with

Louis XIV? Is it not to the dissolute morals of the Regency that we owe the licentious epigrams of Jean-Jacques Rousseau and the ridiculous pastorals of Tontenelle or Florian, in which they place in the mouths of their shepherds not only a pretentious jargon, but also all the affected and gallant sentiments of the perfumed boudoirs of Louis XV? All those works, indurable as the fashion which gave rise to them, had originally a pretension to satisfy the needs of their time. But how few have kept the rank which an ephemeral taste momentarily assigned to them!

Nevertheless we must not conclude from what has been said, that poetry is so profound an abstraction, that few dare aspire to an intimacy with it, without an undue exhibition of audacity. That would be wrong. Poetry is accessible to all. The rules, that I recommend, do not surround it like the walls and ditches of a fortress in order to keep aloof the enemy; they are rather like the drapery that covers the bosom of a beloved wife, like the flowers that adorn her forehead and perfume her hair: they only serve to render her more desirable and more beautiful.

The Greeks represented Poetry under the form of a young girl carrying a lyre; and no imagery could be more true; for the ease with which she assumes all roles and all characters, proves that she is a woman. Now she is naive as a child in the *fable* or the *apologue*, again simple and fresh as a meadow flower in the *eglogue* or *idyll*, brilliant in the *epigram*, luminous and fulminating like lightning in the *satire*, gay in *songs*, sad and pathetic in the *elegy*, or, as spiritual in the *sonnet*, as gracious in the *madrigal*—she elevates herself to *lyric* art in the *ode* and becomes heroic in the *epic* poem. She wields the tragic dagger with as much success as she dons the grotesque mask of comedy; and from the *heroic-comic* she becomes learned in becoming didactic, to change again, when she relates a *tale*, or amuse us with a laughable story. For, Proteus-like, she knows how to assume all forms and embellish all that she touches; severe history borrows from her its images and eloquence and inspirations. Yes, she is all this; and what is more, she is good. Have I not said that she is a woman? All the world may approach and even embrace her, for she is not prudish; only the proper forms must be observed. If you treat her as a rustic might do, she will chase you away like a lacquey; for if it is true that she is a woman, it is none the less true that she is a grand lady. It is for this reason, that in prose as well as in verse, we must respect manners, submit to the rules of the *masters*, and not indulge in extravagances proscribed by taste, elegance and the purest aesthetics, that is the aesthetics of the Greeks.

RECEPTION OF ST. LOUIS SKETCH CLUB.

AN INVITATION, accompanied by this beautiful design—the work of Ernest Albert—called the Sketch Club together at their rooms on the evening of Thursday, February 9th, on what will always be remembered as one of the most enjoyable nights in

its history. The sketches, too, were pronounced equal at best to any line ever contributed.

Mr. Charles Pope, in every sense a host, presided over the festivities and refreshments, with such incidental assistance as was volunteered by Judge Todd and other ambitious amateurs. There was poetry, onions and music, Shakspeare by small installments, beer for all, serenades, good cigars, shrimp salad, anecdotes, visitors, and time enough to enjoy everything. The bill of fare was printed in French—an unprecedented luxury—and the viands were served by most accommodating attendants.

The Messrs. Kunkle gave some beautiful instrumental selections, Mr. Frank Ridgely sang several solos, the Pommer Opera Company gave two or three concerted numbers from the amphior collection, and Mr. Pope and Gus Thomas, members of the club, varied the programme



with well received recitations. The club adjourned at a late hour, after congratulating the host on his happy success.

TENORS ARE SCARCE.

BY P. H. CRONIN, M. D.

*Lecturer on Vocal Hygiene, Lindenwood College, Surgeon Department of Throat and Lungs,
St. Louis Free Dispensary, etc.*

IN the last number of ART AND MUSIC the following paragraph conspicuously appears:
"We have it from good authority, that this city is in need of good tenor singers."

The *motive* of the statement quoted above would seem to be to convey the idea that St. Louis alone enjoys the scarcity of high *toned* and high priced male singers.

Now the fact is that every city in America finds good tenor voices, nay, good male voices of any register, scarce. We may even go a step farther and say that on the Continent of Europe we did not discover an over supply of good male voices. Indeed, fine tenors and baritones are every where like the oft quoted "angels' visits," and the supply of such material as constitutes a good singer is not equal to the demand.

There must be a reason for the growing scarcity of tenors, for every effect looks to, or depends upon, a corresponding cause, but how few even musically inclined people ever stop to consider the *why* of things that come so near home to them as the dying out of good voices.

A great artist was once asked what were the requirements of a good singer, and his answer was: Firstly, *voice*; secondly, *voice*; thirdly, *voice*. A good voice then would seem to be the *sine quo non* of one who would become a good singer. But how few seem to realize the meaning of the word *voice*, as used above, and how few recognize the value of the vocal organ itself, is evidenced by the premature decay of voices, that once were a joy to the possessors and a delight to their hearers.

Voice, that is, the human voice, is not a mere co-ordination of muscular effort. It is the expression of heart and intellect as well. Hence the necessity for "rest of *body*, rest of *mind* and rest of *heart*," on the part of a singer, while *body*, *mind* and *heart* must be ever ready for any demand that must be made upon them.

Briefly, then, voice, in the concrete, is a human being, with individuality stamped upon every tone his lips utter, for every vocal effort is at the expense of brain and muscle, as can be clearly demonstrated. Therefore, should there be want of harmony between mental and physical forces, bad singing is sure to be the result.

Understanding, then, the close relation that exists between ideation, vocal expression and the physical powers of the singer, it will not require much effort to ascertain the cause of the scarcity of the tenor voice, that, of all others, is the most sensitive to physical and mental influences.

It has been said, how often, in physics, that a chain is no stronger than its *weakest* link. This may be aptly applied to our present subject, for it surely can not be expected that a good voice can be possessed by one whose mind or body is diseased or below par. Indeed, "a sound body in a sound mind" is the real *vis a tergo* of the singer, and in the ratio that such perfection of manhood exists, will we find perfection of voice.

An authority on the subject has said that "when the entire body, and especially the vocal organs, are in a condition of physiological equilibrium, the human voice may be heard within the radius of *one mile*." If such be the case, and we have no reason to doubt it, what grand possibilities are in store for the singer who will *live* to sing as well as sing to live, and contrarywise how little vocal effort can be expected from the young man who, while yet in his "teens," finds the friendly support of the corner lamp post a necessity, until a car comes along to convey his *tired* form to the office a few blocks distant.

When singers recognize the fact that vocal power is the index of *vitality* and that whatever impairs the latter will surely leave its impress upon the former, then will such voices as those of Campanini and Wachtel be more numerous. For both of those singers were *men* before they became artists, and in their lives have reversed the old legend of "Learning to sing is learning to be healthy," for they prove to us that learning to be *healthy*, is learning to sing.

Much might be said in regard to the causes of vocal impairment, but we have already extended this article too far for most readers, and in a subsequent number we will endeavor to give a few hints in regard to vocal hygiene.

(Sonnet for a New Year Card.)

LE ROI EST MORT. VIVE LE ROI!

BY NEWTON S. OTIS.

The year has gone; our blessings on its head?
 It brought to us, but one short year ago,
 Its promises of joy; no hint of woe
 We found engraven on the page we read,
 Yet many shadows on our path it shed;—
 Sunshine and shadow, hand in hand they go;
 Without the sun, no shadow should we know;—
 Farewell! We softly say—"The King is dead!"

"Long live the King!" we shout. "Hail, glad New Year!"
 All cry, for it brings hope of royal cheer.
 May thou have sunshine in thy heart each day,
 And fortune smile upon thee all the way;
 And when this year shall vanish from thy view,
 May thou with glad content, bid it adieu.

—Brooklyn, January, 1882.

CHOIR SINGERS.

HOW few people understand the ways of singers. Their voices may harmoniously blend in praise and prayer in the church, or the hall or parlor may be filled with melody as from seraphic lips, still there is a time when discord is the only theme. It is at the rehearsal, after church, and in the green room, where little *contretemps* prevail. The most lovable and sweet-tempered person, soprano or alto, may be an angel at home or among friends, yet is a wilful and malicious disturber of the peace in the discharge of her duty if in the distribution of solos, or little advantages or preferences which are always outcropping at public performances are not allowed them and given to another, intentionally or not. Unhappy are the church committees and hard the lot of director or manager of concerts. The male singer is not freer from distracting influences, and will likewise, and with a little provocation, upset the calculations of the leader or director.

Children of song are selfish, and among themselves often try to outvie each other in exhibiting ugly temper.

In some of the leading Protestant churches of the city the worshippers who glance up in the gallery and observe with what accord those four beings that stood before them and comprise the choir sweetly sing are not aware that perhaps they are at "outs" with one another. Such is unfortunately the case in several churches. This allegation is not of a sweeping character, and is not intended as such, for there are many, many ladies and gentlemen who are above such narrow selfishness and conceit, and would rather labor under disadvantages than even make the fact known that an imposition is being attempted or practiced upon them.

St Louis is noted for the great number of good voices she possesses.

St. Louis is also *getting* noted for the great number of singers who are lazy and indifferent in making advances in the art.

Now these are unpleasant truths, and the sooner aired the better. Honest criticism is supposed to be courted; therefore I hope that choir singers will not look upon these few paragraphs as an aim to be sensational or to give away professional secrets, for, as I say at the beginning of this article, that few people understand the ways of singers. To all a smooth front is exhibited which in very many cases is not very deep. Be charitable, be studious, but "be not wise in your own conceit," for surely it will do you no good; on the contrary, incalculable harm.

ANTOINE RUSH RIVET.

AN EULOGY.

IN the death of Madame ERMINIA RUDERSDORFF, which has recently occurred in Boston, this country has lost one of the most prominent, as she was one of the most successful, vocal teachers the profession has ever known. Familiar with every school of music, at one time famous as a singer, especially of oratorio music, Madame RUDERSDORFF had a most remarkable facility of imparting the knowledge she herself possessed. This constitutes the true teaching quality, and creates the difference in many respects between teachers and—teachers. So distinguishing was the characteristic that although her terms for tuition were always high, her requirements arbitrary, and her treatment of her pupils in the majority of cases coarse and unfeeling, Madame Rudersdorff's classes were always full. With an ungovernable temper, unreasoning and unreasonable, there was yet a fascination in her majestic force that led the most brilliant scholars to her class-rooms, and held them there through months that they wondered afterward how they ever survived. Amiable ladies from homes of refinement, where they had never heard an ungentle word, came to her lesson hour with trembling terror of her fierce corrections. And yet there was another side to her character, in which "Madame," a title by which her pupils are accustomed to refer to her, as though that designation sufficed for all the world—manifested only the most gentle and winsome disposition. In such moods her great talent showed in the most attractive guise.

A pupil of hers now in the city tells a good story of the first approach to "Madame" of a somewhat opiated teacher from one of the Chicago schools, who was an applicant for admission into "Madame's" classes. Her voice was to be tested. "I have two ways of producing my tones," said the applicant. "What are they? let me hear them," said "Madam." The first was tried. "Now the other." The second illustration was confidently given. "The first is horrid, and the other is horrible!" shrieked "Madame," with more than accustomed vehemence, and more than that was more than enough.

REVELATION.

You stood beneath my window,
 Your eyes looked up to mine,
 Half shaded by the vine leaves
 From glare of noon sunshine!
 Love light in your glance I saw
 Leap up to glow and burn;
 I dropped my eyelids to cover
 What your eyes must not learn.

* * * * *
 We stood beneath the starlight;
 My heart beat fast and hard;
 Your lips told me the secret
 Our eye-lids could not guard!

M. C. P.

—From *The Spectator*, March 4.



THE JOURNAL

The first part of the journal is devoted to a description of the country and its inhabitants. The author describes the mountains, the rivers, and the fertile plains. He also mentions the various tribes and their customs. The second part of the journal is a collection of letters and reports from the different parts of the country. These letters give a more detailed account of the local conditions and the progress of the expedition. The third part of the journal is a list of the names of the people and places mentioned in the previous parts. This list is arranged in alphabetical order and includes the names of the tribes, the names of the rivers and mountains, and the names of the individuals who were part of the expedition. The fourth part of the journal is a list of the names of the people and places mentioned in the previous parts. This list is arranged in alphabetical order and includes the names of the tribes, the names of the rivers and mountains, and the names of the individuals who were part of the expedition.

THE DRAMA.

IT is the purpose of the management to hereafter devote a certain space in each issue of ART AND MUSIC to the Drama.

In the earlier numbers it was deemed hardly expedient to give this branch of art much attention, but upon more mature reflection and by the light that always comes with experience, we see that we can not altogether fulfill our mission without handling this truly attractive and fascinating department. The actor is unquestionably an artist. There are, of course, in the profession many pretenders, just as there are in the musical field, but the good actor (not necessarily the successful one) is an artist of innate ability, matured and refined by study and experience.

The pictures he perfects and presents are not so lasting as those by his "brother of the brush and palette," but they are, for the time being, more vivid and effective. The artist gives us a canvas that is a joy forever. It is, perhaps, the skilled handiwork of a week or month. The actor, with a single pose, an outcry, a facial expression, the work of a moment, leaves an impression that will never be forgotten.

It is seldom that we meet a true musician or patron of art who is not also a lover of the drama. There are many such in this community—not so many as there should be, not so many as will be. The centers of education and refinement are the homes of the drama. The theatrical combination that stays a week here, two days in Kansas City, can play to good business two weeks in Chicago, five weeks in Boston, three months in New York.

A few years ago St. Louis had two theatres only, neither of them first-class in the full sense of the word. To-day we have four, three of which are all that can be asked, and the fourth one will at the close of this season be replaced by a house equal to any of the others. This shows that the number of theatre-going people is steadily increasing. It is a recognition of this fact that has prompted us to add this department.

While the entertainment afforded by the different houses this season has been unusually good and varied, it will answer our purpose to speak here of the present attractions only.

Pope's Theatre.—The melo-drama "*Youth*" has held the boards two weeks. The patronage has been light, in point of fact, miserable, when the high excellence of both the play and company is considered. This is, perhaps, due to the modest manner in which the company have been billed, and partly due to the strain made upon the theatre-going people by the unusually strong attractions which preceded it. The play must be seen to be appreciated. It is in eight acts or tableaux—all wonderful pictures. Of the people—The Boston Theatre Co.—too much can not be said. To mention any and not all would perhaps be unjust, yet we can not withhold an expression of our admiration for Miss Kingdon and Messrs. Redmond, Parks and Maginnis. The company will carry with them a poor

impression of our audiences, but the best wishes of all who have been fortunate enough to see them. They will be followed by the Madison Square Company in Hazel Kirke, with Effie Ellsler and Couldock in the cast—an equally worthy organization and a beautiful drama.

Grand Opera House.—The spectacular play—Michael Strogoff—has drawn good houses. The play is strong in every sense of the word, and the company—Haverly's—the best we have seen in this piece. Mr. F. C. Bangs as Strogoff is fine, and an excellent ballet enhances the beauty of the work.

Olympic.—Smith and Mastayer's company, as the *Tourists* in a Pullman car, are doing a good business. The play is a farcical comedy, furnishing simply a web to hold together the specialty songs and dances, character sketches, etc., of the party. These, however, are very good. The fun is fast and furious, and the evening is almost a prolonged laugh. Janauschek will follow them on this stage.

People's.—Mr. B. McAuley as "Uncle Dan'l" in a "Messenger from Jarvis Section," has been at this house for the past week. The houses have been all that could be expected. Mr. McAuley's personation of the big-hearted, muscular New England Sheriff is original and quaint. It is so quiet and life-like as to appear nature, not art, and his presence is welcomed by generous applause. The company are but average.

Next week—Deakin's Lilliputians in Jack the Giant Killer—a new version of an old story.

LISLE.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE second Soiree of the Beethoven Conservatory of Music, under the direction of Mr. A. Waldauer, will take place next Thursday, March 9th, at Memorial Hall, these Concerts are generally so interesting that the Hall will doubtless be filled to overflowing with an appreciative public. Many new aspirants for public favor will appear, and show the excellent methods taught at the Conservatory. A rich treat is in store for the large number of scholars and the patrons of that popular music school.

AMONG the distinguished Pianists, who are yet to play at the Concerts of the Musical Union, is Miss Lena Anton, of this city and Mr. Sherwood, of Boston.

MRS. BESSIE OTON, of Kentucky, will give some select readings before a party of invited ladies and gentlemen next Friday evening in the parlors of the Lindell Hotel. Subsequently she will appear in costume recitals at the Pickwick Theatre. Mrs. Oton is a lady of fine appearance, good social position and ripe culture. She has appeared in New York and elsewhere with success, and brings with her some very high encomiums.

THE next concert of the Musical Union takes place Thursday, March 23d, and the last concert April 27th, which will be the so-called subscribers' concert, from the fact that the subscribers will select such pieces of the series performed which they like most, according to their taste.

Miss Nellie Strong is going to play next week at the Beethoven Conservatory Concert at Memorial Hall.

SOME high-priced singers are beginning to chafe under the management of "fancy" leaders, and with the close of the year, if not before, a number of *good voices* will be lost to the churches.

A "good trusty leader" ought to know how much the camel carries ere the "last straw" be added, and leader, as well as singers, go back to first principles, and—the *committee*, who, after all, ought to be permitted to have a choice in what they pay for, while "good singers" are not *obliged* to remain for the accommodation of *aspiring* "leaders."

WE are informed upon reliable authority that Mr. Waldauer is contemplating to start the Operatic Society again, which has met with such marked success under his leadership two years ago. Many of our readers will remember the operas of Norma and Trovatore, and how well they were produced.

MR. A. Poindexter, the conductor of Dr. Brookes' Church, has been authorized to get the best sounding board that can be constructed in the United States, to be placed behind the organ so as to give more volume of sound.

RUMOR says the Epstein Bros. are soon going to produce the Opera Stradella in English, in this city and by an excellent company.

IF Oscar Wilde gets \$250.00 a night "for not being heard," how much ought a hard-working church singer obtain for helping out a poor preacher, who tries to be heard during a "musical rest."

ORGANISTS and "Leaders," alike find it to their interest to keep the *voices up*, in the way of fair salary. Ten years ago few singers obtained over \$200 a year, while organists received from \$150 to \$500. Now, singers get from \$400 to \$800, and organists \$300 to \$1200. In the "olden time" "leaders" were unknown and "directors" had to be *imported*. Now they all constitute a happy family; are mutually dependent on each other, and should not forget it.

Two Grand Concerts were given at Memorial Hall, by Dr. Louis Maas, of Boston, formerly one of the Professors at the Conservatory of Leipsig, where he was universally esteemed as an artist and musician. We are sorry to state that the concert given by this eminent virtuoso were not as well attended as the merit of the artist should have warranted, still those who were present enjoyed a musical treat that will be a lasting pleasure. Dr. Mass combines all the attributes of a great player, his conception being as refined as his execution is perfect. We hope to have him again at an early date. In the duos for two pianos, he was ably assisted by our well-known Mr. Chas. Kunkel. We cannot omit a word of praise for the Miller Grand Piano, which for its beauty of tone was greatly admired.

THE Presbyterian Church Concert given last week, was quite a successful affair in every part. The audience braved the bad weather and turned out *en masse*.

THE next concert of the Quintette Club is set for March 13th, at Memorial Hall, but since Mr. Spiering has been taken sick it will probably be postponed. The members of the Quintette Club always give such delightful concerts, and every one will look for the speedy recovery of Mr. Spiering, in a few days, so that the concert will come off on the 13th inst. If not, members will be notified by postal card to the contrary.

THE enterprise of the St. Louis Press Club in fitting up an elegant suite of chambers for social purposes, is soon to be emulated by a number of leading professional and amateur pianists and singers. The scope of the organization will be social intercourse, lectures on Art, and entertainment of home and foreign artists. Some two hundred honorary members have signified a desire to be placed on the roll of membership and will give substantial aid to the movement. Among those mentioned as prominent in the affair, *actively*, are the Kunkel Brothers, Prof. Otto Bollman, Prof. A. G. Robyn, Messrs. James Saler, Ed. Dierkes, W. Norcross, Prof. Kieselhorst, Dr. P. H. Cronin, J. H. Williamson, E. A. Becker, P. J. McMinn, J. T. Maginnis, Prof. L. J. Dubuque, A. R. Rivet, Alf. Poindexter, Dr. G. A. Bowman, D. H. Hays, Lester Crawford, Prof. J. M. North, and Joseph Saler has looked up fifty of the two hundred names of honorary members. Ladies will be admitted as "associate members."

THIS beautiful ballet "To Rose," in this number of ART AND MUSIC was composed and published in Germany, by Max Ballmann, while he was perfecting his studies there. He brought a few copies with him, and all those who have seen a copy, pronounced it good, and influenced Mr. Ballmann to publish it in English, as it was originally published in German.

THE many readers of ART AND MUSIC (since the last number appeared) have asked the publisher to have the beautiful poem "Spring Symphony" set to music, so we have engaged Mr. W. H. Pommer to do so and it will appear in the sixth number as an instrumental piece.

MR. J. A. Kieselhorst, the manager of the St. Louis Agency of the Henry F. Miller Piano deserves great credit for the grand concerts he has given us this season, we hope he will continue to do so.

THE third number of *Peters' Musical Magazine* has made its appearance, and it sparkles with gems.

MR. A. J. PHILLIPS, teacher of vocal music, has moved his music rooms to his delightful residence 2114 Olive street, where he daily instructs a host of ladies, as he is a great favorite with the ladies.

MR. J. A. Kieselhorst and Ernest R. Kroeger will give another of those delightful musicals at the Memorial Hall, April 4th.

MR. A. E. Kroeger, who has written several articles for this magazine, has been seriously ill. We hope he will soon be able to give us the article on Schubert which was promised before he became ill.

W. T. MAGINNIS, tenor, is taking a rest.

L. E. GANNON, baritone, of Washington, D. C., is in the city.

MR. ERNEST SPIERING, is seriously ill with inflammation of the bowels.

OSCAR F. STEIN is serene and happy in New York, and is delighted with the change.

MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY is now reported as denying any intention of retiring from the stage, and Miss Clara Louise Kellogg has extended her concert engagements to the 1st of May.

THE third soiree musicale of the St. Louis College of Music will take place next Wednesday evening at 2640 Washington avenue.

FOR the concert at the new Union M. E. Church, to be given shortly, Messrs. Robyn, Branson, Heerich and Kieselhorst have been engaged.

MR. A. J. PHILLIPS will give a musical on the 17th of March at the residence of Mrs. H. H. Green, 3517 Morgan street, in which all of his pupils will participate.

THE new organ at the Union M. E. Church is nearly finished and ready for tuning, but as the audience room is not yet ready, it will not be used for several weeks.

MISS HELEN AMES has decided to remain in New York, having been engaged at the Church of the Incarnation as soprano at a salary of \$1,000 per year. Another loss to St. Louis.

Mlle. BERTA RICCI (Miss Bertha Schumacher), Mr. G. F. Hall and Mr. Theodore Habelmann, all St. Louisians, are with the Strakosch Opera Company, and will be here next Monday week.

NOW that the success of the Musical Union is assured, there is some talk of making it a summer as well as winter organization. The only obstacle in its way is the hiring of the bassoon players. We think that this is a very small obstacle, and should be overcome. Let the music-loving people encourage the projection, and we will have a permanent orchestra.

THE St. Louis Choral Society has had a "boom" in its membership, the last rehearsal bringing out nearly one hundred and fifty voices—an addition of fully forty. Four of the choruses from the oratorio Messiah are in about a finished state already. There is no limit to the number of singers, and all good voices are invited to come in and join. Rehearsals every Thursday night at 1306 Olive street.

A BRILLIANT assembly of the Castlewood Literary and Musical Society took place at the residence of Dr. J. H. Conzelman, No. 1409 Carr street, last Friday evening. The parlors were thronged with members and friends, the pleasant evening and attractive programme conspiring to make the meeting a most auspicious one. The society adjourned to meet Friday, March 17, at the residence of Mr. J. A. Jones, No. 917 N. Thirteenth street, on which occasion Longfellow's poetical productions will be discussed, and Miss Esther Mills will deliver an essay.

TO ROSE.

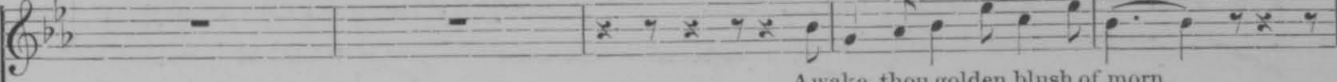
MAX BALLMANN.


Andante con moto.

Voice. 


Piano. 

poco rit. p a tempo.


Awake, thou golden blush of morn,
Wach' auf du gold'nes Morgen-roth,




poco rit. p a tempo.



my love-ly bride to greet,
und grü-sse mei-ne Braut,

That she may soon the ear-ly dawn
Dass sie des Himmels See-lig-keit—

in ro - sy man-tle
in Ro - sen-wöl-chen




con espressione.


meet;
schaut,

Awake, thou golden blush of morn,
Wach' auf du gold'nes Morgenroth,

my love-ly bride to greet!
und grü-sse-mei-ne Braut.

dolce. *dolce.* *con espressione. a tempo.*



*Piu animato.
dolce.*

Ye ear - ly rose - buds of the
Ihr Früh - lings ro - sen geht zu

Spring, go deck my fair one's bow'r, That
ihr, ihr En - gels - köpf - chen fliegt, Dass

she may see, when she a - wakes, her - self in ev' - ry
ihr die Welt, wenn sie er - wacht in Ro - sen - chim - mer

poco rit.

flow'r; That she may see, when she a - wakes,
liegt. Dass ihr die Welt, wenn sie er - wacht

a tempo.

her - self in ev' - ry flow'r.
in Ro - sen - chim - mer liegt.

poco rit. e dim. *mf a tempo.*

Tempo I.

rall.

My trembling heart, now bear my lay,
 Auch du mein Herz flieg' hin zu ihr,

on to her list'-ning ear, And say to her, that day by day, she
 sag' ihr in die - sem Lied, Wie all' mein Glück an die - sem Tag, in

is to me more dear ; My trem-bling heart, now bear my lay,
 Ro - sen auf - geblüht, Auch du mein Herz flieg' hin zu ihr,

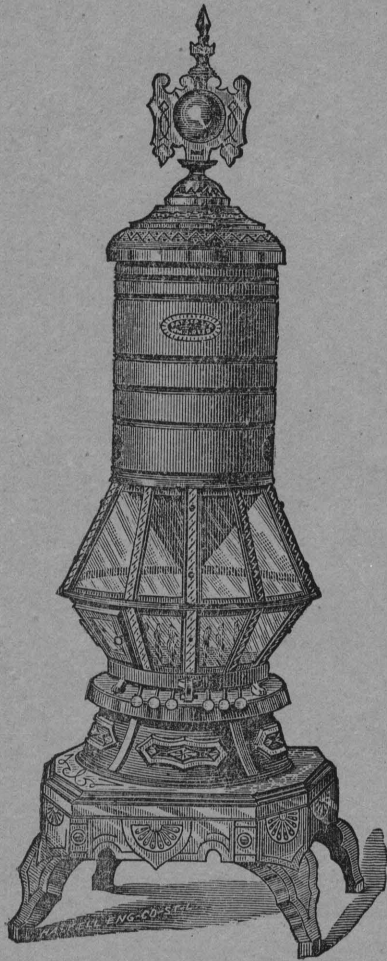
dolce. *f* *dolce.*

on to her list'-ning ear, And say to her, that day by day, she
 sag' ihr in die - sem Lied, Wie all' - mein Glück an die - sem Tag, in

is to me more dear.
 Ro - sen auf - ge blüht.

ff *rit.* *animato.* *rall. e dim.*

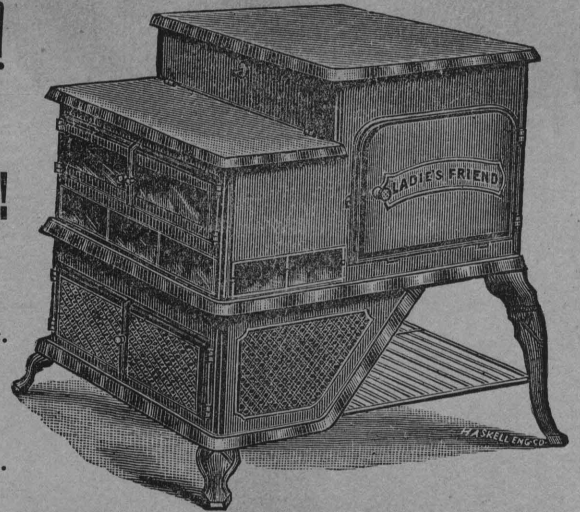
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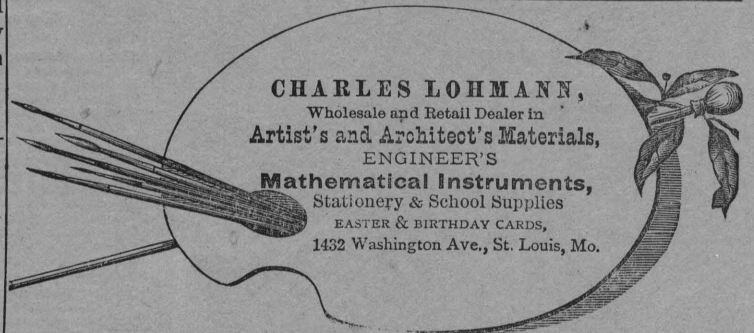
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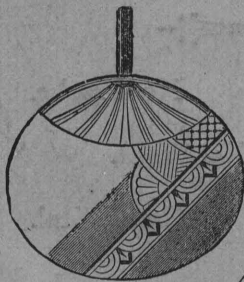
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THE MAIDEN.

(Who seldom makes mistakes.)

She is a maiden young and fair—
A seamstress, by the way—
Who sings and sews, with happy heart,
Through all the blessed day,
'Twas only Tuesday evening last
My heart received a pang,
For Maggie all the evening long
Of CORTICELLI sang.

I told her of my constant love,
The heart that beat for her;
I pictured well a happy life,
And begged her not defer;
For well she knew the love I craved,
The joy that it would bring;
But what did she, but as before,
Of CORTICELLI sing.

This was too much to well endure;
My heart was bowed with grief,
And it would burst, I surely thought,
Unless it found relief
I curtly asked my seamstress fair,
While feeling much alarm,
What could this be, this perfect thing—
This CORTICELLI charm?

She sweetly smiled and said: "My love,
How stupid you must be!
Have you not heard the praises sung,
By maidens fair and free
Of thread that's pure, and smooth and strong,
That never knots or breaks—
The silken thread that maidens use
Who seldom make mistakes?"

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