

# KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

A JOURNAL

Devoted to Music, Art, Literature and the Drama.

Vol. II.

ST. LOUIS, FEBRUARY, 1880.

No. 6.

## MY CIGARETTE.

My cigarette! The amulet  
That charms afar unrest and sorrow;  
The magic wand that, fair beyond  
To-day, can conjure up to-morrow,  
Like love's desire, thy crown of fire  
So softly with the twilight blending.  
And ah! meseems, a poet's dreams  
Are in thy wreaths of smoke ascending.

My cigarette! Can I forget  
How Kate and I, in sunny weather,  
Sat in the shade the elm trees made,  
And rolled the fragrant weed together?  
I, at her side, beatified,  
To hold and guide her fingers willing;  
She, rolling slow the paper's snow,  
Putting my heart in with the filling.

My cigarette! I see her yet—  
The white smoke from her red lips curling,  
Her dreaming eyes, her soft replies,  
Her gentle sighs, her laughter purling!  
Ah, dainty roll, whose parting soul  
Ebbs out in many a snowy billow,  
I, too, would burn if I could earn  
Upon her lips so sweet a pillow!

Ah, cigarette! The gay coquette  
Has long forgot the flames she lighted,  
And you and I unthinking by  
Alike are thrown, alike are slighted.  
The darkness gathers fast without,  
A raindrop on my window splashes;  
My cigarette and heart are out,  
And naught is left me but their ashes?

—Harvard Crimson.

## COMICAL CHORDS.

A PIECE congress—A quilting party.

AVOID organ swells—they put on airs.

ODE to a money lender—"Meet me a loan."

THE mission of the piano agent—commission.

THE largest ant is the eleph-ant, and the worst uncle the carb-uncle.

BABIES will enjoy three hundred and sixty-six holler days this year.

YOU cannot catch fish with a clari-net, nor get any marrow out of a trom-bone.

WHEN cats give a concert from the top of a wall, it isn't to the cat we object; but the waul.

"DARLING, it's bedtime. All the chickens have gone to bed."  
"Yes, mamma, and so has the old hen."

OF course our readers understand that our "Comical Chords" are mostly made up of sheer nonsense.

THE man who never smelt powder is the fellow who never held his nose close to a woman's cheek.

"MIKE did you ever catch frogs?" "Yes sorr." "What did you bait with?" "Bate 'em wid a shtick, sorr."

"IF you find the piano is not your forte, try some other instrument—the jewsharp or triangle, for instance."

WHY is a person listening to Wagner's Trilology like an unfortunate adventurer? Because he seeks for-tune in vain.

ALWAYS stick to the right pitch; if you are a violinist, make your own fiddlestick, unless you are out of beaux at the time.

THE poet who sang, "I'm sailing o'er the brine knee deep," was evidently a timid man, and afraid to venture far from the shore.

SHE was plump and beautiful, and he was wildly fond of her. She hated him, but woman-like, strove to catch him. He was a flea.

THE small boy who reached up the chimney for another Christmas present said he found something there that sooted him.

A YOUNG woman who once sang so divinely, "Oh, had I the wings of a dove," has since married. She is now glad to get a chicken leg.

YOU may get plenty of notes from an orchestra, although it don't go alone, but has a leader; generally a very fast man, for he beats time.

"IF I have to speak to you again, children, I shall punish some of you." "Well, then," said Tot, "I'd advise you to hold in your speak."

WHERE do we find the earliest mention of a free admission to the theatre? When Joseph was led into the pit by his brethren for nothing.

AN Illinois postmaster gives notice as follows: "After this date everybody must lick their own postage stamps, for my tongue's give out."

AT a fashionable wedding in a New York city, as the bridal procession was passing up the aisle, the organist struck up, "Beware! she's fooling thee."

"OH, DEAR! whom shall I marry?" said Dora, the gay soprano. "Do-r(a)e me," sang the tenor. "Oh, no!" said she: "you're a minor, and I want a major."

"WHAT quantities of dried grasses you keep here, Miss Stebbins. Nice room for a donkey to get into." "Make yourself at home," she responded with sweet gravity.

LANDLADY (fiercely)—"You musn't occupy that bed with your boots on." Boarder—"Never mind; they're an old pair. I guess the bugs wont hurt 'em. Let 'em rip anyhow."

PUZZLING—New curate (to country sexton)—"Squire Hodge has a large family, I suppose?" "Bless ye, no, sir, not at all. None of them Hodges had iver any family—it's hereditary."

SMALL GIRL—"When I die I shall be singing with the angels!" (and after a thoughtful pause) "but I don't think I shall sing much, for I don't know but a song or two in 'Pinafore'."

"WHEN I wath a little boy," lisped a society man to a young lady, "all my ideath in life were thentered on being a clown."—"Well, there is at least one case of gratified ambition," was the sharp reply.

"DIS case has been ferry ably argued on both sides, and dare have been some ferry nice points of law brought up. I shall dake dree days to gonsider these points, but I shall eventually decide for de blaintiff."

SAID one of society's smart ornaments to a lady friend: "This is leap year, and I suppose you will be asking some one to marry you?" Oh, no!" was the reply; "my finances won't permit me to support a husband."

AN old cynic at a concert one night read in the programme the title of a song, "Oh, Give me a Cot in the Valley I Love." Reading it over attentively, the old fellow finally growled: "Well if I had my choice, I should ask for a bedstead."

JIMMY, my boy, take these eggs to the store, and if you can't get a quarter bring them back." The boy went as directed, and came back saying, "Father it takes me to make a trade. They all wanted them at forty cents, but I screwed them down to twenty-five."

NINCUMPOPIANA, (Surfeited with an excess of "cultchah," Prigsby and his friends are now going in for extreme simplicity.) Prigsby.—"I considah the words of 'Little Boeep' freshah, loveliah and more subtle than anything Shelley evah wrote." Mufflington—"Quite so. And Schuberth nevah composed anything quite so precious as the tune." (Tries to hum it.) Chorus.—"How supreme."

NOT long ago an Irishman applied to an overseer in a Tyne shippard to be put on to a job. He was informed that he could not comply with his request, but as Pat continued to gaze earnestly at an anchor which was lying in the vicinity, the foreman repeated his reply that there was no work for him and advised him to go away. "Devil a bit will I storr, sorr," replied Pat, "till I see the man that's going to use that pick!"

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ST. LOUIS, MO., - - FEBRUARY, 1880.

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IF ANY of our subscribers have failed to receive any of the numbers of the REVIEW, or should do so in the future, they will greatly oblige us by informing us of the fact, so that we may be enabled to trace the fault to its proper source.

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

NO ONE interested in music and musical literature ought to be without KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW. It is the best and cheapest musical paper published. The publishers invite comparison with similar publications. Send for sample copies—they are free. Show your friends our card at the head of Publishers' Column, page 88.

SOME weeks ago the editor of the *Musical and Dramatic Times and Music Trade Review* published a hastily written private letter of our Mr. Charles Kunkel, which gave offence to certain persons mentioned therein. When Mr. Kunkel wrote deprecating its publication and stating that the letter was of a private nature, Mr. Freund replied in substance: "You lie, you villain!" Freund is now a defaulter and fugitive from justice, and those whom he fleeced out of nearly one hundred thousand dollars, as well as his former subscribers and the public at large, can easily determine who was most worthy of faith, Freund or Kunkel.

AS WE go to press, two operas have been given, in St. Louis, by Her Majesty's Opera Company, under the management of Col. Mapleson. We reserve for our next number a more extended and critical notice of the series of operas now being given by this troupe. We cannot, however, let this opportunity pass to say that this company is of the first class; that the orchestra and chorus (elements so often neglected in this country) are by far the best which we have listened to for a long time, and that the operas we have heard have been most artistically rendered. Our readers in the

cities which Col. Mapleson will visit, must not fail to give him a hearty support, not for his sake, but for their own. They will surely get their money's worth.

### CULTURE FOR MUSICIANS.

We have, in previous articles, urged the advisability of giving to music an honorable position in every scheme of liberal education; in this, we propose to advocate the converse of this proposition: the desirableness for the professional musician of culture, outside of his profession.

We need but to look about us to be convinced that a large proportion of the professional musicians of to-day are deficient in general culture, and we need but to listen to hear the majority of this class speak of a liberal education as quite useless, if not positively injurious to high excellence in the art of music. As most of these are "professors" of music, having in hand the musical education of the youth, it is to be feared that they may inculcate these erroneous notions in the minds of those of their pupils who look forward to music as their chosen life-work, and desire to make the best possible preparation for its successful prosecution.

Let not those of our young readers who are looking forward to music as their profession be deceived. It is true that the civilization of to-day demands of every man who would attain to eminence and influence in any profession, that he shall be a specialist, but it is not the less true that he must be more than a specialist; he must, at the same time, be a man of broad views and liberal culture. The musician, for instance, must be a specialist, thoroughly acquainted with the science and art of music, for only so can he take an advanced position among those of his own profession, and enrich with new scientific researches, or with worthy compositions, the store of knowledge and beauty of his fellow-men. But he must also be a man of broad views and liberal culture, for thus only can he put himself into sympathy with the living spirit of the age. The man who knows many things but nothing thoroughly, and the man who knows but one thing, however well, must both be content to march in the rear ranks of modern society.

"But," some one asks, "of what earthly use can the study and knowledge of philology, literature, physics or metaphysics, be to the musician? What relation can there be between them and a musical composition?"

We answer: To the musician who aspires to be more than a musical journeyman, they will be of just the same utility as they are to the lawyer, the physician or the clergyman, who aspires to be intellectually more than a tradesman in law, medicine or theology. The educated musician may but seldom have occasion to make a direct use of his knowledge of these sciences, but, in the first place, as we have already hinted, this knowledge will enable him to be in sympathy with the culture and thought of the age; it will increase the respect for him as a man and as an artist, and thus indirectly enhance the respect for

his art. Socially, this culture, united to proper morals, will cause him to be regarded and received as a gentleman.

But more important still do we consider the mental training which will have been obtained in the study of these sciences. There may be no direct connection between conic sections and a fugue, but we do insist there is a connection between the habits of thought, of system and reasoning cultivated in the mind of the author of the fugue by his study of conic sections, which must indirectly react upon his musical work. In the conscientious pursuit of a liberal education, one acquires the power of close attention and concentration, without which protracted mental labor is sure to be abortive, if, indeed, it be possible; one's logical and critical powers are cultivated and enlarged, and therefore, on the one hand, the cultered man is better able to judge intelligently of the works of others, and, on the other, he, necessarily forms higher and truer ideals for his own. Culture cannot give genius, but it can direct it, and even genius needs direction. If you doubt it, ask those who claim that a musician needs only genius, inspiration or what not, to mention to you a few great composers who were not also men of broad culture! If they cannot do it, are you not somewhat presumptuous in supposing that you will be an exception to the rule and that you will attain eminence without culture, save in the narrow field of musical art?

#### NEWSPAPER CRITICISM.

It is safe to say that the average American gets four-fifths of his information, upon all subjects whatever, from the newspaper. He has not, it is true, that respect for editorial opinion expressed in "leaders," which the European generally has; he usually thinks himself competent to form his own opinions; but still he looks to the newspaper to furnish him the facts upon which to base them. Now, the human mind is so constituted, that when it is called upon to pass a judgment upon matters with which it is unfamiliar, it is disposed, and indeed compelled, to lean upon external authority, and to take as facts the opinions and conclusions of others. The coroner's jury before whom a *post mortem* examination is held, when that is the only evidence before them as to the cause of death, not having had the necessary training to enable them to form an opinion from the appearances of the corpse, can form no opinion upon them; they can only register the opinions of the experts as to the cause of death, but these opinions, right or wrong, they adopt as facts, upon which they base their verdict. This is a homely illustration of what always happens when a course of previous study or experience is necessary to enable one to draw conclusions from given facts.

The newspaper claims to be an expert upon all subjects, physical or metaphysical, and while the public may not acknowledge its claims when it treats of politics, morals or other questions with which the average citizen is supposed to be familiar, its *dictum* is more than likely to be accepted as authority in matters of

science and art. It would seem that the press, conscious of its power in these matters, should recognize its responsibility in the premises and be extremely careful (as becomes a public teacher) of its statements in reference to that class of subjects. It is to be regretted, however, that, supposing themselves safe from detection at the hands of the public, newspapers, as a rule, have not scrupled to abuse the confidence which the public at large must perforce rest upon them. This is nowhere more apparent than in the matter of musical criticism. The notices of musical performances are oftener gauged by the amount of advertising patronage than by the merits of the performers; the critical column is made an echo of the advertising department, and this is done systematically. St. Louis papers are probably no worse than others, but we know that the musical and dramatic critic on one of these was distinctly told by its managers that they did not expect him to write honest criticisms; what was wanted was complimentary notices in most cases, and a blizzard now and then for some unfortunate who had not learned the cash value of printers' ink. The result is that this gentleman usually sits at home and writes glowing notices of performances he has neither seen nor heard.

Adjectives are cheap and surely cannot mean much when the same critical columns announce each passing artist "the greatest." How many "greatest" pianists has the St. Louis public listened to during the present season, if we are to believe the newspaper press?

But our newspaper critic makes as free with reputations as he does with adjectives. One of our morning dailies not very long since asserted that a local amateur, a good enough pianist to be sure, had shown in a concert which she had just given at Mercantile Library Hall, "that she had nothing to lose in a comparison with Joseffy and Satter." We need not here state that such an assertion was inherently absurd, what we wish to emphasize, as showing the recklessness of this venerable sheet in its criticisms, is the fact, that this statement was made and published before Satter had struck a note in public in St. Louis, and by a paper, not one of whose staff, so far as known, had ever heard him anywhere.

The result of this policy is in every way disastrous. The intelligent public have learned that but little, if any, reliance can be put in newspaper criticisms, and read with equal indifference the praise and condemnation which the press mete out so arbitrarily (or rather so systematically, but upon a wrong system) to both home and foreign musical enterprises. In this way the plan largely defeats itself. But still, for all persons the critical columns of most newspapers conceal instead of revealing the truth, and for the unthinking masses they are a source of constant error.

Has not the day come when music in this great country should be treated otherwise than are patent medicines? We think that the time has long since been here, and we insist that a healthy public opinion ought to take hold of this matter and compel the larger press to be just and fearless as well as competent in musical matters, or to leave them quite alone.

# Music.

Never is a nation finished while it wants the grace of art;  
Use must borrow robes from beauty, life must rise above the mart.

For Kunkel's Musical Review.

## LINES TO A DEPARTING FRIEND.

Yes, Friendship mourns within my saddened heart  
To think that we, dear —, now must part;  
And scarce can I, by semblance fair of cheer  
And forced smiles, disguise the welling tear:  
For fairest flow'rs (The saying 's old, but true!)  
The soonest droop and lose their lovely hue,  
And heart-blooms too, fair as the rose of May,  
Nipped in the bud, may wither in a day.  
But still, where'er thou may'st chance to go,  
'Neath tropic sun or 'mid the Arctic snow,  
I'll not forget, a faithful friend I'll be,  
And e'er invoke Heav'n's choicest gifts on thee.  
I'll ask that He, who with His mighty hand  
Made myriad worlds, yet shaped each grain of sand,  
Who rules the hosts of angels in His might,  
Yet condescends to note the sparrow's flight,  
Guard thee from harm, thy spirit gently guide  
Far from the paths of folly and of pride.

Friend, as thou sail'st o'er life's tempestuous sea,  
As erst the twelve on that of Galilee;  
When loudly howl the demons of the storm,  
And darkness hides from sight each loved form;  
May His sweet voice, while yet the billows rage,  
Say "Peace, be still!" the tempest's wrath assuage;  
Calm all thy fears, and, out of thickest night,  
Bring forth for thee bright rays of heav'nly light.  
And when, at last, the toilsome voyage o'er,  
Thou moor'st thy bark upon th' eternal shore,  
Unto His throne may angels lead thy soul  
Whilst through the heav'ns sublime their anthems roll.

I. D. F.

## HARMONY LESSONS—No. 6.

BY WALDEMAR MALMENE.

Perhaps there is no branch of a musical education more difficult to give instruction in than the theory of Music in relation to "Harmony"; it is a specialty, and although we have many teachers who profess to be learned in "Harmony" and therefore give instruction, yet very few can boast of being *successful*. The difficulty arises, first, from a want of *proper* qualification of the teacher, and, secondly, from a lack of due preparation on the part of the pupil.

It requires a proper mental training on both sides. Most teachers are only *book learned*, i. e. they have studied "Harmony" according to one particular method, they have mastered certain technical phrases and expect their pupils to learn the same by rote. The moment the pupil is unable to comprehend these mystical words and asks certain questions, the teacher is as much dumbfounded as the pupil.

The experience of many years teaching, and the opportunity of coming in contact with pupils who were taught by teachers who profess great learning, must be pleaded as an excuse for appearing verbose and for repeating certain things which from previous explanations might appear unnecessary.

A retrospective glance is therefore deemed at present necessary:

What is a chord?

A combination of two or more sounds.

What is the root of a chord?

That note from which a chord is derived.

What is a triad or common chord?

A root with its third and fifth.

How many different triads are there?

Major, minor, augmented and diminished triads.

What is a major triad?

It consists of a major third and perfect fifths.

How many major triads are there in a major scale?

Three; upon the first, fourth and fifth degrees.

How many major triads in the minor scale?

Two; upon the fifth and sixth degrees.

What is a minor triad?

It consists of minor third and perfect fifth.

How many minor triads in the major scale?

Three; upon the second, third and sixth degrees.

How many minor triads in the minor scale?

Two; upon the first and fourth degrees.

What is an augmented triad?

It consists of a major third and augmented fifth.

Where is it to be found?

Upon the third degree of the minor scale; e. g., in a minor c-e-g sharp.

What is a diminished triad?

It consists of a minor third and diminished fifth.

Where is it to be found?

Upon the seventh degree in a major scale and upon the second and seventh degrees of the minor scale.

What are the diatonic notes or sounds?

Such sounds as belong to the scale or key according to the signatures of sharps and flats.

What are chromatic sounds or notes?

Those sounds introduced in the course of a piece, or in a chord, which do not belong to the diatonic progression of the scale according to the signature.

Explain the word "enharmonic."

When sounds are identical (according to the equal temperament) in pitch although differing in name, as d sharp and e flat.

What is a modulation?

To pass from one key to another.

What is an "enharmonic" modulation?

When the chord through the exchange of names appears as a new chord; *f* sharp, *a* sharp and *c* sharp would become *g* flat, *b* flat and *d* flat by means of an enharmonic change or modulation.

What is a concord?

A combination of sounds, which sounding complete and satisfactory among each other, can be taken or quitted without suggesting that anything must necessarily follow. All major and minor triads are concords.

By what names do we distinguish the different degrees of the scale?

The following names correspond to the seven degrees in their respective order, beginning with the first sound in the scale: Tonic, Supertonic, Mediant, Subdominant, Dominant, Submediant, and Leading Tonic.

In what respect is the inversion of intervals useful?

As a thorough knowledge of the *exact* character of intervals is indispensable, and as it is troublesome to reckon up all the steps and halfsteps of distant intervals, in this respect it is convenient to invert the distant lying intervals, thereby bringing them to such close proximity, that the eye, with a little practice, is able at once to determine exactly the interval.

Upon what basis does inversion rest?

The following table will demonstrate it:

An Octave becomes by inversion a Unison.
A Seventh " " " " " Second.
A Sixth " " " " " Third.
A Fifth " " " " " Fourth.
A Fourth " " " " " Fifth.
A Third " " " " " Sixth.
A Second " " " " " Seventh.
A Prime (Unison) " " " " " Octave.

What is the rule which can be applied for the more definite determination of these intervals?

A major interval becomes minor by inversion, a diminished interval becomes augmented by inversion, and *vice versa*.

Give an example of the usefulness of the inversion of intervals.

To many it would be difficult to decide at once whether from *c* to *b* is a major or minor seventh; however by inversion we find *b* to *c* is a minor second, hence the seventh from *c* to *b* is a major seventh.

See our offer of premiums to subscribers, in Publishers Column, page 88.

# Miscellaneous.

For Kunkel's Musical Review.

## VINETA.

TRANSLATED BY MARIA FRELLIGRATH AND FRANK SILLER.

### I.

From the sea's abyss come softly stealing  
Chimes of evening bells subdued and slow,  
Wondrously to those above revealing  
That old wondertown, which lies below.  
Sunken lie beneath the restless ocean  
Now its ruins buried in the deep;  
From its battlements with ceaseless motion  
Golden sparklets to the surface leap.  
If a sailor sees the magic gleaming  
In the splendor of the sunset sky,  
He will ever seek it, idly dreaming,  
Though surrounding it the dark cliffs lie.

### II.

From my bosom's depth come softly stealing,  
Like a chime of bells subdued and low,  
Recollections and a strange revealing  
Of the love, that dwelt there long ago.  
Sunken lies a lovely world there hidden,  
But its ruins, deep within my heart,  
Often send celestial sparks unbidden,  
Which in visions to the surface dart.  
Then in the abyss I fain would plunge me,  
Through the leaping sparks sink deeply down,  
For I feel, as though the angels called me,—  
Called me to the fair old wondertown.

## MAJOR AND MINOR.

TAMBERLIK has been singing in Malaga.

MME. AIMEE'S real name is Mme. Troughou.

SIGNORA TUROLLO has left Bologna for Rome.

FAURE will shortly sing three nights in Brussels.

WILHELMJ will begin his concerts in San Francisco, Feb. 2d.

MISS MINNIE HAWK has been ill from "bronchituss," as she spells it.

GENERAL SHERMAN is particularly fond of comic opera and burlesque.

THE library of the late M. Roger, tenor, is to be sold, in Paris, this month.

THE Spanish Students are young gentlemen of good social position at Madrid.

M. JULES ZAREMSKI is to succeed M. Brassin as Professor of the Piano in the Brussels Conservatory.

THE Belgians want a new national hymn, instead of the "Brabançonne," which they consider antiquated.

THE Boston Handel and Haydn Society is preparing to produce Saint-Saens' "Deluge," which has been so successful abroad.

IT is said that Mr. Max Maretzek will have the musical directorship of one of Mr. D'Oyley Cart's "Pirates of Penzance" Companies.

HERR LASSEN has declined the post of *Capellmeister*, vacant by the resignation of Herr Hans von Buelow, at the Theatre Royal, Hanover.

HANS RICHTER has just renewed his engagement as conductor at the Vienna Opera for ten years, consequently he will not be able to come to America.

THE marriage of Sir Julius Benedict at the age of seventy-five years, to a young lady only twenty-two years old, has created much interest in London musical circles.

ADELINA PATTI will be thirty-six years of age on the 10th inst.; she is without doubt the world's greatest singer, and receives \$2,000 per night during her Paris engagement.

DR. VON BUELOW is the guest of the Duke of Meiningen, and spends his time in writing bitter articles against Rubinstein's opera, "Nero." These two great pianists do not speak to each other.

MR. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, who has graced the Symphony and Philharmonic orchestras, became concert-master of Rudolf Bial's orchestra after the close of the opera season at the Academy.

HANSLICK, the famous Vienna critic, is so detested by Wagner, that his name is a family bugbear; and little Siegfried, Wagner's son, used to be frightened into good behavior at the words: "Der Hanslick kommt!" (Hanslick is coming!)

THE study of the violin is becoming quite popular among young ladies in Europe as well as in America. It is estimated that in Boston no less than two hundred young misses are cultivating the acquaintance of the violin bow, largely to the exclusion of beaux of another sort.

MISS ELLA CHAMBERLAIN occupies a rare field in music. Her claims to public favor are based upon her ability to whistle operatic music very effectively. She resides in the suburbs of Boston. "O, Whistle, and I'll Come to You My Lad" would be an appropriate selection for her.

MME. ADELINA PATTI'S second engagement—when she appeared in "La Traviata," "Lucia" (twice) and "Faust"—at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, was as brilliant a success as the first. The Emperor Wilhelm has conferred on her the Gold Medal for Art and Science.

DR. KOENIG, the celebrated German mechanician, between whom and Mr. A. J. Ellis, of London, a prolonged discussion as to the relative merits of sundry tuning-forks has been vigorously carried on, has at length produced an instrument which will indicate a variation of one vibration in ten thousand from the assigned pitch.

MME. MONTIGNY-REMAURY has returned from Strasburg to Paris. In attempting to invade Metz, the Jeanne d'Arc of the piano (with her inseparable Erard) got snowed in and iced up. With an *adagio* of Beethoven's, however (by the aid of her sympathetically obedient slave of ivory and wood), she melted the snow, thawed the ice, and arrived home safely.

MADAME HALEVY, widow of Fromenthal Halevy, has just completed a statue of her late husband on which she has been engaged, having already produced a bust of the celebrated composer of "La Juive." The figure was executed to the order of the Works Department of the Paris Municipality, and is intended to fill one of the recesses in the façade of the Hotel de Ville.

LUTHER'S wedding-ring is on exhibition at the jeweler's, Herr Rothe, at Duesseldorf. The ring, which bears the inscription, "Dr. Martino Luthero Catherina von Bora, 13 June, 1525," is a work of considerable art. On it is represented the Passion of our Lord, the cross and the body of Jesus forming the middle, surrounded by all the chief tools of the carpenter's craft, a small ruby recalling the holy blood.

MESSRS. BREITKOPF & HERTEL, of Leipsic, the famous publishers of the complete works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart and Chopin, are about to add another name to this illustrious list of composers. They announce a subscription edition of the complete works of Robert Schumann, edited by Clara Schumann. Additional interest will attach to this edition from the fact that the name of Madame Schumann is connected with her late husband's works, which will now appear for the first time in a complete form.

A WISE man in Germany, writing on the theory of sound, declares that several of the lower animals have not only a fair notion of the scale, but actually employ notes almost, if not quite identical as to interval with those of the human species. In other words, that they comprehend counterpoint, and hold theories of thorough bass of which many of us, unfortunately, are ignorant. This explains why dogs bark and cats mew and scratch at the door when the young ladies in the family are playing duets. The household pets are in extreme distress. The music jars on their finer senses.

## GRAU'S FRENCH OPERA COMPANY.

WE have watched with interest the unparalleled success which Maurice Grau's French Opera Company has met with wherever it has appeared. This success is a deserved one. Mr. Grau has understood that the shortest road to success was the honest one of giving the public all their money's worth and a little more; and he has brought together a company which certainly has no superior, and, we believe, no equal in its particular line, unless it be in Paris itself, where its leading members are recognized as stars of the first magnitude. The St. Louis public will be glad to welcome back M. Capoul, the tenor who captured all hearts when he was here a few years since with Nilsson. Mmes. Paola Marie, Angele and Leroux, the *prime donne*, and indeed the entire troupe, have carried the public by storm wherever they have appeared, both by their meritorious singing and their exquisite acting. In our next number we shall be able to give a critical estimate of the company—but we do not expect to reverse the universal verdict, that it is, in all respects, first-class. In the meantime we extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Grau and his artists, and recommend them to our mirth-loving citizens.

## ROBERT SCHUMANN AND THE WAGNERIAN CHURCH.

FROM LE MENESTREL.

M. Adolphe Jullien, feuilletonist of the *Français*, has just published an article, with which we hasten to identify ourselves, against Richard Wagner, as a musical critic. We belong to those who think that the pen of a critic militant cannot be held with too much circumspection by a musical composer. Wagner's writings have, up to the present, done him more harm than his music has been able to do him good, and yet he has produced some genuine masterpieces, with "Lohengrin" at their head. The bitter pen of Hector Berlioz was most gravely prejudicial to the works of that musician. The public do not like to see composers set themselves up as the pitiless judges of their fellows—and they like it all the less because the small musical chapel whence composers are personally inspired rarely gives them an opportunity of admiring any music but their own. Composer-critics possess brotherly bowels of compassion for hardly any one but the dead! and not always for the dead! \* \* \* Do we not, at this very moment, behold the Wagnerian Church excommunicating Robert Schumann, who, it is true, allowed himself, in his time, to execute many works of undeniable merit, including Meyerbeer's. It would be, therefore, in reality, only a just expiation, were it not a subject of profound regret to see composers of the first rank give way to such excesses with their pen. We will, however let M. Adolphe Jullien speak. He admires Wagner as much as he admires Schumann, but he considers it a duty, under the circumstances, to enter a protest and to defend the latter.—*Editor "Menestrel."*

\* \* \*

"Since the *Nibelungen* performances collected round Richard Wagner, at Bayreuth, all his fanatic admirers and devotees, there has been formed a kind of Masonic society, which men of independent mind absolutely refuse to enter, and where the most trivial words falling from the Master's lips have the force of law. The official organ of this musical realm is the *Bayreuther Blätter*, a review published by the Bayreuth Patrons' Society and edited by Herr von Wolzogen, under the direction and inspiration of Richard Wagner. It is in this paper that the god utters his oracles to the common herd of mortals. People will, perhaps, be astonished at seeing a writer who has always defended quite as much as he has admired Richard Wagner's works, set himself so strongly against this adoration. But the truth is that the little church, in the midst of which the Master gets intoxicated with incense, would in the end irritate the calmest minds; the genius gains nothing by these perpetual bowings and scrapings, and the man loses.

"Then, again, Wagner is at present a prey to a fury for demolishing, which selects for attack even those musicians whom he ought to defend and respect. So long as he battered away at overrated composers, French and others, so long as he fell foul in fine style of musical duffers, nothing could be better, and it was impossible not to join in chorus with him; but now, lo and behold, it is Schumann whom he attacks, Schumann, who, with only one opera, ought not to give him much umbrage; Schumann, in short, whom all the world of music now acknowledges as the greatest symphonist since Beethoven. To overthrow such a man two or three articles are not too much, so while he himself is preparing a terrible one, Wagner has another, no less crushing, written by one of his followers. This person, Joseph Rubinstein, pianist, and a familiar guest in Wagner's house, has nothing more than his name in common with the two celebrated brothers, Anton and Nicholas Rubinstein—luckily for them. Joseph Rubinstein has contributed to the *Bayreuther Blätter* a long

article "On Schumann's Music," in which he attacks the author of *Manfred*, not as a poet and a dramatic musician—that was a task Wagner reserved for himself—but purely as a composer. He reproaches him with not knowing how to build up a piece of music; with invariably proceeding by *rosalies*, that is, with repeating certain members of phrases ascending by a tone or half a tone; he then takes the Symphony in B flat (No. 1), dissects the first portion, and demonstrates irrefutably the worthlessness of the whole composition. He does not treat any better the delicious pieces for the piano, quite the contrary, and he winds up pretty well in the following terms:

"Looking at the subject even in a professional light, Schumann is entirely deficient in sincerity and truth, and it is to be hoped that the numerous authors who derive their inspiration from him will free themselves as speedily as possible from such pernicious influence; otherwise there will be total ruin of taste and sentiment."

"Wagner himself does not attack Schumann directly; it is in an article on opera books generally, and on dramatic composition in particular, that he executes him *en passant*. He speaks of many musicians, Mozart, Weber, Winter, Spohr, etc., mentioning at last Rossini, whom he praises unreservedly and in connection with whom he utters the singular avowal:

"People in Germany cried out a great deal against Rossini; but what, after all, really wounded us was not so much his poetics as his genius. Luckily, Rossinis are rare."

"And so, with Wagner's leave, are Schumanns. Here, however, is the way in which the author of *Tristan* judges the author of *Das Paradies und die Peri*:

"\* \* \* It was not long before my success at Theatre Royal, Dresden, attracted to me first Ferdinand Hiller and then Robert Schumann; they wanted to see, from a short distance off, how, at one of the most important lyric theatres in Germany, a German composer, previously unknown, could obtain continuously the favor of the public. The two friends thought, to begin with, that they had perceived nothing remarkable in me as a musician, and that consequently the only reason for my success was to be sought exclusively in the libretto. I myself, also, was of opinion that it was of the highest importance to have a good book, and spoke to them about the matter, as they were looking out for operatic subjects. They asked me for my advice, and, when I gave, refused to follow it; I suspect this was for fear lest I should play some trick off on them. With regard to my book of *Lohengrin*, Schumann declared he could not see the subject for an opera in it; herein his opinion differed from that of Herr Taubert, the *Capellmeister*, of Berlin, who, subsequently, after my opera was finished and had been performed, said he should like to take my text, and in his turn set it to music. When Schumann wrote the book of *Genoevea*, it was in vain I attempted to persuade him into modifying his third act, which was terribly stupid; he flew into a rage, believing in his heart that my advice tended to nothing less than the destruction of his best effects. He had only one aim in view; he wanted everything in his work to be German, chaste and pure, relieved, however, by some touches of lightness; and it was thus that he came to write the coarse vulgarities of his second finale. I was present, a few years since, at a very careful performance of this *Genoevea*, and I must confess that the third act of Auber's *Bal Masque*, an eminently repulsive work, raised on motives of similar quality, struck me as a masterpiece of *esprit* compared with the heart-rending brutality of this chaste and pure German author and composer. Strange to say, I never heard in Germany a single complaint on this head, so great is the energy with which a German imposes silence on his real feeling, when one man is to be raised above another, Schumann, for instance, above myself."

"Is all this quite serious? I really have my doubts, so sad would it be to believe. There comes, too, a certain paragraph in which Wagner shows the cloven hoof a little and appears to hint that he has been writing for the gallery: "The ideas here developed," he says, "may be more or less just, but the article is not intended for the *Cologne Gazette*, nor for any important paper, so that, supposing it to be bad, it will remain between ourselves."

"Granted; but, even though the *Bayreuther Blätter* does not possess the importance of the *Cologne Gazette*, as Wagner laughingly observes, was it so very necessary to print such things, and could not the hateful feelings of a coterie be satisfied more cheaply?"

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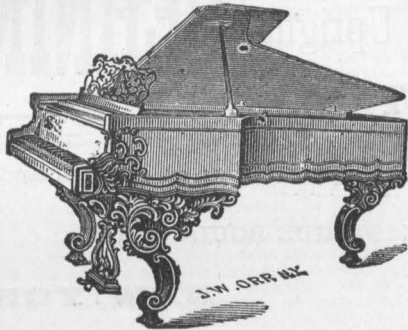
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## THE MISERERE.

A SPANISH LEGEND FROM THE FRENCH OF G. BECQUER.

A short time ago I left the city of Seville to visit the celebrated monastery of Caserta. I was reading in the old library, when my attention was drawn to a number of sheets of music that lay in a corner of the room. Evidently the manuscript was exceedingly old for it was covered with dust and discolored and worn by the effects of dampness. On looking at it I discovered it was a *Miserere*. I am passionately fond of music, and, therefore, I examined the pages with great care. What especially struck me was the last page and the Latin word *Finis* written thereon, although the *Miserere* was not finished. My curiosity was still more excited from the strange fact that the Italian words which are always used to describe the manner in which a piece ought to be played, such as *maestoso*, *allegro*, *forte*, *ritardando*, etc., were not to be found, but in their stead strange annotations were placed, reading thus: "The bones rattled;" "cries of distress seemed to come out of the air;" "the strings shrieked without discord;" "brass trumpets sounded without deafening each other;" "the instruments all played without confounding each other;" "it was humanity weeping." And stranger still were the following lines: "The spectres were bones covered with flesh—terrible flames—the harmony of heaven—strength and sweetness."

"What does this mean?" I asked a small old man who was accompanying me, as I finished reading the lines which had evidently been written by a madman. The old man then told me the following story:

Many years ago, on a dark and rainy night, a pilgrim came to the doors of this monastery, asking to be allowed to dry his clothes by the fire and for a piece of bread to still his hunger, and some place of shelter where he might await the dawn and then continue his way. A monk gave his poor bed and modest repast to the traveler, and then asked him whither he was bound and who he was.

"I am a musician," replied the pilgrim. "I was born far from here, and I have enjoyed a great renown. In my youth I made of my art a powerful arm of fascination; it gave birth to passions which finally led me to crime. I now wish, in my old age, to consecrate to good things the talents I have hitherto used for evil, and thus obtain pardon."

The monk, having his curiosity excited, asked him several questions, and the musician continued thus:

"I wept in the bottom of my heart over the crime I had committed. I could find no words worthy to express my repentance or in which to implore God's mercy, when one day, as I was turning over a holy book, my eyes were held by that sublime cry of contrition—the psalm of David beginning '*Miserere mei Deus*' From that moment my sole thought was to discover a musical composition which I desired should be so magnificent and sublime that it alone would be able rightly to interpret the grand and majestic hymn, the sorrow of the prophet king. I have not been able to compose it yet, but if I ever succeed in expressing the feelings in my heart, the ideas that consume my brain, I am sure I will write so marvelous a *Miserere*, so heart-breaking a grief that its like has never been heard since the world began, and that the archangels will cry with me, their eyes filled with tears, 'Have mercy on me, my God, have mercy!'"

The pilgrim remained thoughtful for some moments, then heaving a profound sigh, continued his story. The old man and two or three shepherds belonging to the monks' farm listened silently, gathered around the firelight.

"After having traveled," continued he, "through Germany and Italy and a great part of this country of classical religious music, I have never yet heard a *Miserere* capable of inspiring me, and I am almost sure that I have heard all that exist."

"All!" interrupted a shepherd; "that is impossible, for you have never heard the *Miserere* of the mountain."

"The *Miserere* of the mountain," exclaimed the astonished musician; "what is that?"

"The *Miserere*," continued the shepherd, with an air of mystery, "that is only heard by shepherds who wander day and night over the mountains and valleys with their flocks and which has a history as true as it is astonishing. At the extremity of this valley, whose horizon is bound by a chain of mountains, may still be seen the ruins of a monastery that was very celebrated many long years ago. A great seigneur disinherited his son on account of his crimes, and had the edifice built from the proceeds of the sale of his lands. The son, who was as wicked as the archfiend, if, indeed, he was not the demon himself, seeing his fortune in the hands of monks, and his castle transformed into a church, placed himself at the head of a troop of bandits. One Holy Thursday night, at the very hour when the monks were chanting the *Miserere*, the bandits penetrated into the church, pillaged the monastery and set it on fire. The monks were all massacred or thrown from the rocky height. After this horrible exploit the bandits disappeared. The ruins of the church still exist in the hollow of the rock where the waterfall has its source, which, falling from rock to rock, finally forms the little river that runs beneath the walls of this monastery."

"But tell me about the *Miserere*," interrupted the impatient musician.

"Listen, I will soon have finished," the shepherd said, and he continued thus: "The crime terrified all the people about, they repeated the tale of the tragedy, which has come down to us by tradition. Old men tell the story over in the long winter nights. But what preserves its souvenir more vividly, is that every year on the night of the anniversary of the crime, lights are seen glimmering through the broken windows of the church;

and a strange sort of mysterious music is heard, like dreadful funeral chants mingled with the wind's moaning. No doubt it is the massacred monks come from purgatory to implore Divine mercy, and they sing the *Miserere*."

"Does this miracle still occur?" asked the traveler.

"Yes, it will begin without the slightest doubt in three hours from now, for this is Holy Thursday night, and eight o'clock has just struck on the monastery clock."

"How far away are the ruins?"

"An hour and a half from here. But what are you about? Where are you going on such a night as this?" cried they all, seeing the pilgrim rise, take his staff and go towards the door.

"Where am I going?" To hear this mysterious and marvelous music, the grand, the true *Miserere* of those who return to earth after death and who know what it is to die in sin."

Saying this, he disappeared, to the great surprise of the monk and shepherds.

The wind howled and shook the doors, as though a strong hand was trying to wrench them from their hinges. The rain fell in torrents, beating against the windows, and from time to time a streak of lightning illuminated the darkness. The first moment of surprise passed, the monk exclaimed: "He is mad!" "He is surely mad!" echoed the shepherds, drawing nearer to the fire.

After walking an hour or two, the mysterious pilgrim, following the river's course, reached the spot where rose the imposing and sombre ruins of the monastery. The rain had ceased, clouds floated over the heavens, and athwart their broken outlines a fugitive ray of pale and trembling light shone; the wind beating against the massive pillars, moaned sadly as it lost itself in the deserted cloisters. However, nothing superhuman or unnatural troubled the mind of him, who, having laid many a night for shelter in the ruins of some deserted tower or solitary castle, was familiar with such sounds. Drops of water filtering through the crevices of the arches, fell on the large square stones beneath, sounding like the ticking of a clock. An owl that had taken refuge in a dilapidated niche, began to hoot, and reptiles whom the tempest had awakened from their long lethargy, thrust their hideous heads out of the rocks, or glided amid the stunted shrubs that grew at the foot of the altar, and disappeared in the broken tombs. The pilgrim listened to all the mysterious and strange murmurs of the solitude and of night, and seated on the mutilated statue of a tomb, awaited with feverish anxiety for the hour of mystery to arrive.

Time sped on and he heard nothing save the confused and mingled murmurs of the night, which repeated themselves, though in a different manner, from minute to minute.

"Have I made a mistake?" the musician asked himself. But just then he heard a new noise, an inexplicable one for the place. It was like that which a large clock makes a few seconds before its strikes the hour—a noise of wheels turning, of ropes lengthening, of a machine beginning to work slowly. A bell rang once, twice, thrice, and there was neither a bell, nor clock, nor even a belfry in the ruined church. The last stroke of the bell, whose echoes grew fainter and fainter, had not died away its ultimate vibrations could still be heard, when the granite dais, covered with carvings, the marble steps of the altar, the sculptured stones, the black columns, the walls, the wreath of trefoil on the cornices, the pavement, the arches, the entire church was suddenly illuminated without a torch or lamp being visible to produce the strange light. Everything became animated, but with a sudden movement, like the muscular contractions which electricity applied to a dead body produces—movements which imitate life, but which are far more horrible than the stillness of a corpse. Stones joined themselves to other stones; the altars arose intact from their broken fragments strewn around, and at the same time the demolished chapels and the immense number of arches interlaced themselves, forming with their columns a veritable labyrinth.

The church being reconstructed, a distant harmony, which might have been taken for the moaning of the wind, was heard, but it was in reality a mingling of distant voices, solemn and sad, that seemed to rise from the bosom of the earth, and which became more and more distinct little by little.

The courageous pilgrim began to be alarmed, but his fanaticism for the mysterious warred against his fear. Becoming more calm, he rose from the tomb on which he had been resting and leaned over the edge of the abyss, whence the torrent leaping from rock to rock fell at length with a noise of continuous and dreadful thunder. The pilgrim's hair stood on end with horror.

He saw the skeletons of the monks half enveloped in the torn fragments of their gowns. Under the folds of their cowls the dark cavities of the orbits in their skulls contrasted with their fleshless jaws and their white teeth. The skeletons clambered with the aid of their long hands up to the fissures of the rocks, till they reached the summit of the precipice, murmuring the while in a low and sepulchral voice, but with an expression of heart-rending grief, the first verse of David's psalm:

*Miserere mei Deus secundum magnum misericordiam tuam.*

(Have mercy on me my Good according to Thy great mercy.)

When the monks reached the peristyle of the church they formed themselves into procession and knelt in the choir, continuing in a louder and more solemn voice to chant the succeeding verses of the psalm. Music seemed to re-echo the rhythm of their voices. It was the distant rumble of thunder that rolled as it passed away; the voice of the night-wind that moaned in the hollows of the mountains; the monotonous sound of the cascade falling on the rocks, and the drop of filtering water, the hoot of the hidden owl and the coiling and uncoiling of the noisome reptiles. All this produced the strange music, and something more besides, which one could not ex-

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