

KUNKEL'S

MUSICAL REVIEW.

JULY, 1880.

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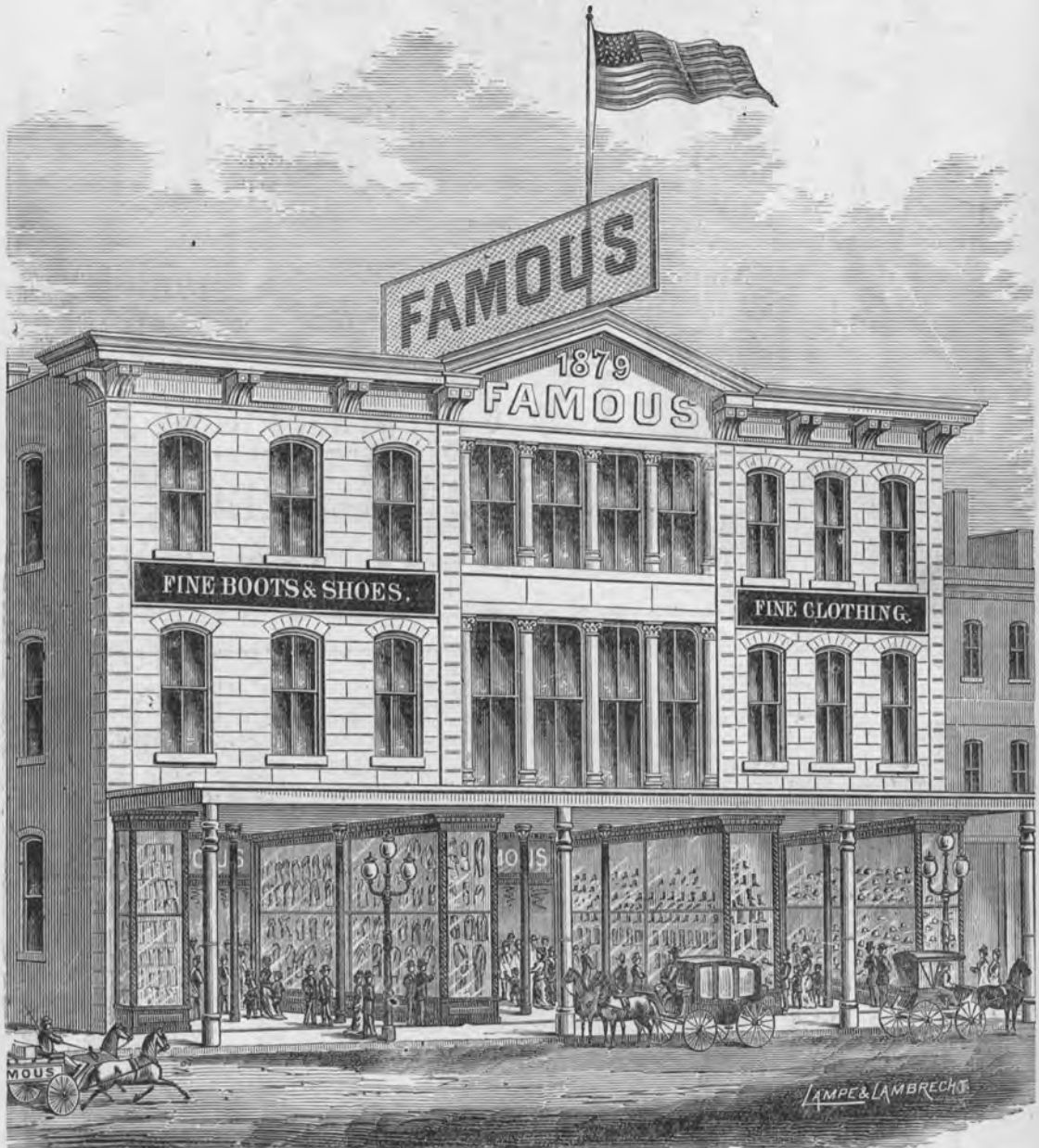
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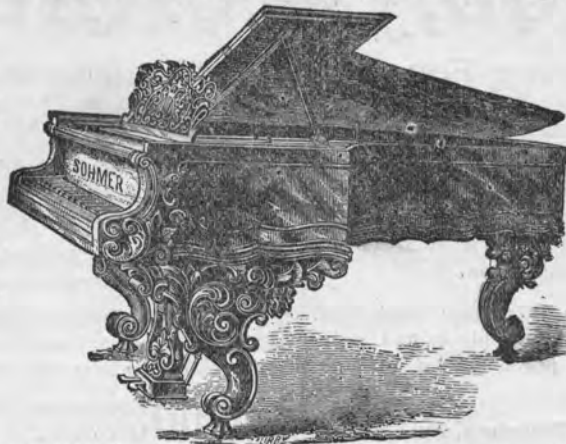
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KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

A JOURNAL

Devoted to Music, Art, Literature and the Drama.

VOL. II.

ST. LOUIS, JULY, 1880.

No. 11.

THE PATTERN OF THE SHINGLE.

When the angry passion gathering
In my mother's face I see,
And she leads me to the bedroom,
Gently lays me on her knee,
Then I know that I will catch it,
And my flesh in fancy itches,
As I listen for the patter
Of the shingle on my breeches.

Every tinkle of the shingle
Has an echo and a sting,
And a thousand burning fancies
Into active being spring;
And a thousand bees and hornets
'Neath my coat-tail seem to swarm
As I listen to the patter
Of the shingle, oh! so warm.

In a splutter comes my father,
Whom I had supposed was gone.
He surveys the situation,
Tells her thick to lay it on;
Laughs to see her bending o'er me
As he listens to the strain
Played by her and by the shingle
In a wild and weird refrain.

In a sudden intermission,
Which appears my only chance,
I say, "Strike me gently, mother,
Or you'll split my Sunday pants"
She stops a moment, draws her breath,
The shingle holds aloft,
And says, "I had not thought of that:
My son, just take them off."

Holy Moses, blessed angels!
Cast your pitying glances down;
And, O fam'y doctor thou!
Put a good soft poultice thou on;
And may I with fools and dunces
Everlastingly commingle
If e'er I say another word
When my mother wields the shingle!

—*Wolcerine Citizen.*

COMICAL CHORDS.

GREAT ex-pounders—dead pianists.

LEADING strings—those of the first fiddle.

THE good mother and the accessible slipper always make a spanking team.

THE Arab who invented alcohol died 600 years ago, but his spirit still lives.

A NEGRO, undergoing an examination as a witness, when asked if his master was a Christian, replied: "No, sir, he is a member of Congress."

INSCRIPTION on a tombstone in Columbia, Tenn.: "Escaped the bullets of the enemy to be assassinated by a cowardly pup—a kind husband, an affectionate father."

THE preacher actually startled the sexton into opening the windows, when he told him that the air was so bad in the close church, that it put the organ out of tune using it to blow with.

"HARK! I hear an angel sing," sang a young man, in an outside township school exhibition. "No, tain't," shouted an old farmer in one of the back seats, "it's only my old mule that's hitched outside!" The young man broke down and quit.

MISS Kate's a member of the choir,
But often comes in late;
And in the chorus sings so loud,
That she's called coruscate.

WHEN a New Hampshire chap wanted to break off the engagement of the girl he loved, to another fellow, he didn't try to persuade either that the other was false. He just contrived to get them both to join the same church choir, and in less than a week they didn't speak.

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"WILL you be so kind, my little friend, as to tell your grandmother that the man who is taking the census would like to see her?" said a down-town census-taker yesterday to a young miss of seven summers. The little one hesitated an instant, and then replied: "Yes, sir! I'll tell her, but I don't believe she has any."

AN Englishman at a hotel in New York, asked the clerk if there were "oysters in the hotel." "Oh, yes," was the answer, "step right in the restaurant, we don't keep them in the office." "Egad," said Mr. John Bull, "I think you misunderstand me, you know; I mean a 'oyster, don't you know, a cliff, a hellavater, may be you call it in this country."

A YOUNG man with an extremely powerful voice was in doubt what branch of the art to adopt. He went to Cherubini for advice. "Suppose you sing me a few bars," said the master. The young fellow sang so loud that the walls fairly shook. "Now," said he, "what do you think I am best fitted for?" "Auctioneering," dryly replied Cherubini.

THE following lines were taken from a young lady's hymn-book, which she carelessly left in church:—

I look in vain—he does not come;
Dear, dear, what shall I do?
I cannot listen as I ought,
Unless he listens too.
He might have come as well as not;
What plagues these fellows are!
I'll bet he's fast asleep at home,
Or smoking a cigar.

WHEN a New Yorker wants to get a new hat for an old battered one, he goes to a hotel, and just before dinner, lets some one with a new hat see him fold a ten dollar bill, and put it under the leather of his hat to improve the fit, and then he leaves his tile on the rack while he is dining, and when he comes out it's gone, and the new one is in place of it, and later in the day, a man who has had trouble for trying to pass a counterfeit ten dollar bill is looking for some one to kick him for a blamed ass.

"HERE, John, don't eat those crackers up,"
Said she with a hateful snap;
"They're some I've saved on purpose,
To put in the baby's pap."

"Well," said John, edging for the door,
And reaching for his hat,
"What makes you look so cross about it, then?
Ain't I the baby's pap?"

AT an evening party, a young man is requested to sing. This young man, who has chosen the dramatic career, is on the point of making his debut. He has a voice warm, large, boldly-defined, well-trained, etc. When he has finished his song, each listener compliments him. A country lady, one of the company, cannot restrain her enthusiasm. "Oh! sir, what a fine voice! How old are you?" "I am twenty-two, madam!" "Twenty-two! no more! Truly, sir, without lying, you have the voice of a man of forty years, at least!" Tableau.

MID a' the thoughts that trouble me,
The saddest thought of ony,
Is who may close the other's e'e—
May it be me or Nannie?
The one that's left will sairly feel
Amid a world uncannie;
I'd rather face auld age myself
Than lanely leave my Nannie.

X., TRAVELING through Brittany, asks an old woman who is peddling crosses and medals at a church porch, the price of a certain trinket. "Is it for your wife or your sweetheart?" she asks. "For my sweetheart!" replied X., not precisely seeing the drift of her question. "Ten francs." "Ten francs—phew," says X., turning on his heel. "Come back, come back," cries the old woman: "take it for three. You've been lying to me though; you have no sweetheart; if it had been for her you'd have bought it at once, without any regard to the price." "I'll take it; here are your three francs." "You haven't a wife, either; if it had been for her, you'd have beaten me down to two francs. Oh, you men, you men!"

Kunkel's Musical Review.

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

ST. LOUIS, MO., - - - JULY, 1880.

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WE desire to acknowledge the receipt of a large number of commencement programmes, sent us by different institutions of learning, from Maine to California. Their very number makes it impossible for us to notice even a title of them separately. The musical selections are, for the most part, of a high grade, and show that music is receiving more and more attention in our schools and seminaries. We thank our friends for their kind remembrance of us, and shall be glad to have them send us good programmes from time to time.

SOME of the agents of the REVIEW report that they often find it difficult to persuade the people, that the offers of our publishers are made in good faith, not being able to understand how they can give the paper, and the full value of the subscription in music of the subscriber's selection, besides paying commissions or extra premiums to the agents. How the publishers can do it would seem to be nobody's concern but their own. That they do do it can be testified to by thousands. Subscribers risk nothing, since they can get their money's worth of music immediately. One word of explanation we will vouchsafe to inquirers. On your first year's subscription, the publishers make nothing, they even lose a little occasionally; but they look to the hereafter. The second and subsequent years, you will not wait for agents to call upon you to subscribe—a saving of commissions. In the meantime, we will have made friends of you, and perhaps you will have become customers of the house.

Kunkel Bros. believe that if you once deal with them, you will find they will treat you so liberally, that you and your friends, will become their friends. At any rate, kind reader, rest assured, that if they were not, as they are, gentlemen of the strictest honesty, they know too well the commercial value of good faith to deceive you. Perhaps the doubters begin to see that there is not so much *hocus pocus* about the system of the REVIEW, as they thought. Still, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof," so then try us, for we want to roll up those two thousand new subscribers we spoke of in our last number this month, so as to be able to announce in our next, an enlargement of sixteen pages, with the September (Vol. III, No. 1) number.

"EXPRESSION MARKS."

Under this title, Louis C. Elson, in the June number of the *Musical Herald*, indulges in an almost wholesale condemnation of the use of the Italian language, for the purpose of directing how musical compositions should be rendered, and pleads for the use of English in the large majority of cases. The following extract contains the pith of his remarks:

"*Allegro, Scherzando, Lento*, etc., are well understood even by the least educated of pupils; although the words "Quick," "Playfully," and "Slow" would not be weaker in the impression they conveyed. Schubert, whose songs certainly called for as varied expression as those of any composer, seldom fell into Italian phraseology. There are some Italian words which have no exact English equivalent; and here again, it would be judicious to retain a number. *Andante, Adagio, Ccn Moto*, and others, express tersely an idea which could not be as succinctly given in English.

But it is against a constant use of long directions in foreign tongues that we wish to enter a protest. Why should an American edition read, *Con tutta la forza possibile*, when "with all possible force" is more comprehensible. Why should an American composer write, *Marcato la Melodia, ma non troppo forte*, when he wishes to say, "Accent the melody, but not too strongly."

These are the affectations of music. In Germany, already, many composers are abandoning them, and returning to the vernacular, and it would be sensible for America to do the same."

These observations are, at first sight, so plausible, that they probably received the ready assent of the readers of the *Herald*; and yet we do not believe that they will bear close inspection. Let us hasten, before we proceed to give our reasons for dissenting from the opinions of our learned *confreere*, to state that we do not mean to defend the bad grammar of the expression, *Marcato la Melodia*, etc., condemned by our brother editor; but the use of *marcato* for *marcata*, the masculine for the feminine, if it be not his own, is not what our friend has condemned.

Since the days of Babel, the confusion of tongues has been one of the greatest annoyances which humanity has had to endure; one of the greatest drawbacks to the progress of religion, art and science. It cannot be doubted that the great advancement which music has made within the last century, is largely due to the fact that one system of notation, and one only, has obtained throughout the civilized world, so that the compositions of the masters have not had to be put through the slow process of translation into a different tongue, before they could be heard and appreciated by those of other nationalities. The musical notation, however, was found inadequate, or at any rate, sometimes not sufficiently explicit to express the ideas of composers, and hence written directions were added to the score. The Italians, having had, in former times, precedence and pre-eminence in the musical art, their language was first used, and was eventually adopted by common consent as the one in which such directions should be expressed.

Music, having a cosmopolitan notation, it needs but a common agreement as to what language shall be used to fill the *lacuna* left by that notation, to make it easily intelligible to musicians all over the world. This agreement has been tacitly made, and Italian is now as much recognized to be the language of music,

as French that of diplomacy. It is true, that in Germany, many composers are abandoning Italian for German—but this is simply an exhibition of the inordinate self-esteem which has seized upon all ranks in the nation, since the war of 1870, and which leads them to believe that theirs is to be the universal language of the future. Prince Bismarck, so the story runs, was so thoroughly persuaded of that fact, that about the close of the Franco-Prussian war, he addressed to the Czar of all the Russias, an official document in German, instead of French, as had before been his custom. The Czar expressed his own opinion of the proceeding, by causing an exhaustive answer to be sent to the *Furst*, in the choicest of Russian, which the German Chancellor had to get translated before he could understand it. This story, true or not, may serve as an illustration of the point we wish to make against the use of the vernacular of composers instead of the adopted Italian. As it is now, a rudimentary knowledge of one foreign language is all that is necessary to enable musicians of all nations, to know how the composer of any piece of music intended that it should be rendered; but if the suggestion of Prof. Elson were adopted, that knowledge could be obtained only by learning the rudiments of the language of the composer; in other words, musicians would have to be linguists of no mean attainments, unless they chose to limit their study to the musical productions of their own native land. How much would the average American musician understand of the author's intention, if, upon a composition of Rubinstein or Glinka, the expression marks were in Russian; if the new oratorio of Dr. Joseph Parry, "Emmanuel," were copiously dotted over with Welsh directions; if Chopin had annotated his compositions in Polish, or Liszt had used his native Hungarian for the same purpose?

We might go on enumerating, not only the languages of Europe, but also those of Asia, for India is already producing her musical compositions, and Japan will not be long to follow. As for us, we prefer to have our music annotated in Italian, (even ungrammatical), than to have it decorated with tea-chest hieroglyphics. We believe that it is better for musicians to spend a little time in learning the rudiments of one foreign tongue than to spend much time in learning the rudiments of many tongues. Italian may have no intrinsic superiority over any other language for the purpose of indicating musical expression, but it has precedence over others, and since, for the reasons given above, one language ought to be used, we vote for the retention of the melodious tongue of the sunny south-land.

We had almost forgotten to suggest that the reason why Schubert used Italian but sparingly, to indicate the expression of his songs, was probably his lack of knowledge of it. Schubert, the lyrical genius, was a man of very limited education, the Vienna *Stadtschule* being credited with giving him all the learning (other than musical) which he possessed.

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CHORUS SINGING.

If it be difficult for the performer upon an instrument or a solo singer to render all those shades of difference in volume of tone, which lie between the extremes of *pianissimo* and *fortissimo*, with perfect evenness and accurate correspondence of result to intention, how much more so is it for a body of five or six hundred singers, since it requires that each one should have perfect command of his voice, an identical conception of the quality of expression needed to give effect to the words sung, and that, collectively, they should be inspired with one will and one impulse! The perfect chorus, like the air around us, has mastery over the extremes of delicacy and power. "Didst thou feel," says Diogenes to Plato, in one of Landers' "Imaginary Conversations," "the gentle air that passed us? That air, so gentle, so imperceptible to thee, is more powerful than all the creatures that live and breathe by it." To sing softly as the zephyr blows; to "shake the dome" with the full resonance of united strength; to ask in hushed astonishment, "is this He? is this He who, in Jerusalem?" and to make the heavens ring with the "Hallelujah Chorus," so that the exact volume of sound intended by the composer will be given to each composition—this is only possible to a body of singers each one of whom has perfect command of his voice and a perfect comprehension of how it should be used. The more closely the singers watch the conductor and lose themselves in him, the nearer approach will they make to unity of style and feeling. They must yield to his every impulse, as the keys of a pianoforte to the pressure of a player's fingers, and thus embody the conception of the work which he has formed in his mind. When, then, you sing in the chorus, pay the closest attention to your leader and be plastic in his hands. Cultivate a sense of individual responsibility, ever keeping in mind that your work will mar or enhance the general effect; and endeavor to give the full meaning and expression to words and music, for it is certain that, unless you interpret them with feeling and intelligence, you will produce no effect upon your hearers. When your audience is before you, sing as if you thought that it depended upon you personally to rouse its enthusiasm, knowing that

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched, the air is pleased
With melting air, or martial, brisk or grave.
Some secret chord in unison with what we hear
It touched within us, and the heart responds."

—C. C. Perkins, in *Dwight's Journal of Music*

Obeying Orders.

The young composer, George Chadwick, whose overture to "Rip Van Winkle" was played last winter at a Boston Harvard concert, is a genius somewhat given to oddities, says the *Boston Home Journal*. He formerly played the organ at the Lawrence Street Church, Lawrence, Mass. The music committee of the church disliked his organ responses, and in a note to that effect requested that they be more "short and decisive." Chadwick was indignant, and the following Sunday after receiving the note he expressed his indignation in church at the close of the prayer, by responding with two loud blasts of the organ, which were produced by his long arms being spread over an entire manual with all the keys down and all the registers drawn, while his feet were simultaneously placed over as many of the pedal notes as possible. Never was a congregation more startled than by this bedlamite proceeding of the eccentric organist. The music committee promptly demanded an explanation from Chadwick, who, with affected meekness, replied, "Was it not 'short,' gentlemen, and was it not 'decisive'?" at the same time he handed in his resignation, which, it is superfluous to add, was gladly accepted.

Musical.

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

TWO SONGS FROM "LA FILLE DU TAMBOUR-MAJOR."*

Claudine, the *vivandiere*, coming upon the stage with her donkey, after receiving the soldiers' greeting, sings, in praise of her steed:

"Indeed, he's not a common donkey,
A stupid dolt, fit for the farm,
And yet he's not one bit too spunky,
And great, you see's his beauty's charm.
He has remarkable acumen,
He's loyal, honest, kind and true;
I think I know full many a human,
Who couldn't say as much—don't you?

Hee—hong!
How sweet his voice is!
No ass is he!
Hee—hong!
No, he my choice is,
My friend, you see!

He's shy as maid in earliest wooing,
Yet has a trooper's brav'ry, sir;
He's mild as a dove, in spring-time, cooing,
And stylish as an officer!
To him we owe respect uncommon,
His heart's his own, and guileless, too;
I think I know full many a woman,
Who could not say as much—don't you?

Hee—hong!
How fine his voice is!" etc.

After reaching the convent, where they are going to take a breathing-spell, Robert, the lieutenant, sings of their soldier life as follows:

"We are all running after glory,
But we're a worn and weary set;
No drink, no food, the same old story;
Too hot, too cold, too dry, too wet!
Oft when we think the march is finished,
Instead of rest, we find the fray;
With sword and gun, then worn and famished,
Through shot and shell we cut our way.

Pif—paf!
Yes, with valor peerless,
Pif—paf!
Forward, day or night,
Pif—paf!
Soldiers, true and fearless,
Pif—paf!
Rush we to the fight.

But when we visit town or city,
They weave us crowns of fairest flow'rs,
And, with politeness rare and pretty,
They make the victor's welcome ours.
The husband, foe to rule despotic,
Goes out to fetch his best old wine;
The while, his wife, quite patriotic,
Flirts with the soldiers, brave and fine.

Pif—paf!
In love, in battle, peerless,
Pif—paf!" etc.

I. D. F.

THE OPERA.

BY JOSEPH GREEN.

We fully agree with the views of the following article, which we produce entire from the *Musical Times* of London. We had begun writing an editorial upon the same subject, in which we took substantially the same views as Mr. Green, but finding that he had so well said what we intended to say, we concluded to let him speak:

We assume it to be true that the authors of the "Pirates of Penzance" are dividing between them, in the United States, hundreds of pounds weekly. In the interests of art, and of English art, can we felicitate our musicians on the fact? Many of the more serious amongst them would answer firmly in the negative. Fully appreciating their point of view, we are inclined to take an opposite opinion; founded

not on the nature or value of the particular fact, but on its causes and tendencies. It must be remembered—and the qualification is not usually much respected by the English professor—that the question to be considered is dramatic music; covering a wide ground from the vaudeville to the Wagnerian tetralogy; and involving elements altogether foreign to ordinary professorial notions of music or the art of music. The time may not be distant when the drama, the opera, and music will be recognized as three distinct, if closely interwoven, arts, each having its specific department in a national conservatorium. The blending of the three produces the ludicrous results we see daily, of actors endeavoring to sing, singers endeavoring to act, and worse than all, the virtuoso abandoning his digital exercises or concerto to write an opera.

On reading the recent reports from America, it would be an easy thing for the serious musician to pose in a pensive attitude, and, with his forefinger in a volume of Bach, moralize on the earthly-mindedness of particular audiences in New York and in London. It would nevertheless be more practical, if not more wise, to consider that if such audiences are too busy to comprehend musical developments, and are only concerned with broad results or general effects, they come fresh from the world, the passions and emotions of which it is the business of the musician to study, and in dramatic writing to delineate: and moreover, there are in those audiences of eager, pushing, "coarse-fibred men of business," long-headed lawyers and merchants, whose dicta, even on questions with which they are little familiar, are not to be disparaged; and who are too independent to sacrifice their own judgments to the formulas, the traditions, the idolatries and the jargon of schools, philosophers and professionals. We have a very high authority for asserting that in the invention and conduct of a drama the practical spirit must prevail. "The dramatic-poet," says Schlegel, "is not allowed to dream away under his inspiration. He must take the straightest road to his end."

When we recollect that, in the opera of our day, it is not so much a question of subordinating the music to the dramatic element as of rightly amalgamating both, we think the quotation we have given is worthy of the attention of even the serious-minded musician, who may jealously look askance at Mr. Sullivan's success. We do not for one instant acknowledge that the productions of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan represent the exact amalgam desired, even within the limits of their own very modest aims. We are quite aware that Gregorian tones with the ends off are not melodies; and that a *vox regis*, with a grand wind-up of *accords plaques* on the piano, is only an amiable device for deluding the singer into the self-glorification of the historical organ blower. But there is a cleverness in Mr. Sullivan's adaptation of means to an end which amounts to a stroke of genius, and it is not impossible that he has laid the foundation of a new school or type of English comic opera. He has well calculated that the success of his musical trifles would be mostly due to the satire and wit of his literary collaborator. Secure in his well-known reputation as a consummate musician, he has not despised the lowliness, and, indeed, the well-recognized charms and special merits of a faithfully rendered second violin part. Conscious of his powers, he has known when and where to assert his own individuality or the claims of his art, in the masterly treatment of a vulgar musical reminiscence, or in the harmonic coloring of a bar or two of absurd recitation. If the ultra-classical musician is confident that to attain success in similar productions is merely a question of condescension, he has only to unbend and try his own hand. If the straight-laced critic is inclined to attribute the whole of the credit, such as it is, to the author of the libretto, let him ask himself the question, How much of the somewhat obtrusive pop-

*Translated for KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

ularity of the word "never" in "H. M. S. Pinafore" is due to the comicality of the situation and dramatic context, and how much to the happy choice of chords by which the exclamation is accompanied? Mr. Sullivan has taken "the straightest road to his end," and without troubling ourselves with the value of the end proposed, his success must be admitted to be one of the many lessons to the musician which come from outside, from the busy world, from the seething crowd in which the great models and great idols of academies are tossed about, or melted down into serviceable vessels of every day use.

It cannot be disputed that, of all subjects connected with the musical art, the opera demands the widest sympathies and the most general knowledge for its intelligent appreciation. On that account, it is the least understood by the average professional, who shuts himself up in a small routine of tuitional duties and solitary study of the effects and musical literature of perhaps one instrument. The principal ingredient of the opera is the dramatic element. Otherwise it would be folly in the composer to lower his ambition to the level of the capabilities of a stage chorus, or cramp his technical resources within the limits of a dramatic situation. Obvious as is this truth it is contested; because with the very professional musician wherever music is it must be supreme, and with his brethren the critics, he will, in and out of season, babble of technicalities that are frequently incompatible with the exigencies of the lyric stage. Some of these technicalities might have been more possible in the ancient Greek drama; and in fact, in the earlier modern operas, the subjects of which were professedly imitations of classical models, there were certain devices which were only too rigidly attended to according to the musical canons then in vogue. In the loose terminology we are all of us apt to employ in treating these subjects, we speak of "form" in music as something compared and identified with "design"; whereas in point of fact it is only framework. The difference is very apparent. The same framework may serve for many designs. In art "design" is distinctly an element of beauty, but "form" in music is only an element of stability. It gives clearness and coherence. Beauty may exist independently of one or the other. It is not now a question whether clearness of expression makes us more sensible of the beauty of ideas suggested in a work of art. It is sufficient that such beauty exists. It must be admitted that vagueness nearly akin to incoherence is certainly an element of beauty and sublimity. The most striking illustrations of that truth, in music, are the indescribable effects that in some minds are produced by the more ancient forms of liturgical music, and in the civilized world generally by the use of the common minor mode. In the first case we have absolutely no form, and little or none of the coherence which in short unrhythmical strains can only be attained by strict relation to key. In the second instance we have a divided tonic relation, and yet musical form is wholly a question of the two elements, rhythm and key-relationship. They are self-existent materials; that is to say, natural facts independent of the composer, and one of them, "rhythm," is not only independent of music, but even of sound. So much is that the case that in dramatic music, and in a great measure in common lyrics, it is the dramatist and the poet who impose the form on the musician, or so much of it as depends upon rhythm; and in regard to the choice of consecution of keys, there may be certain natural checks on the composer as there are in harmony, but no absolute compulsion. The freedom of choice has been pretty well used and abused in instrumental compositions. And with slight modifications there are sufficient varieties of form in use to serve all purposes, as long as the present phases of the art exist; that is to say, as long as the absolute music continues to please. As for dramatic music, when we hear it

said approvingly that an opera such as the "Taming of the Shrew," by Goetz, is "symphonic" in form. we are inclined to suspect that the critic, or the composer, or both, have misconceived the nature of a dramatic work. The adjective "symphonic" means usually, in music, "elaborated," and according to existing canons which require a considerable space or portion of time to develop. If it is intended merely to mean "continuity" it is a misnomer; because the continuity of dramatic music resides in the individuality of the composer, and is as apparent in one form or in one figuration as another. If it means simply "connection" or the absence of those awkward pauses in the old Italian operas between the arias or concerted pieces, the use of the term in these days is an anachronism. It was well enough in the time of Spohr, who, we think, first used the term in the sense we speak of, and in reference to form in opera. But a generation that has grown up with even Verdi must have long since passed that epoch. If the term "symphonic" means what Goetz seems to have imagined, it is decidedly an artistic fault. When that composer was in his teens, the fame of the then departed Mendelssohn was in its zenith. In the music of Goetz we see, amongst others, the influence of Mendelssohn, not only in the carefully massed and satisfying instrumentation with a few sporadic novelties of effect, but in the persistent use of particular types of figuration as well as in the iteration of phrases. With little of the energy, and still less of the individuality, of the prototype, the imitation of similar mechanical devices, as well as the still later device of straining after polyphonic detail, more for its own sake than for the formal development of the composition, gives to the operas of Goetz the semblance of chamber music, and is essentially anti-dramatic. The kind of stitched continuity he attains ends in monotony, and the many obvious beauties of his music, more idyllic than dramatic, are lost for want of relief. In the treatment of a subject like that of the quarrels of *Katherine* and *Petruchio*, which in Shakespeare may be comedy but on the opera stage is little better than a farce, the incessant lament and whining of the orchestra and the virtuoso-like phraseology of Goetz appear, and are incongruous. On the other hand, the arabesque of charmingly worked and truly melodious passages pleases the musician, and soothes the general hearer into acquiescence in what he has read of the irreparable loss to the lyric stage in the too early demise of Hermann Goetz. But melodious passages wreathed together are not melody, and good even writing is not drama, admitting that with Goetz the setting of the text is so conscientious and within the limits of his power as a dramatist so satisfying, that to follow his music, book in hand, is of itself a delight, when we choose to abandon ourselves to what is set before us, and anticipate neither more nor less than we expect from his capabilities.

If the "Taming of the Shrew" is to be held up as the latest and fairest example of German comedy-opera, we are rather disposed to take courage and back the hopes of our own country and the future progeny of "H. M. S. Pinafore." Whether the Germans are practical or no, it is scarcely consistent for the musician at least to follow the German critics themselves of forty or fifty years ago, and denounce the Germans as undramatic. But it must be confessed the German musical mind vibrates at this moment between the shallows of virtuosity and the profundities of the weird and the vague. There seems to be no medium suited to comedy. It is all very well to ridicule the tendency of the German mind to dive, leaving the spectators waiting for a climax, whilst the author disappears in search of a cause. As for some recent authors of German music, we often wish they would disappear in search of anything they choose. A brilliant flash of silence would be a grateful rest to the audience.

It is well to bear in mind that in 1880 we are nearly a century removed from the models still held up to us in the schools for imitation, and that the three greatest dramatic composers of our time, Wagner, Verdi, and Gounod, have reached, or are on the verge of old age. The youngest light, Goetz, is already extinguished, and as far as our vision extends at this moment, the horizon seems bare. What is the cause? We believe that casually we have already suggested the cause: The art itself has in our day become immensely complicated, and is also attaching itself to studies, even scientific studies which are of immense benefit when due attention is paid to the division of labor; but it is impossible that the young musician can overtake them, particularly when in his own art, according to the examples of recent composers, technical artifices are presented to him for imitation by his teachers as the *sine qua non*. We venture to recommend the young English dramatic composer to return to simplicity. We commenced with a quotation from Schlegel, and we may as well finish it. He says: "To the dramatist, if we wish to act with skill and determination, we must make up our minds that we have somehow or other become masters of our subject, and not be perpetually recurring to an examination of the theory on which it rests." In language less elegant, and indeed in the language of the music halls, for which we can find a corner in our philosophy, we would add: "If you have a decided leaning for the stage, if you feel there is melody in you, shove it out!"

In Mr. Carl Rosa's bills at Her Majesty's Theatre, the "Bohemian Girl" still alternates with more classical productions. It outlives, and will continue to outlive, the sneers of critics more professional than artistic, and more self-conscious of the ability of writing a creditable symphony than a bearable tune. When last we scanned the countenances of an audience rapt in the charms of "When other lips," we were quite satisfied they were not middle-aged, and that the attraction of the music was not the mere vulgar one of reminiscence. On the contrary, they seemed full of the sap of this new and gallant *cinquante* generation, noisy with the shouts of White-chapel Pizzaros, and the almost too free intonation of volunteer bands. The quiet generation of Balfe and Ainsworth, of Carlyle and Tennyson, of Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Trollope, is gone by. The recent past, with its many pieties and some virtues, has been suddenly closed by the flats of licensed victualers in the metropolis and shopocracies in the north; but the touch of nature remains. Our artistic hopes rest on that naturalism, the keynote of which as a system of philosophy was, we think, first struck by Schopenhauer; and there is a sympathetic vibration of the sound in an English poet and in a French novelist of the day. Its spirit may appear in many forms, some of them more or less repulsive. It may be incarnate in Jew, Jingo, or Gentile, but wherever it is, it is the essence of art. The refinements of art, without the essence, constitute the latest schools of concert and chamber music. It is utterly unsuited to the drama, and has no future, no progenerative power. We should be pleased to see the tastes of the new generations of English musicians gravitating toward the stage; for to say the truth their present essays are redolent only of what may be well called the domestic virtuositities.

A GERMAN clergyman, who was traveling, stopped at an inn much frequented by wags and jokers. The host, not being used to having a clergyman at his table, looked at him with surprise. The guests used all their artillery of wit upon him without eliciting a remark. The clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the jibes and sneers of his neighbors. One of them, at last, in despair of his forbearance, said to him: "Well, I wonder at your patience! Have you not heard all that has been said to you?" "Oh, yes; but I am used to it. Do you know who I am?" "No, sir." "Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum. Such remarks have no effect upon me?"

THE RAKOCZY MARCH.

Berlioz in his letters describes in characteristic manner the first production of his version of the Hungarian "Rakoczy March," which forms one of the most exciting of a score of such sensational episodes in the "Damnation de Faust."

The night before leaving Vienna for Pesth he wrote his famous version of "Rakoczy March." The appearance of this piece on the programme of his first concert in Pesth gave rise to the following conversation between him and M. Horwath, the editor of a Hungarian newspaper:

"I have seen your score of the 'Rakoczy-indulo.'"

"Well?"

"Well, I am afraid."

"How so?"

"You have begun our theme piano, and we are accustomed to hear it played fortissimo."

"Yes, by your Zingari. But is that all? Be reassured; you will have a forte the like of which you have never heard in your life. You did not read it carefully. You must look to the end in all things."

Of the effect of this piece at the concert, he writes in a letter to Humbert Ferrand:

"The day of the concert a certain anxiety brought my heart up into my mouth, notwithstanding, as the time drew nigh for bringing out this devil of a piece. After a fanfare of trumpets in the rhythm of the first measures of the air, the theme appears, as you will remember, played piano by the flutes and clarionets, accompanied by a pizzicato on the strings. The audience remained calm and silent at this unexpected opening; but when, in a long crescendo, fugged fragments of the theme kept reappearing, interrupted by dull beats on the big drum, like distant cannon shots, the hall began to ferment with an indescribable noise, and when the orchestra, let loose at last, launched forth its long-restrained fortissimo midst a furious melee, shouts and unheard-of stampings shook the hall; the concentrated fury of all those boiling souls exploded in accents that caused a shudder of terror in me; I seemed to feel my hair bristling on my head and from that fatal measure I had to bid farewell to the peroration of my piece, the tempest in the orchestra not being able to vie with the eruption of that volcano whose violence nothing could check. You can imagine that we had to begin over again. Even the second time the audience was hard put to it to contain itself for two or three seconds longer than at first—to hear a few measures of the coda. M. Horwath raved in his box like one possessed. I could not help laughing as I threw him a glance, which meant, 'Well, are you afraid now? Are you satisfied with your forte?' It was well that I had placed the 'Rakoczy-indulo'—that is the title of the piece in the Hungarian tongue—at the end of the programme, for all that I should have tried to make people listen to after it would have been lost.

"I was violently agitated, as may be believed, after such a thunder storm, and was mopping my face with my handkerchief, in a little parlor behind the stage, when I received a singular rebound from the emotion in the hall. It was this way: I see a wretchedly dressed man, his face glowing with a strange fire, rush suddenly into my retreat. Seeing me, he throws himself upon me, kissing me furiously, his eyes brimming over with tears, and sobs out, hardly able to speak.

"Ah, sir! me Hungarian—poor devil!—not speak French—*un poco l'italiano*. Pardon—yes—the great battle. Germans, dogs! Then, striking great blows with his fist upon his breast—'In my heart I—I carry you. Ah! Frenchman—revolutionists—know how to write music for revolutions.'

"I will not try to depict the terrible exaltation of the man, his tears, and the way he gnashed his teeth: it was almost terrific; it was sublime."

TELL your neighbors and friends to read the REVIEW.

Miscellaneous.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY is in London.

MISS EMMA THURSBY will summer in Norway.

M. ARMAND CASTELMARY is engaged at Warsaw.

It is said that Dr. Arthur Sullivan is to be knighted.

TSCHAIKOWSKY is composing an opera, entitled "Jeanne d'Arc."

MME. RIVE-KING is organizing a large and powerful concert company for next season.

An exhibition of musical instruments and books of musical instruction is to be held at St. Petersburg.

VERDI'S "Othello" will be given in Paris next Autumn, when Adelina Patti will appear as *Desdemona*.

BETHOVEN wrote seventy songs for the pianoforte, an opera, fifty sonatas, symphonies, overtures, etc.

THEODORE THOMAS left on May 26th for Europe. Genuine German beer beckons him.

It is said that Sig. Foli has resigned his position as one of the leading basses at Her Majesty's Theatre.

The Municipality of Rome have ordered a commemorative tablet to be affixed to the house inhabited by Palestrina.

MME. FRANCESCA TEDESCA, the gifted young violinist, is engaged for the whole of October at Kroll's Theatre, Berlin.

M. SARDOU is writing the libretto of a new opera, entitled "Venice," to be set to music by the Belgian composer, M. Gevaert.

JOACHIM, the violinist, is said to have resigned his professorship in the Berlin school, and may visit Uncle Sam the coming winter.

HERR MAX BRUCH whose duties at Liverpool commence in September, will resign the directorship of the Stern Gesangverein, Berlin, this month.

MR. MAURICE STRAKOSCH will engage several musical attractions in Europe this summer. He will retain the management of Miss Thursby next season.

MARIO, who is seventy-two years old, holds a sinecure appointment in Rome as overseer of the Royal Museum, at a salary of 10,000 *liras* (\$2,000) per annum.

SIG. CESARE RISTORI, brother of the great tragic actress, will shortly open in Milan a school of acting and declamation as applied to the lyric stage.

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A PROMINENT feature at the recent Baden Musical Festival was a Pyrophone, or Fire-Organ. The tone of the instrument was praised, but the stench it emitted had but few admirers.

SAYS the *Folio*: "Cincinnati is fast earning the right to be called what it claims to be,—the musical center of America. Its musical leaders are becoming notorious for their quarrelsomeness.

RICHARD WAGNER is seriously considering an offer of \$50,000 which has been made to him by an American manager for the purpose of inducing the composer to come to America and give a series of concerts.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN is engaged upon an oratorio, the subject of which is selected from the late Dean Milman's poem, "The Martyr of Antioch." W. S. Gilbert has been retained by Mr. Sullivan to arrange and in part to rewrite the text.

O. M. NEWELL is making rapid advances as a composer of concert music. Two of his recent compositions "Fandango," *caprice de concert*, and "Scintillante," *grand galop de concert*, published by Lee & Walker, are rapidly attaining wide-spread popularity.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN has retired to his "castle by the sea," at Peterhof, after his professional tour in Russia, from which he received an astonishing amount of money. The *Montagsblatt* learns, "on the highest authority," that he wished to devote the whole summer to the composition of a comic opera, but in spite of the most strenuous efforts he cannot find such a text as he wants.

SINCE 1755, beside the present incumbent, only three men have held the post of organist at St. Paul's, London, a position which of itself seems to give longevity. Sir John Goss was organist at St. Paul's for thirty-two years, when he resigned in favor of Dr. John Stainer. Goss' predecessor, Attwood, was buried under the organ at St. Paul's Cathedral.

MUSIC, sculpture, poetry, painting—these are glorious works; but the soul that creates them is more glorious than they. The music shall die on the passing wind, the poem may be lost in the confusion of tongues, the marble will crumble, and the canvas will fade, while the soul shall be quenchless and strong, filled with a nobler melody, kindling with loftier themes, projecting images of unearthly beauty, and drinking from springs of imperishable life.

GRETRY went one day to consult a physician, who asked him, "How do you compose music?" "As one makes verses and pictures. I read, say twenty times, the words which I wish to paint with sounds. It takes several days for my head to become warmed. Then I lose my appetite, my eyes are inflamed, my imagination is excited; and so I write an opera in three or four weeks." "Well, well, you must stop all that, or you will never be cured." "I know it," replied the musician; "but which is the best way,—to wear out or to be bored to death."

A certain inhabitant of Reggio, so the story goes, went to Parma to see a representation of "Aida." The work was not at all satisfactory to our amateur, who wrote to Verdi, demanding to be indemnified for his time and traveling expenses during the little excursion. Verdi was so good-natured as to accede to the demands, and even requested the amateur to never again attend a performance of a new opera by him. The inhabitant of Reggio sent back a receipt in due form, with an agreement never again to attend an opera by Verdi, except at his own risk and peril.

VIOTTI, the famous violinist, was once invited by Marie Antoinette to give a concert at Versailles. He went, and played before a room full of noblemen and distinguished personages. Suddenly, and while he was playing, an officer announced, "Room for the count Artois!" At this interruption, every one rose, saluted, and shook hands with the Count. After ten minutes confusion, there was again a calm; and the Count, being seated, was prepared to listen, like ordinary mortals. Unfortunately, Viotti, feeling himself insulted, had put his violin under his arm and disappeared. And never again would he consent to play in public.

IN the preface of a little book written by Martin Luther, we find the following significant words of the great Reformer: "I do not think that through the Scriptures all fine arts should be condemned, as many would be theologians do. I want to see the arts, especially that of music, in the service of Him who has given and created it." Therefore he mentions: "Children must learn to sing, and teachers must be able to teach singing. Music," he adds further, "stands nearest to divinity! I would not give the little I know for all the treasures of the world! It is my shield in combat and adversity, my friend and companion in moments of joy, my comforter and refuge in those of despondency and solitude."

THE Crown Prince of Germany has just done a kindly thing. Little Paul Brandt, a nine-years-old orphan, having exhibited remarkable capacity for music, is being educated gratuitously at a musical school in Berlin. On the Emperor's birthday the little fellow summoned up courage and addressed a note of congratulation to his Majesty, embodying in this note a petition for a new fiddle upon the pertinent ground that his own violin "scraped so awfully" that he could bear with it no longer. A mistake in the address took the note to the Crown Prince instead of to the Emperor, and the former immediately ordered inquiries to be made at the school concerning little Brandt and his "scraping instrument." The inquiries revealing the truth of the boy's statements, the good Prince proceeded to purchase an excellent violin, which he sent as a Whitsunday gift to happy Paul Brandt.

MR. LEGOUVE relates that Malibran, the great diva, met Thalberg, the great pianist, in Italy, one day, and begged him to play some piece for her. He manifested his willingness to do so, but requested her to sing first. Malibran felt ill disposed, but she was obliging, and sang. But she sang poorly. "I told you so, Mr. Thalberg, I cannot sing to-day!" Thalberg said not a word, but, letting his fingers glide over the keys, he struck forth most melodious music from the instrument before him. Malibran, whose head had sunk low in her moody humour, raised it gradually as the music struck her ear, and when Thalberg had ended, she exclaimed—"Oh let me sing now! now I can sing!" And she did, and with such richness and power that all were astonished. Fine music had the same effect upon her that the "spirit stirring" fire and drum have upon the soldier. She was inspired by the sound.

WHEN Philip II, King of Spain, came to Brussels in 1549 to visit the Emperor Charles V, his father, among the festivities of the occasion was a procession in which were some of the queerest things imaginable. At the head marched an enormous bull, from whose horns flashed forth fire, while between them was seated a little devil. Before the bull, a boy covered with a bear-skin was seated on a horse with tail and ears cut off. Then came the archangel Michael, in brilliant costume, and holding a balance in his hand. But a stranger sight than these was a chariot in which were carried the strangest sort of a band. There was a bear playing the organ; for the pipes there were some twenty narrow boxes, each enclosing a cat, whose tails projected, and were connected with the keys by threads, so that, when a key was depressed, the corresponding tail was pulled, and a lamentable sound issued from the throat of poor puss. The chronicler, Juan Christoval Calvete, adds that the cats were arranged, according to their voices, in the order of the scale. Following this abominable machine came a stage on which danced, to the infernal music of the cat-organ, monkeys, wolves, deer, and other animals.

For Kunkel's Musical Review.

BLONDEL'S SONG.

Who has not felt a peculiar charm in reading Scott's works? Who has not, with a real pleasure, perused the *naïve* recitals of Joinville, or the memoirs of Froissart; in a word, all the chroniclers, all the legends, bequeathed to us by the middle ages, or the centuries which immediately followed?

Now-a-days, the advance of science explains everything, or at least pretends to. Mr. Darwin demonstrates that we are descended from the monkeys; Mr. Virchow, stealing Raspail's supposed discovery, proves that we are nothing but cells; Lœwenhoek in the last century, Claude Bernard and Haeckel in this have made themselves the apostles of protoplasm, and Huxley teaches that the bottom of the sea is covered with a coating of "Bathylbius," that precious substance which essentially constitutes all beings. In the meantime Gay-Lussac soars into the upper regions and engages in meteorological observations beyond the clouds, which Franklin robs of the lightning; Fulton propels vessels without oars or sails; Davis drives vehicles without horses, and others cut through isthmuses or pierce mountains in order to take us more speedily to China or Japan; and while others still propose to drain a lake in one place or to make a new sea in another, in order to cool the atmosphere of the Sahara, the engineers of all nations level the whole earth to lay the tracks of their railroads. But all this is the cane of Tarquinius passing over the world and beheading all the plants whose tops or blossoms tower above the thistles with which our poor globe is covered. As a result, the earth, our domain, is made smaller, since distances are thus diminished; the nations lose their physiognomy and their originality, their costumes and their habits, and together with lessening faith, virtue disappears, while everywhere the same vanities and the same vices are found.

I will surely not, in this connection discuss whether the general good is enhanced or lessened, whether the moral level is raised or lowered by them. I recall all these things merely the better to establish the fact that a sentiment of lively interest attaches to the study of the customs, the lives and adventures of our ancestors, presented to our minds in the form or style peculiar to those olden days. In them we find the innocent impressions of our childhood; we forget what we know and we feel the sincere and deep emotions of the simple-minded; we shudder with superstitious terror or thrill with emulation when we cross with a knight-errant the mysterious and terrible forest of Brocellyante; we share in the hatred, the anger and the ardor of the combatants; we embark with them for the Holy Land, war with them against the Moor and the Saracen, and return with them to the fief which we had not expected to see again. There are the towers of the *chateau* which we left to become crusaders, and from which we saw for the last time, floating upon the breeze, the veil of our beloved; there is the drawbridge, and there the court-yard, in which the courser, whose bones are now whitening in the Syrian desert, pawed so impatiently on the day of departure; there is the hall, with its high fire-place, its dresser loaded down with massive silver; and there is the lady hastening forward with unspeakable emotion to meet her lord! We are interested in the pages, the dwarfs and even the pet dogs of the Paladine whom we have followed to the wars and whom we are about to follow in hunts such as our age does not see, because manufactures, the science of analysts, biologists, philosophers and what is called *progress*, have dwarfed everything by explaining everything and by extending everything to everybody.

There is no longer anything small but there is no longer anything great. We no longer have inferiors but also we have no superiors. All men are brothers say the philanthropists; but family ties are being loosened and patriotism is dying, say the true-hearted,

who must not by any means be confounded with the philanthropists.

I am far from denying the advantages of science and the benefits of liberty, but, to be frank, I must say that I regret the olden time, the period when provinces and men had a physiognomy of their own, and I query whether all these advances have made us happier. Surely they have not made us better.

But this is not the question, and all I have written above would be useless or out of place, had I not written it to take the reader away from the present and transport him to the close of the twelfth century, the date of the episode which I am about to relate.

King Richard Cœur de Lion started for the crusade in 1190, leaving the care and administration of his kingdom to his brother John, called John the Landless. This prince, one of the darkest figures in the history of England, which is itself the bloodiest of histories, saw his elder brother depart, with so much the more joy that the dangers which he was going to run and the impetuosity of temper which had given him the surname of Cœur de Lion (the lion-hearted) made him hope the more that he would perish in his perilous enterprise. And this would have happened, or at least Richard would never again have seen his capital and would have died in captivity had it not been for the devotedness of a *trouvere*, or minstrel whom he greatly loved.

"Good King Richard," to use the formula of the time, was coarse, brutal, violent, prompt to anger and "especially a great lover of battles." He began by making war against his father, Henry II, then went to the Holy Land where his fiery courage, his extraordinary strength and rashness left such vivid impressions among the Saracens, that long after his return to Europe, when a horse stopped before some object that frightened it, the Arab who mounted it was accustomed to say: "Go forward, you fool; are you not afraid lest King Richard be behind you!" At last, he died from a wound in the shoulder received at the siege of the *chateau* of Limoges. His glory is neither very great nor very pure, either as king or knight, for, if he had the bravery of Roland, he was far from possessing the virtues of Tancred. Still his memory is surrounded with a glorious nimbus, due, upon the one hand to his indomitable courage, and on the other to the great relish which he had for the poetry and the songs of those days. The protection with which he honored the *trouverses*, or *troubadours* from Provence, who charmed away for him the tedium of rest between two battles, inspired them to compose ballads or *servendes*, lays or *tensons* which have immortalized him because his name and memory were perpetuated among the people by the national songs handed down from that period.

Among the *troubadours* who had come from Provence or Guyenne, who were at his court, there was one named Blondel or Blondiaux de Nesle, whom he loved above the others, and who therefore accompanied him across the sea. During his stay in the delicious island of Cyprus (where he married Berangaria) as well as beneath the torrid sky of Syria, the tuneful lute and the melodious voice of the youth often calmed the terrible fits of anger of "Good King Richard," who, like Saul, of biblical memory, had attacks of melancholy, which were rather disagreeable for those who were about him. Take for instance the fancy which he took on August 20th, 1191, five weeks after the capture of St. John of Arc to have 2,500 prisoners (some say 5,000) beheaded, or the kick which he administered to Duke Leopold of Austria because he refused to work in restoring the fortifications of Ascalon.

This last fact being closely connected with this history, I must here enter into some details. After the two battles of Arsoof and Jaffa, the crusaders had come to Ascalon, the native place or Semiramis and Herod the Great. It was a fortified city, which had a large port upon the Mediterranean and was surrounded by a double wall. However, upon the approach of

the crusaders, Saladin, thinking that he would be unable to defend it, had it evacuated by his troops, and set on fire. Here is the fine description, which a modern writer, Count de Forbin, gives of it: "This city, which now numbers not a single inhabitant, is situated upon an immense hillside, forming a semicircle; the declivity is almost imperceptible to the landward but the steepness is considerable toward the sea, which forms the chord of this arc. The ramparts and their gates are standing, the turret awaits the vigilant sentinel, the streets lead to public squares, and the gazelle bounds over the stairs of the palaces which surround them. The echo of vast churches hears only the cry of the jackal; packs of these animals meet upon the public squares and are now the only inhabitants of Ascalon. The Arabs, who call it Djourah (1), struck doubtless by its imposing aspect, make it the dwelling place of evil spirits. They affirm that at night the city is often lighted and that from it there comes the sound of numberless voices, of the neighing of horses, of the clashing of arms and the tumult of battles."

It was in this poetic city, then full of life, surrounded by odoriferous gardens, seated upon its hillside and mirroring itself in the waves of the Mediterranean, that Richard Cœur de Lion grew angry at his ally Duke Leopold of Austria who refused to carry stones and mix mortar, as Richard himself did, to repair the ramparts, and gave him a right royal kick. But that very evening the duke embarked to return to his country leaving the King of England to continue his building. Already abandoned by a more powerful ally, Philippe Auguste, King of France, whose influence in the army he envied and of whom he had made an enemy by his violent actions and his jealous recriminations, Richard soon found that the ability and habits of a perfect mason are insufficient for a prince, the head of an army. Left to his own resources, he suffered a series of checks and defeats which compelled him to give up the conquest of Jerusalem. Consequently on the 9th of October of the following year (1192), he embarked at St. John of Arc the remnant of the army which had escaped the sword of Saladin's soldiers, the excessive labor which he had imposed upon them, the plague, the forced marches and the heat of the climate.

While the fleet of the crusaders reached Sicily without accident, the king who had wished to be the last to leave the land which he had been unable to conquer lost from sight the vessels which carried away his wife, his sister, the young princess of Cyprus and his companions, and, tossed about by the tempest, reached Korfu only a month later. There he manned three vessels and resolved to reach Ragusa and Zara with his suite which then consisted of twenty persons. It is not known what route he proposed to follow afterward, but it is known that he was already aware of the attempts at usurpation of his brother John, of the open hostility of the Emperor of Germany, of the ill-will of the King of France and of the enmity of the Duke of Austria, quite natural after the insult he had inflicted upon him; wherefore it is said that from the time he left Korfu he intended to cross Germany *incognito*, in the guise of a pilgrim. But a second storm occurred, the vessels were separated and that which carried the King was driven almost to the head of the gulf and was shipwrecked between Venice and Aquileia, upon the coast of Istria, that is to say, upon the shores of his enemy, Duke Leopold.

I will not here rehearse all the events of his venturesome voyage. I will only say that he lost seven of his companions in an ambush of Count Mairand, a kinsman of the Emperor Henry VI, that almost all the others dispersed and reached England as best they might, while the King remained with a knight named Baldwin de Bethune, his *trouvere* Blondel and a young

page who spoke German. Baldwin was afterward captured in a forest near Goritz, and Richard, Blondel and the young page wandered for three days in the woods not even daring to approach the poorest houses to procure food. Later still the page was captured and the King and Blondel arrived alone at a village called Erperg, near Vienna, where the King, who was then very sick took refuge in a deserted house on the edge of the forest. But he was soon discovered and carried off by Duke Leopold himself, while Blondel had gone out to purchase provisions. When the minstrel returned to the house and found it empty, his despair was great, for Richard, so brutal and violent to others had always been good to him, and his poet's soul had been captivated, conquered, by the almost paternal affection of one before whom the whole world trembled. For a number of days he wandered about the country, questioning all those whom he met, trying to discover what had become of the master whom he loved, but constantly halting between his anxiety and the fear of taking some indiscreet step, in case the king had not been recognized, he was unable to learn anything; and eventually determined to go to England, in order to get Queen Eleanor to take measures that should be more effective than his fruitless researches.

A month later, Blondel was in London and reported to the anxious queens all that had happened to them since their shipwreck upon the coast of Istria.

Not doubting that her son had fallen into the hands of his enemies, the queen-mother hastened to appeal to the counsels and assistance of the lords of her court; but, upon the one hand, no one knew whither nor against whom an expedition could be sent to deliver the King, who might have been a prisoner of the Emperor as well as of the Duke; upon the other hand, all the forces of the nobility which had remained faithful to Richard and to the queens, were employed in opposing the attempts at usurpation of John, upheld by the King of France and the Emperor of Germany.

Instead of giving way to her grief and exhausting herself in barren laments, Eleanor went to Rome and solicited the then all-powerful intervention of the Holy See.

The brilliant bravery shown by Richard during the crusade, the successive abandonment of the enterprise by the King of France and the Duke of Austria, and the Emperor's refusal to take part in it, were likely to dispose the Pope to make his own the cause of the King of England; and such indeed was the result. He wrote to Duke Leopold that he knew of a certainty that he had treacherously seized the person of the King of England; and ordered him not only to immediately release him, but also to cause him to be escorted to his kingdom by a guard sufficient to protect him against all attempts of his enemies, and with all the pomp, the honors and distinctions due to his dignity, his bravery and his devotion to the Holy See; threatening him with all the thunders of the Church if he did not promptly comply with this mandate.

The duke vehemently denied not only that he had captured the King but even that he ever had heard of him since he had left the Holy Land, and, in order the better to establish the truth of his declaration, he offered to open to a delegate of His Holiness, all his *chateaux* and all his prisons, so that he might make sure that he did not detain the King anywhere in his dominions. He simply lied, and his offer was a daring one, but he neither could resist the power of the Holy See, nor would have set his enemy at liberty. In order to reconcile everything he gave Celestine III. the answer which I have just reported, and at the same time proposed to Henry VI. to sell him his prisoner. The Emperor of Germany received favorably the proposal of his vassal, and bought from him the King of England for sixty thousand pounds. Baron Hadmar, to whom Leopold had entrusted his captive, left in secret his castle of Tyernsteign with his prisoner, and delivered him to His Imperial Majesty upon payment

(1) Mr. de Forbin seems to us to be mistaken; Djourah is an Arabian village which indeed is near Ascalon, but which is very distinct from it.

of the agreed sum, who caused him to be immediately transferred in the greatest secrecy to the castle of Tribables, of which the Latin chronicle of Otto of Austria says: "*Retrudi eum p[ro]ceptis in Tribablis, a quo carcere nullus ante dies istos exiit.*" (He ordered him to be incarcerated in Tribables, a prison out of which before those days no one had ever come.) This fortress situated in the midst of the mountains of Tyrol, had become almost inaccessible, because the main roads which led to it, had, by order of the Emperor, been either destroyed or blocked up by stumps. Guards who never went out, and who, under penalty of death, were forbidden to converse with anybody from without, watched the unfortunate monarch, and two deaf and dumb Moors, selected in order that Richard might not bribe them, remained constantly near him, accompanying him upon the platform of the dungeon when he walked there, or watched at his bed-side when he slept, with drawn swords.

After having taken all these precautions, the Emperor did not hesitate, any more than the Duke of Austria, to swear that he knew absolutely nothing of the fate of the King of England. It was in vain that, for several months, Pope Celestine renewed his requests, his orders and his threats to the German princes; they opposed only denials to the letters and to the envoys of His Holiness, and it was found impossible to establish their guilt.

It was under these circumstances, that is to say, when everything seemed to be lost, that Blondel, or Blondiaux de Nesle, as Favine calls him (*Theatre d'honneur et de chevalerie, par Favine; Paris, 1620*), swore to find his master or to die in the attempt.

His Holiness gave him his blessing, promising him that if he discovered the place where Richard was imprisoned, he would deliver him, even though, in order to do it, he were compelled to arm the whole of Christendom against the German princes.

The queens gave him, together with a large purse of gold, a small bag containing the most precious stones from their jewel-cases, and, thus prepared, the minstrel departed.

Blondel, or Blondiaux, who perhaps owed his name to the golden hue of his hair, was a young man of twenty-two summers. His large blue eyes were tender and expressive, as became a poet who composed only love songs, which he sung, while accompanying himself upon his lute, at the feet of the princesses and ladies of the Court. A silky mustache shaded his charming mouth and gave a manly air to a face which might have been thought too effeminate and pretty without this martial accessory, for all his features, framed in the golden curls of his long hair, were of angelic fineness and purity. He was tall and slender, but beneath his somewhat thin form, which age would of course fill out, he concealed an agility and a strength which would have made him redoubtable in battle, if, instead of being a poet, he had been a knight as had been his forefathers. His nature was eminently sympathetic and generous, valiant and enthusiastic; else he would not have been a poet! As to his heart, what he was undertaking for the master he had chosen for himself (for Blondel, as his name indicates, was French), proves what it was; for, armed with a lute and a small dagger, he dared to enter upon a struggle against two powerful princes, from whom he knew he could expect no mercy, if his projects were discovered.

It is true that he said to himself that he had in the belt he wore enough to bribe his guardians, if he were discovered; that the music of his lute and his verses would open for him the doors of every *chateau*, and that his pretty face and his love songs would procure him friends and allies wherever he would find young women. There remained then only the *burggrave* himself to deceive or to conquer. But a German baron, in those days especially, was not a foe much to be feared upon the battle-ground of shrewdness and imagination by a Tolosan *troubadour*. Therefore he was full of confidence in himself, full of hope in the future.

But, little by little, both his confidence and his hope lessened, and after six months of continuous peregrinations and fruitless researches, he felt discouragement taking possession of his soul. He had visited more than one hundred burgs, using everywhere all the subtleties of his talent for diplomacy, and all the seductions of his talent both as musician and poet, but he had learned nothing, he had reaped nothing but praises and presents for which he cared but little, if he did not altogether disdain them. True, he had also plucked a few perfumed flowers upon the heights where the Teutonic *burggraves* loved to establish their lairs—I allude to the timid confessions whispered in the ear of the beautiful foreign *minnesinger* by some blonde maiden, or the more burning declarations inspired by the poetical — enthusiasm of some ladies, wedded to drunken and coarse barons, good warriors and great hunters, such as Germany has always produced. But this was not what he was seeking, and therefore, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, the blasts of winter and the snow which filled the roads; notwithstanding the charms of an hospitality in which he found, as Lafontaine expressed it, "good shelter and the balance," he remounted his palfrey, clasped his cloak about him, and resumed his travels.

At last, spring succeeded winter; the trees were covered with leaves, and the earth with flowers and verdure, and Blondel felt the new life spring within his heart as in nature. He then turned toward the mountains, which hitherto had been impassable because of the avalanches and of the snow which blocked their every pass. There were there a number of fortresses, among which an inward voice told him that he would find the prison of his King; for the isolation of these *burgs*, and their difficulty of access, must, he thought, have recommended one of them to the Emperor as a place of concealment for his captive.

One day, he was slowly threading on horseback the edge of a deep ravine, at the bottom of which, hidden by the trees and briars which overhung its steep sides, an unseen torrent was heard to run. On his left a large forest spread out, and large flocks of storks frequently flew high in the air, seeking above the trees the tower or the ruined dungeon where, the previous year, they had built their nests. The poetical traveler paid close attention to the rough but grand landscape which surrounded him, and awakened within his soul vague inspirations; he heard within himself inward voices which harmonized with the noise of the torrent, the rustling of the leaves and the song of birds. He was seeking to give form to these first gleams of inspiration, which are to the genius of the poet what the first dawn of day is to the earth, when a noise, which at first he could not understand, distracted his attention. He reined in his steed and hearkened: the noise drew momentarily nearer; finally he distinguished the unbridled galloping of a horse amid the crackling sound of breaking branches and bushes, and at one time he even thought he heard a call for help or a cry of distress. The advance of the animal which he believed he heard, seemed to be so rapid that he thought it would be impossible for it to stop or turn aside before reaching the ravine which was about to yawn across its path; therefore vigorously spurring his steed, he sprang forward to meet him or her whom he believed to be in peril. His courser had hardly made a dozen leaps when he saw a runaway horse making straight for the abyss, in spite of the exasperated efforts of the woman who mounted it. This woman, with disheveled hair, her long skirt torn by every branch which she had encountered in the mad race of her steed, hung in shreds, and she tottered in the saddle as if her strength was exhausted and she were about to faint. She was already too near the ravine for Blondel to hope to be able to stop her horse, and he only thought of the means of saving her life, and so, at the moment when she was passing by him, he grasped her and lifted her out of her saddle, while her steed continuing its furious run disappeared in the depths of the abyss.



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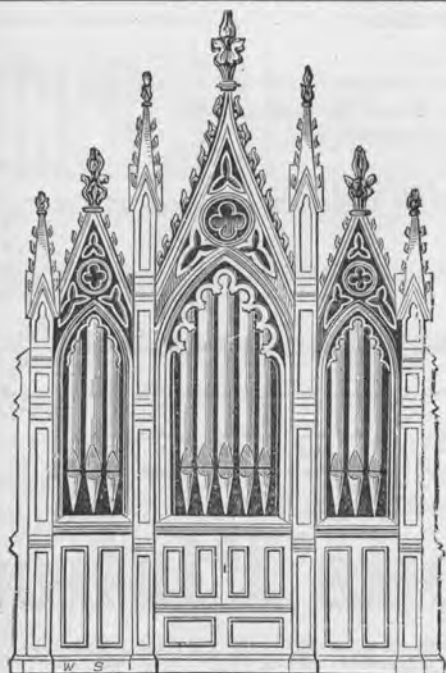
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A. Pay close attention to the phrasing indicated. The first nine notes of the right hand must be played very evenly and smoothly (*legato*). Do not permit any of the fingers to lie in a slovenly manner upon the keys, nor keep any of the keys down longer than the real value of notes demand. Hold the wrist very loose; by this means the smallest hands will find it easy to perform this and similar passages.

B. M. M. stands for Maelzel's Metronome—an instrument, or rather a clock, said to have been invented by Maelzel in the year 1815 to enable composers to indicate the precise time in which a composition should be performed. Parties not in possession of a metronome can take the exact time thus indicated by a watch. For instance ♩=60 at the beginning of a piece signifies that sixty quarter notes are to be played in a minute—one-quarter to each second. If ♩=90 that ninety half notes are played in a minute, one and a half notes or three quarter notes to each second.

C. The bass throughout the galop where written as in this first line must be rendered somewhat *staccato*. Care must be given to the striking of the notes E flat with the third finger and B flat with the fourth. Many players omit one half of these notes in performing passages of this kind.

D. This octave C must be given *staccato* while the B flat following must be (held down) given its full value. All measures containing passages parallel to this must be rendered precisely in the same manner.

E. Be careful to perform this passage very evenly and heed well the *crescendo*.

F. The F and the first C in this measure and B flat in the next must be given *staccato*.

G. In repeating the part as indicated play the first ten measures to | 1 then omit the six measures so marked, and play measures marked | 2 instead.

H. This bass is played the second time. Heed well the *crescendo* and emphasize the quarter notes E flat, E natural and F.

I. Execute this passage to the end of the part with great brilliancy and boldness.

K. Play the octaves with loose wrist. It is optional to play the octaves marked with the third finger with the fourth. Small hands sometimes have difficulty in striking octaves with the third finger, whereas it is generally easier for large hands to play them as indicated.

L. Pay good attention to the dynamic marks *f*, *p*, *cresc.*, etc., etc., throughout this part; unless closely observed the effect it is capable of producing will suffer.

M. Execute this scale passage very smoothly (*legato*) and with the proper shading of expression as marked.

N. Remarks at K are applicable to this passage of broken octaves.

O. This part throughout must be performed in a playful manner. Special attention must be paid to the phrasing as indicated.

P. Accent well the second beat as marked. This passage when well performed should make the impression upon the listener that the rhythm has been changed.

Q. Do not fail to play all the notes *staccato* as written. They must all be given in a very short abrupt manner.

R. Give this passage very smoothly (*legato*).

S. This passage must be played with a great deal of freedom and energy and the bass must be especially well emphasized.

T. Observe well the dynamic marks *p*, *f*, and *cresc.*

U. From here to the end give the passage with all the brilliancy possible. Be careful to use the pedal as indicated.

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During the late engagement of Patti in Paris, the management, in order to cut down expenses, engaged cheap "artists" to support her. The audiences, anxious only to hear the *diva*, good-naturedly bore with the short-comings of her support, and indeed would, it seems, have been quite willing to do without it altogether, as is shown by the following incident:

On Saturday, the 24th of March, "Trovatore" was to be performed. Just as the curtain was about to rise, the contralto, a certain Mme. Casaglia, announced that she was sick. The stage manager, therefore, stepped before the curtain and, after the customary three bows, said:

"Messieurs, Mme. Casaglia, is sick and begs your indulgence."

"That makes no difference! We don't care?" was the reply he received.

The manager, somewhat disconcerted at first, soon recovered his assurance, and saw that he could risk a radical proposal:

"Messieurs, if you will consent, Mme. Casaglia will omit the principal portions of her role."

"Yes! yes! anything she pleases!"

"And perhaps the role might be omitted altogether?"

"Yes! yes! that is it! it is all right! And a salvo of applauses, which must cruelly have wounded the heart of poor Mme. Casaglia, sealed the compact made between the manager and the public. "Il Trovatore was played that night without Azucena!! But what did the Patti care, so long as they had there their idol in all the freshness of her voice and all the splendor of her talent.

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THE GEM OF COLUMBIA.

Galop de Bravoure.

WILLIAM SIEBERT.

M. M. ♩ = 152.

Vivo. **B**

A

C

When repeated
play thus,—

D

H

2. *Sva*

I

Sva

f

sf

Ped.

Ped.

f

f

cres - - - - *cen* - - - - *do.*

1

4

Con brio.

8

K

f

L

M

f

Ped.

8

N

p

f

f

Ped.

8

I.

f

p

f

f

Ped.

p

First system of musical notation. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music includes triplets and slurs. Above the staff, the word "Sca" is written twice. Below the staff, the lyrics "cres - - - - - cen - - - do." are written. Pedal markings "Ped." and circled cross symbols are present. Fingerings 2, 3, 1, and 4 are indicated.

Second system of musical notation. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music includes triplets and slurs. Above the staff, the word "Trio." is written. Below the staff, the lyrics "cres - cen - do." are written. Performance markings include "pO", "Giacoso.", and "p". Pedal markings "Ped." and circled cross symbols are present. Fingerings 1, 3, 2, 1, 4, 3, 2, 1, 3, 1, 2, 1, 4, 1 are indicated.

Third system of musical notation. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music includes triplets and slurs. Above the staff, the lyrics "cres - cen - - - - do." are written. Pedal markings "Ped." and circled cross symbols are present. Fingerings 3, 1, 1, 4, 3, 1, 2, 4, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1 are indicated.

Fourth system of musical notation. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music includes triplets and slurs. Above the staff, the lyrics "cres - cen - do." are written. Performance markings include "f" and "P". Pedal markings "Ped." and circled cross symbols are present. Fingerings 4, 3, 2, 3, 3, 3, 3 are indicated.

Fifth system of musical notation. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music includes triplets and slurs. Above the staff, the word "Fine." is written. Performance markings include "f" and "sf". Pedal markings "Ped." and circled cross symbols are present. Fingerings 3, 3, 3, 3, 3 are indicated.

mf

R

f

Ped.

sf

f

Ped.

f

Ped.

f

sf

Ped.

Repeat trio to fine, then repeat the galop from the beginning to ;S; then go to finale.

Finale.

animato. **T**

f *p* *f*

p *f*

1. 2.

f

Ped.

cres

Ped.

cen *do.* *ff* *sf* *sf*

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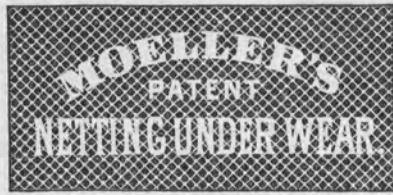
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Lesson to Leave Me Not Lonely.

BY SIGNOR F. PAOLO TAMBURELLO.

(Maestro di Canto at the Beethoven Conservatory, St. Louis, Mo.)

A. Begin not too softly. Give every note clearly and heed the *rinforzando* and *diminuendo* ($\leftarrow \rightarrow$)

B. *Portamento* (slide) from B to F; also make a *rinforzando*.

C. With full voice. Begin to diminish at D the second beat and continue to diminish to the end of the phrase.

D. Commence softly and *rinforzando* as indicated. *Portamento* from B to F in the next measure.

E. With full voice. *Rallentando* (slacken the time) without diminishing in strength.

F. Diminish and sing with *portamento* from C to E. Sustain the E its full value (Stop a little on E).

G. *Mezzo-forte* (with half voice). With *portamento* from E to A sharp. Heed the dynamic mark *p*. The voice must drop to a *piano* all of a sudden. Observe the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* following.

H. *Mezzo-forte*. Slacken the time at D and commence to diminish at B.

I. *Mezzo-forte*. Diminish and slacken the time very slightly towards the close of the measure. Sing with *portamento* from E to E in the next measure, then go to the G following *legato* (smoothly) but without *portamento*. Heed well the $\leftarrow \rightarrow$ in these two measures as they are of the utmost importance.

K. *Mezzo-forte* with *portamento* from B to F in the next measure.

L. Sing this entire measure *forte*. Slacken the time at the second beat and sing with *portamento* from D to B on the third beat, then attack the next measure suddenly *pianissimo* (very softly.)

M. A little pause may be made to good effect on this note F.

N. Accent the first note of beat one and two and give the sixteenth notes thereafter *staccato*. Sing the notes of the third beat *legato*. Pause on the F as marked and go with *portamento* from B to B.

O. Slower and softly. Observe the \leftarrow

P. Like the preceding two measures.

Q. Heed the *rinforzando*.

R. All of a sudden *pianissimo* as indicated and slower. The two sixteenth notes of each group must be sung *legato* while the eighth note following must be given *staccato*.

S. Make a good *rinforzando*.

T. Suddenly drop to a *piano*.

U. Commence moderately loud then make a *crescendo* to *f*; *portamento* from E to G.

V. Suddenly drop to a *piano*.

W. In a like manner as the preceding passages.

X. Make a good *rinforzando* to the beginning of the next measure as indicated. Heed well the *ritard*.

Y. Make a long pause on this F, then *portamento* from F to E.

Z. With full voice and accelerating the movement to the end.

AA. Stop long on this G then *portamento* from G to C.

EXPLANATION

of the Italian words and abbreviations thereof used in "Leave Me Not Lonely."

Accel. (*accelerando*)—Accelerating the time.

Andante Mosso—Not too slow.

A tempo—Resume the previous regular time.

Meno mosso—Less fast, a little slower.

M. f. (*Mezzo-forte*)—Moderately loud.

Ritard. (*rallentando*)—To grow slower gradually.

Ritard—Slackening the time.

Ten. (*tenuto*)—Give the note its full value. Stop a little on the note.

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

All inquiries concerning musical matters will be cheerfully answered in these columns by Mr. Charles Kunkel. Therefore, gentle reader, if there is anything you are in doubt about, send on your question and be enlightened.

If our readers will now make use of this invitation they will obtain a vast amount of instructive and useful information. The question which one asks may, at the same time, enlighten hundreds of others.

The Size of Famous European Churches.

The following statistics as to the comparative capacity of the most celebrated churches in Europe will be read with interest:—

	Persons.	Sq. yds.
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Milan cathedral	37,000	9,000
St. Paul's, at Rome	32,000	8,005
St. Paul's, London	25,000	6,400
St. Petrona, at Bologna	24,400	6,100
Florence cathedral	24,300	6,070
Antwerp cathedral	24,000	3,100
St. Stephen's, Vienna	12,400	3,166
St. Dominic's, Bologna	12,000	3,000
St. Peter's, at Bologna	11,400	2,850
Cathedral at Vienna	11,000	2,740
St. Mark's, Venice	7,000	1,750

The piazza of St. Peter's, it is added, in its widest limits, allowing twelve persons to the quadrate meter (square yard), holds 624,000; allowing four to the same, drawn up in military array 208,000. In its narrowest limits, not comprising the porticos or the Piazza Rusticucci, 474,000 crowded, and 138,000 in military array.

Very Wagnerian.

The Italian papers are greatly irritated with Mme. Cosima Wagner, whose treatment of the deputation charged with the task of requesting "the master" to attend the first performance of "Lohengrin" in the Eternal City was, it appears, strangely at variance with the letter addressed by Wagner to the "Signor Sindaco." When the deputation went to the composer's house, they were informed that he was ill and could not see them, Mme. Cosima dismissing them with the remark "that the opera of 'Lohengrin' had been composed every since 1849, and that in the space of thirty years the people of Rome had had plenty of time to produce it sooner. The time," she added, "was now past, and Herr Wagner must decline the honor with thanks."

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.

A LONDON paper says: People have said long ago that Offenbach had written himself out, but there is still vitality in his muse for those not already satiated with it. His latest success "La Fille du Tambour Major" is still running and about as full of jingling airs and ear-tickling melodies as any of the *bonnes* with which the author has delighted the public since his fame became established as a writer of lively and unpretentious music.

LEAVE ME NOT LONELY.

Words by I. D. FOULON.

Music by F. PAOLO TAMBURELLO.

Andante mosso.

Piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked *f*. The music features a melody with triplets and sixteenth notes, accompanied by a bass line with chords. Pedal markings are present at the end of several phrases.

A *p* **B** *f* **C** *f*

1. Long, too long, O love, I've wait-ed, Heav-y - heart-ed, sad and lone!
 2. When I dream, thy pre-cious kiss-es Lin-ger warm on lips and brow;

The first system of the song, including vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *p*. The vocal line has dynamic markings *f* and *f*.

D *p* **E** *mf* *rall.* **F** *ten.*

Flow'rs have blossomed, birds have mat-ed; Win-ter lasts for me a-lone!
 When I wake, time's dark a-bys-ses Part sweet then from bit-ter now.

col canto.

The second system of the song. The piano part has dynamic markings *p* and *mf*. The vocal line has markings *rall.* and *ten.*. The piano part ends with the instruction *col canto.*

G *a tempo.* *p* **H** *mf* *rall.*

What to me are sum-mer flow-ers, Which thou bloomest not a-mong?
 Oh, re-turn, love! with thee bring-ing Back to me the gold-en past,

The third system of the song. The piano part is marked *a tempo.* and *rall.*. The vocal line has markings *mf* and *rall.*.

I mf *rit.*

Which thou bloomest not a - mong? . . .
Bring to me the gold - en past. . . .

a tempo. *mf* *col canto.*

Ped. *Ped.*

V mf a tempo. *V f L* *rit.* *p a tempo.*

Songs of birds in fra - grant bow - ers, If un - heard thine own sweet song?
Lov - ing words and kiss - es cling - ing, Be to me what erst thou wast!

a tempo. *rit.* *p a tempo.*

p *f rit. M* *V N* *I.*

Songs of birds in fra - grant bow - ers, If un - heard thine own sweet song?
Lov - ing words and kiss - es cling - ing, Be to me what erst thou

a tempo. *f* *col canto.* *f*

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*

f

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

2.
Meno mosso. *p*

wast! I love thee on - - - ly, Leave me not lone - - - ly, Be ev - er

Meno mosso.

R

pp

S

U

V

W

more Mine, as of yore; . . . I love thee on - - - ly, Leave me not

pp

p

X

Y

Z

lone - - - ly, Be ev - er more Mine, as of yore; Be mine for -

p

f

rit.

f accel.

p

f col canto.

mf

AA

ev - er more, Be mine for - - ev - - er more.

Ped.

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When the young woman felt herself lifted out of the saddle, she succumbed to the violence of her emotions and fainted. Blondel immediately alighted and could then look upon her whom he had just saved from a horrible death.

It was not a young woman, as I said above, but a young girl, almost a child, for she seemed to Blondel to be not over fifteen or sixteen years of age. Notwithstanding the paleness resulting from her fright and fainting, she appeared to him adorably beautiful, with her unbound tresses, so thick and so long that they covered her shoulders like a mantle, with her lips parted and showing teeth of pearl, her eyes half closed which led one to divine two sapphires beneath her eyelids, whose long lashes cast a shadow over her cheeks. Her clothing was that of a wealthy lady, and the young man noticed that she had a Frenchwoman's foot and the hand of a duchess.

As a young man and as a *troubadour*, Blondel was twice as happy to have saved so charming a creature as he would have been to have rescued some gray-bearded knight, and therefore, in order to restore her to consciousness, he lavished his attentions with a solicitude which might have led one to suppose that he was moved by something more than charity, if the soul of the *troubadour* had not been filled with one only love, one only object—King Richard and his deliverance.

At last, the young girl again opened her eyes to the light. At first she remembered nothing, but cast about her a wandering glance, which at last rested upon Blondel's face, which she steadfastly gazed upon for a few seconds, with astonishment mingled with admiration. Then she murmured: "Oh, he is beautiful as the angels in my missal!"

"How are you feeling, noble lady?" asked the minstrel, who pretended to have heard nothing. His voice, so sweet and so harmonious, only increased the bewilderment of the maiden, who, instead of answering, again gazed about her, apparently wondering whether she dreamt or was awake, and how it happened, if she were not dreaming, that she should be on the outskirts of the forest, near the edge of the torrent, alone with a young man dressed in velvet and beautiful as an angel. All at once, she shuddered and uttered a slight cry of fear, almost immediately followed by this question: "My horse?"

Blondel pointed toward the yawning abyss.

She covered her face with her hands, and, in a horror-stricken tone, muttered brokenly: "Oh, the gulf—I heard the torrent roaring as I approached it. I saw the precipice yawning across my path, and felt it draw me toward it. I tried to throw myself to the ground, and I could not. I was frightened. Oh, I was so frightened." And as each word was interrupted by a spasm, whose painfulness was shown by the heaving of her bosom and the expression of her face, the young man tried to interrupt and calm her by speaking to her. He took her hand and said to her gently: "Why, that's all over; you're in no danger now; you are saved!" She took her hands from her face, and looked at him as if in an ecstasy. At last she said to him: "Yes, I was saved by you, just as I closed my eyes to die; I saw you and I felt that I was saved. But whence came you? for this road goes nowhere. It was God that sent you, was it not? Your voice is so sweet, and you are so beautiful. Are you not a *Genius* such as our chronicles tell of? Oh, if you are a *Genius*, tell me?" She clasped her hands, and waited for his answer, full of emotion.

Blondel smiled at the *naivete* of the maiden, but was not astonished at it, for those ideas were common in those days, not only among the vulgar, but also among the ladies and knights, who read nothing but marvelous stories, which no one was bold or impertinent enough to doubt.

No, answered the *troubadour*, I am not a *Genius*; I am only a poor *troubadour* of the county of Toulouse in France, and I travel, singing my verses in the *cha-*

teaux for the pleasure of the ladies and the glory of the knights.

She looked at him again with an air of hesitancy, and at last said sadly: "What a pity! I'd rather you had been a *Genius*!"

"Why so?" said he, smiling.

"Because, if you had been a *Genius* you would have come to see me, passing over the towers of Tribables, where I am so lonesome, while if you are only a *troubadour* we shall never see each other again! And I know I'll die of grief; I feel it there!" said she, pressing her hand over her heart and shaking her head in a disconsolate manner.

"On the contrary," replied Blondel, "I am a gentleman, and my being a minstrel causes the doors of the noblest houses to be opened to me!"

"Not Tribables!" answered she, with tear-dimmed eyes, while she abstractedly pulled the grass that grew about her over the little mound upon which they were seated.

"Why not Tribables?" he inquired.

"Do you see that horrible ravine? There used to be a bridge over it. This forest," said she, turning to the other side, "used to be full of peasants, who chopped the wood and enlivened the copses with their songs, the halloos of the children, or the dances of the maidens beneath some great oak; but now there is no bridge to go to the town; there are no inhabitants in the forest; the fief has become a desert, and no one can now approach the *chateau*. When our armed men surprise a traveler or a passer who has wandered hither, they arrest him, and," added she, lowering her tone, "I do not know whether they imprison or kill him, but I know he is never seen again."

Then suddenly, "Why, yourself! Now I think of it! If they should come now, you would be lost! You must hasten away!" As she spoke she pressed the hands of the *troubadour* and gazed upon him with an expression of solicitude and fear which proved a soul truly — — thankful.

But Blondel was not easily frightened, and what his good looking friend had just told him aroused his curiosity.

"Why this isolation and all these precautions?" he asked, "Has the lord of Tribables declared war against the Emperor? or—"

"On the contrary," interrupted she quickly, "My father is not cruel; it is the Emperor himself who orders all these things."

"But why?" repeated Blondel, more and more perplexed.

The young girl looked circumspectly around, and bending toward the young man, she whispered quickly: "Because of the prisoner!"

The *troubadour* grew pale, and putting his whole soul into the question, he asked, in a voice trembling with emotion: "And who is this prisoner?"

"I do not know," answered she, "but he must be some dreaded enemy, for, since he is in Tribables, my father has ordered all I have told you and has put him into the dungeon, which no one approaches save the hundred armed men who guard it."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Never!" exclaimed she, as if he had said something monstrous. "No one ever sees him, except my father and two Moorish slaves, who are deaf and dumb, and who never leave him."

"Then he never leaves his cell?" asked Blondel, deeply moved with hope and pity.

"He is not in a cell," replied the young girl; "he inhabits the large hall at the top of the dungeon, and every day my father keeps his door open for an hour or two, so that he may promenade upon the platform."

"And — — does the prisoner always make use of this permission?"

"Always, unless the weather be too bad. I know it, because my father always leaves me at noon to go up to the dungeon."

After a silence, during which she remained with her

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head bowed down, as if absorbed in thought, while ten questions which he dared not frame into words, pressed upon the lips of Blondel, the young girl looked up and continued, as she cast a sad glance upon her beautiful companion: "You must go, and hasten, for the retainers who accompanied me when my horse ran away, must be looking for me and cannot be long in finding us. But, before you leave me, tell me your name."

"My name is Blondiaux de Nesle. What is yours?"

"Mine is Ermangarde," said she.

"Well, Ermangarde," said he, caressing her beautiful hair and looking lovingly at her, "if what I suspect be true, I shall soon have accomplished a great and perilous mission which I have undertaken, and in that case, beautiful and gentle maid, I swear to you that you shall be my lady."

"Oh, that would be too much happiness!" innocently exclaimed the guileless child, clasping her pretty little hands.

"Upon my honor, as a gentleman, I swear it to you!" gravely repeated the minstrel.

At this time they heard voices and the noise of a troop of horsemen riding through the bushes.

"Flee!" said she, hurriedly, "flee, they are coming!"

Blondel leaped upon his horse, and, as he turned to leave, he said: "In what direction and how far is the *chateau* of Tribables?"

"Oh, do not go near it!" she cried in terror.

"Noble lady, obey your lord!" replied he, smiling.

"Answer, or I shall await your retainers and ask them!"

Ermangarde seemed to hesitate, moved on the one hand by the fear of sending him to destruction, and upon the other by the desire of seeing him again, for she had forgotten the prisoner and only saw a proof of love in the request of her new-made friend. At last she hastily said to him (for he was waiting and the retainers were drawing near), "Follow the bottom of the ravine; on the edge of the torrent, a league from here, you will find yourself at the foot of the dungeon."

Blondel leaned over in his saddle, stretching his arms out to her, but his palfrey was very tall and the saddle was a high one; still, by standing on tip-toe, Ermangarde's lips could just reach those of the young *troubadour*. A long kiss sealed their common pledge, and putting the spurs to his charger, Blondel disappeared in the woods.

The day after these events, the lord of Tribables, Baron von —, was walking in his armory, when the clepsydra marked the noon hour. He took from a closet an enormous iron key, curiously chiseled, and went out. After having followed a long covered way, which led him to the foot of the dungeon, he ascended to the top story of the tower, opened a door as massive and solid as that of the *chateau* itself, and entered a large circular room, which for all furniture had nothing but a bed, a large oaken table, a bench and two stools. A large man lay with his clothing on upon the bed; his hands over his head and his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, he seemed to be thinking, and did not stir when his jailer entered.

The Moors of whom I have spoken, were seated in the embrasure of a window, with their backs against the iron bars which closed it—a useless precaution at so great a height from the earth. The baron looked about the hall, as if to make sure that everything was in order, then he bowed to his prisoner, saying: "Whenever it shall please your majesty!" and with a gesture, he indicated the open door; then he bowed again, and, without waiting for an answer, which his captive seemed but little disposed to give him, he withdrew.

The king, for it was he, waited a few minutes, probably through dignity, then arose, and, without giving a look to his body-guards, ascended up to the platform, to which they followed him. After having walked around awhile, the king came to one of the battlements, where, leaning upon his elbow, he fell into a *reverie*. The Moors, who had remained near the stair-

way, leaned against the wall and waited with an air of listlessness, but still ever attentive to follow the king's every motion.

It had been just so for nine months; ever since Richard was detained at Tribables; then at two o'clock a little bell was heard, the unfortunate prince returned to his room, always acting as if he were in no haste, and a few minutes later the Baron came to lock his door.

As he stood, the King's back was turned to his guards, from whom he was separated by the entire width of the platform, but the thickness of the wall prevented his seeing at the foot of the dungeon; scarcely could he see the tops of the high trees of the forest which began on the other side of the ravine with which we are acquainted.

God knows what sad thoughts were occupying the mind of the unfortunate monarch, when all at once familiar accents rose from the foot of the tower and reached his ear.

With the very first strain he recognized both the song and the singer, and a thrill of joy caused his heart to beat; then deep emotion overwhelmed him and caused him to reel. For a moment his power of thinking seemed suspended, his heart ceased to beat. It was Blondel! He was singing the sweet lay which he had written for him when they were in Cyprus, at the time when he was wooing his beautiful queen, Berangaria. "Blondel!" repeated he, "my faithful Blondel!" and his eyes filled with tears.

According to Favines and President Fauchet, French writers of the seventeenth century, as well as according to Thomas Percy, these are the verses which were sung by the provincial *trouvers*, together with Dr. Barry's translation of them:

Domna vostra beutas,	Your beauty lady fair,
Elas belas faissas,	None views without delight;
Els bels oïls amors,	But still so cold an air
Els gens cors ben taillats,	No passion can excite,
Don sien empresenats,	Yet this I patient see,
De vostra amo qui mi lia.	While all are shunned like me.

When this stanza was ended, the voice hushed, but after a short while it repeated it. Richard understood the thought of his faithful minstrel; he bent forward as far as he could in the opening of the battlement, and, trying to make no tell-tale gesture, for if they neither heard nor spoke, his guards had the vigilant eyes of the mutes of the *seraglio* from which they had been taken, he, in his turn, sang the second stanza, which was as follows:

Si bel trop affanno,	No nymph my heart can wound,
Ja de vos non porteraï,	If favor she divide,
Que major honoraï,	And smile on all around,
Sol en vostra deman,	Unwilling to decide;
Que s'autra des beisan,	I'd rather hatred bear
Tot can de vos volria.	Than love with others share.

As soon as the king had answered, (for, although his voice reached him but feebly, the *troubadour* had perfectly recognized it), Blondel, intoxicated with joy, but made suddenly prudent by the knowledge of his secret, sprang upon his palfrey and sped away.

The histories of England and of the German empire give the close of this romantic episode. It will here suffice for me to say that the Emperor, Henry VI, was compelled to surrender his prisoner, and that Blondel, loaded with honors and with wealth, wedded the *naïve* Ermangarde.

MAX STRAKOSCH has secured Marie Rose for a season of English opera to begin at the New York Fifth Avenue Theatre the first of November. The terms are one thousand dollars for three performances a week. She will have the support of Miss Gaylord, now of the Carl Rosa Company, and Mr. Byron, a tenor robusto, never, we believe, heard in this country.

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Mr. Howells's New Story, "The Undiscovered Country," which appeared serially in the *Atlantic*, is already reproduced in book form. As it has appeared in the magazine, it has been followed with admiring interest by a multitude of readers, who have not only enjoyed the unflinching charm of Mr. Howells's style, and the exquisite delicacy with which he treats his characters and depicts his scenes, but have been surprised by the skill and penetration he has shown in presenting characters more complex than those which figured in his previous stories, and discussed subjects of profound interest and significance. The broader range and deeper meaning of the story have very distinctly raised the estimate of Mr. Howells's power as a novelist in the judgment of thoughtful critics. The *New York Evening Post* says:—

It is impossible not to discover in this work a deliberate and very noteworthy advance upon its author's part to a higher plane of fiction than he has hitherto attempted.

The conception of Dr. Boynton is a bit of masterly work, evincing a subtlety of psychological observation, and a keenness of psychological penetration wholly unmatched in American fictitious literature outside the pages of Hawthorne.

The *Cincinnati Commercial*, referring to the introduction of Spiritualism in the novel, remarks:—

The story has a *motif* entirely new, and Mr. Howells treats it in a manner that will prove an enduring merit. It is known how much of history comes down to us in fiction, and a century hence, when some of the mysteries of to-day are more clearly understood by the people of the future, Mr. Howells's "Undiscovered Country" will be one of the books holding a curious speculative charm. (\$1.50).

Mr. Howells's Other Novels.—"A Chance Acquaintance," "Their Wedding Journey," "A Foreign Conclusion," and "The Lady of the Aroostook;" his charming book of essays, "Suburban Sketches," and his delightful books of travel, "Venetian Life" and "Italian Journeys," are now reduced from \$2.00 to \$1.50 each, uniform with "The Undiscovered Country." The eight volumes, bound in the same style, make a box-full of books very attractive in appearance, while the freshness, purity, and charm of their contents make them equally salutary and delightful.

Miss Perry's New Book, "The Tragedy of the Unexpected, and other Stories," comes in good time to furnish a fresh, bright readable book for the entertainment of summer readers. One of the prime requisites of a popular summer book is that it shall not be dull; and nobody ever dreamed of charging dullness on Miss Perry's poems or stories. Indeed, they are so full of animation and movement, that sober critics sometimes fail to see the substantial qualities which underlie these gracious and winning features. But most readers find no difficulty in pardoning a writer who keeps them awake and on the alert in so pleasant a fashion; and this is likely to be one of the most attractive "vacation" books this summer will bring. (\$1.25)

Mrs. Whitney's "Odd, or Even?" is still more popular than any of her former stories. It has already passed the seventh thousand, and seems merely to have begun its prosperous career. The secrets of its popularity may be inferred from the tone in which sympathetic critics speak of it. The *Christian Union* says:—

"Odd, or Even?" is a delightful book. Whatever Mrs. Whitney writes is always fresh, healthful, and stimulating. Her conception of life is lofty, sometimes beyond ordinary human reach, and her moral standard is supremely high. In literature her place is with that class of inspirational writers of

whom George Macdonald is a conspicuous representative. Her latest book excels alike in its delineations of character and pictures of natural scenery. The men and women are not such as we meet every day; indeed, we are not sure that we ever meet people who talk precisely after Mrs. Whitney's fashion; but they are people whom we should like to meet, and whose characters and aims we should be glad to reproduce in our own experience.

The *New York Christian Intelligencer* commends the book heartily, and wishes more writers would learn the secret of its power.

The *Lutheran*, of Philadelphia, remarks:—

Mrs. Whitney is a delightful writer. Nothing could be sweeter, purer, more full of the loveliest sanctities of home-life, than her stories. They are full of reality and full of wisdom. (\$1.50.)

"A Hopeless Case."—Mr. Edgar Fawcett's novel with this title has already excited very marked attention. It contains elements of positive interest to various classes of readers, in its faithful pictures of New York society, its portrayal of a peculiarly sincere and noble heroine, and in the scenes bring out her sterling and winning qualities. There are certain features of this book which will remind readers of the charming "Lady of the Aroostook," not so much by any likeness of situations, by the impression of simple sincerity produced by the heroine of each story. The *Boston Traveller* says:—

"A Hopeless Case" will, we are sure, meet with a very enthusiastic reception from all who can appreciate fiction of a high order. Not only is the picture of New York society as revealed in its pages remarkably graphic and true to life, but the story is worked out with that keen artistic touch so characteristic of the author, which he has never before displayed to such rare advantage. The plot, or rather *motif*, is of the simplest. A young girl endowed with intellectual gifts somewhat above the average, and having been brought up in ordinary circumstances, is suddenly transposed to the highest circles of metropolitan society, where, through her attractive qualities, mental and physical, she conquers all hearts, only to be wearied with the false glitter of fashionable life, which she gives up in the end, and returns to her former station. The charm of the story lies in the skillful way in which the various characters are delineated without destroying the harmonious effect of the work as a whole. . . . "A Hopeless Case" is a thoroughly delightful novel, keen, witty, and eminently American. It will give the author a high rank as a writer of fiction. A word must be said in regard to the exquisite style in which the work has been issued by the publishers. The dark-blue flexible covers, with their fancy lining, contrast happily with the edges of a deep orange tint, while the typography and minor details are of that uniform excellence characteristic of the house whose imprint appears upon the title-page.

The *Boston Transcript* says:—

To the eye it is one of the most beautiful books of the season, and it is charmingly written.

"A Hopeless Case" promises to be one of the most popular novels of the summer. (\$1.25).

Mr. Deming's "Adirondack Stories" have been received with great cordiality. The *Boston Commercial Bulletin* says:—

This little volume contains eight charmingly told stories of the people who live in the wilderness of the Adirondacks, and reveals facts far more moving than summer visitors describe. The author's style possesses a beauty at once simple, strong, and natural, which, blended with the pathos displayed in such tales as "Lost" and "Lida Ann," gives to the book an indescribable charm.

We would most heartily commend it as an excellent companion volume to Mr. Warner's delightful book, "In the Wilderness."

The *Cincinnati Times* finds humor and pathos in the sketches, and says, "the author may feel assured that he has produced a volume which will take rank with the successful books of Bret Harte." (\$3.75).

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MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS

THREE summer theatres are now in full blast in our city: The Pickwick, the Garden Theatre, as Uhrig's Cave is now called, and the Thalia Theatre on Lafayette avenue.

At the Pickwick, the Bijou Opera Co., from the Bijou Opera House, New York, has been playing to very good houses "The Spectre Knight," "Charity Begins at Home," and "Ages Ago." These light operas have been excellently rendered, and have filled the auditorium nightly. The Pickwick is gaining in popular favor, and is now one of the established institutions of St. Louis, which is waking to a realization of the fact that it now possesses one of the finest little theatres in the country.

At the Garden Theatre, the lovers of open air entertainments have sat beneath the trees, as they quaffed their beer or lemonade, and listened to Flotow's "Martha," Donizetti's "Elixir d'Amore," and Planquette's "Cloches de Corneville," in English. The unusual coolness of the weather, and several rainy nights have had a tendency to diminish the amount of patronage which the place would otherwise have received. The company is a fair one. One of those abominations, called Juvenile Opera Companies, is soon to appear at this garden, in "Le Petit Duc," and we suppose that as the fool-killer has not accompanied the census-taker, there will be no lack of auditors.

The Thalia Theatre we have not attended as yet. "Pinafore" has been the principal attraction, with Mr. Henri Laurent, (the manager), who was in this country the original *Ralph Rackstraw*, in that character, and Miss Blanche Corelli as *Josephine*. Mr. Laurent has in rehearsal the "See-Kadet," never yet produced in this city, and the now well-worn "Chimes of Normandy." The material he has at hand is said to be really good, and we hope to hear of his success.

OTTOLINE OBERBECK, "the wonderful six-year-old elocutionist," took a "complimentary benefit" at the Olympic Theatre, on the evening of June 30th. We have but little faith in "Infant Phenomena," and have nothing *pro* or *con*, to say in this case. We mention the entertainment because of the music, some of which was really excellently rendered. Miss Flora E. S. Pike sang Tamburello's "La Biondina" in a way which procured her a double encore. The West End Quartette (Dr. Cronin, and Messrs. Becker, Hays, and E. Dierkes) covered themselves with glory, and not far in the rear were the South End Quartette (Messrs. Doerr, Dewes, B. Dierkes and Leo). Something of a novelty was the violin playing of Miss Hattie B. Tidd, which was well received.

MISS CHRISTINE McDONALD, of Kansas City, Mo., and a graduate of Loretto Academy, in this city, sang Proch's air, with variations, "Deh Torna a Mio Bene," at the exhibition, June 24th, in a most charming manner. The runs and staccato passages were sung almost perfectly, displaying a voice of remarkable compass, sympathy and flexibility. Miss McDonald is a pupil of Prof. H. A. Allman, with whom she has been studying for eighteen months. The Professor is naturally proud of her. Miss M. we understand, intends returning in the fall, when she will be heard in public.

THE commencement exercises of the Cuthbert Seminary were very enjoyable. The musical part of the programme was excellent. A *cantata* from "Linda," sung by Mrs. Watson deserves special mention for the excellent manner in which it was rendered, Epstein's "Operatic Fantasia," in the hands of the Epstein Brothers, proved, as it always does, a most effective and popular composition, while Miss Clark rendered the Liszt Polonaise in capital style.

THE Saxophone Quartette was one of the leading "monsters" at the "monster concert" recently given at Anthony and Kuhn's Garden. Indeed, they were made the lions of the day.

The St. Louis Grand Orchestra furnished the music on the occasion of the inauguration of the Scudder fountain at the Chamber of Commerce. They acquitted themselves nobly.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, "the singing pilgrim" is announced to give a concert in our city on July 3d.

MOZART began his professional career when he was 12; Weber and Carafa, when they were 14; Galuppi and Zingarelli brought out their first operas when 16; Generali, Pacini, Petrella, Lauro Rossi, and Canogni, theirs at 17; Giuseppe Mosca, Rossini, Luigi Ricci, and Francesco Schira, at 18; F. Campana, Michael Costa, and F. Mabelini, at 19; Boieldieu, Handel, Mchul Cherubini, Salieri, Vincenzo Fioravanti, E. Usiglio, and Donizetti, at 21; Scarlatti, Paer, Mazzucato, Valentino Fioravanti, Raimondi, Meyerbeer, and Ponchielli, at 21. Paisiello, Luigi Mosca, Spontini, Conti, Bellini, De Giosa, Gomes, and Pedrotti, followed suit at 22; Jomelli, Sarti, Cimarosa, Morlacchi, Pavesi, Coppola, Traetto, Jacopo Foroni, and R. Wagner, at 23; Pergolesi, Sacchini, Grötry, Hérold, Vaceaj, and Marchetti, at 24; Mercadante, Prötgallo, Leo, Coccia, and Bottesini were 25 when they produced their first dramatic works; Piccini, Adam, F. Ricci, Boito, Peri, Thomas, and Verdi, 26; Flotow was 27; Gluck and Haverly, 28; Nicolai was 29; Monsigny, De Ferrari, Apolloni, and Auber were 30; Mayr was 31; Nini and Glinka were 32; Gounod was 33; Lulli, 39; Felicien David, 41; Pissuti, 44; Tritto and Goldmark were 45; and Rameau was 60.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The *London and Provincial Music Trades Review* complains in its last number that an American musical journal made use of some of its original matter without giving due credit. It is only a few months since that this paper published a leader entitled "A Piano Bismark," which some two months later and with only color ble modifications, although under a new title, reappeared without credit in the columns of the paper that now complains of American piracy. "Consistency thou art a jewel!"

KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW, is the only musical paper that has such a heading as "Among our Exchanges." Other musical papers seem to be afraid to let the world know that they are not the only ones. We must except *Musical People*, in the last number of which we find a heading similar to ours.

Musical People, June number, gives a picture of Dudley Buck. Mr. Buck has had the small-pox badly, if the picture be faithful. The picture, however, does not detract from the interest of the reading matter, which is excellent.

The *Musical World*, of New York, has changed its name to *The Musical Age*. A good idea, since there are already several other *Musical Worlds* in existence.

The *Musical Courier*, since it has dropped its sewing machine appendage, has become an excellent trade paper.

"A GOOD wine needs no bush," and *Dwight's Journal of Music* is its own best recommendation.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

ST. JOSEPH, June 4th, 1880.

Editor Kunkel's Musical Review:

The St. Joseph Female College has just closed another year of successful work. The last three days were almost entirely taken up with literary and musical exercises, which were well attended by our pleased citizens. The literary exercises were above the average, and the musical part of the programme was excellently rendered. The exercises of the Excelsior Society on May 31st, were very fine, especially the musical charade, which formed the second part of the programme. On the 2d, the Junior Class gave their exhibition; the musical programme, opened with "Vive la Republique," Kunkel, played by Misses Kupfer and Smith. Misses Seearce, Burnes, McCord, Bailey, and Tullar afterwards rendered different musical selections, vocal and instrumental, in a way to commend themselves and their teacher, Prof. Siebert.

On the 3d occurred the commencement exercises proper. Misses Daniel, Force, Means, Musser and Scott were the graduates in the entire academic course, and Misses Michau and Poulet in music. The musical part of the programme was opened in good style, with *Melotte's* "Puck," instrumental duet, played by Misses Daniel and Musser, after which "O Mio Fernando," was beautifully sung by Miss Poulet, and Brignani's "Flower Girl," by Miss Scott, Misses Poulet and Michau closing the programme with Suppe's "Light Cavalry."

St. Joseph is proud of the thorough work done by this institution, and justly so. OBSERVER.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

CHARLOTTE, June 18th, 1880.

Editor Kunkel's Musical Review:

The closing exercises and concert of the Institute for Young Ladies, have been among the chief events of the week. There were three graduates in music, Miss K. Johnston, (with Weber's Concerto in F minor), and Miss M. Atkinson, (with Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor), in the piano department; and in the vocal department, Miss C. Badham, (with the role of *Margaret* in "Faust"). The selections on both programmes, 8th and 9th, were of the choicest. Robyn's favorite waltz, "Bliss, all raptures," sung by Miss W. Johnston; Estabrook's waltz, "My Love is Coming," sung by Miss E. Neal; Jean Paul's ever jolly duet of the "Jolly Blacksmith," played by Misses S. Finlayson and I. Harty; Schubert's "Margaret's Spinning Song," sung by Miss M. Lyon, who responded to an *encore*, with Robyn's "I Love but Thee"; S. Smith's "Hungarian March," played by Miss S. P. Smith, a promising *virtuoso*; such seemed to be the favorite numbers with the audience, but none so much as the selections sung by Miss C. Badham, a singer whom many a large city would be proud to claim, and who exhibited a training of the highest and most refined character. Sarcasmic in Martine's song from the "Mock Doctor;" pathetic in the melody from the garden scene in "Faust;" passionate in the romance from "Paul and Virginia;" dramatic and brilliant to the highest in Faust's "King of Thule," and "Jewels' Scene," she showed a rare versatility, and a thorough understanding of operatic music. The whole affair proved very enjoyable to the large audience, and creditable alike to the teacher, Prof. A. Bidez, and to the pupils. It closed with a canon, beautifully rendered by the whole singing class, "Flower Greeting," by Curschmann. MUSICUS.

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The scene of Carmen is in Spain, giving scope for a great deal of brightness connected with the *Festas*, etc. The inconstant lady first attracts a very honest lover, who is given up for a brilliant Torreador or Bullfighter. The action presents a type of Spanish manners, which serve as a grand frame for attractive music.

Fatiniza.

Opera by SUPPE. \$2.00.

Splendid new opera that is a decided success. A large, fine book, with English and foreign words, and the opera every way complete, for a low price.

Fatiniza is nobody, that is, a young Russian officer takes for sport, that character in a masquerade, and the general falls in love with a supposed lady, who afterwards, of course, disappears. The form of the Opera turns on this occurrence, which happened during the Turkish war, and the actors are seen, now in the Russian, now in the Turkish camp. An ubiquitous Reporter is one of the characters, and mixes and unmixes the plot very skillfully.

Doctor of Alcantara.

By EICHBERG. \$1.50.

A famous Opera, now brought, by the popular price, within the reach of all. Orchestral part, \$15.00.

The Doctor's wife, and daughter and servant girl credit themselves with a serenade, which was really intended for the second of the three. The lover, to secure an interview with his fair unknown, is brought into the house in a large basket. Some dozens of comic situations arise out of this, including the tipping into the river of the basket, and the supposed drowning of the young man.

A very wide-awake and musical opera, which will be more and more given as it is better known.

Bells of Corneville.

By PLANQUETTE. Nearly ready. \$1.50.

The action of the "Bells" bring up before us the peasant life of France. There is quite a variety of incident, and at one time we are carried to a ghost-haunted castle, where the denouement of the plot takes place. Pretty French Music, and a successful Opera.

Pinafore

(50 cents) is hardly a year old, and there are doubtless some people who have not yet heard it. This edition is complete, words, music and libretto, and would be cheap at twice the price.

The Sorcerer.

By GILBERT AND SULLIVAN. Price, \$1.

While this opera may never be a great stage success like its fortunate companion, it may please even better than that in private. The songs and music generally are very musical and taking, and the whole may be safely commended for parlor, school or class entertainment. Scenery is not essential.

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(50 cents) is a charming Operetta for young people, and not difficult to give.

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(50 cents) is a little Operetta requiring but two performers, and may easily be given in a parlor, for the evening amusement of visitors.

DITSON & CO., publish a great many Cantatas and Operettas and persons wishing to get up attractive musical entertainments will do well to procure and consult lists and catalogues.

BUSINESS BUZZES.

THE popularity of the Sohmer piano cannot, perhaps, be better shown, than by the fact that its manufacturers, Messrs. Sohmer & Co., have been compelled to add to their manufacturing capacity, by leasing Nos. 150, 152 and 154 East Fourteenth Street, New York, in addition to the large premises already occupied by them across the street. With their increased facilities, they hope to be able to promptly fill all orders, both wholesale and retail. The reporter of *The Music Trade Journal*, who recently visited the enlarged quarters of this enterprising firm, speaks as follows of some of the instruments which he there saw in their warerooms:

"In examining the upright pianos of Messrs. Sohmer & Co., we found styles 7 and 9 especially fine and desirable instruments, and we hear that they are the favorites with dealers. The No. 7 is full size in octaves, being seven and one-third, and has a very rich tone, with remarkable power for its size. It is in a plain, all rosewood case and is moderate in price; while in style 9 particular attention is given to the case, which is rich and original in design, being very different from the conventional style of fancy cases. It is both tasteful and artistic. The Sohmer square pianos are so well known that they stand entirely upon their own merits, and many of our leading families affirm with pride that their Sohmer piano is as good to day as when first bought; while their grand pianos have been praised by leading musicians, and used in public by many artists with great satisfaction. The name of Sohmer & Co. on a piano is considered a sufficient guarantee to the public and the trade, that the piano is a superior one, and the steady progress made by the house is an assurance to the trade that in working for it, they are working for something that will last, and that has a prosperous future before it."

STEINWAY & SONS have purchased the shops formerly owned by S. & L. W. Porter, Leominster, Mass., and are now making piano cases there. They have contracted with Boynton & Wheeler, to build them a new shop, 120 feet long, 60 feet wide, and three stories high, for finishing and varnishing. This contract requires 214,000 feet, making a train of 27 cars of lumber and timber, which will be furnished by Hawley Brothers, of Fitchburg, Mass.

WEBER has given the agency of his celebrated pianos, for the Dominion of Canada, to the New York Piano Company, of Montreal. Their first order is for 125 pianos, to be delivered as finished.

OUR English cousins are never more eloquent defenders of honesty than when denouncing the piracy of American publishers, and heaven forbid that we should say a good word for any pirates except those of Penzance. But a correspondent of the *Figaro*, who recently visited London to attend the performances of Adrienne Lecouvreur, took a look around at the London theatres and made the following report of French plays, adapted or conveyed, which were simultaneously holding the London stage. At Drury Lane they were playing "Madame Angot," at the Globe the "Chimes of Normandy," at the Royal Connaught the "Voyage en Chine of Labiche," which had a run of one hundred nights at the Garrick, and had then been handed over to the Royal Connaught, which had rebaptized it "The Obstinate Bretons;" at the Criterion the "Bebe of Murde Najac" and "Hunrequin" was on its 250th representation, under the alias "Betsy"; at the Victoria, Barriere's "Maison du Pont de Notre Dame"; at the Pavilion, the "Two Orphans"; at the Elephant and Castle, the "Two Orphans" and "Notre Dame de Paris"; at the Royal Strand, "Madame Favart"; at the Court Theatre, "Hearts ease" (adapted from Dumas); at the Alhambra, "La Fille du Tambour Major"; and, lastly, at the National Standard, "Drink." "Voilà!" exclaims the enthusiastic correspondent, "there is a list which is full of glory for our French playwrights and composers; as it shows that they are supplanting the national literature of England—but there is very little money in it." The next time our English censors are disposed to pass sentence on the American pirates of the bookshelves, will they please think of the English pirates of the playhouse, and temper justice with mercy?

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SMITH AND JONES.

Smith—Well, Jones, did you get those Jean Paul's Fantasies for that sweetheart of yours?

Jones—Yes indeed, but I did something smarter than that!

Smith—That can't be!

Jones—Yes, it can though. You see, I was a little shy about telling her my love, and so I got a lot of pieces of music, and arranged them in proper order, and told her if she'd read the titles through, she'd see my sentiments. I had to put in a word, now and then, in pencil, but that's all right. This is the way it read: At "Break o' Day," when wakes the "Skylark"; yes at "Peep o' Day," my "Silent Love" for thee, "Charming May," exhales like the "Night Blooming Cereus." When "On Blooming Meadows," "Sparkling Dew" glitter like the "Gems of Scotland," When the "Star of Morn" arises, and the "Morning Chimes" ring out; when "On the Ocean" the sunset pours its "Shower of Rubies"; when the "Evening Chimes" are heard, yea, when the "Shooting Meteors" course the sky, and even in "Dreamland," "I Love But Thee," Beneath the "Silver Poplar," where the "Heather Bells" blossom, and where the "Sprite of the Wind" awakes "Echoes from the Woods," while it toys with the "Trembling Dew-drops," O "Thou, my Own," "I Still Must Think of Thee," "Leave Me Not Lonely," "Call Me Thine Own," and then, "Bliss, all Raptures Past Ex-celling," shall be mine.

"Will You Let Me Kiss Again?" "Don't Blush," but "Name the Wedding Day." We shall build us a "Cot on the Hill," near "The Merry Mill," and not far from "The Jolly Blacksmiths." Then, if we have an "Angel's Visit," a "Little Birdie May," a "Fairy Star," I'll think "It's Nice to be a Father."

Smith—What did she say?

Jones—Well, she was "Sitting at the Door," she stamped "Those Charming Little Feet" and exclaimed, "Chilligowol-bedory!" "Go 'Way, Ole Man?" I'm "Going to the Matinee," for "I'm a Thousand Dollar Soprano," and some call me "La Coquette." You can "Ave Maria" or "Fanny Powers," "The Flirt," for the asking, but your "Longing Reverie" will not win me. If you would be "Irresistible," show me your "Gold, Else," your "Silver Dust," and bring me "Wiener Bon-Bons," "Then will I be Content" to take "Thy Name," and with you go "Hand in Hand," with "Love's Devotion" through "Life's Lights and Shadows."

Puck gives a list of the young ladies officiating at a fair in New York, remarking that "this could not have been done in our grandmothers' time—but then our grandmothers were comparatively vulgar people who ended in y." This is the list:

Miss Mam	Smith.
" Jos	Jones.
" Minn	Robinson.
" Georg	Jackson.
" Libb	Thompson.
" Mill	Mivins.
" Fann	Green.
" Agg	White.
" Lill	Black.
" Jenn	Brown.
" Lott	Gray.
" Beck	Levi.
" Maud	Muldoon.
" Sad	Simpson.
" Bidd	Mulvany.

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EVERY ONE TO HIS TRADE.

Henry Ketten, the pianist, not only left behind the good will and hearty favor due this most accomplished artist and courteous gentleman, but as well the memory of so thorough and matchless a snub to one of those intolerable vulgarians, who form at least, the superstructure of Frisco society, that we could afford to ever hold him in grateful remembrance for the latter reason alone.

It appears that Mr. K. was invited to a party at the house of one of our local Plutocrats, a large importing merchant, and attended the same with his wife, precisely as would any other expected guest.

To his surprise, however, he found the company sitting solemnly around, as though in a concert-hall, and himself at once pressed to "play something" by his host. The courteous Frenchman complied, and in response to repeated requests, continued to entertain the company for nearly two hours. When at last he was thoroughly fatigued, supper was announced, whereupon the host rose and said:

"You've got piano punching down fine, Ketten, old fellow. Now, if you'll play these young folks a few quadrilles and polkas while the balance of us go down to hash, I'll send up Martha Louise to relieve you presently; or, if you like, you can have something sent up and eat it right here on the piano. I first kinder calculated to have to engage a couple of fiddlers, but the old lady said she thought you wouldn't mind. I'll make it all right when you go."

The astounded artist gazed at the speaker—who was well known to have been a bar-keeper in the "good old days"—for a few moments, utterly dumbfounded; then, controlling himself, he gravely turned his back, and began playing dance music as requested. When the company had all reassembled in the parlors, he raised his voice and said:

"Pray, let some whisky, lemons and sugar be brought in."

It was done.

"Now, then," said Mr. Ketten, fixing his eyes on the host; "now, then, mix us some cocktails, my good fellow; every man to his trade."

There was an awful silence, and then the shoddyocrat, with a ghastly attempt to carry off the joke, prepared the drink and handed it to the musician.

"You're losing practice, my good man, the fellow at the hotel bar does much better. There, you may keep the change," and tossing the almost asphyxiated millionaire a half dollar, he put his wife under his arm and walked out.—San Francisco Post.

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