



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

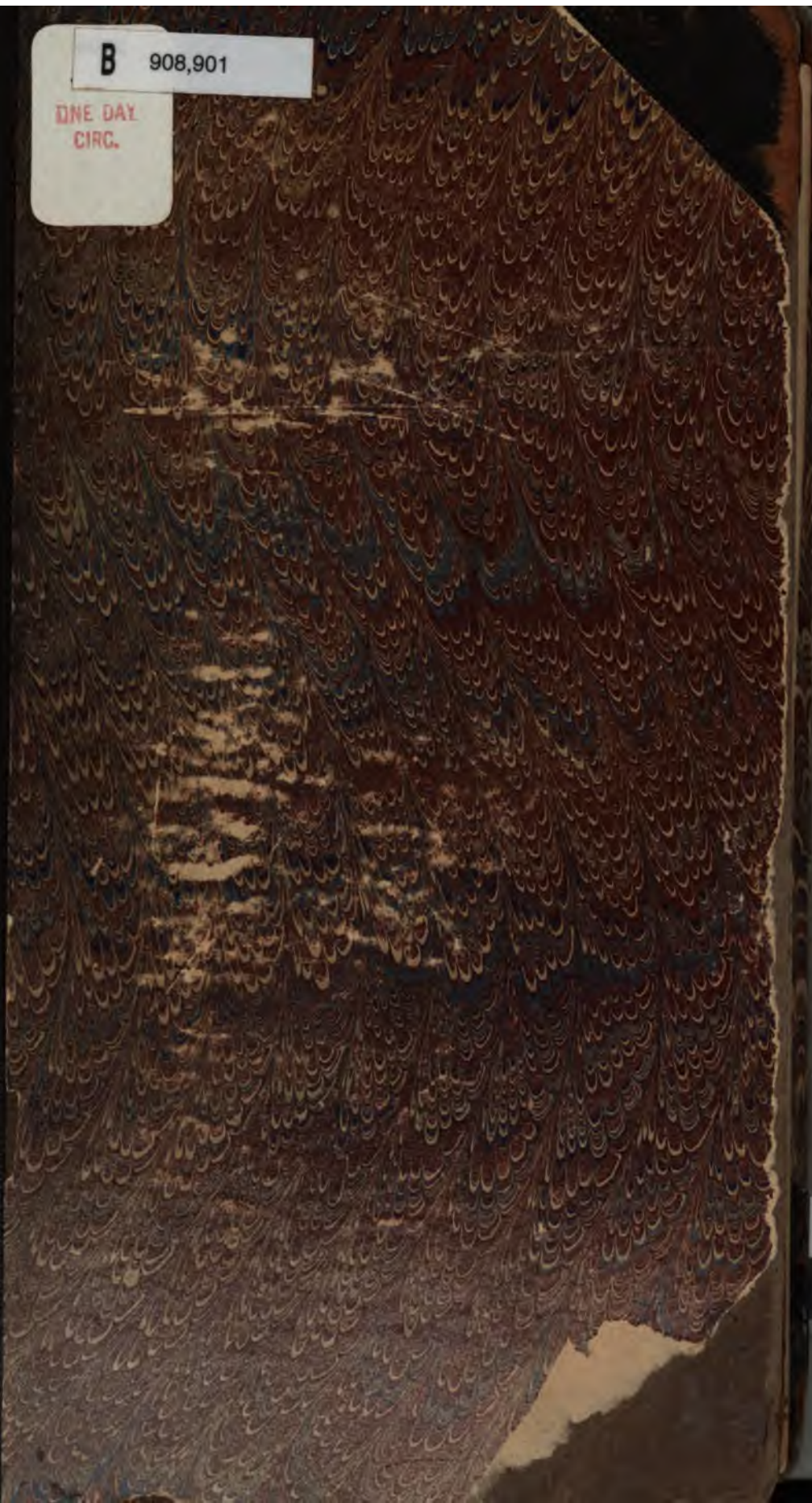
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

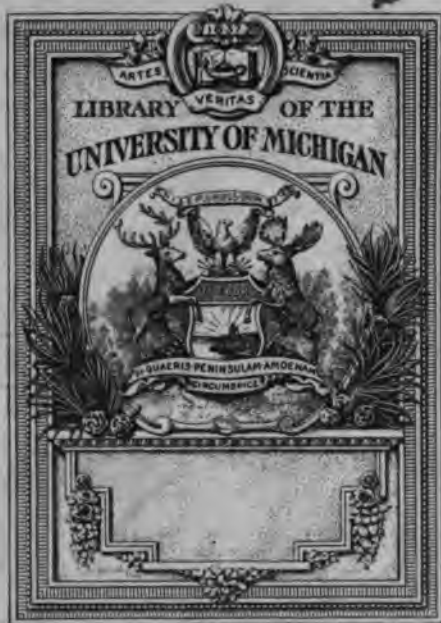
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

B 908,901

ONE DAY
CIRC.





MUSIC

ML

1

174

V. 21-2.



MUSIC.

A Monthly Magazine.

DEVOTED TO THE ART, SCIENCE, TECHNIC AND
LITERATURE OF MUSIC.

W. S. B. MATHEWS, EDITOR.
BLANCHE DINGLEY, MANAGER.

VOLUME XXI.

DECEMBER, 1901, TO SEPTEMBER, 1902.

MUSIC MAGAZINE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
CHICAGO.

Copyright, 1902,
By Music Magazine Publishing
Company.

*Manuscript
Music
12-10-24*

INDEX TO VOLUME XXI.

Answers to Correspondents.....	82, 175, 351, 438
Beethoven as Related to Hadyn, Mozart and Bach, W. S. B Mathews	301
Common Sense in Teaching Children Music, Old Teacher.....	392
Concerning Interpretation in Art, Rene Thorel.....	273
EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC:	
Adams (Suzanne) Beautiful Singing.....	249
Arrangements of Compositions Written for one Instrument for Another	421
Chicago Music Schools	68
Chicago Symphony Concerts	59, 142, 250, 424
Compositions of Richard Strauss.....	56
Conditions in Church Music.....	322
Frederic Archer, Death of.....	57
Dingley (Miss Blanche) Idea of Beginning Harmonically..	239
Ethical and Unethical Aspects of Music.....	414
Folly of Taxing Art.....	416
Glazounow, the Young Russian Composer.....	62
Godowsky's Success in Europe.....	329
Great in Music, New Volume.....	151
Hale (Philip) and the Boston Programs.....	145
Huneker's "Melomaniacs"	328
Importance of Right Start for Children.....	238
Music in its Ethical Aspects as discussed by Prof. Niecks..	413
New Course in Church Music in Chicago Theological Sem- inary	327
Object of Fine Art.....	149
Opera in the English Language	423
Opera Popularity in Germany.....	144
Phenomenal Successes of Kubelik.....	139
Pittsburg Orchestra and Mr. Victor Herbert.....	244
Pleasure of Sending Free Copies.....	409
Relation of Musical Clubs to Musical Cultivation.....	410
Remarkable Token of American Progress.....	419
Rice, Fenelon B., Death of.....	65
Sherwood's Appearance.....	249
Summer Course for Graduates	330
Tapper's Music Biographies.....	421
Value of the Reading Habit.....	411
Ethical Aspects of Music, Prof. Niecks.....	108
European Organs and Organists, T. Carl Whitmer.....	12

Few Boston Notes, W. S. B. Mathews.....	101
Hymns and Hymn Singing, Prof. Waldo S. Pratt.....	18
Ear Training for Children, Blanche Dingley.....	93, 285
Life of Ole Bull, Johannes Haarklow.....	29
Liszt: Personality and Artist, W. S. B. Mathews.....	213
Lost Opportunity for Higher Standards, Egbert Swayne.....	383
Minor Mention.....	80, 173, 269, 350, 436
Mozart and His Manuscripts, Charles Malharbe.....	1
Music and Ethics. Prof. Niecks	193
Nature of Musical Rhythm, W. S. B. Mathews.....	398
Notes on American Music of the XIX Century, Karleton Hackett.....	129
Paderewski's Opera of "Manru," Egbert Swayne.....	153
Pianists of the Past, Charles Salamon.....	221, 289
Plato on the Education of the Young, Sergius Rector, Ph. D.....	183
Portable Organs: Principles of Development, Geo. W. Walter, Mus. Doc.	363
Prairie Allegro, Blanche Eugenie Jewett.....	318
PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC:	
Education of the Supervisor, Mrs. Constance Barlow Smith.....	252
Object of School Music.....	70
Reading Music, H. W. Fairbank.....	332
School Music in Minneapolis, E. E. Simpson.....	247
School Music Libraries, Caroline V. Smith.....	262
Singing at Sight, Supervisor.....	163
Training the Speaking with the Singing Voice, Martha Scott.....	337
True Future of School Music, Egbert Swayne.....	257
Rational Organ Teaching, T. Carl Whitmer.....	201
Recollections of Clementi, Cramer, Moscheles, Field, Neate, Hummel, Liszt, Mendelssohn and Thalberg, by Chas. Salamon.....	221
Reform of Church Music, Prof. Locke Davies.....	312
Reviews and Notices.....	85, 178, 270, 353, 440
Romance in Two Flats, Leigh Gordon Giltner.....	123
Rossini and the Sensuous in Music, A. W. Ambrose.....	204
Singing at Sight, Francis E. Howard.....	388
Strauss, Johann and Eduard, and the Waltz, John S. Van Cleve.....	118
Strauss, Richard, M. Marnold.....	371
THINGS HERE AND THERE:	
Castle Square Company.....	171
J. H. Hahn, Death of.....	434
Col. Mapleson, Death of.....	75
Godowsky in Berlin.....	267
In Memory of Dr. Rice.....	74
Letter from John S. Van Cleve.....	169
"Martha" at the Musical College.....	267
Michigan University Vespers.....	341
Music in Knox College.....	78

INDEX.

III

Orchestral Work by E. R. Kroeger.....	268
Pianists with the Chicago Orchestra.....	170
Recitals of Mrs. Theodore Worcester.....	78, 434
Seeboeck in his own Compositions.....	349
Small Town in Music.....	348
Spiering as an Operatic Conductor.....	170
Spiering Quartet	169
Two Pieces by Moszkowsky, John S. Van Cleve.	397
Vocal Study with Mr. Duvernoy, Florence Dingley.....	52

INDEX BY AUTHORS. VOLUME XXI.

Ambrose, A. W., Rossini and the Sensuous in Music.....	204
Davies, Henry Locke, Reform of Church Music.....	312
Dingley, Blanche, Ear Training for Children.....	93, 285
Dingley, Florence, Vocal Study with Mr. Duvernoy.....	52
Fairbank, H. W., Reading Music.....	332
Giltner, Leigh Gordon, Romance in Two Flats.....	123
Haarklow, Johannes, Life of Ole Bull.....	29
Hackett, Karleton, Notes on American Music of the XIX Century.	129
Howard, Francis E., Singing at Sight.....	388
Jewett, Blanche Eugenie, Prairie Allegro.....	318
Malharbe, Charles, Mozart and his Manuscripts.....	1
Marnold, M., Richard Strauss.....	71
Mathews, W. S. B., Beethoven as related to Haydn, Mozart and Bach.....	301
Boston Notes.....	101
Editorial Bric-a-Brac.....	56, 238, 139, 238, 322, 409
Liszt: Personality and Artist.....	213
Nature of Musical Rhythm.....	398
Niecks, Prof., Ethical Aspects of Music.....	108, 193
Pratt, Prof. Waldo S., Hymns and Hymn Singing.....	18
Rector, S., Plato on the Education of the Young.....	183
Salamon, Chas., Recollections of Clementi, Cramer, Moscheles, Field, Neate, Hummel, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Thalberg.....	221
Scott, Martha, Training the Speaking with the Singing Voice....	337
Simpson, Eugene, School Music in Minneapolis.....	257
Smith, Mrs. Constance, Education of the Supervisor of Music....	252
Smith, Caroline V., School Music Libraries.....	262
Swayne Egbert, Lost Opportunity for Higher Standards.....	383
True Future of School Music.....	257
Paderewski's "Manru".....	153
Thorel, Rene, Concerning Interpretation in Art.....	273
Van Cleve, J. S., Strauss, Johann and Eduard, and the Waltz....	118
Moszkowsky, Two Pieces.....	397
Walter, George W., Portable Organs: Principles of Development..	363
Whitmer, T. Carl, Rational Organ Teaching.....	201
European Organs and Organists.....	12





MUSIC.

DECEMBER, 1901

MOZART AND HIS MANUSCRIPTS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. CHARLES MALHERBE.

(READ BEFORE THE CONFERENCE OF THE MOZART SOCIETY, MAR. 12, 1901.)

It is not without a certain hesitation that I undertake to address you. I know not, I confess, the rudiments of eloquence, and am neither an orator nor a debater. My confreres have found ways of overcoming my very justifiable hesitation; they have assured me that it would be accepted if I speak in the tone of ordinary conversation, without raising my voice to the usual tone of discourse. I have taken them at their word and have renewed my courage when I remembered the Master of whom I was to speak; in the magic power of this great name, which the Germans pronounce with some rudeness *Mauts-sarte*, and which we pronounce with less linguistic exactness but with more sweetness, *Mode-zarte*, as if in the sweet assonance of the two syllables there was a reminder of the Muse and of this child of the Muses who is one of the great gods of music.

Not long ago I received a letter from one of the greater of living composers. The Germans would immediately think of Richard Strauss; the Scandinavians of Grieg, the Russians of Rimsky-Korsakoff, the Austrians of Goldmark, the Italians of Mascagni. I beg to say that this great master is simply French and his name is Camille Saint-Saens. I beg to quote a few lines from this letter, since they treat precisely of the object of our meeting:

"It is a great pleasure for me to see that they are coming back to Mozart; all my life I have fought for him. At first at the Conservatory when I was a pupil; to prefer the 'Marriage of Figaro' to the 'Barber of Seville' was then a crime. Later when the world began to Wagnerize itself they set up in

effect an entire denial of the claims of Mozart. I always refused to give myself over to this manner of looking at things, and from this time began the separation between me and the Wagnerians, who even went so far as afterwards to accuse me of apostacy. But behold now at Munich even they have renewed their admiration of Mozart and have produced his work with the greatest possible care. I triumph then all along the line and I applaud myself for not having ever followed the fluctuations of the mode. Nevertheless, they accuse me of versatility; it is nevertheless all the same an established story, as much as that Littré wished that man had descended from the monkey, but when once a foolish position like this has taken root, it is like these parasitic plants, there is no way of rooting them up."

Now observe a passage which touches us more directly and which you will understand, applaud, I hope, as promising news: "When I come back to Paris, if there are still any Mozart reunions, I promise myself to make an address; it will amuse me very much. Solely it is necessary that I find time to prepare it, in order that it may consist of interesting things and not be filled up with mistakes and foolishness."

Let us hope that the master will keep to this good promise. If we hear that we will hear something, for he will speak of things which he knows very well. Inspiring myself with his example, I now proceed to speak of something concerning Mozart which is very material and which we know, namely his works and the manuscripts of them. I will show what has become of them and the things which their graphic appearance will reveal to the eye of the curious. Thus I will be performing in the domain in which I am most at home, in the quality of archivist of old papers.

Certainly there might be a very interesting chapter of history written upon the autographs of the great composers. How and wherefore have they been preserved or destroyed? For their lot is as different as those of the individuals themselves. *Habent sua fata libelli* said Martial—books have their destiny. And what great works, what master works have disappeared in the course of time! As soon as a piece has been engraved the leaves upon which the writing was traced lose all their value except as souvenirs; one admires them as a curiosity, if the author is celebrated; some of them are venerated almost like sacred relics.

But when the piece has not been published, the manuscripts constitute a document which cannot be replaced, whose loss is irreparable, an essential element without which nothing exists of the thought materially expressed. And one weeps in remembering that such masters as Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert and Mendelssohn have died and left unpublished a third, a half or in some cases two-thirds of their works.

In this respect certain artists have been less favored than others. Would it be believed, for instance, that there exists to-day not a single line of music from the hand of Lulli? By what fatal and singular chain of events should it come to pass that the two men, who under the reign of Louis XIV. were the masters of our theatre, Moliere and Lulli, have fallen under the same lot? Not a verse of one, not a line of music from the other. Colasse and Lalouette, pupils of the composer, working upon the scores of their master, and having at least the credit of having again and again inserted their own works among the works of their master, airs which he would have disclaimed. Was it they who effected the disappearance of the manuscripts and for a reason? Who can say! But just as Moliere used to write to his friend Boileau, Lulli used to correspond with his collaborator Quinault; now how does it happen that we do not find from one or the other the very smallest billet?

John Sebastian Bach locked his manuscripts securely in a sort of armoire which must have been of good size, for his works are very numerous, and from this secure retreat they came out with great difficulty, for very few were published during his life. After his death they were divided between two of his sons, Philippe Emmanuel and Wilhelm Friedmann. The former, an orderly man, carefully guarded his share, and when he died, most of them sold at Hamburg became the property of the library at Berlin, of which at this moment they form one of the most important treasures. Wilhelm Friedmann, on the contrary, being a bad lot, gambler, drunken and debauched, dissipated the paternal heritage; he sold them for a glass of wine; this was the case with a cantata and a fugue; if the purchaser was unscrupulous there was nothing to hinder him from inserting his own name and, having destroyed the original, sell his own copy in place of it. In this way, perhaps, he might rea-

sonably account for the disappearance of certain works of the old Cantor.

Haendel left his to a friend who in turn conceived the excellent idea of leaving them all to the private library of the King of England. Thus it happens, maybe, that there never comes into the ordinary trade a single page by the author of the "Messiah." Everything appertains to the Crown.

Cherubini and Mendelssohn were exact, solvent, even particular men of affairs. Their papers were not permitted to suffer from any kind of negligence; thus it happens that they came almost in their complete form to add to the riches of the library at Berlin: those of Mendelssohn given by his family, those of Cherubini bought, after having been disdainfully refused by France, which thought them not worth buying for a few thousand francs.

The families of Herold and Auber have preserved almost the whole of the manuscripts of their glorious ancestors. Boieldieu, preserved scarcely more than one of all his operas, and Rossini distributed his among his friends. Meyerbeer left his unpublished work locked up in a chest for a certain number of years after his death; when the day came his heirs would have found it simpler not to have opened it. Beethoven lived in the midst of a constant and incurable disorder. When one of his pieces was published he paid no more attention to the autograph; the manuscript remained in the hands of the publisher, or of the person to whom it had been dedicated, or a pupil who happened to play to the satisfaction of the master. Beethoven preserved his school tasks and many works of his youth, left forgotten in some hiding place in his house, and so saved by reason of the small price they would have sold for if found. His works not yet published, and the sketches and fragments his sketch books, confidants of his thoughts they say, testimony so precious today of his unceasing labor, have disappeared to the four winds, as a result of a public sale at auction after his death, and what an auction! A sonata brought a hundred sous, and the symphony in C minor sold for fifty francs.

The manuscripts of Mozart owe their preservation to the distress even of Mozart. They represented all his fortune. Mozart, as everybody knows, lived and died poor. He earned some money as a wonder child in France, England, Holland

and Italy; but all this fell into the paternal coffers. Later he contrived with difficulty to meet the expenses of his household; he gave concerts which they called "academies" and above all he gave lessons. Because his works, although bringing him a certain notoriety, never brought him money; they were almost invariably poorly paid; they circulated more in copies than in engraved prints. The manager and the copyist understood that, each one on his own part, and combined to take advantage of the master.

It breaks the heart to read the correspondence of Mozart during the last two years of his life. Without ceasing he begged his friend Puechberg to lend him money, and the repeated demands had a tone of supplication which speaks volumes for the need they represented. The banker Puechberg advanced generously twenty-five florins at a time (about twelve dollars); he marked the sum with care upon the letter of his debtor, as a singular sort of memento, and, singular irony of fate, it happened that these letters, probably preserved without special care, are valued to-day more than six times the sums loaned upon them. But let us pass, recalling the death, the funeral cortege in the cold December night, the burial in the common fosse of the poor, for want of certain insignificant sums to buy a burial lot, the tempest of snow beating over Vienna for several days, burying under its mantle the death of the grave digger, and finally obliterating all traces of certainty as to the spot where the body had been interred. Thus everything of Mozart was lost to mortal knowledge in the anonymous dust of the cemetery.

The widow of Mozart then quitted Vienna for Prague, where the remembrance of her husband remained very lively and where she hoped to find certain assistance. From different sides she was aided. At Vienna in 1795 there was organized for her benefit at the Berg Theatre a performance of *Titus*, where her sister, Aloysia Weber, took the role of Sextus, and where during the intermission Beethoven played a Mozart concerto. At Prague she gave, in 1796, a concert where as a climax to the program the first air of Papageno in the "Magic Flute" had for interpreter her last born, the little Wolfgang, then seven years of age. She undertook artistic tours; she gave the same year two concerts, one at Berlin, the other at Leipsic, where

she appeared herself as a singer; at Dresden she brought out the unpublished works of her husband; and here she undertook to make a sale of the posthumous works and commenced to negotiate with the German publishers.

Presently she found herself very fortunate in selling in 1799 to the Consellor Andre, the music publisher, almost all the autographs which she possessed for the sum of one thousand ducats, about two thousand dollars, a ridiculously small price if one remembers that this included not only the manuscripts themselves but the proprietorship of the works represented by the MSS. The collection was without doubt incomplete. Already several pieces were lacking, above all the first numbers of his youth. Marie Anne Mozart, who had become Mme. de Sonnenberg, has related that her brother took very little care of these pieces as he grew older and more celebrated, and when they commenced to make a catalogue of his works in February, 1784, he neglected the earlier productions to the number of more than four hundred pieces, more or less important. "Finally," adds his sister, "he had very little order in his musical papers, which were thrown about the piano and room, these papers which were even then very much prized by his friends and often retained by the copyists."

This sale was, nevertheless, of considerable importance, reaching a total of two hundred and eighty numbers, which were then classified and authenticated and for the most part furnished with an exact or approximate date. It was a regular inventory in which the publisher Andre found his profit, because the public for the first time then recognized a large number of pieces until then completely ignored. In his turn in 1840, he desired to add something to the glory which shone around the great name of Mozart. He offered for sale his MSS., after having distributed a thematic catalogue with prices marked. The two numbers of the highest cost were *Don Juan* at eight thousand francs and the "Magic Flute" at six thousand francs. All the rest varied from twenty to two hundred and fifty francs. One had then a symphony at the moderate price of five louis. The whole amounted to 69,480 francs, which, after forty years of possession, would seem to have been a sufficiently important advance. But this sale included only the

MSS. and no rights of publication, and the ensemble numbers had still to be negotiated for performance.

Andre died and his three sons divided his heritage; it was then that the real dispersion of these pieces began, because each one set himself to put into money the value of the papers comprised in his lot, so *Don Juan* was offered first and last and to the museum of Vienna and Berlin. From eight thousand francs it was reduced to forty-five hundred francs and at this price it was bought by Mme. Viardot in London in 1855; still the salesman in order to place the transaction beyond doubt gave her in addition a sonata for piano for four hands. It is generally known that the great artist wished to secure for France the possession of this autograph which the Germans indeed consider as a shame to have been permitted to escape them; she therefore generously gave it to the library of the Conservatory, of which it remains ever since the most precious ornament.

In 1860 one of the Andre brothers undertook to sell at Berlin by the help of the bookseller Stage, a lot of fifty-two pieces belonging to his heritage. The prices marked upon the catalogue were a little raised, but still how little? One could have a symphony for two hundred and fifty francs, and a concerto for one hundred francs.

In 1873 the war indemnity permitted the endowment of the German museums, and thus the library of Berlin acquired at the price of forty-five thousand francs one hundred and thirty-one numbers which still remained in the hands of the Andre family and this comprised about one-sixth of the works written by Mozart, so that afterwards no library could hope to rival this one upon this point. Observe, following, certain figures resulting from personal inquiries, which I have made. The autograph works of Mozart, complete or incomplete, number about seven hundred and twenty-seven. The MSS. of 167 are unknown and 81 have changed possession without our being able to learn in whose hands they now are. Now of the four hundred seventy-nine now existing MS. Berlin possesses more than half. The remainder is spread over the greater part of Germany and Austria. One might mention the collection of M. Cranz of Hamburg; that of M. Jules Marshall of Plowden, England. For my part I possess twenty-three which I

intend to give one day to rejoin *Don Juan* and to add to the riches of the Conservatory. Now let us wonder at the hazards of fortune and the chances of things. I spoke just before of the poverty of Mozart. Very true; at the actual price of the last public sale, one page of his musical writing would bring not less than one hundred francs, and he might have had one million two hundred thousand francs. As a fact at these figures it would be possible to say, with a sad irony, that Mozart died a millionaire without knowing it.

These autographs have for every friend of music a great value as a souvenir, and it is not without emotion that one touches the leaves upon which has leaned the hand of the great man. They are still more precious from another point; they reveal to the observer certain peculiarities; they permit one to show the precision of his thought and the sureness of his fancy. As regards their external appearance, it appears that Mozart always employed, save on rare exceptions, an oblong paper called the Italian, ruled with ten or twelve staves. In his operas where he had need of a larger number of lines, he wrote part of the wind instruments upon a supplementary leaf.

Mozart has himself described how he composed: "When I find myself well disposed and in a good humor, as in a journey, in the carriage, or even in a walk after a good dinner, or at night when I cannot sleep, it is then that the ideas come to me in a crowd and of the best. Those which please me I retain and even of the less favorite I sometimes save a part. I often find that out of these crumbs it is possible to make a very good dish, according to the exigencies of counterpoint, sonority of instruments, etc., that warms my heart and pleases me always when nothing goes against me. I develop the music more and more and truly the work fully completes itself in my head. However long it may be, with a glance of the eye I embrace the whole in spirit as one takes in a beautiful picture. It is a true bird's eye view. The combinations, the effects, always pass like a glance very clearly thought out. But the best is what I hear, all of it together. Whatever I have composed in this manner I do not easily forget and it is perhaps the most beautiful gift which God has given me.

"When after this I set myself to write, I have only to take from the pocket of my thought all that I have put together

there, as I might say. For this reason also the writing is easily accomplished and reproduced without changing, or at least with very few changes, all this which is lodged in my brain. And this is the reason why nothing seems to disturb me when I write: I can go on talking; I can speak of eggs and things, of Marguerite, of Babette, and of other things; I still go on writing."

The appearance of the MS. clearly confirms this declaration. Without pretending to make here a course of graphology, I observe for example how very rare are the erasures. Mozart very seldom used the eraser; his finger served him for the purpose, because he effaced with it before the ink had a chance to dry; this is the negligence which he repaired almost at the very moment when he committed it and I do not believe that he did this much with the idea of neatness. His sketches present the same infallibility.

Mozart often had recourse to abbreviations, especially if the work was long and the labor complicated, so they often present a shortened aspect almost like a scheme. In this form I have for example, in both conditions, the celebrated quintette for piano with wind instruments. In its full form the autograph is complete in all its parts written with relatively slow and extremely clear writing. In the original form the autograph contains only the parts of the wind instruments reunited upon two staves. It is a memory assistance for rapid writing; the part of the piano lacks entirely; it is left in the head of the composer to be brought out at the moment when he wanted it.

I had intended to exhibit here specimens of this writing before your eyes by means of luminous projections upon a screen; my role would have been simplified if I had brought a magic lantern. The natural difficulties, however, are opposed to the realization of this project which I hope I will be able to carry out later on. From this you could judge by eye and not by hearing, of how the Mozart writing shows us his character and his genius.

His writing changed very little with the years. At ten years he had not quite the same manner with the pen as at thirty; nevertheless, from infancy certain signs appear which were not later on modified. I have in my collection of autographs one of the sonatas which he wrote on his first journey to Paris; he was

then 7 years of age, and one stands confounded at the sureness of this little hand. At the age of 11 when others are still children Mozart was already a man. Towards fourteen years his writing takes a certain largeness and roundness; later, at 16 years, the traits fix themselves in a different fashion and this writing appears fine, elegant, well ordered, luminous, with all the character of sensibility and of movement. It is a heart full of tenderness and a spirit full of gaiety.

One little detail which has its æsthetic reason may be mentioned here. Mozart wrote the bass at the same time he wrote the melody, whether vocal or instrumental; the other parts, which we call the filling up, the complement of the harmony, he only put in later and sometimes days or even months after, when he took up the work to finish it. Certain ones of his MSS. are so left incomplete but reunite in their primitive simplicity the two extremes, at the top and the bottom, which he judged indispensable and which formed, in a certain sense, the skeleton of the piece. This very significant method enables us to reply to the objections formulated sometimes on the subject of the quartettes of Mozart and the little interest which the 'cello part presents. This fault explains itself: The 'cello then played only the role of the double bass in the orchestra. It was the foundation stone upon which the harmony reposed. To-day other formulas or principles are held in honor. The musicians do not take the trouble to figure their basses as in the last century; they would be in the first place very much embarrassed to do this, because originality seeks voluntarily after chords unnamed; they throw themselves with pleasure in an unknown world and one dreams more or less of making and holding a pyramid upon its point. More reasonable, Mozart understood the bass as the bass; he had need of order and of logic. From these qualities, which are those of a wise man, I must preach a sermon in closing against this modern tendency which sometimes has such a deplorable effect.

I would like to give you, so to say, the courage to admire Mozart. His apparent simplicity makes him sometimes overlooked by strong spirits who are contented to admire only in proportion as they imperfectly understand. When we hesitate before certain modern works and are not able to make out what the writer is intending to say we are told: "You have not

looked deep enough. You are sticking upon the surface. You do not see that far below the obscure a thought escapes your intelligence." And in this way the speaker gives himself a brevet of clairvoyance and of deep understanding. Very well; take up the argument again and say: "These please you imperfectly because you have not seized the real sense; you interrupt yourself on the exterior side which seems to you too easily accessible and your spirit is not sufficiently elevated to measure this kind of perfection which results from the perfect equilibrium of the parts and the harmony of the whole. The secrets of Eurythmie are not revealed to all of the outside world. The strange, the violent, the colossal impress us all at first more than the simple, the sweet and the measured. Certain masters like Rubens, Victor Hugo and Wagner are more accessible to the vulgar than Leonardo da Vinci, Racine and Mozart; they awaken at least an emotion and strong feeling, and produce, in consequence, a more immediate effect. The enormous mass of the Gothic cathedral imposes upon all eyes; to appreciate in their splendor the lines of the Parthenon a higher culture is necessary and a more refined taste."

Let us now be proud of loving Mozart and be sorrowful for those who affect to ignore him. In ministering to the culture of his glory the society which bears his name works in the cause of justice and of art. It recalls the attention, temporarily diverted, to these works which have served as such incomparable models. Certainly Mozart is one of those who can be followed without the least danger of losing the road; he is a sure guide because he has marked the summits where he found the serene temples, of which the poets speak. He has penetrated into the sanctuaries which are open only to the elect; he has contemplated, finally, the altar, sacred, glowing, eternal and pure, the flame of ideal beauty.

EUROPEAN ORGANS AND ORGANISTS.

BY T. CARL WHITMER.

In the October MUSIC [this magazine of serious thought which is making such great strides these few years] there appeared a delightful sketch of a summer's experience under a title somewhat similar to my own. In the present article I shall pass over most of the places there spoken of, presenting other impressions and places for the most part. And I will be brief until I talk about Bayreuth, and there no man can withstand the temptation to "talk-talk."

In Rotterdam, Holland, my first stopping place, there are several pretty good organs. That in the old St. Lawrence church (4 manuals, 73 stops) is larger than the more generally known one at Haarlem (only 3 manuals, 60 stops) in the Church of St. Bavo. Organ recitals are given in summer every other Friday on the former, while the St. Bavo is played every Tuesday and Thursday.

Organ recitals are not very effective in these large edifices with but a handful of people. Echos, echos everywhere and all the time. Rapidly progressing chords sound hopelessly entangled; cadences unmercifully "telescope" succeeding phrases, and, because of the acoustic conditions generally, the lack of melodic and harmonic clarity is painfully apparent. The programmes played are always very excellent even if the various compositions are so arranged that you are more conscious of their intrinsic worth than of their judicious placement.

The organ recital I happened to hear in St. Bavo was given by the organist of the church. He played among other things the slow movement from the Opus 10, No. 3, of the Beethoven piano sonatas. To my emotional nature that Adagio is one of the most rarely expressive in the literature of the piano. But our St. Bavo interpreter hurried through the various phrases as cathedral guides rush through chapels.

He played this exquisite movement with horribly "nicked" phrasing and a registration as brutal as his injected emotion was insincere.

However, I meekly dropped my gulden in the box for church

restoration and went out, going thence to the more inspiring Frans Hals pictures in the Town Hall.

The next music (but I could write reams about the Netherlandish paintings) of account was over in London, where also one may experience fog, dirt and Cockney English. The writer in the previously referred-to article says the right thing when he remarks: "The effect one gets from St. Paul's music depends on where one sits." In this third largest church of Christendom it is very difficult, indeed, to secure a dusty chair in the right place. In most positions the echo is unbearable and that echo combined with the prevalent disorder during most of the services in especially the western end of the nave interfered materially with the impressions of the music. The voices of the boys are undoubtedly beautiful and the nobility of the organ tone is inspiring, but I prefer the Westminster services because of the greater sympathy (due to the smaller size of the edifice) existing between the congregation and the singers, and also the position of the organ, which in St. Paul's is towards the listener to the spoilment of the choir's enunciation, while in Westminster it is away from the ear on the far end of the choir, so that the blending of choir and organ tone is made thereby more agreeable and unified. At St. Paul's the beautiful independent organ work of Sir Geo. Martin becomes over prominent, while at Westminster anything can be done on the organ and the harmoniousness of vocal and organ tone will still be preserved. And they keep better order, too, at the Abbey, which means much to the effect of the service.

I would like to write a book on the "Tourist from the Standpoint of a Nuisance." For to the average greedy and altogether gluttonous sightseer nothing is too quiet and solemn to make a noise in, too sacred to put his Baedekerly reddened finger on, too beautiful to inveterately jabber about.

And oh! the parrot-like guides which conduct the meek and lowly thro crypts, chapels and other dark or 'andsome places of the earth; who rap their big keys on Wellington's funeral car to assure you of the quality of its metal; who tell you about the "brawss; yes, very fine brawss, indeed"; who receive their little fees without palpable gratitude!

I found one exception last summer—a man who did not rush, who did not say his speech the same way twice and who

thanked God that he took a genuine pleasure in what he did. And this man I found in that most beautiful church of St. Ouen in Rouen, France.

I heard the second London presentation of Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys," but will let the usual reviewers tell of this work. I was not impressed by it, I may say, however. I felt a patched-work effect. It seemed composed of beautiful material, but unity is not its strong point.

After the lovely quality of voice one finds in England, a succeeding excursion to France and Germany will make you swear by all who never were saints that never did you in all your life hear a boy's voice one-sixteenth so vicious as those found in several of the great churches of France and Germany. The peacock and guinea hen are thereafter considered as pleasant company. I have never heard more acid like voices, more destructive tone-production than I heard among the boys in St. Sulpice in Paris [and, by the way, equally bad were they in the Cathedral at Cologne, Germany]; nor such monstrously asthmatic organs as the chancel organ in the said St. Sulpice and up at Trinite.

St. Sulpice and Trinite have the finest organ writers and organists (of their main organs) living—Charles Marie Widor and Alexander Guilmant—and St. Sulpice has one of the finest [Grand] organs in Europe, but their chancel organs!

I do not know who the present chancel organists are.—I pity them!

In these churches with two organs one gets to hear so little of the large organ as compared with the chancel organ that one goes away with the impression produced by the latter rather than the former.

At Sulpice I was, however, impressed by an improvisation by Widor (of course on the large organ) one Sunday afternoon. One is tremendously affected by anything that he does on or for the organ; it is so broadly conceived, and executed in such an imposing manner, so woven polyphonically that its structure is fully assured and so colored with musical pigments that it meets the taste of even musical sensualists. He has written, as most know, ten symphonies for organ, the first eight unnamed, the ninth the Gothic, the tenth *Symphonie Romane*. (See detailed criticisms of the first nine in the issues of *MUSIC* for

March, April, May, June and July, 1899). This is in addition to an incredible pile of piano music (mostly poor), songs, organ concertos, etc., etc.

And now I am going to pass over my interesting trips to Strassburg and Nuremberg (with its St. Catharine church of happy Meistersinger memories and all the lovely things and men of the Hans Sachs period) and talk about Bayreuth.

The season of 1901—memorable in many respects (especially bad)—having come to a close and we being far enough away from the representations of the Theatre and roast goose of the charmingly situated Burgerreuth to speak coolly of both, let us draw chairs to the fire and talk of the Parsifal copyright extension for the 'nth time and also about the weary fooled pilgrims who have come home to roost and about other matters of interest to him who paid twenty marks a sittin'.

We chose the second cycle and were, unfortunately, Siegfrieded. That conveys enough, but being loquacious let us drive it home. The small world which assembles at Bayreuth—it can no longer be said that the *musical* (in the fullest sense) world goes there—is being treated to renditions of Wagner such as would be laughed to scorn if they occurred on an American metropolitan stage under similar pretensions. Errors that are ludicrous, stage management that is frequently provincial, interpretations that are amateurish, orchestral conducting (as to S. W.) which shows a rhythmic figure-head at the wheel,—these the Bayreuthian of to-day expects as his daily bread. Wagner is so played, sung, acted, staged at his rightful home in the Fichtel mountains that hitherto sympathizers are now sympathiless with the movements variously directed toward concentration of his work at Bayreuth.

If his works were so given that incomparable technic of all kinds—vocal, instrumental, histrionic, stage—and the reverential spirit of the place would overwhelm one; if an atmosphere which contained all the elements could be retained there which would differentiate the Bayreuth productions in quality of execution as well as fervor dramatically spiritual from all possible other productions there indeed would be a distinct advantage to music to so concentrate the efforts, energies, talents and genius of the great singers, players, actors, scene painters and stage managers of this mundane sphere, and most of us would

bow reverently before the demands of the adherents. As things exist we should rise up in a most righteous wrath and use our influence against any such localizing and grabbing movement.

Unless you love to walk over those beautiful hills, unless you love the forest sights and indulge your Walt Whitman sense in smells so delicious as to make one's very soul leap for joy (but you can find these same sense joys at home!) or unless you have an antiquarian's interest in the dramatic atmosphere it is better to spend your money towards the advancement of the Wagner cause in our own theatres.

Bayreuth was a sacred spot and could be such again; sacred to the greatest manifestations of technic, sacred to the most spiritual interpretations; but it is not so at present and will never be so long as exist present administrative conditions.

Bayreuth's laurel has been thinned and Munich is receiving most of its leaves.

Bayreuth—remembered by its economical cab drivers who hitch one well-ribbed horse by a pole where two should be—can have no claims upon the world of musical thinkers until it has met early ideals. Instead of the much-talked-of adherence to ideals the authorities are shattering them; shattering those that are worth while, while preserving those which under changed conditions due to progress in material things Wagner himself would be the first to repudiate.

Van Rooy was the best of the whole lot of singers of this second cycle, for he not only sang well, but had so conceived of his parts as to make them not reproductions but actual creations. There was that deliberate objective attitude towards his assumed role which, together with his warm emotional nature convinced one that there was a man who understood how subjective and objective minds should be used—also vocal organs. Here and there the other singers realized their attempted mission in life. Burgstaller knew his Siegmund nature; Gulbranson her Valkyrie cry, Van Dyck how to look pleasant as Parsifal, the flower girls how not to bewitch, Emily Destinn how to sit in a big chair,—and S. W.?

Ach, Himmel! It is too disgusting a spectacle; this going thousands of miles to hear and see such stuff. After such performances who wants to extend the copyright of Parsifal? Who does not want to see Munich prosper? And I write all

these things in spite of my being a believer in Wagner's theories—but *not* in Bayreuth practices.

An excursion to most places in Europe is somewhat disillusioning to every self-assertive and independent American thinker. We come back with a renewed faith in America and its future in the sphere of music.

Stephens' College, Columbia, Mo.

HYMNS AND HYMN-SINGING.

(FROM PROF. WALDO S. PRATT'S "MUSICAL MINISTRIES
IN THE CHURCH.")

Our Christian hymns are surely among the most powerful agencies we have for developing the religious sentiment of our people. The best of them are exquisitely beautiful in form and imagery, are magnetic and noble in tone and spirit, and deal habitually with topics and aspects of truth that all lie close to the heart of the Gospel. As a rule, they spring out of religious experience at its best, and they tend to lift experience to its highest levels. The very cream of truth and of soul-life is gathered into them. They contain the refined riches, the precious essences, the cut and polished jewels of Christianity in all the ages. They tend to be superlative and ideal in both thought and expression, simply because so often they come from souls of rare endowment and unusual spiritual attainment. They therefore push on far beyond what most of us could perhaps ourselves say in sober truth. But they proclaim and represent nothing but what in our hearts we long for and aspire unto. They often ascend into the realm of ecstasy, and speak as if seeing the invisible and participating in the inaccessible. Herein they are truly prophetic—the records of the insight and intuition and rapture of the seer and the saint. These sublime qualities, of course, are not possessed by all hymns, but they mark so many that in these days it is possible for practical hymn-singing to confine itself to such continually if it chooses.

It is by no means as commonly seen as it ought to be that entirely parallel claims may safely be made for much of the tune music that belongs with our hymns. The best of it, especially in recent periods, is as beautifully articulated as the finest sonnets or the most exquisite miniatures, is rich and thrilling in tonal effect, and is charged at every point with the same spiritual intensity as the hymns that have called it forth. Most of our finer tunes are written by men of devout character and sympathies, and are plainly marked by religious fervor and elevation. If we accord the praise of being true revelators and teachers to such poetic artists as Wesley, Cowper, Montgom-



ery, Bishop How, Ellerton, Ray Palmer and many others of the same high rank, we should be ready to give similar acknowledgment to the scores of musical artists who have wrought side by side with them in the same noble ministry, like Gauntlett and Dykes and Barnby and Sullivan and Stainer—not to name others of other schools. Popular appreciation of the interior beauty and nobility of tunes falls behind that of the value of hymns simply because of popular ignorance, and even musical critics are often perversely blind to the triumph involved in writing a really excellent hymn-tune. Sooner or later, however, the one will be valued not less than the other.

These treasures of poetry and music are now so abundant and accessible that there is no excuse for not knowing them or for failing by thoughtful attention to extract something of their inner value. My especial point just here, however, is simply this, that if one will enter upon the study of typical specimens of hymnodic art in a rational and sympathetic spirit, he will find that from them as a center his whole notion of religious music will open out naturally and fruitfully. This is so true that I am tempted to say that unless the student of church music will thus approach the department of hymnody (words and music) he can hardly hope to reach altogether broad and healthy views of the whole subject. Within this department are to be found the norms of thought and sentiment that should dominate the whole. Here is the food that shall nourish true and hearty feeling, and the inspiration that shall quicken enduring enthusiasm. Hymnody is the real nucleus of our church music, not simply because it is characteristically Protestant or because it is mechanically practicable, but because within it are at work the fundamental principles of expression that should control all other church music, presented in forms comparatively easy for the average mind to apprehend.

A proper use of hymnody happily does not presuppose such knowledge as a professional hymnologist may be expected to have. Hymnody as a field of scientific study is positively appalling in its extent. Let us review a few statistics. The Biblical student finds the Psalter, the only extant collection of Hebrew hymnody, no small problem alone, and yet the Psalter contains only 150 hymns—to which perhaps a score or two may

be added from other parts of the Bible. Compared with this small group Christian hymnody spreads out until it seems to have no limits. The brilliant and stimulating hymnody of the various Eastern Churches is but partially explored, but is said to include several thousands of lyrics. The more ponderous and solemn hymnody of the Latin Church adds to these at least 3,500 more hymns, of which an authority like Duffield pronounces several hundreds valuable for all time. These two groups mostly antedate the rise of Protestantism. Since the sixteenth century the multiplication of hymns has been almost inconceivably rapid. German hymnody decidedly overtops all others, with its stupendous total of over 100,000 registered hymns, of which perhaps 10,000 have attained considerable currency and no less than 1,000 are pronounced by competent authority (Schaff) to be "classical and immortal." Our own English hymnody comes next to the German in magnitude and richness, counting its writers by hundreds and its hymns by tens of thousands. Hymns in other languages are not so numerous, though by no means insignificant. And the vast total is constantly being increased in every corner of the globe to which Christianity has penetrated. In 1891, when Julian's monumental *Dictionary of Hymnology* appeared, it was calculated by the editor that the total number of Christian hymns in all languages was "not less than 400,000." What it is now is unknown, and what it will be fifty years hence, with the marvelous growth of missionary work, can be only timidly conjectured. The matter is overwhelming enough as it stands.

No comprehensive data are available as to the number of tunes that have come into existence and use along with these hymns. The Mediæval Church brought over to us several hundreds of Gregorian melodies. The number of German chorales is certainly many thousands, for a single collection published as far back as 1776 contained a selection of no less than 2,000. An American student, whose specialty is the tunes of England and America, has a card catalogue in process of construction that already contains over 40,000 entries. The grand total of tunes is also constantly increasing everywhere.

Statistics like these tend to reduce the inquiring mind to a state of numbness and despair. Certainly they give point to the remark just made that a good popular use of hymnody must

not be supposed to involve the knowledge of the hymnological expert. It is just here that we must fall back on the invaluable aid of the hymn-book maker. It is his business to know enough of the available material to make a tolerable selection of those hymns and those tunes that it is best to include in a present-day hymnal for a given group or class of churches. This editorial function is rapidly becoming a fine art, and we are now getting many hymn-books for various uses that show both scholarship and practical wisdom. The individual student or a particular church can safely take up such books as have been put forth within the last ten or fifteen years under the auspices of any one of the leading denominations, and proceed to put it into use, confident that what it contains has been selected for some sort of real excellence. The preparation of worthy books for the prayer-meeting and the Sunday-school is also going on apace. Even books that can hardly be wholly approved by a critical taste often supply interesting material for study.

It is often thought that the whole question of hymn-singing can be solved by simply adopting the right sort of hymn-books. This is specious, but not entirely safe as a rule of procedure. At least, it is worth while to consider it a little. Hymn-books of the higher grade have some obvious advantages aside from the technical excellence of their contents. They are usually so catholic as to offer great variety, and their size affords room for long-continued growth without the danger of the book's seeming to wear out. They are now on the whole so rich and dignified in tone as to appeal to the higher faculties and the deeper feeling. They command respect and tend to induce a self-respecting enthusiasm wherever they can be freely used. Poorer books are usually monotonous, are either sentimental or sensational, are so deficient in material of an elevated or ideal quality that deliberate efforts to make progress with them are discouraged, and their constant use tends gradually to make hymn-singing a despised and neglected exercise. Yet it is well known that the use of a good hymn-book is not the only condition of success in practical hymn-singing. Most excellent results may be reached with books that are essentially poor; and many a superior book is handled with disgraceful ignorance and feebleness. All churches cannot keep themselves supplied

with the most recent books. And besides, there is no little difference of opinion as to what constitutes a really good book. Such a standard or type as is here in mind seems to many good people extreme and unpractical. Rather than spend time on the fruitless task of trying to reconcile differences of opinion about means and methods, let us look somewhat deeper into the matter, and see whether a rational philosophy of action may not help to solve problems of practical administration.

We may safely urge that hymn-singing is fitted to serve three general purposes, whose importance is unquestionable. First, it is one of the best methods by which a company of people can offer both praise and prayer to God. It is therefore a means of social worship. Second, it is a reactive force on those who engage in it, helping them to define and crystallize their religious thought, stimulating their religious sentiments, and often rousing by suggestion a positive religious ambition. It is therefore a means of spiritual self-culture. Third, it not only draws many persons into a form of united action, so as to declare their actual sympathy and strengthen their sense of real brotherhood, but at the same time there is exerted through it a decided spiritual influence back and forth among those who thus act in concert. It is therefore a means of mutual edification among those who are spiritually-minded and often of evangelistic pressure upon others. Excellence in the mechanism of the exercise and success in its use are to be measured by the degree and manner in which these purposes are realized. Hymn-singing may surely be called successful when it affords an avenue for true approach to God in earnest and noble worship; when it exerts a wholesome and uplifting reflex influence on those who engage in it, establishing them in the truth and quickening their spirituality; and when it creates a diffused atmosphere of high religious sympathy and vigorous Christian consecration, so that even unbelievers are affected and constrained by it. If it does not accomplish these results in some real sense, it cannot be called successful.

Judged by these standards, not a little hymnody that is thought to be excellent proves to be poor, and *vice versa*. We are all familiar with the tedious debate about the value of the whole class of hymns and tunes commonly called "Gospel Hymns." Much of the criticism of these "Hymns" is reckless,

both because it fails to note the fact that different grades of artistic beauty in poetry and music have always been required among Christians of differing degrees of culture, and also because it assails indiscriminately a class of hymns and tunes that is not homogeneous enough to be either approved or condemned in bulk. But, on the other hand, the common defense of even the best of the "Gospel Hymns" is often weak, especially when it appeals chiefly to their quick outward success among masses of people who are plainly thoughtless and shallow. Both the attack and the defense should be more careful. The assailants of the system have sometimes weakened their case by basing it too exclusively on reasons of taste, without showing how vulgarity is dangerous because more or less false, and by failing to leave room for practices that are provisional and transitional and that are therefore defensible in their place. The defenders of this popular hymnody have a right to urge that hymnody must adapt itself to actual conditions, that the immature and uncultivated cannot be driven by force into a full appreciation of the most highly poetic hymns or the most highly musical tunes; but they often very gravely underestimate the capacity of the popular mind to rise above vulgar embodiments of truth and to shake itself free from perverted sentimentality, and they constantly mistake the zest of animal enjoyment in a rub-a-dub rhythm or the shout of childish pleasure in a "catchy" refrain for real religious enthusiasm.

For myself, I am disposed to believe that the original impulse toward the so-called "Gospel Hymns" was emphatically good, that much of their practical use has been worthy, and that some of them are likely to continue useful in many conditions. I even think that the whole movement has tended to break down whatever of stiffness and frigidity there is in our hymnody, and to liberate it from what in other fields would be called its "academic bias." Perhaps all its good results in these directions are not yet fully manifest. Yet I cannot help deploring certain other results. These evil consequences are perhaps not universal, but they are at least common enough to be matters of notoriety.

From the standpoint of general culture it is clear that the exclusive use of ephemeral hymns and tunes is harmful because it has prevented the knowledge of others that are too precious

inheritances from the past to be discarded. Even our more intelligent young people are singularly ignorant of standard and historic examples of hymnody. I will give but a single instance. John Newton's splendid hymn on the church, beginning

"Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God,"

I have often found to be totally unknown, even to college graduates, though it is not far away in class from the best of the "Gospel Hymns." That it is now about a century and a quarter old and has been in continuous use all that time is not necessarily to its discredit. I have become somewhat wary about asking people what they know of many of our standard tunes. Our churches have practically turned their backs on nearly all of the German chorales—except for purposes of literary allusion. And even many of the standard chorales of the last century in England, like "St. Thomas" (about 1760) or the original "Rockingham" (1790), with many from a later time, like "Lancashire" (1836), are too often not even known to exist. The same is true of many scores of fine tunes from the last forty years, the fruits of a most notable and influential new school of tune-writing, which have won distinction and honor. These latter, it is true, do not have quite the jingle of college glees or such songs as are sung at minstrel shows and on the streets, yet many of them have truly popular qualities of form. Sullivan's "St. Gertrude" and Dykes' "Lux Benigna" and Monk's "Eventide" have secured some recognition among those devoted to "popular" hymnody; but where are their companions and equals and superiors? This evil—the exclusion of standard and fine hymns and tunes by those of less value, but not less practicality—is real and deplorable. Different observers, with varying experience and with varying opinions about what is most worthy of preservation, would put the matter in different ways and cite different examples, but all would unite in saying that the rage for hymns and tunes written by the yard for wide sale among churches in search of what is cheap and easy has been and is a serious evil.

But, without dwelling on this, let us turn back to the three canons of criticism mentioned a moment ago and test them in practical application. Hymn-singing, it was said, is largely in-

tended to be the utterance of worship to God. How does this bear upon the criticism of ways and means in the exercise? Plainly thus, at least, that it should lead us steadily to lay aside what we are ashamed of and what we feel is an unworthy tribute to God, and to replace it by what we recognize to be better. God has the right to be worshiped with the best we have or can secure, even if the process of getting and bringing it costs us something. Indeed, if it costs nothing it means nothing. Every item of worship is an offering of joy and devotion to Him, and its worthiness is to be measured by what it means to the offerer. In too many prayer-meetings and other church services the devotional dignity of hymn-singing has been destroyed on this side. A poor book is used, which the people know to be poor and in their heart despise, because they are too mean to get a better one. Poor selections are kept in use, against which the feeling of the users more or less revolts, because they are too lazy and indifferent to attempt better ones. The leaders, both the minister and his musical helpers, have fallen into a disconsolate apathy about the exercise, and let it drag along in a stupid, poverty-stricken, listless fashion, not because they are without a sense of its manifest inferiority, but because they are averse to the effort to make it better. It will be noticed that it is not said that all churches should use the same books or the same hymns and tunes or the same general methods, for all churches are not alike. But the use by any church of that which it knows to be unworthy of itself and of God is so shameful that it is almost blasphemous. Counterfeit coin on the contribution-plate, vacant lip-service in the prayers and doggerel and trash in the hymnody are pretty much alike as tributes of worship. But one person cannot always judge for another in this latter case. Let us leave the door wide open for the use by others of what seems to us unworthy just so far as we see it to be sincerely devotional to them and really the best that they can offer. But let us have no mercy on ourselves if we are satisfied with what we know to be poor, or if we fail to try to lead others upward from immature or mistaken standards to the higher ones that we have learned to set up for ourselves. In all such efforts for improvement let us constantly appeal to the right motive, namely, the duty and privilege of honoring God by bringing to Him only what is our

best. The first chapter of the prophecy of Malachi strikes the key-note of the subject on this side.

The second purpose of hymn-singing was found in its reflex influence on the spirituality of those who use it. This, again, is a criterion to be used with caution with regard to others, except in a generalized form, but one to be applied with rigor to ourselves. The value of a whole class of hymns (not to speak of tunes) can often be fixed by observations of its total effect upon a period or a large body of believers. It has often been remarked that the sterling quality of the Scottish character is partly due to the persistent use for generations of the Scottish metrical version of the Psalms, with its singular earnestness and directness. Probably the peculiar power of Methodism throughout its history can be traced with some assurance to the domination in its hymnody for more than a hundred and fifty years of the intense and noble genius of Charles Wesley. While I am not a headlong admirer of the type of hymnody established by Dr. Watts, I cannot help sometimes wishing that our churches to-day might more often come under his rather austere and over-dogmatic restraint. Hymnody is, of course, first of all a fruit of its time and environment. But it has also proved itself over and over again to be a power upon later times and amid wholly different circumstances.

Be this as it may, the value of any particular hymn is partly to be judged by the state of opinion and sentiment in which its actual use leaves you. Is it true in its thought of God and of Christ, in its reference to all the manifold aspects of sin and salvation, in its representation of the spiritual life? And is it healthy in general tone, affecting in its imagery and masterful in its progress, and sufficiently noble to awaken enthusiasm for what it treats? These are severe tests, but are they not fair ones? If you would realize what sort of clarifying they give to this whole subject, form the habit, whenever you use a hymn, of watching its every feature in detail and of summing it all up at the end. If it belongs to the subjective class, challenge it with questions like these: Was it written out of a deep experience of the Gospel? Does it fittingly embody some part or aspect of such an experience? Is it so wrought out that it is true in your own soul-history or true to your ideals? If it be objective, try it with such queries as these: Is

the picture it gives of the nature or providence or grace of God, or of Christ's offices or person, or of the ministry of the Spirit, or of the Christian church and its activities, joys and hopes, or of the life that now is, or of the life beyond—is the picture that it gives of any of these one that commends itself to you as true? Is it presented with sympathy and insight? Does it have majesty and contagious power? And how does it all affect *you*? Does the attempt to make it your own expression give you a wider vision, quicken into life your dormant sensibility, and rouse within you a higher aspiration? Are you helped to be a larger and a better Christian by it? Questions like these, I repeat, are fair questions. They must be asked more or less consciously by every intelligent and earnest participant in any religious exercise. The hymns that we can call good must be on the whole those that do us good in these ways. Only let us beware as we answer such questions that we are not misled into snap-judgments, into foolish misinterpretations, or into the vagaries of mere prejudice. The popular exegesis of hymns is sometimes much worse than the popular exegesis of the Bible, bad as that occasionally is. Criticism of this searching kind must have a sound and accurate basis, in hymnody as in other weighty matters. The application of tests like these is sufficient to disclose the weakness and even vacuity of many a hymn in vogue among us, and the essential excellence of many another that we have but partially known.

But we have noted that the influence of hymnody does not stop with the thoughtful and devout user who can make such an analysis as has been advocated. To the heedless user or hearer, to one not at all advanced in spiritual maturity, or to one who stands outside the Christian fraternity and regards it from a distance, its power is different. Here comes in our third criterion of excellence—the demonstrative and affirmative power of hymns upon such indifferent, immature, or half-participating users. For such persons every hymn that they hear or sing establishes something of a general perspective, offers a general suggestion, sketches in some outlines, from which they unconsciously make up a general conception of what Christianity is and how it works. This vague and unnoticed factor in the problem must not be neglected. To measure its importance,

try to imagine yourself not only not a Christian, but quite unfamiliar with Christians and their ways. Suppose yourself to have dropped in at some prayer-meeting or other service where hymn-singing is a prominent feature. Then, remembering that hymns almost always delineate Christianity in terms of life, are rescripts of inner thought or experience, whether subjectively or objectively presented, try to estimate the impression that you would probably gain from them of the nature of Christian faith and feeling. Doubtless in the midst of some actual service you have once in a while paused thus to put yourself in imagination outside the inner circle of the assembly and have really felt what a mere stranger or spectator might feel. Probably you can remember cases in which the impression thus gained was positively startling for its emptiness, its childishness, its narrowness, and you have wondered how you or anyone else could thus misrepresent the essence of the life that is "in Christ." Probably, too, you can recall other cases in which you felt yourself in the presence of a thrilling exhibition of spiritual vitality that was like a glimpse into heaven. Practical hymnody must always be ready for this kind of test, for in every assembly of any size there are those whose mental attitude is so inert or indifferent that they are only partial participants, and every service of public worship, because it is public, may address many who are not true participants at all. We surely have no right to allow the conception of Christianity to be lowered in such minds by trivial, perverted or misleading presentations of it. The popular impression of our religion is not derived from a study of creeds or theological treatises, not altogether from sermons or similar formal expositions, but largely from such spontaneous revelations of it as we make of our inner selves in action. Hymnody is one such display of life, and is so regarded. Our whole policy about it deserves to be soberly directed accordingly.

THE LIFE OF OLE BULL.

FROM THE DANISH OF JOHANNES HAARKLOW.

The one Norwegian artist who has become more renowned in the whole wide world than any other of his countrymen, is Ole Borneman Bull. He is easily the most celebrated Norwegian that has ever lived; he has been very differently judged, but he was in all that he undertook, so interesting and so grand, that it may be asserted that a short review of his extraordinarily venturesome life will be read with attention; so much the more in that it is twenty years now since he died, and he is thus more or less a stranger to the younger generation.

Ole Bull was born in Bergen, on the 5th of February, 1810. The Bull family immigrated from Scotland. Ole's father, an apothecary, named Storm Bull, had a taste for art, but he was withal a severe man, and demanded that the son should first and foremost attend to his school duties. The musical part of his education had to shift for itself. Inasmuch as Ole's propensities from the earliest years of childhood went in the direction of music, grave "differences" between father and son were of frequent occurrence. The latter had an ardent supporter in his uncle Jens, who was a zealous *dilletant* in music, and established weekly "quartette evenings" in the Bull home. Often 4-year-old Ole would steal from his bed and creep under the table to listen to the music, and when so discovered would be summarily dragged back to the nursery.

A Danish violinist, Paulsen, was Bull's first teacher. He was capable enough, but somewhat addicted to drink, and as facilities for quenching thirst were never lacking in the Bull home, it one evening happened that Paulsen was incapacitated for playing. It was a "quartette evening," and was Ole's eighth birthday. So Uncle Jens jokingly suggested that the "birthday child" should attempt his first solo. The boy took the suggestion seriously, and he executed his part to the astonishment of all. From this time the father began to realize that Ole could not be treated as an ordinary child, and he therefore conceded to him a variety of liberties.

Valestrand, east of Bergen, was the summer home of the

Bull family. Here nature is of a very romantic character, and here little Ole, the sole of romance, wandered about to his heart's content. He often disappeared with his violin. He found an almost inaccessible niche in the mountain, where he would establish himself and improvise weird melodies and dance movements, imitating bird notes and the like. Finally it became noised about among the farmers that wondrous music could be heard coming from the mountain. Tales became rife of an ancient legend regarding subterranean beings, which now were believed to be at work again. At length a brave man was appointed to investigate the matter; the musical goblin was found, but the goblin was far from being pleased at the discovery.

One day the violinist, Paulsen, disappeared from town. It was believed that he no longer felt himself competent to be Ole's teacher. For three years Ole had no teacher, much to his detriment. Later there came to town a Swedish violinist, Lundholm, who had studied in Paris, and who must have been a man of ability. He was installed as Ole's teacher, but the relations between teacher and pupil were not of the best. Lundholm was something of a pedant, at least in Ole's opinion, and as Ole had already acquired many of the idiosyncrasies that went with him through life, it was a difficult matter to "schoolmaster" him. Lundholm believed that the boy possessed very unusual qualities, and he prophesied a great future for him—and he prophesied rightly.

Storm Bull took it into his head that Ole should become a theologian. An old teacher named Musaeus was engaged as tutor. This same Musaeus was a stern lack-wit; he jerked the children from their beds at five in the morning, and on one occasion when he had been handling one of the younger children pretty roughly, a council of war was called. Ole, being the oldest, was appointed to give the schoolmaster a whipping, and, as was characteristic of him, he kept his appointment.

It sounds impossible, but it is true: Musaeus, schoolmaster, was whipped *secundum artem* by Ole, who, although but half grown, possessed unusual strength. To the surprise of the boys, the parents took their part, and the ministry of Musaeus was ended.

But the apothecary did not relinquish the idea of making a

theologian of Ole. In 1828 he was sent to the University at Christiania, with instructions to be industrious, and indeed, Ole had the very best of intentions in that direction. But his violin talent soon became universally known in the student world. Reluctantly he consented to assist at an anniversary concert. He covered himself with glory. After the concert followed a feast, which lasted long into the night. The next day Bull went up to his examination in Latin, and was "plucked." In a most unhappy frame of mind he paid the Latin professor a visit. The latter, who had noticed Ole's adeptness in music, told him that his failure in Latin was the best thing that could have happened. "We are of the opinion," said he, "that you are sadly unfitted to be a clergyman. You must step out into the world. Waldemar Thrane has lately died; you may have his place as leader of the orchestra." Ole Bull accepted, and this juncture marks his initiation as an independent man. His father was disappointed, but forgave him.

Bull was personally acquainted with the writers, Welhaven and Wergeland,* and possessing a fundamental belief in all that was Norwegian, he drew himself close to the latter, often visiting him at his home, and playing national melodies to him.

The market-place riot of May 17, 1829, made such a disheartening impression on him that he immediately resigned his position in Christiania, and went to see Louis Spohr in Cassel. "I have traveled two hundred and fifty hours in order to hear you," he said to Spohr; he received the chilly answer that it was well done and that he might accompany him to Nordhausen next day to hear a "musikfest," which Spohr should conduct. Bull went, but he was so disappointed over the playing of Spohr and his colleagues, which, according to Bull's taste, was altogether too dispassionate and stiff, that he lost faith even in himself, and resolved to go back home and apply himself to his studies again. But he soon formed the acquaintance of some jolly fellows who were going to Gottingen. They were all musicians, and, together with Bull, they decided to give a concert. One of them, however, appeared at a rehearsal in an

*Wergeland was one of the greatest Scandinavian writers of the century. Through his political and patriotic writing, both prose and verse, he has been the principal factor in creating a national spirit among the Norwegians--something which they never, in all their centuries of history, possessed until now.

intoxicated condition, and Bull called him a "dummer Junge." As this was the worst thing that could possibly be said of a German student, a duel was unavoidable. Ole Bull took an eight days' course in fencing, and when they met, not desiring to kill his adversary, Ole put all his energy into tiring him out, until finally he managed to give him a "satisfactory" slash. The debt of honor was fully paid, and healths were drunk to eternal friendship. But the city police, who had been accorded a princely reception, gave the merry young men a polite intimation that their speedy emigration was in order.

Late in the autumn Bull returned to Christiania, and even if he had not "harvested bay berries and gold"* (as the proverb has it) in his first foreign trip he was joyfully received by his many friends. In the summer of 1830 he gave concerts in Trondhjem and Bergen, and earned five hundred dollars, and started for Paris to hear Baillot, DeBeriot, Berlioz and above all Paganini.

At first he had met with misfortune. A fellow lodger, under the guise of friendship, stole all his money. Following the advice of a mysterious looking man, he went to a gambling room, and placed a borrowed 5 franc piece on the "red," and won 800 francs. When this money was gone he again got into straightened circumstances, and, it is said, even meditated suicide, but the truth of this is under suspicion. His brother, who is still living, says there is much of exaggeration in such a ruse, and was cared for by an elderly lady, who became attached to him because of his personal resemblance to her deceased son. She took good care of him until he recovered his health and received money from home. This lady's adopted daughter, Felicie Villeminot, became afterwards Ole Bull's wife.

Among Ole's acquaintances in Paris was a certain M. Lacour, who had discovered a varnish, which he claimed would transform the cheapest violin into a genuine Cremona. Ole found that the tone of violins treated with this varnish was really enriched. Lacour, struck with Bull's musical ability, soon saw that he had found the right man for the advertisement of his discovery, and he invited him to participate in a matinee at the home of the Italian Consul, Riario. It was an

*An idiomatic expression meaning "To make a success of."

aristocratic company, and one of the guests told Ole Bull that fortune awaited him if he acquitted himself with credit. On account of the excessive heat of the concert room, the varnish melted and gave off a most abominable odor. Bull was at first disconcerted, then angry, and in this frame of mind he played in such a passion that the company was enraptured. Fortune smiled on him now in the form of congratulations and substantial honoraria. This was the very beginning of Bull's great success. The next day he was invited by the Prince of Montebello, and with his help, he held, on April 18th, 1838, his first concert in Paris, with the co-operation of the violinist, Ernst, and the composer, Chopin. The proceeds of this concert amounted to two hundred and eighty dollars.

Here in Norway it has long been a popular idea that men of genius may be as idle as they please; they acquire fame just the same. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Notwithstanding Bull's lack of early systematic instruction on the violin, yet in Paulsen and Lundholm he found instructors who gave him the rudiments of violin technique. True, he afterwards worked independently, and has, therefore, been styled "self-taught," yet it is known that he worked continuously and indefatigably. Industry is a characteristic of genius; hard work is a necessity. It has been said, especially with reference to Paganini, whose career somewhat resembled Bull's, that "genius is work." Let that be an exaggeration—the fact is, nevertheless, that men of true genius work hard, industriously and systematically. Since Bull could not yet expect to appear as a soloist in the grand opera, he went first to Switzerland, where he gave several successful concerts. From here he went to Milan, where he was fortunate enough to get a hearing in the great LaScala Theatre. He achieved a great success, but he also was the object of severe criticism in one of the papers. This criticism emanated from an old voice teacher who upbraided Bull for his lack of style. Bull, agreeing with the criticism, sought out the old "song-master." And now a noteworthy thing happened—for six months Bull took violin lessons of *Italian voice teachers*. This is how he reached his incomparable mastery in the execution of melodies. Joseph Joachim, himself a great violinist, unreservedly paid tribute to Bull's superiority in this respect. "There is no one who can

execute a melody like Ole Bull," he said to Bjornstjerne Bjornson, "he ought to travel around the world for the sole purpose of playing melodies, instead of doing tricks and performances like a white horse in a menagerie." A strong criticism containing considerable truth.

From Milan Bull went to Venice, where the jubilation over his playing was universal. Afterwards he went to Bologne. It was here that an incident occurred which at once made him the hero of the day. High up in a hotel attic he was practicing his A Major Concerto, when the singer, Colbran, afterward the wife of Rossini, passed by the house. She heard notes of a peculiar grace. "That must be a violin," she said, "but a heavenly one," and she thought to herself: This is something that Zampieri should know. He was the leader of the Italian musical aristocracy, and he was just then much embarrassed because the singer, Malibran, and the violinist, Beriot, had just announced their inability to appear at a musical "fest" in the theatre, at which the public was already assembled. While Bull was playing away, the perspiration pouring down his face, he suddenly heard a man puffing and swearing at the door. Zampieri had not listened long before he cried: "Malibran may have the headache for all of me," and he dragged Ole in his walking clothes to the theatre, where a large audience was impatiently waiting for Malibran. Bull chose his new Concerto, played with half-closed eyes, and when he had finished there broke forth a tremendous applause. Zampieri had misgivings about letting him play again the same evening, but after fortifying himself with a glass of wine, Bull went out again and captivated the audience. Malibran was at first angry that she and her betrothed De Beriot had been rendered unnecessary, and was inclined to think that the whole thing was an intrigue. But when she herself had heard what Bull could do with a violin, she became as warm an admirer of him as anyone.

This same Malibran was an extraordinary person. According to the opinion of many, she was the greatest singer of all time. We shall hear more of her when we come to Bull's debut in Great Britain.

Among those who heard Bull's concerts in Bologne was Prince Poniatowski, who invited Bull to Firenze. Here he played his A Major Concerto with the same great success as

in Bologne. For the monks in Santa Maria, he composed "A Mother's Prayer" and "Polacca Guerriera," with organ introduction. The monks tried to induce him to join their order, but of course nothing came of it.

Via Pisa, Liverno, and Lucca, he went to Naples, where Malibran was holding the public in ecstasy evening after evening. It was necessary for him to wait until she had finished with her series of guest concerts, and then came his turn to bewitch the Neapolitans. In this city he had the misfortune to have the violin stolen, with which he had celebrated his first triumphs. Many years afterward he saw it again in the house of a Russian nobleman.

In February, 1836, (aged twenty-five) he went to Rome, appeared repeatedly, and was here also the idol of the people. In May he went to Paris, and now he received the entree to the grand opera. It was after his appearance here that Jules Janin wrote his celebrated article in the *Journal des Debats*, in which he compared Bull with Paganini. "This young, wild man, who has come to us, Stradivarius in hand, from the ice of Norway, is actually the great musician whom I long ago heralded. There is so much of tears in his noble instrument. There is so much of power and energy, tempered with love, in that bow. It sings and weeps—it is impassioned. Now it carries its voice high over the blast of trumpets, now it softly sighs like an Aeolian harp. Bull is a musician who has learned of no master; he is a graduate of no school. There is originality and inspiration and an incredible power in his art." Jules Janin would not say which had the greater power over the public, Paganini or Bull. But he scores heavily the former's avarice and crafty self-advertising.

That Bull was called a "wild man" comes from the fact that at his first appearance in Paris he stumbled over a small stand just as he was going on the stage, and barely managed to maintain his equilibrium by a prodigious jump. This must have appeared most humorous to a public which had so acute a perception of the comical.

On the advice of Rossini, Ole Bull went to London. Here he, indeed, had many machinations to contend with. Bull was engaged by the director of the Italian opera. This was little to the taste of first violinist Mori, who, to vent his spleen, arranged

the general rehearsal two hours in advance of the time for which Bull had been notified. Naturally, considerable confusion resulted. Bull here showed himself to be exceedingly wise and in the end won the plotter entirely over. The victory that Bull achieved in the capital of England may best be measured by what he demanded (and got) for one single appearance at a "musikfest"—eight hundred pounds, four thousand dollars. Malibran, who was to have collaborated, had died suddenly of a broken blood vessel. To win a victory over a rival, she had reached and held a long trill on high C. The result was amazing, but it was her last trill. Bull had told her previously to beware, but she answered: "The public kills one anyway, either by indifference, or by senseless demands." Bull remained in England two years, gave altogether two hundred and seventy-four concerts, and accumulated an enormous amount of money. The metropolis furnished the advertising—the provinces paid it. So it was that time—everywhere it was the same.

FIRST JOURNEY TO AMERICA—WORK FOR A NATIONAL STAGE.

After a concert tour in Scandinavia, which was everywhere, and especially in Norway, an ovation to their renowned countrymen, Ole Bull took in November, 1843, his first journey to New York. On the 23rd of the same month he gave his first concert there. His renown had preceded him. At that time there were resident in New York two popular French violinists, Vieuxtemps and Artot. It was not long before two parties were formed, one, the French party, favoring the French violinists, while the Americans took the side of Ole Bull. The fight entered into the press. So great was Bull in demand that larger and larger halls had to be hired. He had a great power over the masses, so great that Franz Liszt called him "Paganini's mighty rival."

Bull experienced some remarkable adventures in America, especially in the southern states. Bull had a violin bow in which a fine diamond was set. He had received it from an English lord, with the express stipulation that he should never part with it. This diamond attracted the attention of a fellow traveler. "I must have it," said the man. Bull said that the dia-

mond was a present from which he could not part by gift or sale. "I'll have it just the same," said the man, drawing a knife. But Ole took the bull by the horns, knocked the man down, got a knee on his chest, and told him that he would let him off this time, but to beware of any further moves of that kind. The man was so impressed by the physical prowess of the artist that he gave him his knife as a keepsake. Another time Bull was traveling on a Mississippi river steamer in company with a number of half-civilized settlers, who determined that Bull should either drink or fight with them. Bull would not drink, but suggested that one of them should try to strike him wherever he could. After a little consultation one of the number, a stout young giant, was selected and approached Bull. In a twinkling the aggressor lay senseless on the deck. This time also Bull received a knife for a memento.

At one time Ole Bull determined to visit the Isle of Cuba, and so sailed for Havana, The ovation which these easily approachable Cubans gave to Bull was very pleasing to him. At the time of his visit a riot broke out among the natives, and attempts were made to poison the Spanish overseers. People were afraid to be out of doors. No one was safe for life or limb. Bull had to employ a small army to protect him, which cost him eight hundred dollars a day, and he was thankful to escape that cheaply. Fortunately he had done well financially in Cuba before the trouble began. He escaped yellow fever and other pestilences, principally on account of his extraordinarily regular habits. On the journey back to America he suddenly broke out with an eruption caused by sleeping in the hot sun. He soon recovered, however, with his usual line of treatment—ice cold baths.

At Washington and New York he bade good bye for this time to the American public. In two years he had given over two hundred concerts, spent fifty thousand hours on trains and boats, and taken in four hundred thousand dollars. Of this amount he had given to charity, ninety-two thousand dollars, and for orchestral and other assistance, sixty-nine thousand dollars.

In Paris the artist again joined his family, and after a season of rest, began a concert tour in southern France. He was greeted as warmly as ever, but did not do as well as usual from

a financial standpoint. He went to Algiers and returned home through Spain, in which country he was paid much honor as well as money. He appeared at Madrid at a time when the renowned Isabella II. was celebrating her marriage with Franz von Assisi. The powerfully built artist, who was always the idol of the ladies, made an impression also on the young, easily influenced queen. He was invited to the wedding, where he performed on the violin, and he was presented by the queen with a brooch set with one hundred and forty precious stones. It is rumored that the royal bride looked on the renowned and handsome Norwegian with something more than an artistic admiration.

In October, 1848, Bull returned home to Norway, purchased some property near Christianssand, and moved his family thither, it being his purpose to remain in Norway. He often allowed himself to be heard in concerts, everywhere being received with great admiration, and this encouraged him to put into operation a plan which he had long nourished.

Ole Bull, unlike Paganini and Sarasate, was not a violin virtuoso, whose only aim was to accumulate as much money as possible by his art. Had he been such an one he would have left millions, as did they. He was first and foremost a friend to his native land. To make the name of Norway known to the world, to elevate the popular musical taste, to make it influential in an artistic sense, to call forth its slumbering powers so that it might flourish to the glory of the Norwegian nation—that he conceived to be his mission. He observed with sorrow that Norway had no national stage and no dramatic literature, and it pained him. He had a strong faith in his people's artistic powers. He cast everything else aside and went into the work, and even if he suffered much contumely, and endured many disappointments, he was nevertheless right in principle. He was a good sower, and much has grown after him. Norway shall be independent of Denmark, not only in politics, but also in art, and Norwegian opera shall be played by Norwegians—that was his watchword. *And he founded the first Norwegian theatre in his native town, Bergen.* Without doubt he laid out great sums of money and suffered much opposition on the part of doubting citizens, but he put his purpose through. After two years' preparation, the first exhibition was given

January 2nd, 1850. The doubters had to admit that the results exceeded their expectations. It was good talent that inaugurated the Norwegian stage. We will here name only Johannes Brun and Madam Wolf. The writers, Ibsen and Bjornson, worked later as managers in Bull's theatre, and accumulated scenic experience, the fruits of which are now well known to the world. In 1851 Bull sent a petition to the *Storting for an annual appropriation for the national theatre founded by him at so great personal sacrifice. It was voted down by a small majority. "It was a great blow," said he to me twenty-seven years afterwards, "when I learned that the aristocracy in the Storting voted for it and the peasants against it." That great patriot, who loved the national music, and was inspired by it; who scoured the country to find skilled peasant children to dance national dances at his theatre, felt it as a bitter disappointment that the peasants did not understand him.

He was, however, a little encouraged when the young people in the capitol arranged a musical festival for the benefit of the Bergen theatre. But at length the theatre became a rather heavy burden for one man to carry. He had plenty of aggravating experiences,—with the Bergen police for instance. These people demanded free seats, not only for themselves, but for their friends and families, which Bull refused. But when it was threatened that the performances would be forbidden unless the police were given reserved seats, where they could command a view of audience room as well as stage, Bull sent them written invitations and had a section of the hall reserved, but over it he placed a placard on which in large, black letters appeared: "For the police," and beside it hung a green lantern. The police took the joke to heart, and brought suit against Bull and won it. Bull appealed, and the decision was reversed. But from that time on the police had a grudge against Bull, and annoyed him all they could. They once had a fine imposed on him for smoking a cigar on the German quay. Two years after Bull's return to Norway he turned the theatre business over to other hands, and in the autumn of 1852 left for America, where he remained until 1857. His residence in America this time was fateful for him, because of a scheme

*The Norwegian parliament.

†Police station sign.

which he entered into, which was, indeed, of a high and philanthropic character, but which had a sad outcome on account of his being entrapped by swindlers.

In the large cities of the East,—Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York,—he gave concerts, with the same royal reception as formerly. Before he started West he purchased 125,000 acres of land in Pennsylvania. At the dedication of this area, which he called Oleana, for colonial purposes, he said: "We must found a New Norway, consecrated to Freedom, baptized in Independence, and protected by the mighty flag of the Union." Norwegians who immigrated to the more southerly sections of the United States described to him the inconveniences which they suffered on account of the unwholesome climate, and this is what moved Bull to found a Norwegian colony farther north. Two hundred dwelling houses were built, also a hotel and a church, and hundreds flocked to Oleana. With life and soul, Bull devoted himself to the work of bringing fortune and prosperity to his countrymen. The great amount of business he had undertaken devoured his fortune, and the receipts from his concerts all went into the building fund. The 6th of February, 1853, he wrote to his brother,* Edward Bull: "There have come such a multitude of applications for farms that I find it necessary to buy 20,000 acres more. I am also negotiating for the purchase of an old abandoned saw mill, with forest, water power, workshops, and dwelling houses, and I have applied to the government for permission to erect a smelter for the manufacture of cannon metal. Day after day I give concerts, and I am so busy that I scarcely have time to swallow my meals. To-day, Sunday, I have a little leisure, but to-morrow I start for Columbus, thence to New Orleans, and from there to California via Nicaragua. I am coming back in April, at all events, to see to my colony."

Bull went to California via Panama. On this journey he was accompanied by the afterwards well-known manager, Moritz Strakosch, and an 8-year-old girl singer, who attracted universal admiration by her precocious musical instinct and her beautiful voice. Every one predicted a great future for the ac-

*Still living in Bergen, 85 years old. His youngest brother, 70 years old, is in the the government service in Christiana. It is his son, Architect Henrik Bull, who has built the new National Theatre.

complished maid, and the predictions were fulfilled, for she was none else than the afterwards world-renowned Adelina Patti, who thus celebrated her greatest triumphs under the patronage of Ole Bull.

Bull had considerable trouble on this journey. The man who was hired to carry his violin across Panama disappeared, and the violin with him, and Bull started alone in pursuit of the fugitive. His company preceded him to California. Sick and miserable, he at length reached there, but the best of the concert season was past.

In this weakened physical condition he made a frightful discovery: The documents which should have secured him his Pennsylvania property were falsified; he had been sold the property of someone else. In vain had the real owner, a Quaker named Stewardson, tried by letters and messages to advise Bull of the situation, but Bull's business agent had taken good care that Bull should know nothing until it was too late. When, at length, on his arrival in Pennsylvania, the artist found that he was occupying another man's property, it was, indeed, a thunderbolt for him. He immediately bestrode his horse and started for his lawyer in Philadelphia. The latter's position in church and society had been to Bull a sufficient guarantee that all would be right. The lawyer at once assured Bull that everything was all right, and offered him a cup of tea before entering on the discussion of such important matters. Tired and hungry, Bull seated himself to the dinner table, but he had an inexplicable foreboding against partaking of the viands. His mistrust led him to demand that the lawyer should at once go with him to Stawardson, the owner, and explain matters. The lawyer said: "I have your money; now see what you can do."

Many years afterwards the lawyer's sister told Bull that her brother confessed to her on his death-bed that the tea he offered Bull that day was poisoned.

If it is asked how it could be possible that a man so prudent and experienced as Bull could have been so easily tricked by common shysters, the answer is that Bull, like many other great artists, had an aversion for business details. Initiative had he in a marked way, and men of sound judgment who have written about his Oleana affair, Jonas Lie, for example, de-

clared the plan itself was far from being unsound. It is unfortunate that Bull did not petition the government for legal redress; but this would have taken time, and for an artist such as Bull, would have been an abomination.

The more Bull's sorry business affairs became known in America, the more sympathy became manifest for the great artist. The renowned lawyer Stoughton offered his services in behalf of Bull against the swindlers, and with this distinguished jurists's help, a few thousand dollars were wrested from the scoundrels.

But all these sad doings strongly affected Bull's health. At his last concerts in America, in 1857, he was so feeble that it was necessary to assist him off and on the platform. He had some who were friends indeed, especially his old friend, Mrs. Child, who took him to her country home, where he might find a quiet rest; also Harriett Beecher Stowe and James Gordon Bennett, of the "Herald." While the friends of Vieuxtemps were attacking Bull, both as an artist and a man, Bennett offered the columns of his paper to Bull, but the latter answered: "I think it is best that they write against me, and I play against them,"—the utterance, certainly, of a wise man.

Bull felt that in order to get the rest that he needed he must go home to Norway. So, late in the autumn of 1857 he sailed for Bergen.

When he arrived home he found that unfriendly and slanderous rumors had preceded him, and he observed a certain chilliness amongst his countrymen. He again took up the leadership of the theatre, and appointed Bjornson as artistic director. Bjornson, who had just published "Synove Solbakken" and "Arne," was already an admired and influential man. Bull again experienced disagreements with the directors of the theatre. At one time he became so enraged over their inexcusable stubbornness that patience entirely left him, and in the committee room he made preparations for answering their arguments as he had on one or two occasions answered those of the half-civilized natives in Mississippi. He took off his coat and would have given the honorable directors, or some of them, a sound thrashing, had not Bjornson, who was no weakling, grasped Bull from behind, and held him fast until his anger left him.

To spend a year in idleness was little to the taste of a man like Bull. His finances dwindled notwithstanding his good income from concerts. In the spring of 1858 he left for Germany via Hamburg. He appeared in Vienna and Pesth, and was received with ovations. In Berlin he again greeted his old friend Bettina von Arnim, best known as one of Beethoven's many "flames." He made the acquaintance of Joachim on this trip. The latter had come from Hanover to study the famous Norwegian's artistic peculiarities. In October Bull was again in Bergen, and at this time he bought from his mother the family summer home at Valestrand, where he erected a mammoth artist home, with concert hall, etc. The succeeding winter he spent in superintending the draining of his large estate.

In the winter of 1860 he appeared in Stockholm, where he gave seventeen concerts with supposed large profits. In 1861 and 1862 he once more made a tour of Great Britain, where he gave sixty concerts, but without financial benefit, because the profits all went into the pockets of his managers. Bull had postponed settlements until the end of the tour; an almost incomprehensible carelessness in a man who had paid so dearly for experience of human frailty.

In 1863 he visited Christiania, where he attempted to found a musical academy. This naturally did not mature; resources and population were too small. Now they are sufficient, but we still have no academy and no opera. Young Norwegians must go abroad for higher musical culture.

From 1863 to 1866 the artist resided in Poland and Russia. He himself describes this time as the most enjoyable of his life,—so much so that he never ventured to repeat it. He sent from St. Petersburg to his home two full-blooded horses, also a valuable 'cello, and an Amati. He earned in those countries several hundred thousand crowns.* This money, it is said half a million (\$135,000.00), he "loaned" to a Russian Count. Whether this transaction was a paying one or not is not known. Ole Bull was personally acquainted with most of the leading statesmen of the time, and could acquit himself creditably of opinions on the political questions of the day. From Bergen

*A Norwegian crown is 27 cents.

he wrote in September, 1866, as follows to his son Alexander, in Paris: "Be careful, Alexander. Political occurrences are following each other rapidly nowadays. France, since the Mexican affair, has in the United States an enemy that must not be underestimated. Frenchmen must also beware of Germany. A war will destroy both her fleet and finances. The times have changed, and Prussia's turn has come to play the *role* of master in Europe. Prussia has a solid foundation, and a full treasury, while in France everything is tottering and can easily lose equilibrium. Frenchmen must also withdraw from Rome. It will go hard with them if they do not prepare for surprises. That great man, Napoleon III., is seriously sick. Frenchmen know it, and are silent, but others are telling it. Be careful. Do not, I beg of you, indulge in political discussion."

Bull, artist, musician, to have so remarkably correct a forecast of French reverses! It shows that a great idealist may also be a rare, far-seeing realist. Many of his wise countrymen looked on Bull as a dreamer. It would have been well if they could have boasted of the same surprising instinct in forecasting political possibilities. Some of the most clever of the Norwegian politicians gloated over the prospect of Germany's being whipped by France, and being repaid for her theft of Jutland from Denmark in 1864. The politicians could not spy out the future as surely as the violinist.

In November, 1867, Bull went to America again, and appeared first in Chicago. In the west his countrymen greeted him with the greatest enthusiasm, processions were formed, and speeches made in his honor. On this trip he did not lack for adventures. In the autumn of 1868 he was traveling down the Ohio river. His steamer collided with another, and a good many were drowned. He describes it himself by saying that some time after midnight he felt a sudden and inexplicable foreboding of danger. He arose, donned his overcoat, and with violin case in hand, quickly went up on deck. The collision occurred almost immediately. The other steamer was laden with oil and took fire. Bull let himself into the water and swam to the steep shore, where he had great difficulty in gaining land, the bank being of mud. After clambering up, he wandered around all night, wet to the skin. Fortunately

his violin did not suffer, the case being so perfectly made. Notwithstanding his company had lost all their possessions, he was able to appear the second day after at Cincinnati, although in his traveling clothes. Only one date was missed.

Ole Bull's first wife died in 1862. The tidings of her husband's financial misfortune in Oleana had been too much for the frail creature that she was. In 1868 Bull was married to Miss Thorp in Wisconsin. Her father was a very wealthy man and undoubtedly he had much influence in Bull's later affairs.

Bull, in his later years, entered on a new and difficult problem, namely, the building of a piano which, like a violin, would grow better with age. As is known, pianos are best only when new. The principle was to fasten the strings on to an iron frame, which encompassed the sounding board. The first instrument built under his supervision cost him \$60,000.00. Bull's experiments have not as yet had any practical result. Whether the reason is that the problem itself is insoluble, or whether piano makers are manufacturers rather than geniuses, or whether people have no interest in making a piano whose tone improves with years, we do not know.

It was indeed touching to see Bull lying on his back under his experimental piano, gazing upward towards the sounding board, as though he would steal from nature the secrets of melody and tone. His scheme awakened the highest interest amongst scientific men. The genial Swede, John Erickson, the inventor of the Monitor, was much interested in Bull's idea, as well as Professor Helmholtz, who wrote in 1881: "I was convinced that he had gotten hold of the mechanical problems of the violin. His personal character made a deep impression on me; he was full of enthusiasm, of clear judgment, and had an interest in all the questions that influenced humanity."

The summer of 1872 Bull spent in Norway, and in the autumn sailed again to America on a long and profitable tour. He spent the year 1874 in the south of France and in Italy, mostly in Firenze, where he kept the public in such a furor that many declared that Paganini had arisen from the dead. The following year, 1875, he remained in Norway, and in the summer he made a trip to the North Cape to see the Midnight

Sun. He gave concerts everywhere on the way, and was everywhere worshiped as a hero.

In 1876 he celebrated his 66th birthday under most characteristic circumstances. Adolf Ebeling tells in his "Pictures from Carro": "On a beautiful September day in 1875, the king and queen of Norway and Sweden were sitting under a veranda of the royal country residence at Drottningholm. The queen, still weakened from a recent illness, had chosen this place, on account of its quiet and seclusion, as a fitting place to regain her pristine strength. A large park and spacious gardens stretch far on every side and shut out the noisy outer world. From the neighboring heights opened a beautiful view. The Bay of Maaler, full of islands and alive with ships; and on the other side Stockholm with her towers and palaces, the forests of masts in the harbor and the dark green heights in the background.

"A servant announces a visitor, who possibly is expected, for the queen, who up to this time has given no audiences or admitted callers, makes an exception in this case.

"The new-comer is a tall, sleek man of powerful build, advanced in age indeed, as witnessed by his long, almost snow-white hair, although the expression of his sympathetic countenance speaks of youth. Their majesties greet him as an old acquaintance. The king advances to meet him. This man is Ole Bull, the great violinist, who for forty years has belonged to the renowned of his time and has often and rightly been called the 'second Paganini.'

"The elderly but surprisingly strong man was about to start on a trip to Europe and 'beyond,' as he jokingly said, and had come to bid the king and queen farewell.

"During the interview the queen happened to speak of Bull's youthful composition, 'Sacterjenten's Sondag,' the most beautiful of all his melodies. He was just saying that he intended to play this at his next concert, when the king, interrupting him, said: 'I will make you a proposition. You are just starting on a new concert tour—perhaps as far as Egypt. Suppose you play that piece from the top of Cheops Pyramid! Such a thing,' said the king, laughingly, and showing that he knew Bull thoroughly, 'such a thing has never yet been done, and it seems to me it would fascinate such a virtuoso as you.' Ole

not only agreed, but adopted the suggestion with great gusto. He had already thought of visiting Alexandria and Cairo, and he now determined to carry out that 'genuinely royal thought,' as he put it. The king now went still further and appointed the 5th of February, 1876, the artist's '66th birthday, as the 'pyramid concert day.' Bull agreed, and the visit came to a close with the best wishes of the royal pair.

"Bull soon started on his journey and played in Copenhagen, Berlin, Stettin, Hamburg, Lubeck, and Bremen, cities where forty years before he had celebrated his first great victories. The times had changed. The classical school had made way for the romantic, and the press criticised the northern Paganini even more severely than in the old days. But the masses he had with him as of yore. Of the concert in Hamburg we shall have more to tell later. In the latter part of January Bull sailed from Brindisi for Egypt. In the company were director Hermann as manager, and pianist Emil Bach of Berlin. The journey was a happy one. On the morning of February 5th Bull stepped ashore at Alexandria.

"In order to hold his promise to King Oscar, Bull had no time to waste. The same evening he and his comrades had covered the six hours' railway journey to Cairo, where the Norwegian consul, forewarned by telegram, met the party and conducted them to his residence. Early the next morning, the 5th of February, carriages were brought to the consul's door. The consul had hurriedly sent invitations to a few friends, and at ten o'clock the party reached the pyramids, the goal of Ole Bull's long journey. The company divided itself into two parties: those who could climb and those who were afraid to. The last, who were in the minority, were composed of elderly dames and corpulent gentlemen. The oldest in the party was Ole Bull himself. He would not accept help of the Bedouins, but rapidly climbed the meter-high steps ahead of the rest of the party. He, who from childhood had roamed the fields and climbed the mountains of Norway, blushed at the suggestion of assistance in 'negotiating' the pyramids. The most important problem to him was his violin. He selected two of the strongest Bedouins and had them go before him, bearing their costly burden. After a quarter of an hour's climb, Bull, first of the party, stood on the historic height and greeted the Norwegian

flag which the consul had raised in honor of the artist. Gradually the rest of the company came up. From all sides were seen Bedouins clambering toward the top. A report had been set afloat that a king had sent a necromancer to the top of Cheops to work a miracle. If it had been generally known in Cairo, probably all the tourist crowd would have been there for the sake of the notoriety they would have thus acquired.

"Bull took up his violin and sounded a couple of notes to see if it had come up without injury. Then he drew himself to his full height and looked around him for a few moments, enjoying the wonderful, indescribable view.

"To the right, the Nile, with its unending green fields as far as the eye could reach, the majestic stream, the waves gleaming like fluid silver. To the left, the likewise endless and unsearchable golden desert, bounded by the silently uplifted Lybian mountains, and at their foot the city of the Khalifa with its minirets, cupolas, and palm gardens, all bathed in the velvet sunshine. When he suddenly began to play it was as a shout of thanks to the fate that had brought him to this height and to this wonderful picture.

"He turned to the North, the heaven of his earth, and began. That music cannot be described. In the clear, still air of that lofty spot, the highest of all the works of human hand, the tones of the violin sounded so soft and soothing, and then so powerful and penetrating, that one felt himself moved by a magic power and touched in his innermost soul. Now the soft voice of maiden song longing for her home hearth—now the triumphant hero, singing in pride of fatherland. As Uhland makes Strassberg's Munster tower tremble when the Goethe scratches his name thereon, so here also, to use a like figure, the six-thousand-year-old royal grave in the bowels of the pyramid must have echoed these master tones. And that nothing should be wanting to the poetry of this hour, two powerful pelicans rose from the Nile, and, their wings gleaming like silver sheen, soared majestically away toward the North, as if to carry the tidings of the happy fulfillment of the expedition. The Bedouins, these children of nature, who, during the playing, had lain half hidden in a corner, apparently as unmovable as the stones themselves, sprang up, when the artist had

finished, and again and again cried: 'Allah! Allah!'—the highest expression of their admiration.

"On their arrival at Cairo, Bull sent the following telegram to the king: 'Obedient to my promise given at Drottningholm, I played to-day, my 66th birthday, 'Saeterjenten's Sondag' on the top of Cheops pyramid, to the honor of Norway and her beloved king.'

"The next forenoon came the royal answer: 'I thank you heartily for your telegram, and, with the queen, rejoice in all your successes.'

"The artist's odd pyramid tour was naturally soon known in Cairo and the Khedive gave him an audience and complimented him on his enterprise and youthful vigor. Bull gave a concert in the opera house, and had a rich harvest of bouquets, wreaths, laurels, and applause, particularly after the 'Carnival of Venice,' where he displayed his virtuosity to the greatest advantage. But 'Saeterjenten's Sondag' he played no more.

"Those who had the good fortune to hear the artist in the salon at the consul's beautiful villa on those soft moonlight evenings at Cairo, and especially to come in touch with that lovable personality, will hold the great Norwegian in the more tender and lasting remembrance, because such opportunities and such meetings are seldom."

In the fifty years of Bull's public life it often happened that he had to play to empty seats. This happened to Franz Liszt, and even to Adelina Patti, when she appeared in New York without a manager. When it happened that Bull went before a half-filled house he was in a frightful humor and could not play. This occurred in Stavanger in 1878, where the violinist Kortoe said it was positively painful to hear him. But this did not hinder him from playing like an angel in Bergen's cathedral a fortnight later, much to the surprise of Kortoe. It was the occasion of *Johannes Haarklau's first concert, under the patronage of the great master.

I have at hand an article in which the writer, drawing his conclusion from a few poorly attended concerts in America, believes that Ole Bull's successes outside of his native land

*The author of this paper.

were not so great as many think. We can enlighten the writer by giving a description of Bull's appearance in Hamburg in 1875. I had just come from Leipsic, fresh from the conservatory, and one day I read in a Hamburg paper in largest type that Ole Bull would give a concert in Covent Garden, then the largest concert hall in Hamburg, with a seating capacity of three thousand. I hastened to the ticket seller, and obtained an unnumbered ticket for the top gallery. I have never seen such nervousness in a public gathering.

The introductory number,—one of Beethoven's overtures,—would scarcely be tolerated: The audience wanted "der Meister"; and when the dignified "Jupiter-form" showed himself on the stage, there was an ear-splitting bedlam of applause. It had been forty years since Bull had appeared in Hamburg, and many old people were moved to tears at the realization of another sight of him. My seat-mate happened to be an old violinist, and when Bull, in his A-major concerto, made a run of 110 staccato notes in one downward stroke of the bow, he cried: "Donner und Wetter! Donner und Wetter! Neither Joachim or Wilhelmj can do that after him."

Another one of his "specialties" was executed that evening. Entirely alone he played a four-voice fragment of "Don Juan," not in broken arpeggios, but all four parts synchronously—for this purpose he used the violin with a flat bridge—and this also awakened the surprise of my neighbor. There was no mistake. We had here a wizard who took the masses captive by his magic, nor released them from the spell until the last note died away. The people of Hamburg maintained that they must go back to the days of Paganini and Franz Liszt in order to remember a triumph such as Bull received that evening. But in Sarah Bull's "Life of Ole Bull," this concert is barely mentioned, showing that such successes were quite everyday affairs in Bull's long artist life.

I had come to the concert with a prejudice against Bull's art, from having read some narrow-minded, deprecatory correspondence regarding him in "Musikal Wochenblatt," but I went away proud that I was his countryman. Ole Bull once said: "Nowhere have I been so narrowly criticised as in Germany, and nowhere have I had so great successes." It was only critics of an indifferent class who charged him with lack

of schooling and with mishandling the classics,—which in a certain sense was true,—but the great artists, such as Liszt, and Joachim, and the great general public thoroughly appreciated his genius.

In the following years of Bull's life he spent the winters in America and the summers in Norway, out at his beautiful home, Lysden. To visit him there was a genuine feast. He was very proud of his spacious lands, and was never tired of conducting visitors around to all the points of interest, and in explaining the drainage system he had established. A beautiful Sunday in August, 1878, is especially noteworthy.

There had arrived from Bergen a party, of which I remember particularly John Lund, consul Kohman, Rabe, the music dealer, Alexander Bull, Wollert Konow, Fredrik Konow, and others. We were to take a long yachting trip out to sea. The younger members of the party,—and Ole Bull must be included in this,—could not withstand the temptation to take a bath in the salt Atlantic, and it was, indeed, a sight for the Gods to see that sixty-eight-year-old man spring like a boy into the sea. It called forth an involuntary "hurrah" from the audience.

On the return journey Bull said he would take us home by a short route. We were all starving hungry. But—whether he made an error in reckoning, or whether he designed a little joke on the company—when we turned around an island, there was the ocean again, we having supposed we were nearly home. Some of the elderly gentlemen, whose appetites were as impatient as a boy's, were vexed, thinking that Bull was making sport of them.

The last time I saw Bull was on May 17th, 1879, at the market place in Bergen. He had just returned from America, much to our delight, for a 17th of May* celebration without Bull was like bread without leaven. He was in a high sense an actor. It was indeed delightful to see him in the midst of the multitude, shaking hands, apparently so interested in each one, but in truth preoccupied, for he was the central point toward which all centered their gaze, and not the least was he the center of admiration on the part of the ladies in the surrounding windows.

*The 17th of May is the Norwegian Independence Day, corresponding to our 4th of July.

In the autumn of the same year he went on his last American tour, and as late as April, 1880, he gave concerts in many of the northern cities with the singer, Emma Thursby.

In the latter part of July he started on his journey home. The strength of this former giant was now broken. He, who had never been sea sick, no longer tolerated the unquiet sea. Some tried to persuade him to rest in England until his strength was recuperated, but he suspected, and truly, that the end was near, and he wanted to go on to Lysoen, the home so dear to him. He came home, but dying. He had to be carried up to his lovely villa. To the melody of Mozart's *Requiem*, he breathed his last. The long, rich artist's journey was finished.

All Norway wept for her famous son's departure. His obsequies became a feast of sorrow such as has never seen its comparison in Bergen.

A monument to Ole Bull has long ago been erected in America. How long must Norway wait for hers?

[NOTE BY TRANSLATOR: Johannes Haarklau is a man past fifty years of age, and is one of the present day musicians in Norway. He is organist in Gamle Akers church in Christiania, and a teacher in the conservatory. He is a composer of more than national reputation, and is a musical writer and critic of authority. His special field as a teacher is in Counterpoint. He enjoys an extensive acquaintance with the artists and teachers of Europe, and the translator is glad to have this humble part in introducing him to American readers.]

Grinnell, Iowa.

Office of DR. W. H. NEWMAN.

VOCAL STUDY WITH M. DUVERNOY.

BY FLORENCE DINGLEY.

This summer, at one of the loveliest resorts in all France, I had the pleasure of continuing my voice study, begun at Paris during the winter, under Mr. Edward Duvernoy, of the Paris Conservatory. It was at Entretat.

It is a gem of a place, and we pupils had all the fun that country and sea afford. There were five of us and only two of the same nationality. There was Miss Thaulan, daughter of the famous Norwegian painter, a very talented young lady; Madame Ingmann, a charming singer from Finland, a most delightful classic song-singer; a Miss Newman from California, who has sung two seasons in Germany and whose voice is of rare beauty; a Miss Aline May, who made a very successful London debut in concert last season; and myself. At ten in the morning after my arrival I cannot say that I was favorably impressed with the musical atmosphere into which I had come. The light soprano was "getting in voice"; the mezzo was (excuse the expression, but I have suffered) banging away at her medium; and the gymnastic apparatus was in thumping order. Sounds came up from Miss May's apartment, which was under ours, and my only recourse was to put on my hat and go over to the "Bon Marche," where they rent out everything from pianos to bathing suits, and take my revenge on the customers of the place. I saw the smile of Madame Morain, the owner of the establishment, grow more and more vague as the season advanced and customers grew less; but I said not a word, knowing all too well that I was the cause of her misfortune.

But my letter was to be of Mr. Duvernoy and not of myself. This summer, after having spent twenty summers or more at Entretat, Mr. Duvernoy has bought a very pleasant villa, and it was there that those of his pupils who came enjoyed his instruction. So many years has Mr. Duvernoy passed here that he knows all the fisher-folk and likes to talk with them about the weather and their "catch." There are a certain few

persons who call him the "King of Entretat," and no king, it is certain, was ever more beloved.

My teacher is the brother of Alphonse Duvernoy, the composer, also of the Paris Conservatory. The family has been noted in a musical way for generations. Besides his voice teaching at the Conservatory, Mr. Edward Duvernoy has his own school, and it is there that three times a week, from three till six, a dozen young ladies go with fear and trembling to their lessons. Mr. Duvernoy is a great believer in class lessons, reserving only a few hours for his artist pupils for private work. The school is distinctly an opera school. We have the scenery and stage and our lessons in lyric declamation are conducted by Mr. l'Herie, an artist of great merit, who has been well known on the operatic stage. A very funny story was told me not long ago in regard to him when he made his debut. It was in a comic opera where there was a good deal of spoken dialect. Mr. l'Herie had for his first remark a sentence he had great difficulty in remembering. He came in on the arm of a fellow-actor, who was in the play his friend; and nervous, frightened and dazed by the glare of the footlights, saw nothing, heard nothing, and remembered nothing. So finally putting his arm on the shoulder of his fellow-actor, he said: "*Mon ami; je crois que nous sommes de trop ici,*" and led him off the stage. The audience was in roars of laughter and Mr. l'Herie declares he never had so big a success when he remembered his *role*. But to return to Mr. Duvernoy. In his class he is always good-natured, patient and painstaking with those who are serious workers, and a word of encouragement is never lacking when it is merited; whereas no one could be more kindly severe.

One of Mr. Duvernoy's voice hobbies is absolute tranquility when singing. Any movement of jaw or tongue in vocalizing is never permitted. Although most of Mr. Duvernoy's pupils are destined for opera, for the concert singers he advises the "*mise en scene,*" as he believes it gives the pupil a repose and confidence on the stage that he would not otherwise have.

As an opera singer Mr. Duvernoy is well known, having sung at the Opera Comique at Paris several years.

At Entretat I met Madame Duvernoy as well, and found her charming. She is most unaffected and sincere in manner and

most kind to young singers. She was an opera singer herself, singing also at the Opera Comique in Paris.

Among the artists Mr. Duvernoy counts as pupils are Madame Acte, Monsieur Affre of the Paris Opera, Mlle. Riston of the Opera Comique, Salignac, the tenor, who has so many American friends, Clara Butt, Madame Mantelli, etc.

I remember of Mr. Duvernoy's telling us one day at the class of one of his now famous men singers when he came to the conservatory to study. He was, said Mr. Duvernoy, pale and thin, and as his voice didn't improve very fast and had a "hungry" quality to it. I decided he needed more to eat. I hunted him up in his lodgings and found he was living on beans boiled on a little oil stove in his room. Needless to say, I found a "happy fairy" in the shape of a rich friend who gave him 500 francs a month, which enabled him to eat well and become the famous artist that he is to-day.

In the case of another artist who had nothing and had had no advantages, he found means to have him taught mathematics and history and reading and writing, so that he is now an intelligent business man as well as an artist. This personal interest Mr. Duvernoy takes in his pupils and the good heart displayed in all his actions deserves the reward that he has received in being acknowledged one of the finest voice placers and teachers in all Europe. As a mark of the government's appreciation of Mr. Duvernoy's work, he was decorated last year with the order of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC

I have had occasion lately to study some compositions by Richard Strauss—some songs and pieces for piano, and I am glad to mention the matter when the impression is still fresh. It is of course discreditable that a teacher of piano should have ignored these pieces when they first appeared three years ago or more. Just now it is a question of his *Stimmungsbilder* (Mood-pictures) opus 9. There are four of these pieces, the whole making twenty pages, the difficulty never rising above that of the eighth grade, and generally remaining much below. They are therefore pieces which thousands of students could work at and achieve, and thereby come into possession of four tone-poems by the foremost living composer—for that is precisely what Mr. Richard Strauss must be.

The first is called "In a Quiet Forest Path." It is in the key of F major, and it opens with a melody lying upon a syncopated accompaniment, quite after the manner of Mendelssohn and Schumann. But not for long. In the fourth measure a modulation happens which would not have occurred fifty years earlier. The mood is extremely well painted, and the piece is charming and not difficult. The second theme, which begins in the thirty-second measure, relieves what would otherwise become monotonous, and from that point through the two themes work more or less together. It is a piece which any lover of Schumann might play with pleasure.

In the second piece of the set, he represents the quiet and meditative feeling of one who sits or lies beside one of those quiet springs in the midst of the forest where waters without rippling or murmur well up—with no apparent regard for utility or play. An unseen source supplies the fountain and softly the water steals away. Strauss treats this rather familiar episode of composers in a novel manner, more intent upon the quietness of the mood than upon the rippling and purling of

the water. I can imagine that he would orchestrate this into a delightful little bit if he chose to do so. The troublesome feature for the player consists in the accompaniment omitting the first note of the fast triplet. When there chances to be a melody note or a bass to establish the place of this missing ingredient of the rhythm it is easy enough; otherwise a novelty in piano writing not to be realized without care. The lovely melody of this piece is treated with a good deal of warmth later, and as usual with Strauss all sorts of keys come in. Still the modulations are made with discretion and insight and nothing sounds at all far fetched.

The third piece is called "Intermezzo" and in effect it is a *scherzo*. It begins with a very characteristic and persistent rhythm (first four measures) out of which Strauss creates many pleasing illusions. The middle part is faster and more elusive and troublesome. Later the first subject returns. The whole would be a charming piece for exhibition use or for the playing of any pianist who should happen to care for music.

Particularly charming is the fourth piece, called "Dreams," which is short and developed to the extent of two pages only. Everything grows out of the first four measures—which in fact *are* the piece. There is a second idea, however, a triplet figure, which assists. The whole is delightful and not beyond advanced fourth grade in technical difficulty.

"A Heather-Picture" perhaps represents the strolling minstrel lying by the road side or in the heather. Notes of a song now and then are heard. The drone of the instrument furnishes the bass.

In these works as a whole, the quality which pleases me most is precisely the one which I did not expect to find—namely the musical coherence. While they are improvisational and moody, as befitted the intention, they are nevertheless, logically built, and show first-class powers of musical fantasy. Also they suit the piano. Mr. Strauss may not be a pianist, but he has not found it beneath him to understand the manner of making it speak in the accents of music.

* * *

In the death of Frederic Archer Pittsburg loses an organist for Carnegie Hall, who was adapted to his position probably

better than any successor who can be found. Frederic Archer was born in Oxford, England, in 1838. His father was an organist and the boy learned the instrument from earliest childhood. He developed remarkable technique and studied in Leipzig, after which he took a distinguished rank in England. He produced a number of arrangements for organ which display fine technique, superior registration and good sense. When he came to this country he went as organist to Plymouth church in Brooklyn; afterwards to the Church of the Incarnation. He came to Chicago later, Milwaukee, where he directed the Arion Society for one or two years, and then was called to Pittsburg as conductor of the symphony concerts the choral society and organist for the organ. As conductor of the orchestra he could not succeed; no Englishman can in America. One has to be able to swear in German and to conceal the fact of his knowing the English language. Otherwise it is impossible to get an attack, a pianissimo or any kind of fine work. This is the narrowness of the German mind—particularly of the German musician mind—if the term may be permitted.

During the last few years Mr. Archer has held his position as organist at the Carnegie music hall in Pittsburg, where he gave two free organ recitals a week. His playing in some respects showed a falling off, particularly in the line of German organ sonatas and organ extravaganzas. Nevertheless, he always had technique enough for playing a good Bach fugue well, and his registration was interesting and effective—in short, that of the best of the English school, which in this part of organ playing is the best in the world. He was an educator. While a part of every program consisted of serious works he also loved to illustrate the powers of the organ in playing reminiscences from other parts of the musical heritage. Orchestral overtures, fragments of symphonies, and the like he arranged from pianoforte copies as he went along. Hence his concerts were very attractive to hearers who desired to be pleased rather than educated all at once. The recitals were largely attended, and it is very doubtful whether a successor can be found who can keep this part of the work up to his standard.

Mr. Archer was a very competent and interesting writer upon music. Being by nature a man not given to unnecessary work, he rarely wrote unless he had an immediate demand or

had to fill copy in his own paper, where it was cheaper to write copy than to pay for it from other sources. He founded the *Keynote* and edited it for some years. Had he the good fortune to have been placed in an editorial chair, with a competent business office behind him, and no obligations to promote revenue by commercializing criticism, Mr. Archer had qualifications which would have made him a great power in American music. Unfortunately he never realized an opportunity of this kind; and I fancy that when he found out how impossible it was in New York to issue a musical periodical living upon advertising, and still be true to art, his heart sickened and he left the field.

Despite the few years during which Mr. Archer lived in America (he came here in 1881) he was undoubtedly the best known organist in America saving only Mr. Clarence Eddy. Everywhere his playing was highly esteemed. He was a very competent all-around musician, but his specific place was that of an organist, in which capacity he will long be missed, nor will his place be easily filled. It takes a great deal to fill Fred-eric Archer's place.

* * *

The Chicago symphony concerts opened October 16th with the following program:

March in E flat, Op. 40 (Thomas).....	Schubert
Overture, "Oberon"	Weber
2d Symphony	Beethoven
"Macbeth,"	Richard Strauss
Fragments from "Rheingold" (Thomas).....	Wagner

The orchestra played very well, indeed, for opening. The Schubert Marche is rather thin. The symphony was played delightfully. The first and second movements are admirable. All sonata finales are worth less than the time they occupy, saving only a few which still adhere to the sonata form. The Strauss "Macbeth" is one of his earlier works and as he has up to this time neglected to inform a waiting world what it all means, no fellow has been able to find out. It is a noisy and hardworking work, with a "Flying Dutchmann" note to it in the beginning. Possibly the meeting of the witches is mentioned in it, and so on. Everybody owned up to finding it unintelligible after one hearing. Perhaps after all this is the very point of the joke.

It may be unintelligible because it means nothing. The closing piece consisted of what used to be called a "potpourri" from Wagner's "Rheingold," having for object to familiarize the public with the music of the Wagnerian dramas. I neglected to follow this music with the opera, and as the "Rheingold" is very seldom given, I do not know it well enough to judge how successful Mr. Thomas has been in giving the most important parts of the music. I can say, however, that the program notes were so insufficient on this part of the program as to leave the selection without value. All the principal motives and beginnings of parts, as Mr. Thomas has it in his arrangement, ought to have been illustrated in the program notes with musical citations and a brief indication of the progress of the story. With this assistance the questionable proceeding of playing operatic reminiscences of this sort would at least be educational; without it, not.

It is the fashion in the inner musical circles to pretend to understand all this kind of thing as matter of common knowledge; but as matter of fact it is often a bluff. People have not been able to hear these things often enough, and it is doubtful whether any one of the officers or trustees of the Chicago orchestral association could identify the opera from the Ring a given selection belonged to, except in the familiar selections, such as the magic fire scene, the ride of the valkyries, the *Waldschon*, etc.

The second concert had a real novelty in the form of a second symphony by Weingartner. The program was this:

Overture "King Lear" Berlioz
Symphony No. 2, new Weingartner
Overture "Meistersinger" Wagner
Bourée, Gavotte and Renaissance, with suite Bach
Symphonie Écrite "Le Chasseur Manitou" César Franck

I did not hear the Berlioz overture. The Weingarten symphony follows a program which the composer kindly furnished for this occasion. It runs as follows:

Le monde est un jeu d'enfant—Drawing conflicting emotions of the passions, the appearance of an ideal which is vaguely present in the vague.
Le monde est un jeu d'enfant—The world as a game of life—in Nature, with its own laws—The world as a game of phantoms—

Third Movement.—Entrance of the beautiful into the life of the youth, and a complete, enthusiastic surrender thereto.

Fourth Movement.—A more mature advance upon the path taken; new experiences, backward glances over the past, joyful confidence of attaining the ideal. The beautiful triumphs over all other desires and becomes the guiding star of life. (Observe the employment of the theme of the *Adagio* in the Finale.)

It is easy to see that this kind of program avoids many difficulties for the composer. For instance. The introduction was vague. Well, why not? What does the program say? Is it not: "Dawning, conflicting emotions?" It has a few Beethoven reminiscences. Well, why not? Are not these suitable to youth, who is full of his reverence for great masters? The second movement, the main allegro, lacks depth. The *World-Schmerz* (an incurable pain, peculiar to the German and to music) is not mentioned in it. All our later tendency towards ever more and ever more doubling over banisters with this miserable world-infliction, fails here to come to expression. Is it possible without it to have symphony? Let us look again at our program: "Unbounded enjoyment of life—in Nature—playing with the images of fantasy—humor. "In short this venturesome Weingartner has ignored the orchestral-*schmerz*, which no doubt has doubled him up as conductor so many and so many times, and here permits himself to write music which is simply music—or, if you must account for it, let us just say that it is having a good time. Even the first movement is allowed to pass without a mission. Look at its program, beginning with the Allegro proper: "Appearance of an ideal, which is diligently pursued in devious way." This translated means that eventually, after groping through the introduction, a leading theme turns up and it is afterwards treated in devious ways—to-wit., the sonata form. And well treated, too, industriously treated, simultaneously treated in all its parts at the same time. The idea has a massage, a course of exercise, a bath and a course of alterative medicine all at one and the same time. In short, the ways are not only devious, but also complicated to a degree. It is a good movement, and I would like to hear it again.

The second movement expresses the enjoyment in life—in short, the Scherzo. Third movement, the beautiful, *i. e.*, a lyric theme, enters into the case, and upon it he develops a slow

movement closely allied to the classical slow movement as illustrated in the works of Beethoven. And so the symphony goes on to a finish. In the last movement the composer does not forget to bring back all his previous ideals, just as they still glow in the mind of the man.

And the best of a program of this kind is that the music will sound just as well without it.

The other novelty of the concert was the fragment from Bach's fourth orchestral suite. I would have been glad to have heard the missing parts of it, and for that purpose would gladly have spared the *Chasseur Maudit* of the late Mr. Franck. Bach's music proved delightfully fresh and charming; and if he instrumented it as it was played he had a great deal more of the modern art of music than he is commonly credited with. I strongly suspect that a certain amount of addition was made, but I hope not. As for the Franck poem, it is a bad copy of Saint-Saens' "Phaeton" and not worth playing.

The audiences were fairly large in size and appreciative.

* * *

A Russian composer who is destined, apparently, to be much better known in America is Glazounov, the young Russian. He was born in 1865, and is therefore about thirty-six years of age. His opus numbers have reached to somewhere past seventy. I have a list of the first fifty-five and it makes interesting reading. Out of the fifty-five numbers no less than thirty-three are for orchestra, and most of them for full orchestra. And what a variety of topics they cover! For instance, there are five complete symphonies within this part of his work; and of symphonic poems, fantasies, pictures for orchestra and other serious matters, some six or eight more. Then what beautiful dances. For instance, there is that exquisite first concert waltz for orchestra, one of the most graceful, poetic and bewitching dance numbers known to modern art. This has been played by Mr. Thomas repeatedly. In looking over the list of Glazounov works I found an opus 41, concert waltz for pianoforte. "Aha!" I said, "this is the first form of the concert waltz, and finding it much better than he feared, he rewrote it for orchestra." Was this true? Not at all. I have the opus 41, and a charming waltz it is, too; but it is not at all the same as the first concert

waltz for orchestra. The latter, by the way, is beautifully transcribed for concert pianists by Felix Blumenfeld, of St. Petersburg. It is tremendously difficult, but a most charming piece, full of detail, rhythmic life and lovely melody.

In the earlier concerts of the present year Mr. Thomas will play the set called: "Ruses d'Amour," a ballet in one act. The pianoforte arrangement by A. Winkler is published in five movements. The opening is curious. A Horn motive of four measures, quick 4-4 time, is heard and this forms the substance of the next three pages, being treated in all sorts of imitations and queer and mirthful applications of science, and at the end the trombones give it out in great shape. The curious thing about all these dance movements of Glazounov is their lightness and grace. In this respect he is to be placed far above any writer since Schubert, and of course, as a young Russian and a gifted pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov, Glazounov far surpasses Schubert in structural capacity. For example, here in this first part of the *Ruses d'Amour* there is a gavotte, which, according to the stage directions, is danced by the young Dutchess Isabelle with a young count, accompanied by lutes and musettes, played by the nobility. The gavotte is in D minor with a very satisfying rhythm and that curious grace and ease of movement, which are the exclusive property of genius. Equally graceful in its way is the Sarabande which follows the gavotte. Later on there is a movement called "Ballabile des Paysans et des Paysannes," which is very amusing and spontaneous.

It happened to me some time ago after going through a lot of new music by very excellent writers, such as Wilhelm Berger, Balakirev and others, to come across Glazounov's opus 49, a set of three pieces for piano. At the end a gavotte in D major and a beauty it is. It was like a beam of sunlight in a cloudy day. All of his music seems to be conceived for orchestra, as it is full of suggestions of polyphony. This adds to the difficulty of playing it, but enhances the charm and the distinction.

Fancy what a talent this young man must have had! Within a year after he had, by the advice of Rimsky-Korsakov and Balakirev, entered the conservatory and resolved to give himself up to music (he was a pupil in the Polytechnic school) he composed a symphony which after being played with distinc-

tion at St. Petersburg was produced at Weimar under the auspices of Liszt. This was in 1884—only two years before the death of Liszt. A composer who is content to write simply music and who does it with such ease and spontaneity as this master, may be expected to make a world-mark some day. He is the one genius of the Russian school, since Tschaikowsky, whose music makes way upon its own charm and without the slightest need of pushing. We need to know him better.

According to Dr. Baker's dictionary, the name of Glazounov is pronounced gla-tsoo-*nov*, with accent upon the second syllable. I follow Dr. Baker and others in spelling these Russian names with a final "v" in place of the "w" or "ff." All the names sound the last syllable like "ov," "ev," etc. The Russian letter corresponds to our "w" but it is never pronounced in that way, but more like "v." Therefore Balakirev (accent upon the third syllable) Tschaikovsky, Godovsky, and the like. It is the same Paderewski, which is pronounced "evsky." It is a nice point, with the Russian pronunciation sounding just a trifle sharper than our "v," yet not so sharp as our "f."

* * *

And speaking of Godowsky, I see that he has played two very excellent piano recitals in Berlin in October, and they were attended by very fine audiences. The marvel of his playing still continues and while no pianist can expect to make an European success without opposition, Godowsky holds such a strong hand that he is bound eventually, if he keeps his health, to tire out his opponents. He has been learning a lot of new additions to his repertory, but the list has not reached this office. He will not be in America this season nor probably next.

* * *

I doubt whether Oberlin has ever lost during her educational existence an officer and educator who will be more missed than the late head of the Conservatory of Music, Dr. Fenelon B. Rice; nor has any Oberlin educator left behind him a more significant monument to the solidity and wisdom of his life work than Professor Rice leaves in the great and sound school of music, which he has practically created.

It was no doubt a fortunate conjunction of the man and the opportunity. Oberlin College in its early days had no use for

music except as an adjunct to religious service, and then only the most elementary applications of it. Merely the simultaneous utterance of song and the organ for covering up undesirable noises incident to opening and closing service and passing the contribution box.

According to my recollection, Dr. Rice was not concerned in the beginning of Oberlin school of music. I believe it was begun by Mr. Geo. W. Steele, afterwards, and perhaps now, of Hartford, Conn. Mr. Steele began the school of music, but for some reason decided to leave the field after two years. It was then, I think, that young Mr. Fenelon B. Rice, who was teaching music at Hillsdale College, in Michigan, was appointed to the directorship of music, and, I think, given a year leave of absence, which he spent mostly in Leipsic in study.

I do not suppose that Professor Rice at that time had any musical qualifications above those of hundreds of sincere young teachers of music nowadays; only such qualifications were rarer then. Neither then nor later was he specifically a great musician, speaking from a technical standpoint. He was a good organist, a rather inspiring leader of a choir, a good teacher of musical theory, and probably a fair teacher of piano. In the beginning he had to do all these things; later he left them off, one by one, as the younger teachers whom he had educated became able to do them better.

What he must have had in the beginning, and what he had more and more as years went on, was a general idea of everything which needed to enter into the advantages necessary for a first-class school of music. This idea he took care to augment by subsequent visits to Europe and examinations of conservatories there. At first the Leipsic idea ruled everything; even now, of the twenty-five teachers in the Oberlin school, sixteen have studied abroad and most at Leipsic, nearly all having first graduated from Oberlin.

Professor Rice had one qualification, without which his work would have been impossible. He was a religious man, and as such was able to appreciate the sincerity of the musical ignorance which Oberlin naturally had, as the most elemental expression of New England Congregationalism. He himself at first, no doubt, had moments when he considered that a life spent in teaching music, except as limited largely to religious

uses, would be in great degree wasted. Later on, I think, he gained the breadth of Peter's vision, and saw that in art there is "nothing which is common or unclean," excepting uncleanness of intention.

In building up the school of music, Dr. Rice educated the college itself. More than that; he created a great art center in the little provincial town of Oberlin. Beginning with piano recitals, in which line an educator gets more for his money than in any other art-privilege he can buy, he rose to song-recitals by the greatest singers, and complete orchestral performances by the best orchestras in the world—those of Boston and Chicago.

In the beginning the school of music was a private institution. Most likely the college exacted a percentage of the profits, perhaps of the gross income. And as there was nobody to furnish funds, Dr. Rice began to furnish them himself, buying pianos for practice, now and then a small house, and so on, until after some years he had developed a great and successful business—probably the largest in Oberlin, saving the greater one of the College itself. It was through his efforts that the commodious Warner Hall was built, the money coming from a wealthy lover of Oberlin—whose mind probably had been educated by many influences, the genial head of the music department among them.

Dr. Rice made his first impression upon the college by means of his great chorus choir of the first church; afterwards he went to the second church, and some one else conducted the choir at the first church. In this choir of about one hundred and fifty he had practically a choral society, and soon one in fact of the two choirs. Then he began to do the great oratorios, at first with organ accompaniment; later with a few instruments, still later with full orchestra and artists for the solos. Thus great opportunities began to exist in Oberlin for hearing music.

The Leipzig standard, as set by Mendelssohn, has always been the idea at Oberlin. Every student in order to graduate must learn at least two instruments, of which one must be the piano; and must undergo a thorough course in theory and practical composition. They have followed this work so pro-

ductively at Oberlin that, if my impression is right, they have turned out there more good composers than any other American school, excepting possibly Harvard College.

When the college authorities decided that it was time to take the music school into the college proper, it was not quite a promotion for Dr. Rice; his salary as "full professor" while equal to those of other members of the faculty, was about half what he had been earning for himself. I suppose he consented to the new arrangement for the sake of the "cause"—that shibboleth which covers so many sins in puritanism. Moreover, it tended to ensure the perpetuity of the music school after he was gone.

As a corollary to the effort to impress the college authorities with the importance of musical art in the world, Dr. Rice has always been a sincere and productive advocate of thorough education for music teachers. Of the twenty-five or more teachers in the Oberlin conservatory, five are A. M. and one A. B. Sixteen graduated at Oberlin conservatory. Eighteen have studied abroad, five or six of them in at least two cities each—such as Leipsic and Berlin, Berlin and Florence, Berlin and Munich, etc. I doubt whether the literary faculty of Oberlin will show as large a percentage of instructors who have made supplementary studies in European universities. The value of this addition to American education does not lie altogether in the correction of that training, but in the broadening influence of travel and experience.

During the years when the National Association of Music Teachers seemed to have vitality, Dr. Rice was a prominent member, always a sound advisor and twice president. I do not think I have ever met an educator who exercised so wide an influence for which it was difficult to account. Dr. Rice, so far as I know, never wrote for publication; never lectured, or but rarely, and was in no way aggressive. Yet there was something in his course at Oberlin which indicated an underlying force of character and a sincerity of purpose which everybody felt.

From whatever standpoint the life and work of Dr. Rice are examined, they stand out in strong light, as the expression of a broad, intelligent and God-fearing man and educator. There are few living in the world able to leave behind them a monu-

ment of such worth and public beneficence for the future of the art they love so well as Dr. Rice leaves in the Oberlin Conservatory of Music. And the best is that it is now so well established and so completely organized and so well understood by the college authorities that its work can be maintained in full efficiency by officials who by their own powers could not have called it into being and developed it to its present strength.

This tribute to a strong and clear-headed man would be incomplete did it not omit certain personal references. It happened to the present writer three times in his life to find himself with an idea in which he believed, but in which publishers had no faith. The first was in 1880, when it was question of the first volume of "How to Understand Music"; the second was in 1891, when the "Popular History of Music" was produced, and the third was later in the same year, when the first number of MUSIC was sent out upon an unsuspecting world. Upon all three of these occasions I had the satisfaction of finding Dr. Rice not only agreeing with me as to the educational value of the literary works in question, but ready to extend the strong support of his unusual position. Each of the two books in turn was introduced at Oberlin and very many copies were used there, and to the magazine Dr. Rice has always been a friend and occasionally an advisor. In him I feel that I have lost a strong friend whom it would have been a pleasure to have known still more intimately, for we have met perhaps no more than a dozen or twenty times in all our lives.

* * *

Music Schools grow up as if by magic and start out at once with a crowd of pupils, such as a few years ago would have been large for a "college." The Chicago Musical College is said to have opened with the largest enrollment in its history; the American Conservatory reports the same; Mrs. Clare Osborne Read, for many years the leading lady teacher in the College, has now her own school with two hundred pupils at start. Miss Julia Caruthers, who formerly conducted a modest work in connection with other schools, has now her own, in which children have the place of honor. She has a large enrollment and employs four or five assistants. The Gottschalk

school, National College, Watts school, and others seem to share this general wave of prosperity.

It is a mooted question whether the schools impair the patronage of private teachers; and if they do, what the private teachers are going to do about it. All the leading private teachers now add more or less to their private lessons, in the way of classes of one sort or another. And it is at least good to feel that music is being so much appreciated. W. S. B. M.



THE OBJECT OF SCHOOL MUSIC.

The art of music occupies a peculiar place in modern life. Whatever the occasion or gathering, music in some form almost invariably appears; religious services, festivities of every kind, formal banquets, an evening at home, school-rooms,—there are very few places, if any, where a number of people come together in which music does not form a part of the exercises. In addition to this, the formal performance of music for art purposes is one of our most stated means of culture.

And yet the curious thing of it all is that while everybody is agreed that there must be some music on all these various occasions, if you ask any one *what* the music is supposed to do, and *what kind* of music we ought to have in order to do it, you will find, in the great majority of cases, no answer. With an emphasis almost peculiar to itself, music may be described in modern life as “meeting a long felt want.” But the exact nature of that want and why it should be met are taken for granted, rather than understood.

I do not need to delay by calling your attention to the length of time that this long felt want has been maturing in human history. From the representations in the tombs in ancient Egypt it is plain that music was held in much the same kind of repute more than seven thousand years ago as it is to-day, although the means of producing music were more simple and in all probability the variety of tones was very much less. In fact, it is probable that the scale of those oldest musicians of whom we have any account embraced no more than five tones. Later in their history,—say six hundred years B. C., the Greek philosopher Pythagoras spent twenty years in Egypt in one of the temples, in order to learn philosophy; and one of the ideas he brought back to Greece was that everything in the

universe is of number and order, and music, being the highest exposition of number and order in human utterance, brings man very close into connection with the divine. In consequence of this, if before retiring at night one should sing a few hymns and spiritual songs, he will attune his mind to a harmony with divine things and be in a position to arise in the morning to a new and beautiful life. For more than twenty-five hundred years this idea of Pythagoras has slumbered along in human consciousness and it underlies many of the things we do in music at the present day. And it would be a very bold man who should undertake to define the limits of the influence of music, or even to explain the grounds upon which that influence rests.

My distinguished friend, Mr. William L. Tomlins, for instance, holds that in the act of singing the nature of the child becomes open and made more genuine and true; that the real boy shows himself when he sings and his outer covering of suspicion and want of confidence is broken up and the soul expands, and a very pretty theory he makes of it. But as yet I have been unable to find why uttering the soul in sustained tones, practically without words (because when you repeat words that have been furnished to you they are no longer the words of the mind which is making the utterance), why this kind of utterance should break up the crust of suspicion, etc., any more than any other form.

The most that we know about the peculiar operation of music and its influence upon those who practice it and those who hear

But, unfortunately, it requires to be administered by an artist ably not a teacher before me who has not observed that on one of those mornings when everybody feels rusty, the teacher no less than the scholars, when the girls' hair is all flying at loose ends and that on the boy's head sticks up unusually straight, when there are little noises and rustles and uneasiness in the room, and nobody seems to know his lessons,—in short, when things are at sixes and sevens, if a singing exercise is had and two or three pleasant songs sung in many cases the room quiets down. Everybody seems to feel better. Things go more smoothly. Why? That is a question which we perhaps are not able to answer.

Something, no doubt, lies in the unconscious discipline of all the room uniting in the same act, something more in a psychological influence of not only uniting in the same act but in doing so in measure and on just intonations of the voice, and united inflections. There is in the effort to keep the tune and to keep the time a discipline which is much finer than that of mere physical exercise, and even physical exercise will sometimes quiet an unruly room, although in my day the physical exercise was confined to the teacher and the boy who seemed to need it most. (But this, fortunately, has been changed in the new order of things.) Thus, I come to my question: What are the uses of music in the school room?

First, then, I take it that the simplest and most common-sense use of music in the school room, the beginning, the fundamental use, on which all the rest stands, is this,—the pleasure it gives the children and the unconscious discipline there is in singing together. Next above that I should place what I might call an elementary musical education; that is to say, an exercise upon the scale, the different kinds of time, etc., the use of exercises graded in difficulty, designed to make the pupils more and more intelligent in singing. So that later on they will be able to read and to sing independently, not alone the school room songs, but the finer art songs of culture. The third use of music in the school room, I take it, is what I might call the gilt-edged use of it, or the halo use of music, for the purposes of emotional culture: the treatment of melody in such a way as to awaken the children to the beauty of a refined and sweet melody, performed with a certain amplitude and grace, such as artists give it. This is the kind of use of music in which Mr. Tomlins has distinguished himself so greatly for many years in Chicago with his children's classes, and it is a use which he performs with more or less success in a very few lessons with any class of children that he happens to have. I think this is an entirely legitimate and proper use of music, and has in it a great deal that is worth saving.

But, unfortunately, it requires to be administered by an artist or by a person who is able to interpret melody in this finer and larger way, such as ordinary singers very seldom have. I have happened, as a piano teacher, to have a number of pupils at

different times who had been children in these classes of Mr. Tomlins, and I have found in every instance that their appreciation of fine melody and their intuition of the manner in which it ought to be played was entirely exceptional as compared with that of other children of the same age not having had similar advantages.

Such, then, in general, are the uses of music in the school room: First, as a pleasant exercise for the children to assist in order. Second, as a foundation of a wider musical education later on; and third, this finer emotional experience of melodies and the harmonies belonging to them, because melody and harmony make one.

It will be observed that in this enumeration I have placed emotional use of music last. I do so because in my opinion it ought to come last and not first. It is a very open question whether it is wise to attempt very much with children's voices in the line of the emotional. It has a tendency to destroy the natural poise of the voice and it makes it more difficult to form a pure tone later on. The child is naturally emotional only within certain limits and these limits do not require of his voice anything in the way of high strung and intense affection. The children who have the best voices and who make the purest tone are not those who are the most emotional, but on the contrary, those whose emotional life is still rather calm and even. No; if we take these even voices, many of which are naturally pure and well placed, and attempt to render them expressive in the sense of this intense yearning and passion which modern music demands, you are liable in my opinion to do two kinds of harm; first to the voice by destroying its balance and poise, and second to the individual by awakening passion too soon. These, however, are questions for experts and we will pass them.

THINGS HERE AND THERE

IN MEMORY OF DR. RICE.

At the funeral of the late Professor Fenelon B. Rice, in the second church in Oberlin, Oct. 28, very tender and highly appreciative tributes were paid the memory of the departed along all his various lines of activity. First, naturally for his reliable Christian character; then as wise member of the prudential committee of the university, organist, choir director and founder and director of one of the foremost musical conservatories of this country. The speakers were President Barrows, Rev. Dr. H. M. Tenney, pastor of the church; Dr. Warner, of Brooklyn, the millionaire graduate of Oberlin, who built Warner Hall for the conservatory, and others. Dr. Warner summed up the character of Dr. Rice as consisting in a rare combination of musical enthusiasm, lovable personal character, sincere and unassuming religious principle, and a very good judgment and ability for administrative work. Over and over again it was testified by the speakers on this occasion that the great conservatory of Oberlin was in a true sense one man's work, and that man Professor Rice.

TRIBUTE BY FRANCIS E. REGAL.

Mr. Francis E. Regal, a former Oberlin boy and at one time editor of the newspaper there, but now long connected in a responsible position with the *Springfield Republican*, has the following:

"The life of Fenelon B. Rice, director of the Oberlin conservatory of music, at Oberlin, O., whose death from heart disease occurred Saturday evening, is worthy of more than a passing comment, because it illustrates what can be made of a small field by a man of high ideas and great strength of character who subordinates personal ambition to the interests of an institution. Born in the Western Reserve sixty years ago, educated in Boston and in Leipzig, he found himself, in 1869, after some experience in teaching at Hillsdale, Mich., in charge of the school of music connected with Oberlin college. At that time music was still in the pioneer stage in Ohio, as in most of the United States, and Oberlin was a very ordinary little village of 2,000 people, remote from art centers, and with no specially hopeful symptom except a hearty and pervasive love for choral singing, which had been a feature ever since the founding of the college in 1833. To build up a great school of music on the

model of the Leipsic conservatory in an isolated Ohio village was a remarkable feat, and possible only through Prof. Rice's intense faith and strong personal magnetism. From the first he insisted upon a high standard and refused to tolerate within the halls of the school any music that was trashy or ephemeral. A conservatory to his notion was a place for fostering the study of great art, and he never allowed this high ideal to be forgotten. He cared less for producing virtuosi than for training solid-around musicians who should in turn play their part in making the country musical, and as a result Oberlin is the parent of dozens of thriving music schools scattered over the West. Of late years the conservatory has prospered greatly. Lucian P. Warner, a New York millionaire, has built for it Warner Hall, which is the most commodious music school building in the United States, yet is none too large for an attendance which sometimes numbers 600 pupils. Professor Rice was a sound musician and long taught the classes in musical theory, besides training a remarkably fine oratorio chorus of 200 singers, but of late years failing health had obliged him to restrict his activities to executive work, for which he had a remarkable gift."

DEATH OF COL. J. H. MAPLESON.

The famous operatic manager, Col. J. H. Mapleson, died in London, Nov. 14, 1901, of Bright's disease. Thus was removed from the living one of the most interesting and at one time most powerful figures of the musical world.

The United States owes the memory of Col. Mapleson a debt of gratitude, for it was he who advanced the standard of artists and ensemble in operatic representations in this country. He was the first to raise the orchestra from the twenty-five or thirty players under the Strakosch regimes (with which he played Meyerbeer's scores) to the more respectable number of fifty-five to sixty men, the latter being the number in his first appearances in Chicago in the Haverly theatre, on the present site of the First National Bank. This was perhaps in 1880. For twenty years then, or nearly so, Mapleson had been managing the greatest prima donnas, with varying fortunes, it is true, but always in that tone of genial "live and let live," which he retained almost to the last. When times were good no one paid more promptly and cheerfully than Mapleson; when they were bad and the salary ghost would not walk, no manager ever apologized more sweetly or persuasively. After years of learning that salaries once passed rarely came back, singers would again and again fall victims to that sweet manner of his and that bewitching optimism.

Despite his posing as the advocate of completeness, Manager Mapleson often took risks. Several cases have come under the observation of the present writer, and others have been told him by the singers concerned. For instance, a very promising young singer of Chicago appeared in *Il Trovatore* as Azucena, in the Mapleson company, without

ever having been upon the stage before or having any public rehearsal. Solely she had a rehearsal alone and with Manrico with piano. It was this or nothing, and she accepted the risk. Fortunately for her future she got excellent notices and made a good career. The case of Miss Dora Henniges, then of Cincinnati, was not quite so bad. Her first appearance upon the stage was as Fidelio, in Beethoven's opera of that name, with the Mapleson company in Chicago. The present writer happened to be at the rehearsal and well remembers the difficulty poor Arditì had to get the singer to look at him at all, even in the ensembles. With her eyes elevated to the heavens or flies, she assumed a rapt expression and took whatever time she happened to want, despite Arditì's beat; in ensemble work this was a bit trying.

Mme. Carreno relates that when she was about sixteen, being in Edinburgh at the end of her provincial tour just when Mappleson was there, he had advertised Meyerbeer's "Hueguenots" for the queen's birthday and had sold out the house, when the singer cast as Queen fell sick, and he could not hear of another within practicable distance, Mapleson said: "Teresa, I have an idea; you shall sing the Queen on Monday." "But I have never been upon the stage and I do not know the part," said Carreno. "Never mind," said the old optimist, "You have youth, beauty, are accustomed to public appearance, and have a lovely voice. You can easily learn the part in the time." Accordingly, after stipulating for certain great singers for her London concerts (all the great singers being just then controlled by Mapleson) she accepted, and appeared with distinction. But it was a risk all the same. Every old frequenter of the Mapleson season will remember what kind of Lohengrins he used to put up for Saturday night performances after a big matinee. Little puny Lohengrins, sweet little Lohengrins.

Some of the best Mapleson performances were not by the very greatest artists. I remember once a matinee of "Lohengrin" with Campanini and Minnie Hauk in the chief roles, which was so well done that it left an impression which lasted for weeks. I also remember another of the same opera with Christine Nilsson and Campanini in which Campanini had been dining far too generously. He was literally full of garlic and some kind of fiery Neapolitan wine—so full that he had difficulty in locating the center of gravity at times. It was very funny to see Nilsson hold him off at arms length in the tender scenes. Yet he got through with only one accident; leaning upon the head of a lounge in the scene in the third act, the lounge tipped up and he came near falling to the floor. But this is only one of the many incidents which generally pass unnoticed by the audience—incidents so funny that the wonder is how a singer can keep her gravity and go on with the role.

Col. Mapleson was full of reminiscences, but his most interesting ones he rarely told. It is a pity. His manner with the press was a very sweet combination of amiability and flattery. One night when his then new prima donna, Mme. Marimon, was singing Amina in

"Somnabula," the hasty newspaper man was trying to get away before the close. But no! The genial manager buttonholed him and brought him down to the front of the balcony, for the meeting had chanced in the managerial office on the second floor, and held him there until Marimon had sung her "*Ah non giunge*" through the second verse. He wanted the critic to hear her beautiful vocalization of the running work, and indeed, it was not only worth staying for, but a necessary element for writing properly about her. This charming singer was in Chicago but one season, when she was rather past her prime. Without being great she had a lovely voice and exquisite training, but perhaps lacked in temperament.

When the late Mr. Abbey had broken up the Mapleson forces in 1884 it was curious to see on what pleasant terms Mapleson was with the Abbey singers who had left him in favor of this new impressario who promised so much more and as yet had the name of paying. Even to Mme. Schalchi, a singer whom Mapleson had brought up from the chorus (who had left him for Abbey), he was the same friendly, pleasant and fatherly adviser.

Col. Mapleson always had a kindly feeling for American singers. Mme. Doty of Detroit was with his companies for many years, and her capacity to assume the place of a missing artist at the shortest possible notice was highly appreciated by him. One day, perhaps in 1884, the writer chanced to meet Col. Mapleson at the Grand Pacific hotel, and on walking along Clark street towards the theatre (the Columbia), Col. Mapleson put his arm through that of the scribe ('twas a way he had) and opened: "You Americans are a queer lot," he said. "I have never seen anything like it. You will not support your own singers, even when they are better than others. Now here I have just been hearing an American singer who sings quite well enough for me. She has a most beautiful voice, magnificent stage presence, a superb delivery of the text, her Italian is faultless, and in all respects she is one of the best prima donnas I have ever heard. Yet I cannot engage her because the American public will not support her. You will pay any money to foreign singers not half as good. What am I to do about it?" He would not tell her name. "Some queer name," he said; "I cannot recall it!"

It was some time later before I succeeded in finding out the name of this lovely singer. It was Helene Hastreiter, then a dramatic soprano with a fine record in Italy as a very successful prima donna. This was before her American opera days and her change to lower roles, at first made necessary by the makeup of the troupe of Mrs. Thurber.

While Col. Mapleson was a prominent factor in raising the standard of operatic completeness during the decade between about 1878 and 1888, his work was surpassed later by Abbey and then by Grau—who brought together "aggregations of talent" (and expense) which would have swamped a manager in a few nights in Mapleson's time, instead of sometimes taking years to do it, as now. Mapleson was the mana-

ger and friend of Grisi, Mario, Tietjens, Nilsson, Patti, and scores of great singers of the preceding generation.

Among other claims to congratulation, Mr. Mapleson always prided himself on having brought out Gounod's "Faust" in England when no other manager would undertake it.

RECITAL BY MRS. THEODORE WORCESTER.

Mrs. Theodore Worcester gave a recital at Aurora, Ill., Nov. 2, with a program of rather unusual novelty and construction. It ran as follows: Variations on a Theme of Glinka, by Liadov; Glinka-Balakirev, "The Lark"; Brahms, Rhapsody in B minor, Capriccio in B minor and Scherzo in E flat minor, Op. 4; Cradle Song, Henselt; Heymann's "Elfenspiel"; Jensen's "Kypris"; Tschaikovsky, Nocturne in C sharp minor; Glazounov, Etude, "The Night"; Schubert-Tausig, Marche Militaire.

The recital was given in a church, which was filled. The present writer was too late to hear the opening variations, except at a distance, through a closed door, but they seemed to please the audience. The best playing, on the whole, was in the Brahms Rhapsody in B minor, Op. 79, No. 1. The Capriccio was from Op. 76, No. 2, and is an excellent study in staccato. The Scherzo was very well done indeed, although a still higher speed would have been as well. Throughout the recital Mrs. Worcester played with ease, generally good repose and uncommonly fine technique, particularly in finger work—a circumstance no doubt due to talent as well as the inspiration of her teacher, Mr. Leopold Godowsky, with whom this recital had been prepared. The handsome program was enriched by annotations upon the various selections, a point well worth notice by all intending to include in their programs important compositions not generally familiar to audiences. The recital was a distinct success and at the close Mrs. Worcester received great applause and congratulation.

MUSIC IN KNOX COLLEGE.

Allied to Oberlin in spirit is the Congregationalist college of Knox, at Galesburg, Ill., and here there is growing up a very good school of music, in which the more prominent teachers are the director, Mr. William T. Bentley, and Mr. John Winter Thompson. The standard of scholarship is indicated in a lot of programs of graduating recitals which have reached this office. The first of these is a violin graduate, and the demonstration was centered mainly in a sonata in A major by Handel, the Bach-Wilhelmj Air on the G String, a group of small pieces and the first De Beriot Concerto.

There were three piano recitals. The first had for its most difficult numbers the Beethoven Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3, the Bach (Clavier)

Prelude and Fugue in C minor, and the first movement of the Scharwenka Concerto in B flat, with accompaniment of piano, organ and string orchestra. The second had the little Beethoven Sonata in E, Op. 14, No. 1, two movements of the Mendelssohn Concerto in G minor (surely this is returning to earlier principles!) and some smaller pieces—rather a moderate standard. The third had the Beethoven Sonata, Op. 90, Jaell's Third Meditation (another old-time favorite salon piece) and the Chaminade Concert Piece.

There was also a course of artist recitals, the list including Mr. Glenn Dillard Gunn, of the Chicago Musical College, Mr. Jan Van Oordt, of the American Conservatory, Mr. Max Heinrich and daughter, a lecture-recital by Edward Baxter Perry, and a very good piano recital by Miss Augusta Cottlow. Also lectures, song-recitals, etc. In short, a very good beginning in a direction towards art.

MINOR MENTION.

Mr. Glenn Dillard Gunn played a recital at the Musical College with a list of pieces from Chopin, Paganini-Liszt, etc. Mr. Vernon D'Arnalle sang a number of songs.

* * *

Speaking of progress in the South, two programs from the Limestone College in South Carolina have reached this office which show decided advance over anything formerly possible in that quarter. One has among its selections the Brahms Rhapsody in G minor, Op. 79, No. 2, and the Intermezzo in E flat major, the slumber song, Op. 117, No. 1. Also the Beethoven "moonlight" sonata, Chopin Scherzo in B minor, etc. Another contains Grieg's "On the Mountains," Beethoven's Op. 25, some Chopin pieces, etc. The former was played by Mr. George Pratt Maxim. The latter by Miss Georgie Stedley.

* * *

Mr. Allen Spencer, President of the Illinois Music Teachers' Association, played in Milwaukee lately a recital illustrating the piano music of the period of Bach and Handel. The program contained pieces by John Bull, Daquin, Durante, Matheson, Emanuel Bach, Handel, Scarlatti and Rameau. A second program, illustrating the growth of piano playing, contained pieces by John Field, Rubinstein, Sinding, Chopin, MacDowell, Liszt, Moszkowski, Schuett, and Leschetizky (Tarantelle). The Liszt selection was the highly effective concert study in D flat.

* * *

Mr. Spencer has played at the American Conservatory, of which he is a prominent teacher, the Schuett Carnival Mignon, the Beethoven-Saint Saens Dance of the Dervishes, the Paganini-Liszt Campanella, etc.

* * *

Miss Mary Wood Chase, the brilliant and accomplished concert pianist, has become a member of the faculty of the Caruthers Normal School for piano. Miss Chase is extremely well informed in musical literature, not alone for piano solo but also in chamber music. She belongs to the list of earnest young students and artists. Her usefulness will be great.

* * *

Through an oversight, the establishment of a new music school some months ago was not mentioned in these pages. Miss Julia Lois Caruthers, formerly with the Chicago Conservatory and later with the Sherwood school, has opened a school of her own, in which her characteristic work with children will be carried on by several assistants, and the methods of teaching will be a prominent feature of the courses of study leading to graduation. Her own work has been often mentioned in these pages. It is based upon the ideas of her uncle, Mr. C. B.

* * *

Cady, modified by experience and a desire to attain practical results while the children are still in short clothes. Its strong point is that of forming and educating the ear and tonal sense. The cause of musical education has everything to gain from progress in this direction, the proper form of which has as yet not been fully attained. It will be a work of years yet. The art of cognizing melody has been discovered and is now communicable; the central question is whether harmonic perceptions might not be formed earlier in the course than they now are. As for questions of keyboard command, they are of less importance, since any child understanding well what it is which she should play will soon muster up the needful finger ability. The crying failure of our musical education is that it does not educate. We get players and singers, but no musicians. We do not even get interpreters, because the things which interpretation ought to bring out are overlooked by the players. They do not listen; they do not hear. This in part is the line along which Miss Caruthers is working.

* * *

Mr. J. Irving Andrus has begun his work at Pomona College in California, where the late Prof. Fillmore formerly worked. The field is said to be favorable there for useful work.

* * *

The seventh piano recital by pupils of Mrs. H. J. Hull, Kearney, Neb., is remarkable for poetical mottoes appended to the titles of the pieces. To give an idea of the trouble involved in making such a list, consider the variety of poets represented: Ecclesiastes, Tregina, William Howitt, Tennyson, Whittier, Burns, Longfellow, Mrs. Mary Dodge, R. W. Gilder, Schiller. The quotations often had something to do with the case.

* * *

The Spiering Quartet announces the ninth season in Chicago. Three concerts will be given at Music Hall (formerly University Hall), Fine Arts building, Tuesday evenings, November 19, December 17 and January 21. Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck and Mr. Sidney Biden will be the assisting artists for the first concert. At the second concert Miss Bertha M. Kaderly and Mr. Walter Spry will be the assisting artists. Among the novelties to be brought out this season, perhaps the most important is the Second Quartet in E flat major by D'Albert, which has not been played in this city.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

DAILY PRACTICE FOR AN ADULT.

"Please inform me what would be the best technical daily piano practice to give strength and ability to the hands of a woman of thirty-five. She has not practiced regularly since girlhood. She has a frail physique and a hand too small to reach an octave. M. E."

This is a difficult case. I can think of nothing better than to take up Mason's two-finger exercises, according to the directions in my Manual for Teachers, and develop the different forms of the combination for daily practice, giving attention to all the cautions therein assigned. Also take up the systematic arpeggio practice according to the schedules on pages 97 to 99.

For experience in playing assigned forms, work through the grades of my Graded Materials, beginning at any point where the exercises are no longer so easy that you can play them at sight. Devote to all this a total of about an hour and a quarter a day. Then, for the compass of hand, if you will devote five minutes about twice a day to some stretching exercises, holding, for instance, G with the thumb and playing B (seven notes above) with the fourth finger, and then reach some stretching exercises, holding, for instance, C with the thumb and you will presently find yourself able to reach the octave. When you can do this, then take the octave with the fourth finger and stretch for the ninth with the fifth finger. At first this may make your hand sore, but then you must not work at it so much. Of course your hand will not stretch so easily now as at sixteen or fourteen; but sooner or later it will come, and that without soreness, if you do a little every day. In the Mason exercises, work for strong tone in all the slow forms, and for the utmost lightness and speed in the fast forms. The rhythmic table in the arpeggios, do not try faster than 72 at first and play the quarters very strong, but with pure finger touch.

W. S. B. M.

TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES.

From an excellent convent school I have received the following, which touches upon a very important point:

"Will you kindly inform us what you require of a pupil in order to merit a teacher's certificate? We have a number of pupils who are

quite advanced in music, and some of these desire to teach music. While teaching in Chicago, some years ago, a pupil left us to continue her music at one of the conservatories. In less than six months she had a certificate to teach music. Last year one of our pupils went to Minneapolis, returning in June with a teacher's certificate. Neither of these knew much about music. We have a number who are far superior, but we do not know just what to require of them. For the past six years we have been teaching Mason's method in connection with your graded studies. We use Mason and Mathews' Primer of Music and Clarke's Harmony. We do not use any History of Music. Once a week, at a general meeting, we have selections from 'The Masters and Their Music,' and from other works of yours. Please advise us concerning the proper standard for teacher's certificate. Sr. A."

This letter touches upon what is on the whole one of the most mistaken practices of the majority of conservatories. They give certificates to teach music upon insufficient grounds. In most cases the certificate to teach precedes graduation, in place of coming a year later, as it should. To teach even the early grades successfully, the candidate ought to be familiar with Mason's Technics, especially with his principles of arpeggio and scale practice, the tone productions, and have the whole in good comprehensive shape for applying to your students. She must have ear training and know how to give it to the young students. She must understand the teaching repertory, up to at least the middle of the fifth grade. She should be quite sound in the Primer of Music you mention, and should be capable of harmonizing a melody well in any voice and in any key. She should know the principal harmonic contents of the major and minor keys instanter when called upon for them. Should be able to transpose out of one key into another. Besides she must have had some practice in giving lessons as assistant, under the eye of an older teacher, and ought to understand what is meant by the higher art of piano playing—know it when she hears it. Hence a certificate properly comes later than graduation. I think if you will carry your candidates rapidly through the first five grades of my Graded Material as part of her year's course, merely to see that she knows how to make the best of all the studies and pieces, and examine her in the Primer and harmony, and in Mason's Technics, according to my Manual of Mason's Technics, and require her to assist in giving lessons to young pupils under your own eye (i. e., you tell her in advance what ground to cover, and then inspect the work after some lessons to ascertain whether it has been covered) you will be safe in giving a certificate for her to teach elementary piano playing, meaning thereby up to and including the fourth grade. A year later she ought to be able to pass up to and including the sixth grade—making sure that the qualities of this advanced parlor playing have been secured in her own playing and that she understands the qualities and knows how they come about.

Properly speaking, a certificate ought to be preceded by a normal course. By this I do not mean such a one as many of the lady teachers

have for kindergarten work, in which they have what might be called a libretto for the instruction, the teacher saying thus and so. But the principles and points to cover in each grade must be understood, and good practical methods of doing so.

The most invaluable feature of the preparation of a young teacher is that for ear training and for teaching the child how to study. I have been trying to get my associate, Miss Dingley, to formulate her own method in this respect, for it is the most thorough I have ever seen; but as yet without avail. As yet there is no published material for this part of the training—or none of much value. It is an open point which needs to be covered.

W. S. B. M.



REVIEWS AND NOTICES

OXFORD HISTORY OF MUSIC. VOL. I., THE POLYPHONIC PERIOD. By Part I., Ending with the Rise of Measured Music. Oct., pp. 388. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

In this portly volume, for despite its less than 400 pages it is nearly two inches thick, we have the beginning of a truly monumental undertaking. Under the managing editorship of the brilliant English musical essayist, Mr. W. H. Hadow, the work has been designed and the labor distributed for a new history of the art of music, proceeding primarily from the standpoint of the development of the art as such; leaving personalities and the hero sagas of music (to-wit, the lives of great composers) in the background. The entire work is conceived in six volumes. The first two (of which the first is here published) trace the rise of polyphonic music, from diaphony and organum and measured discant—this being the point reached in the present volume, leaving the second to cover the Old French school and that of the Netherlands, down to the work of Palestrina and his successors. "The third volume is to be by Sir C. H. H. Parry, and will follow the course of the Monodic movement from its origin in Josquin and Arcadelt to its culmination in Purcell (here we have the English standpoint). The fourth, by Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, will treat of Bach and Handel and harmonic Counterpoint, which is the characteristic of their time. The fifth volume, by Mr. Hadow, will deal with the Viennese school, tracing from Haydn to Schubert the development of the great instrumental forms. The sixth volume, by Mr. E. Dannreuther, will treat of the Romantic movement, and will discuss the formative conditions which inspired Weber in the theatre, Schumann and Chopin in the concert-room. Here it was thought advisable to stop."

The conception is interesting and promising, although undoubtedly subject to difficulties, chief of which is that of co-ordinating the philosophical discussions of so many workers into a single series. The difficulties which have hitherto beset those who have undertaken to write musical history upon a serious scale have been such that as yet we have no complete and well-balanced history of Music down even to the middle of the nineteenth century. The erudite Fetis, after all his years and years of preparation and his encyclopedic "fore-work," the *Universal Biography of Musicians*, accomplished only four volumes and a part of a fifth, of his plan, leaving the story just where it began to be interesting, namely, at about the middle of the third volume of

the present series. Moreover, like the scientist mentioned by Artemus Ward, he turned out to know a multitude of things which have since been found out not to be so. His best work was his outline of musical history, which stands at the beginning of his first volume. This was a masterly conception, truly French in its clearness.

The learned and indefatigable German, Ambros, also died when he had reached the same fatal spot—the middle of the polyphonic development, leaving the whole heart of the matter untouched and modern art explained only in its earliest foundations. Moreover, Ambros wrote just a little too soon. When his work had been out only a few years it was found needful to rewrite his entire first volume, in the light of the later developments traced by Westphal and Gavaert.

The Germans have succeeded best in limited fields. The great biographies of Bach, Mozart and Beethoven (the latter a German biography by an American) have now prepared the ground and furnished means for making a complete study of the period of art with which Mr. Hadow will have to deal.

To come back again to this actually present first volume, which is by Mr. H. E. Woolridge, Slade Professor of Music at Oxford. It begins with diaphony, and traces the steps in the progress towards the actual beginning of polyphony, at Notre Dame in Paris. The steps in their large features were the mechanical diaphony or parallel movement of fourths, fifths and octaves of Hucbald, down to free organum, discant, and measured discant, thus preparing the foundation for an intelligible polyphony. The work of Mr. Woolridge seems to be thoroughly well done. Written at Oxford, the English is naturally clear and unpretentious. Musical examples are abundant, and the deductions seem to have been made with judgment. The present and succeeding volume will probably include the net results of all the Cousemaker monographs concerning mediæval music, and the conclusions of F. A. Gavaert, as formulated last in his great works on the liturgic chants of the Latin church, together with much later and original research.

For performing a work of this kind, English scholars are in a more favorable position than those of any other country—in part as a consequence of temperament and national idiosyncrasy, and in part simply by reason of the language, which lends itself so happily to conveying information, for which purpose English has a directness unsurpassed. The German is apt to lose himself between his nominative and his verb, and so many ideas occur to him for intervening modifying clauses that he himself sometimes forgets how far he had come along the main track of his idea. English has little patience with this kind of switch-yard digression. French is a trifle too polite to be precisely truthful. Moreover, the English nation has played a far more important part in the progress of music and of learning in general than it usually gets credit for. Particularly is this so in music. There is reason, therefore, to hope that this great work will finally be completed according to the original plan within no very long time—and

this is the main good effect of the subdivision of labor. The only criticism upon the undertaking lies against the price, which is fifteen shillings per volume in England; this, when enlarged for American consumption into the customary fifty cents per shilling, brings the price of the whole work up to a rather imposing figure. The present writer believes that a lower publication price would enlarge the sale more than enough to offset the risk—far more. If the volumes are sold separately, those by Mr. Maitland and Mr. Hadow, and possibly that of Mr. Dannreuther, will have large sale. The doubt in the last instance is not based upon considerations of the lack of knowledge on the part of the editor, but upon his failure to give suitable development to the very important subjects allotted to him in Grove's dictionary. In all these he was far too concise. A concise history of the period which he has to cover will not be the book for which the world would wish. The elements are so varied and conflicting that brevity will be inconsistent with comprehensiveness. Mr. Hadow, the editor-in-chief, is undoubtedly one of the most competent writers in the musical world. Later volumes will be awaited with interest.

To revert again to the plan of the Oxford History of Music, there is one element in the progress which seems likely to be omitted from the account, and that element one of the most important and influential of all. To judge from the outline above, the plan contemplates tracing the development of our present art of music through what we might call its official channels, namely, the works of the great composers and the teachings of the authoritative schools. To indicate how very much there is before the story anywhere approaches our present art, take the case of the first large volume, which has not nearly got down to a place where the major third had been found out to be consonant, nor had the sixth been identified with the third in nature. The common chord is still far in the future, if we take the schools to represent the whole of the progress. There is reason to think, however, that the actual folk music before the tenth century made at least some use of plain consonances of thirds and sixths, if not of the common chord itself; and there can be no question that nothing but the most pig-headed obtuseness of players, or an utterly false method of tuning their instruments could have prevented the harpers, lute-players and crwth-players from discovering by the testimony of their ears that these intervals sounded well. And since we have at least a few examples of melodies proving that this discovery had really been made before the eleventh century, there is every reason to think that the popular music may have advanced quite a distance towards modern harmony and natural tunefulness while the official musicians, like sectarians pledged in advance to orthodoxy, remained insensible to these plain things of music which the ears alone could properly estimate.

Fetis thought that the early Britons had been the song-loving people who made this great advance in natural music. While his views are occasionally visionary and the evidence upon this point may not be so clear as we could wish, it certainly looks to the present writer as if

there might be a good deal in it. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the new book will not ignore this missing link. At times when every gentleman played some instrument and when music was generally taught by ear and transmitted by memory, outside of the ecclesiastical organization, it stands to reason that obvious things would be found out. The instruments in use from the eighth to the thirteenth centuries were precisely those most likely to have awakened chord feeling, namely, the lute and the harp, the latter of unknown antiquity and equally unknown origin.

* * *

MEMORIES OF A MUSICAL LIFE. By William Mason, Mus. Doc.
New York, The Century Co. Pp. 306. Cloth. Octavo.

In this *edition de luxe*, with large margins and fine paper, with pleasant illustrations, facsimiles, etc., the Century Company has brought out Dr. Mason's reminiscences, a part of which appeared in the Century Magazine last year. Dr. Mason has had a most curious and comprehensive experience. His boyhood in Boston coincided with the beginnings of school music in America and the period when the oratorios of Handel and Haydn marked the ultima thule of musical achievement. Dr. Lowell Mason and his associate, Mr. Geo. James Webb, were trying to interest the public in the symphonies of Beethoven and in the new orchestral music which was appearing from the pens of Weber, Mendelssohn, etc. Cradled in New England psalmody, William Mason made even in early years acquaintance with art music, playing concertos with orchestra by the time he was sixteen years of age. From Boston, he went to Leipsic, Prague, and at length to Weimar—thus taking in the whole great circle of modern music. As pianist he advanced from the school-girl technic of Aloys Schmidt to that of Liszt. He was a sort of New England Joshua, who after wandering in the wilderness was so fortunate as to live many years amid the blessings of the fruitful musical Canaan of the last half century. First and last he met almost all the great musicians of the period. The Memories are not so voluminous as they would have been if undertaken earlier, when the writer was more active; but what they may have lost in volume by keeping (like raisins and figs dried in the sun) they perhaps have gained in sweetness.

As an example of the kind of thing in the book, take the following story of the great theorist Moritz Hauptmann, who was Dr. Mason's teacher of composition at Leipsic:

"Not long after beginning my studies with Hauptmann, I received from my father a copy of his latest publication, being a collection of tunes, mostly his own composition, for choir and congregational use in church. He requested me to show this to Hauptmann and to get his opinion, if practicable. I felt a decided reluctance to do this, because I thought my father's work was not worthy the notice of such a profound musician, so I delayed carrying out his request. After a few weeks, however, I began receiving letters from my father on the subject, and realized that I could not postpone action any longer. So one

day, going to my lesson, I took the book with me. I kept it as well out of sight as I could during the lesson, and then at the last moment, when about leaving the room, I placed it on Hauptmann's table, telling him in an apologetic way of my father's request and seeking to excuse myself for troubling him. I said I was afraid he would find nothing in the book to interest him.

"When the regular time for my lesson recurred, I hesitated to present myself again; but there was no way of avoiding the difficulty, so with a tremendous exercise of will I faced the situation. What was my surprise and relief when he greeted me with 'Mr. Mason, I have examined your father's book with much interest and pleasure, and his admirable treatment of the voices is most musicianly and satisfactory. Please give him my sincere regards and thank him for his attention in sending me the book.'"

* * *

THE CHORAL SERVICE BOOK. Containing the Authentic Plain Song Intonations and Responses for the Order of Morning Service, Matins, Vespers, Litany, and the Suffrages of the Common Service for the Use of Evangelical Lutheran Congregations. With Accompanying Harmonics for the Organ. Edited by Harry G. Archer, Organist, Pittsburg, and Rev. Luther D. Reed. Philadelphia, General Council Publication Board.

This handsomely printed book is one of uncommon quality and importance. Beginning with an elaborate and very instructive article upon the general grounds of assigning one melody or another to the different parts of the common service, together with a bibliography of previous works in the same field, the work proceeds to give the authentic liturgic melodies for the entire service, and most of them in harmonized form. The book is printed in two colors throughout, with initials and rubric directions, and altogether is a marvel at the publisher's price. Indispensable for Lutherans, and of value to all who take an interest in church music.

* * *

(From A. P. Schmidt.)

CLEMENS SCHULTZ-BIESANT. (Collection Litolff.)

"Colors." Tone Poem for Piano. (No. 2247.)

A Knight-Errant. Tone Poem for Piano. (No. 2246.)

Marche Humoristique. For Piano. (No. 2251.)

Transformations. Tone Poem for Piano. (No. 2249.)

Patheticon. Tone Poem for Piano. (No. 2250.)

Wilde Fahrt. (Recklessness.) (No. 2248.)

The foregoing six tone poems for piano are certainly among the most interesting of recent contributions to this important part of the musical art. If they represent, as appears, a young writer, they give additional assurance of later works from the same source of perhaps even greater worth. All of them belong to the aftermath of the Schumann cult, but all of them are decently original without going so far as to be beyond the reach of players of moderate ability. All fall

within the technical demands of the sixth or seventh grades, the easiest (probably "Colors") not going materially beyond the fifth. They are, therefore, compositions which may become very useful as pieces for study and for playing in recitals.

"Colors" consists of a quiet subject, in 4-4 *moderato*; key of C sharp minor, afterwards appearing in E major. The colors are not designated, but we cannot go far wrong in taking this for some kind of a moderate hue, not quite so moderate as grey but certainly not garish. There are almost two pages of this mood, when the manner changes and we have what is essentially a variation of the same theme in an *allegretto* 5-8. This runs for a page and gives place to a new form in D flat and C sharp minor, 2-4 *allegro*. After this variation the original mood returns, after which there is a *presto octave* finale which is capable of some very brilliant playing.

"Transformations" again is a set of variations upon a theme in F sharp minor, *Andante lamentoso*. The first variation takes the theme for a *cantus fermus* in the bass, then there is a quick variation up high, and various changes of mood with again a finale in which octaves play important parts. The whole enjoyable and not a bit monotonous.

The "Humoristic March" is good of its kind, and pleasing. Its main claim to notice, aside from its popular tendency, is found in the naive melody of the trio, which is as diatonic as Schubert, and almost as easy and natural—a far more difficult problem than Schubert had to deal with, for in his time the halo had not been worn off the diatonic scale. Nobody can possibly be *innig*, *schmerzlich* or *leidenschaftlich* now except by the aid of many and many spirit-searching accidentals, dissonances and fiercely driving rhythms. In Schubert's time this was not so. A very few accidentals well placed served to take one out of the world where good digestion prevails into that where all sorts of grief and remorse incessantly gnaw at the vitals.

"The Knight Errant" travels much the same kind of a road as was before traveled by some of the Schumann Novelettes. The Rosinante is by no means so thoroughbred nor does the Pegasus soar so high. It is a good family animal, however, warranted kind in harness, and, as David Harum says, "to stand without hitching."

In "Patheticon" again we return to the variation spirit, and a continuous movement of considerable expressive force is developed.

"Recklessness" again consists of a thematic development quite after the Schumann manner, with short pauses of something quasi lyric by way of rest and refreshment. Three of these pieces are dedicated to Mme. Carreno. Of the works as a whole it can be said that, while a certain uniformity of type prevails in the treatment, more uniformity than is desirable in six pieces, they are original and deserving of attention. What their wearing powers may prove to be is for all of us to find out. At least, they are not too original to be understandable, nor can it be said of any important part that it has been better written before.

(From A. P. Schmidt.)

OFFERTORY IN FORM OF A MARCH. For Organ. By Edgar A. Barrell.

A brilliant and rather effective march, well arranged, written for organ and not particularly difficult.

CANTILENE NUPTIALS. For Organ. By A. L. Barnes.

A rather commonplace melody, written to be played softly upon the organ during any quiet time requiring such ministrations. The piece is printed without registration or marks of expression—a curious omission for a writer of the present time, who should not be above helping out incompetent players by a little assistance of the kind. Not difficult.

ALBUM MINIATURE. 12 short pieces for Pianoforte. By Graham D. Moore.

Rustic Song.
The Castagnets.
Humoresque.
Album Leaf.
Gypsy Musician.
Mazurek Mignon.
Song of the Twilight.
Hunting Fanfare.
Moment Valsant.
An April Day.
Will o' the Wisp.
Moment Lyrique.

A set of rather easy teaching pieces of about the third grade. Considerable care has been taken to obtain variety, and with fair success. Among the best is the Gypsy Musician, which contains some advantageous work. On the whole, well worthy the attention of teachers, as the style is modern and the substance, while superficial, still musical.

(From A. P. Schmidt.)

FROM FOREIGN TRAVELS. 6 Instructive pieces without Octaves. By Ludwig Mendelssohn.

Gypsy Dance.
Alpine Festival.
The Rose Queen.
Neapolitan Song.
Tarantelle.
March of the Janissaries.

A set of very easy teaching pieces. Second grade or thereabouts. The tarantelle and the Neapolitan song are perhaps better than the others. The latter is a trifle more difficult.

FIVE SONGS BY D. CHARLES DENNEE.

The Sandman. Lullaby.
Love's Argument.

The Thoughts of You.

I Love Thee.

The Tryst.

These five songs by a well-known composer will appeal to many who will recognize melodic paths which they have pleasantly walked before. A few of the more old-fashioned may perhaps be unduly jarred by certain counterpoints—for instance, in the first song, at the words "And you and I," to accompany the A and B in the melody by precisely the same notes in the bass, does not invariably "go" in the advanced harmony classes of the institution in which Mr. Dennee is so deservedly a light. So also in the third song, the progression from the last note of the first page to the first on the page following, is not sanctified by the interval elapsing while the leaf is being turned. The objection intended is not so much that these progressions violate rules as that they do so badly. All the songs are written for low voice and for high. In ordering, the choice should be specified.





MORNING WORSHIP AT THE HOUSE OF BACH

MUSIC.

JANUARY, 1902

THE PROPER RANGE OF EAR-TRAINING FOR YOUNG PUPILS.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS BLANCHE DINGLEY.

Of all educational questions just now pressing for solution, that of the proper range and character of elementary ear-training for piano and vocal music pupils, is decidedly the most important. This fact is already recognized by a large number of lady teachers who are hard at work with children. All these capable and enterprising teachers hold that ear-training is of the very first importance, and that the child's first step towards the ability to play music is to learn to hear music clearly and intelligently. All their work rests upon the postulate, which the whole history of art supports, that our modern art of music is a play of imagination through certain highly specialized faculties of hearing; remembering and being moved sub-consciously by tonal successions definitely organized into life through tonality and rhythm. In other words, our art of music does not rest immediately upon nature, in the sense of growing out of the noises we hear about us, but upon refined and specialized evolutions from the crude nature-sounds into those involving harmony, rhythm and at last the deepest human feeling. As Walt Whitman said, with wonderful insight, "music is that which awakens within us at the sound of the instruments." It follows therefore, that to become musical consists of two things: To *hear* and to *feel* after hearing.

The standpoint of pianistic education has changed immeasurably within the past fifty years, so that now all advanced pupils are supposed able to deal with the most masterly music the art affords. Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann and

Liszt, not to mention Tschaikovsky and Brahms, are household words to thousands of American students.

It was pointed out by the editor of *MUSIC* more than twenty-five years ago, that the standpoint of the American teacher and that of the German differ in a very important particular; that whereas the German master derives his pupils from a select clientele among which the love for music and the faculty of hearing it have become hereditary, the American master obtains his from the great inexperienced American public, many with untrained faculties for hearing and often a lack of desire to know and love the best the art affords. He has, therefore, not only to develop pianists or singers, but still more to form musicians. It is quite certain that in America the domestic influences about the average child still stop a great ways short of forming in him an unconscious instinct for music in its better sense. The teacher, therefore, when he means to lead the pupil ultimately into the highest realms of art, must first of all plough his ground and sow his crop with care and wisdom. But the question is: What kind of seed must he sow? And how?

The teachers of children mentioned above mainly confine their earwork to training the child to hear, repeat and note down short melodies—generally of no more than two measures. The notation is made as simple as possible, but still is conducted by means of the staff. Later, measure and pulsation are noted, and still later the experience is carried to the point where a second voice can be heard and noted if played by the teacher while the child is still singing the first voice. To the average teacher, who does no ear-work at all with pupils, this hearing and noting a second voice while one is still singing the first, will appear a highly advanced stage of cultivation. But there are those who hold not only that it does not go far enough, they even say that it is not upon the right track. Upon this subject no one speaks with clearer accents than Miss Blanche Dingley, who being of artist temperament and broad training in music, and generally of quick and incisive mind, naturally views a question of this kind from the standpoint of the high art to be attained later on. I had an important interview with Miss Dingley upon this subject some time ago, from which the following statements are taken:

"I differ from the practices you have outlined," said Miss Dingley, "in several important, I may say vital, respects. First of all I do not think that plain melody hearing is any trick at all for a musical child. I hold, on the contrary, that the melodic relations of the scale, and of all simple diatonic melody, are, as you might almost say innate in children of eight years of age attending the public schools in our cities. Where they sing songs by rote, sing the scale, practice skips in the scale, and enjoy generally the music training of the public schools, they ought to be able not simply to remember correctly the short melodies which are commonly given (in reality not complete melodies), but much longer ones. The second voice brings in a higher problem, I admit, and this part of the training is useful, if carried far enough. But I hold that this work is not made to begin in the right place nor in the right way. Let me explain."

"What is it which differentiates our higher music from the great flood of rag-time and popular two-step commonplaces, which litter up the piano forte of the average family? Are the melodies of these things especially different in intervals from those we find in the simpler pieces by Schumann, Chopin, or even Tschaikevsky? Little if any. What then is the difference? Precisely this, that all the popular music rests upon the simplest possible harmonic conception of the key. It is filled up with tonic, dominant and subdominant chords over and over again, and other chords very rarely occur. Accordingly there are those who begin the training of children upon the harmonic side by trying to familiarize them with these central ingredients of folks harmony; they form the ear of the child to tonality restricted to these most barren, unsuggestive and hackneyed elements. The consequence is that the child grows up thinking these to be the actual substance of music, and that all music in which these elements are kept in the background, in favor of the more expressive chords of the remaining degrees of the scale, and where highly appealing chords of the minor mode occur in large abundance, is felt to be something too 'complicated' for ordinary use. The child's ear is irretrievably vulgarized by the fundamental training it receives."

"In place of this I would say that the ear-training must be

gin upon the harmonic side, rather than with melody, upon the ground that harmony is the central point in which noble music distinguishes itself from that which is superficial and commonplace. And, second, I would never stop with this business of the three simple chords of the key, but teach the child to hear, understand and enjoy the chords of the other scale degrees, and bring her as soon as possible to the characteristic harmonies of the minor mode."

"I begin with triad effects—the child is to hear triads and distinguish between the major and minor effect. I do not play them invariably in the same position but change at pleasure; the major or minor effect remains unaffected by such a change. Nor do I repeat the chord several times until they have time to correct a mistaken diagnosis of the difference. I play the triad simply once and the child, after having first been given the two effects slowly and with attention to their characteristic mood, must answer instantly major or minor. We continue this exercise until it succeeds perfectly. I hold that the distinction between the implied mood of the major and minor triad is one of the most fundamental facts in music. The child cannot learn it too young; and it ought not to be necessary for her to reflect upon it."

"In all this exercise there is no suggestion of measurement, nor as yet do we attend to the individuality of the tones composing the chord. No effort is made to place them in the scale; simply to distinguish unfailingly between a major effect and a minor effect. Later we go on to diminished effects, and we then have all the harmonic triad effects in the major key."

"Now, I teach the pupil to play them upon the piano, but before doing this we take all the triads of the scale in succession and distinguish how many are of each kind, then we classify them. So many major, such-and-such minor, and one, the seventh degree, diminished. With this stock of ear exercise and a little instruction in forming the triads, the child soon is able to find them herself upon the keyboard and to do this in more than one key. In fact I expect a pupil completing what I call the first grade to be able to play cadences of six chords in at least seven keys."

"The next step is to direct attention to the position of the

chords, to hear unfailingly which tones are uppermost and which below, and to tell instantly the order and position of tones in any chord I may play. We are now ready to hear the melodies which result from connecting several chords properly. That in the soprano gives no trouble, the ear hearing it with unfailing certainty. The bass and the inner voices must be heard also just as correctly, and always from a single hearing. What I am after is to awaken a tonal fantasy in the mind of the child, in such a way that a strain of music is heard perfectly upon a single repetition, so that the child has within herself an audible photograph, if I may so call it, of the succession in its entirety and in all its particulars. Upon a foundation of this kind, which will take forty lessons or more, a child is working along towards the ability to hear and appreciate a true polyphony."

"When all the harmonies of the major scale have been thus learned, we turn to the minor, and there we remain until the augmented and diminished chords are just as certain and reliable as the major and minor have now become. Forming the triads comes later than hearing them. I am anxious to keep the idea of reckoning and measurement entirely out of this ear exercise. The mood of music turns upon the harmony, and the hearer who reckons out the harmony will invariably miss the mood which the harmony contained. The two kinds of attention are opposed to each other. An art attention is intuitional in character and not an application of reasoning. I wish the pupils to hear music off hand, intuitionally, to perceive the major, minor, augmented and diminished harmonies and to feel how the mood changes with them."

"In teaching chord successions, we must of course work towards the tonic, else we have no landmarks for knowing whether we are in one key or another. The easiest cadence form for children to hear, I find, is a variety of the plagal cadence, do, la, fa, do—the four chords in this succession. The chord of la, I think the easiest for a child to hear correctly; at least my children make no mistakes on this chord, whereas at first they often confuse the chords of fa and sol, particularly if an unusual order be taken. Ultimately we learn to hear cadences of six chords, and to designate instantly after hearing which chords were played and the order in which they occurred."

"When we have learned to hear correctly with the chords in close position, I give them in dispersed positions and later in inversions, requiring the child to play after me not only the chords, but also the positions exactly as I gave them."

"Nine-tenths of all is to secure instantaneous attention. It is the hearing instantly which counts. In this respect I am reminded of the training which the conjurer Houdin received from his father in order to gain the necessary quickness and accuracy of observation with the eye—a quality upon which slight-of-hand depends. Passing along the streets the young Houdin was permitted one glance into a display window, and the task was to give a catalogue of the things displayed there and to describe the system upon which they were arranged. He said that at first he could not remember more than half a dozen articles; later he could see and remember several scores and the pattern into which they were arranged. This is the same kind of thing with the eye which I am trying to work out with the ear; only I am building along the lines of harmonic beauty and expect the pupil later on to be more concerned with what the music says to her than with a catalogue of the tones and chords which reached her ear."

"A later application of this training leads the pupil to follow at pleasure any voice in a four-voiced movement and hear it accurately. The habit of scale moods well established, and especially worked out in the minor, a point too much neglected, leads to the same kind of thoroughness in recognizing modulation. When a child knows all the chords of the key perfectly and their natural and usual progressions, she is prepared to recognize with equal certainty such an unusual harmonic feature as the appearance of a modulation or the passing use of a chord not in the tonality. Thus ultimately we have ground upon which can be formed the complex harmonic perceptions of modern tonality, which we must remember are just as reliable and just as apprehensible by ear as the more restricted modulations of the Hadyn and Mozart school. Chopin and Schumann did not add anything to the innate possibilities of music; they simply discovered doors leading farther, which up to that time had been overlooked except by Bach and a few of the older geniuses."

"I do not particularly care for a perception of absolute pitch

in these early stages. On the contrary, I prefer not to have it. The child in whose hearing a certain tone is permanently localized as a C or a G, or what not, has to learn to hear such a tone impersonally, *in its connection*, in order to receive its musical value; since the musical value of it does not at all turn upon its being C or D, but upon its holding a certain place in the harmonic phrase or the key. Later on, when harmonic perceptions are well established, perceptions of absolute pitch can be easily acquired and without harm, I think, although I do not know that such perceptions are of any very important musical value for the purpose of hearing music artistically."

"In all this I have not mentioned ear-training in rhythm. This must begin early and be kept up. I do a good deal of this by means of the Mason exercises. First teaching the child to hear the pulsation and the accent, to play two or more tones to a pulse, and to distinguish all kinds of measures. This is very easily and conveniently done by means of Mason's exercises in scales and arpeggios. There is one part of the rhythmic training, however, which has cost me not a little trouble; it is to teach children to compute note values when as yet they do not know the ordinary fractions. This part of the teaching I am still endeavoring to work out into a simple but thorough way."

The ground here outlined by Miss Dingley will strike the majority of teachers as being rather bold and unprecedented; and so it is. But she has been able to apply all this hearing with excellent success with pupils under eight years of age. And it is evident that if anything of this kind is possible it must contain certain extremely important advantages for a child later on in her musical studies. Practically it has in it the promise and potency of an entire artistic development.

When asked whether this work could not be carried on in classes, supplementary perhaps to the private lessons, Miss Dingley answered emphatically in the negative. "The whole value of this work," she said, "turns upon the child actually hearing these things and knowing them surely. In a class one is never quite sure about this. The smart child anticipates the coming answer of a surer one, and gets in ahead, creating the impression that she has heard when she was simply anticipated by a sort of mental telepathy. Moreover," she went

on, "there is the question of mental quiet: I want concentration of attention; and this you cannot get in the same degree in a class, particularly when the child is sensitive and perhaps nervous. So far I do not see any possibility of doing this work except in private lessons; nor of any one doing it successfully without a great deal of patience and perseverance and a faith like that which could move mountains. But my experience demonstrates, I think, that all this *can* be done; whether it is worth doing, every artistic musician can judge. At all events it furnishes a very different foundation from the usual playing exercises from notes. Inability to hear is almost universal among piano pupils. Ability to hear underlies all memorizing, all good interpretative work, and all artistic playing before others. As the eye guides the painter, directing his hand, criticizing his lines and tones, so the ear directs the player or singer. Everything which is done without this higher light is absolutely devoid of art, however useful it may be as mental discipline. No doubt it would be a fine trick to teach a blind person to distinguish colors by ear or their relative resistance when spread upon the canvas. But would it be art?"

A FEW BOSTON NOTES.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

While in Boston I had the pleasure of a chat with Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, the director of the Handel and Haydn Society, which is just now in its eighty-seventh season. Mr. Mollenhauer is a member of the numerous musical family of that name, for so long prominent in New York and now well distributed throughout the large cities of the country. He was a violinist and for many years one of Thomas' firsts during the time when Jacobsohn and Listemann were concert masters. Naturally, he knows a good deal about our Chicago director and speaks in no uncertain tone. He says quite frankly that he thinks Mr. Thomas by far the greatest director in this country, and one of the greatest in the world. He particularly admires Mr. Thomas' way of giving us all the remarkable novelties while they are still novel. Here in Boston, under Mr. Gericke, the range is a little restricted. Mr. Mollenhauer thinks, as I do, that when a great work like Richard Strauss' "Hero Life," is played it ought to be played a second time soon after, in order to permit the hearer to get used to it and be in position to judge how far one likes it or dislikes it. It is quite impossible, he says, for even a good musician to take in such a work upon a single hearing.

We were speaking of conductors and of the tendency among the later ones to conduct minute details of a work, thereby in many cases losing the sweep of the whole. This is plainly to be seen in the baton itself—as, for instance, with Mr. Victor Herbert. The baton is proceeding regularly according to the rhythm, when all of a sudden it goes off at a tangent in half and quarter pulse motion, just as an oboe or clarinet chanches to have a bit of lively or pathetic *obbligato*. The eye of the player is misled, no less than that of the spectator, and repose is broken in upon, almost always to the material detriment of the rhythmic effects.

"Thomas does most of that with his eye and with his left hand, which the audience rarely notices," said Mr. Mollenhauer. "I think it a much better way," he went on, "and when

I was elected to the conductorship of the Handel and Haydn I stated my position at the start—that I would beat for them the same as for an orchestra the actual measure as I wished the music to go. When a part has notes to hold it must hold; when it has a phrase of quick notes they must get around within their allotted rhythm, but I shall not beat the fragments of beats. The result is that the singing is more rhythmical and buoyant than under the other system."

We had quite a bit of chat about other conductors, and I brought up what Mrs. H. H. A. Beach once said to me, that of all the Boston directors so far she remembered some readings of Emil Paur with the greatest thrill. "Yes," said Mollenhauer, "Paur sometimes played gloriously; I remember his playing of the Tschaikovsky sixth symphony once which was the most beautiful and thrilling I have ever heard it."

This led me to ask him whom he considered the greatest of recent composers, whereupon he answered:

"I am afraid you will think me heterodox but I believe Tschaikovsky the greatest master who has ever lived. I had in my orchestra last year a Russian violinist who had been a friend of Tschaikovsky. We often spoke of him, and he told me that to hear an opera by that great master was something to remember."

Mr. Mollenhauer is an American, despite his German stock, and he has not yet been in Germany. He looks forward to the time when our American musicians will form the mainstay of our orchestras. He said that in his festival orchestra of fifty last year all but eleven were Americans. He considers it much better; they are more spirited and responsive and are not so apt to be heavy with beer. Many and many a good man has succumbed to beer and late hours. Reiter, the long-haired horn player, has lost his pre-eminence from this cause.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 1, I heard the Handel and Haydn give the "Messiah" in the Symphony hall, of which I wrote last year. The chorus numbered about 350 or more and sang with admirable promptness and vigor. Almost everything was better done than I remember to have heard this work given by any like number of singers. It will be remembered that we had formerly in Chicago, in the prime of Mr. William L. Tomlins, some performances of this work of phenomenal

excellence, almost all the great qualities present in high degree. But this was years ago, when the chorus did not exceed 150. As the men and women had worked apart and had undergone elaborate technical practice and plenty of sub-rehearsal, the technique in the light running work, such as in "For unto us a child is born," and in other places, was remarkably fine—the work being light, true, and easy. So also the climaxes of power were strong and wonderfully prompt, though the high-water mark of the Apollo Club was reached in this respect, I think, when it sang before the Music Teachers' National Association in the old Exposition building, somewhere about 1886, in the opening of Mendelssohn's "Judge me, O God." The Apollo also made wonderful effect in the pathetic chorus, "Surely He hath borne our sorrows." But when the chorus was enlarged to 250 voices it never regained this precision; and when it again doubled to 400, preparatory to the auditorium, it lost much that it still had. Of all the choruses of 400 singers I have heard in this work the Handel and Haydn seems to me to have succeeded best. The running work was good, but not quite so fine as it might have been—certainly might have been with a third as many voices; in the climaxes it was splendid. The places where it seemed to me more might have been realized were the difficult, pathetic expression in "Surely He hath borne our griefs," and possibly in "Behold the Lamb of God"—though I do not consider this latter a very pathetic piece of music.

Mr. Mollenhauer is a really good conductor, able to command the orchestra and to be understood by them. The orchestra on this occasion was from the Boston Symphony organization and the playing was most excellent—the best I believe I have ever heard in this work—which is foreign to the tradition and feeling of German players—and the discipline and manner most excellent. The organ also was well handled.

The solo artists were not of great distinction, belonging to the grade of rather superior church singers, having voices above the average, carefully trained and very good traditions of the oratorio style. One of the best was the Chicago tenor, pupil of Mr. Karleton Hackett, Mr. Glenn Hall, who showed most excellent understanding of his role and sang with a great deal of artistic conviction and good style. His natural voice

is not of large volume, but the quality is unusually fine. He made about the best impression of the evening. Having lost my program I am unable to speak of the other singers.

* * *

To one who frequented Boston fifty years ago the growth of the city away from the old centers seems abnormal—yet when one stops to think of it, it is much less than has been experienced right here in Chicago. It is not yet thirty years since residents of the west side along Madison street, a mile and a quarter from State, had to set up a series of lawsuits against the street railway to make it run its cars as often as once in seven minutes. Where the Tremont side of Boston common used to be the fashionable center for teachers, very few still remain; Boylston street near Park Square still holds a number, but the movement is already for quarters out towards the new symphony hall on Huntington avenue. In a pleasant office building called the "Huntington Chambers," I found the flourishing Faelten school, occupying an entire story of commodious and pleasant rooms. I have forgotten the statistics Mr. Faelten gave me, but as near as I remember he has some fifteen teaching rooms, upwards of sixty pianos (they use them in groups of eight for certain classes), for no more than ten teachers. This curious and unusual disproportion between the number of teachers and teaching rooms struck me with surprise. Mr. Faelten's work with children continues to hold a place of honor, but as usual he has a number of advanced students who are practically artists. He himself still keeps up his playing.

The former Chicago teacher, Mr. C. B. Cady, has his studio in the same building, but I did not chance to find him at home. I hear he likes Boston very much. It fills a long-felt want. Boston does that, sometimes.

* * *

Another studio which I visited with interest was upon the seventh floor of the Ditson Company's store, on Washington street. This company, which was the ruling factor in American music trade for so long, now restricts itself to a part of its building, having moved its piano department down to the end of the common, on Boylston street. In the advertising department of this house I found installed that genial writer

and president of the National Association of Music Teachers, Mr. Arthur L. Manchester, who despite his work for the Ditson company, still continues to edit the Philadelphia publication, which his work has done so much to develop. It seems a little like the Scriptural abnormality of a man serving two masters—but perhaps I am wrong.

I missed having a talk with that most useful and attractive of the younger musicians, Mr. Thomas Tapper, who not only edits the Ditson Musical Record, but also writes text-books, assists in his system of school music (with Mr. Ripley—the “Natural System”) and maintains a flourishing teaching work, in which theory holds a prominent place.

* * *

I met by chance in Boston that lovely character and most useful of American pianists, Mr. Ernst Perabo, whose influence while quiet and largely confined to Boston and vicinity, has nevertheless been of extremely great use in the progress of American art. Perabo was one of the first pianistic enthusiasts we had for the later works of Beethoven, the Chopin and Schumann cult, and the like, and he has educated a host of students who have followed his steps with distinction. As a pianist, I imagine that Mr. Perabo, who is now about fifty-seven years of age, does not keep up his practice for public work. That he should cease to play and to play a great deal is of course inconceivable, for the piano is ingrained with him. Personally he is a most delightful character, a true artist, simple, unpretending, and friendly. Along with Perabo was Mr. John Orth, an ambitious American, who from the ambition of being a concert pianist has practically contented himself with a flourishing teaching business in Boston.

* * *

Three people in Boston, whom I particularly desired to meet, were Mr. George W. Chadwick, Mr. George L. Osgood and Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. All three I missed. I hear that Mr. Chadwick, having accomplished something as director of the New England Conservatory to re-establish that very large school in the estimation of Bostonians, is now able to find a little time for himself, and his ambition is again awakening to put forth original works surpassing even the best of those

which have already distinguished him. Mr. Chadwick's "Judith," performed at Worcester last autumn, has been lying upon my table this three months and I have not been able to find time to go through it. I hear that it contains some movements of remarkable power and beauty. I am sure it must.

Mr. George L. Osgood performed a service to the west, many years ago, when Theodore Thomas brought him around directly after his return from his European studies. Osgood sang songs by Schubert, Schumann and Franz as they had never been sung before in these parts. As a momentary representative of that versatile sheet, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, I interviewed him, perhaps about 1878 or a year earlier, when the subject of the relative merits of the songs of Schubert and Schumann came up. Mr. Osgood showed excellent taste and insight. He was the first person who gave me the clue to the superiority of Schumann's songs over those of Schubert, namely, in the vastly closer correspondence between the poem and the music—a molecular correspondence, I might call it, the trait of following the text minutely as well as its general intention. A year or two later I took up the subject in earnest as student and the clue which Mr. Osgood had given was of assistance. At the moment of the interview I had arrived at the point of progress when I could see that while Schubert had a melody, Schumann did not; but it was later that I got in deeper and found that while Schubert had a melody Schumann had melody in plenty and above all music in a true sense. I desired after all these years to meet Mr. Osgood once more and thank him for the assistance I had been owing him so long. But I missed him.

Mrs. Beach, too, I hoped to have met and to have heard something of her latest works. This also was denied.

* * *

To return to the Handel and Haydn society, I rather think it has just now the best conductor it ever had. Mr. Mollenhauer would prefer greater liberty in the choice of modern works. He takes the ground, and rightly, I think, that the society is not a commercial club, to which the question of laying up a profit is important, but a society for educating its clientele in high choral art; and that they ought to expend their profits in producing at least one important new work

every year. Up to this time the governing body of the society has not ventured upon this plan, being scared by former experiences of a deficit. I fancy, however, that in time Mr. Mollenhauer will have his way, and so far as I could judge by talking with some of the officers, the society feels the utmost confidence in their director, and the result of their last years has been profitable. This performance of the "Messiah" which I heard was the second, the first having taken place on Sunday night preceding, and both performances quite filled the large symphony hall.

Boston's traditional way of employing Sunday evenings for the rehearsals of the Handel and Haydn and for oratorio performances is a good one which might be practiced elsewhere to very good advantage. That there can be any wrong in attending a concert, or any other kind of good and instructive art-work, on a Sunday evening, is quite gone by in popular esteem nowadays, or is held only as a not recently examined survival.

THE ETHICAL ASPECTS OF MUSIC.

(Queen Victoria Lecture, delivered at Trinity College, London, by Professor Niecks, Mus. D., on Thursday, June 20, 1901.)

I.

SUBJECT AND OBJECT OF THE LECTURES.

The title of my lectures may puzzle you. There are no treatises, short or long, on the subject, and the allusions to it to be found in literature are, as a rule, slight and vague. Remembering, however, the existence of a well-known book entitled "Music and Morals," you may be tempted to doubt this statement. But the book thus entitled contains little about music, and nothing whatever about morals. In fact, there would not be much exaggeration in saying that the only really good thing about the book is its title, which hints at a subject deserving the attention, not only of musicians, but also of philosophers, educators and statesmen. The title of this book explains the title of my lectures, at least to some extent. To be quite plain. The problem with which I intend to grapple is this: Has music ethical qualities and powers—has it qualities and powers that can exercise an influence on the character, morals and manners of its cultivators?

I shall answer this question in the affirmative, but must ask you to note at once what my assertion does not imply. My assertion that music can exercise an influence on the character, morals and manners of its cultivators implies neither that all music can do that, nor that music actually does that to a large extent. An immense mass of music is, for various reasons, non-ethic; and music, as at present cultivated, can exercise but a tithe and even less of the influence of which it is capable.

My subject is one of extreme difficulty, both on account of its vastness and its complexity. It would require more than one stout volume to set it forth fully. In the short time at my disposal I can do little more than draw your attention to it, and point out the most important facts involved. As the

educative power of music depends largely on its expressive power, it will be necessary to pay, in my discussion, special attention to this much debated question. Let us note, however, that although the educative power of music depends largely on its expressive power, it does not depend solely on it. Music may educate by its æsthetic side as well as by its ethic side—by beauty of form and harmoniousness of proportion as well as by the matter expressed. Indeed, observation and thought will show us that the æsthetic is capable of exercising an ethic influence.

The following are the main questions with which we shall be concerned:

1. What are the views held in the past and present on the ethic powers of music?
2. In which way does the æsthetic side of music educate those who cultivate the art?
3. Is music expressive? And if it is expressive, which are the means that enable it to be so?
4. What practical conclusions have the teacher of music, the educator, the philosopher and the statesman to draw from these facts.

II.

ETHICAL VIEWS OF THE ANCIENTS.

The greatest attention was paid to the ethic powers of music and the most decided opinions expressed regarding them by the ancient Greeks. Already Pythagoras, of the sixth century, B. C., and his school were interested in the subject. Their philosophy was a number theory, a philosophy based on the principle of proportion and harmony. The universe, they said, is regulated by numbers; all things physical and psychical are—the motions of the stars, of music, of the soul itself. Owing to the corresponding regulated motion of music and in the soul, the one can influence the other; different melodies and rhythms producing different mental effects. The Pythagoreans claimed for music great ethical powers, among others that of changing a mental state of unrest and confusion into one of calm and serenity. They claimed for it also power of curing disease, especially mental disease.

In proceeding from Pythagoras to Plato, of the fifth and

fourth centuries, B. C., we leave tradition and come to the written *ipsissima verba* of the author. The importance which Plato attaches to music may be gauged by the prominent position occupied by it in his dialogues, "The Republic" and "The Laws," where he points out the part music can play and ought to play in the training of the citizen, and the obligation of the state to legislate on the subject. It has, however, to be noted that Plato uses the word music in the wider sense, including poetry.

In the proposition that "rhythms and music in general are imitations of good and evil characters," we have the root from which Plato's teaching springs. Now let me illustrate this teaching by a few characteristic quotations:

"Good language and harmony and grace and rhythm depend on the simplicity of a truly and nobly ordered soul."

"If our youth are to do their work in life, they must make these graces and harmonies their perpetual aim."

"All life is full of them, as well as every creative and constructive art. * * * And absence of grace and inharmonious movement and discord are nearly allied to ill words and ill nature, as grace and harmony are the sisters of goodness and virtue and bear their likeness."

"Musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and melody find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making the soul graceful of him who is ill educated; and also because he who has received this true education of the inner being will most shrewdly perceive omissions or faults in art and nature, and with a true taste, while he praises and rejoices over and receives into his soul the good and becomes noble and good, he will justly blame and hate the bad, now in the days of his youth even before he is able to know the reason why, and when reason comes he will recognize and salute her as a friend with whom his education has made him long familiar."

"The harmonious soul is both temperate and valiant, the inharmonious soul is cowardly and boorish."

Plato, in "The Republic," declares, through the mouth of Socrates, that all modes, except the Dorian and the Phrygian, should be banished—the Ionian and Lydian because they in-

duce softness, indolence and drunkenness, the mixolydian because it expresses sorrow, etc. On the other hand, the Dorian is the strain of necessity, of the unfortunate, of courage, the warlike mode, "which will sound the word or the note that a brave man utters in the hour of danger and stern resolve, or when his cause is failing and he is going to wounds or death or is overtaken by some other evil, and at every such crisis meets fortune with calmness and endurance," and the Phrygian is the strain of freedom, of the fortunate and of temperance, the mode "to be used by him in times of peace and freedom of action, when there is no pressure of necessity, and he is seeking to persuade God by prayer, or man by instruction and advice; or, on the other hand, which expresses his willingness to listen to persuasion or entreaty or advice, and which represents him when he has accomplished his aim, not carried away by success, but acting moderately and wisely, acquiescing in the event."

"Next in order to modes, rhythms will naturally follow, and they should be subject to the same rules, for we ought not to have complex or manifold systems of metre, but rather to discover what rhythms are the expressions of a courageous and harmonious life. * * * What rhythms are expressive of meanness, or insolence, or fury, or other unworthiness, and what rhythms are remaining for the expression of opposite feelings?"

Now listen to what Plato says about how music should be cultivated:

"When a man allows music to play and pour over his soul through the funnel of his ears those sweet and soft and melancholy airs of which we were just speaking, and his whole life is passed in warbling and the delights of song; in the first stage of the process the passion or spirit which is in him is tempered like iron and made useful, instead of brittle and useless. But, if he carries on the softening process, in the next stage he begins to melt and waste until he has wasted away his spirit and out and out the sinews of his soul, and he makes a feeble warrior."

One more quotation shall conclude my statement of Plato's view. "Damon says that when modes of music change, the fundamental laws of the state always change with them."

Aristotle, of the fourth century, B. C., shares in the main his master's views, but treats the question with more definiteness and particularity.

Here are some of his sayings:

"Rhythm and melody supply imitations of anger and gentleness, and also of courage and temperance and of virtues and vices in general, which hardly fall short of the actual affections, for in listening to such strains our souls undergo a change."

"Even in mere melodies there is an imitation of character, for the musical modes differ essentially from one another, and those who hear them are differently affected by each. Some of them make men sad and grave like the so-called mixolydian; others enfeeble the mind like the relaxed harmonies; others, again, produce a moderate and settled temper, which appears to be the peculiar effect of the Dorian; the Phrygian inspires enthusiasm. * * * The same principles apply to rhythms; some have a character of rest, others of motion, and of those latter, again, some have a more vulgar, others a nobler movement. Enough has been said to show that music has a power of forming the character, and should therefore be introduced into the education of the young."

"We accept the division of melodies proposed by certain philosophers into ethical melodies, melodies of action and passionate or inspiring melodies, each having, as they say, a mode corresponding to it. But we maintain further that music should be studied, not for the sake of one but of many benefits, that is to say with a view (1) to education, (2) to purification; music may also serve (3) for intellectual enjoyment, for relaxation and for recreation after exertion. It is clear that all the modes must be employed by us, but not all of them in the same manner. In education ethical melodies are to be preferred, but we may listen to the melodies of action and passion when they are performed by others. For feelings such as pity and fear, or again, enthusiasm, exist very strongly in some souls, and have more or less influence over all. Some persons fall into a religious frenzy, whom we see disenthralled by the use of mystic melodies, which bring healing and purification of the soul. * * * For the purpose of education * * * those modes and melodies should be employed which are ethical, such as the Dorian, although we may in-

clude many others which are approved by philosophers who have had a musical education. * * * All men agree that the Dorian music is the gravest and manliest. And, whereas we say that the extremes should be avoided and the mean followed, and whereas the Dorian is a mean between the Phrygian and Lydian, it is evident that our youth should be taught the Dorian."

My last quotation from Aristotle will be on the study of music.

"The right measure will be attained if students of music stop short of the arts which are practiced in professional contests, and do not seek to acquire those fantastic marvels of execution which are now the fashion in such contests, and from these have passed into education. Yet the young pursue their studies until they are able to feel delight in noble melodies and rhythms, and not merely in that common part of music in which every slave or child, and even animals, find pleasure * * * thus then we reject the professional mode of education in music."

Views like those of Pythagoras, Plato and Aristotle were not exceptional individual views, but views which up to the appearance of the Sophists, in the fifth century, B. C., seem to have been universally held and subsequently to have largely preponderated. Owing to the scarcity of documents that have come down to us, especially documents referring to the opposite views, it is, however, difficult to dogmatize. On the side of the Pythagoreans, Academics and Peripatetics, there were also the Stoics, whereas the Epicureans ranged themselves on the side of the Sophists. At least some of the most notable proclaimers of the ethical powers of music after Aristotle ought to be specially mentioned—two of his disciples, namely, Aristoxenus, the most important writer on Greek music, called by the ancients "the musician," and Theophrastus, who described the effect of music as a rhythmical moving of the soul; the Stoic Diogenes of Seleucia, of the second century, B. C., who looked upon music as a powerful moral instrument little inferior to philosophy in usefulness and thought, to quote from Dr. Hermann Abert's recently published book on "The Ethos in Greek Music," that "music impels our will to definite positive mani-

festations, yea, even acts directly on our body, and is thus enabled to express both good and bad characters;" the Eclectic Aristides Quintilianus, of the first and second centuries of the Christian era, who sums up as it were the teachings of the schools of Pythagoras, Plato and Aristotle, and expounds the correlation of the soul and music, the expressiveness of melodies and rhythms, the importance of music in the education of the young, its purifying power and its influence on the life of states and nations; Claudius Ptolemy, of the second century, an outstanding writer on music as well as a great astronomer, who explained the ethical effect of music by the connection between musical and psychical motion, and pointed out that the smaller the intervals employed the more effeminate the ethos, chromaticism, for instance, being more effeminate than diatonicism, and, in conclusion, Boethius, executed in 524, of whom Gibbon says that he was "the last Roman of any note who understood the language and studied the literature of Greece, the last of the Romans whom Cato and Tully would have acknowledged for their countryman," Boethius, who in the first chapter of the first book of his "De Musica," declares that music is connected not merely with speculation but also with morality, and in the further discussion of this declaration refers frequently to Plato.

III.

THE ANTI-ETHICAL VIEWS OF THE ANCIENTS, AND A CRITICISM OF THESE AND THE ETHICAL VIEWS.

As I have already said, these views did not remain unchallenged. This may have first been done in the fifth century B. C. by the Sophists. Unfortunately extremely little of early contemporary information exists, and for an account of some adequacy we must come down to the first century, B. C., to the Epicurean Philodemus of Gadara, in Syria, who wrote a book on music, of which, however, only fragments remain. The ancient antagonists in matters musical of the Pythagoreans, Academics, Peripatetics and the Stoics were the exact prototypes of our nineteenth century æsthetic formalists. In reading their objections and declarations we seem to be reading quotations from Hanslick's "On the Beautiful in Music." According to Philodemus, melodies and

rhythms unconnected with words are meaningless, are mere formal combinations destitute of a content. This being the case they cannot in any way affect the states of the soul, cannot in any way exercise an ethical influence either for good or evil. In fact, Philodemus goes so far as to maintain that music has as little to do with the soul life as cookery, that it is a mere luxury, serving no useful purpose, except that of affording relaxation and lightening toil, that, in short, it has no other object than amusement.

The mistake of those who think differently arises, we are told, from two causes—from attributing the meaning and effect of the words which generally accompany music to the music itself, and from our readiness to accept as authoritative what has been believed by our forefathers, and what is told us by our elders. The formalists declare that the teaching of the philosophers whom they oppose consists solely of assertions. If this accusation were true, it could be effectively met by the question: "What else but assertions do you proffer?" But is the accusation true? Not quite. Although there may be more assertion than proof, and the proof not scientifically set forth, it cannot in fairness be denied that there is observation as well as assertion in statements such as those about the correlation of the soul and music, the connection between musical and psychical motion, the effect of music as a rhythmical moving of the soul, and the different character, the different expression, of different melodies and rhythms. For the different expression of different melodies and rhythms, support may be found in the teaching of the rhetoricians and grammarians. Some of the rhetoricians laid great stress on the importance of melody and rhythm in speaking if persuasion was aimed at, and the grammarians never wholly lost sight of the ethos of rhythms in their treatment of verse. As many of the rhetoricians and grammarians were formalists, and many ignorant of or indifferent to music, their procedure is so much the more significant. Cicero and St. Augustine, too, are valuable witnesses, for they are not only great intellects but also are disinterested, that is, not preoccupied by the theory in support of which they, unintentionally as it were, bear testimony. Cicero, although in one place he calls music a puerile amusement, says in another place that

"every movement of the soul (animi) has a certain face, sound and gesture of its own." This remark, it is true, contains nothing about music as a moral instrument, but it points to how music can be expressive, and consequently also educative. St. Augustine's similar remark is even more interesting. After confessing that the holy words sung move him more deeply than the same words spoken, he writes: "All the states of my spirit have in accordance with their diversity their proper modes in voice and song, by which they are stirred through I do not know what secret familiarity," or, as we may also translate, "through I do not know what secret sympathy."

The opinions of the Greek philosophers as to the ethical powers of music are by many moderns regarded as mere fancies, and not infrequently are freely ridiculed. I am therefore prepared to have addressed to me the following two questions: (1) "Did Greek music really do all that Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle and others claimed for it?" (2) "Do you look upon their utterances as proofs of your assertion that our music can exercise an influence on the manners, morals and character of its cultivators?" My answer to both questions is "No." We know far too little of Greek music to form an opinion of its powers, far too little to test the opinions of the ancients. It is not impossible that the philosophers may have been mistaken on some points, or that they may have indulged in exaggerations. I do not say that it was so, but say only that it may have been so. On the other hand, it seems to me that the skeptics overlook and misunderstand various things. They ask: "How could such great effects be produced by so simple a music as that of the Greeks?" The answer to this is that in those early times simple musical combinations may have made deeper impressions on the hearer than the complicated modern combinations make on our jaded ears. Is not youth more impressionable than age? But although ancient Greek music was comparatively simple, it had more means of expression than are usually taken into account. They had a greater number of modes; they had three genera (diatonic, chromatic and enharmonic, not to mention other modifications of their scales); they had modulation, and they had a very highly developed system of

rhythm. Adverse critics laugh at the ascription of different qualities by different writers to one and the same mode. Most of these contradictions, however, arose not from the stupidity of the Greeks, but from the ignorance of the mediæval musicians, who misunderstood the Greek nomenclature, and confused the names of the modes. Some of the supposed contradictions are in reality reconcilable differences. In short, be our estimate of the prevailing Greek view ever so low, we cannot get rid of the fact that it represents the belief of the large majority of a pre-eminently intellectual and artistic race. Such a belief ought not to be ignored; on the contrary, it ought to be carefully noted and pondered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOHANN AND EDOUARD STRAUSS AND THE WALTZ.

BY JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

The very word waltz suggests the name of Strauss, and seems to be synonymous with it. In treating this topic it is better rather to discuss the nature and character of the art form as such, and define the traits of the man, or rather men of the Strauss group than to attempt any specialized, or poetized analysis. When we utter the monosyllable Strauss, we generally mean Johann Strauss, Jr., but this is hardly fair. The fact of the matter is that there were four men of transcendent and unique genius of this name, and two of them were named Johann. Thus the founder of the name and fame of Strauss in music was Johann Strauss, who was born in 1804, and his three sons, Johann, born 1825, Joseph and Edouard were his equals. At least the two first named sons were, and some consider Joseph superior to all the others. Each of these gifted men created waltzes, and polkas, and gallops and other lively forms of music by the hundreds. One of the most wonderful festival occasions in the whole history of music was the jubilee of Johann Strauss, Jr., in commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of his debut as a public musician. On that occasion Johannes Brahms, one of the unquestioned mighty ones of music, paid Strauss, who certainly stood at the antipodes of the world of composers, a compliment of unsurpassed grace and brilliancy. Brahms had a phrase from the celebrated "Beautiful Blue Danube" engraved upon a costly fan with these words underneath:

"Unfortunately not from Johannes Brahms."

This fan he sent to Mme. Strauss.

This incident is profoundly significant, because it proves how truly all good music blood is the same, rich red tide, no matter how widely the forms of expression may differ.

Two men more absolutely opposed in the nature of their work could not be imagined than the frisking, gamboling, skipping Puck of the orchestra, Johann Strauss, and that solid, se-

date abstract Johannes Brahms with his monumental pyramids of elaborated variations.

The waltz is usually understood to be the dance which is typical of Germany, as the Polka and Polonaise are of Poland, the Tarantella of Italy, the Fandango and Bolero of Spain, the Quadrille and Gavotte of France and so forth.

It is beyond any cavil the most popular dance of the nineteenth century and has performed to all the other varied and charming dances of Europe the miraculous incorporation which the rod of Moses, when changed into a serpent, did for those of the rival magicians. There is something in this graceful, billowy dance which captivates all the world. It first was heard about 1780 and at once the great composers of Vienna, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert caught it up and used it as a vehicle for their inspirations.

At first it was but a simple pair of short and lucid sentences of eight measures each, in a most primitive structure, but Hummel hit upon the idea of conjoining a series of such waltzes, and Schubert gave to it many of his most ravishing thoughts. Indeed, for artistic purposes Franz Schubert may be regarded as the inventor of the waltz. Schubert did one thing for his form which has become an essential of it, that was entirely new when he first created it, viz., the prefixing a short recitative phrase in the bass, as of the voice of a man. This idea was seized upon by Weber, in his Invitation to the Dance, which was the first waltz as an art form, and it still remains unsurpassed for elevated poetic beauty, perfection of logical form, and utter charm, though, of course it has been far surpassed as to technical intricacy.

Later composers such as Chopin, Rubinstein, Moszkowski, Tchaikovsky, Wieniawski, and many others have done beautiful things, especially on the brilliant and virtuoso side of the art, but Brahms in his Liebeswaltzer has created after the similitude of Schubert, yet in a really new way something exceedingly beautiful and noble in form.

Thus it is evident that the waltz is held in high esteem by the greatest. As for the form, we will find it in absolute perfection in that one of the younger Johann Strauss, which has become the waltz classic of all the civilized world, viz., the Beautiful Blue Danube. As analyzed from this matchless

creation of musical imagination, the waltz form is as follows: First, a portico to the temple, *i. e.*, an introduction in slow time and of a broad, stately character, not in strict form, but free, rising in expressiveness and animation, and foreshadowing waltzes, usually containing two symmetrical strains, or sentences, each of sixteen measures. Third, there will be found between these separate and distinct waltzes, bridges, or passages of free form, whereby there is a modulation or transition accomplished from one waltz to another. These often span a wide gap as to tonality. Thus in the one under consideration, the "Beautiful Blue Danube," once there is step by means of this bridge work from G major to the remote key of F major. Fourth, there is a conclusion, or peroration, as the logician and orator would term it, but a coda as it is termed in music, wherein there are bits of repetition, and recapitulation casting back the memory, and refreshing us with that joy of recalling past pleasure, which is one of the cardinal functions of music as an art. Thus it will be seen that the waltz in the hands of the Strausses, and especially of the junior Johann, has grown into an art form which is as worthy of intelligent study as the sonata or the fugue.

The history of the waltz has been like that of other dances, beset with outcry and reprobation. Sometimes there has even been legislation against it, or more strictly speaking, against the loose manners and uncontrolled actions which were perpetrated in its name. When it first invaded England in 1812 as a fad of the rich and idle classes, it drew down a perfect avalanche of denunciation, and even that model moralist the poet Byron wrote a satire against it. However, it seems to be pretty certain that man is a dancing animal as well as a tool-using animal, or a cooking animal, as he has been variously defined, and the best thing to do with an art form is to use, without abusing it.

The elder Johann Strauss was the first to institute the habit of labeling waltzes, and other pieces of music, with fanciful poetical titles. Some of the titles to his creations and those of his sons do not in the least afford a key to their inner meaning if they have any. Whenever beneath a vast assemblage of tones we find a distinct and intelligent purpose, the action of a comparing and measuring mind, there is what may be fairly

termed "high-art." So then, despite the simplicity of the materials employed, despite the fact that we are concerned for the most part with mere basses and chord-answers, in threes, with an occasional deviation to kill monotony into three twos in place of two threes, the grand set of waltzes of the Strauss type is an art-work. Some of the more famous among the hundreds are the Beautiful Blue Danube, the Artist's Life, the Whispers from the Vienna Woods, the Vienna Bonbon, the Village Swallows, The Kiss Waltz, which forms the leading and pervading motive of one of his comic operas, and the waltz-song called Spring-Time. Johann Strauss, Jr., produced a number of gay and charming light operas which are little else than waltzes arranged for orchestra and voices, with some gay intrigue, and a deal of entertaining spectacular art. We may at times find tiny bits of characteristic music, as for instance the twitter-like figure in the Village Swallows, the rustlings of the Vienna Woods, and so perhaps a hint of the gentle, majestic sweep of the Danube in the F major waltz in the Danube set.

It may as well, however, be understood at once that in all this charming output of voluptuous, lively, intoxicating, magnetic and altogether musical music there is a minimum of what is now so common, viz., characteristic tone-painting. The purpose of this music is to utter in dulcet, and enticing tones, all the animated and thoroughly human feelings which associate themselves with the ball room and its festivities. This has been done so exquisitely, and so completely, and so abundantly, that it is about as difficult to compose a waltz after the Strausses as a sonata after Beethoven, or a fugue after Bach. Out of the tiny rootlet of the old-time skipping amusements of the common and uneducated people, this rich literature of bewitching dance-music has flourished up, with an augmentation, and an increment of meaning and design quite as wonderful as the development of the school of counterpoint when married to the lyric folksong, and no wide-minded musician need be ashamed to say that he relishes, for a time at least, the sound of a fine waltz. True, this naive and unelaborated form of art cannot hold for a long time the attention of a musical scholar, but it has its function, in the ameliorating and beautifying of human life, and is worthy of studious attention. The earliest waltz on record is the captivating but ludicrously familiar

German waltz, "Ach Du Lieber Augustin." This was first known as far back as the year 1670, and was addressed or dedicated to a strolling musician of the time who was exceedingly popular. So small and so modest are often the tap-roots of art-forms, and so insignificant the beginnings of great things in music. Though a concert-waltz, as composed by Rubinstein, Moszkowski or other moderns may sound imposing and effective when delivered by two hands, these Strauss compositions will make a far better impression, if given with four hands. They are conceived, not in the virtuoso part, but in the orchestral spirit, and pre-suppose the varied and emotional voices of the modern orchestra at all times. There is no attempt to exploit the skill of the performer, and they are never quite released from the shackles of music to be danced to, or emancipated from the trammels of moderate tempi. In this particular they are entirely of another genre from the immortal waltz of Chopin, who did not create waltzes, but fantasies in the guise of waltzes. Among the names which cannot grow dim in the firmament of the stars of music the quadruple stars of the Strauss family will burn forever.

(From Vol. II. of "The Great in Music.")

A ROMANCE IN TWO FLATS.

BY LEIGH GORDON GILTNER.

"Oh, hang it all! I can't stand this, you know," cried Halsted, throwing down his pen in despair. "If he'd only strike something remotely resembling a tune I shouldn't mind so much, but he's played that run sixteen times by actual count, and each time worse than before."

As if in confirmation of his words, there floated up from the room below the blatant tones of a cornet in the hands of a performer who was evidently not an expert. Halsted sighed despairingly.

"If the landlord had mentioned this thing to me he'd never have got me for a tenant," he went on in an aggrieved tone, as he strove to collect his scattered thoughts. "But seeing he has got me—literally—for the rent's paid a month in advance—I suppose I must make the best of it," and with a sigh of resignation the promising young poet took up his pen, knit his brows, and by a supreme effort of the will began again upon the "Ode to Silence," he was doing for the "Arcadian Magazine."

"Across a wide abyss of Stygian gloom," he wrote.

"Tu-tu-tu-tu-tu-u," breathed the cornet.

"Of rayless night—"

"Tu-tu-tu-tu-tu," came from below.

"Oh, I say!" groaned the afflicted poet.

"Across a wide abyss of Stygian gloom,

Of rayless night, unblest by sun or star."

"Tu-tu-tu-tu-u-u-u" breathed his unseen tormentor.

Halsted made a remark that was more forceful than elegant.

"Tu-tu-u," blared the cornet.

"Now look here!" said Halsted, putting down his note book, "Endurance has its limits. I can't write with this thing going on. I'll go down stairs and throw myself on that fellow's mercy—offer to set up the wine, cigars—whatever he likes, in fact—if he'll only let up till I get this thing done for the "Arcadian."

In fancy he had been picturing his tormentor as a stout, stolid, bald-headed Teuton, of the type one sees in itinerant

bands; and it occurred to Halsted that he might prove susceptible to the soothing influences mentioned, supplemented by a polite and conciliatory demeanor on his part.

"Tu-tu-tu—u—," came in a prolonged blast as Halsted opened his door and began to descend the stairs.

"Jove, what lungs the fellow has," thought Halsted, and associated with his appreciation of the musician's length of "wind" and staying qualities, there flashed across his mind an uncomfortable thought of what might happen should his persecutor *not* prove amenable to beer and blandishments. However, he "screwed his courage to the sticking place," and summoning a smile intended to be winning and propitiatory, knocked at the door of the apartment below his own.

There was an instant's delay and then the door was opened by a bewildering vision in blue, whom Halsted (who had an eye for the beautiful and who occasionally lapsed into colloquialism) mentally pronounced "a peach." Such a fair, blue eye, Dresden-china-shepherdess sort of little creature that Halsted's smile involuntarily broadened and his mien became engaging to a degree.

"I beg your pardon," he began in his best manner. "Is the gentleman of the house in? I should like to speak to him, please."

"Yes—no," replied the Dresden Shepherdness, blushing prettily. "Can I—is there anything I can do for you?"

Halsted, lost in contemplation of the pretty face before him, had well-nigh forgotten the existence of the cornist and his instrument of torture. He had a weakness for pretty faces. With an effort he pulled himself together.

"Oh, not at all, not at all," he rejoined with asinine blandness. "Er—that is—I'll call again."

With another bewitching blush and a still more bewitching smile the vision disappeared, and Halsted found himself facing the closed door and the cold fact that he had lost his opportunity of interviewing the objectionable musician.

"Surely," he mused as he ascended the stair, "the villian cannot have eluded me. He couldn't have come out without my seeing him. I wonder if she told me a fib? His daughter, I suppose. Well, she's deuced pretty anyhow."

However this might have been, peace reigned in the house

for the next half hour, and Halsted added eight lines to his ode before he went out to lunch. On his way down town, he met Van Allen, who took him for a turn in the park and afterward to dinner at the club, so the evening *was* well advanced when Halsted returned to the abode that sheltered the charmer to whom his thoughts had been reverting all afternoon.

That everlasting ode must be finished before Saturday, so Halsted donned his smoking jacket, lit a cigar and sat down to work.

"Reads pretty well I think," he remarked complacently, as he took up the thread of his rhyme.

"And yet, methinks, from out the silent vast—"

Even as he wrote there came from the room below a series of musical pyrotechnics and skyrockets that fairly electrified Halsted and made him spring to his feet with a remark that would have given the cornist pain had he chanced to hear it. That ambitious performer, not content with his previous atrocities was trying an effect in "triple-tongueing," with disastrous result.

"Tu-tu-ku-tu-tu-ku," came in thunderous tones from the cornet.

"Good Lord," groaned the tortured poet, "*what* is he doing now?"

"Tu-tu-ku-tu-tu-ku" reiterated the unconscious cornist.

"What'll he do next I wonder?" groaned the unhappy Halsted.

"Tu-tu-ku-ku-u" blared the cornet cheerfully.

"And yet, methinks, —" and then as a particularly agonizing "split" rent his ears, "Oh, good Heavens, I can't think—I can't write—I can't do anything in the face of that confounded racket. By Jove I'd like to wring his neck."

"Tu-tu-ku-tu-tu-ku-u-u-u——" shrieked the cornet.

Oh, Fire, Earth, Air, Appollo and Hades!" cried Halsted, flinging his book across the room, "I'm going down stairs to expostulate with that fiend—I don't care if he's her father, uncle, brother, double-first cousin, or what not."

He slipped into his coat, gave his hair a hasty brush, straightened his tie, and swelling with righteous indignation, marched down stairs.

The cornist by this time had ceased his inharmonious

attempts at tonguing and was embarking on Tosti's "Would I Might Die"—a sentiment which would have been heartily echoed by his auditor had he been able to recognize the air.

In response to Halsted's knock the door was opened by the same vision of beauty who had been haunting his thoughts all day.

She smiled pleasantly, and, as she held the door open, said: "Won't you come in?"

Halsted needed no second bidding. He took the chair she offered and was again on the point of forgetting his errand, when, as his glance traveled round the pretty sitting room, it fell upon the cause of all his woe—a rather dilapidated brass cornet, which lay, much in evidence, on the piano. The sight brought back something of his righteous wrath, and he asked with creditable severity:

"Madame, is your father in?"

Instantly the blue eyes filled with tears.

"My father died two years ago," she said.

Halsted felt distinctly uncomfortable.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he blundered. "I—er, I mean your brother. Can I see him?"

She was smiling again, though her lashes were wet.

"I never had a brother," she said.

"Indeed," said Halsted much embarrassed. "I thought you must have—the cornist, you know. I have the partments just above—my name is Halsted. I have heard this—er—music, and I came down to discuss it with him."

The pretty face lighted up.

"Oh, then you are fond of music," she cried joyously. "I am so glad, for I feared my practice would disturb you—I'm the cornist, you know."

For a minute Halsted sat looking at her in a state of utter bewilderment. He could hardly believe the evidence of his ears. Was it possible that this pretty creature and the odious cornist, whose head he had often longed to "punch," were one?

"I am studying with Surmann," his pretty interlocutress went on, "and I'm so interested. But (plaintively) I fear I must annoy you dreadfully sometimes?"

"Oh, not in the least," asserted the mendacious Halsted,

longing to kick himself the while. "I quite enjoy it, I assure you."

She beamed upon him.

"How kind of you to say so. Now I'll feel free to practice whenever I like." (Poor Halsted groaned inwardly.) "Do you know, Mr. Halsted, Mamma heard your name from our landlord the other day, and when she learned you were from Kentucky, she was at once sure you were one of the Halsteds she knew—the Bertram Halsteds of Lexington."

Halsted produced his card—a formality which had apparently occurred to neither of them previously.

"*Mr. Bertram Hollingsworth Halsted*" it read.

"I am Colonel Bertram Halsted's eldest son," he said smiling. "And I never before had such reason to felicitate myself upon the fact."

She smiled in response.

"Don't you think, Mr. Halsted," she said, "that there is a sort of freemasonry existing between Kentuckians the world over?" And Halsted was only too happy to admit the existence of any bond that brought him nearer to his charmer.

"You are musical, I believe. Do you play at all?" Miss Langley presently asked.

"The piano—a little," Halsted reluctantly admitted.

"Then perhaps, sometime, you wouldn't mind accompanying me? An accompaniment adds so much I think." ("The punishment fits the crime," Halsted told himself), murmuring aloud the while,

"Delighted, I'm sure."

"How charming!" said Miss Langley, rapturously. "I do so love the cornet—though it does hurt my lips dreadfully sometimes." She held up for inspection the dearest little rosebud of a mouth, so innocently, yet so alluringly withal, that Halsted involuntarily bent toward the pretty lifted face—but happily recalled himself in time.

Presently there entered Mrs. Langley (a withered, little woman who had once been beautiful, but who now resembled a wax doll which had had its face washed—to the detriment of its complexion). She was charmed to meet any Kentuckian—particularly the son of an old friend and quondam admirer. She had countless questions to ask of old acquaint-

ances in Kentucky, from which she had long been absent; and Halsted sat by unblushingly while Miss Langley told his mother of his interest in music and his enjoyment of the cornet.

He spent a most delightful evening and when he at length took his leave, he had committed himself to a promise to take tea with the Langleys the following afternoon, and later to accompany Doris' cornet. (Her name was Doris—so delightfully simple and pastoral and sweet, Halsted thought.)

"Bert Halsted, you're an imbecile, a moral coward—and several other things," he told himself as he went upstairs. "Nice sort of mess you've gotten yourseif into—but—oh, well, hang it! she's so deuced pretty, you know," and Halsted straightway went to bed and dreamed of Doris all night.

Halsted called on the Langleys the next day and many days thereafter. At first there was, he thought, a superabundance of music, but as time went on there grew to be less cornet and more conversation, and Mrs. Langley in her character of chaperon developed a habit of falling asleep over her embroidery that endeared her beyond measure to Halsted.

Thus it was that before Spring came, Halsted so far forgot his prejudices as to ask Doris to become his wife; and strange as it may seem (though it will perhaps not surprise those of us who know how plastic poor misguided man becomes in the hands of a pretty woman), Halsted's gift to his bride was a shining silver-mounted cornet which cost him the price of six sonnets, a rondeau, and the "Ode to Silence."

NOTES ON AMERICAN MUSIC OF THE XVIII CENTURY.

BY KARLETON HACKETT.

The social life and amusements of our ancestors of Revolutionary times are matters of perennial interest to us their descendants. While almost all that they did and said has been thoroughly threshed out by our historians, there yet remains one corner of their lives that has received but scant courtesy—their regard for music. The Psalmody of New England has been the subject of much research and little can be added to what is already known, but our forefathers even in Boston had more musical longings than could be satisfied by Psalmody alone. Scattered all through contemporary publications is unmistakable evidence that music played an important part in social gatherings and in education. So many questions of the gravest import were then being fought out that the gentle voice of music could scarcely be heard through the din, but that voice could never be entirely stilled and has left traces that are of value to the student of manners.

The histories of the time are silent on the subject of music, and it is undoubtedly true that many serious minded men looked with more than doubtful eyes at anything that savored of the secular. From this fact, together with the crude psalmody that has come down to us, it has been the custom to deride their taste and even to deny them any desire for music. Yet musical aspirations they had, and while these found vent in much that could only cause a smile today, still the beginnings of art growth on so forbidding a soil as that of New England must have been but feeble, and are, therefore, the more interesting.

Contemporary notice is the only kind that can have any authority, and nothing could be more to the point than an article in the *Massachusetts Magazine* of June, 1796, which is expressed with much force, if little elegance.

"Reflections on the Absurdity, Folly and Inconsistency of

certain fashionable Customs and Ceremonies practiced in public and private Companies.

There is another custom which of all others tires the senses and stupefies the fancy. This is the absurd parade of asking some pouting miss to sing, who will bear teasing for a full hour before she complies; and then in a most wretched squall she disturbs your ears for an hour:—for when once set off she rattles away like clack of a mill, while all the company are under the necessity of praising this screaming demon for the very torture she has given them.

Others again are plaguing some ass of a fellow for a song; who begins braying in a most dissonant tone without one requisite to please, and if you don't keep renewing your sollicitations for his noise he thinks himself used very ill.

There are a set of fellows in the town who have a few songs cut and dried and are uneasy until they have shot them off upon the company.

Whenever a lady or gentleman has a fine voice it is sensible to ask them to sing, and it is good natured when they comply; but when the resolution is made of a company singing alternately, it is enough to confound one's senses, and make a philosopher vow that he will never go into the society of men more.

Besides I have ever made it an invariable observation that these singing companies in general consist of impenetrable blockheads, who have not fancy, nor education, nor sense to furnish out an evening's entertainment with sensible conversation. Whenever such singing is introduced it is sure to destroy all conversation; so you are under the necessity of proceeding from ballad to ballad until your coach relieves you.

‘What ear, ye Siren, can endure the pest
Of a man roaring like a storm at West?
Or who can bear, that hath an ear at all
To hear some hoyden Miss for evening's squall?
Give me, ye Gods, my cabin free from care,
And *jugging* nightingales in darkling air.’”

However uncomplimentary this may be to the music and the taste of the day, it is evidently the wail of one who had been treated to an abundance of it. There are, too, some words of

wisdom to be found in another article in the same magazine, entitled:

“ On the Female Accomplishments most Agreeable to a Husband!!! ”

“ In fact nothing but a well informed mind and stability of principles can insure lasting happiness in this state. In this particular the men are not such fools as the women think them. It is true they like to hear us sing—they like to hear us play to amuse an idle hour ; but alas, the ornamental parts of our education, like the beauties of our persons, very greatly lessen in their esteem after a short time, and nothing maintains its ground but sterling good sense and real virtue.”

But it was not only in the social gatherings that the power of music made itself felt. In the theatre it rose to the importance of a political “ issue,” and more than one riot was precipitated by the refusal of the theatre orchestra to play some piece demanded by the audience. 1794 was a year of intense national excitement when the lines were being sharply drawn between the two parties of Federalists and Republicans, the former sympathizing with England, the latter looking with grateful regard and strong hope towards France, then in the throes of its revolution. The almost triumphal tour of Citizen Genet had inflamed the public mind to a pitch of fury, and no considerable gathering was able or desirous to suppress its emotions. The New Theatre had just been opened in Boston and the management tried most earnestly to steer a course free from political snags and win the patronage of all parties. But it could not be, party feeling ran too high, and it broke loose over the playing of certain tunes which the parties considered as badges of fidelity, and which each insisted on hearing and cheering on every occasion. There is a circumstantial account of one vigorous expression of party feeling in Boston, which is best told by extracts from the daily press.

The *Chronicle* of January 13, 1794, sounded the first note in its review of the previous evening's performance.

* * * “ Nor was the music less pleasing if we may judge from the reiterated burst of applause which alternately followed the playing of *Ca ira*, *Yankee Doodle* and *Washington's March*.”

"This circumstance, we conceive, shows the impropriety of a bill of music being directed and published, and we are happy to find it is done away with and the music left to the direction of the audience for whose amusement they are employed. The omission of a favorite tune in the first play bill, contrary to the original wish of the Trustees, has caused much uneasiness to many, and we fear inconceivable mortification to some."

The Trustees had but a choice of evils, and they had only too good cause to dread the effect of a custom which permitted the audience to call for tunes which had assumed a party color, which awoke such bitter feelings, and turned the theatre into a political arena. So they determined again to print a list of the music to be played and trust to the good nature of the audience to sink party differences and attend to the play. Therefore, on January 30th, they published the following:

"Regulations for the Boston Theatre.

The music will be assigned for each evening; it is therefore requested that no particular tunes be called for by the audience, as the compliance with such a request would destroy the arrangements, and of course cannot be attended to."

This, however, did not suit at all. The *crux* of the matter lay in the demand for the French tune, *Ca ira*, which, to perhaps the great majority of our countrymen of that day, stood for love of liberty and admiration for the noble struggle France was then making against the combined powers of Europe. Whoever did not shout for *Ca ira* was a hater of liberty, at heart a sympathizer with aristocratic, overbearing, tyrannical England, and a traitor to his country."

The same paper a few days later gave expression to the general sentiments.

"CA IRA

or the new Yankee Doodle.

Some people object to the playing of this republican tune because it is *imported*. Pray let us ask—are not the **players** and the pieces to be performed also imported? and shall we object to this tune merely because it is of foreign growth? **Certainly, no.** Scarcely a tune that is played is manufactured in America. We must, therefore, have some imported tune, and no one will so well please a republican ear as the French Yankee Doodle—*Ca ira*."

In its Philadelphia correspondence there is a note on the opening of the Theatre there in the same strain :

“ The music, it is added, was excellent, and the favorite air, *Ca ira*, was the first air that was played. They further mention that by attending to the call for and by a voluntary repetition of it during the evening the orchestra showed they did not forget their audience was American.”

The Trustees desiring only peace and the well being of the theatre sought to pour oil on the troubled waters by another announcement in the paper.

“ As we shall ever give what we conceive to be the most harmonic to the soul and congenial to the general sentiments of our brethren of the land we live in, the following distribution of music will precede the drawing up of the curtain :

Yankee Doodle.
 Grand Battle Overture in Henry IV.
 Gen'l Washington's March.
 Grand Symphony by Sig. Charles Stametz.
 Grand Overture by Sig. Vamhall.
 Grand Symphony by Sig. Haydn.”

Surely a generous selection, almost sufficient to suit the most fastidious taste. But the more enthusiastic of the audience demanded the right to select its music according to its desires at the moment, more especially demanded its darling *Ca ira*; the orchestra insisted on keeping to the printed program—and then came the rub. We may judge of the results by two announcements in the *Chronicle* of February 22, one of which is truly pathetic :

“ THE MUSICIANS.”

“ The musicians that perform in the orchestra of the Boston theatre assure the public that it is not more their duty than it is their wish to oblige in playing such tunes as are called for, but at the same time they wish them to consider the peculiar poignancy of insult to men not accustomed to it. Thus situated they entreat a generous people to so far compassionate their feelings as to prevent the thoughtless or ill disposed from throwing apples, stones, etc., into the orchestra, that while they eat the bread of industry in a free country it may not be tinctured with the poison of humiliation.”

“ *Fifty Dollars Reward.*”

"Whereas some evil minded person from the gallery of the theatre threw into the orchestra at the last exhibition a piece of glass, and by that means destroyed one of the Kettle Drums belonging to the Proprietors; and as such practices, if continued, will endanger the safety of the audience in the Pit and the performers in the orchestra,

Therefore, if any person will give information to the Trustees of the person guilty of the above high handed trespass, or of any other of a like nature which may happen in the future, so as that the criminal may be brought to condign punishment, they shall receive a reward of *Fifty Dollars* to be paid you upon the conviction of each offense of which they may be the informers.

Samuel Brown,
Joseph Russell,
Perez Morton,
Henry Jackson,
Charles Bulfinch,

Trustees."

The demand for music is also evinced by the advertisements in the public press. From the same *Chronicle* are culled the following:

"THE FARMER."

"This day at 12 o'clock will be ready for sale at the book-stores of Wm. P. Blake, Cornhill, and Wm. T. Clapp, Newbery St.

THE FARMER.

A comic opera as performed with much applause at the new *Theatre, Boston.*

"MUSIC INSTRUMENTS

"For sale at Collender's Music Shop, a handsome assortment of well finished, good toned, high and low priced German flutes and fifes, made of wood not liable to check, by the dozen or single, large and small drums; C. and B. Clarinets; Horse-man's Trumpets; Bassoons; a few excellent toned, well finished bass viols, violins, reeds, flagelets; Music Books, etc."

MUSIC.

"A collection of the most approved songs which are in vogue at the present time all over the continent and in Europe, with an assortment of other music for the Harpsichord, Piano-forte, Guitar, Clarinet, German Flute and Violin.

Bland's collection of Sonatas, Lessons for the young, Collection of the most approved songs, Duetts, Catches and Glee.

"The bleak wind whistles o'er the main; Reconciliation; Hark, Hark, the Lark; Tom Bowlin.

Moller's collection of songs; Selection of Scotch Airs; Reinagle's Catalogue of all sorts of music, may be seen at the above shop."

"Mr. Mallet intends opening a Music School on the first of October. Those ladies and gentlemen who will confide that part of the education of their children to his care may depend on his grateful assiduity in their tuition. Having been educated to the profession of music, and in the habit of teaching it many years, he flatters himself of obtaining by the progress of his pupils their patronage and approbation. The intended regulations and terms may be known by application to his home, 23 Union St., from two until four in the afternoon every day."

When President Washington in 1789 visited Boston music played an important part in his reception and entertainment. The most noteworthy function in his honor was the concert at King's Chapel, which was made as brilliant an occasion as the resources of the town could afford. The performance had to be once postponed because of a peculiarly virulent cold which became epidemic, attacking both performers and audience, and which was nicknamed the Washington Influenza. However, when the appointed day arrived all the notables attended, the ladies wearing sashes with the Bald Eagle of the Republic and G. W. embroidered on them. The program is especially interesting since it announced the first oratorio performed in America. The subject was "Jonah," which may account for the unfortunate fact that it has entirely disappeared, much to the regret of musical antiquaries.

"The Oratorio, or Concert of Sacred Music, which was to have been performed Wednesday, will be performed to-morrow the 27th inst. at the Stone Chapel in Boston, in the presence of the President of the United States.

First Part.

1. A Congratulatory Ode to the President.
2. The favorite air in the Messiah—
'Comfort Ye My People' by Mr. Rea.

3. Organ Concerto by Mr. Selby.
4. The favorite air in the Oratorio of Samson—
‘Let the Bright Seraphim’ by Mr. Rea.
5. Anthem from 100th Psalm Composed by Mr. Selby.

Second Part.

The Oratorio of Jonah Complete.

The solos by Messrs. Rea, Fay, Brewer and Dr. Rogerson
The choruses by the Independent Musical Society. The in-
strumental parts by a corps of gentlemen, with the band of His
Most Christian Majesty’s Fleet. The music to begin precisely
at 10 A. M.

No person will be admitted without a ticket. No more tickets
will be sold than will admit of the auditory being conveniently
accommodated. The doors will be open at nine o’clock.

“On Thursday will be given, by Mr. and Mrs. Pick, a *Con-
cert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, at Concert Hall*, con-
sisting of the following pieces:

First Part.

- Grand Symphony by Pepichell.
Song by Mrs. Pick.
Flute Quartette by an Amateur Society.
Song by Mr. Pick.
Overture of the Deserter.
Song by Mrs. Pick.
Chace of Stanitz—horn part by Mr. Pick.

Second Part.

- Overture of Blase Balst.
Italian Duette by Pick and Mallet.
Violin Concerto by Mr. Bonley.
Song by Mr. Pick.
Overture.
Duette by Mr. and Mrs. Pick.
Several airs on the Harmonica by Mr. Pick.
The Battle of Ivri.

Tickets One Dollar each.”

No consideration of the early music of our country can be
in any way complete without some notice of that remarkable
man—William Billings of Boston. He was the first to make
himself a power by the influence of music, and whatever may

be thought of his works his enthusiasm kindled a flame in his countrymen, to which we owe a debt of gratitude. The quips and cranks of his mind were manifold, and none is more amusing than his address to the Goddess of Discord, which may best speak for itself.

TO THE GODDESS OF DISCORD.

Dread Sovereign:—

I have been sagacious enough of late to discover that some evil-minded persons have insinuated to your Highness that I am utterly unmindful of your ladyship's importance, and that all my time, as well as my talents, was wholly taken up in paying my divoto to your most implacable enemy and strenuous opposer, viz.: the *Goddess of Concord*, which representation is false as it is ill natured; for your ladyship may believe me without hesitation when I assure you on the word of an honest man, that knowing your ladyship to be of a very captious disposition, I have always been very careful of trespassing on your grounds for fear of incurring your displeasure, so far as to excite you to take vengeance.

Know then, dread Sovereign, that I have composed the following piece out of such materials as your kingdom is made up of, and, without vanity, I believe you will grant that it is the best piece that ever was composed: this I cheerfully offer at your shrine; and I must take the liberty to tell your majesty that I expect this one piece will fully compensate for my former delinquency and remissness to your word; and that you will not be so unreasonable as to insist upon another oblation from me, neither through time nor eternity: and let me tell you that in this offering I followed the example of our native Indians, who sacrifice to the angry God much oftener than to the good-natured one; not from any principle of love, but of fear; for, although you never could excite my love, you have frequently caused me to fear and tremble: and I solemnly declare that I fear your extempore speeches more than I do the threats and menaces of all the crowned heads of Europe: and now, Madame, after this candid and honest confession, I must insist on your signing the following receipt, which, for your honor and my security, I shall carry always about me:

A RECEIPT.

Received of the Author a piece of Jargon, it being the best

piece ever composed, in full of all accounts, from the beginning of time, to and through the endless ages of eternity, I say received by me.

Goddess of Discord.

Given from our inharmonious Cavern in the land of Chaos from the year of our existence (which began at Adam's fall) Five Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty-two.

Attest:

Demon Dread, Speaker.

Hamon Horror, Secretary.

And now, Madame Crossgrain, after informing you that this receipt shall be my discharge, I shall be so condescending as to acquaint your ladyship that I take great pleasure in subscribing myself, your most inveterate, most implacable, and most irreconcilable enemy—

The Author.

In order to do this piece ample justice the concert must be made up of vocal and instrumental music. Let it be performed in the following manner, viz.: Let an ass bray the Bass, let the filing of a saw carry the Tenor, let a hog who is extremely hungry squeal the Counter, and let a cart wheel, which is heavily loaded and that has been long without grease, squeal the Treble; and if the concert should appear too feeble, you may add the croaking of a crow, the howling of a dog, the squalling of a cat, and what would grace the concert yet more would be the rubbing of a wet finger upon a window glass; the last mentioned instrument no sooner salutes the drum of the ear, but it instantly conveys the sensation to the teeth: and if all these in conjunction should not reach the cause, you may add this most inharmonious of all sounds —

"pay me that thou owest."

The following piece of Jargon certainly can speak for itself. It seemed best to rearrange the music from the old clefs and put it into such shape that an idea of the composer's intention may be gained from playing it over on the piano. As for the full interpretation according to his precise and lucid instructions that must be left to individual initiative.

EDITORIAL BRIG-A-BRAC

The violinist Kubelik is one of those "appearances," as the Germans call them, who now and then startle the world of art. A young Bohemian, little if any past twenty-one, slight of stature, not imposing of presence, as free as possible from appearance of posing or of trying to startle, he has nevertheless managed to attract audiences almost everywhere he has played, limited only by the size of the houses. In Chicago he played twice in the week of January 16 to the auditorium entirely full, and a better appearing audience artist never had. Something of this may have been due to good management, the press having lent its services to this young artist's success with that hearty good will with which it welcomes and promotes every deserving candidate; but the advance agent does not account for audiences like these.

Nothing like it has been seen since the first two Paderewski seasons. Yet Kubelik, although evidently a personality, is without the seeming hypnotic power of the romantic Pole. However we may try to account for this unanimity of attention to the new artist there is no difficulty in accounting for the pleasure he affords. It is pure, legitimate and musical. While not apparently addicted to the Bach pieces for violin solo, and making the tremendously difficult masterpieces of Paganini's violin pyrotechnics his chief medium of astonishing the public, there is a curious lack in his appearance of any intention of awakening astonishment, even when he is doing tremendously difficult passages. This trick of doing things of stupendous difficulty as if they were everyday affairs (as they certainly have been with him, and many and long days) is quite unlike the way of the ordinary virtuoso, who not only astonishes you but plainly shows by his every motion that he has meant to astonish you and would have been grieved if he had not. Fancy a rather slender young man, shorter than medium in height, looking in fact like an almost feminine personality, an

illusion which his long hair and smooth and rather refined face heightens, standing with most admirable repose and modesty of manner, and playing like a seraph. He is helped by a violin of exquisite tone, a refined tone which carries beautifully.

And what does Kubelik do, is it asked? On the occasion when I heard him he began with Ernst's concerto in F sharp minor, with piano accompaniment—not a very artistic idea. Yet he played it quite seriously and with all possible elements of mastery, saving only the one of seeming to display mastery. It might have been a song without words, or a nocturne, for all the fuss he made in doing the difficulties with which the work abounds. He seems to have both elements of the violin art to something very like perfection. Contrary to the old impression that the secret of his remarkable left hand technique in Paganini lay in his extremely long fingers, this young man has a small hand and they say rather short fingers. Yet every sort of difficult reach, all the famous double stops, long continued passages of them, and the like, are played with consummate sureness and without the slightest evidence that they involve any difficulty at all. In this respect no virtuoso performance that I know approaches this degree of art concealing art so much as Godowsky's runs in double thirds and sixths. It is the same art of doing impossible things with the mastery of genius. His intonation is exquisite, and his luck with the flageolet tones unfailing. In short, here was the whole art of violin playing, from the standpoint of technique pure and simple.

But what has the right hand to show? Here again, a mastery if possible even greater. No such beautiful cantilena has ever been heard by the ears of the present writer, from any or all of the great masters of violin who have been heard in this country. They say that his playing fairly jarred the violin playing world in the east. What kind of a wrist is this, they asked, which is able to do every kind of expression in every possible position of the bow? Naturally the purity of his cantilena is the basal secret of his power, for after all we are votaries of melody, every one of us, and the violin is the instrument which has educated mankind to appreciate the possibilities of melody. To me his technical mastery of bowing

was less a mystery than his having such exquisite taste and knowledge as to what can legitimately be done with melody. No such singing as Kubelik's has been heard in our time—not even from our greatest vocalists. It is a higher art than the singer usually gets, due to the violinist's dealing with instrumental music, in which the tricks of the singer do not have to be considered. And it was the violin of Corelli which first opened the ears of mankind to the beauties of cantilena.

But while his exquisite bowing and his lovely melody playing are the basal sources of his power, he showed in other selections that he has all the tricks of the conjuring violinist, such as the spiccato bow, and the like. The second number of Kubelik consisted of three pieces, the Handel Largo, the Beethoven G major Romance, and Bazzini's Rondo of the Hobgoblins, a piece of violin diablerie, abounding in tricks and pleasing conceits. After this for a recall, a very soft dance, with mute. For a previous recall he had played Schumann's Evening Song. His program closed with Paganini's variations upon the air, "Nel piu Cor" by Paisiello—the same upon which Beethoven wrote six little variations. Here also there was little or no sensation but plenty of beauty and music, despite the sensational intention of the Italian wizard of the violin. And after this, again a soft melody, with mute, as distant and as delicate as possible.

The audience seemed to enjoy every note and lingered for more—which did not materialize.

The program was filled by a pianist, Miss Maria Victoria Torrilhon, who played the Gluck-Joseffy Arietta from "Alceste," the Chopin Nocturne in D flat, a Marche Grotesque by Sinding, the Bachmaninov Prelude and Rubinstein's fifth Barcarolle. Her playing was remarkably good without being commanding. The piano was a grand by Wissner, an instrument with many admirable traits. I had the pleasure of personally examining the Kubelik piano in Boston, where it showed that Mr. Wissner had made great advances in his grand. The tone is large, musical, sings well, and is an instrument as a whole to respect. Apparently it is not made along the Steinway lines—and is therefore an instrument which may later on rise to still farther perfection. The Steinway possibilities seem to have been thoroughly explored, not alone

by the Steinways themselves, but by many other ambitious piano makers all over the world. Nothing essentially new can come now from this source; new paths must be tried, if they can be found.

* * *

The sixth concert of the Chicago Orchestra contained an unusual proportion of novelties, the entire program being this:
 Overture, Solennelle, Op. 73.....Glazounov
 The Enchanted Forest, Symphonic Legend, Op. 8.....Vincent d'Indy
 Concerto for 'Cello, Op. 20.....d'Albert
 Two Finlandish Legends, from Kalevala.....Sibelius

“The Swan of Tuonela.”

“Lemminkäinen Journey Homewards.”

Symphony in D Minor, No. 4, Op. 120.....Schumann

Everything was played in these concerts for the first time except the Schumann symphony. Naturally the best of the program was the important overture by Glazounov, which was richly instrumented, free in style, musical and full of detail. This is the opus 73 of this composer, who appears to be the one man in the whole world who just now is speaking music as it were his natural utterance. A still later opus number, a sonata for pianoforte, opus 74, is being played this season by Siloti in his European concerts.

Mr. Vincent d'Indy's "Enchanted Forest" is provided with a program, which here follows, in the translation from the program book:

“At the head of his warriors rode Harald, the hero full of bravery—they were going, by the light of the moon, through the wild forest, singing many songs of war.

“Who rustles and watches in the bushes? Who descends from the clouds and emerges from the spray of the torrent? Who murmurs so harmoniously and gives those sweet kisses? Who embraces the cavaliers so voluptuously?—It is the nimble troop of the Elves; all resistance is vain—The warriors have departed, departed for the land of the Fairies.

“He alone has remained, Harald, the hero full of bravery; he moves on by the light of the moon through the wild forest.

“At the foot of a rock bubbles a limpid spring; no sooner has Harald drunk of its enchanted waters than a strange drowsiness takes possession of his entire being; he falls asleep on the dark rock.

"Seated on this same stone he sleeps for many centuries—and for many centuries, by the light of the moon, the Elves slowly circle round about Harald, the antique hero."

Such a program places the reader under a distinct disadvantage. In the effort to make out the place in the story that the orchestra has reached, the hearer misses the consecutive development of the music form and confines himself to vague guessing whether at just this moment the composer is dealing with the passionate kisses of the Elves (Is this not a new business for Elves?), the bubbling of the spring, or the hero sitting upon the bass trombone (a dark rock) for ages and ages. It is a quest which a study class or a woman's club might give up, as vanity and vexation of spirit. Otherwise than this Mr. Vincent d'Indy's music contains some very charming moments, elegantly orchestrated, and now and then a thought consecutively developed.

The 'cello concerto of Mr. d'Albert was played by Mr. Steindel with a beautiful tone and admirable manner. The music contains many interesting moments, but like all concertos for instruments in the low ranges of pitch, it tends to become monotonous. As a recall Mr. Steindel played Schumann's "Abendlie," arranged for 'cello and orchestra. The concerto was conducted by the first viola player, Mr. Stock, Mr. Thomas refraining from accompanying the present season, owing perhaps to his failing eyesight.

In the second part of the concert were the two novelties by the young Finnish composer, Sibelius. The story of these two selections, as given in the program, follows:

The first. The Swan of Tuonela, is a weird tone poem founded on a legend of Tuonela, the realm of death, and about which there flows a river broad and gloomy. Upon the bosom of these dark waters there rides a swan, singing his melancholy song of death as he glides along in dismal solitude. The movement opens mysteriously in the divided strings, and presently the English horn begins the intonation of a mournful melody to which the violoncellos and subsequently the violins respond with expressive phrases of similar hue. These melodies constitute the principal thematic elements of this composition, which bears no resemblance to any of the established classic forms, being simply a picturesque movement developed with remarkable facility in illustration of the subject named in the title.

The second number, "Lemminkäinen turns homewards," is based upon an episode from the life of the war hero of Finnish mythology.

The legend tells us that, exhausted by a long succession of struggles and combats, Lemminkäinen determines to seek his native land. He turns his face homewards, and, after a journey filled with adventures, he at last finds himself again amongst the scenes of his childhood.

Both compositions were interesting in certain aspects, especially in tone, color and unsystematic development. The Swan of Tuonela was permitted to swim about singing his song through the English horn entirely too long; but the idea is pleasing and the work may perhaps prove welcome as a pastime in a program, especially if somewhat shortened. The other was more brilliant, but hardly less satisfactory. Perhaps on the whole the strongest point of these novelties was the vague and impassioned melody of the swan, in which the English horn had all necessary vacuity and lonesomeness.

After all these novelties came that symphony of Schumann apropos to which many years ago Theodore Thomas remarked to the present writer: "Well, if we come to that, Schumann could not write a symphony." He had in mind that curious opening subject of the allegro, which he specified as wanting in proper consideration for the natural powers of the violin. Nevertheless it sounded particularly sane on this occasion. While it was plain enough that here and there in it Schumann was "making an effort" to write something which Mendelssohn would perhaps rather like, it is after all Schumann and with certain novelties in instrumentation. The concert as a whole was well played, Mr. Thomas having apparently put considerable work upon the new productions. The audience was a little meagre, as usual before Christmas.

* * *

The Leipzig "Signale" publishes a list of operas performed in Germany during the period between September, 1900, and the end of August, 1901. The list opens with "Lohengrin," 294 representations, this favorite work leading as usual; next come "Freischuetz," 277; "Carmen," 277; "Tannhauser," 273; "Cavalleria," 260; "Trovatore," 225; "Mignon," 214; "Margarethe," 192; "Undine," 192; "Magic Flute," 185; "Martha," 182; "Bajazzo," 187; "Meistersinger," 171; "Czaar und Zimmermann," 154; "Flying Dutchman," 155; "Fidelio," 154; "Waffenschmied," 145; "Barber," 139; "Merry Wives of Windsor," 137; "Walkuere," 131; "Figaro's Hochzeit,"

126; "Daughter of the Regiment," 122; "Trumpeter of Sackingen," 120; "Aida," 116; "Huguenots," 104; "Judin," 100; "Oberon," 97; "Postillion von Lonjumeau," 94; "Siegfried," 86; "Fra Diavolo," 84; "Don Juan," 83; "Traviata," 76; "Tristan and Isolde," 72; "Gotterdaemering," 76; "Rheingold," 77, etc. In the line of light operas, "Die Fledermaus" leads the record as usual, with over 400 performances; "Geisha," 387; "Puppe," 252; "Gypsy Baron," 184; "Beggar Student," 167; "Landstreicher," 144; "Vogelhaendler," 107; "Mikado," 93; "Boccaccio," 85. This tends to show that Germany is more advanced than America in opera.

* * *

The well-known literateur and musical writer, Mr. Phillip Hale, is having what the boys call "a fine large time" in Boston about these days. Mr. Apthorpe, who had monopolized the making of program notes to the symphony concerts ever since the concerts were founded, is away upon sick leave or something of the kind, and Mr. Hale, whose pen fingers have itched for this contract for these many years, is now running riot upon the swellings thereof. When in Boston lately I was fortunate enough to procure a copy of the eighth program of this season, the selections being as follows:

Dvorak: Overture....."Husitska"
 Weber: Scene and Aria....."Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster"
 Schubert.....Unfinished Symphony
 Wagner: Scene....."Just God" and "My Life Fades," Rienzi
 Berlioz: Will-of-the-Wisps, Ballet of Sylphs, and Rakoczy March from
 "Damnation of Faust."

The program book of the Boston concerts is a very cheap looking, low-toned affair, badly printed, of forty-eight pages, of which about thirty are advertising, cut in upon pages of reading matter wherever the wierd fancy of the advertiser could see his choice for preferred space. This is rather vulgar and I wonder why it is tolerated in a series like this, where one would suppose the commercial tendency might be held under a certain subjection to good taste. So far the Chicago program is far superior.

When it comes to information, however, I doubt whether any concert-goers were previously offered such a tropical

luxuriance of facts, not always essential, as in these programs of Mr. Hale—which excell in the art of direct statement. I cannot better explain what I mean than by quoting his notes upon the Dvorak overture in this program. He says:

“Dvorak was invited to write an overture for the opening of the new Bohemian Theater at Prague, Nov. 18, 1883. As far back as 1876 there was at Prague a small and wretched theater in which Czech was the stage language. Czech was some time afterward permitted on the stage of the German theater recognized by the government. Plays in this language were performed only on Sunday afternoon, but in 1848 such performances were held twice a week.

“The Czechs had their own theater—‘Interimstheater’—in 1862. It was small and cramped. Other buildings were tried, but the cornerstone of a new National Theater was laid in 1868, and Smetana’s opera, ‘Dalibor,’ was performed in celebration. While this opera-house was building, a new Bohemian Theater of wood was used for Czech plays and operas, but the National Theater was finally dedicated June 11, 1881. Smetana’s ‘Libusa’ was performed. The composer, stone-deaf, sat in the director’s box, saw the enthusiasm, and heard not a note of his music. This theater was burned to the ground September 28 of that year. The fire kindled national pride. Concerts were given throughout Bohemia, meetings were held even in villages, the poorest contrived to give something, and the new National Theater was opened Nov. 18, 1883. Again the opera was ‘Libusa.’ No mention was made in the German music journals of this ‘Husitska’ overture by Dvorak, although the dedication of the theater was reported and the opera named.

“Dvorak for some years was a viola player in bands that picked up money at cafes and dance halls. The band that he belonged to in 1862 was chosen to supply the incidental music at the Interimstheater; and, when the National Theater was established he joined the orchestra. Smetana was the conductor (1866-74).

“The ‘Husitska’ overture was played at London, March 20, 1884, and at Berlin, Nov. 21, 1884, in each instance under the direction of the composer. The first performance in the United States was at New York, Oct. 25, 1884, at one of Mr.

Van der Stucken's Novelty Concerts. The overture was played here under Mr. Nikisch, Nov. 26, 1892.

"It was Dvorak's purpose to celebrate in music the wars of the Hussites, and he used a phrase from a Hussite hymn as one important theme, which undergoes many changes. The theme is solemn, defiant, plaintive, a rallying-cry in battle. When the overture was produced in Vienna (1892), Hanslick said in the course of his review: 'The *Allegro* is of fanatical spirit, as though passages were orchestrated with hatchets, scythes, and battle-maces.' Indeed, melancholy and fanaticism here go hand in hand; and the fanaticism of the Hussites found expression occasionally in rude music, as when Ziska, their general, dying of the plague, ordered his flesh to be exposed as prey to birds and wild beasts; 'but that his Skin should be made a Drum, assuring them the Enemy would fly at the very Beat of it; What he desir'd was done, which had the Effect he promis'd.'

"This Ziska is in the great gallery of opera. There is Kott's 'Ziskuvdub' (Brunn, 1841); and there is 'Ziska vom Kelch,' by Sobolewski (Konigsberg, 1851). Is the flaying of the dead hero the attraction of the last scene, or does the opera end with a drum solo? And what became of the Ziska drum?

"The story of the drum was accepted by many even in the sceptical eighteenth century. Frederick the Great, who was addicted to the flute, bore off Ziska turned to noise among the spoils of war, when he returned from Bohemia to his own town. Voltaire asked him in verse concerning the exploit and the king answered him in verse. These two poems (1743) would not pass, even with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, as 'very gracious fooling.' There is a picture of this drum in the Boston Public Library (Magasin Pittoresque, Paris, 1843, pp. 130, 131). The skin is that of a man and is taken from his back and chest.

"The Husitska overture was one of the orchestral pieces played at the Music Festival in Prague (Nov. 6-11, 1901) in celebration of Dvorak's sixtieth birthday.

"Hus and his followers have been treated in music: 'Johann Huss,' oratorio, Loewe (1842); 'Die Hussenbraut' opera by Sebor (1868); Henri Koing's music to Torgnetti's drama, 'Johann Huss' (about 1875); 'Die Hussen Hussiten von

Naumberg,' play by Kotzebue, music by Salieri (1803); also by B. A. Weber, Chr. Schultz, Ign. Walter, Kranz, Ebell; Mehul wrote music for Duval's drama, 'Les Hussites,' an adaptation of Kotzebue's play (Paris, 1804); 'Johann Huss,' opera in four acts by Angelo Tessaro (Padua, 1886, revived at Treviso, 1898); Smetana's symphonic poems, 'Tabor' (1878), 'Blanik' (1879); Fibisch's 'Blanik' (1881).

"In connection with this subject it is of interest to note that some of the Czechs have applied to St. Petersburg for the canonization of John Huss, whom they would prefer to St. John Nepomuk as the national saint. They say that the latter was a money lender, who recovered his loans by spiritual terrors. Yet some excellent men have claimed that Huss was a Devil-worshipper, that he believed in the perfect equality of the powers of good and evil.

"Those old-fashioned enough to admire * * * George Sand's 'Consuelo' will remember the prominence she gives to this theory, which is, besides, likely enough when we consider the affinities between Bohemia and the Danubian provinces, which formed in Huss's time the seat of the Manichæan propaganda. It was doubtless this which caused the blameless Bohemian to be looked on by other Europeans as hardly human, and made Dukalld Dalgetty to speak of Bethlem Gabor's service as on a par with the Janissaries.

"Miss Pauline Cramer, who appears for the first time at these concerts, was born at Munich. Her father was a Danish painter. Her mother was a German. Miss Cramer studied singing under Mrs. Leonoff and at the Munich Music School and Opera House. She appeared in public for the first time at Bayreuth in 1882 as the bearer of the Grail in 'Parsifal'—a mute part; and she was one of the flower maidens. In 1884 she impersonated Venus in 'Tannhauser' at London. Since then she has made London her home. She came to the United States with Mr. Armbruster, the lecturer, and appeared here for the first time at the Lowell Institute last season."

Miss Pauline Cramer, mentioned in the last paragraph, with interesting particular of her previous occasions of distinguishing herself, was the soprano artist of the occasion, and the personal information was intended to lead to some remarks

upon the Weber aria, as excursive and as full of meaty information as the Husitska egg just served up above.

* * *

I take the foregoing as a very interesting and significant ethnological document of Boston just now, the symphony concerts and of Mr. Hale himself. It is evident that the Bostonians know all about the overture in question, being so familiar with the Hussite themes that no clues of this kind were needed; and that anything more than a running suggestion of the composer's intention in the work, alleged to have been in question, would partake of the nature of carrying coals to Newcastle. But I do not remember to have read so many facts (at least I trust they really are facts!) in the same compass. It illustrates the discursiveness of Hale's fancy in a masterly degree and at the same time "faces the advertising" in a neat and workmanlike manner.

* * *

The Boston example of breaking pages of expensive and artistic literary matter for the accommodation of advertisers seems to me unnecessarily vulgar. It is too much like the case of the newly rich who, finding their new castle too expensive for their sole use, have rented out corners of the drawing rooms, music rooms and guest chambers, to tradesmen, cobblers, notions, furnishers, and promoters. It brings revenue, but it also occasions surprise among the guests of older and more secure finance. I am not informed as to the net result of the Boston program speculation, but I fancy a man paying five thousand dollars a year for the privilege of furnishing these pamphlets free every week, would still make money. I do not say I would take the job at the price. The Chicago program is understood to make a net profit of towards \$3,500 a year.

* * *

The following statement of the object of Art was prepared a short time ago, at the request of the distinguished editor of the Lewiston Journal (Maine), Mr. Frank L. Dingley, and appeared in that most formidable of daily papers (outside the metropolitan centers) January 6, 1902.

"The object of Art is the expression of the beautiful. Ac-

Journal

According to Hegel, the entire compass of human feeling, the whole of the human heart, in its grandest aspirations and imaginations and in all its most secret evils and abhorrences, are legitimate subjects of art. And the end to be reached ultimately, he says, is to help man to know himself, both in his noblest traits and in his least attractive—the latter in order that he may more surely recognize and abhor them; the former, that his imagination and aspiration may be kindled, and his being purified and ennobled.

“Considered in this broad way, Art includes along with the five usual classes into which it is divided—namely, architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry and music, also the greater part or all of what we call literature, since the whole of it, when it has a true object, addresses itself to this general problem of revealing to man his innermost being.

“If any difference were to be made, therefore, in estimating the relative rank and dignity of the fine arts, it would necessarily be based upon their respective capacities for representing these untold chapters of human life.

“From another standpoint the fine arts may be classified according to the sense to which they are addressed. The first three address the eye, every work of architecture, sculpture and painting needing to be seen before their message can be experienced. Moreover, all three are subject to a necessary limitation of expressive capacity in this—namely, that each work can represent but a single moment of a conception, and therefore not even painting truthfully represents life, since life is continuous action, but only some one selected moment when an action is in progress or just completed. All the progress of the soul preceding or following, these arts ignore.

“The other two arts, literature and music, address the ear, they represent progressing actions, often with very full particulars of preparation and completion. Therefore, their capacity to represent life is far more satisfying, and their productions, so to say, vastly more personal.

“A recent writer has pointed out a very important principle of relation between literature and music, as expressions of soul, in this: That whereas literature works through the instrumentality of words addressing the mind, and arrives at its inspiration and satisfying action of soul only as a sort of ulti-

mate result of a story, a drama, a poem, music deals with all those deeper and unformulated aspects of the soul, the half recognized moods, unregulated risings and sinkings of feeling, the aspirations and raptures such as one experiences in many circumstances of life without understanding them. So it might be said that literature has for its work to represent the whole of the conscious human soul, in all its moods, varieties, and qualities, in so far as they can be developed in a poem, a story, a play—in short, in so far as they have become fully realized and defined. Music, on the other hand, undertakes the remaining part of human life, the sub-conscious part: the feelings, the emotions generally, and the impulses.

“Curiously enough, the great works of musical art, even when representing very extreme and almost violent emotional states, seem to exercise a calming influence upon those who hear them—most of all upon those who are themselves in like moods or moments. Music adds to its remedial ministry by handling great moods in cycles, progressing from one extreme to another, leading out of conflict, sorrow, and strife to place, repose, and benediction.

“Literature and music address themselves to the ear, from which it results that any great work of these arts can be realized in its entirety and completeness wherever in the whole world it can be read, recited or played. Thus, these arts are commensurate with civilization in their influence, and the great literature and music of any one country is the prized possession of the whole world.

“Considered in such lights as these, it is easy to see that art is able to ennoble life and in many respects to minister and to teach. And therefore the intention and meaning of art selected for study involves far-reaching consequences.”

* * *

Members of the Music Students' Extension Clubs will be glad to know that the second year of "The Great in Music" is now in press, and will be ready for delivery soon after this paragraph reaches the reader. The new book is larger than the first volume. It includes the following composers: Chopin and Schytte, Godard; Chaminade, Robert Franz, John Field—Wilson G. Smith, Ad. M. Foerster, Geo. W. Chadwick—Schumann, Moszkowski—Liszt, Heller, Weniawski—Brahms,

Ed. Schuett, H. W. Parker, Edgar Stillman Kelley, Wilhelm Berger, Bruno Oscar Klein—Saint-Saens, Paderewski, Godowsky, Richard Strauss—Glazounov, Balakirev, Vogrich, Max Bruch—and Concluding Essays Covering the course as a whole. The most conspicuous departure from the first volume is in giving much greater space to the work of a few leading masters. This the former volume was unable to do, in consequence of the work having originally appeared in sixteen page installments. Upon collecting into book form the 160 pages of pamphlets were expanded to about 325; but in the new work this expansion of detail is carried much farther, the chapter on Schumann extending to nearly seventy-five pages, and forming perhaps the most complete discussion of the Schumann cult for piano which has thus far been made. Brahms also receives considerable attention. A variety of modern masters are included, such as at the original installation of the club work would have been regarded as impossible. Among these are chapters relating to Godowsky and Balakirev, Richard Strauss, etc.—merely as illustrating certain pregnant tendencies now at work. The close of the volume is devoted to a review of the entire development traced in the two volumes, several digressions of considerable importance having been included, the topic being: “Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann and Liszt as Related to Modern Piano Playing;” “The Romantic Movement;” “The Place of Bach in the Development;” “The Folk Song and Its Influence;” also many comparisons between the four great masters of the period covered by the book—Chopin, Schumann, Brahms, Liszt. It was thought that the treatment would render the book more useful to students in general and of service to young teachers in acquainting themselves with the tone-literature of these masters.

PADEREWSKI'S "MANRU."

BY EGBERT SWAYNE.

Unquestionably Mr. Paderewski is the most conspicuous and picturesque figure in the musical world, just now. In this respect he forms a comely successor to the late Abbe Liszt, who was nothing if not picturesque. One of the features of the immediate American future of opera will be the production of Paderewski's "Manru," which is scheduled to take place early in February, at the Metropolitan Opera House. The piano score of the opera has lately been published by the house of Schirmer, and I have been delighted in reading it through. The conception of the plot is Paderewski's, the design being to afford opportunity for introducing some of those picturesque folks tone types of melody, of which Europe still has several varieties unknown to high art. Fundamental to a correct understanding of the opera, Mr. Krehbiel, the English translator, has prefixed an extract from Mr. C. G. Leland's book, "The Gypsies." He says:

"If you look wistfully at these ships far off and out at sea, with the sun upon their sails, and wonder what quaint mysteries of life they hide, verily you are not far from being affected or elected unto the Romany. And if, when you see the wild birds upon the wing, wending their way to the south, and wish that you could fly with them, anywhere, anywhere over the world and into adventure, then you are not far in spirit from the kingdom of Bohemia and its seven castles, in the windows of which Æolian harps sing forever. Now, as you wonder along, it may be that in the wood and by some grassy nook you will hear voices, and see the gleam of a red garment, and then find a man of the roads with a dusky wife and child. You speak one word, 'Sarishan!' and you are introduced. These people are like birds and bees, they belong to out of doors and nature. If you can chirp or buzz a little in their language and know their ways you will find out, as you sit in the forest, why he who loves green bushes and mossy rocks is glad to fly from cities, and likes to be free of the joyous citizenship of the roads, and everywhere at home in such boon company."

Of the story Mr. Krehbiel speaks as follows:

"The story at the base of *Manru* is romantic in character and scene and tragical in outcome. In a general way it illustrates that irrepressible desire on the part of the Gypsy to wander, which Mr. Leland has characterized in his books on the Romanys; also, in an allegorical way, the contest supposed to exist between the artistic and domestic natures. The plot was borrowed from a Polish romance. *Manru* has won the love of a fair Galician maiden, *Ulana*, and married her Gypsy fashion. After a space she returns to her native village, among the Tatra mountains, to seek her mother's forgiveness and help. She receives instead the contumely of the villagers and a mother's curse. Her former friends taunt her with a song which tells of the inconstancy of all Gypsies under the influence of the full moon. Having already observed signs of uneasiness in her husband, *Ulana* seeks the help of *Urok*, a dwarf, who has the reputation of being a sorcerer, and who loves her. From him she obtains a magic draught, and by its aid wins *Manru* back to her side for a time. Alone among the mountains, however, the baleful influence of the moon, the charm of Gypsy music, and the fascinations of a Gypsy maiden, break down his better resolutions and he rejoins his black-blooded companions. *Oros*, the Gypsy chief, himself in love with the maiden *Asa*, opposes *Manru's* rehabilitation in the band, but through the influence of *Jagu*, a Gypsy fiddler, he is overruled, and *Manru* is made chief in *Oros'* stead. *Oros* takes his revenge by hurling his successful rival down a precipice, a moment after the distraught *Ulana* has drowned herself in a mountain lake."

Concerning the musical handling the following particulars may be of interest: The first act, naturally, is devoted to giving things a start. The work opens with a harvest festival of the villagers, in which naturally a good deal of simple and pleasing music of a quasi folks song and rustic character is introduced, along with more or less dancing, picturesque costumes, and the like. The elements in the real action here are first the chorus, which has a great deal to do all along, and is rarely off the stage throughout the act. As the chorus sing, Hedwig, mother of *Urlana*, sits one side and muses upon her absent daughter. The music to which she meditates is of no

great importance, but the flute gives the characteristic Gypsy motive, of which a great deal is made later. For instance, Ex. 1 shows the manner of handling:

The cheerful music goes on more and more, Hedwig still throwing in passages of meditation until at length Urok comes in, only to receive the hateful greeting which a peasant people

Tempo 1.
Hedwig.

Hatt' ein Kind, ein Zi - geu - ner, ein Zau - brer kam;
Child was mine. But a con - jur - ing Gyp - sy neared,

- mein Herz - blut rinnt, seit der Ha - bicht mein Täub - chen nahm. Töchter - lein,
- Now lonely I pine. For my dove with the hawk dis - ap - peared! Pret - ty love

EXAMPLE 1. HEDWIG'S SONG.

knows so well how to afford an unwelcome visitor, who is not only mishapen in body but evil and unlovely in mind. They call him names of spite, and many pages are thus consumed. Meanwhile Urok is full of the memory of Ulana. He is overheard and the chorus takes up this new subject of reproach. After a while Ulana herself approaches; she is greeted with contempt, even her mother disdaining to promise welcome or assistance. After some time of this "broken music," as Shakespeare called it, *Ulana* approaches her mother's hut, where she is seen but not recognized as a daughter. Here comes the first great moment of the music; it is the appeal which Ulana makes to her mother. Example 2 shows its manner and it is plain that a really great singer has here an opportunity for pathos such as many operas fail to afford.

It will be observed that between the music in Example 1 and this in Example 2 no less than sixty pages of vocal score have intervened. Evidently a blue pencil will find application in this part of the work. Her mother is won by her entreaties but declines to permit her to remain unless she will sever her-

Ulan. (23) Andante.

Ein-sam leib' ich und ver-las-sen mit dem Mann, den al-le has-sen.
Lone-ly, sad, I sit in sor-row, Naught but grief and pain I her-row.

fern von mei-ner Theu-ren Hüt-te, fern von mei-ner Kind-heit
ru-hni-od by vile stand-er. I from child-hood's home must

con anima
Sit-to. Täg-lich schlaf' ich, Qual im In-tern, un-ter Thrä-nen ein-Urok
wander; Nights are filled with bit-ter weeping, Naught can bring me rest... Urok

con anima
Wie A

18889

EXAMPLE 2. ULANA'S SONG.

self from her husband, which she declines to do. She therefore receives her mother's curse, after which the villagers begin again, and a scene intervenes between Ulan and Urok, who urges his own love. This long argument finally ends by his succumbing to the "goo-goo eyes" which Ulan turns upon him, and he agrees to furnish the philter, trusting that in

some way it may come back to his own benefit, his previous operatic experiences having shown him that philters are more uncertain in their action than a good revolver in the hands of a woman. The chorus returns and the act goes on with a ballet. Into the midst of this rejoicing, which is partly a mischievous restraining of poor Ulana, Manru comes, requir-

① *Andante molto sostenuto.* *Ulan.*

11. (Ulana's lullaby sounds from the hut.) *Schlafe wohl, theures Kind, du mein Schatz, meine Frucht!*
Sleep on, precious one, Treasure mine, darling son;

12. *Lüfchen lind, komm geschwind, Nichte als mein einzig Kind! Du mein Schatz, meine Frucht,*
Come quickly, zephyrs mild, Breathe up-on my on-ly child. Treasure mine, darling son;

13. *schlafe wohl! schlafe wohl! Was sei dir Tag und Nacht, schlafe wohl! schlafe wohl!*
Sleep on! Sleep on! Happy tho'day be done, Sleep on! Sleep on!

EXAMPLE 3. ULANA'S LULLABYE.

ing his wife to follow him. At length they depart amid the curses of the pleasing populace. And so the act ends.

Urok has a good part, although a very unlovely one. Ulana has but little to do, but this is of good quality. There is plenty of chorus singing and dancing and not a little of the cumbersome horse play which operatic composers consider

necessary. Even Wagner could not get rid of it. The sensuous maiden in tricot he often managed to avoid; but the chorus still found ways of putting in its say.

The second act opens with a scene in the mountains, Manru's court-yard, in the background a forest of firs; to the right a small smithy, a la Siegfried. Manru is working at the forge. Blessed and uphoped for opportunity for the composer. He can play the hammer. The idea is novel. Much can be done with a hammer. Manru sings as he works, at first merely in short phrases, relating his joy in his wife and their child, and to emphasize the idea their figures show through the open door. Despite his joy in his wife, Manru deplures the loss of his roving pleasures. Just here, when the husband's rising uneasiness begins to be felt more and more, Ulana sings her lullaby. It is a most lovely strain. Example 3 shows the beginning.

Then follows a long duet between Manru and Ulana; he showing more and more his dissatisfaction with his present lot and his roving tendencies, even though the gallows should afterward be his portion. Meanwhile poor Ulana does the best she can with her sweet little broom to push back this incoming tide of unholy aspirations. As usual the preacher gets the better of the argument only to fall into a worse affair, for Manru raises his hand to strike Ulana. Just here Urok comes in and withholds the blow. A dramatic scene follows in which Urok skillfully plays upon Manru's irritation and at last, despite Ulana's efforts, Manru is more and more inclined to depart. Then comes from the distance the sound of a Gypsy violin, and after much struggle he at length rushes off to find the band of Gypsies. After his departure Urok at length gives Ulana the magic philter.

The Gypsy music comes plainly out in the next scene, which begins by the entrance of Jagu, the Gypsy fiddler, from the forest. He is greeted by Urok and the music is characteristically Gypsy. Example 4.

Later Manru has his great solo, in which all the forces of his wild nature answer within him to the inspiration of the shining moon, the swelling buds, the mysterious awakening of Spring, and so on. This is followed by many taunts from Urok, who calls up the image of a fascinating maiden of whom Manru is thinking, until at length he is driven away.

Then Ulana gives Manru a drink of wine, into which the potion is poured from the philter. The act closes with a very

Scene IV.

The Same. Manru, Jagu.

(Manru and Jagu to the right, Urok and Ulana to the left of him.) (49) (In fear, seeking to approach Jagu.)

Urok
Ein Gast. ein lie ber Gast! Ge-
A guest a wel come guest! Be-

Wer ist's? Who is't? (Holding her back.)

Viv. Cr. *f* *Viv.*

Wer ist's? Who is't?

Das ist! Der al te Ja - gu, der hier einst ge - haust.
brave! Our friend, old Ja - gu, who erst lived hard by. —

Viv.

Ulana *Moderato*

Der Geiger ist's. — mir graust!
The fiddler 'tis! — I die!

f str.

EXAMPLE 4. GYPSY MUSIC IN THE ORCHESTRA

long and very impassioned duet of reunited love. Quick curtain.

The third act is preceded by an elaborate prelude in which all the various motives find play, particularly those of Gypsy

character. The curtain rises upon a lake in the foreground and a romantic mountain landscape in the background, with practicable paths, and so on. Manru from the mountain calls for air. He has come from the cottage, which seems to him smaller than ever. He feels the moon behind her cloudy

The musical score consists of five systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes the dynamic marking *molto cresc* and a circled measure number 48. The second system has *ff* and *molto cresc*. The third system has *ff*. The fourth system has *ff*. The fifth system has *ff*. The score is written in a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The music features complex textures with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, often beamed together in rapid passages.

EXAMPLE 5. ENTRANCE OF THE GYPSIES.

veil. So does the music. In this inopportune moment the distant voice of the Gypsy enchantress is heard, and the sound of the band arranging to set up their camp. Manru, torn with all the driving impulses of his wild blood, remains upon the stage, because it would not be effective to go off.

He speaks of what is surging through his troubled heart. Meanwhile the impassioned Gypsy music goes vigorously on, changing now and then into a strain of something softer. Manru quiets himself and lies down to sleep. Softer and more beautiful moonlight now floods the stage, the face of the sleeping Manru and the partiture of the opera. A magic veil is cast over all. Here is Paderewski's great opportunity to be romantic and expressive. He has recognized it. The full moon is clouded over and again revealed; the music participates. A storm springs up in the orchestra and the wind machine begins to turn. At last comes the strain of the Gypsy march, to which the band moves onwards towards their camping ground by this secluded lake. One page will serve as a sample. See Example 5.

The body of the march begins at the guiding number 48, in the second line of the music. No doubt this is scored with all the art of a modern Gypsy painter. Then follows a chorus of Gypsies, and at length a woman recognizes the sleeping Manru as the missing member of their band.

When he awakens his opening eyes rest upon the fascinating Asa, that typical enchantress without which no Saracen or Gypsy novel is at all complete. She is full of rich and warm blood, fair and voluptuous to look upon, and full of the mysterious health of open air and natural life.

From this point everything is already settled. Naturally Manru meets a certain ill reception from the chief Oros, who has a long scene of the "heavy old man" type. Asa greets Manru and aside tries to bring him back again to his allegiance to the band. He remembers his love and his wife and a long duet follows in which the opposing influences are unfolded. Asa sings. Example 6.

Later the Gypsies commence a dance and after a little Manru throws his arms around Asa and is swept away in its circling mazes. Meanwhile Manru is elected chief and takes command. Urok comes in as a messenger from Ulana and she appears later with a short but powerful solo immediately preceding her self-destruction. The opera is now done and the final scene probably occupies but a moment, and few will ever see it, owing to the general rush for wraps and carriages.

Undoubtedly the chief characters have a great deal of



SINGING AT SIGHT.

BY A SUPERVISOR OF MUSIC.

In the November "Music" the conclusion of an article on sight singing by the Editor is: "Before anything like sight reading can take place the singer must first of all have a good ear, a clear idea of music and a trained eye for the notation; able to take it in by whole phrases in place of adding one note to another without sense or connection. And there ought to be a reward offered for the method of doing this in such a way that exact results can be obtained in ordinary cases. This is what we are after."

The first sentence shows a keen appreciation of the weak point in public school sight singing schools. The second voices the prevalent wish for exactness in sight reading of music. The study of sight singing has in the last twenty years assumed immense proportions by reason of its introduction into public and private schools; but the pedagogy of the subject is not only incomplete, but much of that which is accepted is unsound. This is because the study is yet new, and because the scholarship which has so far been brought to bear upon school music and methods of teaching it has been that of the schoolmasters rather than that of the musician. Now the schoolmaster, by which name I typify all educators who look at sight singing from a certain point of view, has wished to make the art of singing music at sight an exact one, as exact, for instance, as the reading of English, the spelling of words or the results of combinations of numbers.

In the early days of school music, as luck would have it, a number of men came into prominence who held precisely these views, and so thoroughly was the public grounded in them that they yet receive general acceptance. Nor will the prevailing pedagogy on sight singing be easily displaced. It is deeply

rooted in business interests and in the sentiment among teachers which clings to the known and fears the unknown.

Now, any rational method of teaching sight singing must take account of some facts, which are in school music at least, both consciously and unconsciously ignored. *First*, music does not crystallize into set forms as does speech. Speech has evolved through the demand for intercommunication among men. Not so music. Language can be classified into set forms which we call words. They are common property. They have definite and accepted meaning. We have nothing in music which corresponds very closely to them. Its rhythmic forms are the most positive, but in melody, music is kaleidoscopic in its variety. Who can make a dictionary of all the themes of music, and who would use them if they were collected? They are not common property like words. Compare the words of one book with another. They are alike. Compare the themes of one composition with another. They are merely similar, not identical. Even in chord formations and progressions the same instability of forms is found. If you know a thousand words you have positive measurable knowledge. They will appear and reappear in print whatever you read. If you know a thousand phrases or musical motives they will bear no such relation to the literature of music. The next thousand phrases will present similar melodic rhythmic and harmonic forms, but no two may be identical. It is **this** vast possibility of form which makes music the **greatest** of the arts. Its range of expression is infinite, immeasurable, and so is the range of its influence. It typifies the universe. Music, whether it be the simple song of the child or the **great** stream of complex, yet united tone of the orchestra **has its** separate meaning for each listener; nor can the listener put this meaning fully into words. Its mission in the world is to gladden, to soften grief, make the heart love and to give mortals a glimpse of the Divine.

Music, then, as a language, is so variable in its written or notational forms that singing or playing at sight with **perfect** accuracy must always be a doubtful undertaking. **There is** always a chance of error for the most proficient, even in **simple** music, and the element of uncertainty grows as the music becomes more complex. Before leaving this topic I must ac-

knowledge that the prevailing idea is that music can be reduced to a vocabulary, and that this consists of its melodic intervals. It is positively wonderful that this idea has such a strong hold on the educational world. I do not believe that the entire history of education can show another case like this where one little sprout of truth has grown like Jonah's Gourd till it casts a mighty shadow. It is true, in vocal music that we often think from one tone to the next. It is like a child's spelling out the new word, and in reading notation we never get entirely beyond the need of spelling, but, thinking from note to note, while it may be necessary, is no more reading music as we use the term, than is spelling words reading language. It is an elementary process, like a baby's first steps, or a man's careful tread on dangerous paths, but rhythm, melody, harmony are all absent, the mind is struggling with isolated and, for the time being, awkward relations between tones which in themselves are musically without meaning.

The interval does not constitute the working material which the mind uses in thinking notation, not if this notation is mentally heard as music; for the mind recognizes nothing as music which does not produce upon it an impression of melody, rhythm or harmony. There is literally no music in much of the drill work of our schools. Vocally it may or may not be useful, but the plodding from note to note, the persistent drilling on interval arouses neither a sense of melody or rhythm in children, and is therefore worthless so far as music teaching is concerned. It may be that the child has to go through this process as a penitential preparation for the good to come, but I do not believe it.

The mind grasps music through its sound effects. It does written language also, but the sound element in language is soon recognized unconsciously, automatically. The mind or consciousness is passive to the mechanics of language and active in grasping its meaning. Not so in music, where sound is the beginning and the end. The essential element in music which differentiates it from the sounds of speech and other sounds, is its conformance to certain laws of regularity in rhythm and pitch. In reading music at sight there must be set up in the mind activities which are recognized in consciousness as a series of sounds of definite pitches flowing along in

rhythmical order. As long as the order is unbroken save in musically rhetorical pauses, the mind is thinking or hearing music effects. In doing this the mind grasps the notation in groups, which express shorter or longer musical ideas, as the case may be. And mark this, the moment some obstacle occasions a break in the flow of the sound, and the reader has to stop and think from tone to tone, he ceases to read or think music, and begins to spell. Melody is gone; rhythm is gone; the skip or interval must be mastered. It is a means to an end and when it is grasped the mind again takes up the broken tune.

SECOND. There are the visual difficulties in music reading. Of course, as the article from which I quoted says, the tonic sol fa is an easy notation, and by shifting the syllabic notation as the key changes tells the singer just what he needs to know. The tonic sol fa would be a great boon to singers if it were generally used, but it probably never will be, because it is useless for instruments that play in parts. The staff notation is the one for the organist, pianist or conductor every time but tonic sol fa is easy for the individual singer. It is easy because it is abbreviated English. Now the eye in reading print follows straight lines from left to right. The height of the various letters, whether short or extended is uniform. In music notation, however, the eye in following even one series of notes, one part like the soprano or alto, for instance, must not only take in the note, open, closed, with one or more hooks, etc., but it must follow the line of notes up and down the staff and recognize at a glance the constantly changing lines or spaces upon which these notes rest.

In reading more than one part the visual work grows harder. Well, even this would not be so bad if notes upon the same lines and spaces always meant the same sounds; but no, our system of keys and reading by relation imposes further work for the eye. There are those in educational work who fondly suppose that when a child has learned the mental effect of two tones, as do-me, that he can sing any notes so named wherever they may be found. Well, there are at least ten different positions in which do-mi may be written between *d*, space below the staff and *g*, space above, in the various keys. This must be multiplied by three when we consider that the eighth, the quarter, or

the half note may each be used as a beat note, making thirty different visual pictures of this simple interval. Nor is this all, for it may appear in a hundred different rhythmic combinations. So far as the visual difficulties are concerned, reading print compared to reading notes is perfect play.

We come now to the complexities of music which grow naturally out of its infinite varieties of expression in melody, rhythm and harmonic progression. How far can children or adults carry this work in the modulations of modern music without instrumental assistance? It will depend upon education, of course. For instance, when the modulation is rather remote from the key, pupils can change syllables as in tonic sol fa. That sort of thing in staff notation involves knowledge however. The teacher must know things. Now all this goes to show that reading music at sight involves more mental activity than many teachers suppose, and in the more complex forms more education than most singers possess. It does not, however touch except by implication the question of method; but suggests certain data of fact and of psychology which may not be ignored in any successful scheme for sight singing. These are, *first*, The futility of attempting through the medium of memorized intervals to equip the mind with a vocabulary in music which is analagous to one of words which children have before the study of speech forms is begun. *Second*, the worthlessness of drill on isolated tones and skips, which has neither melody or rhythm, unless such drill has immediate application to some genuine musical phrase which is being studied. *Third*, the stability of rhythmic forms as compared with the variability of melodic and harmonic progressions; and, *fourth*, the supreme need of training the ear through the eye.

To see, to hear, to sing is the formula of sight singing. No matter how thoroughly the mind grasps music through hearing or rehearsing by memory, it is vacant before the printed page until the eye interprets. Again, the pupil may be so taught that he recognizes every note by position, and by name, as he sees it, also its mathematical value in beats, and yet his mind be deaf to its musical effect. That subtle co-ordination of the nervous activities, through which the mind becomes conscious of the sound effects of groups of symbols presented to

the eye, may fail frequently, as every person who sings knows by practical experience. Nor after the visual and auditory faculties have done their work is the task ended. The motor outlet for the mental energies thus released, involves further co-ordination of nervous and muscular activities. There must be many breaks in this series, before the co-ordination ceases to be conscious and becomes automatic, even in simple music.

A method of music reading should first be synthetic. The necessary elements should be combined into forms that make sense musically, into melodies, in short. The analysis of these forms may be undertaken earlier or later in the course, but in no case should the study of relationships of notes, etc., of any melody precede the study of its musical effects. The essential meaning of notation is sound flowing along in a series of definite pitches which are rhythmically co-ordinated. The pupil at any stage of sight singing needs to know those facts about notes and their relations which will aid him to interpret this melodic and rhythmic effect and he needs nothing more in the shape of knowledge about notes. The test of such a method of sight singing will be: how quickly and how well can the pupils sing the music placed in their hands? not how much can they tell of its structure.

I do not deprecate analytical processes and the study of musical grammar, but regret that they dominate most methods of sight singing today, especially in public schools. It is not at all difficult by certain methods to acquire facility in reading music at sight, nor to reach the point where one is practically sure of singing ordinary music correctly, but it is difficult by the roundabout methods in common use.

Bridgeport, Conn.

THINGS HERE AND THERE

THE SPIERING QUARTET.

The Spiering Quartet is meeting with excellent success the present season, its attendance in Chicago being constantly upon the increase. The first series of three concerts was concluded by that in January, when a charming program was presented, consisting of a string quartet by Glazounov (new), the Canzonetta from the Tschaikovsky quartet and the Brahms Quintet with piano, Mr. Theodore Bohlmann at piano. The Glazounov work turned out to be very fluent, delightfully musical and modern. A second hearing would be welcome. The Brahms work was played with spirit and good effect, but the piano part might have been done with greater distinction. Mr. Bohlmann is an extremely cultivated lover of chamber music, and a pianist above the average; in this work, however, there was lack of fine discrimination and authority in the phrasing. The top of the piano was left down, which impaired the telling quality of the piano tone. It was unfortunate that the Chicago visit of this most highly esteemed of Cincinnati musical scholars should have been restricted to a single work, in which his opportunities perhaps did not lie in his best vein.

The playing of the quartet displayed freedom, spirit and sympathy. Mr. Spiering himself is a virtuoso of no mean calibre, and his devotion to artistic music is rapidly making his name a household word among music lovers.

LETTER FROM JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

Apropos to the series of great festivals conducted by Theodore Thomas, many years ago, Mr. John S. Van Cleve writes the following corrections:

"Apropos to the article upon Theodore Thomas, why in the name of Sathanas did not you mention the long series of Cincinnati May festivals? There have been fifteen of them, and seven concerts in each, and they have covered the entire range of great choral music. You merely speak of that tour of three weeks in 1881, not 1882. It was not five, but three weeks, and the cities were Cincinnati, New York and Chicago. He had to get permission of the Cincinnati people to do it at all, since the festivals were by that time famous all over the land. That was the fifth in order. They afterward forbade the doing of it and yet the festivals have gone on and on for 20 years. Cincinnati certainly merits

more consideration than you give it. It was Cincinnati that gave Thomas his first chance to do great things with chorus and orchestra, and that when he was only 38 years old. Chicago is a fine city, and has done some good things, but be honest and fair to a city which was piling up its fifty thousand dollars and its \$78,000 to support big music when Chicago was in leading strings. The Cincinnati orchestra, at present is a tin whistle to the great Chicago orchestra, but Van der Stuecken is a gifted man, no doubt. As for selfishness and personal ambition, commend me to Thomas every time, as against Van."

Here Mr. Van Cleve launches out into a comparison of the altruistic tendencies displayed by the two conductors in their work, which, properly considered, are nothing to nobody, and are therefore omitted.

PIANISTS WITH THE CHICAGO ORCHESTRA.

Mrs. Emma Dahl-Rich made a genuine success with her playing in the Tschaikovsky concerto early in January. Her playing displayed brilliancy, most perfect sureness and telling quality, and, a little unexpectedly, very great strength, whereby she was enabled to make herself heard even against the very rich orchestration of this strongly marked and highly original work. It is to be hoped that she will be heard in recitals before long. Mrs. Dahl-Rich was formerly a student at the Chicago Musical College, where she took many prizes and later studied with Leschetitzky in Vienna. She should be reckoned a Chicago pianist.

In a later concert another Chicago girl, Miss Augusta Cottlow, played the Grieg concerto in a manner characterized by refinement and musical intelligence, but without remarkable power or authority. Miss Cottlow was formerly a pupil with Mr. Wolfsohn, and lately with Busoni. She is a highly accomplished musician and a composer. One of her own works she played as an encore piece, but a better selection might easily have been made. The Grieg concerto affords a pianist very few great opportunities and it will be necessary to hear Miss Cottlow in a recital or in a more important work before pronouncing upon her place among the great. At least everything complimentary can be said of her industry, devotion to art and seriousness. She is also a charmingly lovely person, with apparently a tendency to sentiment, which did not find full expression in her playing.

Mr. Thomas accompanied the Tschaikovsky concerto himself, but the Grieg was entrusted to the careful interpretation of the excellent Mr. Stock, who is part of the orchestral stock itself.

SPIERING AS AN OPERATIC CONDUCTOR.

There is an old adage that everything comes to him who waits, and it must have been in this spirit that an application was made one day

lately to Mr. Theodore Spiering to go on and conduct the Castle Square Opera in the "Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," the regular conductor, having broken down completely from nervous strain. Now Spiering is a most excellent conductor, a good drill master and a man of taste, but this call was at least unexpected. It had in it the following elements of difficulty, not to say of danger. The call was made about eleven o'clock for the matinee beginning at 2. He had never conducted an opera, nor even a chorus. He had never heard either of the works or read them. But every conductor who has ever emerged from obscurity has owed his success to just such an emergency, from Theodore Thomas up to Handel, though both these older men were called to conduct works which they had assisted in rehearsing and their work began with rehearsals. Spiering had not been rehearsing, had never conducted this orchestra, did not know the works in the slightest, and was not acquainted with the singers. He did not even have a piano rehearsal with the principals as he easily might, in order to learn their tempi and readings. All he could do he did, which was to read the vocal score diligently and observe all the instrumental cues marked in the piano copy used for conducting. When the singers came upon the stage they learned for the first time that a stranger sat in the conductor's chair. In spite of the danger of this kind of work there were very few hesitations in the first performance, and in the evening the work went extremely well and Spiering was able to bring out some effects of his own. It is not the policy of the Castle Square organization to employ as expensive conductors as a man of Mr. Spiering's musicianship necessarily is, so the experiment closed without having a sequel. But it was an interesting experiment.

THE CASTLE SQUARE OPERA AGAIN IN CHICAGO.

The Castle Square Opera Company resumed its performances of opera in English at the Studebaker directly after January first. On the week of January 6 the works were Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci." The forces engaged include a number of new singers who show good voices. The chorus is admirable, and is in fact the best part of the affair, saving perhaps the stage settings. The orchestra is excellent in quality, but too few in number to do justice to large scores. On the occasion when *Music* was represented, the players numbered about twenty. The principal roles on this occasion were by Miss Rennyson and Mr. Sheahan, and in the second work Miss Ludwig and Mr. Roberts. Mr. Winfred Goff sang the prologue to "Pagliacci" in splendid manner, and, as an exception among the singers, in a variety of English recognizable as such. He has a fine baritone voice and good dramatic instincts. Messrs. Sheehan and Reginald Roberts are well known as among the most attractive of English opera tenors.

The association of these two works in particular in one program is

not to be commended. The two stories are too much alike and everything runs to high strung passion and fatality. A work of the old school, such as an abbreviated "Barber," or one of those charming little French operas which the American opera used to do, would have made a better contrast with either of these. The attendance was good but not crowded.

The later weeks have been devoted to "Bohemian Girl" and "Lohengrin" is promised at the end of January.

Inasmuch as the city will defray the cost, they will most likely "do" it well, as we hear in the "Mikado."

MINOR MENTION.

Mr. Charles E. Watt, of Chicago, gave two recitals at Springfield, Mo., in December. Among other things he played Beethoven's sonata Op. 90, and a Mozart sonata in F, liberal selections from Nevin, and a variety of classical pieces of moderate calibre. The recitals were well received.

* * *

Mr. Ad. M. Foerster, of Pittsburg, is not alone an industrious and prolific composer, but also an interesting and inspiring teacher. He has one quality which ought to have a favorable influence upon his style, the habit, namely, of giving entire evenings of his own compositions, in his studio, whereby he has the opportunity to find out by actual experiment the effect this music has upon an audience. Mr. Foerster has covered such a wide range in his music that he is able to arrange varied programs adapted to every kind of talent.

* * *

Mr. S. W. Mountz, a well-known Chicago musician and teacher, has removed to Los Angeles, California, where the prospects are favorable for the complete exercise of his many gifts.

* * *

Mr. August Geiger seems to be doing excellent work in the Southern Female College. At the concert of Dec. 19 the program included an air and variations by Mendelssohn, the Schubert-Liszt "By the Sea," a pleasant Chopin number, and a variety of smaller pieces, ending with the Liszt second rhapsody, played here with second piano also. As this rhapsody is on the whole about the best of the lot, it made a brilliant ending for the concert. In more advanced communities, however, the Liszt Hungarian Rhapsodies have practically "gone out." *Requiescant in pace.*

* * *

Mr. Constantin von Sternberg conducted an artist recital before the music students of Knox College, in November, in which he began with Saint-Saens' transcription of the Overture to the 29th Church Cantata of Bach (the same, except in key, as the Preamble to the sixth violin sonata, transcribed admirably by Heinze in the Bach Album) the Beethoven Sonata pastorale; Tschaikevsky Theme and Variations, a strong but ill-regulated work; Mr. J. H. Hahn's Polonaise in D Flat (dedicated to Mr. Sternberg), MacDowell's March Wind and two of his own pieces.

* * *

The second historical concert of the Chicago Orchestra included the Mozart "Jupiter Symphony," the Spohr Gesangscene (Mr. Kreis-

ler), the "Freyschuetz" overture, Schubert Unfinished Symphony and the Variations and March from Suite by Lachner. The Mozart work, as also the Schubert, was delightful, but the program as a whole was deficient in contrast.

* * *

At the Mt. Union College a recital by Miss Marsh included Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, Chaminade's Flatterer, the Chopin Tarantelle, etc.

* * *

The second concert of the Spiering Quartet in Chicago had a program including D'Albert's Quartet in E Flat, some songs by Schumann, Grieg and Spiering, a Schubert Rondo for piano and violin, and the Beethoven Quartet in A Major, op. 18, No. 5. The solo artists were Mrs. Bertha Kaderly and Mr. Walter Spry. Mrs. Kaderly showed an agreeable intelligence in her work and a fine voice. The Spiering songs were very good indeed, but unfortunately in German. "No American need apply." Mr. Spiering himself speaks very good English, but perhaps his poetry was not so fortunate. Mr. Spry showed tasteful and musicianly playing.

* * *

Some time last autumn the Chicago Musical College received the following letter, which speaks for itself:

"Would it be asking too much to request you to let me know what instruction book for the piano is used in the college? I have not been in the States long and do not know of any but Mathews.' I wish to use the best."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

DURATION AND FREQUENCY OF LESSONS.

A correspondent from an inland city states her case substantially as follows: "I have been teaching piano in this town for several years at the price of fifty cents for hour lessons. Some time ago I accepted a pupil for half-hour lessons at half the rate, and soon many other pupils changed from hour lessons to half hours once a week. Lately, owing to the unusual demands the public schools are making upon the home time of the grammar grade pupils, several of my pupils have applied for a half-hour lesson once in two weeks, on the ground that they have no time to practice, but still do not like to omit their music entirely. Now there are obviously two points to be considered here: First, whether the pupils can do good work with this small attention; and, second, my own position with regard to making a living. Who do you advise me to do? To refuse these lessons or take them? B. C. C.

To the question in general a direct answer may be given: Refuse. The application for one-half hour lessons once in two weeks rests upon an entire misconception of the case. What you are doing, or trying to do is not simply to see that each of your pupils has something suitable to practice on the piano, but to *teach* her music, not alone the keyboard, but also the music by its sound, its feeling. To open to her a new gateway into a world of the ideal, having in it no end of charm for the present generation and apparently an equally great charm for those who will come after us.

The case of the parents and the children is a hard one. The public schools tend to load up with more and more subjects which they work at with a solicitude truly parental. Meanwhile, amid the multiplicity of subjects, the child gains a mere smattering of each, and, as is generally charged, is liable to emerge from school unable to spell ordinary words in her own mother tongue.

Music as taught in the public schools is a striking illustration of the superficiality with which things are done. As a rule the pupils emerge from school unable to recognize ordinary tonal relations by ear clearly enough to be able to write them down. This, however, has nothing to do with our present purpose.

A music lesson is something more than a mere setting of a task to be learned. It should also be a lesson.

DIRECTIONS WANTED AS TO REPERTORY OF THE
PIANIST.

"I am a teacher living in a small town, and like many others was obliged to begin teaching before my education had been made sufficiently complete to give me assurance in my work. What I wish to know is, how I am to find out which composers of all those in the music lists are the greatest or the best worth knowing; and what pieces will be most practicable for me to begin with in order to understand them and enjoy them. Is there any book covering this ground, or a part of it?"
J. S.

Your case is a very common one. The present writer began his teaching work under precisely similar conditions, and so did thousands of his readers. Many one-sided attempts have been made at supplying the need you mention. Almost all the publishers have more or less matter for teachers, in which they give graded lists of pieces, classified according to composers. The chief difficulties with these helps is that the author of the pamphlets always appears as the attorney for the publisher, rather than for the author. In my "How to Understand Music" a great deal of assistance is afforded towards a rational study of Beethoven, Chopin and Schumann. Dr. Fuchs has a truly monumental work in German, upon the artistic valuation of all the chief productions of the music-writers of the past and present. It is so large that it is of very little help to an ordinary teacher.

The nearest that has as yet come to the kind of information you are after is in the two volumes of "The Great in Music," of which the second volume is now in press. In the two volumes the following composers are represented: Bach, Haydn, Corelli, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Henselt, Shubert, Chopin, Schumann, Franz, Brahms, Liszt, Spohr, Grieg, Jensen, Sinding, Raff, Rubinstein, Tchaikovsky, Schytte, Godard, Chaminade, John Field, Moszkowsky, Richard Strauss, Paderewski, Balikirev, Glazounov, etc., and the following American writers: Mason, Gottschalk, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Dudley Buck, John K. Paine, Arthur Foote, Gleason, Mrs. Gaynor, Emil Liebling, E. A. MacDowell, Sherwood, Margaret Lang, H. N. Bartlett, E. R. Kroeger, Wilson G. Smith, A. M. Foerster, Geo. W. Chadwick, Vogrich, and some others. Each composer is characterized according to his place in art and his importance or availability for study. These characterizations have been prepared by Messrs. Emil Liebling, Karleton Hackett, John S. Van Cleve, Theodore Spiering and the present writer; and a variety of the pieces of each author are analyzed and discussed for study, the grade of difficulty being marked. To give an idea of the second volume it may be mentioned that Schumann occupies about seventy-five pages, and upwards of one hundred of his compositions are discussed in detail. Chopin, Liszt, Brahms, and others receive liberal treatment. At the end of the volume there is a chapter in which the general significance of the entire development covered by the two volumes is summed up. These books were prepared for the

exclusive use of the Music Student's Clubs, but they are now open to the general musical public. Nothing at all like them has ever appeared before. They represent an immense amount of study and experience on the part of the editors and writers. The more they are studied the more useful they will appear.

W. S. B. M.



REVIEWS AND NOTICES

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. By William Shakespeare. Edited for the **Class Room** by Frederic Manley. The **Laurel Classics**. Boston, C. C. Birchard & Company. 1901. 12 mo., Pp. 186, Cloth.

Mr. Frederic Manley, a poet and literateur of distinction and wide scholarship, has here prepared an edition of the great Shakespearean drama for the use of students, in which he has compressed the actual information obtainable concerning the play, annotated its principal scenes with intelligence and discernment, and successfully avoided the two main difficulties of such a task, by not giving too many discursions, nor, on the other hand, failing to assist the student at the right time. Deserves the attention of students and private readers.

* * *

AZARA: OPERA IN THREE ACTS. BY JOHN KNOWLES PAINE. Pianoforte Edition with Vocal Score and Text. Brietkopf and Haertel. Leipsic and New York.

For a number of years Professor Paine, of Harvard, has been working at a grand romantic opera upon a Saracen subject. The work having been some time completed is here issued in vocal score. It makes a portly and elegant volume of 374 pages. The subject is one which admits of and invites scenic splendor, and no doubt the orchestration and general musical handling have been created with the same possibility in view. It is an important work, and it is a pity that there is very little chance of its being heard upon the stage in the lifetime of its author—not that the death of the author would tend to simplify the production of such a work, but simply that the conditions are such that “No American need apply”—at any stage or orchestral door, saving only with a comic opera, in which line American works are now supreme. A more detailed notice will be given this work at an early opportunity. The present merely chronicles its appearance in type. Even this is an interesting occurrence, both from the light it throws upon the ideality of the Harvard professor and as an evidence that somebody remembers with at least an appearance of appreciation. So much is well. But of the music, which certainly looks promising, a careful notice will appear later.

* * *

HANDBOOK FOR BOOKLOVERS' READING CLUB. COURSE II. MODERN MASTERS OF MUSIC.

This beautifully printed hand-book of 128 octavo pages contains a list

of reading for the course and several essays of an advisory character by American writers: "Pianoforte Music and Its Performance," by H. E. Krehbiel; "How to Appreciate the Great Composers," by W. S. B. Mathews; "Beethoven from a Modern Point of View," by Gustav Kobbe; "The Caprices of Musical Taste," by James G. Huneker. Also a variety of selected short passages of criticism.

The works recommended by Mr. Riginald De Koven, as foundation of the course are three: *Makers of Music*, by R. Farquharson Sharp; *A General History of Music*, by W. S. Rockstro, and *Studies in Modern Music*, by W. H. Hadow. At the end of the volume is a list of supplementary works for reference. This musical course is one of twenty-five different courses conducted under the same auspices.

* * *

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

For the Year 1901, Vol. I.

In the more than 750 pages of this bulky volume are included a variety of papers which, taken together, amount to an important furthering of the design of this institution, the general diffusion of useful knowledge. Besides detailed reports of the financial and other operations of the institution for the period specified, the volume contains a large number of papers of much importance. Among them such as these: *Progress of Astronomy During the XIX Century*, by Sir Norman Lockyer; *A Preliminary Account of the Solar Eclipse of May 28, 1900, as Observed by the Smithsonian Expedition*, by Secretary S. P. Langley; *Progress of Aeronautics*, by J. Jannsen; *Lord Rayleigh on Flight*; *Liquid Hydrogen*, by Prof. James Dewar; and upwards of forty more of equal importance. It is much to be regretted that this sterling institution has not as yet shared in the new endowments which are being made with so lavish a hand, but still remains with its small fund of years and years ago. Fortunately Congress appropriates in various directions for promoting lines of work which the institution is not able to undertake from its own funds.

* * *

(From A. P. Schmidt.)

A COLLECTION OF EASIEST ETUDES. By Ferdinand Meyer.

A collection of easy etudes suitable for early lesson, from a variety of authors, such as Myaylath, Gurlitt Biehl, and a variety of lesser writers for children. In a few cases a little training in two-part writing would have been in point, as, for example, on page 4, fourth study, fifth and sixth measures, where implied consecutive octaves impair the individuality of the two-voice movement and still more impair the sound.

The volume is likely to do good. It would have been better for most teachers if the editor had pointed out the particular result intended by each study. This might perhaps have led to omitting some—but there is no cause which might not have some effect. On the whole this collection keeps well off the old ruts. Among the best pieces in

it are two marked Bach-Faelton—a co-operation which seems to have resulted in a very pleasing bit of good music. If these two talented writers had co-operated more frequently in the collection it would have been still better.

* * *

SONG OF THE WOODMAN. By Frank Lynes.

A melody in the baritone register and arpeggio work in the right hand. Quite after the Rubinstein Kamennoi-Ostrow suggestion—some distance after, but pleasingly done. 3d grade.

* * *

SONGS BY FRANK LYNES.

"If All the Dreams We Dream, Dear."

"Thy Picture."

Two pleasing songs in the usual vein. Very sentimental and effective for very ordinary occasions.

* * *

RONDELETTO. By Frank Lynes.

A pleasing 3d grade piece. Possibly 2d grade.

* * *

TWO PIECES BY GEORGE SCHUMANN. Op. 23.

"In the Evening."

"Barcarolle."

Two pieces of medium difficulty (3d and 4th grade), much better than the usual run of music written for lessons. Available for amateur performance.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Louis Arthur Russell, of New York and Newark, has brought out what he calls "A Modern System of Study of Artistic Pianoforte Technic and Touch," in seven volumes. The first deals with touch, and is elaborated with great definitness, and mostly carried out upon a table—for which purpose it seems particularly well calculated. Whether these touches, so very definitely defined, would sound as well upon a pianoforte is another matter; and the question whether the majority of them would find practical application in playing real music is still another. At all events the devotee of the clavier will here find most of his ideas embodied—and very few of any other kind. Mr. Russell advises the use of the clavier habitually, or of its younger brother (or sister, is it?) the techniclavier—which most readers will hear of in this notice for the first time. The second volume is a short course in reading and interpretation, but it is very difficult to imagine how such a subject can be developed from the four pages of rather commonplace exercises which compose this volume. They are probably clavier exercises, which, like children, are to be "seen and not heard." The third volume is "A Study of the Varieties of Touch in Piano Playing, with Didactic Text and Practical Examples." Here we have the explanation of the first volume—which must have related to clavier touch. This volume contains a good deal of serious work. The

author is to be praised accordingly. If any fault is to be found, it is that the author is too definite. The fourth volume consists of practical exercises for Secondary Grade. Here again the exercises are many of them unmusical and display their clavier origin quite too plainly. It is a mistake to regard this kind of material as conducing to musical playing. Book VI, a practical work of greater difficulty. It runs to thirty-six pages of exercises. Some of them are very good; others fall under the condemnation already mentioned, of being unmusical. The experiment as a whole is curious and interesting, but it needs a great deal more explanation before a teacher will understand in what manner these forms are supposed to minister to refined and musical playing.

* * *

OPERA SONGS.

The house of the John Church Company sends four imposing volumes of Opera Songs, one for each of the leading voices. The selections are well made, embracing not alone the chief and most famous arias from the older operas for the respective voices (in the original key it is stated), but also a good variety of more recent works never to be found in such volumes as those of Peters, Litoff and the like, the European copyright preventing. Hence here we have gems from the later operas of Verdi, Massenet, Mascagni, Ponchiella, Wanger, etc. The volumes are extremely well printed and probably fastened together far more permanently than the usual European volumes of similar compass. They are to be ordered as "Opera Songs" for Soprano, for Alto, etc. They should have a large sale among students if properly advertised.

* * *

In his "Book of Organ Music," Mr. James H. Rogers has brought together a collection of organ pieces of modern origin or arrangement, generally of moderate difficulty, such as practical organists will be glad to get. Occasionally there is a selection of a degree of difficulty more than moderate, as, for instance, the Widor Toccata from the 6th organ symphony. The book is handsomely printed and oblong in shape, well put together for lying flat open and not falling apart before the fourth Sunday of its use.

* * *

The house of Schirmer has lately published an edition of Flotow's "Martha," which is perhaps the most elegant of any as yet produced in this country. The opera, while not strictly fresh and still less a classic, ought to have a future for amateur use. At all events here it is.

* * *

HENRY HOLDEN HUSS: COMPOSITIONS.

Menuet.

Gavotte Capricieuse.

Four Preludes. In form of Studies.

Mr. Henru Holden Huss, who is favorably known as one of the best

American composers, here appears in six compositions from the press of G. Schirmer. The first prelude is in the key of D flat, and the opening form is that of an arpeggio, played quickly by the two hands, the left hand crossing over and completing the affair by means of a superimposed melody note. This is followed by some melody with accompaniment in triplets. The harmonic structure is very modern indeed, and it would be necessary to hear it played very well indeed in order to judge adequately whether inspiration were by chance present in the work to anything like an equal extent with the cleverness of the handling.

The second prelude is in D major, and the motive is quite like that of one of the Capriccios by Brahms. It is capable of producing a good effect. The third prelude is in the key of E major and has the wholly unusual form of a prelude for right hand alone, the basses being put in later, the pedal holding the melody. One hesitates to assign a definite value to an idea of this kind, considering that the right hand is almost invariably by far too good for the left hand, which has to accompany it. Prelude four is in A flat, and affords very pleasing practice for melody with lighter and faster notes around it. The thumbs generally play the chief melodies. All four are clever as work—and perhaps capable of agreeable salon effect.

The Menuet in C major begins rather sonorously and with promise, but the second measure and fourth are upon a very weak harmonic succession, the net result therefore of the first four measures being at least questionable. The second period is pleasing, and quite along the same line as many bits in Liszt, Liszt having been the first user, and, if anything, a little the better, as more to the manner born. The middle piece has very little value indeed. The capricieuse Gavotte in G minor is capable of pleasing effect.

All the titles of these six pieces are in the French language, from which it will be seen that even our composers do not escape the tendency to polyglottony to which our singers are so dreadfully liable. It is a great thing to encourage the American muse in one of the graceful languages of continental Europe, where all our American work is so highly prized.





MME. GADSKI, AS BRUNHILDE.

MUSIC.

FEBRUARY, 1902

PLATO ON THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.

BY SERGIUS RECTOR, PH.D.

In his great dialogue, "The Laws," Plato unfolds his ideas in regard to forming a perfect state, entering with minute care into all the relations of life and the process of education and training by which children are brought up to be good citizens and useful men and women. The dialogue is very long, Jowett's translation extending to 480 pages. The subjects are not particularly well separated in the discussion, and the same topic occurs in more than one place. What Plato has to say in regard to music can at least be taken with a certain reserve, since under the term music is included everything relating to the Muses, that is to say, all that we now include under the term fine art, meaning thereby especially literature and music. In the paragraph numbered 655, he is speaking about differences of melody and rhythm. He says: "In music there are certainly figures and there are melodies; and music is concerned with harmony and rhythm, so that you may speak of a melody or figure having rhythm or harmony; the term is correct enough, but you cannot speak correctly, as the masters of choruses have a way of talking metaphorically, of the 'color' of a melody or figure. Although you can speak of the melodies or figures of the brave and the coward, praising the one and censuring the other. And, not to be tedious, the figures and melodies which are expressive of virtue of soul or body, or of images of virtue, are without exception good, and those which are expressive of vice are the reverse of good."

"Choric movements are imitations of manners occurring in various actions, chances, characters,—each particular is imi-

tated, and those to whom the words, or songs, or dances are suited, either by nature or habit, or both, cannot help feeling pleasure in them, and applauding them, and calling them beautiful. But those whose natures, or ways, or habits are unsuited to them, cannot delight in them or applaud them, and they call them base. There are others, again, whose natures are right and their habits wrong, or whose habits are right and their natures wrong, and they praise one thing but are pleased at another. For they say that certain things are pleasant but not good. And in the presence of those whom they think wise, they are ashamed of dancing and singing in that fashion or of deliberately lending their countenance to such proceedings; and yet, they have a secret pleasure in them."

From this difference between the good and bad in music and habit, Plato deduces the principle that in education the noble forms are to be cultivated and preferred, and, as usual in that day, he supports his arguments by citing what was said to have been done in Egypt: "Long ago they appear to have recognized the very principle of which we are now speaking—that their young citizens must be habituated to forms and strains of virtue. These are fixed, and the patterns of them are exhibited in their temples; and no painter or artist is allowed to innovate upon them, or to leave the traditional forms and invent new ones. To this day, no alteration is allowed either in these arts or in music at all. And you will find that their works of art are painted or molded in the same forms which they had ten thousand years ago; this is literally true and no exaggeration,—their ancient paintings and sculptures are not a whit better or worse than the work of to-day, but are made with just the same skill."

All this Plato thinks to have been worthy of admiration, whereas we know now that the manner in which they did it restricted their art to the few primitive types with which they happened to be equipped when the law was established.

He then goes on to propose having festivals, in which there should be entertainments of all sorts, including gymnastic, musical or equestrian contests, leaving it to the assembled multitude to decide which entertainment was the most worthy of praise. He asks: "What is likely to be the result of such a proceeding?" To which he gives answer, "There will be

various exhibitions. The Homeric bard will exhibit the rhapsody, another a performance on the lute; one would have a tragedy and another a comedy. Nor would there be anything astonishing in some one imagining that he could gain the prize by exhibiting a puppet-show. Suppose these competitors to meet, and not these only, but innumerable others as well, can you tell me who ought to be the victor?"

This question, who ought to be the victor, his interlocutor is unable to answer; whereupon Plato answers it for him, saying the children will decide for the puppet-show, because it is most interesting to them; whereas he thinks the old men would have the greatest pleasure in hearing the rhapsodist recite well the Iliad and Odyssey, or one of the Hesiodic poems. "Then who would really be the victor?" He goes on to ask: "Thus far I too should agree with the many, that the excellence of music is to be measured by pleasure. But the pleasure must not be that of chance persons; the fairest music is that which delights the best and best educated, and especially that which delights the one man who is preeminent in virtue and education. And therefore the judges will require virtue—they must possess wisdom and also courage; for the true judge ought not to learn from the theatre, nor ought he to be panic-stricken at the clamor of the many and his own incapacity; nor again, knowing the truth, ought he, through cowardice and unmanliness, carelessly to deliver a false judgment, out of the very same lips which have just appealed to the gods before he judged. He is sitting, not as the disciple of the theatre, but, in his proper place, as their instructor; and he ought to be the enemy of all pandering to the pleasure of the spectators. The ancient and common custom of Hellas, which still prevails in Italy and Sicily, did certainly leave the judgment to the body of spectators, who determined the victor by the show of hands; yet this custom has been the destruction of the poets; for they now compose with a view to please the bad taste of their judges, and the result is that the spectators instruct themselves, which has been the ruin of the theatre; when they ought to be hearing of characters of a higher stamp than their own, and receiving a higher pleasure, they are affected in an entirely opposite manner. Now what is the inference to be deduced from all this?"

"The inference at which we arrive, for the third or fourth time, is that education is the constraining and directing of youth towards that right reason, which the law affirms, and which the experience of the best of our elders has agreed to be truly right. In order, then, that the soul of the child may not be habituated to feel joy and sorrow in a manner at variance with the law and those who obey the law, but may rather follow the law and rejoice and sorrow at the same things as the aged,—in order, I say, to produce this effect, songs appear to have been invented, which are really charms, and are designed to implant that harmony of which we speak. And, because the mind of the child is incapable of enduring serious training, they are called plays or songs, and are performed in play; just as when men are sick and ailing in their bodies, their attendants give them wholesome diet in pleasant meats and drinks, but unwholesome diet in disagreeable things, in order that they may learn to like the one as they ought, and to dislike the other. And in like manner the true legislator will persuade, and, if he cannot persuade, will compel the poet to express as he ought, by fair and noble words, in his rhythms, the choric figures, and in his melodies, the music of temperate and brave and in every way good men.

"Are not the principles of education and music which prevail among you as follows: You compel your poets to say that the good man, if he be temperate and just, is fortunate and happy; and this whether he be great and strong, or small and weak; and whether he be rich or poor; and that, on the other hand, if he have a wealth passing that of Cinyras or Midas, and be unjust, he is miserable and lives in pain. As the poet says, and truly: 'I sing not, I care not, about him who accomplishes all the noble things of which he speaks, not having justice; let him be just who draws near and smites his enemies.'"

Then ensues a long discussion which would take us too far to follow, leading to the conclusion:

"The view which identifies the pleasant and the just and the good and the noble has an excellent moral and religious tendency. And the opposite view is most at variance with the designs of the legislator, and, in his opinion, infamous; for no one, if he can help, will be persuaded to do that which

gives him more pain than pleasure. But as distant prospects are apt to make the world spin round us, especially in childhood, the legislator will try to purge away the darkness and exhibit the truth; he will persuade the citizens, in some way or other, by customs and praises and words, that just and unjust are opposed to one another as shadow and light, and that, seen from the point of view of a man's own evil and injustice, the unjust appears pleasant and the just unpleasant; but that, seen from the point of view of the just, the very opposite is the appearance which they wear."

After this he goes on to more practical suggestions:

"The next suggestion which I have to offer is, that all our three choruses shall sing to the young and tender souls of children, reciting in their strains all the noble thoughts of which we have already spoken, or are about to speak; and the sum of them shall be, that the life which is by the gods deemed to be the happiest is the holiest; we shall affirm this to be a most certain truth; and the minds of our young disciples will be more likely to receive these words of ours than any others which we might address to them.

"First will enter in their natural order the sacred choir composed of children, which is to sing lustily the heaven-taught lay to the whole city. Next will follow the choir of young men under the age of thirty, who will call upon the God Paeon (Apollo) to be the witness of their words, and will pray him to be gracious to the youth and to turn their hearts. Thirdly, the choir of elder men, who are from thirty to sixty years of age, will also sing. There remain those who are too old to sing, and they will tell stories, illustrating the same virtues, as with the voice of an oracle.

"That every man and boy, slave and free, both sexes, and the whole city, should never cease charming themselves with the strains of which we have spoken; and that there should be every sort of change and variation of them in order to take away the effect of sameness, so that the singers may always receive pleasure from their hymns, and may never weary of them."

Occasionally Plato hits upon a great idea, as for example in the following:

"Then, when any one says that music is to be judged of by

pleasure, this cannot be admitted; and if there be any music of which pleasure is the criterion, such music is not to be sought out or deemed to have any real excellence, but only that other kind of music which is an imitation of the good. And those who seek for the best kind of song and music, ought not to seek for that which is pleasant, but for that which is true; and the truth of imitation consists, as we were saying, in rendering the thing imitated according to quantity and quality. And every one will admit that musical compositions are all imitative and representative. Will not poets and spectators and actors all agree in this? Surely, then he who would judge correctly must know what each composition is; for if he does not know what is the character and meaning of the piece, and what it represents, he will never discern whether the intention is true or false.

“And can he who does not know what the exact object is which is imitated, ever know whether the resemblance is truthfully executed? I mean, for example, whether a statue has the proportions of a body, and how the parts fit into one another in due order; also their colors and conformation, or whether this is all confused in the execution? Do you think that any one can know about this who does not know what the animal is which has been imitated? But even if we know that the thing pictured or sculptured is a man, who has received at the hand of the artist all his proper parts and figures and colors, must we not also know whether the work is beautiful or in any respect deficient in beauty?

“And may we now say that in everything imitated, whether in drawing, music or any other art, he who is to be a competent judge must possess three things; he must know, in the first place, of what the imitation is; secondly, he must know that it is true; and thirdly, that it has been well executed in words and melodies and rhythms? Then let us not faint in discussing the peculiar difficulty of music. Music is more celebrated than any other kind of imitation, and therefore requires the greatest care of them all. For if a man makes a mistake here, he may do himself the greatest injury by welcoming evil dispositions, and the mistake may be very difficult to discern, because the poets are artists very inferior in character to the Muses themselves, who would never fall into the

monstrous error of assigning to the words of men the gestures and songs of women; nor combine the melodies and gestures of freemen with the rhythms of slaves and men of the baser sort; or, beginning with the rhythms and gestures of freemen, assign to them a melody or words which are of an opposite character; nor would they mix up the voices and sounds of animals and of men and instruments, and every other sort of noise, as if they were all one. But human poets are fond of introducing this sort of inconsistent mixture, and thus make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of those who, as Orpheus says, 'have attained maturity in their pleasures.'

"The experienced see all this confusion, and yet the poets go on and make still further havoc by separating the rhythm and the figure of the dance from the melody, setting words to metre without music, and also separating the melody and rhythm from the words, using the lyre or the flute alone. For when there are no words, it is very difficult to recognize the meaning of the harmony and rhythm, or to see that any worthy object is imitated by them. And we must acknowledge that all this sort of thing, which aims only at swiftness and smoothness and a brutish noise, and uses the flute and lyre not as the mere accompaniments of the dance and song, is exceedingly rude and coarse. The use of either, when unaccompanied by the others, leads to every sort of irregularity and trickery. This is all true enough. But we are considering not how our choristers, who are from thirty to fifty years of age, and may be over fifty, are not to use the Muses, but how they are to use them."

In another part of this discussion, especially in the seventh book, where the education of children comes more particularly into view, he has many most wise remarks, together with many other things which can be taken with a grain of salt. Among the latter, for instance, I would include the following:

"There are many ancient musical compositions and dances which are excellent, and from them the government may freely select what is proper and suitable; and they shall choose judges of not less than fifty years of age, who shall make the selection, and any of the old poems which they deem sufficient they shall include; any that is deficient or altogether unsuitable, they shall either utterly throw aside or examine and amend,

taking into their counsel poets and musicians, and making use of their poetical genius; but explaining to them the wishes of the legislator in order that they may regulate dancing, music, and all choral strains, according to his mind; and not allowing them to indulge, except in some minor matters, their individual pleasures and fancies. Now, the irregular strain of music is always made ten thousand times better by attaining to law and order; and when there is no infusion of the honeyed Muse—not, however, that we mean wholly to exclude pleasure, for that is common to all music.”

This scheme has the objection that it imposes entirely too large a burden upon the judges, who are not less than fifty years of age. But the conclusion with which Plato supports this principle is excellent, namely, as follows:

“And if a man be brought up from childhood, to the age of discretion and maturity, in the use of the orderly and severe music, when he hears the opposite he detests it, and calls it illiberal; but if trained in the sweet and vulgar music, he deems the opposite sort cold and displeasing. So that, as I was saying before, while he who hears them gains no more pleasure from the one than from the other, the one has the advantage of making those who are trained in it better men, whereas the other makes them worse.”

Plato by no means conceals from himself the fact that the thorough training of the young is a matter involving difficulties of its own. School in the Greek days began early. Plato says:

“When the day breaks, the time has arrived for youth to go to their schoolmasters. Now, neither sheep nor any other animals can live without shepherd, nor can children be left without tutors, or slaves without masters. And of all animals, the boy is the most unmanageable, inasmuch as he has the fountain of reason in him not yet regulated; he is the most insidious, sharp-witted, and insubordinate of animals. Wherefore he must be bound with many bridles; in the first place, when he gets away from mothers and nurses, he must be under the control of tutors on account of his childishness and foolishness; then, again, being a freeman, he must have teachers and be educated by them in anything which they teach, and must learn what he has to learn; but he is also a slave, and in

that regard any freeman who comes in his way may punish him and his tutor and his instructor, if any of them does anything wrong; and he who comes across him and does not inflict upon him the punishment which he deserves, shall incur the greatest disgrace."

His scheme of apportioning the education of the young is the following:

"A fair time for a boy of ten years old to spend in letters is three years; at thirteen years he should begin to handle the lyre, and he may continue at this for another three years, neither more nor less, and whether his father or himself like or dislike the study, he is not to be allowed to spend more or less time in learning music than the law allows. And let him who disobeys the law be deprived of those youthful honors of which we shall hereafter speak. Hear, however, first of all, what the young ought to learn in the early days of life, and what their instructors ought to teach them. They ought to be occupied with their letters until they are able to read and write; but the acquisition of perfect beauty or quickness in writing, if nature has not stimulated them to acquire these accomplishments in the given number of years, they should let alone. And as to the learning of compositions committed to writing, which are unaccompanied by song, whether metrical or without rhythmical divisions, compositions in prose, as they are termed, having no rhythm or harmony,—seeing how dangerous are the writings handed down to us by many writers of this class—what will you do with them, O most excellent guardians of the law? or, how can the lawgiver rightly direct you about them? I believe that he will be in great difficulty."

Again he returns to the case of ancient Egypt:

"All freemen, I conceive, should learn as much of these various disciplines as every child in Egypt is taught when he learns his alphabet. In that country, systems of calculation have been actually invented for the use of children, which they learn as a pleasure and amusement. They have to distribute apples and garlands, adapting the same number either to a larger or less number of persons; and they distribute pugilists and wrestlers as they follow one another, or pair together by lot. Another mode of amusing them is by taking vessels of gold, and brass, and silver, and the like, and mingling them

or distributing them without mingling; as I was saying, they adapt to their amusement the numbers in common use, and in this way make more intelligible to their pupils the arrangements and movements of armies and expeditions, and in the management of a household they make people more useful to themselves, and more wide awake; and again in measurements of things which have length, and breadth, and depth, they free us from that ludicrous and disgraceful ignorance of all these things which is natural to man."

This is the gist of the modern kindergarten and it would be interesting to know more of these ancient Egyptian kindergartens, which according to this authority may have been in existence as far back as the time of Moses or earlier. Plato wrote about 320 B. C.; his information probably came from Pythagoras, who lived in Egypt from about 600 B. C. to 580 B. C.

Many modern ideas occur in Plato; for example, this:

"That the right and left hand are supposed to differ by nature when we use them; whereas no difference is found in the use of the feet and lower limbs; but in the use of the hands we are in a manner lame, by reason of the folly of nurses and mothers; for although our several limbs are by nature balanced, we create a difference in them by bad habit. In some cases this is of no consequence, as, for example, when we hold the lyre in the left hand, and the plectrum in the right, but it is downright folly to adopt a similar practice in other cases."

He then goes on and argues in favor of the what is now called by the modest name of ambidexterity.

MUSIC AND ETHICS.

BY PROFESSOR NIECKS.

(Concluded.)

VI.

MEDIAEVAL VIEWS.

In the literature of the middle ages there is hardly anything to be met with in regard to our subject that may not be described as an echo of the utterances of the ancients, or rather as an echo of echoes of them. Nevertheless, there are differences between the later and earlier writers. The characters of these differences will be understood if we remember that the mediæval writers were for the most part Christian churchmen thinking of Christian Church music, and subjects of states whose governments and social conditions were as unlike those of the Greece of Plato and Aristotle as anything could be. This explains, among other things, the drawing of examples from the Old Testament as well as from Greek sources, and the absence of discussions of the influence of music on the state. Acquaintance with the references to the ethical aspects of music to be found in mediæval treatises wholly concerned with music, or in which music is dealt with incidentally, cannot but lead us to think that there is no original thought and observation in them. Chapters on the utility of music and in praise of music occur frequently in musical treatises, and in them we find retailed not only the old judgments, but also accounts of the attitudes of famous men to the practice of music, tales of medical feats achieved by means of the art, and even fables, such as those of Orpheus and the listening of wild beasts and following rocks and trees, of Amphion and the moving stones with which the walls of Thebes were built, and of Arion and the dolphin. A few quotations will suffice. The first shall be a sober and brief one from the pen of St. Isidore, the learned Bishop of Seville, who died in 636. He writes in his "Twenty Books on Origins and Etymologies" that no training is complete without music; that music calls forth diverse kinds of emotion, softens the character and calms the excited

spirits. Less sober and more elaborate are the remarks of John Cotton, an English monk, who probably flourished on the continent about the year 1100. He held that music has a great power to move the soul and delight the ear, that it uplifts the ruined and despairing, comforts travelers, disarms robbers, appeases the angry, gladdens the sad and anxious, pacifies the contentious, drives away vain cogitations, and tempers the fury of the mad. Having different powers, as it makes use of different modes, music can even by one kind of melody provoke lasciviousness, and by another induce continence: As illustrations of one of the points, Cotton mentions David mitigating by his singing to the harp Saul's madness and the physician Asclepiades curing by his singing one suffering from insanity. As illustrations of another point, he mentions Pythagoras recalling by means of music a young man from libidinousness, and Guido making with a young man an experiment of the same kind.

I shall not unnecessarily multiply quotations like these, but at once leap forward a few hundred years, to the excellent Netherlander Tinctoris, who died in 1511, when the art of counterpoint had been perfected. Tinctoris enumerates no less than twenty effects of music—the first is that it delights God; the ninth, that it puts the devil to flight; the seventeenth, that it allures love, and the twentieth, that it beautifies souls, or, in other words, that it suscitates compunction, and through compunction leads to salvation.

RENAISSANCE VIEWS.

A much more valuable contribution to our subject is made by the learned Venetian Zarlino, a great composer and a still greater theorist, in his famous book, the "Institutioni Harmoniche," published in 1558, which contains chapters on the origin of music, in praise of it, on the end in learning it, and on its usefulness. Starting from the proposition that a well educated person ought not to be ignorant of music, Zarlino asks what end we ought to propose to ourselves in learning it. He does not agree with those who have the vulgar and gross notion that music ought to be learned for the solace and delight of the ear, and for no other reason, except that of perfecting the sense of hearing as the sense of sight is perfected by the viewing of

beautiful and well proportioned things. Nor does Zarlino agree with those who wish music to be nothing but one of the liberal disciplines in which noblemen exercised themselves—a discipline that inclines the mind to virtue and regulates its passions, accustoms it to rejoice and grieve virtuously, and disposes it to good habits; in short, does for the mind what gymnastics do for the body, and, further, a discipline by which speculation about different kinds of harmony may be reached, and the intellect taught the nature of musical consonances. But, however, right and estimable this end may be, Zarlino does not consider it enough. He, who learns music says our illustrious authority, learns it not only to attain the perfection of the intellect, but also to be able, when laying aside cares and business, be it of the body or mind, to pass the time and amuse himself virtuously, so that shunning idleness and living uprightly and commendably, he may in that way become prudent and get to do better and more praiseworthy things. This end is not only estimable, but it is the true end.

Notwithstanding his high opinion of the art and his belief in the many excellent things it can do, Zarlino keeps free from one-sidedness and exaggeration. Music, he emphatically declares, if its usefulness is to be as great as it can be, must be cultivated temperately; man is made for much more excellent things than singing and playing on instruments for the sole satisfaction of the ear, and abuses his nature if he neglects to provide food for the intellect. The chapter entitled "In Which Way Harmony, Melody and Rhythm can move the Soul and dispose it to various affections and can induce into man changed habits," throws no new light on the question. The author's explanation, which in our time can only raise a smile, is, that the passions of the soul, being placed as they are in the body, consist of certain proportions of hot and cold and humid and dry, and as similar proportions of qualities exist in music, it can, owing to this similarity, act upon the soul.

The citation of so many Greek and Latin authors by Zarlino, not in a vague, second-hand way, but with indication of chapter and verse, reminds us, that the revival of learning begun in the fourteenth century, and vigorously prosecuted in the fifteenth, was in the sixteenth, when Zarlino wrote, at its height. It reminds us also that with it there arose a new spirit, a new way

of thinking and a wider and clearer outlook. To the man of the earlier middle ages, the ancient art and literature were, in so far as they were not forgotten, a dead tradition; to the man of the renaissance they became alive again and fruitful. Moreover, the intellectual interests spread and stirred up classes that till then had been content with a vegetating existence.

It is impossible for me to resist the temptation of alluding to that characteristic renaissance work, Count Baldassare Castiglione's "Book of the Courtier" ("Il Libro de Cortegiano"), of the early sixteenth century, in which is a lively discussion on the question whether a courtier ought to be musical. One of the interlocutors thinks that music, like other vanities is fit only for women and effeminate men. The prevailing opinion of the company, however, is that the courtier ought to understand and practice music; that music is to him not only an ornament but a necessity; that the spirits of him who has no taste for music are indisputably discordant with each other; that music not only sweetens human minds, but often even tames wild beasts; that no repose from fatigue, no medicine for drooping spirits can be found more becoming and praiseworthy in leisure than music. Of course, the principal speaker does not forget to reinforce his opinions by references to Plato, Aristotle, Themistocles, Chiron and Achilles, and to Lycurgus, the legendary lawgiver of Sparta. But not to them alone; he reinforces his opinions also by references to the toiling laborers in the fields and to the peasant girls at the spinning wheels.

Not only of a much greater, but of the utmost interest and importance to us, are the discussions and achievements of a set of amateurs poets and musicians at Florence in the last quarter of the sixteenth century, who brought certain tendencies of the century to a head and thereby revolutionized the art, changing it from one chiefly of harmonic proportion to one chiefly of expression, substituting instrumentally accompanied one voice music for instrumentally unaccompanied many voice music or, to use technical terms, substituting the monodic for the madrigalesque style. These men—more especially the Counts Bardi and Corsi, Vincenzo Galilei, Peri, Caccini and the poet Ottavio Rinuccini—were the founders of the musical renaissance, which came in the rear of that of the formative

arts and of literature. But this renaissance was not a renaissance in the sense of being a revival of ancient Greek music, although the founders believed it to be that. They had, no doubt, been inspired by Plato, but the realization of the ideas thus obtained led to very different results. It could not be otherwise, for there were no ancient musical monuments to study, the imperfectly understood theoretical treatises could not make up for the lack of art works, and it was impossible to ignore and forget the harmonic acquisitions of the later middle ages. Count Bardi divided music into counterpoint and the art of singing well. The former he and the rest of the reformers rejected, because it seemed to them a hindrance to the latter. The moderns, like the ancients, Bardi remarked to Caccini, should aim first of all at intelligibility of the words, for as the soul is greater than the body, so are the words nobler than counterpoint, and then they should aim at correspondence between the character and mode of the music and the meaning of the poem. It is the stanch belief in the expressive power of music and the institution of a style that favored the development of this power which makes this Florentine reforming brotherhood of the last quarter of the sixteenth century so interesting to us.

It would be waste of time to continue in detail our survey in modern times. We should not find anything new or even anything in any way satisfactory. Generalities and echoings of the saws of the ancients form the staple pabulum. With what expectations one opens for instance the chapter "On the Utility of Music in the State," in the famous Mattheson's famous book, "Der vollkommene Capellmeister" (1739), and with what disappointment one closes it! But it is not only musicians who refer to the ethical aspects of music in their treatises of a more general nature, also many laymen refer to them in their publications, and even write whole books on the subject. The curious may be advised to consult Forkel's "General Musical Literature," where an extensive, although, of course, not complete enumeration of books is given under the headings, "Beauty and Utility of Music," "Nature and Object of Music," "Moral Effects of Music" and "Physical Effects of Music on Men and Animals."

VIII.

LUTHER'S VIEW.

Before proceeding to a general consideration of the question in modern times, we have to turn our attention to a man very different from those who have hitherto come before us, a man unique in this way as in so many others. I mean Luther. In looking back from the sixteenth century after Christ to the fifth century before Christ, we cannot but perceive that we have traveled a long distance, not only in time but also in other respects. Christianity had introduced and evolved new modes of thinking and feeling, and music had become a different art. And what could be more unlike than the speculative pagan philosophers and the perfervid Christian reformer! Luther, although he knew probably more of the art than Plato and Aristotle—who, be it said to their credit, make no pretense to superior knowledge—does not come before us as a philosopher, but simply as an ardent lover of music and a thorough believer in its ethical powers.

Again and again Luther says that in his estimation the place of music is next to theology, the one as well as the other producing a calm and serene mind.

“The usefulness of music is so great that no one, be he ever so eloquent, can say enough of it. * * * Music is a mighty ruler of all movements of the human heart, by which, nevertheless, men are often governed and subjugated as by a master.”

“Music has of necessity to be retained in schools. A school-master must know how to sing, otherwise I won't look at him.”

“Music is a semi-discipline and instructress; it makes people milder, gentler, better behaved and more reasonable.”

“Music is the best comfort of a sorrowful man, by which the heart becomes again contented, strengthened and refreshed.”

IX.

MODERN VIEWS.

It is inexplicably strange that in modern times, and even in quite recent times, so little has been said about music as an educational power, so infinitely less than in ancient times when

music, compared with what it is at the present day, was in its childhood, and in many respects rudimentary. Then harmony hardly existed at all, the contrapuntal interweaving of parts was undreamt of, the compass of sounds in use very restricted, the executive technique (as proved by the structure of the instruments) insignificant, and even melody and rhythm undeveloped. This last statement will surprise many and shock some, but I cannot stop to prove it. The eminent musician, Gevaert, an undoubted admirer of ancient Greek music and the weightiest authority on it, describes it thus: "A melodic design, sober in outline and expression, indicating the general sentiment by some exquisite traits of a supreme simplicity, and accompanied by a small number of harmonic intervals." Suppose we accept this estimate, the most favorable I conceive to be possible; still, what an immense superiority the music of our time presents in the variety and amount of means, and, consequently, of expressiveness! But the more expressive the art, the greater must be its power of influencing us, not only momentarily, but also permanently, not only by rousing and soothing our emotions but also by molding our character. That music has become more and more expressive, especially since the later part of the sixteenth century, when accompanied solo song and the musical drama began to be cultivated, is a fact too obvious to stand in need of proof. Not to go further back, who can doubt the expressiveness and impassioned nature of the music of Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin and Wagner? Not he who is musical. I repeat, it is inexpressibly strange that with the increase of the power the recognition of the power has decreased. Instead of hearing of it as a mighty instrument of education, we hear of music only as an elegant accomplishment, by which we can make ourselves agreeable in company, while away weary hours and keep ourselves out of mischief. Beyond this we hear of nothing that is not extremely vague. There is, for instance, a vague idea that music may have a refining influence, but how it has this is not explained. Even the books and pamphlets written with the object of recommending the study of music in elementary schools, at home and in conservatoriums, fail to make it clear why they recommend it. You will search in vain in Pestalozzi's and Fröbel's works for a true perception

of the powers of the art and an adequate utilization of them. J. J. Rousseau, a musician as well as a philosopher, one who composed music and wrote on music, forgets the art in his treatise on education, "Emile, ou de l'Education." And, strangest of all, Herbert Spencer, than whom no one has shown a deeper insight into the nature of music, writes a book on education and hardly alludes to the art that can be made so powerful a factor in it. Moreover, the allusion is solely concerned with æsthetic culture and its pleasures.

It is high time to reconsider the question of the ethical aspects of music, and to examine it earnestly, carefully and thoroughly. What is wanted is not assertions as to the powers of music in this respect, but expositions of their nature and workings. In the next lecture I shall make an attempt at such an exposition, in the hope of thereby rousing the attention and curiosity of educationists and the public.

RATIONAL ORGAN TEACHING.

BY T. CARL WHITMER.

Certainly it is a curious condition of musical life which, in this twentieth century, permits the teaching of instruments having similar keyboard construction in such diverse ways. On the one hand there exists for the most part rational study, on the other distressingly irrational. In the one case there is systematic work outlined; in the other there is an indescribable looseness. In piano work pupils are made to toe a chalk-line; in organ work they are left unhitched.

And then, too, memory work in one; playing constantly from notes in the other.

It is indeed surprising that many organists play as well as they do. But the sorrow of it is, that they do not play better.

A superficial analysis of even about-the-average playing will reveal certain existent symptoms which indicate most clearly the lack of a carefully outlined plan of elementary study.

Probably the most evident weaknesses are the lack of a true pedal legato (especially on white keys played with a single foot); then lack of fluency on pedal black key passages; poor pedal phrasing and unbalanced pedal registration; inability to define clearly the various touches used in modern organ playing; polyphonic indistinctness; lack of logic and unity in registration; inability to transpose quickly, modulate subtly and improvise at all; and then entire incapacity for playing from memory.

The average organ student does not concentrate his energies as does the pianist. Even if he comes with an ample muscular preparation—which is not often—there is no justification for bulking principles and hurling them at his head the first lessons.

The organ has its idioms and needs carefully analyzed and homeopathically served teaching. The whole attitude of pupil and teacher towards organ work is inconsistent with their beliefs concerning study in general, is as out-of-date as the piano teaching of even twenty-five years ago, and as unpedagogical as is possible in a civilized nation.

Without any further generalities I will make several suggestions along the line of rational organ methods.

First: A separation of pedal study from all manual work until such time as the muscles of the feet and legs are developed in all the characteristics of the hands and arms. That is, until all muscles are brought into active and automatic connection with mental energy; so that key pressure and release are fully adequate to the touch and speed demands of the most exacting compositions. A pedal keyboard alone should be used for this work for many months.

Second: After the technique of the pedals is assured (and all exercises memorized from the start) manual work should be taken up—but not at the organ—at the piano! (a) The work—if pupil is muscularly prepared by previous piano practice—should consist of daily pianistic studies for the preservation of good muscular conditions. (b) The work—if pupil is not prepared—should be along the purely piano lines until intimate conditions of brain and muscles are assured. (c) All work should be practiced and memorized at the piano—and this no matter how advanced the player.

The organ writers are requiring execution that demands the highest and ripest muscular automatism. And organ key resistance does not develop muscles so well as that found in piano.

Third: When on any given composition manual and pedal parts are understood, memorized and made second nature, then and then only should they be taken to the organ. Then the peculiarities of the organ technique will never seriously trouble the student and he can devote his time and energies to what is, after technique, the weakest features of organists' playing—viz., lack of variety, unity, logic and fluency in registration.

Fourth: Compelling students to memorize everything studied. There is no need in these days of enlightenment to exclude arguments in favor of memory work. Owing to the multitude of mechanical appliances on organs it is in fact more necessary to memorize for that instrument than any other. And anyone who listens to the attempts of an organist to turn his pages and manage his register and play, all at the same time, wonders with all his mind why organists are not centipedes and fathers of centipedes. And then, too, if from the beginning

of organ study a student memorizes he will have no more trouble memorizing than a piano student has.

If in later years he comes to a realization of the mechanical and musical necessity for memorizing it is hard work. Pardoning a personal reference, I wish to say that a few years ago in the New Jerusalem Church in Philadelphia I played my first memory recital, the whole of Charles Marie Widor's symphonies Nos. 2 and 5, and parts of the 6th, together with a fanfare from his piano works. I had never memorized for the organ, no teacher having ever suggested or demanded it. Consequently not only did I spend practically a whole four months at simply the memorizing part of it, but during the whole time was conscious of an unnaturalness which would never have in the slightest way suggested itself to me had each and every step in the organ development been so adapted to the various faculties of mind which are in everyone's possession that not one becomes atrophied. This is study.

Fifth: The orderly teaching of modulation, transposition and extemporization. Such work demands a preliminary theoretical training. But when the time comes for the putting into practice of these branches let them first be done at the more simply constructed instrument—the piano. (Sawyer's book on extemporization is orderly.)

Sixth: Permitting no pupil to accept an organ position until he is adjudged well equipped. There is a race of church organists in this country (we are not alone) whose playing is vicious, and so long as teachers permit their students to fill (!) a position before they can put into execution the simplest principles of organ management, it is useless to talk about reforms in the grade and position of music in the church.

There is hard work involved in keeping up to such high standards of work. But the best piano teachers are doing it. Why not the teachers of organ?

I hope in a future article to discuss the above suggestions in relation to special exercises and compositions.

Stephens College, Columbia, Mo.

ROSSINI AND THE SENSUOUS IN MUSIC.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. W. AMBROS, BY J. H. SINGER.

If in Beethoven we have a grand being who expresses himself according to the measure and laws of beauty, with the highest spiritual import—then in Rossini, his contemporary, we find the very opposite: the composer who has first exalted to the highest bounds the principle of the sensuous enjoyment in music. Kiesiwetter justly calls the period between 1800 and 1832 the epoch of Beethoven-Rossini—because these names designate their extreme limits in nature and influence. When Beethoven refused Rossini's visit, it certainly indicated no petty jealousy—for, how high did he rate Cherubini, how cordially did he receive Weber, then filled with the glory earned through his *Freischütz*, with the expression that he at last was a "brave lad." To Rossini he could only say, as did Brutus and Cæsar to one another in Schiller's poem, "go thou to the left, I will to the right." The composer who degraded, according to Beethoven's own word, the "holy" art in general wantonness, with a negligence almost bordering on frivolity to a mere sensualism of the ear, he, Beethoven would not make fellowship with—and that which nearly aroused intoxication in the great public could only fill the exalted master with indignation.

In Paris the controversy was raised whether Beethoven or Rossini was greatest—of course, referring only to the pleasure the respective composers gave to either parties. There was no suspicion of the fundamental and principal problems that attached themselves to this dispute. Rossini is decidedly the tone-artist from whose career, as brilliant as it is, the decay of music dates itself. When the desert comes the feast is at an end. Beethoven, whose childhood fell in the time of Mozart, thought thus. If we would allegorize the young composer in the beginning of his career, according to the Prodicus-Hercules myth, instead of the two beings striving after the highest, the heroic life of pain and toil and that of sensual enjoyment, Beethoven and Rossini would necessarily

appear to him with the question, *which* of their paths he chose. Every composer of our time whom we recall is found to wander in the one path or the other; not, of course, referring to their style, but their appreciation of the value and dignity of their art.

That Beethoven knew right well how to estimate Rossini's natural talents, we are given to understand from several facts. The time is finally arrived when an unprejudiced word can be spoken of the once apostrophized and stigmatized Rossini. That which affected the contemporaries of thirty years ago as the immediate product of their time, has in our fast age already (1859) been relegated to art history—the yet living Rossini wanders about as his own reliquiae. While on all the stages of Europe Tancredi, Semiramis, Zelmira, L'Italiana in Algeri, etc., were heard, a time when the panegyrics rose to the famous apostrophe of Heine to the "Helios of Algiers," and the disgust was expressed in vulgar denunciation of the "Italian retailer of sweets," we to-day are quiet enough in order to view all with unclouded sight. The appreciation of Rossini is with all sufficiently great that we are convinced if he presented us with a new opera the most undoubted success would follow it—whether lasting would of course depend upon its value.

As Rossini joyously lived in music, and carried it on for his own happiness, and as a composer would know nothing of the earnestness of his own mission in life, setting aside all feelings of earnestness in the enjoyment of the art in his public, causing it to *sip* music with a sensual delight, or exciting it as with a bottle of champagne—so has he created between the so-called connoisseur (the musicians *ex professo*) and the so-called public, a deep impassible gulf. The *dilettanti* who with ecstatic eyes came from a representation of Donna del Largo or Cenerentola echoing the melodies and intoxicated on the roulades, became enraged at the endeavors of the music professors to prejudice their satisfaction by means of critiques, without for a moment guessing the real subject under consideration. They, therefore, in order to have some sort of explanation, hit upon the theory that if the connoisseurs possessed a dark, peculiarly valueless science which bears the curious name of "thorough bass." If, then, a new work

appears these professors snuffle in it, but for the purpose of convincing themselves whether everything is made good correctly according to this "thorough bass" and praise and blame according to its verdict. And for not having troubled himself so much about this "thorough bass" they are so bitter against Rossini. Why should such mystics impose upon them? The success of the despised works confutes the pedants. Since the public stands upon its dignity as having sovereign judgment the philistine will not presume to abuse Goethe or Raphael, even if he does not at all understand their work—but to hear Gluck's Iphigenia hissed and branded as miserable stuff, and Mozart's Don Juan declared "mathematical music" he will not endure.

All music that does not gain easy possession of him the philistine designates "learned music," or "music made according to "thorough bass"—and such music he wholly disdains. First, because it gives him *ennui*; second, because he discerns nothing meritorious in it, as according to his notion any amount can be manufactured by means of certain "mathematical principles," just as vinegar or sackcloth can. In our days the suggestion is hardly needed to put us in mind of the fact that Rossini, who in his time was placed in opposition to the pedantically correct "thorough bass composer," is not alone a good, but even a correct musician, and as in life, so in his scores, shines in irreproachable toilette and a *quatre epingles*. He has too much music in him to deliver aught but sweet sounds. He can venture even into the deeper and darker regions of harmony without danger—more, as it appears, on the strength of his innate genius, which leads him safely over the crags, than a systematic education. Elaboration and thoroughness in his work is seldom to be found—not because he was undesirous of them, but because he would not trouble himself to this end—and for what purpose? His audiences shouted and applauded nevertheless. And thus Rossini employed formulas designed for a happy effect, using and filling them continually with patchwork.

- For Rossini's peculiar audiences this was decidedly an advantage—they had no unaccustomed form to batter at to find its sweet contents; Felicita divulged the approaching finale and aroused all to applause—and with all this the colorature

had its effect, as nothing appeals quicker to "Peter Publius" than a roulade or a trill. Was it possible for the newspapers to record the success other than the most brilliant—*unanimous applause?*

The *dilettanti* in their ecstasy never noticed that in Rossini's operas, particularly the tragical—often during long periods, the most tedious wearisomeness reigned and contrary-wise many passages of exceeding beauty and vivacity in his operas, particularly the comical, were unrecognized by the resolute anti-Rossinians. Who has not noticed in the dark eyes of Titian's feminine form a wonderful something, a peculiar, at the same time hidden, sensuousness, that invites and appears noble. It is a sultry, orange-perfumed breath from the bewitching night of a southern climate. The profounder passages of Rossini's music that often emerge in small bits along with the brilliant pyrotechnics of his allegri have this character. Such a passage is contained in Cenerentola's duet with the prince, in the words "*una grazia, un certo in canto.*" Aye, indeed, *una grazia, un certo in canto!*

The specific Rossinian melody is of great sweetness and wonderful sensuous attraction. In hearing it we are rocked half-dreaming in a sort of happy enjoyment and are irresistibly excited to liveliness. Who can withstand the piquant attraction, the laughing sunshine, which animates the first finale of Cenerentola in the beginning of the allegro "zitti, zitti, piano, piano"? Or the cheering roguery of the Barber of Seville? That which Rossini has received as natural endowment (as no amount of study can replace its absence) it is which made him a genius, for such he really is. His muse is, however, a kind of Philine, though still a goddess! His melodies have at all events a family likeness—they are the daughters of a noble family—very beautiful, very pleasing, but everywhere, with but slight modifications, of the same family face, whose beginning is very easily noticeable in the female portraits of the 16th century.

Rossini is an extremely melodic composer, but not truly an original one in the sense of Beethoven, with whom every melody could be called an individualized being. Compare, for instance, the melodic contents of Beethoven's pianoforte sonatas with Rossini's scores. As Rossini's melody was de-

signed simply to please and excite, so marked and characteristic a nature would probably have been more detrimental to this end than otherwise. The genuine, artistic kernel that undeniably remains beneath the finery and ornateness, advances more prominently before our view, because his Italian followers, who exceed him in his weakness and fall far short of his excellence, employ him as foil.

If we consider that many of the musical conservatories of the present are not free from degenerations and recklessness of forms and art means, of obscurity and crudity in harmony, then does Rossini with his fine sense of beauty in sound, endowed with the faculty of delivering rounded, comprehensible forms, skilled in the easy mastery of voices and instruments while decking them out so tastefully, create the impression of a classicist. And as such he is acknowledged in Italy—somewhat as Mozart in Germany. That he bears a peculiar resemblance to the latter (single passages of either could be mistaken for the other) is as certain as that he nowhere approaches him.

Mozart lived in music and for music, it was his all to the last breath—dying with a passage from his Requiem on his lips. To loaf about the boulevards of Paris in his old days, picking his teeth and cracking jokes as a lazy *flaneur*, or to turn fish dealer, he never could have done. With moral earnestness he viewed music as his life mission and as such served it, not to acquire wealth, not for the applause of the multitude, but because God willed that he should become a great musician. For this reason music made him master of all her realms.

Rossini dedicated himself (no exception need be made of his few sacred pieces) wholly to the opera, this sensually attractive composition, that has long enough served idle display and immorality not to rid itself of this stain. Like Mozart, is he master in tragedy as well as comedy. But in neither does he stand upon the heights of his forerunner. With Mozart the extremely beautiful is accompanied by the most thoughtful, profoundly apprehended character of the whole, and with it and through it the richest and most fascinating variety manifests itself. Rossini often works according to rule. He has his definite phraseology for tragedy as well

as comedy—and this he fits to his various opera texts with great skill. Compared to *Nozze di Figaro*, the *Barbiere di Siviglia* seems mere surface merriment. This trait of character which Mozart would have infused into, e. g., *Almaviva*, had been impossible to Rossini.

Notwithstanding the famous “a basso de parole,” Rossini also paints character,—but more in giving a common color to an entire scene or situation,—the dramatic personæ of which throwing a general light upon either without appearing conspicuously in any peculiarities of their own. An example of this is found in *Othello*, particularly the third act. In other of his heroic operas (*Semiramis*, *Aureliano*, *Zelmira*, etc.) the emotions and passions speak that etiquette-measured language which here is an heirloom of the old opera seria, and which in their turn descended to us from the courtly tragedy in the style of the French-classical taste.

Until *William Tell* was written, which contradicts the entire list of characters drawn by Rossini, the wonderful world of the romantic was for him non-existent. The Italian “who firmly clings to things earthy” has no faculty to apprehend this. Even from the peculiarly noble sentimentalism is he debarred. Wherever he touches this side of the human heart he becomes theatrically pathetic—falsely phrase-making. The famous song of mourning in *Othello*, this death chant decked out in its motley finery, is the best instance of this. Aside from the fact that *Desdemona* sings artistic variations, as though to show in the few moments before her approaching expiration, that she has not thrown away her money in vain upon the singing master, the melody is itself tame, *manufactured* mourning. And just as the comprehension of the romantic and sentimentalism is denied to the Italian—accounting therefore for the necessary failure of the *Freischütz* in Florence—so on the other hand the Germans lack the faculty and even partly the understanding for that buffo nature that exists in the very blood of Italian comedy. The Italian beholds in the “solitude of the forest” only an unfelled collection of building and burning material, and to the German the tumult of a Roman carnival is only the unendurable noise of liberated lunatics. The concealed fool in every man, particularly him of genius, has the inalienable right to appear on

the surface in his complete checkered oddity, without desiring more than simply showing himself. "*Dulce est desipere in loco*," says Horace, and costlier than wisdom is a little folly for a short time, is the opinion of Solomon. Nowhere is this *desipere* more harmless and charming than in Italian buffoonery, who craves no more than to be extravagant; and, having no humorous, satirical or other serious intention, it can bring no definite form to our sight as, e. g., the fool in King Lear. If his Doctor Bartolo as a man of distinguished position must represent a sort of person of respect, his Don Magnifico and similar characters attain to the highest stages of whimsicality. Similar characters of Lortzing (von Bett, The Weapon-smith, Schoolmaster Baculus, etc.) have always something of the German narrow minded villager (Spieszburger)—still another form of the comical.

Rossini's crazy personæ have their likeness in Don Geronio out of Cimarosa's "Matrimonio segreto," those of Lortzing in the Hieronymus Knicker of Dittersdorf. It is remarkable that the German word "Spieszburger" (there is no adequate synonym in our tongue) and the French "bouffone" are not to be literally translated in the other language. To possess such indigenous terms is the peculiar privilege of nations in the realm of comedy.

This buffoonery is aroused by an easy life of sensuous pleasure free from trouble—and the German "villager" is so serious and leaden, because in his town he has to battle with cares as chancellor or common councillor or merchant (*minorum gentium*), which the lazzaroni under the beautiful heaven of the pro pi-Campagna does not know—hardly dreams of—and therefore gives his buffo nature the reins unrestrainedly. Therefore was Rossini the most sensuous of all artists, who interiorly carried his *campania felix* with him everywhere, here in his element. In this sense will his "Barbieri" ever remain an immortal work of classical content.

Goethe in his remarks to Reameau's nephew, speaking of Voltaire, characterizes the celebrated author as follows: "Profundity, genius, intuition, exaltedness, naturalness, talent, meritoriousness, nobility, spirit, beautiful spirit, good spirit, feeling, sensibility, taste, good taste, reason, correctness, aptitude, tone, good tone, high tone, variety, fullness, richness,

fruitfulness, warmth, agreeableness, grace, politeness, complaisance, holiness, fineness, brilliancy, briskness, piquancy, delicacy, ingeniousness, style, versification, harmony, purity, elegance, completion—of all these qualities but two, the first and last, profundity in nature and completion in workmanship, can be disputed.”

This is all pertinent regarding Rossini, with the slight alteration of the word “versification” into “melody.” If we reflected what sort of being it must be who unites all these qualities in himself, then the position which we must assign to Rossini with all his weaknesses (partly very charming ones) and errors, is nevertheless a very exalted one. Even the “depth of disposition” and “completion in execution” can only be affirmed of his *William Tell*. This last opera creates the impression that not the composer himself, but rather the genius of music, played a joke through him to prove to art criticism that when it seems to have thoroughly explored the nature of an artist, he could deliver something totally different from his previous efforts in the twelfth hour.

In *Tell*, Rossini without warning rises before us as a grand nature expressing himself in simple emotions and pure, deep feeling for the romantic—and this new estimation is justified, for the opera is really a great tone painting of Switzerland, a kind of pastoral symphony in opera form to which the fable of *W. Tell* is only an accessory, or as the figure of a grand landscape—tyranny almost playing merely the role of a wolf or other troublesome beast of prey from the Swiss forests.

This tone begins with the overture, paints, after the first appropriate local coloring of the andante, the furious power of the storm, as it issues from the caves and lashes the sea (alas! it is painted here in pretty rough and ordinary brush daubs as the common theatre decorations are made). The storm settles and the wonderfully lovely pastorale begins—it is actually the first scene of Schiller’s drama. Who would have believed that Rossini was capable of the frame of mind which is embodied in Mathilde’s cavatine *sombres forets?* It is the wonderful magic of the solitude of the mountain forest, and the softly intruding tympani rolls sound as though from the distant hill tops the avalanche were descending. How fascinating is the gloomy desert and silence of the

Rutli sketched even in the first bars of the splendid scene! All that characterizes the former operas of Rossini so markedly is absolutely missing in *Tell*—of his peculiar mannerisms not a single one—on the contrary, wealth of form, loving, highly careful execution of minutia coupled with a grand conception of the whole—a superfluity of ornamentation and the trill and roulade wholly banished, excess of cadenzas avoided, character and truth from beginning to end—even the melodies lacking the family feature, having nothing in common with the earlier peculiarities of Rossinian melody except the pleasing attraction and glowing coloring. In short, Rossini, as though transformed by magic, stands before the Rossini of *Tancredi* and *Othello* as a completely altered, a new and transformed creative artist, who had all of a sudden, as we might say, awakened to an inner sense of the possibilities of the beautiful and the true in music. Such is the point which this picturesque and highly prosperous composer selected as the closing point of his long career as composer. Having devoted all his early years to educating the musical world into believing the sensuous principle in music that best worthy of being followed, he here at the close of his career raises his voice, with even greater power and influence, in favor of the true and the worthy in musical art. Surely such a death-bed repentance was never before known!

LISZT: PERSONALITY AND ARTIST.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

Liszt, born in 1811, began his artistic career in Vienna, where he played many concerts as a child artist, a pupil of Czerny, at the last of which he was kissed by Beethoven (in 1823), who had observed his performances with delight. Then he went to Paris and travelled throughout central Europe, making Paris his home, everywhere welcomed as a most attractive young artist, able to play with new and astonishing effect anything he cared to undertake in the existing literature of the instrument. In this way he filled up his time until he had reached the age of about twenty-one.

In 1831 Paganini, the wizard of the violin, made his first appearances in Paris, and very naturally excited there the interest which always followed his playing, for he was a virtuoso of unexampled powers, a composer of attractive and sensational qualities and a personality of singular fascination. Paganini's playing exercised upon Liszt a powerful stimulation towards doing something himself of similar originality and daring.

About the same time Chopin came to Paris to live, and the two young pianists, being of about the same age (Chopin one year older) became fast friends. Chopin had already at this time composed all his works up to and including his opus 22, and had therefore given the key-note of his entire pianistic cult. His epoch-marking studies had all been composed, both his concertos, and a variety of those charming things which the world has cherished ever since with so great admiration.

According to all appearances, while Liszt showed himself completely sympathetic to Chopin's piano compositions and made it a point to play them with his usual mastery, his original musical invention was not thoroughly fired up until the occasion of Paganini's second visit to Paris, in 1834. Now, however, the time was ripe for the new inspiration to begin to take effect. A year later yet another stimulus was brought to bear, in the form of the Viennese pianist, Sigismund Thalberg, whose elegant, reposeful and aristocratic playing was

most highly esteemed and for the moment rather left that of Liszt in the background. All these influences together, with his own consciousness of powers as yet unexercised, led Liszt into a series of experiments and finally to the development of a style of writing peculiarly his own.

Thus he began to write his first version of his studies for "Transcendent Execution," studies for a grade of playing surpassing anything at that time practiced. These studies were first published some years later, in 1839.

Liszt now left Paris and lived for several years in Switzerland and Italy, engaged in concert tours, long and absorbing spells of composition, transcribing for the piano many songs of Schubert, melodies from operas, and orchestral symphonies and overtures. He also wrote many original pieces, mostly intended to please or astonish concert audiences.

At the close of the Swiss episode he gave himself over more and more to concert tours, and his playing reached a renown and a fashionable vogue such as no pianist before his own time had ever enjoyed; a vogue and a financial success surpassed by none since, saving only Rubinstein in his American tour, and Paderewski in the immediate past. This part of his life lasted until the year 1849, when he resolved to give up the life of a traveling virtuoso, in so many ways distasteful to any artist of refined and sensitive nature, and he accepted the position of director of the court opera at Weimar, a city famous in art and literature, since it had been the home of the great poet, Goethe, and in music had a century before been the fortunate possessor of a young virtuoso named Johann Sebastian Bach. The pianist Hummel, Liszt's immediate predecessor at Weimar as conductor, had died in 1837.

Liszt lived in Weimar the greater part of his life, from then on. His active career as musical director there continued until 1859, when he resigned his post, but continued to make Weimar his home when not in Rome or Hungary, especially so after 1870. His financial position was a curious one. This great virtuoso, who had been able to endow the Beethoven monument at Bonn with a subscription of no less than \$10,000, which he had accumulated by concerts given for the purpose, worked here for a salary not quite reaching one thousand dollars a year. It was his task to rehearse and conduct the lead-

ing performances at the opera and to exercise a general supervision over the artistic ensemble of the establishment, both in the department of players and singers. He distinguished himself by many revivals of the operas of the older masters, which had fallen into the forgotten—works having in them qualities of musical significance and influence. Then he began to bring out new works, and his position was made a leading one in Germany through his preparing and conducting the first performance of Wagner's "Lohengrin," in 1850. Wagner, who had occupied the foremost position as conductor of the court opera in Dresden, had become mixed up in some revolutionary attempts in 1848 and had fled to Switzerland,—banished from Germany, a sentence which practically debarred his operas from performance at all court opera houses. In face of this situation Liszt had the nerve to bring out "Lohengrin" in 1850, and the beauties of the work so impressed the public that many repetitions were given and musicians came to Weimar from all over Germany. Later Liszt brought out other works of Wagner as well as many operas by great musicians which had been rejected for performance at the usual opera houses, owing in part to lack of dramatic interest and in part to the reluctance of singers since the world was made to learn new parts. Thus the Weimar opera became renowned all over the world as a musical headquarters, where one could be always sure of hearing something worth while. The difficulty of getting capable singers for unusual and heroic roles in a small opera house, Liszt overcame by the German system of "guesting," *i. e.*, borrowing a desirable singer for a few performances from any of the other court operas—all singers being by this time ready and anxious to cooperate with this new and most benevolent musical demon, who made impossible things seem possible and beautiful.

Under the stimulation of constant control of an orchestra, and inspired by Wagner's music, which was now regularly sent him as soon as composed, Liszt began to compose for orchestra on his own account. In place of writing symphonies he undertook what he called "Symphonic Poems," *i. e.*, orchestral works which in seriousness and elaboration of instrumentation were symphonic in character, but which were shorter, always in a single movement, and nearly always named with a fanci-

ful title and furnished with a poetic motto, designed to explain the standpoint of the music. Among the names the most celebrated are the following:

"Tasso:" Lament and Triumph.

"The Preludes."

"What One Sees Upon a Mountain."

"The Battle of the Huns."

"Mazeppa," etc.

Liszt entered quite naturally into the inner brotherhood of composing directors. Meanwhile he was active as a literary advocate of Wagner's new principles, and wrote many articles intended to explain new features in these works. He was also active as a composer for the pianoforte, the publishers sending in frequent applications for operatic transcriptions from his pen.

Thus in a few years Liszt had made himself as much talked of in his work as musical director and highly appreciative artist as he had always been as a pianist. Accordingly, Weimar became a sort of Mecca to which resorted all leading musicians whenever upon their travels. Such men as the young Rubinstein, Saint-Saens, Berlioz, and a host of others came to Liszt to submit whatever they had which they thought new, and to learn from him whatever he had in hand which showed new beauties.

Nor were the budding pianists lacking in this company. From about 1849 to the end of Liszt's life, whenever he was at Weimar, he was surrounded by a group of young men who were first of all pianists. Among these were such names as those of Hans Von Buelow, William Mason, Dionys Pruckner, Joachim Raff (though Raff lived at Weimar as composer and did not study piano), J. M. Tracy, later Miss Amy Fay, and many others. Tausig was a protege of Liszt, as Stavenhagen and D'Albert were later. In short all pianists of any eminence stayed longer or shorter at Weimar in order to drink in their inspiration from this wonderful fountain of art-life and appreciation. All these people who had lessons from Liszt received them gratis. Liszt could have had any price he cared to ask, but after settling at Weimar he never took money for lessons. He was not a good teacher, but his criticism was very inspiring and to the point.

During all this time Liszt did not play in public, excepting now and then for some appealing charity. Yet, through the constant reports from these youngsters who came under his influence his fame as a pianist was as lively at the end of his life as if he had just been heard in the concert room.

Thus we see that Liszt's work as composer was spread over almost every province of music. After 1855 or so he wrote several large works for chorus, soli and orchestra, such as the Grand Mass for the opening of the Gram Cathedral in Hungary; his "Legend of the Holy Elizabeth," and a variety of other works.

His piano works were nearly all written before 1855, and most of them by the close of the Swiss period of his life; but many of these he afterwards rewrote for later editions. His studies were rewritten three times, so that it is now practically impossible to ascertain precisely the form in which they first appeared; consequently it is impossible to find out exactly how much of the new art of playing the piano, as illustrated in the compositions of Chopin and Schumann, Liszt had discovered and embodied in his works before 1840.

The piano works of Liszt naturally divide themselves into three classes: First of all, by reason of time and also the magnitude of the works involved, were the transcriptions of orchestral symphonies and overtures. In this list he began with Berlioz's "Episodes in the Life of an Artist;" he went on with the entire nine symphonies of Beethoven and added to the list many overtures and the like, the "Tannhauser" of Wagner being the most difficult of all. Liszt was by no means narrow-minded in his tastes. Rossini's sparkling and empty overture to "William Tell" is treated as carefully as the serious "Tannhauser." These pianoforte transcriptions of large orchestral pieces led him presently to a more ready ability to adapt the piano to all the changing orchestral colors, and therefore enlarged his idea of the possibilities of the piano in the direction of discriminative touch. In this department he is closely allied to Schumann, but Schumann worked out his ideas from within, and in the effort to satisfy his own conceptions.

The second department of the Liszt works is one which is still more important in our own day, namely, that which in-

cludes so many transcriptions of songs by Schubert, Schumann, Robert Franz, and others. Here also he worked as loyally to the composer as in the great orchestral transcriptions, but as the works were shorter he was able to keep within reach of players of less phenomenal powers. Many of these transcriptions are now quite within the resources of ordinary good players; and among them are to be heard such striking concert numbers as the "Erl King," "To Be Sung on the Waters," and many songs of Schumann. In this chapter of his works Liszt enlarged the repertory of the concert player with a multitude of pieces which the world would not willingly lose.

Another department of his transcribing is found in the concert paraphrases of operatic melodies, of which he wrote first and last many scores. Some of these are of great difficulty, but having been composed during the Swiss period, or a little later, are lacking in taste and were designed to please and astonish an unthinking concert public which cared more for keyboard command than for musical quality. Among those which are least pleasing from an artistic standpoint are the fantasies upon Bellini's "Sonnambula," Meyerbeer's "Prophete" and "Hueguenots" and Mozart's "Don Juan." All of these are what we now class as trash, meaning thereby that the musical idea is drowned amid a multitude of empty finger work. The best of the transcriptions of this class are those from Wagner operas: "The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," "Tristan and Isolde" and the like.

The third category of Liszt's works consists of his own original compositions for piano. These also cover an extremely wide range in subject and ideal, and were written during considerable lapses of time, covering say from about 1832 to about 1855. All of these compositions have something in common. First of all they are fragmentary and rhapsodical. The melodies and moods are short; the contrasts are more violent than classical composition permitted. Some of them have very sentimental melodies, even tender melodies, (The Love Dreams, etc.); some are a sort of program picture of impressions derived from nature, as for instance his Swiss Scenes, "On Lake Wallerstein," "At the Spring," etc.

Some are serious attempts at broad and deep musical paint-

ing, having occasionally the form of classical works, and the seriousness of a great orchestral work, yet with the peculiarities of the pianist-composer. The two most shining examples in this department are his Ballade in B minor and the Sonata in B minor. The latter is one of the most extraordinary works ever composed under this time-honored title; it is a very strong, interesting, and poetical work, likely to be better known in years to come, as the standard of playing advances and brings it within reach of a larger number of players.

In all of Liszt's works there are sensational moments, where his love of making an effect and of stirring up and astonishing his audience carried him farther than most composers would have thought it proper to go. These moments, when interpreted in the light of the very empty operatic fantasias, mentioned above, led most pedagogues and critics to undervalue their really artistic qualities, and so for many years all works of Liszt were rigorously debarred from academic instruction in Europe, and even from the training of would-be artists—a restriction which of course could not last, since it is evident that a young player can gain the external qualities of the concert pianist best from those works which illustrate these qualities in the most striking manner. At the present time a pianist who should undertake to complete his preparation for public playing without studying many works by Liszt would be in the same category as the violinist who should expect to become a concert player without the stimulation of the Paganini caprices, which are the fountain head of sensational playing.

Liszt, however, is something more than a merely sensational player. All his life long, ever after coming into contact with the young Chopin, he was the friend of all original artists. He did much to make the works and ideals of Chopin better understood; partly the same he did for Schumann, a composer as far as possible from him in temperament and personality; he was the friend of Rubinstein, Berlioz, the guardian angel of Wagner, and the friendly adviser of all young geniuses. So also in his works we find much of this many-sided musical interest. Granting that he always rhapsodizes and never works out a theme after the manner of the con-

trapuntal schools, we find that he always gets music out of the piano, and always gives the hearer something to think about; and at times this something is of the most remarkable and epoch-marking charm—as for instance in the great sonata, where are some of the most striking pages to be found in the literature of the piano. Therefore in the program of works selected for study we are always to look for suggestions of music and deep feeling; and only occasionally for sensationalism.

Besides his piano and orchestral music Liszt wrote a number of songs. These are also very lovely, many of them, although they are not generally known.

What will be the verdict of posterity concerning this strongly marked personality we cannot know; but probably he will be highly esteemed as a composer, an epoch-marking piano player, and one of the most gifted, genial and influential personalities known in the art of music.

—From "*The Great in Music.*" Vol. II.

PIANISTS OF THE PAST.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS, BY CHARLES SALAMAN.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

[Since this paper was written, and before he could revise it for the press, we have had to lament the death of the gifted pianist and composer, some of whose reminiscences, which link the present with the great musical figures of the past, are recorded in it.—Ed. B. M.]

Probably there are few living besides myself who can establish what I may call a personal link with the actual beginning of pianoforte-playing, as modern musicians understand it. I have a distinct remembrance of the great Muzio Clementi, the "Father of the Pianoforte," as he was called, the earliest of the classic composers for that instrument, and the author of that pioneer work, the "Gradus ad Parnassum," which laid the foundation for all subsequent study of the art.

Born in 1752, four years before the birth of Mozart and seven before the death of Handel, Clementi was an old man of seventy-five when I saw him at the Philharmonic rehearsal at the Old Argyll Rooms on the morning of May 25, 1827. The venerable appearance and benevolent expression of the baldheaded veteran, and the deference shown to him by all in that select assembly, attracted my attention, alert with boyish enthusiasm; and great was my delight when my master, Charles Neate, whom I had accompanied to the rehearsal, spoke to him, and then, turning to me as the old man kindly patted my head, said, "This is Muzio Clementi, a very great pianist and composer." I can well remember my excitement on learning that I was in the presence of the famous Italian musician who had practically founded and developed the art of pianoforte-playing, while the harpsichord was still the instrument of general use. Keenly did I watch the aged Clementi's face as, with intense interest, and his brilliant dark eyes glistening, he followed the marvelous performance of Hummel's now cruelly-neglected Concerto in A minor by a pale-faced boy of fifteen, the afterwards world-famed Franz Liszt. Of Clementi's playing and his "pearly"

touch I can only speak from hearsay, for although he lived another five years he had given up performing in public at the time I first saw him, and I believe he afterward played to an audience on only two special occasions. But though I was never fortunate enough to hear the "father of the pianoforte," I had seen him seated at the instrument. His last public appearance was as conductor of the opening concert of the Philharmonic season of 1828, at the rehearsal of which I was present, and saw the grand old man for the second and last time. He sat at the piano—as conductors used to do in those days—waving his right hand rhythmically as he followed the score in front of him, while one of the first violins, acting as "leader" for the occasion, beat the time with his violin bow—not always synchronizing exactly with Clementi's wave! This practice, by the way, must have become obsolete very shortly afterwards, for certainly I remember Mendelssohn, in the following year, standing at a desk, facing the orchestra, and directing the performance with a *baton*, according to modern custom.

It is from the year 1824, however, that I date my earliest recollection of a great pianist. This was John Baptist Cramer, a pupil of Clementi, and at that period the most renowned pianoforte player in Europe, whose ascendancy in his art few would have been bold enough to dispute. He was fifty-one years of age when, as a boy of ten, I was taken to play to him, and never shall I forget the kindly encouragement with which he listened to my juvenile efforts, and the tremendous impression he made upon me by his own playing. I remember on that occasion his recommending that I should have his "Studies"—a recommendation which I found of infinite value, and one I would transmit to every pianoforte student, even in these days of elaborate systems, of "technique" and dumb gymnastic pianos! He also advised my father to let me enter as a candidate at the approaching competitive examination for studentship at the then recently founded Royal Academy of Music; and shortly afterwards he was one of my judges, together with Sir George Smart, Cipriani Potter and others, though I never took advantage of my election. Of course I heard Cramer many times in those distant days and conceived a great admiration for his purity of tone and his distinguished classical style. As a musician he was of the school of Mozart, whose compositions

he constantly interpreted with true enthusiasm and perfect sympathy; and it was beautiful to hear him speak of Mozart, with whom he was contemporary for the first twenty years of his life. In appearance Cramer was dignified and elegant, with something of the look and bearing of the Kembles; and well can I recall the tranquil manner in which he displayed his mastery of the instrument, so different from the exhibitions of restless exaggeration and affectation one so often sees at the modern pianoforte recitals. It was a pleasure to watch the easy grace with which John Cramer moved his hands with bent fingers covering the keys.

Another famous pianist I can remember as far back as 1826 was Ignace Moscheles, then thirty-two years of age, the inventor of the *bravura* style of playing, the teacher of Mendelssohn and the friend of all the great musicians of his day. In that year I went to his residence in Upper Norton Street, Fitzroy Square, to play to him, and I recollect that, after some complimentary remarks, he warned me against flattery, and the belief that I had not still a great deal to learn—sound advice enough to a boy of twelve! Moscheles had taken Europe by storm, and initiated his great reputation by his wonderful performance of the extraordinary *bravura* variations he had written on the popular French piece, "The Fall of Paris," a copy of which he gave me, together with his "Studies," on the occasion of my first visit to him in 1826, which I still possess. So completely did this style captivate the popular taste, that he soon had a following and became recognized as the founder of a school which continued in fashion for some years. Later on, however, Moscheles emancipated himself from the *bravura* style, which gradually played itself out, and he developed into a classical pianist and composer. I heard him often in the later twenties, the thirties and forties at the Philharmonic, his own and other concerts; and more than once I had the honor of appearing in the same program with him. I always admired his masterly command of all the resources of his instrument, and the genuine art of his playing, but I confess that he seldom quite charmed me, never deeply moved me. Of course I can only record my own personal impressions, and I never remember feeling, in listening to the accomplished performances of Moscheles, that a temperament was speaking to mine through the medium of the pianoforte, as

I felt with Mendelssohn, with Liszt, with Chopin, with Thalberg, and later with Rubinstein. But if Moscheles seemed to me somewhat lacking in the power of expressing emotion, the art of the pianist was always consummate and beyond question. He was undoubtedly a master, indisputably a classic.

By the way, in 1862, just thirty-six years after I had been taken to play to Moscheles as a boy, a youth of twenty came to me with a letter of introduction and hearty commendation from the veteran in Leipzig. This was young Arthur Sullivan, who had just left the Conservatoire, bringing his beautiful "Tempest" music with him. After going to hear this at the Crystal Palace, I immediately proposed to the council of the then flourishing Musical Society of London that we should give it at our next concert, but my suggestion was strenuously opposed. "Who is Sullivan?" they asked contemptuously. "We never heard of him." "But you will hear a good deal of him," was my reply; and I carried my point, which gave Arthur Sullivan his first public hearing in a London concert-room. I have still in my possession a letter from the brilliant and modest young composer, dated April 16, 1862, asking if there was any foundation for the rumor that his work was to be performed, and adding, "I almost fear it is too good to be true!"

Another *bravura* player of European fame and popularity in the second decade of the century was Henri Herz, whom I first heard in 1828. In June of that year I had made my public *debut* at a concert, and in August I visited Paris in order to take some lessons from Herz on his own popular compositions, for the most part airs with interminable variations, some of which I was to perform in London during the next season. As this celebrated pianist was in great demand as a teacher, and his time was fully occupied, I was obliged to go to him for my lessons at his residence, No. 5 Rue de Faubourg Poissoniere, at five o'clock in the morning, the only hour he could possibly spare me. How I used to enjoy my walks through the silent, unpaved, though not too sweetly smelling streets of Paris at that early hour! By the way, I remember the diligence journey from Calais to Paris had occupied two days! Herz was very charming in manner and conversation, his playing wonderfully brilliant and facile in the execution of difficult passages. In his study was an eloquent testimony to his industry as an executant,

in the form of a grand pianoforte, the ivory keys of which he had worn away by incessant practicing! Herz came to London in 1833, and played at the Philharmonic and at one of the concerts of the Societa Armonica—a charming society with an amateur element, whose concerts at the Freemason's Tavern and King's Theatre Concert Room I attended regularly. Every one played Herz's music in those days; who plays it now?

Of a very different school was John Field, who, although an Irishman, was known as "Russian Field," from his thirty years' residence in the land of the Czar. He was a really great player, his style, like his compositions, romantic and poetic, as if interpreting some beautiful dream, while in the singing quality of his touch, the infinite grace and delicacy of his execution, his emotional expression, he was unrivalled in his day. One might call him the forerunner of Chopin; for not only was it he who invented the nocturne, a form of composition which Chopin out of his own poetic temperament magically developed, but the extreme refinement of expression, and the magnetic charm of Field's playing were recalled to me by the playing of Chopin, as I listened to the famous Pole sixteen years later. Field was fifty years of age when I heard him in 1832 at a Philharmonic rehearsal. Many eminent musicians were present, and, owing to the European fame he had won during his long absence from England, they gave him quite an ovation, which his subsequent performance amply justified. Afterwards he dined with us at my father's house, and played exquisitely several of his own compositions, which being things of beauty and no fashion, are among the living classics to-day. In personal appearance Field was rather coarse and awkward looking, and in habit he was a thoroughly intemperate Bohemian; but, as a musician, the poet, the artist, the Celt in him combined to express unmistakably the man of genius. He died at Moscow in 1837.

The most eminent English pianist of those days was Charles Neate, the pupil of John Field and of Woelf, the confidential friend of Beethoven, many of whose works he was the means of introducing to the English musical public. As a performer he was of the classic school of John Cramer, as a teacher he was unrivalled.

It was in 1826 that I became his pupil, and we remained on

terms of affectionate friendship until his death in 1877, at the great age of ninety-three. Neate understood and taught, as comparatively few teachers and performers of the present time seem to do, the great importance of a system of correct and elegant fingering. His admirable "Essay on Fingering," by the way, he dedicated to me in after years. His intimate personal knowledge of Beethoven and his works was of immense value to his pupils, for we thus imbibed the true traditions of the master. When I was studying Beethoven's sonatas and concertos with Neate, he would, by practical illustration, show me how their composer himself interpreted them, giving me Beethoven's own *tempi* and ideas of expression. But alas! how few of the true traditions find their way into the modern concert-room; a Beethoven sonata or concerto now travels by express, in accord with the general hurry of the age. Neate did not rush his pupils into the works of Beethoven, as many teachers unwisely do without measuring the intellectual as well as the musical capabilities of their pupils. He gradually prepared them to appreciate the illustrious master by a long apprenticeship in the more simple schools of pianoforte music. Countless were the talks we had about Beethoven in those early days, and innumerable the anecdotes Neate related of his friend—*anecdotes* which have now become history, but at that time were intimate *causerie*, with the fascination of the personal link. How well I remember the death of Beethoven in 1827 and the universal grief, but especially the great sorrow of my master for the loss of his friend. The last anecdote of Beethoven Neate ever told me, he told me in his ninety-second year, the last time I ever saw him. He had had it from Beethoven himself, and I repeat it because it was characteristic of that extraordinary genius. "I am writing an opera," said Beethoven. "Fidelio?" asked Neate. "No; another opera. I had composed a song for Herr ——" (Neate had forgotten the name, but remembered he was a very distinguished vocalist); "but he did not like the song, and he asked me to write another. I was very angry, but I promised, and I composed a new song. Herr —— came for it, tried it over, and took it away apparently pleased. The next day I was as usual writing at my desk when a knock at my door disturbed me. It was Herr —— returned to say the song did not suit him. I was furious. I threw myself on the ground, and began

to kick about as if I were mad. I would listen to no argument, and vowed never to write another song for him. And when he had gone I told my servant never to admit him again."

At Charles Neate's house in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, I used to meet all the distinguished musicians of those days, and would occasionally play at his memorable quartet parties. I still have a note of invitation from him, dated June, 1830, in which he says, "I shall want pianoforte-players, as I shall only have Hummel, Moscheles, Ries and your humble servant, C. Neate." Imagine hearing intimately in a drawing-room on one and the same occasion four such pianists as the great Johann Nepomuk Hummel, Ignace Moscheles, Charles Neate and Ferdinand Ries, the famous pupil of Beethoven! How clearly his iron moulded face comes back to me!

Mention of Hummel reminds me of the first occasion of my hearing that great pianist and composer. This was at a Philharmonic rehearsal in 1830, when he was welcomed with enthusiasm by the usual select assembly. His previous appearance in London had been, I believe, in 1791-92, but in the meanwhile he had become very famous. I remember going with my father to Hummel's lodgings to purchase tickets for the three concerts he was to give in the great concert-room at the King's Theatre—the programs of those concerts I have treasured to this day. The master himself opened the door to us, without his coat or cravat—a man of ungainly and slovenly appearance, his face, if I remember rightly, pitted with the smallpox. He was then fifty-two years of age, but his coarse outward appearance was quite at variance with the refinement and elegance of his musical genius. At his first concert on April 29, 1830, he played among other things his beautiful new MS. Concerto in A flat, while each concert concluded with an amazing example of improvisation upon a theme noted down at the suggestion of one of the audience, and handed up to the pianist on the platform. I shall never forget Hummel's wonderful interpretation of his incomparable "Septuor" in D minor at the first concert. By the way, Carl Czerny told me in Vienna, in 1838, that when that great composition was first heard in the Austrian capital—in those days a great musical centre—it created such a remarkable sensation by its novelty of construction, its beauty of melody, original harmonies and brilliancy of invention, that men would stop

each other in the streets to talk about it as they would some great national event. Hummel was a pupil of Mozart, and also of Clementi. With ease and tranquil concentrated power, with undeviating accuracy, richness of tone and delicacy of touch, he executed passages in single and double notes and in octaves of enormous technical difficulty. Above all, his playing possessed the indefinable quality of charm. His pianoforte lessons were greatly in demand during his stay in London in 1830, and his terms were from two to three guineas a lesson! So great was the esteem in which Hummel was held in those days by his brother musicians that I remember Moscheles saying to me in '26, "Whenever I hear the name of Hummel I bow my head."

- More than once I have mentioned the Philharmonic rehearsals. These unique functions were held on the Saturday mornings preceding the eight annual subscription concerts, and were attended by the artists engaged, the directors of the Society, of whom there were seven, who took it in turns to conduct the concerts at a remuneration of five guineas, the members and associates, the eminent foreign musicians who happened to be in London, the leading musical critics—Ayrton, Alsager, Hogarth, Chorley, Gruneisen, John Parry, senior, and the rest—and a privileged few specially introduced by the directors. I was one of the last-named class until my election as associate in 1837. Among the distinguished visitors in the twenties and thirties, I particularly recall the old Duke of Cambridge, whose *obligato* accompaniment of loud talking was often out of time and tune with the musical performance; Lord Burghersh, afterwards the Earl of Westmoreland, a most accomplished musician, who founded the Royal Academy of Music; and tall John Liston, the comedian, whom Charles Lamb has so delightfully immortalized, with his very short wife. "Of all evils he chose the least," they used to say of him.

It was at the rehearsal on May 25, 1827, already referred to as the occasion of my first seeing Clementi, and, I may add, hearing that grand singer of the great Italian school, Madame Pasta, that I saw and heard Franz Liszt for the first time, although he had played in London three years previously. "Young Liszt from Vienna," said Charles Neate to me, as the slim and rather tall boy ascended the steps leading to the platform. "He is only fifteen—a great creature!" His playing of Hummel's

concerto created a profound sensation, and my enthusiastic admiration made me eager to know the wonderful young pianist, my senior by a couple of years. Very shortly afterwards—just before Liszt's morning concert, for which my father had purchased tickets from his father—we became acquainted. I visited him and his father at their lodgings in Frith Street, Soho, and young Liszt came to early family dinner at my home. He was a very charmingly natural and unaffected boy, and I have never forgotten his joyful exclamation, "Oh, gooseberry pie!" when his favorite dish was put upon the table. We had a good deal of music together on that memorable afternoon, reading several duets. Liszt played some of his recently published "Etudes," op. 6, a copy of which he gave me, and in which he wrote specially for me an amended version of the sixth study, "Molto agitato."

In the year '28 I paid a visit to Le jeune Liszt, as he was still called, in his Paris home, where he received me with open arms. Of course I asked him to play to me, but he treated me to such an interminable prelude of scales and five-finger exercises, when I was longing to hear him interpret masterpieces in his own inimitable style, that my patience was sorely taxed. This display, however, was interesting as an example of the manner in which he was ever practicing to increase that manual power and digital flexibility which made the piano keys his very slaves, to the admiration of the world. He was still unspoiled by homage and adulation, and I do not remember that he shook himself all over the piano as he did in later days, to please the crowd.

I did not hear Liszt again until his visit to London in 1840, when he puzzled the musical public by announcing "Pianoforte Recitals." This now commonly accepted term had never previously been used, and people asked, "What does he mean? How can any one *recite* upon the pianoforte?" At these recitals Liszt, after performing a piece set down in his program, would leave the platform, and, descending into the body of the room, where the benches were so arranged as to allow free locomotion, would move about among his auditors and converse with his friends, with the gracious condescension of a prince, until he felt disposed to return to the piano. The manner of the man was very different from that of the charmingly simple boy I remembered in 1827-28; the flattery of the world had appar-

enty not left him untouched, and he had developed many eccentricities and affectations. But as pianist the wonderful boy was father to the wonderful man; his genius had matured, and during that season of 1840 and the following, when he again visited England, he performed almost miracles upon his instrument. At the Philharmonic I remember his astounding performance, with his own variations and additions, of Weber's "Concert Stuck," Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata" (in association with the famous Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, a very fine player), his own "Marche Hongroise," and Hummel's "Septuor" in D minor. Yet, magnificent as was Liszt's playing, the works of such great masters as Beethoven, Weber and Hummel needed no such embellishments as the pianist introduced. I suppose, however, that these excesses of virtuosity belonged to Liszt's flamboyant personality; his temperament compelled them. He was rarely content with the simple work of art; he must elaborate it and "arrange" it, often indeed to extravagance. Even a fugue of Bach became more complex in his hands.

I attended all Liszt's recitals in those seasons of '40 and '41, and, among other things with which he astounded and enraptured his hearers, I have the most distinct reminiscence of his marvelous pianoforte arrangement—a legitimate one—and performance of Beethoven's A major symphony; it gave one the impression of being executed by at least four hands instead of two. At this time Liszt's powers as a pianist must have been at their height. The word difficult apparently had no meaning for him; he reveled in the "impossible," seeming to invent unimagined difficulties for the mere pleasure of overcoming them. He could touch the keys with gossamer lightness, or shake the grandest Broadwood or Erard with titanic power. Like all great pianists, he expressed in his playing every mood of his temperament; under his magic touch the piano became, as it were, a passionate human thing.

Great, however, as in their several ways were these famous pianists of whom I have been speaking, my memory holds in dearest affection the incomparable Felix Mendelssohn. Here was a case of artistic attraction such as I have rarely if ever experienced in a like degree. From the very first Mendelssohn realized my ideal of a musician, and although more than seventy years have passed over my head since the memorable occasion

of my first seeing him and watching him conduct his own music, I retain the most vivid impression of the enthusiasm he aroused in me, and the personal spell he exercised. It was at the rehearsal for the Philharmonic concert of the 25th of May, 1829; Mendelssohn, just twenty years of age, had but recently arrived in England, and when he appeared among the assembled musicians and privileged notabilities, every one was struck to admiration by his beautiful countenance beaming with intelligence, and his grace and buoyant charm of manner. He made an immediate conquest by his personality and his genius, and when he conducted the performance of his first Symphony in C minor, he was at once recognized as worthy to rank with the great masters. I shall never forget the overwhelming applause which greeted the wonderful Scherzo from his string octette, which for some reason had been substituted for the minuet and trio originally composed for it; to such a pitch of enthusiasm were the performers excited, that with one accord they clamored to be allowed to repeat it. I was also happy enough to be a witness of that memorable incident at a Philharmonic rehearsal on April 24, 1832, which Mendelssohn himself has so charmingly chronicled in one of his letters. The orchestra had just played through Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, when Mendelssohn, who had been listening in a box, but was not expected that day, appeared in the body of the hall. "There's Mendelssohn," cried some one in the orchestra, and immediately the instrumentalists gave him an extraordinary ovation, shouting, clapping hands and beating the backs of violins for some minutes. It was a superb welcome; one glad emotion seemed to thrill the assembly, and Mendelssohn, pleasantly embarrassed at first, beamed with happiness as he mounted the platform and spoke a few words of gratitude. "Never can I forget it," he wrote a few days afterwards, "for it was more precious to me than any distinction, as it showed me that the musicians loved me, and rejoiced at my coming, and I cannot tell you what a glad feeling this was." Something to this effect, I remember was his impromptu little speech on this occasion.

At the rehearsal of a later concert in that season of 1832 I first heard Mendelssohn as a pianist—the first time, in fact, that he was heard in public in this country. He gave a superb performance of his then recently written Concerto in G minor, and

stirred and fascinated his hearers by his impassioned and exquisite playing, as well as by the extreme beauty of the work itself. Soon afterwards I was privileged to hear Mendelssohn play part of this concerto in private. This was at one of Charles Neate's quartet parties on a summer afternoon. It was an unusually numerous gathering, including several of the most distinguished foreign and native musicians then in London. Moscheles was there, I remember, and John Field; Cipriani Potter, the celebrated and much admired pianist and composer, who in that year succeeded Dr. Crotch, my old harmony-master, as Principal of the Royal Academy of Music; also Neate's crony and angling companion, George Eugene Griffin, another esteemed English pianist and composer of the good old school, whose concerto, played by every one in those days, was then perhaps the most financially profitable composition of that class yet published. Above all, there was Mendelssohn. I forget who was the leader of the quartet on that occasion—I only remember that the versatile Mendelssohn played the viola, and Neate the violoncello, on which he was almost as excellent a performer as on the pianoforte. I can see Mendelssohn before me now, fiddling with keen enjoyment. After the quartet he was begged to play part of his G minor concerto, which, since its triumph at the Philharmonic, had been the musical topic of the hour. He acquiesced with his usual amiability and at once sat down to the piano. I remember standing close behind him, all eyes and ears for my musical hero. In that sympathetic company he played like one inspired, and simply electrified all present. He was overwhelmed with applause and congratulations. I was almost breathless with excitement. It thrills me even now as I recall the incident. Almost seventy years ago! I heard Mendelssohn play his concerto once again in public that same season, at the Philharmonic, and I am proud to say that I was the first, after the composer himself, to perform this immortal work. It was at the first of my series of annual orchestral concerts on May 30, 1833, and as the band parts were not yet printed Cramer lent me the MSS. which had been used at the Philharmonic. I remember Moscheles came to hear it.

That year was also specially memorable to me for the beginning of my acquaintance with Mendelssohn, whom of course I was longing to know personally. It was at the Philharmonic,

and he had just finished playing Mozart's Concerto in D minor, into which he introduced his own impromptu cadences, conceived with fine taste and sympathy, splendid invention and masterly skill. I was still spellbound by the inexpressible charm of the pianist, when that fine old musician, Thomas Attwood, the favorite pupil of Mozart, and organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, knowing my intense admiration for Mendelssohn, led me up to the master, and presented me to him as the young pianist who was, in a few days from then, to perform his G minor concerto. The simple charm and easy cordiality of his manner, his graceful modesty in face of my obvious homage, quite captivated me. Shortly after this I had a very agreeable surprise. Sometimes Neate and I would play duets for piano-forte and 'cello, and one evening at his house, after playing Beethoven's Sonatas in G minor and F, Neate, saying, "Now for a contrast!" took up a concertante duo by Bochsa and Dupont, a light but elegant thing, and suggested that we should run through it. We were in the midst of it, without much enthusiasm, when we were startled by a loud double knock. "A visitor," cried Neate, "who can it be?" The door opened, "Mr. Mendelssohn," said the servant. "Oh, he mustn't find us playing such music," said my old master, as he flung the copies into a corner. Mendelssohn's entrance brought charm at once into the room. He seemed pleased with Neate's hearty welcome, laughed over his confession about the Bochsa music, and was soon at home with us, chatting familiarly on a variety of subjects, of both passing and enduring interest. How delightful was his talk, whatever the topic, how animated his manner, how fascinating his smile as the playful mood danced over the earnest thought! He seemed to understand everything, and to feel rightly about everything, to be so wise in his enjoyment of life. We had no music during the hour or so that Mendelssohn remained with us. His talk had melodies of its own.

It was not till the year 1842 that I again saw and heard Mendelssohn. Hitherto he had conducted only his own works at the Philharmonic, but this season, at the seventh concert I think it was, he appeared for the first time as conductor of an entire concert. That occasion was specially memorable for the first performance of his Symphony in A minor—the famous "Scotch Symphony." There was an unusually brilliant audience, and

when Mendelssohn took his place at the conductor's desk that evening, he was accorded a welcome such as a victorious general, even the Duke of Wellington himself, who was present, might have been proud of, while the enthusiasm after the symphony was immense. I was at both the rehearsal and the concert, and, sitting in my usual place on a side bench near the orchestra, was able to observe the expression of Mendelssohn's face, constantly changing, according to the manner in which the orchestra satisfied him in the interpretation of his work. His face was always a study when he was conducting, it reflected so perfectly the play of his emotions. Mendelssohn was a wonderful conductor—the joyous magnetism of his nature seemed to hold the orchestra in thrall. He inspired such confidence, he could do absolutely what he liked with it, making it play as perhaps no orchestra had ever played before. At rehearsals he would take infinite pains to make the performers at one with him in the interpretation of a work. He flashed his intelligence like a search-light over the orchestra, and so acutely sensitive was his ear that often he would have a passage repeated again and again when to the expert ear it seemed already perfect. He could be content with nothing less than his own ideal of perfection. Perhaps the violins did not entirely satisfy him in their shading of a passage, after several repetitions; then he would leave his place and go to Mori and Spagnoletti or Francois Cramer and Weichsel at their desks and discuss the passage animatedly with them; and so to Nicholson or Willman, if the flutes or clarionets fell short of his ideal by the breath of a tone; or to Mariotti, who led the trombones, or to Platt, the horn leader, or Harper, the trumpeter, or Sherrington, leading the violins, or Grattan Cooke, the irrepressibly facetious, who, in his pathetic oboe's intervals of rest, would dash off funny caricatures. With Cooke, Mendelssohn, who loved fun, would occasionally relax his artistic earnestness to exchange witticisms, but he could be very sarcastic when he chose. Towards the veterans Lindley and Dragonetti, the Damon and Pythias of the concert-world, however, he invariably showed a tactful deference, even when at issue with them, which was seldom, for they were great artists. What a superb body of instrumentalists was the Philharmonic orchestra of those days! It was unique then, and I doubt if it has been surpassed, if equaled.

One instance of Mendelssohn's extraordinary power over the orchestra I particularly recall. He was conducting a rehearsal of Weber's Jubilee Overture, and had, perhaps intentionally, allowed the players to lapse into comparative tameness. Suddenly, as if by magic, with amazing energy, he seemed to inspire them with his own awakened enthusiasm, so that, roused to a pitch of artistic excitement, they played with such accumulating vigor and brilliancy, and such a unity of effect, that we in the auditorium, quite electrified, having risen at the National Anthem, with which the overture concludes, instead of resuming our seats, remained standing and applauding for some minutes. This was in 1844, a very memorable Mendelssohn year. Most interesting to me also in that year was the master's rehearsal of his "Erste Walpurgis Nacht," which I heard also on its first public performance at the concert. At the rehearsal, however, I felt on more intimate terms with that great work, for there was Mendelssohn interpolating his directions and suggestions to the performers; and I shall never forget how the musicians themselves applauded the almost whispered chorus, "Disperse, ye gallant men," and the tremendous chorus, "Come with torches brightly flashing." How we all congratulated Mendelssohn, and how unaffectedly he showed his pleasure!

One other memory of Mendelssohn as a conductor. It was at the fifth concert of the season 1844, the same at which we heard for the first time the hitherto unperformed portions of the exquisite "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. Mendelssohn was conducting a performance of Beethoven's violin concerto, and the violinist was Joseph Joachim, then a wonderful boy of thirteen, making his first important appearance in the concert world of London. During that marvelous display of youthful genius Mendelssohn's countenance was a joy to watch. Where I was sitting I could note his frequent bright smiles of approval; and among my musical memories no incident is more fragrant than that of the immortal Mendelssohn patting on his back and shaking heartily by the hand the boy Joachim, who was to become the master violinist of his age.

But to return to Mendelssohn as a pianist. I remember vividly his playing his own D minor concerto at the Philharmonic on June 21, 1842, when also he conducted his "Hebrides" overture. He played the lovely slow movement with intense passion, and

the joyous rondo with fairy-like lightness and rapidity, but with unerring accuracy. The applause which followed was extraordinary; Mendelssohn himself has described how "they clapped their hands and stamped for at least ten minutes." It was an exceptional privilege to hear Mendelssohn interpret Beethoven. I remember his playing Beethoven's Concerto in G with an impromptu cadence which he varied each of the three or four times that he tried it over with the orchestra at the rehearsal, so inexhaustible was his improvisation.

A more reverential, sympathetic and conservative reading of the older master's text I have never heard, while at the same time the interpretation was unmistakably individual—Mendelssohn's, and no possible other's! His touch was exquisitely delicate, and the fairy fancies of his "Midsummer Night's Dream" music seemed ever to haunt him in his playing, lending it a magic charm. His "Lieder ohne Worte" (the first edition of which, published at his own expense, I still treasure) were rightly named, for, as he played them, those beautiful pieces were veritable songs that his fingers *sang* as they rippled over the keyboard. He never invented passages for the purpose of developing technical difficulties, although his own manual agility was remarkable. His fugue playing was strictly classical, and based on Bach; his handling of octave passages was magnificent, and, as I have said, his power of improvisation boundless. To exemplify this I recall an interesting incident at a morning concert, given in June, 1844, in honor of that gifted and most pathetic of famous violinists, Heinrich Ernst. Bach's triple Concerto in D minor was played by Moscheles, Thalberg and Mendelssohn—what a trio of giants! and each performer was to play an impromptu cadence. Moscheles, a famous improvisatoire, led off with a fine cadence. Thalberg followed with perhaps even more brilliant effect. Then Mendelssohn, who had been leaning listlessly over the back of his chair while the others were playing, quietly began his cadence, taking up the threads from the subjects of the concerto; then suddenly rousing himself he wound up with a wonderful shower of octaves, indescribable in effect, and never to be forgotten. The audience was so excited that the applause at the end was all for Mendelssohn. At Ernst's second concert in July, the concerto was repeated, but Thalberg's place was taken by another pianist eminent in

those days, Theodore Dohler, a pupil of Czerny, and a brilliant follower of Thalberg. After Moscheles and Dohler had played their cadences, we expected a repetition of Mendelssohn's amazing performance at the previous concert. But it was not to be. When the pause came he played a simple shake in the dominant, and concluded with a few chords.

The last time I met Mendelssohn was in 1844, at a conversazione of the British and Foreign Institute, when I enjoyed a pleasant chat with him. We had hoped that he would play that evening, but, unfortunately, dear old Silk Buckingham, the traveler and first editor of the "Athenaeum," who had founded the Institute, was, according to his wont, filling up the time with one of his interesting but long-winded extempore discourses, and nobody had the courage to interrupt him; so Mendelssohn, who had other engagements that evening, good-humoredly waited as long as he could, and then left, begging me to make his apologies. Naturally the company was disappointed when it heard that Mendelssohn had come and gone while Silk Buckingham would "still be talking." The next time Mendelssohn was in London I was in Italy, and in that year, 1847, he died. And nowadays my memories of Felix Mendelssohn help with their fragrance to sweeten my old age.

(To be concluded.)

EDITORIAL BRIG-A-BRAC

Of all the subjects now prominently before the world of music teachers, there is no one so interesting in itself and so important to be fully threshed out as the proper and wise management of the early lessons. Here is where the radical mistakes are made. The object of music lessons is or ought to be education in *music*—that is to say, such a beginning and such a going on after the beginning as will lead the student more and more into the world of musical art; opening up to the student himself, first of all, the pure and ever fresh pleasures derivable for music; and, second, giving him the enthusiasm and mastery to lead his associates, friends and pupils into a like understanding and enjoyment of music. In this study as in many others there are important by-products, in the form of control of attention, power to analyze, understanding of relations in the musical part of life; but the fundamental thing, that which ought to order all the elementary education, should be to awaken a true love of music itself, and particularly a love for music in its true aspects and forms.

Despite the popular attention just now to the art of teaching children in music, there was never a time when there was so much being done to occupy the child's attention with things which, even if bearing musical names, are nevertheless not music, nor to be cognized upon musical grounds. For example, in that admirable periodical *The Musician* I find an article by the well-known writer, Mr. A. J. Goodrich, speaking of making the music lesson a pleasure, and giving the following as an admirable case in point. He says:

“A remarkable case in point once came under my notice. An accomplished lady teacher who is fond of children was engaged to instruct a little miss of five or six years. The teacher arranged to have the pupil come to the studio for fifteen or twenty minutes every week-day, as they lived within a block of each other. The word ‘lesson’ was never used, but the little pupil was entertained with musical pictures and pretty stories. Some-

times she would entertain herself with paper and scissors. After a little while pencil and paper were introduced, and by means of these the child learned the principles of our staff notation and the common notes of value.

"At first five parallel lines, three or four inches in length, were drawn. This was called a 'fence,' and a girl's face was inserted between the third and fourth lines. This was named 'Carrie,' and she was supposed to be 'peeping through the bars of the fence.' Another face was drawn between the second and third lines, and this was named 'Amelia.' The face in the fourth space was called 'Emily' (or some name beginning with E); the first space was named 'Fannie.' Then there was a face on top of the fifth line. This was supposed to be 'George,' a big boy who could look over the upper bar of the fence. The 'uprights' for support of the fence came in later, with a view to bars and measures. A staff or cane extending from the face downward or upward represented the half note, while the face alone, of course, gave an idea of the whole note, when it was wanted. The black notes were called 'colored children,' and there were a number of these. I do not remember all the details, but everything represented was more or less symbolical. The teacher nearly always played some simple selection and then asked certain questions calculated to develop the pupil's sense of hearing and criticizing."

All this is charmingly said and at first sight it seems to cover the whole ground, but does it?

In a previous issue of this magazine the place of honor was given to an interview with Miss Blanche Dingley, who in terse, vigorous and unmistakable language, unfolded her theories as to what the first training of a child should be, provided it is desired to render that child musical and to lay a foundation for a real culture later. It will be remembered that she proposed to begin with harmonic perceptions, at first of all the four kinds of triads, so that the child can tell instantly by ear whether a triad heard is major, minor, diminished or augmented. And, second, the place of all the triads in the key. For example, Miss Dingley plays a cadence containing say six chords, from tonic to tonic, as e. g., (using the numbers for place in key) 1, 6, 4, 2, 5, 1. Or 1, 6, 2, 4, 5, 1.

A succession of this kind she plays just once, at about the rate

of 72; the child listens until the harmonic phrase is ended and instantly names the chords heard at the same rate or even faster—always quietly and without strain. Miss Dingley says it all lies in securing perfect attention and in introducing the different kinds of triads one after the other until the child is secure in recognizing them; and in recognizing the scale places in the same way, not by reckoning the places one after the other, but by instantly hearing the characteristic effect of the chords in key—each chord having an ear-effect peculiar to itself. No sooner has the child named the succession of chords than she is asked to sing the roots—which she does after having first thought within herself in order to get a good line upon the out-of-the-way roots, such as 2 after 6, and so on. Progressions of this kind are foreign to the singing experience of a child and require a certain prevision on her part—but she works it all out herself.

Moreover, Miss Dingley does not particularly prize the ability to describe the kinds of triads, so much as to feel them in what might be called their art value. For example, major and minor are characteristic moods; and one of the first tasks is to learn to discriminate instantly between them, always naming the major or minor effect without mistake. A discrimination so fundamental and elementary as this is often beyond the powers of advanced piano students, even when they have had several months of harmony from a supposedly good teacher. I have had cases of this in my own class where the teacher had been one of the most highly esteemed in the city of Chicago. So also with the highly appealing harmonies, the diminished and the augmented. Each has to be learned as an ear effect. At first the child objected to the augmented triad, but as soon as the teacher had made one or two little improvisations, introducing this triad in a musical way, the child immediately felt that the musical sense was good; and upon experiment of substituting a plain major or minor triad in the same place, it was found insufficient and unbeautiful. This is quite in line with the Apostle Peter's object lesson, that in the kingdom of God there is nothing which is common or unclean.

* * *

Now let us return to the interest awakened by the clever

teacher of whom Mr. Goodrich writes: What was it which awakened "interest" and was that "interest" musical? Observe: The teacher entertained the pupil with "little stories"—he does not say what the stories were about. Perhaps about composers or artists. Let us hope so. Later the pupil was introduced to a "fence" composed of parallel lines three or four inches in length, and a girl's face was inserted between the third and fourth lines. It was "Carrie" peeping through the bars of the fence. In the space below "Amelia peeped through", etc. Later on black notes were drawn and called "colored children". At the end the pupil had learned several things about notation. Generally, Mr. Goodrich says, "the teacher played some simple selection and then asked questions to develop the pupil's sense of hearing and criticizing."

I thank Mr. Goodrich for his most excellent passage. It occupies the very center of the road along which a vast amount of child teaching is now going, and it is a road which, however pleasant, does not necessarily lead anywhere whatever in music.

* * *

What is it which stands between the average music scholar and his enthusiasm for Beethoven, Bach, Chopin, Schumann and Brahms? Is it primarily that these great men wrote "abstract" music, as it has been called? Not at all. They wrote the most charming melodies, the most fruitful harmonies and the most inspiring and diversified rhythms which the world of music contains. Is it that the inner meaning of their music is over the heads of young minds, capable of true hearing? Not at all. Sometimes they were deep and severe and wrestled desperately, like Milton's theological devils, of "fate, foreknowledge and free will", but as a rule they were men of admirable moderation and sense of joy and hope.

The real thing which debars the average music student from the writers is simply this: That our art of music is a highly specialized art, resting upon cultivated capacity for hearing. Our training generally ignores this fact and busies itself with the outside of the cup and the platter—with notes, staves, fences, Carries and Amelias peeping through, and the like; the spry little children, of whom the Scotchman said that "the more you tie up their legs, Sandy, the faster they run" (the 16ths, 32ds, etc.).

Meanwhile the great and noble songs, whose dead images "look out through these lines and spaces" from the great over-world of humanity, remain unsung, unheard, unfelt—all for want of ear-opening training. Great music is a gospel which addresses itself to those who have ears to hear. The missionary need not so much concern himself with promulgating this gospel when once ears are opened for taking it in; all this will take care of itself; his work is to open the ears. Just as when the eye is opened, there is no need to urge the child to try and see something. He *does* see something, he revels in seeing, and the teacher's work is to guide him in his seeing to proper discriminations.

Thus we come back again to our guide, Mr. A. J. Goodrich, who speaks feelingly of the need of making the music lesson a pleasure. By this he means, and the most of the kindergartners mean with him, that it is our business in education to fix up pleasant tasting hours to keep up the interest, whether what we teach is the real thing or quite one side the real thing, as in this case he mentions. Miss Dingley's way is precisely at the center of the desired road. Every musical person hearing her idea says at once: "If this can be done, it is something great," while of the other they say: "This is no doubt interesting, and perhaps it will lead later to real music."

But how does the equation stand with regard to the "interest" so desirable to awaken. Which part of the account preponderates—that in which "Carrie and Amelia look out through the fence," while the colored children occasionally are permitted to play about, with us white folks (sad is the portion of Ham forever more!)—or that in which when a succession of chords is played the child follows the succession accurately, knowing the place of each chord in key, able to sing the roots of the chords when asked, or to think and sing any given voice of the series? Has this been a bore to her, or has it brought her pleasure? Experience shows that here, as in a thousand other places in education, to open and clear up in child-life the avenues of sense-perception is of itself adding pleasure to the child, and that in the exercise of these new powers there is a sense of enjoyment, such as does not appertain to the idea of the dough face of "Carrie peeping through the third space." The latter is purely make believe; the other is the real thing.

Moreover, it would be quite possible to teach the child all these

harmonic things of Miss Dingley and still leave her outside the world of music. Harmony examinations are notoriously unmusical, although when, as in this case, they depend upon instantaneous hearing, they cannot avoid carrying in their train consequences of musical value later on, since the hearer able to follow a discourse in this sense must necessarily soon come to a certain discrimination of relative quality.

But Miss Dingley does not leave the lesson at this point. No sooner is a new chord mastered than she plays a variety of improvisations introducing the new chord as a musician would use it; charming little melodies and clever little *genre* pieces created off hand. The child delights in these new things, and when asked to point out the general points of the harmonies involved is also able to enter into and enjoy the musical mood created. All this has in it something for her later life.

Every educator will admit that to cover this elementary ground of ear-training as Miss Dingley lays it out, will be impossible for teachers who are not musical and much surer of their ground than the generality of those who give lessons to children; but provided it can be done it is the beginning of a musical education which finds its delight and its power just where delight and power should fall in a course of musical development, namely, in *musical power* and *musical enjoyment*, and there alone. The child enters at her first steps into the very center of the citadel, and everything in the art is open to her.

Much of this ground, no doubt, might be covered by preparatory exercises or courses of instruction, affording teachers a plan for the work. But the life of it turns upon its not only pretending to be musical, but in its actually being musical and flexible, turning this way and that, according to the momentary currents of perception and imperception.

* * *

I have lately examined another course, one of the kindergarten courses, in which much is done upon tables, and with games of cards. The course I have in mind arrives at certain very exact results, all of which are desirable to a young pupil; the truly musical part is less developed, but the result is good so far as it goes.

I do not say that even a mechanical auxiliary might not be

useful at some stages of the finger training. All I say is that I have never yet heard any individual case where it was proven that the player had gained from her auxiliary anything belonging to musical interpretation excepting perhaps a more reliable finger sureness; and this was more than offset by the unresponsive tone-production, which left all the playing dry and lacking in that delicate and evanescent come-and-go of intensity which belongs to art and comes fresh from the human soul. This quality comes into the playing from feeling music, and from playing it as if it were felt. And since the great difficulty in the work of artistic reproduction in this case is due to the fingers not being natural mediums for this kind of work, it will never grow out of practice ordered from a muscular conception, but only from practice ordered from a musical conception.

* * *

The great objection to all these "side shows" in music teaching is that they violate or ignore the fundamental principle of all, which is: "The thing before the sign." The thing in this case is music, and the sign is the notation; but one class of teachers puts pupils to learning notation when as yet they do not know any kind of musical effects, except a few in melody which they have picked up at school. The development of the roots acquired in the public schools will result at most in an appreciation of popular music, in the folks tone, according to the most restricted harmonic and rhythmic conception of these terms. Culture has to lay a different foundation, in subtler perceptions and more educated cognitions. At all events we must begin with musical perception as such, and carry it far enough to contain the germs of such a culture as our modern art of music requires.

* * *

Mention was inadvertently omitted last month of the interesting concerts by the Pittsburg orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Victor Herbert, in the Chicago Auditorium, Dec. 9. The program was the following:

Auditorium Festival March (new), Op. 35.....	Herbert
Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, in E flat.....	Liszt
Pianist, Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood.	
Siegfried's Rhine Journey.....	Wagner
Suite—Woodland Fancies.....	Victor Herbert
Aria—Traviata	Verdi
Suzanne Adams.	
Capriccio Italien.....	Tschaikowsky

Mr. Herbert, who used to be first 'cello for Thomas (as also did Mr. Ed. Colonne, the famous Paris conductor), has an excellent band under his direction. The men displayed fine disposition, good training and produced a generally good tone, stopping a little short of the refined blending qualities usual to any orchestra of which Mr. Thomas is master for any length of time. Mr. Herbert, himself, is one of those genial Irishmen of the olden school, such as have cut a very wide swath in arms and art, as well as among the dress goods of the great world. He has an attractive personality, full of good humor, and he is very gifted as a composer. His comic operas, "The Serenade" and "The Fortune Teller" are both admirable successes, where the Muse just touches her toes along the surface of things and never seeks to bedraggle her plumage in the bottomless waters of great art. The second act of "The Serenade," for instance, abounds in clever music and fun. Some of these qualities remain to Mr. Herbert when he ascends the pulpit and begins to preach in the accents of the everlasting gospel of the beautiful. This was shown in his new suite: "Woodland Fancies," which consists of four movements: Morning in the Mountains; Forest Nymphs; Twilight; Autumn Frolics. The reminder of Grieg's "Peer Gynte" suite is more than accidental. The best account of this suite which has been made was given in the program book of the evening, and credited to G. Schlotterbeck—a well-known writer, who was probably born in Dublin, and has been associated with Mr. Herbert throughout most of his career. I think he turned leaves for him in the Thomas orchestra. At all events he is a fine, large and poetical writer, as witness:

"In the soundless solitude of mountain heights, things unutterable save in tones of sweetest harmony move you as step by step the gray colors of dawn merge into those of the deep orange, then of brightest gold, of radiant faced day, or as the heavy robe of twilight, settling down, brings rest and peace to man and beast. And then again, when, pregnant by the sun's warm beams, the mountains do with diamonds teem, the dancing nymphs to play invite, and peasants, young and old, surcease of sorrow seek in laughter, frolic, song."

"Woodland Fancies" would express just the moods and situations herein described, its language being deeply poetical and of high musical finish. His immediate inspiration, Mr. Herbert

declares, he found in a familiar legend of his boyhood days which represented two eager lads roaming the mighty forests in quest of the bells that both declared had touched their ears with gleeful sounds. On and on they wandered, by brush and thicket undismayed, until in wonderment most great they stood before the boundless sea, and then first learned it was great Nature's Angelus, and not mere tinkling bells that led them on. The "*motive of the bells*" Mr. Herbert has used as the groundwork of his first movement.

FIRST MOVEMENT, "MORNING IN THE MOUNTAINS."

"Somberly the clarinets intone it in the first two measures, repeating it thrice in the guise *a*, then taking it up four times successively in the well-marked form *b*, the harp meanwhile sounding it in tones ethereal. Soon, playing against the steadily throbbing 'bell motive,' there creeps faintly out of the violins this theme, conveying convincingly the sentiment of so magic a line as '*Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh*'.

"Now the big double basses tip-toe stealthily in, fearful of disturbing the quiet of early dawn. All is serene, almost oppressively so, when rudely the huntsman's horn bursts in, now blatantly, now echoingly, and now in swelling volume, with high acceleration. A long drawn-out-double pianissimo as organ point in the double basses, and crystal harmonics in the divided violins alone remind us of nature's gentle wooing. Only the faint horns now echo back, once, twice—then in crushing tones blare out once more, dying finally into the distance.

"But the dawn is expanding into morn, and as if properly to herald the coming Day, the orchestration becomes growingly pompous. Again in piccolo, flute, oboe and horn are heard the echoing huntsman's rhythms, the harmonies all the while attaining increasing volume and splendor, until in an overwhelming climax, into which the harp has hurled its most brilliant tones, the Day bursts forth in all his might and grandeur, announcing unmistakably, 'Lo, I am come!'

"And now, quite awed by the dazzling sight, the harmonies again take wings and slowly vanish, the horn even avoiding the utterance of one harsh sound, and the birdlet fearing to do aught but lisp in the harp's most evanescent tones. A pianissimo chord—a gentle upward rush on the harp—and we leave the peaceful scene.

SECOND MOVEMENT, "FOREST NYMPHS."

"Standing boldly against the opening movement is the second one by reason of its piquancy. The composer has aptly named it 'Forest Nymphs,' since it abounds in the filmy daintiness and charm inseparable with those woodland Graces. Lightly and airily clarinets, oboes and bassoons trip into the dreamy staccato triplets of the strings, and then the most piquant of themes harks tantalizingly in via the violins.

"Answering the saluting chirp of the first four sixteenths, is a mocking one heard in the flutes, not once, but half a score of times, and as though all good things must come in pairs, the dashing main theme finds congenial company in a lovely one carried by clarinet and bassoon. Following a repetition, in slightly changed guise, of the former, there is some delightful staccato tip-toeing in the descending violins, when from the violas there bounds a little phrase, cleverly jocose, the cellos repeat it even more trickily and the whole band holds its breath.

"With utmost delicacy and beauty and in accents almost elfin, the Nymphic revel again goes on through five full pages of score, when, like ripples of heartiest laughter, a staccato motive tilts successively through flute, oboe, clarinet and comical bassoon. Once only the sport approaches boisterous lines, when the woodwinds, in thrilling chorus, raise their exulting voices, but the outburst is only passing, the lightly tripping woodwinds once more are heard, the strings are all aflutter, and the Nymphs are away!

THIRD MOVEMENT, "TWILIGHT."

"The opiate of deepening twilight lies heavily upon the third movement, which again contrasts strikingly with the preceding rhythmically tense one. Just a few bars of richly colored harmonies in the woods over a thick background of divided strings, and from the delicious French horn there flows in melting stream a lovely theme.

"Unusually long it is (twenty bars), yet the composer declares it could not have been shortened by even one note. That 'nameless pathos in the air,' when the shades of night descend, now is reflected in the thickening orchestration, due to divided violas and celli, and extremely low notes in clarinets, bassoons and horns. Dainty harp arpeggi are flashing much as the timid star-

lets on the heels of departing Day. Suddenly notes akin to those pouring from a feathered beauty's throat are heard capering from the oboe, an ode to the Night, perhaps. Gentle flimmering of violins next awakens thoughts of the night wind moaning through rustling leaves, while floating above the recurring main theme the tender-voiced clarinet, in a lovely song ever soaring skyward, would seem to carry on the wings of rapture and admiration the deeply moved soul.

"But the darkness deepens—in a downward chromatic glide the horn breathes with diminuendo half tones a fond good night—crystalline harmonics in violins, violas and celli bespeak a cloudless, moonlit sky—a final double soft chord (the merest whisper) and Night is mistress indeed.

LAST MOVEMENT, "AUTUMN FROLICS."

"The last movement is titled 'Autumn Frolics,' and in its very opening measures it makes good the title. The unique rhythms of 3-4 against 2-4 are all bustle and commotion, and tell of a very whirligig of joy and abandon.

"Through thirty-eight bars this rush continues, when out of the strings an incisive, blustering theme comes bounding in.

"Later a peasant's awkward dance in the clarinets supplies a touch of rare good humor. With the swiftly moving portion of the main themes as material, the composer now heaps climax upon climax, until a peaceful subsidence calls a halt, though only temporary. Once again the frenzy is renewed, this time more marked than before, and the rush and swirl are irresistible until with a fiery glissando on the harp, and a great shout from the whole orchestra, the frolic has reached its end."

* * *

Of the playing of Mr. Herbert's orchestra little is needed but commendation. The men did their best, and it was by no means a bad best. Mr. Herbert seems to be a commanding director, but he is not a good interpretative artist for important works of high art. This showed plainly enough in the "Rhine Journey" and those present when the Tschaikowsky symphony was played assure me that the directing was very bad. The difficulty is that he tries to do so much with details that his beat lacks repose and sequence, and his readings are always in hysterics because some unaccustomed instrument happens to have a bit of the leading voice. It is an error typical of the modern conductor. No doubt

the older ones, such as Thomas and Hans Richter, often fail to do enough with minor bits and neglect intended opportunities for climax; but this hysterical prancing about every instant not only hinders the orchestra from doing its best, but throws the hearer out of his balance and annoys more than it assists. Moreover, if one is going to indulge in this gyrating business, there are ways and ways. For instance, as an illustration of a compound circular motion, I have seldom seen a better and ampler than the shoulders of Mr. Frank Van Der Stucken afford when he is in the heat of an interpretation of a work of his own, or of some other composer good enough to interest him and call out his best powers. His baton also gyrates prodigiously, but wonderfully graphically; Mr. Herbert's baton gyrates, but not, it seems to me, so discreetly. Mr. Herbert is an artist for whom no intelligent man can have anything else than good will; and the Pittsburg people are to be congratulated on having so capable and so sincere a director; still I do not feel, when I listen to him, that he will ever become an authoritative conductor of the greatest music. He does part of the work extremely well; but not all.

The solo pianist of this occasion was Mr. William H. Sherwood, who appeared in Liszt's brilliant and rather empty concerto in E flat. This work does not afford a really superior pianist any very decided opportunities for illustrating his superiority. Mr. Sherwood played it brilliantly and effectively and was accordingly recalled several times, and at last he played another piece. Mr. Sherwood also accompanied the orchestra through its tour, lasting several additional engagements, and was no doubt received everywhere with the honor and pleasure his prominence deserves. The concerts of the Pittsburg orchestra were managed by Mr. Charles R. Baker, manager of the Sherwood Music School. The audiences in Chicago were meagre but appreciative.

* * *

A charming feature of the concert above mentioned was the singing of Suzanne Adams, which showed that she has made great progress in her art and is now to be accounted one of the very finest singers before the public.

The program book followed the Boston fashion of cutting off fractions of reading pages for the display of advertisements. It's a vulgar way which as yet the Chicago book has avoided.

The fifteenth concert of the Chicago Orchestra was devoted to what was called a "request program," and it was of so very unusual a character as to demand notice. The list of pieces offered was this:

Symphony in D Major, Op. 73.....	Brahms
Two Legends from the Finland Folks—Epic.....	Sibelius
"Scherherazade" Suite, Op. 35.....	Rimsky-Korsakov
Largo	Handel
Symphonic Poem, "The Preludes".....	Liszt

It is of course conceivable that this peculiar list of works may have been asked for by scattering requests from the patrons of the Chicago concerts, but that any person desired this program as a whole is to the last degree improbable, and to be conceded only upon the ground of not realizing what it is to have to settle with practically three symphonies in a single program, and with two very long and uneventful orchestral pieces added (the Sibelius experiments). The first movement of the Brahms symphony Mr. Thomas played beautifully—practically about as well as it need be done. The other movements were not so good and the trouble was partly with the tempi and partly with a rather tame reading. The Sibelius works show clever talent for orchestral coloring, or perhaps more properly for an orchestral coloring, for they are mainly in a single "tone," as painters say. The works are entirely too long for the matter they contain and it remains to be shown that this young Sibelius has the necessary structural capacity and sense of contrast and feeling to make him ever a leading composer. The Rimsky-Korsakov work was tamely played and showed far too plainly its lack of inspiration. The veteran masterwork of Mr. Thomas, the Handel Largo, was fairly well done by Mr. Cramer. Liszt's Preludes, again, received a tame reading. Total effect of the concert, rather tiresome—the only redeeming feature being the first movement of the Brahms symphony, which is extremely beautiful.

* * *

The tenth concert of the Chicago orchestra was notable for the excellent and very brilliant playing of Mrs. Dahl-Rich in the Tschaikovsky concerto for piano, and for the first production of some rather interesting variations by Edward Elgar—variations which sounded uncommonly well for the work of an English composer—the English composer, despite the schools and the

amount of music there, generally being a little dense and wanting in freedom. Elgar shows a certain cleverness.

* * *

The eleventh concert had the following program :

"Jupiter" Symphony.....	Mozart
Concerto for Violin, No. 8.....	Spohr
	Mr. Kreisler.
"Freyschuetz" Overture.....	Weber
Unfinished Symphony.....	Schubert
Variations and March.....	Franz Lachner

The Mozart symphony was delightfully played and a charming work it is. The Spohr music proved tame, even in the hands of Mr. Kreisler. The Schubert symphony was quite well done. Lachner demonstrated his claim to the high rank he enjoyed all his life as an able composer with painfully little to say.



EDUCATION OF THE SUPERVISOR.

BY MRS. CONSTANCE BARLOW SMITH.

Webster says that education means "The result of educating as determined by the knowledge, skill or discipline of character acquired." The first qualification necessary to good supervision of music is a thorough *musical* education. A knowledge of musical history, theory, composition and reading is absolutely necessary. Musical history is intensely interesting to children, and a competent supervisor of music will consider it a duty to teach that the history of the civilized world may be clearly read in the history of music. Without *theory*, we are poor workmen indeed, and might liken ourselves unto carpenters without hammers. A knowledge of the standard compositions is essential, because one of our principal duties as supervisors is to teach and to conduct choruses.

If we teach the study of music reading, we must ourselves be readers. Nothing injures our chances of success more surely than proof that we are not masters of the technical part of our profession. Music stands in a reciprocal relation with nearly all other branches of study in the curriculum of our common schools. By close observation in schools where sight singing receives the same amount of attention that other studies do, we not only feel the *moral* power of music, but become conscious that music also adds much to the grand scheme of education. "Teaching," says Prof. S. S. Laurie, "is a grave and serious business. You are engaged in forming the finest, most complex, most subtle thing known to man, viz., a mind." Prof. Laurie, therefore, concludes that every

Read at meeting of National Educational Association, at Los Angeles, Cal., July 13th, 1899.

teacher ought to study the general laws of mind, viz., psychology. The mind of the child is not that of the adult; he has a psychology of his own. His mind certainly works differently. *How?* is the question that a good music teacher will try to answer.

The study of music *must* be presented upon a psychological basis, carrying the esthetic side by side with the technique. Mental science teaches us that all our knowledge is of resemblances and differences; and I affirm that a good supervisor should keep this fact in mind. The success with which dull pupils are treated is one of the tests of a good teacher. An accurate conception of pitch relation is not confined to brilliant pupils; in fact, a good ear for music is frequently characteristic of dull children. We commit mistakes in teaching all along the line, sometimes attempting too much and sometimes too little; we often teach the class as a whole and not the individual, or the individual and not the class. We may use a method or scheme suitable at one stage of development, in teaching children who are passing through a very different stage. We must have a definite order of procedure. If we look for a moment at the ordinary classification of our faculties, we find that *attention* is a condition of all mental processes, we cannot *observe, recall observations, analyze, classify, combine* or reason from them without attention. If our pupils are not attentive, then surely we and they are wasting time. A competent supervisor or special teacher of music should be well educated in the science of good government. "A quiet, firm decision permeated by love and sustained by dignity will win the hearts of the pupils and guide them safely. All disparity is commanding and forbidding. All hesitation in threatening and punishment will avenge itself bitterly and cause the teacher much sorrow and regret." Tact is essential and experience valuable. The teacher must be *first*, and the members of the class who are by nature more clamorous than others will have to be supplied with emergency work. If we can govern as well as instruct, we will secure attention first. Observation follows attention. We have the power to so direct the attention and talents of our pupils that they will discover the music of nature. "Child-study" proves to us that nature's songs and rhythms *are* attractive to the average child.

Thought is awakened and mental activity stimulated in the study of music, just as much as in the study of reading. The same mental process is required for both. After the grand old major scale has been developed by imitation and a symbol learned for each tone of the scale, in primary grades some devices are necessary to make the work attractive, the same as in reading number and nature work. Therefore, a supervisor should study kindergarten methods so as to be able to teach the subject to little ones through the medium of games. Right here we may say that while music should be recreative, we are apt to admire little motion songs to such an extent that we may forget that children of tender years learn easily and that the first principles of music can be made attractive to them. Whereas, if left until the third or fourth year of school, when the children are approaching their restless age, they may think that the subject of music is less important than arithmetic. If the child can read easy exercises and songs, it gives him confidence and assists him to overcome difficulties in other branches of school work. "The study of music correlates with reading in that the same mental process is required for both." When a child sings an exercise, he signifies what his judgment is of relation. Let the supervisor be a good reader. Analysis follows perception. Arithmetic develops the *reasoning* power, hence is a means of intellectual discipline, so also does the study of vocal music. The combined problems of tune and time require strict application. Intense thought action is necessary for sight reading, as the tones must be heard mentally before they can be produced by the vocal organs. The power to focus thought is greatly strengthened by sight singing. The reciprocal relation between the study of mathematics and the study of music is the *method* of thought employed for both. Number is an invisible reality. "Sound exists only as it is transmitted to the mind by the auditory nerve." In both cases we train the mind to deal with things unseen. Nature's songs have become a necessity in our schools, and the supervisor must be a close student of nature. The sun shines brighter, the rain is more musical, the snow more beautiful, the flowers take on a brighter hue, while the song birds find their only rivals in the children of song. Many beautiful and useful

lessons are learned through the medium of nature songs. Take, for example, the "Song of the Chrysalis."

I.

Upon a maple branch it hung,
A brown and shapeless thing,
Through sun and wind and rain it clung
Where all could see it swing.

II.

And when an eager childish har
The treasure brought away,
It must have been a fairy wand,
That touched it where it lay.

III.

For all at once a butterfly,
In purple and in gold,
Came slowly from the shell so dry,
Its prison dark and old.

IV.

It stood a moment, bright and fair,
And waved its splendid wings
Then flew into the summer air,
Among the happy things.

V.

O blessed sign of joy to come,
When we with failing breath
Shall leave to gain our heavenly home
The chrysalis of death.

The wonderful lesson of the resurrection is taught by the words, but the lesson is made *more* impressive and lasting by associating the words with music. Bible truths are felt and better understood by children, when presented to them through song. A conscientious supervisor of music will study hymnology so that the regular teacher may be assisted in selecting suitable hymns for opening exercises. Music is emotional. We should beware lest we play upon the wrong heartstring. Music is educational. If we cannot assist in developing the science of music, let us make room for those who can. Music is inspirational. It is our *duty* to inspire the loftiest ambitions possible to man. Why not attempt social reform through the medium of music in our public schools? If as one writer says, "Music not only rests and delights the mind, but refines, purifies, and ennobles the heart. Music sweetens the cup of

bitterness, softens the hand of poverty and lightens the heavy burdens of life."

We as supervisors cannot afford to treat our responsibilities with indifference.

It is conceded that a vicious person never sings. Music is not an accomplishment of criminals. In England the musical societies claim about 68,000 members, in Germany the aggregate is 79,000 members. It is shown, upon investigation, that in neither country has the name of an anarchist ever been enrolled as a member of a musical society.

If we instil into the minds of youth a genuine love of music, for its own sake, fruitful seed is sown from which to reap virtue, truth, patriotism, and a love for the beautiful. All that is beautiful in nature is expressed through music. "Seek and ye shall find," and when ye have found lead others to the fountain of knowledge, that they may also drink and be refreshed. The sympathy and power of music was recently *felt* with renewed effect by the representatives of eleven states when they assembled at the summit of Pike's Peak to celebrate the Fourth of July. The song "America" touched all hearts with a sweet, new understanding of the third verse, "Let *music* swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees, sweet freedom's song. Let mortal tongues awake, let all that *breathe* partake, let rocks their silence break, the sound prolong."

The Star Spangled Banner has a new significance for some of us since hearing the melody of that song peal from the great organ of the Mormon Tabernacle, skillfully played by the leader of the Temple choir. It is hardly necessary to say that for the moment we forgot our differences.

If music is to take its proper place in our schools, it is necessary for the supervisor to have as broad an education as has the regular teacher, which I regret to say is not always the case. The supervisor in an American school should speak good English, should be well informed upon musical literature, so as to be able to suggest suitable reading matter to be placed in school and public libraries for the use of her school pupils. It is essential that a supervisor of music keep abreast of the times by reading current musical events, so that the children may be informed of important issues. Music belongs to culture and should be treated in a cultural manner.

THE TRUE FUTURE OF SCHOOL MUSIC.

BY EGBERT SWAYNE.

To the observer who will take a comprehensive glance over the history of school music, from the years when Lowell Mason first introduced it into the schools of Boston to the present time, the progress appears large and striking. From the church songs or simple hymns, which formed the substance of the first book of music ever remembered to have been compiled for children (by Lowell Mason, in London, in 1837—the Novellos being publishers) down to the variety of song books now before the school public, the Laurel Song Book as yet remaining like a crown of glory upon the great pyramid, a wonderful advance has been made. The songs have become more and more interesting, varied in character and more sympathetic to child life. It does not deserve complaint that the prime search with all the more intelligent supervisors is still to make the singing inspiring and stimulating to the child. It is not wrong to seek to bring out the sense of the words and to relate the poetry of the songs to well-known names in literature, with which every educated child ought to be familiar. There is, however, more than a tendency to overlook certain things concerning music which might just as well be begun in school life as later—in fact, a great deal better begun then than later.

In the search for attractive melodies and novelties in the way of songs, there is in certain quarters a liability to overlook the fact that our modern art of music is a very large art and touches life at myriads of points; and that it rests upon certain highly developed faculties of hearing, in part *sensitiveness of perception* and in part due to *mental attitude*. Without this two-fold equipment nobody ever rises to appreciate classical music in a true sense—the term classical being here used in a free and modern sense, as including all music which is so truly music that its best qualities do not immediately occur to the casual hearer.

This part of the world of music extends up very high, up to and including the great German Requiem of Brahms, the celebrated oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn, the Requiem of

Verdi, as well as the great body of Wagnerian and other modern opera and symphony. Now the central difficulty with all this great music for the untrained hearer is two-fold in nature: First of all it employs harmony in a serious manner and attains color through the unexpected succession of harmonies. This means that much of the effect, at least, will be missed in great part by all untrained in hearing and following harmony. The second element in this great music is the *feeling* it contains, the influence it is capable of exerting over the moods and emotions of the hearer. Now our untrained hearers miss the moods of unaccustomed great music quite as truly as they miss its value and attractiveness as music. For we must not forget that this great music is truly and really more *musical* than other music; it has more in it of musical effect, and its survival and its growing influence is due primarily to this very fact. Yet it is not too much to say that even practiced singers often fail to observe the poetry and beauty of the purely musical handling of this great music, even after they have devoted some time to trying to sing it; while the inner suffusion of emotion they pass unconsciously.

To take the question from another standpoint. In the Laurel Song Book we have several original songs and a variety of great selections, in which the full powers of modern music are illustrated and employed in a truly artistic manner. Take, for instance, Edgar Stillman Kelley's "O Captain, My Captain!" Think how the effect turns upon the appealing voice of certain strongly dissonant chords wisely placed; and consider how little the average school child is prepared to realize this effect, except as he dimly rises to it from the story of the assassination of Lincoln. The time will probably come sooner or later when a still finer class of melodies will be found in our first year song books and all along up the courses—songs which use tones to produce melodies of finer cut than the great majority of those which now occupy even our best books.

The production of the Modern Music Series marked a step in advance in a very important direction:—namely, in the idea that the best thing for the child to have first in musical life is enjoyment from it, musical enjoyment from the singing; and the idea of beginning by rote singing of attractive songs is one which has been too long developing and gaining strength ever to be suc-

cessfully set aside. All this rote singing is an excellent exercise for the ears and the musical memory, and all the enjoyment obtainable in this way is entirely in line with the best development later. But it does not go far enough.

As said above, the two things upon which our great music depend are harmony and the feeling or continual transition of mood and intensity which characterize it. (It is our failure to lay a proper foundation for this later culture which stands in our way in the school and all through life later. Of the many millions of piano students a very, very few ever rise to a real appreciation of the higher music; and of singers a still smaller percentage. And this for lack of training and because nobody has sown in them the seeds of expectation and mental attitude.

To appreciate great music musically, is to enjoy precisely those parts of the harmony where it diverges from the common road of the folks song. And to *feel* great music depends in part upon the development of the musical perceptions and in part upon that kind of an attitude of mind which permits one to realize within his own consciousness how the music is speaking to him —i. e., with what kind of accents, whether those of joy or sorrow; of peace or of rousing aggressiveness.

All the moods of music turn first of all upon the harmony. they have at foundation that fundamental difference between the mood of the major triad and the mood of the minor; then the somewhat more tense moods of the diminished triad and the augmented, both these being not only indispensable to emotional flexibility in the music, but affording many elements of beauty. Now these four varieties of chord formation are entities to be recognized off hand by ear, after suitable training, as just as to recognize hens, pigeons, fishes, and reptiles when one sees them.

Then there is also that other great chapter of harmonic expression depending upon the key-relation of the chords. A simple major triad heard without connection is one thing; the same triad may have at least three phases of mood according to its place in key. Not to go into particulars farther, it must suffice just now to say that the entire harmonic foundation of simple music involves the ability to perceive off hand the place of chords in key, and therefore the march of the harmonic succession, whether towards repose or away from it. And all this depends upon a systematic development of perception on the part of the

hearer. Everybody has to learn this who ever attains unto it, saving a very small percentage of children who chance to inherit harmonic aptitude of this higher kind.

It would take me too far at this time to go into particulars as to the training necessary for developing these elementary musical perceptions in the lower grades of the school, or in the higher. Suffice it to say that by a systematic effort all this ground could be well covered, as a small incident of the music study, within the first grades, and the children having added this to their other exercise in hearing and enjoying music would be in position to receive from their later singing and instrumental study entirely higher and more precious benefits.

There is more in it than this. By way of motto to his great Phantasie in C major, Robert Schumann prefixed a motto, to the effect that "amid the varied numbers of Earth's many-colored dream, one tender tone may be heard by him who listens within." It is this listening "within" which is the habit underlying a true enjoyment of the higher musical art. And this manner of listening is precisely prepared by the more elementary habit of hearing the chords in their moods, whether determined simply (by their constitution as major, minor, etc.) or in secondary manner by their relations in key, and their march towards a higher and higher exultation, or their gradual subsidence into nirwana—repose. Both these ways of listening, that in which the inner feeling of the music is perceived by itself (major, minor, etc.) and to that in which something awakens within the listener as a result of the music passing through him, are mental states entirely one side the musical experiences of the church or school as we now have them; yet both are in a high degree of practical value and educative in the best sense. To throw light upon this question from an opposite standpoint, the farthest away from anything of this kind which is likely to be experienced, is the attitude of a congregation or a Sunday School jabbering through a Moody and Sankey hymn, or any similar combination of words and alleged music. The performance is as unmusical in its inner essence as it is possible to make it.

Moreover, if time served, I might go farther and deplore the fact of the church vulgarizing its influence in this way; or even take still higher ground and point out the quite certain fact that

the attitude of mind in this inner listening to music is closely analogous to that in which spiritual truths are most easily received into the life with fruitful possibility. The church not only misses its music but it minimizes its religion—all in one act.

It would be quite tenable to point out the altogether probable fact that in the not distant future it will be found that even our best existing books of school songs do not go far enough in the direction of real music. And that by the use of still better material necessarily handled in the better ways implied in the discussion preceding, the school music will remain as attractive as now, even more attractive, because fuller of beauties, and that the education I have suggested will open to an increasingly larger and larger proportion of the school public the avenues to true and cultural enjoyment of music in its highest sense.

All this can never come from the mere observance of melody and the practice of singing occasionally in parts. The art of hearing music underlies the art of enjoying it in a true sense. This is the point. It means educated sense-perceptions and the mental attitude to hear and understand what the sense-perceptions have in them as messages to the soul.

SCHOOL MUSIC LIBRARIES.

BY CAROLINE V. SMITH.

The up-building of a library is an important and serious matter in a community. The intellectual, social and moral atmosphere of a town is influenced largely by the books that are being read. A library is a many-sided institution, the artist and artisan, the scholar and student, every rank and occupation is sure to find something of special interest in a well conducted library. All classes of people are united in one common purpose in the book shelf—the uplifting of the individual is the uplifting of a people. Books are everybody's friends—they are the store house of the world—the great thoughts of all ages wait upon us—wait upon the humble and great alike.

Music is equally universal—opening her doors to everyone who will enter. To-day music is an essential element in the national, religious, social and intellectual life of a people. The service without music is unknown; every civil event of any importance demands music. But few events in everyday life are allowed to go by without music.

A well-selected school music library is of as much importance as one consisting of books. The inner life of the child is moulded as much by the song he sings as by the book he reads. "A school song in the heart of a child," says Phillips Brooks, "will do as much for his character as a fact in his memory, or a principle in his intellect."

Of what does the average school music library consist? As far as I am able to find out, of a set of school music readers for each grade, wherever music is regularly taught. Without supervision, I am afraid the condition is very much as it was in a twenty-five thousand dollar school building in which I taught this summer; there were one-half dozen copies of a well-known song book visible—and that was all we could find. The same building contained a well selected library of books—one of the best that has ever come under my observation.

It is, however, this discrepancy between the ordinary library and school music library that has caused me to investigate, and think seriously upon one of the possible difficulties in the teach-

ing of music—and the tendency of modern music in general. Much is being said by the musical profession about the innovation of the two-step, the coon song, and other light musical literature. What is being done to replace this prevailing frivolity? How are the masses being guided in the selection of a better class of music? What are music clubs doing for the uplifting of the standard among the people? Where is the school music library?

The amount of musical literature with which the child actually comes in contact is very limited indeed. We are still in music where we were in reading several years ago—the one little primer being all sufficient, and the world of child literature practically closed to the children of our schools. Now a half dozen reading books—supplementary and otherwise are not unusual—the child learns to read by reading—he also learns to sing by singing. It would seem as if the next great step in extending the school music course would be to establish a suitable school music library. To supply each school not only with a set of music readers—which are all sufficient so far as text in sight reading is concerned—but to include such a book as Matthews' "Songs of All Lands," supplementary music leaflets containing music for special occasions, patriotic music, Christmas and harvest carols, folk-songs—in fact the best things that are being published should be added from time to time. At present, the list of original, well-edited music books for the school room is exceedingly small. In no form of music is the creative element so dormant as in school music. There are plenty of books, but many of them are compilations of hackneyed selections.

Such songs books as Mrs. Gaynor's "Songs of the Child World," and Tomlins' "The Laurel Song Book," are truly refreshing because of their originality.

For the lower primary grades an excellent list of books is available. The Board of Education should furnish the following—and others as they are published: "Songs of the Child-World," Gaynor; "Small Songs for Small Singers," Neidlinger; "Song Stories," Hill; "Nature Stories," Hill; "Child Garden of Song," Tomlins; "Song Echoes from Child Land," Ditson; "Eugene Field-De Koven Song Book," the primary grade is well supplied with abundant song material; the only thing remaining is to see to it that these books be found upon every book shelf of every primary school. I fear that we have been penny wise

and pound foolish in supplying the primary, as well as other grades, with abundant school music material.

For the intermediate and grammar grades not many choice books are available. There is great need for better material in the grammar grades, at best a trying age in music. Exceeding care should be exercised in selecting material for the seventh and eighth grades both from the standpoint of voice and quality of text. I know of nothing better for the intermediate grades than "Songs of the Nation;" Cecilian Vol. II; "Songs of School and Flag," Rix; these might also be used in the grammar grade classes with the addition of Cecilian III and "The Academy Song Book." While the books mentioned are all excellent, there is a wide field for the future grammar grade song writer.

In the normal and high school there should be a complete set of one or two of the following: "The Laurel Song Book," Tomlins; "The Beacon Series," Vol. I, II; "The Academy Song Book;" "Songs of All Lands;" "Standard Collection of Songs," Parr; and for sight reading nothing is better than an old-time method, established by the author, Dr. George F. Root, in his "Paragon of Song." A well edited collection of college songs would not be out of place. There should be a carefully selected supply of standard choruses from the oratorios, operas, and songs as published in octavo form. These to be arranged for mixed, male and women's voices. No one book can include all that is desirable in a well-rounded school music course, nor can any one book keep up with the many excellent selections published right along. The Coda and Beacon series of pamphlets contain many choice selections for all grades—and a complete file of these should be found in each building. These editions, however, cannot include much that is valuable in other octavo publications. Some good cantatas ought to be available also.

A brief but far reaching list of books on musical literature, including biography, history, and aesthetics of music would be most helpful in awakening an interest in musical matters of a general character.

For the rural school there is not much at hand, the graded school music readers not being adapted to existing conditions in the average district school; there is a field here also for the future rural school music author. Such books as "The Golden Robin;" "Dainty Songs for Lads and Lasses;" "School Songs

for Primary Classes;" "The Orville Brewer Song Collection;" "The School Harmonist," Ryan; the modern music primer each might find a place in the rural school.

A child passing through the grades may have a fairly good list of songs and exercises at command, but there are the natural limitations to a school music reader—the outlook is not broad enough. Much time is spent upon a rather brief musical repertoire; if there were more material at hand much more would be attempted. The musical horizon of the average normal and high school graduate is very limited—he has spent much time in the grade mastering a few simple facts, but is capable of doing far more than is ordinarily required.

The intermittent chorus practice period allowed in the high school makes it impossible to accomplish much that would be exceedingly gratifying. A daily choral practice and a fine musical library would accomplish wonders in the musical training of both normal and high school pupils.

Some one is saying, "Is this day dream possible?" Everything is possible in the school room! We place the limit in music as in everything else—if the outlook be broad and comprehensive we shall soon attain the end we are striving for.

It was my privilege several years ago to read a paper upon "The Song Element in the School Room." I also made at that time a strong plea for the American composer in the school room.

To-day, two books are published which are unsurpassed—"Songs of the Child World," and "The Laurel Song Book," both containing the best there is by American composers. The recently published modern music course is bound to raise the standard of the song element, and create a widespread interest in the presentation of school music.

Perhaps I may appear like other prophets, especially so in my own state, but I would not be surprised to see school music libraries extended within the next five years—simply because there is a demand for more and better music. I hope the time is not far distant when concerts for children may be more numerous—concerts at which the children may listen to the interpretation of children's songs by artists—concerts planned for children in which the instrumental and vocal music can be enjoyed.

With a more adequate school music library, with more and better opportunities for hearing good music—it would seem an easy matter to make the highest and best music popular, both in the school room and home.

State Normal School, Winona, Minn.

THINGS HERE AND THERE

GODOWSKY IN BERLIN.

The successes of Mr. Godowsky in Berlin, at his three recitals in October, was as remarkable as that of the previous year. He still retains the rather bad habit of making his programs very long; this is occasionally a strain upon less differentiated hearers, but it has the compensation of illustrating the genius of the player in a great variety of masterly directions. At his first recital, for instance, he played Beethoven's sonata, op. 81, the Brahms sonata in F minor, a lot of Chopin and so on.

The second opened with the Tschaikovsky sonata in G minor, followed by a charming Brahms number (rhapsody in B minor, scherzo in E flat minor), two of the Schubert-Liszt songs, the whole of the Kreisleriana of Schumann, and several lighter pieces, including his own arrangements of Henselt's "If I Were a Bird" and the "Invitation to the Dance" by Weber.

The third program opened with the Mendelssohn prelude and fugue in E minor, a piece which Mr. Godowsky plays to perfection; the Davidsbündler of Schumann (which no one else plays so well), the Grieg Ballade, and six of his own studies after Chopin, including several of those which are still unpublished, yet exquisitely beautiful. The whole concluded with Balakirev's "Islamey." This program is of an unpleasant difficulty, the highly artistic and the most advanced virtuosity being mingled all through in so subtle a manner as to place the critic under an unusual difficulty in properly classifying it as a whole.

It seems to be pretty well established in Europe now that Mr. Godowsky stands not only in the front rank, but properly speaking at the very head of the procession of great pianists; and the best is that he richly deserves the position, by genius, industry and rare personal qualities.

"MARTHA" AT THE MUSICAL COLLEGE.

Ordinarily the performance of an opera by amateurs leaves much to be desired and criticism would be kinder unsaid; happily the performance of "Martha," recently given under the direction of William Castle by pupils of the Chicago Musical College, was a very different affair and is worthy of dignified consideration. The audience was large and friendly, but at the same time critical, and the general consensus of opinion was highly favorable. It is a rather strange coincidence in this connection that William Castle, under whose direction the opera was presented, appeared in the original production of "Martha" in America in Richmond, Va., in 1860. The solo parts at the more recent performance were admirably sustained and the ensemble had a distinct value in a chorus of fifty trained voices. Mrs. Lorraine Decker Campbell made a charming Lady Harriet, singing with brilliancy. Her rendition of the "Last Rose of Summer" was encored several times. The Nancy of Helen Prince had a freshness and vitality that was inspiring. She has a rich, deep voice that she

uses in admirable fashion. She won honors modestly and wore them well. George Damerl made a success of Lionel and has a voice of the true old time tenor quality, rather rare nowadays. Carl Cochems was a robust Plunkett with a deep voice to match. His natural voice is excellent and if sufficiently trained has great possibilities. Clifton L. Payden gave a good character representation of the finicky Lord Tristan. There was so much promise revealed in this performance on the part of the young principals that one really regrets this sort of talent usually will not linger long enough at study to thoroughly ripen for operatic services where they are so sorely needed. This performance of "Martha" was in very way creditable both to Mr. Castle and the Chicago Musical College, and it is to be hoped the same institution will follow the precedent so pleasingly established.

AN ORCHESTRAL WORK BY E. R. KROEGER.

At the sixth concert of the St. Louis Choral-Symphony concert a new overture by Mr. E. R. Kroeger was given, concerning which the *Republic* says:

There is a strong temptation to assert that the most notable feature of last night's Choral-Symphony concert at the Odeon was the Ernst orchestra presentment of Mr. E. R. Kroeger's overture-pittoresque, "Endymion," based on Keats' poem, a truly poetic composition, which must surely tell to the high credit of the St. Louisian in the musical world.

This would be a dangerous assertion to make concerning last night's programme, because there were some very notable features in addition to the Endymion overture, which, I imagine, was not generally expected to be so genuinely good. And yet I hesitate not to accord Mr. Kroeger's composition the first place. It is a most worthy achievement. The composer of the overture seems to have entered so fully into the spirit of the poem, and the Keats' spirit is so ethereal and exquisite, as revealed in the Keats artistry, that this alone constitutes a lasting attainment on Mr. Kroeger's part.

The score which he has written is dainty and delicate to a degree. Its various motives are amazingly faithful to the theme, which he selected for treatment. The instrumental allotment is marked by this same loyalty to the poet's conception, the result being a composition of rare satisfaction to its hearers. And Mr. Ernst and his orchestra deserve the highest praise for their sympathetic study of the work. It did me good to hear the heartsome applause with which the Odeon audience announced a recognition of excellent achievement, Mr. Ernst himself joining in the applause. There was nothing to equal it during the entire evening.

MINOR MENTION.

Mrs. Raymond Brown has introduced in New York classes for the musical instruction of those who wish to learn to enjoy music but do not care to distinguish themselves in playing. It is a worthy idea, and if the onus can be placed upon actually hearing what the music says and be kept there, and not befog the students with a lot of moonshine about the circumstances under which the composer wrote the piece, the story he is supposed to have intended by it, and the like (which confuse the issue by lugging in a lot of matter which has absolutely nothing to do with the case) there is no reason why such classes should not be much sought for.

At the same time we ought to remember that to properly and completely enjoy music is primarily a question of trained ears and a habit of listening quietly to what the ears report. This ability is more easily formed in childhood, when the habit of attending to sense-impressions has not been overcome by its opposite—namely, the habit of attending to trains of thought intently and of disregarding what we hear or see—in short, the ability to keep one's own mind concentrated, no matter what is going around about us. What one needs is both these abilities, that of hearing perfectly, and the other of thinking closely and not hearing. Now in music intent listening is the prime faculty upon which its rational enjoyment depends; hearing, and knowing what one does hear. At all events, Mrs. Brown's undertaking is more rational than to expect that every girl and boy may be obliged later on to earn a living by teaching the technique of the pianoforte or some other instrument. It is a step in advance.

* * *

Dr. Henry G. Hanchett, of Brooklyn, lately gave a lecture recital in Chicago before the Sherwood Music school, and as usual displayed rare powers of intelligent pianism. Later Dr. Hanchett took a tour through the south upon the same errand.

* * *

Mr. Josef Hofmann had this year one of the best booked tours ever put up for an artist. Many times he played six times in a week, and never less than five times. The consequence is that within a reasonable period he will be on his way home to Berlin with a truly monumental deposit of American dollars to his credit. The best of it is that he deserves his success, playing uncommonly well.



REVIEWS AND NOTICES

(From Arthur P. Schmidt.)

SONGS. By Margaret Ruthven Lang.

"A Thought."

"Out of the Past."

"The Hills of Skye."

Three very pleasing and available songs. The first, on words by Mr. John Vance Cheney, is well laid for mezzo soprano. The second is an alto song, remarkably well done. "The Hills of Skye" is, as one would expect, upon a Scotch model, and a melodious and pleasing piece it is; suitable for baritone or alto. These three songs deserve to be well known, for, while they do not display any important innovation, they are at least musical, singable, and inviting.

* * *

PIANO COMPOSITIONS. By St. Niewadowski.

Mazurek in A Minor.

Mazurek in F Major.

Melodie Romantique.

Capriccietto.

Serenade Slav.

These five pieces are much better than the most of new music designed for popular consumption. They show considerable seriousness, excellent musical qualities, are playable and suitable for the piano, and lie along in the latter part of the fourth grade and the fifth. The first two are practically mazurkas, but altogether unusual in style. The three latter are peculiarly valuable for teaching purposes, owing to the pleasing variety of running work, good harmonies, and so on. The Romantic Melody is naturally a nocturne, and capable of much expression. The Capriccietto has good running work, and its key is a useful one—A major. The Serenade Slav is a good study in syncopated rhythms, striking contrasts, and the like—in short, a new way of doing what used to be done in the form of Bolero; conducive to spirit in playing.

* * *

FOUR PIECES BY BOCCHERINI. Transcribed by G. Martucci.

Larghetto, E Minor.

Minuetto, D Major.

Presto, A Minor.

Ronda, D Major.

In nothing is the disposition of the house of Schmidt more notable than in trying to afford a great variety of novel pieces for all sorts of dilettante and professional use. These transcriptions by the Italian pianist are much in point. They display the neatness and musical quality to be expected from a good Italian or French pianist. In both these countries the average pianos are very light in tone and will not bear heavy playing. The public there is dainty in its musical taste, abhorring every sort of excess in music; indeed, going almost as far, as represented by one writer, who said that they regarded the performance of an entire symphony at a single concert as much the same kind of

MINOR MENTION.

Mrs. Raymond Brown has introduced in New York classes for the musical instruction of those who wish to learn to enjoy music but do not care to distinguish themselves in playing. It is a worthy idea, and if the onus can be placed upon actually hearing what the music says and be kept there, and not befog the students with a lot of moonshine about the circumstances under which the composer wrote the piece, the story he is supposed to have intended by it, and the like (which confuse the issue by lugging in a lot of matter which has absolutely nothing to do with the case) there is no reason why such classes should not be much sought for.

At the same time we ought to remember that to properly and completely enjoy music is primarily a question of trained ears and a habit of listening quietly to what the ears report. This ability is more easily formed in childhood, when the habit of attending to sense-impressions has not been overcome by its opposite—namely, the habit of attending to trains of thought intently and of disregarding what we hear or see—in short, the ability to keep one's own mind concentrated, no matter what is going around about us. What one needs is both these abilities, that of hearing perfectly, and the other of thinking closely and not hearing. Now in music intent listening is the prime faculty upon which its rational enjoyment depends; hearing, and knowing what one does hear. At all events, Mrs. Brown's undertaking is more rational than to expect that every girl and boy may be obliged later on to earn a living by teaching the technique of the pianoforte or some other instrument. It is a step in advance.

* * *

Dr. Henry G. Hanchett, of Brooklyn, lately gave a lecture recital in Chicago before the Sherwood Music school, and as usual displayed rare powers of intelligent pianism. Later Dr. Hanchett took a tour through the south upon the same errand.

* * *

Mr. Josef Hofmann had this year one of the best booked tours ever put up for an artist. Many times he played six times in a week, and never less than five times. The consequence is that within a reasonable period he will be on his way home to Berlin with a truly monumental deposit of American dollars to his credit. The best of it is that he deserves his success, playing uncommonly well.

will be prized as teaching material by that quite too large class of teachers who believe that what is generally known as classical music is entirely too good for the average pupil. Besides, this sort of thing appeals also to the great world of the amateur—that mysterious quantity whose decisions are less to be foretold than those of a petit jury, and its judgments and likings full of potency for author and publisher.

* * *

(From Rohlfing's Sons.)

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT. Sacred Song. By D. Protheroe, Mus. Bac.

An effective and generally musical setting of Cardinal Newman's celebrated hymn, this time for baritone or contralto. The key is E flat, but by a curious and unfavorable choice the middle piece is placed in the key of D sharp minor, in place of E flat minor, which would have been both better for the singer and player and more nearly correct. It should find abundance of use.

* * *

SLEEP, LITTLE ROSEBUD. Lullaby. Music by Louis Campbell Tipton.

An extremely pleasing lullaby and as original as such a thing can be and still be agreeable. Likely to be popular.

* * *

SERENADE FOR VOICE AND PIANO. By Louis Campbell Tipton.

As pretty and bright as the preceding is sweet and comforting. Admirable. Well made and enjoyable.

* * *

PERSIAN LOVE SONG. By Richard Burmeister. Op. 6, No. 1.

A song upon the "book of verses and thou" which has appealed to the poetical heart from times long gone by. An original song, with considerable merit, for a baritone voice. Well suited to public performance.





JOSEF HOFFMANN.

MUSIC.

MARCH, 1902

CONCERNING INTERPRETATION IN ART.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. RENE THOREL.

A composer, like a dramatic author, has need of interpreters, and cannot, indeed, do without them; for the painter no such intermediary is necessary, at least when the place of his work has been established. It is good or bad, it pleases or it displeases; in one word the impression it produces is direct, while in music it is indirect, depending strongly upon the execution of the work. At this point the painting has a sort of superiority over music and poetry; a superiority appertaining to the material, but which, nevertheless, greatly facilitates the work of the artist. It is always an uncertain thing in matters of art to be obliged to employ intermediaries, and happy are those to whom this is not necessary, because their own will in that case acts directly; whatever they wish and intend, that they do. Those, on the contrary, who are obliged to transmit their will, their intentions, their thought, accomplish the work of becoming intelligible with great difficulty and hazard; very rarely, indeed, do they perfectly accomplish it.

The ill will of the interpreter, his total lack of artistic intention, the indispositions to which he is subject, are so many swords of Damocles suspended above the head of the composer or the dramatic author, and awaken in them a thousand difficulties before they can hope to present to the public a work worthy of favorable judgment. The judgment, then, of a musical or literary work, differs completely from the judgment of a picture; for instance, a painter who makes a fault in design or perspective is himself directly responsible, because he is his own sole master. While I imagine that the composer is not responsible for the false notes in his violin solo or for the "couac"

in his melody for horn, nevertheless, the impression resulting from an imperfect execution may be bad, and the corresponding judgment of the work visited upon the author. Hence the important difference between the two words, "to perform" and "to interpret."

What then do we understand by these two words, "to execute" and "to interpret?"

Let us speak solely of the artist-musician, a pianist, for example, who wishes to play a nocturne of Chopin. (I take the name of Chopin because he is one of the composers concerning whom the word interpret is oftenest used, by reason of the extreme elasticity of the interpretation given his works. Chopin was of extreme sensibility; yet we experience scarcely twice in succession the same impression from a performance of one of his works.) Our performing artist places himself at the piano to play this nocturne, but how will he play it? Will he be content with coldly passing his fingers over the keys or will he cover his mechanism with a garland of roses? Will he play it, according to the current expression, "with feeling"? The whole story is here. In the first case the artist limits himself to playing simply the nocturne; with labor and perseverance all the world might accomplish this. In the second case he will have interpreted the very thought of Chopin (or at least will believe himself to have interpreted it, as we will see farther on). It is here only that he will show himself an artist. In any solo or role there are a multitude of intentions of the author which are but half indicated, of fugitive thoughts escaped before fully uttered, veiled, so that it is necessary to discover them and to try to bring them out without destroying their complexity. Artists alone can do this, because an artist alone can comprehend an artist.

For the majority of people the pianist who plays the piece or the actor who takes the role becomes by that act the interpreter of the role or the piece. Nothing is more false, and it can hardly be repeated too often that the actor and pianist (not to multiply examples) in most cases fail to translate the thought of the author, which is the true sense of interpretation. They content themselves with performing rather than of interpreting, since the latter word implies that the performer has brought his thought into unison with that of the author. Observe the

wise words of M. C. Saint-Saens upon interpreters. They are in his very interesting little book, "Harmony and Melody."

"The public when it is present at a performance of an opera believes that it has been given the work as it really is; and it does not disquiet itself upon all the mediums, more or less transparent, which have interposed between it, the public, and the thought of the author. The thought in a majority of cases appears only as veiled and misrepresented; often it appears not at all. The interpreters are possessed of one single fixed idea; to make changes (improvements they call them) and to substitute their own creation for that of the author. The most illustrious have afforded examples. A very great singer teaches this principle regarding the making of nuances: 'Always follow the impulse of the musical phrase'. He takes as a model the phrase in the 'Huguenots': '*Le danger presse, le temps vole, laisse-moi, laisse-moi, laisse-moi, laisse-moi partir.*'

"The phrase begins in medium voice and rises progressively up to the high B flat, which sounds out shrilly at the 'laisse-moi.'

"Faithful to his principle, the professor indicates a long crescendo rising to fortissimo at the high note. Now the author had indicated precisely the contrary; after having attacked rather vigorously the first two 'laisse-moi' he marks a *piano* upon the third. This nuance is a find of genius. It is a most eloquent expression of the hesitations, the troubles which Raoul feels so well, in saying 'let him go' when he has no strength to tear himself away.

"They not only change the expression at this place, they change the rhythm; why stop with changing the rhythm? Why not change the notes? What of it if the author condemns all this?"

What is it then to interpret a work of art?

It is to bring it to life just as the author conceived it.

At the moment when the author conceived his work and got it finished, it was living in his spirit; its heart was part of his own life. It is necessary, then, that the artist who later on becomes an interpreter of this same work should try to put himself by imagination in the place of the author, and consequently give the work over again its own very life.

This moment of life, this single thought in the precise moment, is what the interpreter ought to force himself to seize

over again; all his faculties, his originality itself, ought to tend to this one single end. Like the point of the phonograph, which follows the thread which it had traced previously under the stimulation of the vibrations of a sound, the interpreter ought to follow the thread of sensations experienced by the author in the moment when he created the work in question. With the line of the phonograph a difference exists, that it is not possible for an interpreter to follow exactly the route indicated, while the sharp point of the needle follows precisely the thread previously traced without ever crossing it or blurring it. If the author has suffered in writing his work, the interpreter ought to suffer equally in trying to comprehend the work and penetrate deeply into the thought of the author. It is needful that he interpret even the very life of the author.

This is the ideal of interpretation which we never realize, which we never will realize, but it is necessary, nevertheless, to approach it as closely as possible. To try to apprehend the thought of the author and to neglect no possible means of arriving there. Such is the principle which practice must follow. I remember having heard the Berceuse of Chopin played in a hundred different manners, without ever having received an impression of art precise and characteristic. It seemed to me that it was not thus that I had imagined the work, when one day I heard this same work not simply played, but actually interpreted. It was a sensation of art absolutely exquisite; a strange and penetrating charm distilled from those light fingers, and, after the beautiful expression of a poet, "it was a heart which spoke." This time the work of Chopin lived truly, in its original manner; the executant interpreted it. (Chopin held in profound contempt those virtuosos who regarded their brilliant execution as merely an opportunity of showing off their fingers, such as Kalkbrenner, to whom the "divine charmer," then quite young, had come to ask whether Kalkbrenner would listen to him in his concerto in E minor).

After these general considerations it is necessary to ask what one ought to do in order to become an interpreter of a musical work.

Let us analyze.

Seated before his piano (if it is upon the piano that the artist begins) he commences by deciphering the work; then he makes

himself familiar with it, finally he executes it. And it is only when he has overcome all the material difficulties of the work that one begins to study the interpretation. As the sculptor who chips off his block of marble before actually beginning to chisel it.

Up to this second part of the artistic analysis, the interpreter has had recourse to no other means than those purely mechanical; nevertheless, intelligence and sensibility do come in.

One ought even in executing to take account of the indications of the author (relative to nuances) and that scrupulously. In this way the artist acquires the broad lines of interpretation, such as those which form the body, but he must not content himself with these summary indications, but must add to his work I know what of subtlety, such as he has found out in his studies, and which his feeling alone will give him. He must discover and divine those indications which are invisible to the unpracticed eye, which, nevertheless, exist.

The interpreter ought then to listen to his heart. It is this that we comprehend when an artist interprets for us a work of art, because it is this only which brings to us the idea of a "work of art."

Art, which in reality is "one," although practically divided into branches, is precisely as M. Vincent d'Indy has said, "a medium of life for the soul." Art and the heart are intimately allied. The mind, like the white paper of the ancients, receives directly through the intermediation of the senses impressions from the external world. These sensations vary in expression and intensity with each individual; it follows necessarily that the thought which is the exact expression of this impression-sensation will vary in like proportion. Now, if thought itself varies, the conception of interpretation will vary and thus we are led to this principle: *For the same work the interpretation will be different with each individual.* More, it varies essentially for the same individual, even for the author himself, at two different moments of life and under the influence of varying exterior and interior circumstances.

In the beginning of this study I have pointed out the fact that the interpreter should identify his thought with that of the author.

In current language, one expresses this by the words, "trans-

late the thought of the author." But this identity of two thoughts (interpreter and creator) is an ideal interpretation and consequently unrealizable by two beings not perfectly resembling each other, since in order to interpret a work with the very thought of the author it would be necessary to be the author himself, and even then the interpretation might differ from the first interpretation (that of the moment of creation) owing to changes in the thought and consciousness from external circumstances. Thought is common to all men as thought, but the thought attributed to each individual is reflected, varied with each accident of experience and environment.

In theory there ought to be for every work one single and authoritative interpretation, but in practice the interpretation of a work varies with each individual; examples are numerous to afford us proof. As I have already said above, the author of a work, Chopin, for example, would perhaps never interpret a work precisely alike several times in succession, because he would conceive it differently in two different moments; much more will this be the case with an interpreter. Such an artist will comprehend a work quite differently from another artist; he has a thousand manners of interpreting the same work. Some will tell us that there is and can be only one. Others will say that there is but one, and that the conception of the first performance; yet others will insist that the only true interpretation is that of the moment when the work was conceived. But this again belongs to that inaccessible domain of the "perfect," into which we can never rise. Certain performers deceive themselves with the idea that they interpret a work just as the author himself conceived it and played it; very likely they come as near as possible to the creative idea of the work, but it will never happen that they will arrive at positive identity with that. To do so would be a miracle.

Just as painters are always taking for models those flowers called "the despair of painters," so delicate and so beautiful are they. We try to copy nature, we often believe ourselves to have attained perfection, yet between the most perfect painting and the flower itself there is an immeasurable distance. So it is in the interpretations, which never reach the perfection of the original creative idea.

Just here we approach the delicate problem of originality in

art. What is originality? Is it a fashion of seeing, individual and absolutely personal, which one unconsciously impresses upon whatever works one creates or which one interprets?

Originality is unconscious; it has its birth in sincerity, a very rare quality. It requires the ideas to be those of the artist himself. To copy the ideas of others is no longer to remain original. In practice it is necessary for one to be inspired by others, before one can create, because one cannot take something from nothing, but out of all the materials accumulated upon every side to take something for oneself, as the expression of one's own life and being. This is the true artistic originality.

In this sense absolute originality, properly so called, cannot exist in a work of art. But cannot we admit the idea of originality in an interpreter? In theory the creator of a work has the exclusive right of being original. The interpreter cannot graft his own originality upon that of the creator of the work which he interprets. In practice we are forced to admit, however, the possibility of this, as otherwise we necessitate his entirely disembarassing himself from all his personal qualities.

M. Saint-Saens, in his curious and interesting book, "Souvenirs and Portraits," speaks of Rubinstein in these words: "His personality overflowed, and when he played Mozart, Chopin, Beethoven or Schumann, what he played was always Rubinstein. "Yet, for this," adds the author of the lines quoted, "one would neither praise nor blame him the more, because he could not do otherwise. One cannot ask the lava of a volcano to flow sweetly between its banks like the water of a river."

The illustrious author is right. Genius does not reason; it has to be itself, and is without power to regulate itself.

But all interpreters are not Rubinsteins.

In painting, in music, in literature—in short, wherever we have creation—we admit originality on the part of the author-creator, since the work depends upon him alone.

But we are stopped when we begin to speak of originality of interpretation; since if the creators have the right to put in their work whatever it pleases them to put there (what they cannot avoid putting there, since it is their own being which is coming to expression), it is not so with the interpreter; in bringing the same work to realization (interpretation) he cannot be permitted to add thereunto at his own pleasure and feeling, since

in doing so he changes the originality of the author and gives us in place thereof his own originality. Consequently, in theory, an original interpretation cannot exist. But this fact, which is theoretically undeniable, is still contradicted in practice, and we are obliged to admit that original interpretations do exist, even when they are not intended.

That which intends to be original is almost never really so. True originality is unconscious, one may have it, one can never acquire it. If we are first of all sincere, our works will carry the mark of it; if we are original it will make this mark only the more apparent. A young candidate for the prize of Rome was asked which painters he preferred. "The primitive ones," he answered; "they at least were sincere."

If we undertake to transmit our sensations just as we experience them, without any lack whatever, we will then achieve a really artistic work, which will be much better than to try to produce effects, which are often false and at any rate imperfect. Not to force our talents, to be natural. This is the rule for practice.

Let us go back to what we were just now saying. Before all the interpreter ought to be an artist, and by this word I understand that in presence of the beautiful he does not remain unmoved, indifferent, but on the contrary receives an impression of art which he is driven to transmit. He ought to be endowed with an extreme sensibility, but his will ought to be firm and govern his nerves. He ought always to remain master of himself, yet without losing his means of action and of being paralyzed; this is the track. The interpreter ought to assure himself that he is merely the servant of the thought of the author whose work he interprets, consequently he ought to forbid himself rigorously from exercising the least fancy, if this is liable to impair the ideal interpretation, search after which ought to be his sole end and duty. His style, then, ought to be sure and classic. In fine, the interpreter ought to have a capacity of enthusiasm, but in such a way that his will always intervenes and dominates this enthusiasm to prevent its cheating us of the desired result. Like an improvisatore, who permits his fingers to glide over the keyboard, during hours guided by his imagination he gives rein to sonorities and drunken harmonies; and I know nothing more exquisite than such moments, when the

soul alone seems to speak to the keyboard; there are unforgettable minutes when the artist is no longer upon earth, but soars in regions infinitely higher. But the improvisatore has to guard himself; if at the beginning of his improvisation he has not taken a plan, of which he will never for a moment lose sight, if he cannot control his imagination so that it will flow between banks already defined, but permits it to rush on unchecked like an impetuous torrent, he will soon finish by tiring out the hearer. His fugitive work will have no possible artistic value, and his fingers will have been the play of his imagination.

By definition an interpreter before a work of art ought to experience an impression; this will be necessarily interior, but this is not sufficient, because it is necessary for him to make this impression external before it can produce upon others the impression which the interpreter himself had.

The heart of the listener ought to be in union with that of the interpreter; it ought to vibrate in unison with his; the relation ought to be constant between the two hearts; in one word, the interpretation ought to be communicative.

"To hold his hearers under a charm," to "hang upon his lips," are current expressions marking this communication existing between the interpreter and his audience. But what is necessary before this can be realized?

Upon the stage, for instance, ought the actor to suffer with the personages of his role, or ought he merely to seem to suffer? This has been the subject of numerous arguments, and it is not permitted by us here to enter into so delicate a question. The solution more often given, I believe, is that he ought not to live interiorly in his impersonation, but ought to be content to give the illustration of experiencing such sentiments, such a living. Otherwise the artist would not remain master of the situation. This is perhaps true from the standpoint of the actor and in consideration of the great majority of actors, but for my part, and taking a purely artistic point of view, it appears to me that an actor in order to be truly artistic ought to live interiorly the impersonation with which he identifies himself.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, for example, in the act of torture in "La Tosca," or in "The Lady of the Camelias," does she undergo this indescribable suffering, even to the point of becoming completely insensible? At the precise instant when the actress suf-

fers theoretically it is impossible to admit that she does not also suffer really. It is evidently a nervous effect, which disappears almost instantaneously, but is not less true, it seems, that participation in the feelings of the role exists for the interpreter. This is evidently the privilege of born artists, who, while overtaken instantaneously by a deep emotion, still remain masters of themselves and are able to throw off the emotion at the moment their will directs. These are the true high priests of art. I know very well that under the strain of impersonating the same role every evening for a long time in successions one ends by playing a piece and not by interpreting a role; sensibility evaporates, and sensation becomes a habit; it is even certain that after about five hundred representations of the same role it is no longer a question of art, as upon the first evening. Still, this is not always true, for it often happens under the influence of some exterior stimulus that the actor plays the role with more passion than ever.

We thus come to speak of two influences of great importance, which operate upon the interpreter—environment and temperament.

“We ought to return to the Greeks,” said Mme. Elenora Duse to one of the editors of the ‘Contemporary Review,’ and play in the open air. The drama dies of the parquet, the boxes, the evening dresses, the men who come to the theatre in order to digest their dinner.” Nothing is more true, because nature is an influence salutary and considerable upon interpreters. The surroundings, the frame, have an influence upon them. What a difference between the Passion that the peasants play once in ten years at Obcramergau in the open air, and that which they play during the holy week upon the stages of crowded theatres, and how different was the effect in the Odeon of the splendid “Dejanire” from that which M. Saint-Saens had shown us in the arenas at Bequiers.

There the decoration was real and vast. The actors were set in a frame appropriate and ample, while the sky was formed by the azure of the south with its sun of fire. Here the trees were of wood and the lights artificial. We breathed poorly in the restricted space and bad air of the theatre. To-day they are trying more and more to build back upon nature in adjusting a stage picture, and they take infinite pains. The least details

are studied. Here when an actor has to eat upon the stage he eats a pasteboard fowl, or else the illusion is replaced by reality and the actor makes an excellent repast upon the stage. This is pure realism which cannot do otherwise than increase from day to day. Had not some one an idea these three or four years back, of performing Saint-Saens "Danse Macabre" in the catacombs? Let us limit ourselves, then, to pointing out that the frame and surroundings have a great influence upon the actor, upon interpreters, as also upon authors, poets, musicians, painters, etc., who find their inspiration in impressions received from their surroundings.

Everybody knows the story that one evening as Liszt was about to play the light suddenly went out. Some one sprang to relight it. Liszt spoke: "Let no one make the light, and let us cover the fire, that the obscurity may be deeper." Then, after a moment of silence, he began to play the "moonlight" Adagio of Beethoven. Out of the darkness this noble elegy awakened. It was the shade of Beethoven himself, invoked by the artist, who spoke to us with his grand and commanding voice. Each one heard in silence and long after the last note silence still prevailed. We wept.

I fear I do wrong to call the attention of our artists to this poetic story, where the stage setting has so much to do.

To this influence of the surroundings, we are to add that of temperament. Wholly interior is this and vastly more important. Often overcome by an invincible sadness you place yourself at the piano to play a nocturne of Chopin. You never have the idea of playing in place of something from the "Divine Dreamer" the overture to "Carmen," I suppose?

At another time, on the contrary, the need is for laughter, for gayety; then far away be melancholy thoughts and measures! But if certain impressions are fleeting in their influence upon our sentiment, others are permanent. Some of us are sad naturally, others see life and its miseries fantastically as in a prism. From the point of view of interpretation these diversities of temperament are capital and have a most important influence. A delicate and refined soul interprets Chopin or Schumann better than Wagner. This is the reason why women often interpret these authors with so much charm.

Others, on the contrary, will be good interpreters of Bach;

their sensibility is perhaps less developed, they are accustomed to the difficulties of counterpoint and appreciate as *connoisseurs* the powerful work of the great Sebastian, for interpretation belongs to all of music, be it sentimental or be it severe.

There is yet another element. When a painter has to make a portrait he first of all makes a careful study of the personality of the sitter; then he decides the pose and the main character to be brought out in the picture. Later he studies the minor traits of the character and selects certain ones for reinforcement and others for repression, in the interests of making the portrait more ideal and becoming. The caricaturist goes farther. He exaggerates certain unfavorable lines and features and suppresses others. The conception of the real painter, however life-like, is still an interpretation. That of the caricaturist is a perversion, although still retaining enough of the traits of the original to make the likeness unmistakable. Something like this often takes place in the interpretation of a musical work.

But to cut short a discussion already perhaps too long, let it be said that all interpreters are, despite themselves, more or less original. True interpretation, then, must arise from a sincere study of the work to be interpreted, in which the personality of the student must be kept quiet and unaggressive. The thought of the composer is the sole safe guide; yet this thought as conceived by an artist—i. e., by one who in the presence of the beautiful experiences this divine inspiration to communicate it to others, and in doing this, no matter how conscientiously, there will nevertheless and inevitably enter in elements of his own, which will give the interpretation an original character.

Le Nouvelle Revue.

AN IDEA FOR EAR TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

BY BLANCHE DINGLEY.

The following succinct statement of what I think ought to be the scope and character of early music work with children is prepared in response to many requests. As said in the interview formerly printed I begin my ear-work with harmony. I hold that any child who is not positively unmusical, particularly if already in school, is able to hear melodies and to sing them correctly after hearing them. All their early singing in school is done in this way. This involves their being able to recognize the place of the tones in the scale as soon as they have learned the scale; and they will easily learn to note down the melodies they can remember. They also learn more or less of the expressive feeling of tones in key, many teachers of children using the tonic sol-fa syllables and descriptions, of sol as the strong tone, fa as the solemn tone, la as the sad tone, etc. Experience shows, however, that pupils may have all this and yet never pass over the line from the simplest folks' enjoyment in music to that belonging to high art. And for the plain and excellent reason that high art in music turns upon the harmony. New and significant character is given scale tones by an unexpected harmonization; and in general the refined harmonization of an art-melody is altogether different from and superior to that of the vulgar song.

Therefore I begin at once with harmony, and this with the most radical distinction which exists in music; the fork of the roads whence everything diverges. Major and minor as effects and as moods, are the first things to be distinguished with un-failing accuracy. This is not easy for a child; many advanced students cannot do it with certainty, although the fact reflects upon their teachers rather than upon them. I have spent six lessons consecutively before the child had become accurate and un-failing in this distinction. As mentioned before, what I am after is a *feeling* for these effects, so that the pupil answers them instantly upon hearing, by feeling and not after reasoning and reflecting upon them. When this distinction is perfect we add the diminished and augmented triads. And these also we in-

roduce until they are heard as certainly as the major and minor. I have thought seriously of beginning this work with the minor mode, because in the minor mode we have all four of the triad varieties, and the harmony is so much more varied and sensitive. I have never yet tried it in this way, but I believe it would have several advantages.

When these distinctions in triads are mastered we find out how many triads of each kind there are in a key, and upon which degrees triads of each kind stand. This work, so far from reducing itself to empty statistics, proves interesting and is of use later on.

The next step is to begin to develop the sense of place in key—not for single tones as such, but for chords. What I am after is to prepare the child to feel the pull and the drive of musical harmonies. This part of the work occupies many lessons—a part of each lesson. What I desire is that in the end any succession of chords in key, six or seven in number, will be heard correctly and the chords named by numbers (1, 3, 6, 4, etc.) after one hearing, played at the rate of about a chord a second. The whole musical value of the work turns upon getting down into the child's consciousness, so that she will hear it instantly and answer as quickly. It is no more than students of zoology do who identify all the usual animals upon sight, without having to reflect. Some of the harmony pupils I meet, who cannot distinguish by ear one chord from another, remind me of young people who have been brought up upon a farm and yet are unable to identify the most usual animals without taking a day off to reflect. Chords in key have characteristic effects which, while internal, are nevertheless as solid and certain as the qualities which justify a student in naming off-hand such usual animals as the dog, pig, cat, rabbit, hen, sheep, etc. An intelligent farm boy does not need to take his dictionary with him when he goes afield in order to identify what he sees. Yet harmony pupils often do. It is a bad sign.

Rhythm is one of the most vital qualities in music. We begin with this also at the beginning. All the elements, the pulsation, the measure, the large measure, the divided pulses, are taken up and mastered by ear. My system for doing this part of the work has not yet been so completely worked out as that for harmony; but I find that by using Dr. Mason's system

of "rhythmic tables" (playing quarters, eighths, and so on up to thirty-seconds in succession at the same speed), we arrive at the easy conception of fast running work and an easy way of playing it, such as I have never seen accomplished in any other way.

Above all things I try to establish the principle of rhythmic playing, by which I mean not simply "keeping time," but also intelligent and flexible rhythm; and this is the great point of failure, to have the rests felt as truly as the notes. The silent pulse plays a great part in music. As one teacher used to tell me: "Remember, young lady, that your *not playing* is often just as effective as your playing." It might have been taken unfavorably, but was not so intended.

I have been asked whether I employ the sol-fa names for the chords, the chord of do, re, etc. I have done so, but immediately that we come to the minor we find ourselves obliged to call the key-note do, while in sol-fa parlance it is actually la. Upon looking into this question more carefully, I have come to the conclusion that the sol-fa names are names of melodic effect, and of melodic effect alone. All the tonic sol-fa characterizations of the expressiveness of tones in key are predicated upon unaccompanied melody alone, or upon melody harmonized in the simplest ways. Immediately that an art-harmonization begins, these colors are modified or disappear. Therefore I am now using the numeral names and not those of sol-fa. Moreover, this brings us out right in the minor mode, where the key-note, although la from the sol-fa side, is very strongly *one* from the harmonic side. In fact it is impossible to teach a satisfactory hearing of the effects of the minor mode if we retain the sol-fa names, the names contradicting the effects at every point.

Intelligent work with children includes also three other very important branches. They are the (1) reading, (2) the keyboard facility, and (3) interpretation. Of the first two I will not now enlarge, except to say that I do not retard reading or keyboard command in accomplishing the ear-work above outlined. On the contrary, the finger command I believe fully up to the standard and reading comes in time and with practice. There remains the most important and most neglected part of all, interpretation.

I hold that what artists call "interpretation" is a part of

music which must be taught. It has principles which must be observed. There cannot be any good playing of a single piece without it, except as the piece has been rubbed in upon the pupil by the teacher, note by note and measure by measure. Such an interpretation soon fades out and after years of lessons the pupil remains often as incompetent to make an original study of a piece as at the beginning. This is the fault of the instruction and of the teacher. There are things which can be taught and must be taught; and the pupil must arrive at the place where, upon hearing the teacher play a passage after her, she is able to say in what respects the teacher's playing was better or worse than her own; and to point out the qualities which her own playing had lacked. She then goes to work like an artist to add to her playing the missing somethings.

Every piece is a mood; a long piece perhaps a cycle of moods. There is always one ruling mood. All interpretation governs itself by the laws of beauty—the principles of unity, symmetry and variety. Unity turns on seizing the right mood at the first and never losing it; variety, upon local color; symmetry, upon balance between unity and variety. These principles are not empty names to confuse a child. They mean qualities which the child appreciates as soon as they are pointed out. They apply to the very first musical piece the child plays; they apply also to the very highest pieces she ever advances to study.

This part of my work naturally turns upon purely musical qualities, many of them unnamed, although well known to artists, so that I do not find myself able to fully explain in words their reach and importance. But I have gone far enough to be quite sure that this point is one of the most important influences upon the pupil taking her music seriously and her going on to higher and higher advances in the world of art. At another time I may be able to enlarge upon this part of the work.

What I desire in the end is complete pianistic art; to have it musical, intelligent, sensitive and strong. I am trying to lay a foundation for playing the greatest master works later on.

PIANISTS OF THE PAST.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS BY THE LATE CHARLES
SALAMAN.

(Concluded.)

After Mendelssohn it seems natural to speak of William Sterndale Bennett, our greatest English composer of instrumental music, and one whom even musically exclusive Germany has delighted to honor. I first remember him as a youth, not yet nineteen years of age, conducting a MS. Symphony in A of his own at a concert of the then recently founded Society of British Musicians, of which most of the budding, as well as the matured, native composers of the day were members. This was on January 5, 1835, and the concert was under the "immediate patronage of the King, William IV, and the Princess Victoria." Besides Bennett's Symphony, the new works included a scena from the gifted John Barnett's beautiful opera, "The Mountain Sylph," a scena of my own, and an MS. overture, "The Merchant of Venice," by George Alexander Macfarren, then a brilliant young man of twenty-one, destined to fame and honor, whose close friendship I enjoyed from 1833 until his death in 1887.

I made young Bennett's personal acquaintance in connection with this long since defunct society, devoted at first to the exclusive performance of the works of native composers; and, later in that year, 1835, I was present at his memorable *debut* as a pianist at the Philharmonic, when he played his beautiful Concerto in E flat. At the rehearsal he had been very warmly received, and the members of the orchestra themselves demonstrated their appreciation and sympathy in a marked way, the young musician's boyish appearance and modest manner enhancing the general interest in his remarkable achievement. A Philharmonic rehearsal in those days, owing to the select and critical audience, was no light ordeal for a *debutant*, but Bennett passed through it with flying colors. At the concert itself his splendid performance was greeted with vociferous applause. He was at once recognized as a musician of most promising genius, whose Concerto was a masterly work in the classic school

of Mozart and Hummel, yet thoroughly individual, while its rendition revealed him a pianist of a very high order. While he had imbibed the best traditions from his master, Cipriani Potter, he seemed to me to have formed his style of playing on that of John Cramer; it was, therefore, like his music, pure and classic, with all the grace, refinement and tenderness inherent in his nature. He had considerable powers of technical accomplishment, and his touch was most clear and delicate. People talked of him as a "second Mendelssohn," but he stood by himself, an English musician of original and classic genius. Bennett's fame grew steadily, but added distinction—university professorship, honorary degrees, knighthood—made no difference in his simple, unassuming manner. Conductor of the Philharmonic for many years, and a frequent concert-giver, he was an assiduous and excellent teacher of the pianoforte, while his academic influence was exerted always for the good of the musical art in this country. Bennett was ever a busy worker. I have a letter from his dated August 28, 1848, in which he said he had "scarcely ten minutes in a week" for his own pleasure. I met him for the last time a few weeks before his death, and it pained me to find my old friend so feeble and shaky. Representing the Royal Society of Musicians, I followed him to his grave in Westminster Abbey on February 6, 1875, and felt that Sterndale Bennett was worthy to lie beside Purcell and Handel.

Back again to the thirties, to summon my reminiscences of Sigismund Thalberg, one of the most charming musicians I have ever known, one of the greatest pianists I have ever heard. It was in '36 I became acquainted with him, the year he came over to astonish and delight the expectant London public, already roused to curiosity by the reports which had travelled from the Continent of the striking individuality and extraordinary powers of the new pianist. His popularity in this country was soon assured, and he and his music became the fashion. Handsome, talented, brilliant, Thalberg was the musical lion of that season, and he supported the position with unflinching personal charm, and without affectation of any kind. The natural son of a prince, he had that simple and unassuming courtliness and dignity of manner one associates with the idea of a prince, together with the natural *bonhommie* and magnetic sympathy of the artist. I shall never forget how, one night in the sum-

mer of 1836, at a jolly gathering of artists at the house of a common friend, when dancing was proposed, Thalberg, without any assumption of the celebrated *virtuoso*, genially sat down at the piano to play the dance music—together with De Beriot, a prince among violinists. That occasion is particularly impressed upon my memory, because I had the pleasure of dancing to such unusual musical accompaniment, a quadrille with that most exquisite of singers and most fascinating of women, Maria Malibran, whom, as Maria Garcia, a *debutante* of seventeen, I had first seen and adored in Meyerbeer's "Il Crociato in Egitto" on my earliest visit to the opera in 1825. Alas! before the end of the year my gifted partner in that memorable quadrille was dead.

I saw a good deal of Thalberg in London in 1836, and conceived a great admiration for his talents and his personality. Consequently, when in October, 1838, after a month's sojourn in Munich—where, by the way, at the Konigliches Hof und National Theatre I had played before the King of Bavaria, in addition to Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto, Thalberg's "Les Huguenots" Fantasia—I made my pilgrimage from the Bavarian capital to musical Vienna—three days and nights' constant *eilwagen* traveling in those days—I was glad to fulfill a promise to visit Thalberg. He was then living at the palace of his father, Prince Moritz Dietrichstein in the Wahringergasse; and I remember that the Hausmeister, a most imposing person, almost made me tremble when, on my innocently inquiring for "Herr Thalberg," he thundered out the correction, "Herr von Thalberg," and gave me a look of withering contempt for my ignorance—an incident that tickled the humor of his master when I related it. I found Thalberg at his piano, an Erard grand, and most genial and charming was the welcome he gave me. After a delightful chat I drew him again to the piano, and he played to me as only Thalberg could play. He was thoroughly in the mood and gave me of his very best. Besides several compositions that were familiar to me, he played some new Studies, and a charming Nocturne he had just written, a copy of which he presented to me with a friendly inscription. I found these new works as brilliant and melodious as the earlier ones, and as strongly marked with those special characteristics which belonged to Thalberg's individuality. Per-

haps brilliancy and elegance were his chief distinguishing qualities, but of course he had much more than these. He had deep feeling. This I particularly realized that day I spent with Thalberg in Vienna. His playing quite enchanted me; his highly cultivated touch expressed the richest vocal tone, while his powers of execution were marvellous. Nothing seemed difficult to him; like Liszt, he could play the apparently impossible, but unlike Liszt, he never indulged in any affectation or extravagance of manner in achieving his mechanical triumphs on the keyboard. His strength and flexibility of wrist and finger were amazing, but he always tempered strength with delicacy. His loudest fortissimos were never noisy. His own compositions, which he chiefly played in public, enabled him best to display his astonishing virtuosity, but to be assured that Thalberg was a really great player was to hear him interpret Beethoven, which he did finely, classically and without any attempt to embellish the work of the master. Of course I was full of Beethoven in Vienna, and Thalberg sympathetically humored me. When we had had our full of music, Thalberg suggested a stroll through the city, and a most delightful and instructive cicerone he proved, full of interesting anecdote and information. I considered myself lucky to be introduced to Vienna by so congenial and cultured a companion.

It is, I believe, the fashion nowadays to speak of Thalberg as an overrated composer, and even to question his claim to the highest rank as a pianist. But, though Chopin in his own day, ignoring their intrinsic merits, may have regarded Thalberg's compositions as "mere virtuoso music," Mendelssohn, on the other hand, had a most sympathetic admiration for him as a composer and executant. And, after all, Chopin, it is said, felt coldly towards the pianoforte works of the great Schumann! I remember the late Prince Consort, one of the most accomplished musical amateurs I have ever met, a charming pianist, and a critic of fine taste, asking me, one morning at Buckingham Palace in 1841, while I was still at the piano, if I played Thalberg's music, and on my responding with the Nocturne in D flat, the Prince spoke most enthusiastically of the composer and his wonderful playing. Next time I met Thalberg I pleased him greatly by telling him this. He was one of those who *did* put

his trust in princes—when they knew what they were talking about.

But let me return to Vienna in 1838. In those days it was a kind of musical Mecca, still redolent of personal associations with the great prophets of music, Mozart and Haydn, Beethoven and Schubert. The very first acquaintance I made there, on the first day of my arrival, was Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, the second son of the immortal composer. I had brought him a letter from his venerable mother—the “dear Constance,” whom Mozart had so passionately loved, and who now, a widow for the second time, and nearly eighty years of age, was living with her sister, like herself a short, thin, but very bright and active old lady, at Salzburg. I had been recently visiting her, and reveling with a peculiarly sentimental fascination, in her reminiscences of her illustrious first husband—a second, after *such* a first, rather stuck in my throat!—and her cousin, the immortal Carl Maria von Weber. I still preserve the words Mozart’s widow wrote in shaky manuscript in my diary. Her son called on me in the morning at the Hotel Stadt Frankfort, and I must confess I experienced a thrill when this familiar name was announced. A middle-aged, shabbily dressed man presented himself, and I need hardly say that the son of Mozart received an almost reverential greeting at my hands. But he was a disappointing person; his musical talents were not of a very high order, yet, bearing the illustrious name he did, much more was expected of him, and his career was accordingly unsuccessful. In my enthusiasm I said to him, “How proud you must be to be called Mozart!” But his answer disillusioned me. “Well, it has been rather an injury to me.” It was a bitter truth. If the son had not been a musician, the father’s fame would have been a glorious legacy; as it was, it overwhelmed him.

A few days after this meeting I was invited to meet Robert Schumann at dinner at the house of Johann Baptist Streicher, the famous maker of pianofortes. Schumann, who was then twenty-eight years of age, had just arrived at Vienna from Leipzig, and was lodging in the Schonlatern-Gasse. He was in hopes of finding in the Austrian capital a wider appreciation for his critical journal, the “Neue Zeitschrift fur Musik;” his musical compositions were not at that time very widely known, and he had not yet been recognized as one of the greatest and

most original of creative musicians. The dinner at the Streichers' was of an unceremonious character, early in the afternoon. We were a small and select party. Mozart's son was also present. Schumann appeared shy and reserved, as I believe he always did in company, and I do not recall anything specially remarkable in his conversation to indicate the man of genius, though I fancied that in such a clever-looking head there must be "that within which passeth show." Mozart's son was certainly not brilliant as a talker, and he impressed me, more even than when we were alone together, as an unhappy, discontented man. Schumann and I had some sympathetic chat about our mutual friend, Sterndale Bennett, whose gifts he admired, and whom he had just left, studying and writing hard at Leipzig. The general talk turned chiefly, as far as I remember, upon Schumann's musical journal and its chances in Vienna, the vagaries of popular taste, and the difference in the mechanism of Viennese pianos from that of instruments made in London and Paris, the former being much casier to play upon. This conversation led to an adjournment to the pianoforte salon, where we were shown several fine new instruments, and it was suggested by Streicher that Schumann, Mozart and I should each select one of these, and severally improvise upon a given theme. I proposed Haydn's "God Preserve the Emperor," the national hymn of Austria, and in the best of humors we three sat down at the pianos we had chosen. Schumann, who had by this time thrown off something of his reserve, fell in with the playful spirit of the experiment, and began the performance with the melody pure and simple, afterward executing an extempore variation. Mozart and I followed with our impromptus; then we three played the glorious tune in concert, indulging in variations *ad libitum*. After this irregular trio, we were each called upon for a solo. Schumann played an unpublished study of his own; but, although the composition and its interpretation interested me, I cannot remember in his playing any special quality of touch or other characteristic, even allowing for the injury to the third finger of his right hand, which had caused him some years before to relinquish the hope of making a career as a public pianist.

Another interview of special interest to me during my visit to Vienna in 1838 was with the kindly and much esteemed Carl

Czerny, whose music I had often played in public, and whose acquaintance I had made during his stay in London the previous year. I called on him one day, and found him with a black skull-cap on his head, standing, pen in hand, at a high desk on which was a copious supply of music paper, a good deal of it already covered with his manuscript. But busy as he evidently was, he readily left his work to greet me, and we were soon deep in talk. One who had been the pupil of Beethoven, and experienced the almost paternal affection of that great man, had studied with Hummel and with Clementi, had been the teacher of Liszt, was indeed a man worth listening to. He talked of Hummel, and a great deal of Beethoven and of his wonderful powers of improvisation and the effects he could produce by it; while, going to his piano, Czerny gave me several illustrations of the master's readings of his own works. This was a special pleasure to me and a valuable one. Although Czerny had long given up performing in public it was most gratifying to me to hear him touch the instrument, the resources of which his method of teaching, evolved from the principles of Clementi, had done, and was yet to do, so much to develop. Czerny's countless compositions and arrangements, fashionable as they were in those days, have long since lost their vogue, but his "Exercises" must go to the making of every pianist, for they show the way to the true *technique* of pianoforte playing. Czerny was the busiest of musicians, for, in addition to his own constant labors as a teacher, he was the most prolific producer of almost every kind of music for the popular market. By incessant practice he had acquired an extraordinary rapidity of composition, and he could write music as fast as he could conceive it. I have before me now an MS. Andante in D flat, covering ten lines of music paper, which he wrote impromptu for me in seven minutes! I timed him with my watch as he was doing it, and it is quite a graceful *morceau*. He inscribed this: "Mr. Salaman, Esq., by Charles Czerny," and it is dated "Friday, 5th of October, 1838, Vienna."

And now a jump of ten years brings me to my meeting with the great and lovable Frederic Chopin, and the only occasion on which it was my good fortune to hear that inspired composer and enchanting pianist. This was on June 15, 1848, when Chopin, who was then visiting London, gave a *matinee musicale*

at 99 Eaton Place, the house of my friend, Mrs. Sartoris—the brilliant Adelaide Kemble, whose charming society I had lately been enjoying during my residence in Rome. At that time Chopin's music, now at the mercy of every schoolgirl, was not very much known in England. It was rarely heard in a concert-room—indeed, it was only five years before that a piece of his first appeared in a public program in London. How vividly I recall his slight, feeble figure at the piano, and his long, thin fingers as they moved over the keyboard! His pale, interesting face bore unmistakable signs of the illness which for so many years had been wearing his life away, and was to kill him in the following year; but, when he began playing, there was no longer the look of the suffering invalid, for the expression quickly changed, and I only saw the dreamer, the lover, the poet, the artist, for I was hearing all four. I retain a very live impression of the most delicate and refined touch, and perfectly exquisite expression, for Chopin was not merely a dreamer of dreams and a creature of romantic fancy and emotion, but a sincere artist, with whom the right, the exact form of expression was as important as the feeling or idea to be expressed. I was spell-bound by the wizard power of Chopin over mind as well as feeling. On the occasion of which I speak he performed exclusively his own music—some of the Nocturnes, Mazurkas and Etudes, the lovely "Berceuse," and I particularly recall the Waltz in D flat. In spite of all I had heard of Chopin's *tempo rubato*, I still recollect noting how precise he was in the matter of time, accent and rhythm, even when playing most passionately, fancifully and rhapsodically. After the performance I was presented to Chopin, but he appeared so thoroughly exhausted that, with a few words of enthusiastic appreciation and sympathy, I thought it kinder to leave him. Talking seemed a painful effort to him, and his feebleness was so obvious that I could quite understand his having to be carried up and down the stairs. However, I bore away with me an indelible impression of one of the most lovable and romantic figures in the history of music, and certainly one of the most original geniuses.

Another of the creative pianists whose memory lives charmingly with me was Stephen Heller, whose acquaintance, however, I did not make until a much later date. This was the Ex-

hibition year, '62, when he came over from Paris on a visit to London. We met first in the shop of one of the music publishers—I forget which—and at once the chord of sympathy was struck between us. I recall Heller as a tall, thin man of distinguished appearance, nearly fifty years of age, with a serious, rather sad, expression of face, and a gentle, genial manner, whose unaffected conversation revealed wide culture and a simple, sympathetic and highly sensitive nature. He was, in fact, a genuine artist and a true gentleman. When I visited him at his lodgings, 1 Upper James Street, Golden Square, we soon found ourselves at the piano, exchanging musical confidences. Heller played with a delicious touch and rare sensibility some of his own compositions, of which I had always been a practical admirer, and then he pressed me to take his place at the instrument and respond with some of my own pieces. He could not stand the bustle of London life—he was too sensitive for it. Stephen Heller's retiring nature caused him at that period rather to shrink from public performance as a pianist, and his appearances at concerts in that capacity were comparatively few and far between. A very pleasant memory always for me, therefore, will be his cordial acceptance of my proposal that he should play, together with Charles Halle, Mozart's Concerto in E flat for two pianos at the Musical Society of London's concert on April 30, 1862. It was a truly classic performance, and one not easy to forget. The charming cadences in the Allegro and Finale were of Heller's composing. Halle's playing, usually rather cold in its classical purity and accuracy, seemed to borrow some of Stephen Heller's warmth and sympathy and to be the richer for the loan. Halle always finely understood the musical classics, if he did not always seem to show that he felt them through his temperament. The rehearsal for this concert was memorable for the presence of the veteran Meyerbeer, who came specially to hear the rehearsing of the "Pieta" from his opera "Le Prophete," and was in a charming mood. He had quite a galaxy of eminent musicians in London that season of 1862. Besides Meyerbeer and Stephen Heller, I remember there were Verdi and Thalberg, and, I think, Auber.

I have always considered Ferdinand Hiller the last of the great German classic school of pianists and composers. He was

the pupil of Hummel, and, as a boy of sixteen, I believe he, in company with his master, saw Beethoven on his deathbed, when the feud between these two musical giants was pathetically ended. What an incident for an impressionable boy to remember all his life! I had first heard Hiller at the Philharmonic about 1852 or 1853, and had corresponded with him in the early sixties, when I arranged for the first performance of his Symphony in E minor, which he dedicated to the Musical Society of London, but I did not make his personal acquaintance until '71, when he came to London and gave some concerts. He was a stout little man, with a fine intellectual head, and even if I had not been convinced of it through his works, I think I should have recognized him for a great man. Apart from his musical genius and fine culture, moreover, he was to me a specially interesting personality on account of his intimate friendship with Mendelssohn, Schumann, Spohr and Chopin, about whom we would compare personal notes. I found his conversation thoroughly congenial, while on musical matters we were quite in sympathy. Conservative of the best traditions inherited direct from the masters, he was yet justly accessible to claims of novelty and originality as long as these were not at variance with the classic principles of the musical art. Too intellectual to be superficially impressionable, Hiller had a high ideal of beauty, with a classic standard of accomplishment, and, remembering his dislike of the merely clever, and the horror of the ugly, I can fancy how he would writhe at the ingenious cacophonies achieved by some of the very modern composers in their struggles for novelty. Ferdinand Hiller's pianoforte playing had exquisite delicacy and the special charm of a pure legato style. His rendering of a fine Concerto of his own was quite in the grand manner of his master, Hummel, while nothing could have been more delicate than his playing of his elegant "Ghasiles," or more charming in its variety of significance than his performance of his delightful duet series, the "Operetta ohne Text"—this with, I think, Madame Schumann, though I cannot be sure. However, I played the "Operetta" with him subsequently in private, and greatly enjoyed his companionship on the keyboard. Whether at the piano or in conversation, Ferdinand Hiller had the art of making you feel he was a comrade.

Genuine artistic sympathy is as precious as it is rare. In the

impressionable years of youth we think we find it often; in our maturer years it becomes rarer and rarer to seek. I found this sympathy with Ferdinand Hiller as I had found it with Charles Gounod the very first time we met, when, as afterwards he often did, Gounod charmed me by the delicate expression of his playing, and also his singing, with sweet small voice, various compositions of his own. Gounod's was a temperament full of sensibility and emotion. As an illustration of our artistic sympathy, I remember one day sitting at a concert or rehearsal with Gounod, who was feeling ill and out of spirits. We were enjoying the performance of some orchestral music of his own—I fancy it was his lovely "Jeanne d'Arc" incidental music—when suddenly Gounod slipped his hand into mine, just as a girl might impulsively slip her hand into her lover's, moved by the influence of some romantic scene; and there we sat, hand in hand, two elderly men, linked by the appeal of a beautiful work of art.

But now I must be brief, although I still would gladly speak of several admirable pianists, eminent in their day—Pixis, Madame Duleken, Jacques Rosenhain, Mrs. Anderson, Dreyshock, Jaell, Arabella Goddard, Madame Pleyel, Lindsay Sloper, Julius Benedict, and witty and talented George Osborne, my dear friend for sixty-five years.

But I have yet to name, more eminent than all these, the great Clara Schumann and the great Anton Rubinstein. I met and heard both for the first time in the later fifties—Madame Schumann at a recital she gave at the Hanover Square Rooms in '56, and Rubinstein at some private theatricals at George Osborne's, when the famous pianist good-naturedly played the overture and *entr'acte* music behind the scenes. The last time I heard Rubinstein his exquisitely toned playing of a lovely *andante* was but faintly applauded, while a noisy ovation greeted him after he had thundered out some brilliant show piece, in the course of which the passionate energy of his virtuosity had urged his body into a paroxysm, and caused his long hair to fly wildly about, after the fashion of his idol Liszt. When Thalberg, with amazing skill, made a hurricane of *arpeggios* sweep over the keyboard, he never lost in the effort his tranquil ease of manner, he never turned a hair!

Laudator temporis acti? Well, why not? Do we not all

look back with regretful reverence to the days "when Plancus was Consul?" At eighty-six I cherish with peculiar tenderness the memory of my early enthusiasms and ideals, and if, as I grow older, I find it less easy to acquiesce in every new hero-worship, perhaps the very remembrance of the great ones of the past enables me the more truly to "love the highest when I see it." I think I revere and admire Henry Irving all the more as I recall my boyhood's histrionic idol, Edmund Kean; and so remembering all the great pianists from the days of Clementi, Hummel and John Cramer helps me to a juster appreciation, maybe, of the Pachmann and Paderewski of today.

BEETHOVEN: AS RELATED TO MOZART, HAYDN AND BACH.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

I find it a curious circumstance that after having spent much of my earlier life in learning to appreciate the greatness and the emotional depth of the sonatas of Beethoven (where these qualities are apparent) I should have lived to the time when a still more modern standpoint has been attained, until it is now almost as easy to speak lightly of these works, so famous and epoch marking in the first half of the nineteenth century, as of the sonatas of Mozart or even of Emanuel Bach. That Beethoven was a great composer, a very great composer, goes without saying. He was an epoch-marking composer, and this at the most central point of all, according to our latest standards. For, while Beethoven did not show the structural ability of Bach, nor even the enormous melodic and harmonic inexhaustibility of Bach, he, nevertheless, touched the art of music in its very center. He found ways of being interesting, impressive and at the same time of expressing human feeling and touching feeling.

All great composers have done this, Bach not less than any. It is impossible to compose good music and not awaken the impression of *life* expressing itself through the tones. This is one of those unavoidable consequences of rhythm, harmony and melody working naturally together in time—for life itself moves in time, and time is of its very essence. Moreover, life is rhythmic, emotional, subject to contrasts of moods. Life is occasionally as dull and uneventful as kapellmeister music, and, again, supreme moments come which find the soul energized to its utmost capacity. All these things come in music. We find them in Bach as well as in Beethoven, in Schumann and in Brahms.

The style of music underwent great changes between the beginning of Bach's activity and the close of that of Beethoven; yet it is the same art later as earlier. If Bach when serious always resorts to counterpoint and generally to fugue, it is only to awaken an impression of an overmastering mood, a great idea, which takes time and elaboration to work out into its full

meaning. At the end, a work which can be interpreted in either or both of two ways: We may take it, as the Mozart disciples must have taken it, as a highly scientific expression of musical mastery; and there would be only now and then a hearer who would discern beneath all this working and elaboration the other somewhat of modern music—the depth of soul, the intense and driving mood, which the music carries with it—which is, indeed, the very content and cause of the music. From this standpoint Bach is nearer to the disciple of Beethoven than he was to the disciple of Mozart. Mozart was a composer who generally took life easily and who rarely sought to express in his works those grand and deep moments which seem to have formed the determining motives in Bach and Beethoven. Hence a disciple formed to enjoy the lovely and placid melodies of Mozart and his habitually simple and transparent harmonies, (with occasionally chromatisms, it is true) would necessarily be without the training and the taste for Bach's contrapuntal harmonies, even from the musical side; and, in all likelihood, would remain still more ignorant of the emotional suggestion of the great works of this master.

To the disciple of Beethoven this would appear different. While Beethoven was by no means habitually seeking to bring the inexpressible to expression, or, as has been said, "to write for posterity," he, nevertheless, in nearly all his works has moments when deep feeling rules everything. The Beethoven slow movements are many of them the songs of a deep, powerful and extremely emotional soul; yet a soul capable of repose and fervor. These qualities therefore the Beethoven disciple will find in Bach as soon as he comes to the serious study of the great works in which they are found.

Beethoven was born into the world of Haydn and Mozart. What they had done to music since Bach left off writing, Beethoven inherited. And the thing which Haydn and Mozart did to instrumental music was not to deepen it and strengthen it, but to let down the pressure and make room for lighter and more evanescent moods. This they did in the celebrated musical form which they bequeathed to the world, the sonata form, which is the pattern of all our serious musical works for chamber or symphony. Now the sonata form is essentially a monophonic form, a one-voiced movement, having occasional sug-

gestions of other voices by means of thematic treatment, but essentially a one-voiced movement, and as such apprehensible to hearers unversed in the technicalities of fugue and counterpoint. So, the first subject in the Beethoven sonata is practically in thematic mood—i. e., it is not a simple and flowing melody, but a melodic theme harmonically developed; later, however, there is often a true folks song for second subject. Mozart often has several of the folks song melodies in the course of a single movement. For instance, in the sonata in F major, No. 6 of the Peter's edition, the first melody is nearly a folks song type, the second melody is quite so, although it is part of the main subject; and the real second subject is completely after the folks song type (the charming melody in C major).

Now the folks song is a mode of music which appears differently according to the standpoint whence one looks at it. For instance, when one plays the opening eight measures of the Adagio of Beethoven's sonata pathétique, he receives an impression of seriousness and depth, due in part to the slow motion (intensified by the measuring off effected by the 16th notes) and the seriousness of the bass voice, which is contrapuntally determined, being, in fact, a real voice and not a simple natural bass (such as we have, e. g., in the second melody in the Mozart sonata mentioned, or that in C, where the bass has no contrapuntal determination, but is actually the ordinary and natural ground bass of the melody.) Similar impressions of depth, gravity and seriousness we get from the main subject of the slow movement of the second sonata of Beethoven, in D major; but here also the seriousness is increased very much by a contrapuntal movement in the low bass, which at once raises the passage out of the level of the folks song and places it within the boundaries of high art.

To get the opposite and more shallow idea of the folks song, take the first melody of the minuet in E Flat, from the sonata in E Flat, op. 31, Beethoven; or the second subject of the concerto in C minor for piano and orchestra; or in fact, any one of dozens of similar melodies occurring in the first movements of sonatas as second subjects, or as the first melodies of minuets. Essentially, the folks song is an artless creature, taking for granted a few simple elements of music and playing upon these in forms so easy as to be intelligible upon the grounds of

symmetry and childlike euphony, without the need of skilled hearing, such as is absolutely necessary in order to appreciate a fugue, or even the elaboration of a sonata.

The Haydn and Mozart cult in music had for its object to produce music which would be enjoyable to the musician, yet not unenjoyable to the ordinary and untrained hearer. It was, therefore, a compromise, and so necessarily temporary, for in the long run the underlying principles of an art must come to expression and work themselves out. And this is the reason why it happened that Beethoven, starting with the entire output of Haydn and Mozart, nevertheless imparted to his very first sonatas for piano something of the seriousness of Bach, and a sort of bounding energy and driving emotionality which were new in the art and peculiar to Beethoven himself. This latter quality we find in the finale of the very first sonata; also to some extent in the main movement of the third, and very decidedly in the Allegro of the pathetic sonata, not to mention the almost equally driving sonata in C minor, opus 10, No. 3. An extreme example is furnished by the finale of the so-called "moonlight" sonata, where we have an impetuous mood for which fugue in the hands of a Bach would have been perhaps a still more adequate form of expression, saving only its lack of contrast and its comparative inelasticity.

It has taken the present writer, I say, a long time to realize that the first effect of Beethoven's work, while raising and strengthening the net musical results attained by Mozart and Haydn in their best moments, was, nevertheless, still a letting down of the art when looked at from the standpoint of Bach. It belonged to the very nature of the case that the admission of a folks song type into the most serious works of musical art would for a while at least result in minifying the nobility and depth possible for great moments in art. It is true that in saying this I am not speaking from the standpoint of Beethoven, but from that of Schumann and Brahms, and of almost a century of reflection and study upon the Beethoven cult in music. Many things are found out in a hundred years—and ideas have this curious property that once discovered they can never afterwards be lost. And the net result of all the composing that has been done by the great masters of the last seventy-five years is that a folks song type is not adequate for real depth or greatness

of conception. A quasi folks song type may be employed successfully during just the transitional period, between the time when the means employed have become intelligible, and that in which they have become hackneyed. Later than this moment, it is necessary to find new manners of employing this alleviating element in musical discourse.

That is to say, the folks song type rests upon symmetry, sweetness and intuitive intelligibility, and implies what might be called a *popular* conception of the harmonization of the melody involved. All the folks song possibilities for high art moments were successfully explored by Beethoven during his creative activity. There alone we find such a degree of harmonic plausibility, combined with serious suggestion, as affords still, after almost three-quarters of a century of familiarity, a musical and particularly an esthetical enjoyment hardly surpassed by any composer since. Beethoven's contemporary, Schubert, who did wonders with the folks song, rarely if ever reached the depth of seriousness with it which Beethoven often shows; Chopin, also, failed at this point, although for moments in his nocturnes he occasionally approaches it. Schumann brought in an advance; when he uses the folks song type it is always with a difference. For instance, take the lovely romance in F sharp major, where a folks song symmetry is combined with modulations, contrasts, and in the coda the introduction of a quasi contrapuntal idea, the whole while remaining apprehensible, like a folks song Adagio, still presenting novelties and beauties which remain fresh now after half a century. But Schumann rarely is so fortunate as this. In the little night-piece in F, he has something of the same sort, but upon a less artistic plane, and in several of the *Kreisleriana* there are moments of similar kind.

It is easy to see that several things in the Haydn and Mozart sonata did not satisfy Beethoven. In particular I fancy that the rondo as a closing movement troubled him. See how often he tried something else. He also varies the sonata form in other respects. Some of the sonatas have very little of the form. The sonata in E flat, opus 27, the one before the "moonlight," has no real sonata movement. The first movement is a fantasia, the second a variety of minuet, and the finale a rondo or more properly a mixed form, part rondo and part sonata.

The "moonlight" sonata has a slow movement which is practically a monody in fantasia form; then a sort of minuet, and a finale which is a sonata movement, but so passionately driven and so free in its treatment as to be more near a rhapsody.

It is only within the past few years that well instructed young musicians are not afraid to say that they find many of the sonatas of Beethoven uninteresting. Why should they not? Fashions change in the world; why not in music? What interest ought a student to have in a rondo like, for instance, that in E Flat, at the end of the Beethoven sonata, opus 7? It is a typical rondo, but it is not a success. Even the closing movement of the sonata *pathétique* leaves the player the unwelcome alternative of making it sound suitably serious by taking it too slowly, in which case it will be tedious; or, of making it unduly light by taking it fast enough to conceal its poverty. It takes some experience in hearing before a student realizes that the Beethoven who composed the heroic symphony was handling his ideas in a very different manner from the Beethoven composing the *pathétique* sonata. In the latter he was probably hampered by his piano and by fearing the incapacity of players. Then the *pathétique* sonata was written in 1799 and the heroic symphony in 1803-4—not a long time, to be sure; but between these works intervened no less than three symphonies, all the sonatas up to and including the Waldstein, a lot of variations, some quartettes, the oratorio of "Christ on the Mount of Olives," etc.—in short, the composer's talent had come into its full blossoming and he was at the height of his powers.

If we examine the early sonatas of Beethoven, and particularly the first movements of them, as to their musical handling, they speak very plainly of a regard for the practicable upon the piano, as it then was. While Beethoven himself was perhaps one of the best pianists then in the world, he advanced rather cautiously in the matter of finger complication, and when he does increase difficulty it is not always either wise or effective. His celebrated fifth concerto for piano, which for so many years was regarded as the great criterion of the powers of a solo pianist, has enjoyed a halo several times too large for it, since the work is not of conspicuous merit and is not very suitable to the pianoforte. The conventional plays entirely too large a place in it.

In properly estimating the sonatas of Beethoven, therefore, we must begin by remembering that Beethoven had had in childhood the advantage of familiar study of Bach, something which Mozart and Haydn never had. This formed his musical ideas in more serious directions than he could have gained from his immediate predecessors, and gave him suggestions of polyphonic freedom which seem to have haunted him all through life, so that even towards the last we find him turning more and more to the idea that in fugal practices there might be the ingredient which he continually felt to be lacking in the seriousness and impressiveness of his sonatas. This is the testimony of the last sonatas for piano, and the last quartets all show the same tendencies. Of course we know that while Beethoven did not write so bad fugues, as he is sometimes credited with having written, still he never reached the full height of the possibilities of this form, as shown for example in the great organ fugues of Bach or in the Chromatic fugue. But it is certain that a fine artist will find the fugue at the end of the sonata opus 110, a not unfit ending for the work which it concludes. At this point Beethoven's fame has suffered a retard from those who have condemned his fugues offhand because they were not like those of Bach, and from those who have not understood the great fundamental fact that the entire sonata form grew in Beethoven's estimation more and more unsatisfactory as the medium for bringing out the full depth and power of music. Moreover, we have testimony of another sort, upon the other side, in the tremendous Allegro of the last sonata, where a thematic style prevails throughout the movement, without ever letting down into a folks song second subject; with the result of creating a powerful mood of driving and highly impassioned rhapsody. From the standpoint of the piano this is the climax of Beethoven's creative activity; for nowhere else can we find such a mood created more certainly or more directly and unavoidably.

It still remains a question whether Beethoven succeeded in his farther quest in this sonata, which consists, as all know, of but a single additional movement, a set of character variations upon two reposeful melodies, contrasting major and minor, in a type analogous to folks song. What Beethoven undoubtedly sought was to close the sonata at the climax of the aesthetic interest. In this case it is "not proven," the actual ending be-

ing a rather ungraceful climbing down which it is almost impossible to make truly expressive.

It is evident, therefore, that the sonata no more than the fugue is to be taken as a final solution of the problem of uniting within a single work the extremes of musical possibility; and of combining within the same work, and that a deep and serious one, the sweet intelligibility of the folks song type and the extreme possibility of the thematically composed movement, lying essentially upon the principles of the fugue—in fact, having occasional suggestion of fugue, as this Allegro in the last sonata has. It is, however, evident that in Beethoven we have not only a composer of most pronounced individuality—and vast emotional capacity, but also a composer who weighed and prophetically estimated the real force of the forms in which he wrote; a composer who diligently sought to enlarge the boundaries of his canvas, but who found himself but mortal after all, dying without having anywhere fully realized what he sought.

This is quite plain when we study that hundred-year conundrum of music, the ninth symphony, where many of the Beethoven aspirations seek for expression in a new form. The time had then passed with him when thunder showers in the suburbs of Vienna and the cries of the yellow hammer and quail appeared worthy of record among the soarings of a deeply tossed musical imagination. For three movements Beethoven adheres to a serious and lofty vein, nowhere else equalled in his work. The beginning of the ninth symphony amounted to an obsession with Richard Wagner, as one may see in his "Beethoven," and may hear in his famous "Flying Dutchman" motive, which is entirely contained in this opening of Beethoven. The slow movement of the ninth, also, is one of the great ones; and the scherzo a mighty play, fit for the gods. Then comes the test of all—how to get himself out of all this elevation without coming down to earth. Everybody knows the beginnings over and over again; the recitatives of the double basses, the higher pitch, and finally the lovely melody of the Hymn to Joy—one of the most attractive ever written, and itself quite in folks song vein. In working out, however, this also failed, and this from mechanical causes. Beethoven set his key in D minor and this melody he places in D major. It was the key which ruined him. To sing his melody upon the lower third brings it too low; while upon

the octave higher it is impossible. Had the key been changed to B Flat, the whole vocal part of this symphony would have been possible, and it would have been possible to have managed this without losing anything of the impressiveness which Beethoven intended. Then, this melody would have had the appearance of a second subject or a great episode; to be concluded later with some choral work massed in the major mode of his key of D. So near did this great master come to performing what he had in mind but could not realize.

From these glimpses of the Beethoven history it comes out even more plainly than from a cursory study of the music that his elemental intention was to bring to expression the deepest and grandest notes in human imagination; to sing the deepest sorrows and to voice the highest joys of human soul. And that to this end all technical processes and formulas were of value but as means, each to be judged for what it was.

Beethoven has certain elements of greatness which the casual student might easily miss. For instance, take the third symphony, where for several measures he sits still upon the triad of the key—but with what suggestiveness! Nobody else has done this. Wagner, indeed, several times has written some pages upon a single chord, as in the opening of the "Rhinégold" and in the Dawn music in "Lohengrin," but his one chord inevitably drags, although in the "Rhinégold" he covers up the monotony by clever modifications of the motion of the voices and by his instrumentation. Moreover, he had a reason. Thus the river actually flows. This is a kind of realism in music, not unworthy.

Mention has already been made of the singular impressiveness of the slow movement of the second sonata, written very early in his Vienna life. It was but a few years later when he penned that wonderful slow movement in the sonata in D major, opus 10. This movement might easily be instrumented in the Beethoven manner, with perhaps a little modern intensification, and become a wonderful addition to our symphonic properties. It is, however, more prophetic than it at first seems, for when we study the manner in which Beethoven develops this mood, we find it to be very modern, and Schumann might almost have done it. His treatment of the first strain has nothing whatever suggestive of Haydn or Mozart, but looks wholly ahead, towards the

writers of the last half century. This is one of the strongest and most successful and least conventional of all the slow movements in the pianoforte works. And quite characteristic of the humoristic habit of Beethoven, is the contrast which the minuet makes, coming in immediately at the close of all this grand melodizing and harmonizing, in the major key, and in its peculiarly sweet and attractive innocence.

Beethoven is frequently charming when intentionally shallow. A striking instance is afforded by the air and variations in the so-called sonata appassionata, opus 57. The theme is well enough, and if played seriously it conveys an impression of a mysterious depth; but the variations following do not retain this impression, or at least to no great extent. They are graceful, well contrasted, and being purposely formal variations, in which the actual substance of the theme is very little changed, they merely play with the subject and prolong a moment which in the prolongation ceases to be deep and becomes merely graceful.

There are reasons why the restrictions and new apperceptions above concerning the relation of Beethoven to his immediate predecessors and these in return to their predecessor, Bach, should be placed on record for the benefit of students. The first is the practical discrediting of the folks song type of melody during the last half century for all serious modern works of instrumental music, outside of opera, and there only for personages to whom such a form would be the only one suitable. This taken in combination with the usual academic order of education which deals largely with Haydn and Mozart, not to mention Czerny and Weber and Hummel, results in leaving modern works under a burden to students which they do not deserve. The student habituated to these easy going melodies and harmonies of Haydn and Mozart, and the symmetries of the other writers mentioned, fails to find himself in sympathy with modern writers, or even with the more serious portion of the Beethoven works themselves. Writers like Schumann, Chopin and Liszt are felt to be far-fetched and overdone, even where they are most in line with the true development of the art of music. Beethoven certainly showed very plainly in his work that form as such, any conventional form, whether fugue, sonata, rondo, or what not, was of value only in proportion to the possibility of expressing one's self freely through it. But

I do not remember to have seen that any writer has pointed out this reversion of Beethoven more and more towards the spirit of the Bach work and his growing away from that of Haydn and Mozart. This is the most significant point in his whole development, and it falls quite into line with the spontaneous course which music followed after Beethoven's death.

THE REFORM OF CHURCH MUSIC.

BY PROFESSOR LOCKE DAVIES.

Nothing but a sense of duty could impel any lover of the church to assume the role of the critic toward her services, especially that part of them that is under the more immediate direction of the organist and choir. But that such an attitude is now inevitable and necessary no one who is acquainted with those services, and is also sensitive or musical, can doubt. The present condition of ecclesiastical music is such that the voice of the critic is the only means of stemming the tendency towards degeneracy. In extenuation of this state of things three reasons are generally given, but none of which goes to the root of the matter. In the first place, it is said that the average congregation would not appreciate a better style of music, owing to the general ignorance of the best products of the musical art that prevails in churches. It is said that if there were a demand on the part of the churches for a higher standard of music it would be forthcoming. The groundlessness of this explanation is obvious at a glance. By the "congregation" in this argument is meant not the portion of the church which its members is composed, but the great unwashed throng, to reach which is the object and aim of the church's ministry. It will be found that the members of churches are not averse to any reform in church music when they consult their own needs. This is especially the case with that portion of the membership which may rightly be regarded as musical.

A second reason given for the degenerate tendency of church music is that the ministers are, as a rule, untrained in art. This is only too true. Perhaps it would be unwise to tell the minister all he ought to know about the conduct of his services, especially of its musical portion. The devout but musical worshiper who is compelled to listen to the singing of hymns, the tunes of which are patterned after the jig or dance melody, is certainly in a very unpleasant position. The minister, however, like his congregation, is also desirous to reach the great unwashed throng, whose mental reflexes are supposedly unresponsive to any but distinctly "worldly" rhythms. But this is in reality a

great mistake, and for it, in large measure, the ignorance of the minister is responsible. There is nothing more tragic than the misunderstanding of the soul of man, and into this condition the church and its ministry have constantly fallen, and is falling to-day in the matter of music.

A third reason comes from the direction of the composers who supply the church with her music. They say (and from a commercial point of view they are right), and there is no demand for high-class music in the church. Both congregation and ministry ask for a style of music suited to their great purpose to reach the great unwashed throng. What is this style? As the composers well know it is almost entirely without the genuine marks of musical feeling. The style most affected is the popular, rousing, but jerky medley; the only religious part of which, as a rule is, the words, and these very frequently are maudlin, sometimes even silly and fuddled. Sensible people laugh at it. Now it is to meet this demand (as the composers call it) that large musical factories (this is the best name for such places) are built, and drive a great trade in this style of music, and the men who compose for these factories excuse their products. Commercially, as I have said, these composers are right. But, both from the standpoint of art and religion, they are wrong; for anyone can see, who thinks coolly about it, that the commercial standard is not the chief standard to be followed in setting the style of any art, specially the most catholic and religious of the arts, music. It is said that musicians must live, and therefore they must write down to the popular demand. Better starve than do it. At any rate, if only *good* music were written it would tend to eliminate from the ranks of church composers men absolutely without true musical feeling and education, and religious purpose in life.

It is obvious, therefore, that if we are to reform church music we must begin by ignoring these excuses, and try to penetrate the prevalent ignorance by a better and a nobler style. There would be a better show of reason for the degeneracy of our modern styles if nothing better had ever existed, or if men were not living who have it in them to compose in a higher vein of feeling. But the emptiness of the average excuses made by congregations, ministers and composers, is seen when it is recalled that now for nearly four centuries men have been writ-

ing church music of the very highest order, music that has the chief elements of religious power, reverence, dignity and emotional elevation. It was the church that produced these musicians and inspired them with a zeal to compose in the highest strain. In Germany, since the time of Bach, in England since Purcell—what a wonderful array of truly great church music has been produced! The fact that to-day most of this music is ignored by the average church, minister and religious composer, shows where the root of our modern degeneracy lies. It lies in our departure from the classical models.

To account for this departure is easy. It is due on the one hand to the extreme individualism of the protestant communions, and on the other hand to the cultivation of popular methods in the propagation of Christian truth. The first of these reasons, the extreme individualism of the protestant communions, led, naturally, to the tendency to exalt the local needs above the common good. Liberty of conscience has not been without its aesthetic, as well as its moral dangers. It has led to the severing of the historic continuity of the style of church music. Whether this has been, on the whole, a good thing for *secular* music is still a debated question; but its influence on church music has been unfortunate, for it has not produced a compensating style to make up for the loss of the grand orders of the classical. For the production of the highest sacred music it would almost seem as though a common feeling of religious unity and of one social bond in that unity is necessary, and these conditions the hundreds of protestant bodies, each extremely individualistic, do not supply. What a thrill of horror would animate the frame of an extreme evangelical protestant should Mozart's Twelfth Mass, or Bach's Passion Music be rendered in his church edifice? I know of scores and hundreds of churches, ministers and composers who would consider such a performance little short of apostasy. This is the extreme of individualism, which has led to the apotheosizing of the commonplace in our church services, and the consequent degradation of the true service of religion in its music.

The other reason given for the departure from the classical models—the cultivation of popular methods in the propagation of Christian truth—needs no remark. In these days when the stereopticon is taking the place of oratory, and sensational ex-

citement does the work of education in the pulpit (and the people, who must be considered, love to have it so), there is little chance for high-class music. Even in churches where there is some pretense to exalted religious feeling, it is frequently the case that the *music*, for some reason, is pitched to a lower emotional key. In this connection, it is pertinent to ask whether the paid quartette has not operated unfavorably on church music. Now, on the general principle whether paid choirs are an aid in the church services, we entertain no scruples. If you pay a minister to preach, there is no reason why you should not pay a choir to sing, if you cannot get it done *properly* without. My point is, that in paying our choirs we relieve the congregation from the responsibility of cultivating the best styles of church music, and this I consider unfortunate, because any reform in church music that is to be widespread and permanent must result from the gradual education of the *people* in better styles, and if they are excluded from the practice and study of the church music it stands to reason that they will not feel the obligation to seek the higher standards. Paid choirs are a necessity, so long as the average musical education of the ministry and the congregations remains at its present low ebb, but outside of their pedagogical function in the church, I see little hope in their service of developing a higher taste among their auditors, because only personal participation can do this. The popular methods, which led to the adoption of the star church quartette, are, therefore, to be regarded with qualification, when we consider the religious needs of the time in a musical way.

From the musical critic's point of view the largest share of blame for departing from the classical standard falls on the composer. It is he that has made us what we are in a musical sense in the church. He, too, has followed the individualism and popular demand of the time, and he has thus lost his dignity and complacency. Art, in any form, has for its task the creation of beauty in living reality; it must interpret the human soul to itself in such forms as elevate the feeling. There is, of course, immense scope in art for the expression of the composer's individual ideas, but he must not violate the standards of the past in doing this. After all, the test of permanence is that which has historically survived as the fittest to express the most universal conceptions of life. Judged by this law, it is safe to

say that most of the church music now being produced will, because it violates the best standards of the past, be buried in oblivion in the future; and deservedly so; for most of it is mechanical, and entirely lacking in spontaneity and freedom. The reform of church music, therefore, must begin and continue with the change of the composer's attitude towards the great models of classical art.

Fortunately for us, for the church, and for the general welfare, the tide is on the ebb. In this country we are learning the lesson so well understood in England, of training choirs to sing good music, and of encouraging American composers of high rank to write religious work. Prof. Parker's *Hora Novissima*, though by no means a classic, is an extremely useful work, whose influence will be very far reaching. Edward Elgar, Coleridge Taylor, and Hubert Parry, in England, are doing fine service in keeping up the standard of good church and choral music. What we in this country need is good anthem writers. We have some, among whom we may mention Sydney Thomson, of Summit, N. J., whose anthems show a very clear recognition of the needs of the average church, and what is more, the deeper need of writing *sacred music* in a musicianly manner. His suite of Christmas carols, recently brought out by his publisher, Schirmer of New York, is a gem of its kind. The trouble seems to be that work like this and some others is not known by organists, and, for this reason, perhaps, the organist's responsibility for the reform of church music is as great as that of any other person. For upon his shoulders rests the responsibility of keeping himself posted of the progress of the art in which he is presumably an expert. There is too much ground to the fear that this responsibility is not adequately appreciated. For surely the selections actually made would never be made by artists who really understood their work or comprehended the deepest needs of their choirs and the religious service in which they take a part.

The reform of church music! We sigh, mournfully, as we think of the greatness of the task. If these criticisms meet the eye of any church member, minister, composer or organist, we hope they will lead him to reflect, and ask this question: "How far am I responsible for the prevailing style of church music?" This is the direct challenge to your indifference, my

dear reader, to the *best* types of church music produced in the past and now being produced by properly qualified composers. In the revival and permanent adoption of the best standards lies the hope of reform and the promise of an even greater era of religious musical art in the future.

Yale University.

A PRAIRIE ALLEGRO.

BY BLANCH EUGENIE JEWETT.

The morning was beautiful of its kind, bitterly cold—the moon was pale but serene. The stars blinked crisply. The snow crackled beneath her feet. The hour was unromantic, half after 6, a January morning. The breeze was a Minnesota prairie breeze. It hurried as if trying to escape its own company.

She hurried, too. **In the bleak building ahead** of her she would find breakfast, and after that her studio.

At seven she lighted the kerosene lamp in her music room. The room was big and bare. A piano was as close to the ugly stove as seemed practicable. A short distance from that a cabinet organ held the fort. The walls were white and cold. A picture of Mendelssohn was above the organ. The calm placidity of his expression irritated her. She wondered if he often looked down on just such a room. A picture of Beethoven was above the piano. His frown was particularly severe. It made her wish she were not so dependent upon environment. She knew she ought to be superior to it. She looked around the room. Two straight-backed chairs, a cheap table, a cheap clock with an apologetic tick, and the stove that was beginning to radiate a little, a very little heat, although her soft breathing still made visible impression upon the atmosphere. She walked to the piano, played a minor scale with one hand. The temperature of the keys started her humming "Greenland's Icy Mountains."

She caught up a pair of Indian clubs from behind the piano and began to exercise. Fifteen minutes later she threw up the window shade to welcome the sun as he came up over that white world. The east was brilliant. It lighted her plain room gorgeously, turning the lamplight faint and sick. What a stretch of broad prairie! The world was wide, life was a big and beautiful thing. Oh, to live it! A tap at her door. The first pupil entered. A young Scandinavian he was. English bothered him somewhat. The little music teacher turned from the brilliant east, with its dreams still in her eyes. "Good morning, Ole." He made her a very courtly bow. His manners were very supe-

rior to his knowledge of English. "The sun is bright," she said. "How was the lesson? Hard? Warm your hands a little."

An hour of the scale of A, some finger gymnastics for almost hopeless fingers, a page of a Norwegian hymn slowly, clumsily drawn out of the patient organ, a few encouraging words and the lesson was over.

The second pupil came in blithely. It was her first lesson. She was somewhat showily gotten up. She was a little dressmaker. She never had had a chance at the fine arts. She had saved enough money for a term of lessons. A new world opened before her. She was gay. She felt large confidence in the little music teacher and in herself. She took her seat. "Do you know the keyboard? No? You see how the black keys are grouped in twos and threes. At the left of the groups of two is C. Show me all the Cs of the keyboard. Good!" On the lesson went. At the close of the hour the dressmaker's spirits were a trifle draggled. Could this be the way? This slow, laborious way? She was bitterly disappointed. She had expected something so different. She had expected light to come flooding in from somewhere. She had hoped for a big illumination. She wondered if it had been worth while saving her money for this. The little music teacher felt her thought. "Don't be discouraged, my dear, because it is so slow and dull at first. I think you will get hold of it nicely."

A big rap at her door. "Come!" And he came without hesitation. He was a big Irishman from the lumber camps, taking three months off for a little culture.

"Good morning, miss. I came to see if you could learn me a little music. I just want to learn chords to play with the fiddle for dances. And do you think I could learn it all in three months? That's all the time I've got." She laughed and said she'd see what she could do for him in that time. And she began. At the end of the hour the perspiration was in beads on his forehead. His spirits were of the best. "Good-bye, miss. Thank you. I guess I'll get there all right."

The next pupil had walked five miles over those prairie drifts for her lesson and carried her music books. Her hands were so cold they wouldn't be warm for a week. She was homely, awkward, unsophisticated. She knew nothing of life, of the world. She had heard no great musicians. But she

played an Adagio of Beethoven's and found the soul in it. The little music teacher felt she had not lived entirely in vain. Then there was a next and a next and a next and then she——

She came in with a manner just a trifle patronizing. She had studied at a conservatory, but thought she would take a few more lessons just to pass the time. The little music teacher knew the type.

"Play a harmonic minor scale, please."

"Gracious! I believe I've gorgotten it." And she had.

"Are you familiar with Mendelssohn's 'Songs Without Words'? Read this one for me.

"Oh, dear! I can't read in four sharps at all." And she couldn't.

"And now this Chopin Nocturne."

There were tears of mortification in her eyes. She went out of that bare, poor studio humble minded, but with a new point of view and a new determination.

And there was the last one—an overgrown boy. All of his life he had been accustomed to doing things with his hands—hard things—but nothing like this. It all seemed such a hopeless muddle—the G clef, the F clef, the sharps and flats—and to get any definite connection between the signs and symbols and the keyboard was a very forlorn hope indeed.

O, see the sunset! How glorious—glorious it is!" said the little music teacher. The big boy looked. He was a stranger in a strange land. He said:

"Right over there it looks just like my father's farm." And two very genuine tears rolled down his cheeks.

The music teacher tried not to see them. She said: "I am sure it will be easier next time." He said "Good-night."

She was tired—dead tired. She put her head down on her arms on the table and tried to stop thinking. The bell rang "Chorus drill." She got up mechanically for this, for everything. She was out of tune.

Forty voices in the chorus class, some of them very uncouth; all of them untrained, some sweet, all of them responsive.

They sang for half an hour. The voices were smoother—some of them almost brilliant.

How much those faces told as they watched the little music

teacher, how much of hope and feeling and aspiration as they sang and sang their best for her!

She used her baton as one in a trance. She gave to them all of herself. And when the lesson was ended she had forgotten the fatigue of the day. She was in tune again.

EDITORIAL BRIG-A-BRAC

I have several times called attention to a deplorable and very curious feature in our musical progress. It is that, while the Christian church makes a natural selection of those individuals in every community who are serious, idealistic and subject to a desire for a higher life, there is no place where musical taste is at lower ebb than in our so-called evangelical churches in America. Speaking from the standpoint of the artist, the entire power and meaning of the art of music are ignored and profaned in the church persistently and well-nigh universally. Besides losing the assistance which music might afford to the ends proposed by the church (which desires to do for the individual soul every Sunday pretty much what the fair Melusina gained from her weekly return to her home beneath the waters), the general value and comfortfulness of the art are lost in the private life of all this large class in every community. In fact, our national cultivation of music suffers seriously from our having disconnected it from the idea of religion. I do not mean by this that I regard any church music as affording the highest types of the art, which, if known, would open to the individual deeper vistas and make the music more precious to him; I have reference to that general attitude of mind which properly makes fine art a religion in itself—a part of the apparatus for bringing mankind into contact with the Ideal—that is to say, with the True, the Beautiful and the Good.

For instance, take the manner in which any of the popular churches will carelessly sing through a few Moody and Sankey hymns during the time at opening of service, upon a Sunday evening, or at other time, one song following after another without the slightest appropriateness or care to develop a unity or sequence of moods. Nothing more destructive to truthful habits of musical listening could be imagined. Or take the American way of employing every tune to a large variety of hymns; we lose by it all the symbolic and expressive influence of

the music and everything that might be gained from associating a given tonal formula with a certain hymn and with no other. Those who have never thought of this have only to reflect upon the different impression experienced from any one of the hymns which still remain in our current practices associated with a particular tune, and that of a very good tune changed about from one hymn to another, like a polygamous melody marrying a new husband every Sunday, for the hymn is the husband of the tune—the tune having in it all those comforting and twining tendencies so valued as a foundation of a better life; and the hymn those exact determinations of intellect which man once supposed to be his own peculiar prerogative.

In another part of this magazine Professor Locke Davies, of Yale, writes sensibly and carefully upon this subject. He quotes three reasons commonly assigned for the prevailing degeneracy of our Congregational church music. These are the taste (or want of taste) of the congregation; the ministers' ignorance of music, and the statement of composers that there is no "demand" for anything better. The reasons are sound. All are valid.

Yet there is a deeper reason, yea two. The first and great reason of all is that the congregation of the average church does not *desire* good church music, because it is not in the mood where true church music is needed. An ideal church music would be so full of nobility, ideality and a nameless atmosphere of a pure and exquisite beauty (extending not alone to melody merely, but to the harmony, and the contrapuntal setting), that no man of serious heart could listen to it without being in some degree elevated and uplifted out of himself. But the average church-goer does not know that he would enjoy being uplifted out of himself. He experiences this sort of thing in one plane at the theater, and it rests him mightily. But at church he is too often in a merely conventional attitude of "observing the Sabbath." As a rule he does not even look for any very vital mental stimulation from the sermon. The women are even more hopelessly overwhelmed in conventionality, church society, local interests and the sensation of being upon parade predominating everywhere on Sunday, except in those rare moments when an occasion or a minister is able to break through this worldly crust and permit the soul beneath to come up for a breath of

God's fresh air. In other words, without implying any dogmatic criticism, the modern church is more than a little insincere. In what are called revival times sincerity sometimes prevails for several weeks. Eventually the conventional prevails again. This is the central matter with the church music, which is insincere just like the rest of it.

Individually, the present writer believes that if the emphasis of the church were put upon becoming more and more like Christ, rather than from escaping from condemnation and an inglorious future after death, in which the average man no longer takes the former amount of stock, sincerity might again become the atmosphere of our cult, in which case the music would be one of the first parts of the service to show the change after the prayers. This, however, is foreign to the immediate question.

Roughly speaking, all church music as practically employed, taking all denominations and classes, falls mainly into one or the other of three attitudes: They are, first, the symbolic, as we find it in the Plain Song, where musical expression properly considered has no place whatever, the admiration bestowed upon it by a few enthusiasts being purely conventional and one side of the entire art of modern music. The sacredness of the Plain Song rests in its being set aside for the exclusive use of the church, which gives it an association in the last degree useful. It is in reality a survival from obsolete modes and musical practices, which now, surviving only in the church, remains therefore as something sacred.

A second attitude of church music is found in what is commonly called the expressive, by which is meant the addition of music and musical feeling, of the same nature in kind, though by no means in degrees, that is illustrated in what is called secular music. This we have in all well written anthems and psalms, such as Mendelssohn's "Oh, for the wings of a dove," and many others; Dudley Buck's "Hark, hark my soul," or "The God of Abraham Praise," and in some scores of other places. Or in Tours' "The Pillars of the Earth Are the Lord's," or in the Spohr arrangement, "How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings, Lord," and so on. In short, throughout the really musical part of the entire collection of well-made anthems. This part of our existing apparatus is still a good deal like Nebuchadnezzar's

•

image: While gold and precious stones occasionally occur in it, the feet of clay are always in danger.

The third attitude of music in church is that of a convenient medium for covering up undesirable noises—as the organ voluntaries and the singing of hymns during a collection. This is profanation, pure and simple.

While all musicians revile the Moody and Sankey dispensation now and then, it is due the late Mr. Sankey to say that his own use of his hymns was legitimate in many cases, and related to high art. Even that devout fraud, Phillip Phillips, had moments when he did things in the name of music as successfully as the Egyptian necromancers, whose rods also turned to serpents at command. For instance, some years ago he was present at the Rock River Conference of the M. E. Church and upon one occasion got the preachers all down upon their knees, where after a few moments of silent prayer Phillips sang his fool ditty: "O to be an empty vessel, for the Master's service fit." A more unnecessary prayer was never put up to any audience, Boston or otherwise. "Empty" indeed! Yet in this hypnotic unifying of the feeling of the meeting and in his furnishing a supposed common vehicle of thought and aspiration by the song, he operated very nearly along the line where true art would have operated. The true ground which musicians have against the Moody and Sankey dispensation in church music is the innate vulgarity of the music and its total lack of all qualities of significance and expression along musical lines. It is doggerel pure and simple. Unfortunately, there are loads of it still ground over—a devil's grist on the Lord's day!

The immorality of the paid quartette does not lie in the salary; this is not generally large enough to have moral quality. It lies in the kind of things they do and in the way they do them. If there has ever been a paid quartette taking itself seriously and employing a good quality of musical art from the standpoint of religious worship, or even from that of a true cult, I have never been so fortunate as to hear its work.

My own personal experiences in church music, while long, have not been so varied as some. For twenty-six years I played the same organ in this city, and a fine one it was. During all that time we had a chorus choir, sometimes very good, and the anthems were of unexceptional quality and sometimes very well

done. Selections from oratorios, cantatas, psalms by Mendelssohn, a lot of Dudley Buck's music and so on formed the staple. We always gave the "Messiah" about Christmas time with a chorus of a hundred or thereabout; and we often gave entire works upon festival occasions. There were generally rather effective solo singers, almost always a good soprano, and the nature of the selections was almost always above reproach. The work had the advantage of enlisting the voices mainly from the church itself.

I do not agree with Professor Davies in holding up the work of the English composers as belonging to a higher pattern of church music than we have in this country. Some of our young composers have produced excellent anthems, to which no objection can lie. Dudley Buck deserves a medal or a statue, for he set himself toward a higher standard long ago, and curiously enough in this case virtue has been its own reward, for his music has been very profitable. I happen to know a curious incident along this line. Thirty years ago or so it happened that two manuscripts were submitted to Lyon & Healy for publication at the same time. One was Baumbach's second collection of Quartettes, and the other Dudley Buck's Second Motet Collection. Baumbach's work was full of the cheap and tawdry arrangements from operas and the like, such as the early quartettes liked to sing. For instance, they had one of the quartettes from "Martha" with sacred words. Buck's work contained two dozen very original anthems of his own, just composed, and many inviting arrangements, such as Elizabeth's Prayer from Tahn-aueser," where Wagner himself had done his best to compose a legitimate bit of sacred music. The Buck collection was turned over to the house of Ditson, the Lyon & Healy house preferring the Baumbach collection, because there would be so much more money in it. I have not the statistics, but it would not surprise me to be told that the Buck book has sold in thirty years six or eight times more than the other. So little do publishers understand what the "demand" is for.

* * *

Speaking of useful organizations for promoting a high standard of music in the church, and (as the legislative bills have it) "for other purposes," Mr. E. M. Bowman's Tabernacle choir in

Brooklyn is a monument of many-sided efficiency. To write intelligently about it would be to write pages. Therefore I pass.

* * *

With reference to mitigating the prevalent ignorance of ministers on the subject of music, Professor W. B. Chamberlain of the Chicago Theological Seminary, has inaugurated a church music department, combining lectures upon church music by himself and others, organ recitals upon the excellent organ in the chapel, and other illustrative aids. Professor Chamberlain is an Oberlin man, where his own education fell under the influence of the late Professor Fenelon B. Rice's great choirs and oratorio society. I have no doubt that this work will do a great deal of good. Of course the young minister will probably strike a snag in his first quartette choir, where all his education will stand him very little in stead. I remember being in the pastor's study one evening before church, when speaking of the singing we were about to hear, the pastor (he is now a bishop), remarked: "There is at least one comfort about those squawkers; there is not the slightest probability that any one of them will ever be heard of up yonder," pointing heavenward. He needed no trimming on his surplice; the choir furnished the ruffles.

If I had a class of ministers to educate toward their not putting their foot in the music of their churches I would try and begin with a few foundations. I would give them ear-training and exercises in intelligent hearing until I had gotten a few things established. Miss Dingley's course would be excellent. Then when I had secured a beginning of hearing I would try and help them to realize in their own ears the musical quality of good music; musical quality first, then the moods involuntarily established by music, whatever its nature; then to discriminate those moods, and to learn to feel the moods which properly appertain to betterment, deep repose of soul and religion. (For religion is trying to be like God.) This kind of ear analysis continued through the range of church music, such as they might be expected to encounter, would do a great deal for the more gifted among them.

After this would come the practical art of listening to music from an art standpoint. The repose of soul, the inner attention, which belong to a real listening to Beethoven, Bach or any other

great music, are closely allied to states of consciousness in which the soul has its greatest potentiality of assimilating truth. There is a whole world of potentiality along here which runs to waste. It is a part of the religious world and a very good one.

Having covered these various strategic points, I would then try to carry the enlightenment and the understanding of musical psychology to the point where the minister would learn how to keep out of his own light; and to avoid crossing his wires by setting up one kind of musical activity when he really desired another.

That all this education would do away with or render nugatory what St. Paul calls "the contradiction of sinners," I do not imagine. But it would at least promote sincerity, faith, hope, charity and the whole cult for which our churches stand and in which our choirs and organists do minister.

Church music is one of the most important of subjects. But it is not likely that the time will ever come when the average church-goer will not prefer to be enlivened by a waltz, a march, a two-step or a gavotte, with sacred words (which is what the majority of our Sunday school music really is), to being moved upon by the great waves of a master soul, like that of a Beethoven, Bach, Brahms (and he has written the most sacred music the world has yet seen) or any other of like greatness. A very high mountain is a noble and a beautiful object standing by the horizon; but it is liable to be rather depressing when it overhangs our dwelling place too near. The mountaineer feels it differently, but mankind at large dwells upon the plains.

* * *

Mr. James Huneker, the *raconteur* of the *Musical Courier*, has been publishing in his columns during the last two years occasional stories of a rhapsodical, Mephistophlean, topsyturvey character, generally upon a motive having musical relations, but strictly not musical stories. During the same period he has been writing a great deal about Maxime Gorky and other strong writers of the new school. The Huneker stories, while not going quite to the French extent of being actually broader than they are long, are at least unconventional, and always planned to upset some faddish impression about artists, music lovers and the like. In short, a succession of stories which are uncanny, by no means appertaining to the library of the "young

lady" (*"le jeune fille,"* as the French have it), but, on the contrary, free, unconventional, occasionally coarse. They have been read by clubmen with interest and admired by all that rather large class of professional musicians to whom art is not a religion. They have now been collected into a book called "The Melomaniacs" and handsomely brought out by the Scribners. Almost every reader will remember that notable and characteristic, and at the same time clever, story printed two years ago called "A Son of Liszt." This comes near the beginning of the book. The book will probably be read widely, but it is not to be classed along with Huneker's serious work, in which he brings his genius to bear upon the illustration of a great composer, as, for instance, in his "Chopin." The present is one of those cases where the proper thing to do (and lady readers will know exactly how to do it) is to "hate the sin but love the sinner." It would be a great thing for the publishers if some over-strict complainant would interfere with the bookstand sale of "The Melomaniacs," because it would increase the sale so much. There is nothing particularly bad in the book, only a lot of disagreeable people and incidents, a general absence of sincerity and optimism and plenty of disillusionism and disgust. Those who like this sort of thing will revel in Huneker's book. He is a clever writer, but "The Melomaniacs" are a decadent lot.

* * *

Mr. Leopold Godowsky is meeting with his just deserts in Europe this season. He has played in Berlin several times with as great success as that of last year—more would be impossible. Although upon this point his own testimony may be taken that in a recent concert at Warsaw, Poland, he had the greatest success of his life. He played two concertos, the Chopin in E minor and the Tschaikovsky in B flat minor. After the Chopin concerto he was recalled innumerable times, so many times that he had to play five encore numbers before the crowd would permit the concert to go on. He has played in London several times and is beginning to be recognized even there as one of the foremost representatives of his art. The position of MUSIC remains the same as for several years back—Mr. Godowsky is the best pianist now before the public; by which I mean that while he plays the standard repertory with greater finish and finer musical perceptions than any other pianist whatever, and with certain insights

peculiar to his own genius, he also stands as the representative of a modern technique so comprehensive and so finished, both in fluency, manifoldness and tonal range, as to make all the older pianists appear somewhat rough and insufficient. His own studies are master works of remarkable genius, but it is altogether likely that he will later on surpass them—perhaps not in technical difficulty, but in depth and beauty.

All this is entirely free of any disposition to undervalue the genius of his great competitors, Rosenthal and Busoni. D'Albert having turned his attention more and more to composition, neglects his practice and is no longer in the immediate competition for the highest place. Moreover, Godowsky is now in the magic decade between thirty and forty, when a pianist is generally at his best. Past forty he loses his delight in technical finish and he also neglects his practice.

* * *

The question whether young teachers just finished at a good conservatory really need anything like the courses offered in the summer classes for teachers is easily answered. They do. The conservatory educates the young graduate in the subject matter of music merely, mainly from the standpoint of the official course of the school and without provision of study in the methods and order of teaching. So long as the student is working his way along the course he rarely notices this fact, but just as soon as he undertakes practical work in teaching he discovers that, while he may have been well taught to play and made acquainted with a very good list of selections from good writers, taught in musical theory to some extent, and given acquaintance with music from the standpoint of more than one instrument, he nevertheless is without satisfactory understanding of the manner of administering to a miscellaneous body of pupils. What to give, how to give it, when and why, these are the practical questions which the school has done nothing to answer for its graduate, and the omission is just as noticeable in European schools as here in America. What, then, is to be done? Evidently to take some kind of a practical course in which the questions of ends to be sought in music teaching, the material to be used, and the rationale of its use are the main questions.

It is curious what a few general principles will do for a young

teacher, when once they are set to fermenting in thought. It is not necessary or desirable for the young teacher to undertake a deep course in pedagogic psychology. Ordinary common sense and a sagacious observation of the musical state of the pupil, combined with the knowledge of material, will suffice to place the teacher in position to work to some purpose.



ON READING MUSIC.

To the Editor of Music:

I read with considerable interest your article on sight singing in the November "Music," and I have also read carefully, but I cannot say with special interest the article in the January number on the same subject.

I have not the time to discuss the article as fully as I should like. There are one or two points, however, that I take the liberty of commenting on very briefly. The animus of the January article is directed against isolated interval work and would imply that people should be educated to comprehend entire musical phrases without the drudgery of specific interval work. I submit that when you start to read an article in a morning paper you are very careful to read each word by itself, in order that you can get the full meaning of the sentence. In the same way music must be done in a definite manner, so that the effect of each note in a phrase can be fully appreciated.

In my brief connection with the elementary schools of Chicago I have had an excellent opportunity to see a number of systems of sight reading fully tested. I have seen the system referred to by the author of the January article fairly well tested. I have also seen the visualizing idea experimented on to a considerable extent, and I do not hesitate to say that the final paragraph in the gentleman's article should read as follows:

"I do not deprecate analytical processes nor the study of music grammar, and am glad to know that they dominate the only intelligent" methods of sight singing today in our public schools. It is not at all difficult by such methods to acquire facility in reading music at sight, nor to reach the point where one is particularly sure of singing ordinary music correctly, but it will be found difficult to accomplish these results by any of

the haphazard, grope in the air methods that have been exploited during the past few years." In proof of which I would respectfully submit that there are at least fifty schools in the city of Chicago where definite systematic notation work has been pursued in which sight reading, per grade, is practically ideal.

Within the past month I have invited representatives of the largest publishers of school music books in this country to visit a number of our schools; people who are thoroughly familiar with the best efforts of music teachers throughout the entire country, and I have documentary evidence from them stating that our sight singing cannot be excelled.

It must be remembered, as is stated by the writer of the article, that all teachers are not possessed of the mental activity and native ability to achieve all of the results that might be hoped for musically in an average public school, but it is possible in nearly every instance for them to do a certain amount of specifically prepared work, which they themselves can understand and are able to teach their pupils successfully.

In treating of this subject all of these conditions must be taken into consideration, as the entire mass of children must be taught, not the favored few. I hold, therefore, that the method of sight singing is best which will accomplish the most for all classes of pupils, and I firmly believe that the systems of notation which have grown out of the experience of the most intelligent men this country has produced for the past fifty years are not to be lightly cast aside, but rather should be preserved, studied and if possible strengthened by those who are entrusted with the education of our youth. This may be conservatism, but results speak for themselves. Very respectfully,

H. W. FAIRBANK, *Supervisor of Music*

SCHOOL MUSIC IN MINNEAPOLIS.

BY EUGENE E. SIMPSON.

The physician requires the history of a case to aid both in diagnosis and treatment. Not that consultation with the press and the public has been invoked for the Minneapolis case, since it were unnecessary. Minneapolis is receiving proper attention from the attending authority, but the public is simply introduced to the clinic hereby.

The feature of greatest historical importance is that before the present supervisor of music came to Minneapolis, some four years ago, the superintendence was so-lax that some teachers in these schools were hiring outside musicians to come into their rooms and conduct the regular music periods. This was done without the knowledge of the supervisor of music. Then, if I say that the results now being shown in Minneapolis schools are not equal to those in some other cities, the public may believe me without overstraining a light-running credulity and without working hardship to the present music supervisor, Miss Helen Trask.

The musical work in Minneapolis has also been temporarily disturbed by the introduction of an entire series of new music books, the working of which I saw in the second month of its second year in Minneapolis. The system is based upon a new principle, as music books go, and the teachers were not wholly converted to this principle during the first year. Since this main idea was an anti-technical treatment of the material, the teachers readily lapsed into the other extreme and generally came to the music periods without having fixed in their own minds the salient points of the lesson. This circumstance alone was sufficient guarantee of stagnation in the music work. The supervisor of music readily recognized the condition and the cause, and, being thoroughly devoted to the task, with the second year's use of the book set about remedying matters. Let us see how she conducts her work.

The exact number of teachers in Minneapolis is not known just here, but it will fall between five and seven hundred. There is no assistant nor music helper of whatever sort to the super-

visor of music. It would seem almost incredible that one person should attempt three or four visits per year to all the school rooms in the city and at the same time work effectual superintendence over the whole. Yet the supervisor in Minneapolis accomplishes this. She sees the teachers by grades at least once a month, and is able to give them helpful assistance. This is done by calling them to a centrally located point on Friday and Saturday afternoons. I was present at one of these grade meetings. As I entered the supervisor was speaking of the rote songs with which the teaching in third grade begins. She said the work should not be a too severe departure toward the technical. It was conceded that pupils had not been taught the notes, so she said the song should be used continuously for seeing, hearing and observing. From the closing cadence of this song teach ti, re, do, then vary the exercises in other ways to more firmly establish them. In the course of the remarks Miss Trask came repeatedly to the statement that last year the detail was not made definite enough to teachers, and therefore the best results were not obtained. On this day she made for her teachers an outline of the intervals she wished them to teach through the songs. Later we saw the supervisor in the school room and found it interesting to see how she developed details from the rote song. After the children had sung she asked which sounds were held longer, what about the tonic chord, and she called attention to words which sang this, etc. Here was a conscientious desire upon the part of the supervisor to follow the spirit of the book and to proceed in measured and definite strides.

In order to see the general results I visited a school alone, and here are the notes from a not over-profuse diary:

Began with first year pupils and went up successively through the grades. The fourth grade, in particular, showed new work in sight reading which was very creditable indeed; not without some hesitation, but in good order, with slight practice. Fifth grade began an entirely new page and first counted the rhythm of a song; did it splendidly in three-quarter time in divided beats. Beginning an exercise in two parts just following, after some drill teacher sang soprano, while pupils took alto. After one trial teacher allowed pupils to take both parts without her assistance; this was accomplished not without success. After some practice they improved it perceptibly. There was suffi-

cient evidence that they had the power to help themselves. Mr. Thomas Tapper says this should be the chief aim of all education. Going on up through the grades, I found some still better work, and noted in conclusion that all of the work in this school indicated the most legitimate and substantial methods without either tomfoolery or lameness in conducting the classes.

But there is one very unfortunate phase in the situation at Minneapolis. This is the lack of provision for music in the high schools. The condition hinges partly upon the fact of there being no one to do the work, but chiefly, perhaps, on account of the supposed difficulty in adapting the work to the high school curriculum. There are, however, volunteers in some of the high school faculties who conduct regular musical work, and in some instances they are very heartily encouraged by the principals. One principal remarked that there were three things to be considered absolutely certain: Death, taxes and music. We had some samples of this last item in his high school and found it quite pleasing and a great source of enjoyment to the students.

Summarizing on the general condition at Minneapolis, it should be considered healthy and very creditable, with the chances for the immediate future on the side of steady improvement.

TRAINING THE SPEAKING WITH THE SINGING VOICE.

BY MARTHA SCOTT.

The animal kingdom is subject to muscular excitement as a result of mental excitement. The chained dog barks and wags his tail at sight of his master, and his joy at the prospect of freedom is so great that when his master attempts to release the collar from his neck Fido's emotion expends itself in wild leaps and barks, and the master with difficulty liberates him.

All mental excitement acts in this reflex manner upon some muscles of the body, and when in man such cause acts upon the muscles of the vocal apparatus the result is the beginning of music, either as speech or as song, the latter a development of the former.

In speech a small range is required; the ordinary tones are those in the lower register of the voice, the most frequent intervals the third and fifth, with the octave, and even tenth in most extreme excitement. In experiencing the various emotions the voice ascends or descends according to the nature of the emotion.

In music all of these conditions appear in extremes—the range of the singing voice is two octaves and more—which allows of larger intervals and of frequent use of large intervals. As speech and song have the same origin, some principals are applicable to both.

The oft-heard remark that the American people are unmusical, and more especially the criticism that we are a nation of harsh, unpleasant speaking voices, is a criticism which should hurt our pride, as the offending cause can with care be removed. Musically, we are improving as far as a broader comprehension of music as such is concerned, but are we progressing toward that broad culture which results from the application of the musical instinct in matters outside the pale of actual music? Is each of us allowing the temperament to broaden into that of a thorough artist?

I always marvel at the total absence of taste as displayed in the apparel that many painters don. Sometimes I have thought myself moderately certain in picking the artists from among the

crowds on a city street by the inartistic combination of colors in their clothing.

As to musicians, I shall state it negatively. They never could be chosen because of their melodious speaking voices. Is not this lack in them a counterpart of the inartistic dress of painters?

We study to develop our finger dexterity and our voices for singing, little thinking of the much more frequent use of the speaking voice, and so leave this in its rough, unpleasant state. This condition will continue, I am convinced, until teachers of singing awake to the importance of including in their training of the singing voice certain principals applicable to the speaking voice and enforce their observance.

Some may think that I am advocating the usurping of the elocution teacher's work. Doubtless I might with justice be accused of encroaching, were it a fact that all singing pupils study also the "art of expression." But I believe the truth is that a very small part of the would-be singers study vocal expression and that with a thoroughly prepared and competent teacher. And since they do not do this the matter of improvement in this line falls upon the musician for working out.

Most persons get nothing in the line of work for the speaking voice outside of the public schools, and I am sorry to say much of this is very poor work. I do not wish to be understood as decrying physical culture work, in fact, few are more ardent advocates of it than am I, but I do think that a teacher competent to teach it in our public schools should be as capable of teaching the culture of the speaking voice as of teaching the depicting of the various emotions, such as grief, anger, joy, physically, according to a set formula prescribed by some author of a work on "expression." And until this thorough work is done in the public schools, I believe it is a duty of the singing teacher to develop a pleasing quality in the speaking voices of his pupils.

Pupils come to you to take singing lessons in order to learn to sing, but progress toward the goal of their work is retarded by the faults of the speaking voice, and the quickest way to gain the desired beauty of tone and ease of tone production is to rid the speaking voice of its faults. It rests with the teacher to make this broad application of the rules; the pupil has not sufficient

versatility to apply them in other than the direct way implied by the teacher.

I have known pupils of eight or ten years' work in singing who acknowledge without a blush that they could not read aloud five minutes without becoming hoarse. Of course one who has studied singing for that length of time should have a broader view of the work than this remark indicates, but many pupils have not, and it remains for the teacher to make the broad application.

As the foundation of good singing is deep breathing, so it is with speaking. But no special work in this line need be given; the regular exercises given for singing will be quite sufficient for the other purpose. The ease with which the breath is controlled in speech is much greater than in singing, as the lips, teeth and tongue form natural obstructions to the breath in the enunciation of consonants, which are the principal part of the spoken word, while in song the vowel is the more important part of the word, and the oral cavity is thrown open more, allowing the breath more freedom of egress.

The first point possibly about which to take note is the pitch upon which one speaks. Girls are especially prone to speak in a high voice, which gives more or less indication of straining. The lower pitch affords a much pleasanter tone and shows a certain repose which is very desirable. We know that under intense excitement much larger intervals are unconsciously used than when in the passive state; in joy the voice rises above the ordinary tones, while in sorrow it drops down to the lowest notes in the range. The humorous side of almost every one's nature is more or less developed and every one experiences considerable pleasure and joy. Happy is that person whose ordinary tone is one of low pitch, else in these joyous moments the voice scales to heights we dare not imagine.

I have just said "cultivate a low tone," but be very alert to prevent a resulting monotone. This is a very serious fault, doubtless the most evident of all faults to the casual hearer. Let the voice be pitched low, but allow sufficient intervals to relieve any monotony.

As we speak in the lower register of our singing tones, the placing of these conversational tones should be the same as for the singing tones of this register. We cannot expect the same

resonance in the speaking voice as in the singing, yet resonance should not be entirely lacking in the conversational voice. The main cause of hoarseness with a singer from reading is the lack of good placing. Were the voice properly placed the throat would be relaxed, the tension would disappear entirely and absolute freedom of the vocal apparatus would result. Without this good placing we cannot hope to get that mellowness of tone which we so much admire in an occasional voice.

The work in enunciation can readily be adjusted to the speaking voice. Work for good vowels, clearly and correctly pronounced, see that the roll of the R is omitted, for we are in the middle west, where this is much too prevalent. Good enunciation in conversation is the first step toward good enunciation in singing.

My last suggestion is, help the pupil cultivate legato speech. You may be surprised to hear of staccato speech, but it is not uncommon. The legato in singing and speaking tones will not be identical, as one readily sees, but they are of the same family, and that in the singing voice is a development—I may say an exaggeration—of the speaking legato.

The work which I have suggested need in no way lessen the spontaneity, nor lessen the individuality of the voice. Just as the artistic teacher of singing strives to train each voice to produce a tone ideal to that particular voice, so each speaking voice may be trained without taking from it any of its vocal personality.

I believe that every teacher finds the time allotted for a lesson in singing far too short in which to accomplish all he wishes to with a pupil, and is loath to burden himself with any irrelevant matter. But if it expedites the actual work in hand, is it not well worth while? I am sure that it is, and when we think that the human voice is the most frequently used of musical instruments, it certainly is well worth the while of singing teachers to devote a little time to the eradication of some obvious faults in its production.

THINGS HERE AND THERE

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY VESPERS.

From Professor Stanley, of Michigan University, comes the announcement of a very unusual series of Vesper services, devoted to a historical summary of music. The programs are so interesting that they are here reproduced entire. The recital programs were given upon the organ, where not otherwise mentioned, and played by Professor Stanley, who besides possessing many other all around qualities is also a fine organist.

I.—NETHERLAND AND EARLY ITALIAN SCHOOLS.

February 13.

DE PRESS (1450-1521)—

Prelude—"Miserere," Part III.

Introit—"Ave verum."

Gloria—Gregorian (First Tone). (Gregory, 540-604.)

Hymn—"When I survey the wondrous cross." (Gregorian.)

PALESTRINA (1524-1594)—

Introit—"O, Lord, My God."

Sentence—"Oh, have mercy, Lord, upon me."

Postlude—Ricecare.

There will be no recital after this service, as there is little instrumental music of this period available.

II.—EARLY ITALIAN SCHOOL.—February 18.

GABRIELI (1510-1587)—

Prelude—Canzona.

PALESTRINA—

Canticle—"Magnificat." (First Tone.)

Gloria—Eighth Tone.

Hymn—"How beauteous are their feet." (Gregorian.)

ALLEGRI (1587-1662)—

Psalm for Two Choirs—"Miserere."

NANINI (1540-1607)—

Sentence—"Stabat Mater."

MERULO (1533-1604)—

Postlude—Toccata on Third Tone.

Second Choir, Misses Campbell, Farlin, Coffey, Mr. Woodward.

III.—EARLY GERMAN SCHOOL.—February 20.

ISAAK (15th Century)—

Prelude—Selected.

ECCARD (1553-1611)—

Motette—"Presentation of Christ in the Temple,"

Gloria—Traditional.

LUTHER (1483-1546)—

Chorale—"A mighty fortress is our God."

CALVISIUS (1556-1615)—

Old German Carol—"Joseph, tender Joseph mine." ("Joseph, sunt impleta quae praedixit Gabriel.")

HASSLER (1564-1612)—

Sentence—"O sacred head now wounded."

SCHEIDT (1587-1654)—

Postlude—Chorale Vorspiel.

RECITAL PROGRAM.

FRESCOBALDI (1583-1644)—

a. Capriccio Pastorale.

b. Passacaglia in B flat.

ARCADELT (16th Century)—

Ave Maria.

MERULO—

Toccata.

SCARLATTI (1683-1757)—

a. Sarabande.

b. Siciliano.

c. Bourree.

d. Scherzo.

FROHBERGER (1605?-1667)—

Capriccio.

PACHELBEL (1653-1706)—

Ciaccona.

BRUHNS (1665-1697)—

Prelude in G.

IV.—EARLY ENGLISH SCHOOL.—February 25.

GIBBONS (1583-1625)—

Prelude—"Fantasie in four parts."

TALLIS (15—-1585)—

Anthem—"If ye love me."

OLD ENGLISH—

Gloria—Eighth Church Mode.

READING (16—-1692)—

Hymn—"How firm a foundation."

FARRANT (15—-1580)—

Anthem—"Lord for thy tender mercies sake."

TALLIS—

Sentence—"Glory to Thee, my God, this night."

PURCELL (1658-1695)—

Postlude—Overture in D major.

V.—GERMAN SCHOOL (I).—February 27.

BACH (1685-1750)—

Prelude—Andante, from D minor Sonata.
 "Weihnachts Oratorium."—Chorale—"Now vengeance hath
 been taken."

Gloria—Gregorian.

Hymn—"Come Holy Ghost in Love." (J. G. Braun, 1675.)

"Pfinst Cantata." Aria—"My heart ever faithful."

Sentence—"Jesus guide me."

Postlude—Prelude and Fugue in G minor.

Soloist, Miss Elizabeth Campbell.

RECITAL PROGRAM.

BYRDE (1538-1623)—

a. Pavane.

b. Prelude.

c. "Sellinger's Round."

BLOW (1648-1708)—

Suite in G. (Three movements.)

PURCELL—

a. Chaconne.

b. Toccata.

BACH—

a. Aria in D.

b. Pastorale.

c. Chorale Vorspiel.

d. Toccata and Fugue in D minor.

VI.—GERMAN SCHOOL (II).—March 4

HAENDEL (1685-1759)—

Prelude—Larghetto and alla Siciliana.

"Messiah." Solo and Chorus—"O, Thou that Tellest."

Gloria—Gregorian.

Hymn—"Rejoice the Lord is King." (1745.)

"Theodora." Aria—"Angels ever bright and fair."

"Rinaldo." Sentence—Let Thine hand help me."

"Messiah." Postlude—Hallelujah Chorus.

Soloists, Miss Clara J. Jacobs and Master Leslie Brown.

VII.—GERMAN SCHOOL (III).—March 6.

HAYDN (1732-1809)—

Prelude—Introduction to "Passion."

"Passion." Chorus—"Father forgive them."

Gloria—Adapted.

Hymn—"Glorious things of thee are spoken."

MOZART (1756-1791)—

Motette—"Ave verum."

Sentence—"Holy Father, hear my cry."

"Requiem." Postlude—"Recordare."

Soloists, Miss Leila Farlin, Miss Bernice Harriss, Mr. Griffith Gordon, Mr. Earl Killeen.

RECITAL PROGRAM.

BUXTEHUDE (1639-1707)—

Choral Vorspiel.

KREBS (1713-1780)—

Praeludium und Fuga.

HANDEL—

a. Gavotte from "Joshua."

b. Selection from "Water Music."

c. Dead March from "Saul."

HAYDN—

a. Andante, C major Symphony.

TWO—MUSIC—BREV

b. Chorus, "Achieved is the glorious work."

MILLAR—

MOZART—

a. Romanza.

b. Minuet in E flat.

VIII.—GERMAN SCHOOL (IV).—March 11.

BEETHOVEN (1770-1827)—

Prelude—Andante from Fifth Symphony.

"Geistlicher Lieder." Solo—"A Song of Penitence."

Gloria—Adapted.

Hymn—"When I survey the wondrous cross."

HAUPTMANN (1792-1868)—

Motette—Lord, my God."

BEETHOVEN (1770-1827)—

Sentence—"Savior, again to Thy dear name we raise."

"Mount of Olives." Postlude—Hallelujah Chorus.

Soloist, Mrs. A. G. Walker.

IX.—GERMAN SCHOOL (V).—March 13.

SPOHR (1784-1859)—

Prelude—Adagio from Notturmo.

"Calvary." Chorus—"Gentle night now descend."

Gloria—Adapted.

Hymn—"I heard the voice of Jesus say."

Anthem—"As pants the hart for cooling streams."

Sentence—Nunc Dimittis.

Postlude—Chorus from "Last Judgment."

Soloists, Mrs. George A. Hastreiter, Mr. Moses Johnson.

RECITAL PROGRAM.

HESSE (1809-1863)—

Fantasie in E major.

FREYER—

Concert Variations.

BEETHOVEN—

Andante, First Symphony.

SPOHR—

Adagio.

FINCK (1831—)—
 Sonata in E flat.

X.—GERMAN SCHOOL (VI).—March 18.

VON WEBER (1786-1826)—
 Prelude—Andante.
 Mass in G—"Agnus Dei" and "Dona Nobis."
 Gloria—Traditional.
 Hymn—Selected.

SCHUBERT (1797-1828)—
 "Kyrie eleison" from Mass in F.

VON WEBER—
 Sentence—"Softly now the light of day."

SCHUMANN (1810-1856)—
 Postlude—Fugue on B. A. C. H.

Soloists, Miss Frances Caspary, Miss Bernice Harriss, Mr. Merlyn
 Wiley, Dr. Robert Bourland.

XI.—GERMAN SCHOOL (VII).—March 20.

MENDELSSOHN (1809-1847)—
 Prelude—Andante, B flat Sonata.
 "Elijah." Trio—Lift thine eyes."
 Gloria—Adapted.
 Hymn—"O word of God incarnate." (Old German Chorale.)
 "Elijah." Aria—"Lord, God of Abraham."
 Sentence—"Saviour, when night involves the skies."
 Postlude—Sonata in A major.

Soloist, Mr. William R. Alvord.

RECITAL PROGRAM.
 (Early French School).

TITELOUZE (1563-1633)—
 Verset.

LULLY (1633-1687)—
 Selection from "Perseus."

CLERAMBAULT (1676-1749)—
 Prelude.

DANDRIEU (1684-1740)—
 Musette.

SCHUMANN—
 Two studies for Pedal Klavier.

MENDELSSOHN—
 Sonata in F minor.

XII.—FRENCH SCHOOL.—March 25.

GOUNOD (1818-1893)—
 Prelude—"Visio Sancte Joannes." "Jerusalem Coelestis."
 ("Mors et Vita.")
 Solo—"Repentance."
 Gloria—Adapted.

Hymn—Selected.

Motette—"Come unto Him."

Sentence—Nunc Dimittis.

Postlude—Chorus from "Mors et Vita."

Soloist, Mrs. A. G. Walker.

XIII.—MODERN ENGLISH SCHOOL (I).—March 27.

SMART (1813-1879)—

Prelude—Andante.

STAINER (1840-1899)—

"God so loved the world."

MORLEY (1557-1604)—

Gloria.

DYKES (1828-1876)—

Hymn—Our blest Redeemer ere He breathed."

STAINER—

Anthem—"O Merciful Jesu."

DYKES—

Sentence—"Come unto Me ye weary."

BENEDICT (1804-1885)—

Postlude—Funreal March.

There will be no recital after this service.

XIV.—MODERN ENGLISH SCHOOL (II).—April 1.

SMART—

Prelude—Allegro moderato.

TOURS (1838-1897)—

Anthem—"Magnificat in F."

Gloria—Traditional.

ELVEY (1816-1893)—

Hymn—"Watchman, tell us of the night."

STAINER—

Anthem—Mercy and truth are met together."

SULLIVAN (1842-1900)—

Sentence—"I heard the voice of Jesus say."

MACFARREN (1813-1887)—

Postlude—Chorus from "St. John the Baptist."

Soloist, Mrs. George A. Hastreiter.

XV.—MODERN ENGLISH SCHOOL (III).—April 3.

MACFARREN—

Prelude—Andante con moto.

WOODWARD—

Anthem—"The souls of the righteous."

BARNBY (1838-1896)—

Gloria.

MONK (1823-1889)—

Hymn—"Sun of my soul." (1861.)

SULLIVAN—

Anthem—"I will mention."

ELVEY—

Sentence—"Just as I am."

SMART—

Postlude—Festival March in D.

Soloist, Mr. Merlyn Wiley.

RECITAL PROGRAM.

RHEINBERGER (1837-1901)—

Sonata in A minor.

TOURS—

Fantasia in C major.

BEST (1826-1897)—

Fantasia on Old English Carols.

BARNBY—

March from "Rebekkah."

GUILMANT (1837)—

a. Adoration.

b. Priere.

c. Canzona.

d. Fugue in D.

XVI.—EARLY AMERICAN.—April 8.

READ (1757-1836)—

Prelude—Adapted.

BILLINGS (1746-1800). GREEN (1715). COLE (1774-1855)—

Hymn Anthem—Adapted from the tunes "Majesty," "Aylesbury," and "Geneva."

FELTON (1769)—

Gloria.

HOLDEN (1765-1844)—

Hymn—"All hail the power of Jesus' name."

SHAW (1776-1848)—

Solo—"There's nothing true but Heaven."

INGALLS (1764-1828)—

Sentence—"The day is past and gone."

Postlude—Improvisation on old tunes.

Soloist, Miss Elizabeth Campbell.

XVII.—MODERN AMERICAN.—April 10.

WHITING (1842)—

Prelude—Moderato in C minor.

CHADWICK (1854)—

Anthem—"God who madest earth and heaven."

MASON (1792-1872)—

Gloria.

OLIVER (1800-1885)—

Hymn—Sovereign of worlds."

STANLEY (1851)—

Anthem—Magnificat in A

Sentence—Nunc Dimittis in A.
 Postlude—Prelude and Fugue in G minor.
 Soloist, Miss Nora Hunt.

RECITAL PROGRAM.

BUCK (1839)—
 Sonata in G minor.
 CHADWICK—
 Prelude in F.
 FOOTE (1853)—
 a. Pastorale.
 b. Festival March.
 WHITING—
 a. Reverie.
 b. Postludium in C.

THE SMALL CITY IN MUSIC.

I do not know how well our little city of Carthage, Missouri (12,000 souls) represents the general advancement of the country in musical interest and culture. For three years we have had a Choral society, now grown to sixty members. They have given complete works and are now preparing (directed by the undersigned) Gade's Crusaders. The accompaniment is piano and string quartette. We have a ladies' music club seventy-five strong and doing excellent work. Last, and perhaps best, we have now a string quartette and a trio club (piano, violin and 'cello) of our own. They have projected a series of five concerts and given the first with great success. The first violin, Mr. Ralph Wylie, is from Jacobssohn and the Hochschule at Berlin.

The accompanying program will show the kind of music that our people hear with enthusiasm. Yours very truly,

W. L. CALHOUN.

Soloist, Ralph Wylie.

Minuet, op. 20, for string quartette.....Beethoven
 "Kaiser" Quartette, op. 76 No. 3.....Haydn
 Larghetto 2d Symphony, transcribed for trio.....Beethoven
 Suite in G Major, for Violin.....Ries
 (a) Moment Musical, "Bear Dance".....Schubert
 (b) Minuet Boccherini
 Trio, op. 49.....Mendelssohn

PERSONNEL.

String Quartette—1st violin, Ralph Wylie; 2d violin, Carolyn St. John Wylie; viola, Gerald Appy; violincello, Ernest Appy.
 Piano Trio—Piano, William L. Calhoun; 'cello, Ernest Appy; violin, Ralph Wylie.

Carthage, March 4, 1902.

W. C. E. SEEBOECK IN HIS OWN WORKS.

That gifted genius, Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck, has been playing a concert of his own works at the Fine Arts Building, Chicago. Naturally he ran to songs, having the assistance of a good soprano. Then, too, the enterprising Boston publisher, Mr. A. P. Schmidt, has taken a whole roll of the Seeboeck compositions, and some of those were given on this occasion for the first time in public. Mr. Seeboeck is one of those composers who writes as easily as he eats—in fact more easily, for a sheet of music paper is more easily come by than the price of a meal—and so, quite likely, Seeboeck more than once found it years ago before his talents began to be recognized. Mr. Seeboeck opened the program with a Preludium and Toccata, and later on gave a group of those delightful modern antiques of his, which look so easy and sound so sweet, yet represent musicianship of wholly unusual quality. His most questionable item was a collection called "Music of Nature," the numbers being "Rainbow," "Cascade," "By the Frog Pond," "Butterfly" and "Sunrise on a Misty Morning." No doubt these little affairs were playful enough, but they hardly illustrate a great talent at its best.

To give an idea of the experience Mr. Seeboeck has had as composer of songs it may be mentioned that the number of his pieces in that line number fully three hundred, and of these probably not a score have been published. Every one of the lot may be depended upon to be musical, suited to the words, elegant in counterpoint, and fluent for the voice.

The program on this occasion closed with two studies in the style of Paganini. The *Tribune* (Mr. W. L. Hubbard) gave Mr. Seeboeck's compositions a thoroughly fine notice. The present writer unfortunately missed the concert. But not from misesteem.

MINOR MENTION.

Mr. Albert Lockwood has been giving a series of historical piano recitals in connection with the school of music of the University of Michigan. The programs are notable for the very wide range they cover, being apparently nearly or quite the same as the interesting and imposing series played by Mr. Lockwood formerly and recorded in these pages. Mr. Lockwood is one of the best American scholars upon the pianoforte.

* * *

A pleasing little pamphlet has lately been issued by Pomona College, in California, intended to bring out in strong light the lovely surroundings and agreeable weather awaiting the student in that land where flowers blossom throughout the scholastic year, and excellent wine is available for making glad his heart, as the Scripture has it, at a minimum rate for cash. Pomona College is a flourishing institution. The music department, formerly in charge of the late Professor John C. Fillmore, is now in the care of Mr. W. Irving Andrus, formerly of Chicago.

* * *

Anyone making a collection of testimonials, a form of dissipation just coming in, will find in a pamphlet issued by a singer somewhere in Ohio, some complimentary specimens.

* * *

At Lima, Ohio, they have a musical club called the Listaniers, and among the subjects of work the present year were Schubert and Schumann, Rubinstein, Fugue, Favorite Composers, Nocturnes, Christmas Carols, Sacred Night (this must be a night for debut and Liszt), Waltzes and Ballades, Novelty or Birds, Barcarolle, Mozart, Opera, Aria and Symphony.

Some of these subjects have little or nothing in them. What, for instance, is to come out of such a subject as Barcarolle?

* * *

The first concert of the Lewiston and Auburn sections of the Maine Festival Chorus was given March 7, under the direction of Mr. Wm. R. Chapman, in person. It was very successful.

* * *

At a concert given by Miss Olive Mead, the violinist, in Boston, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach appeared as pianist, playing with Miss Mead the Kreutzer sonata of Beethoven and a solo number consisting of the Brahms Capriccio, op. 76, the third Chopin study (E major), and her own transcription of Richard Strauss' "Serenade." The latter is said to be very effective.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

COUNTING THE TIME AND FALSE NOTES.

"Will you kindly advise me upon the following points appertaining to the method of teaching rhythm in playing:

Would you have the pupil count, or would you count for them?

Would you bite the words "one," "two," etc., off short or would you spin them out?

Which goes faster, 3-4 or 6-8 measure? It looks to me as if the former might be faster.

Is it a good plan to double the number to count, making it four in 2-4 time?

What is a good remedy for a pupil striking continually wrong notes, sometimes two or three in every measure?

Would you have a pupil memorize the two hands separately or together?

What is the best way of increasing the tonal power? M. J. McG."

Teachers differ very much about the advisability of either counting for pupils or requiring them to count for themselves. You see what we are after is to secure a sense of rhythm so that the playing will go smoothly on, like the playing of an orchestra, but to give the usual methods of counting often seems to make the attention linger within the successive measures in place of going straight onwards. I have myself always required counting whenever it seemed to be difficult to the pupil; but when a pupil would rather count than not, I make them cease counting. It is the clock inside the pupil we are after, and when once this sense of rhythm is established, the less public advertising of the progress of the time the better. I do not advise counting with long words—but always staccato, on the beginning of the post. Never require doubling the number except where the subdivision of notes makes it difficult to apportion the time correctly, then discontinue the counting as soon as this is accomplished. Later on in fast movements it will assist the playing to take each measure as a unit and count them in groups of four, this will assist the pupil in getting the proper effect in presto movements.

It is impossible to say which goes faster, 3-4 or 6-8. In point of fact the half measure in 6-8 is approximately equal to the quarter note in 2-4 or 4-4; but then the tempo may be anywhere from Adagio to Allegro molto, and this would make a difference.

The pupil who habitually plays false notes is inattentive and there will be differences of opinion as to which would preferably die, the

teacher who had permitted such carelessness or the pupil who had shown such indifference. You will have to settle that with the pupil. A pupil who digresses out of the scale and key in any kind of simple passage is ignorant or careless, or both, and does not listen in the least to the music of what she is playing. Begin with the latter and work at her until you break her of the fact. Perhaps if you can find some piece which she likes, she will have decency and pride enough to really try to play it as the author wrote it. There is a great difference in teachers in their power to control attention. This is the point to strike.

M.



REVIEWS AND NOTICES

ELEMENTS AND NOTATION OF MUSIC. By James M. McLaughlin. Boston, Ginn & Co. Cloth, small 12mo., pp. 120.

In this work Mr. McLaughlin has undertaken a very important and much needed task. All the existing series of school readers in music ignore terminology and definitions, or give but a few, and those generally not very well. The consequence is that teachers are often at loss for short and precise definitions for the most ordinary facts of music, either in what are called its "elements" or in the notation.

In preparing for this work Mr. McLaughlin states that he has referred to the following list of authorities: Music, H. C. Bannister; Musical Theory, J. Curwen; The Music Teacher, J. Evans and W. G. McNaught; Harmony and Meter, Hauptmann; Musical Expression, M. Lussy; School of Composition, A. B. Marx; Evolution of the Art of Music, C. Hubert H. Parry; Musical Forms, E. Pauer; Musical Form, E. Prout; Catechism of Musical History, H. Riemann; Harmony Simplified, H. Riemann; Articles on Accent, Measure, Meter, Rhythm, etc., in Grove's Dictionary, Riemann's Dictionary, etc. It is a long and a very strong list.

But "No American need apply."

In working out the plan according to these highly esteemed authorities, Mr. McLaughlin has generally been successful; but at times he would have done better to infuse into the result a trifle more of American precision and directness. The truth is that of all the English theorists the tonic sol-fa people alone observe scrupulously the radical principle regarding all musical definitions, which is that music being an art addressing the ear, all definitions must be in terms of ear and musical effect, and not in terms of eye. Music is wholly intelligible by ear and so ought to be its definitions; notation is a convention, and is also related to ear effects. For this reason I would have been glad of a finer discrimination in a few places in this sincere and admirably made little book. And in pointing out a few of these places I am doing it only to direct attention to the need of a still finer exactness of expression than we have as yet attained. It will be remembered that musical terminology has always been extremely lax in English, owing to the prevalence of teachers who have received all their theoretical instruction in German, and who, while using terms fairly well in that tongue, have conformed to what they have supposed to be authoritative English usage, as shown in such misleading varlets as Burrowe's Primer and the like.

Lowell Mason began this work towards defining the elements of music as long ago as 1834, in his *Manual of the Boston Academy of Music*. From the standpoint of the present that work, which no doubt cost Mr. Mason a vast amount of study, is but child's play; yet he analyzes clearly, and while missing some of the fine points, generally holds himself clear between the matters of the *thing* itself (music, to hear) and notation and definition (signs, to see). Later on Dr. Mason made very great advances; but he was not what we now call a musician, although for his day and opportunities a most remarkable man and a commanding personality, to be reckoned with upon the highest possible plane.

Other Americans who have worked along this line were the late Dr. Geo. F. Root, Dr. H. R. Palmer, who has proposed several important simplifications, and the present writer. (*Primer of Music* by William Mason and the undersigned, *Primer of Form*, etc.) I am not aware whether Mr. Luther Whiting Mason particularly advanced terminology, as I have never read any of his books in their original form, but at all events the Americans have shown more care in this point than most Englishmen. Riemann, of course, is a real pedagogue, who holds his ideas clearly defined, and in German he is pretty exact. But to pass to the few suggestions upon Mr. McLaughlin's work.

I object to employing the word *tone* to signify an interval. Mr. McLaughlin introduces this term correctly in his No. 3, as a sound, but he does not perfect it by explaining that the word *tone* is used for a particular kind of sound—namely, a musical sound. Then in his No. 36 he declares that the distance in pitch between a line and space is sometimes what is called a *tone*—which is very bad, and he ought not to have done it.

He defines music as "the effect of music produced by the (intelligent) combinations of sounds in rhythmic, melodic and harmonic order." I would amend by inserting the word in parenthesis. Again, the horizontal position of the lines of the staff depends upon the way in which the book is held; but a staff is a staff, even when the book is held at any angle, although the lines will not then lie in a horizontal plane. The staff has six spaces—everybody knows that except the makers of text-books. The first additions we make to an insufficient staff are the added lines. I think it was Dr. Geo. F. Root who introduced this improvement, about thirty-three years ago. Dr. Palmer resisted like a strong man, declaring that since the books said that the staff had four spaces, it was hardihood, undue temerity, and epoch-marking foolishness to try to change it. *Sic transit*.

I do not think it quite correct to say: (No. 38, speaking of the chromatic scale) "Each of the twelve parts or sounds is called a semitone, and is the smallest division recognized." In the first place, the word *semitone*, if it must be used in place of the much better German equivalent of half-step, is used of the interval, and *not* of the sounds. A post is one thing, a hole another. The tones are the posts which

mark the limits of the post-holes, or in this case the distances between posts, the semitones. There is no very good objection to Mr. McLaughlin's expression that sharps denote the raising of the pitch of a line or space. In general, I consider it more easy to speak of chromatics indicating elevations or depressions of pitch than of restricting it to the lines or spaces, since in all cases the elevation has taken place previously in the music itself, before coming to the question of writing it. A sharp five exists in the music before the composer writes it down; and so of all accidentals or even of signatures. But in general Mr. McLaughlin is much clearer and more unobjectionable than the great majority of writers.

I do not understand it to be true among musicians that when the flags of 16ths or other short notes are connected the notes thus joined are said to be "*tied*" (No. 72), the word tie has another and very different meaning in music. This definition is correctly given in No. 82, except that it is easier to say it in this way: "A tie is a curved line connecting two notes of the same pitch, to show that the second is a continuation of the first;" than to say as Mr. McLaughlin does: "A tie is a curved line above or below two notes of the same pitch, which indicates that they are to be performed like one note equal in length to the two." The simplification above has been suggested these twenty years or so by the present writer, and published in various text-books of his own and others, and it was missed in this case through too exclusive reverence for foreign authorities. Even Mr. McLaughlin is a vast improvement over Burrowes, who declared that a tie was a curved line "drawn above or below two notes upon the same degree of the staff, to show that the second note was not to be struck." This definition fails at both ends; ties frequently affect notes upon different degrees of the staff, in harmonic relations; and no "note" need be "struck." Even composers and theorists are rarely "struck," although they occasionally deserve it.

I suppose that the primal thing which a note signifies is a *musical utterance*, as distinguished from any other kind of utterance. This amendment was proposed about forty years ago by Mr. J. William Sufferin, an original and unconventional genius who about that period used to take a whack at American musical culture in the outlying districts. Occasionally he had an idea. This was one of them. Rests are not so much marks of silence as a particular kind of silence—namely, rhythmic silence—i. e., silence during which rhythm goes on.

The English definition which Mr. McLaughlin quotes of rhythm as "the arrangement of musical phrases or sentences in regular metrical form, as regards accent and quality," is no improvement, that I can see, upon Lowell Mason's merely general formula that rhythm means "measured flow." Musical rhythm is an extremely complicated term, including among others the following concepts, all of which have to lie in the background before a true concept of musical rhythm can be awakened: Pulsation, accent, measure, the rhythmic motion against

or above the measure (as of varied lengths above an underlying 3-4), a combination of such motions going on at the same time, each contrasting against the other and all overlying the pulsation and measure, and the phrase, section and period grouping, as well as the larger grouping. In short, the term rhythm includes pretty much all the organization of a music piece in time. Hence no really adequate and simple definition can be given. It is too much like trying to define space or time. Space is no doubt the "somewhat in which physical changes of position take place;" and time "that in which modifications of consciousness take place"—but do we know any more about them after the definitions than before? I think, therefore, that for a first, a tentative and merely crude and general definition of rhythm, Lowell Mason's "measured flow" is accurate enough.

In his No. 134 Mr. McLaughlin is probably incorrect. He is speaking of syncopation, in this case a 4-4 form with a half note on the second beat. And he adds: "The anticipation or disturbance of accent may be more strongly marked by the use of a sign called an emphasis, stress or accent, and he gives both the vertical angle and the horizontal one. Now, first, the vertical angle never properly means accent. Those who occasionally print it in that meaning simply ignore careful usage. The vertical angle means *tenuto*, hold the note out its full length. As to the remainder of his facts, if he means that the addition of the mark renders the accent more strongly marked to the eye, he is correct, and I have no difference with him; but if he means, as I think he would be understood, that the addition of the accent mark signifies a stronger displaced accent, I think he is wrong. I understand that every tone which begins a beat or half beat before an accent, whether primary or secondary, and holds over across the accent, thus making it impossible to be given, in reality takes the accent thus displaced, anticipates the accent. Generally (but not always) the true rhythm goes on in other voices; but occasionally Schumann changes his measure by this mode of writing, as for instance in the *Faschingschwank aus Wein*, where for several periods, I believe, he has what is in fact a 2-4, while the measure is still written in 3-4. He has another instance of this in the finale of his pianoforte concerto. In this case I agree with Christiani that it would have been better to have changed the measure signature—although Mr. Godowsky does not agree with me, saying that as he felt it the real measure went on all the time under this prolonged syncopation.

I think it unfortunate that Mr. McLaughlin should have given the definition of the scale as "a determinate series of sounds, differing from each other by well-defined steps or degrees." No doubt this takes in some of the symptoms of being a scale. But the true conception, it seems to me, is that a scale consists of the tones of a key arranged in order according to the pitch. The fundamental fact in music in tonality is *key*, the grouping of certain chords, the nature of which determine the precise place of all the tones composing them; these tones,

when drawn out into a regularly ascending or descending series, constitute a scale. I think it unfortunate that the children begin so much from the scale standpoint. We are now in position to know more about this than they were in Lowell Mason's time (who began this making the scale the starting point of elementary singing). We now know that whereas this scale idea was perfectly true from the standpoint of the Greeks, who had not only two modes, but seven, according as they started from one tone or another of the plain diatonic scale, our two modes of major and minor, while seeming to be survivals of the Greek scales, are in fact surviving because they are harmonically determined. Tonality, melody, all tonal expression in our modern music are now primarily questions of harmony. And the earlier we begin to build up our teaching from this conception, the more rapidly our pupils will progress towards entering into the complications of the higher music.

The chromatic scale, of course, is not a scale according to the foregoing definition; it stands for the entire tonal system, out of which the modal scales are selections.

So also I fancy that the Greek concept of tetrachords has now lost its usefulness and would better be relegated to the past where it meant something.

Another unfortunate presentation is that of measure, which in reality is the distance between two strong pulsations; it is indeed represented by the space between two bars—i. e., the primary form of measure; but what of the other measure forms, such as those from the second, third or fourth pulsation to the corresponding place after the next bar? These are not only very usual forms of measure, but often an essential part of the characteristic effect by means of which the composer establishes a mood. These things are heard easily enough by any one who is musical; why not include them among our elements?

I note one rather serious typographical error; No. 351: The chord of the supertonic in the minor mode is not minor, as here stated, but diminished. This is plainly a printer's error.

But to return to our author and his excellent and useful little book. It will be observed that despite the length to which these comments have extended, the criticisms have confined themselves to some six or eight out of the total of 364 which the book contains. And while in a few instances there is more than a criticism involved, namely a standpoint, still all this talk ought to be taken as a study towards a still greater exactness in later editions.

It is a well-conceived work, carried out in fine spirit. Alas, that perfection should be so hard to attain!

W. S. B. M.

* * *

GROSSE KOMPOSITIONSLEHRE. Von Hugo Riemann, Dr. Phil. und Mus. Berlin und Stuttgart, Verlag von W. Spemann. Vol. 1. Octavo, pp. 530.

Of all writers at present occupied in disseminating musical knowledge and of clearing up musical ideas in their essence and in their

immediate application to art-results, Dr. Riemann, professor of musical science in Leipsic University, stands easily foremost. Occasionally he takes up an undesirable lead, as (in the estimation of the present writer) in his system of *underklang* chords and minor modes. Also in trying to do too much with marks in his editions of classical works for pianoforte, and in placing too much stress upon the notion that any note upon the last beat of a measure or the last fraction of a beat is necessarily an up stroke to the next phrase. A fractional pulse at the end of the measure is probably always in the nature of an up stroke; but a full pulse not invariably. In other works, however, and especially in his monumental Dictionary, he has placed his generation under a load of permanent indebtedness. To this load he here again makes contribution. He undertakes to bring together the principles of free musical composition, supposing that the student has already mastered his technique in harmony, counterpoint and canonic imitation. He begins with a chapter upon the elements of music, or, as he calls them, the element of expression, the scale, measure, chords, etc., which, in view of the previous preparation supposed to have preceded this book, might have been spared, as Professor Prout has well pointed out. Then he goes on concerning the development of motives into phrases, modifications of the phrase through changes and elisions, the means of varying a melody, the accompanying harmony, the song, plain chorus work, and thematic handling in the larger forms of instrumental music. Each of these chapters is carried out upon a large scale, ranging from forty to seventy-five pages each, and with a wealth of historical explanation eminently pleasing, although in many cases simplified through the previous work of the late Professor Phillip Spitta, along certain lines.

The two most important previous works in this province in German were the four volume treatises of A. B. Marx and the late J. C. Lobe. Dr. Marx was pleasing, suggestive, and at times exhibited insight. His handling of musical form was the best up to fifty years ago. Lobe was less systematic, but also pleasing and full of suggestions. Dr. Riemann seems to the present reviewer to have made a more useful work than either of those, and it will be interesting to note how he carries it out in the second volume.

In a recent issue of the English Musical Record (Augener) there was a beautiful article by Professor Niecks upon this work of Dr. Riemann, in which the veteran and most artistic judge commends and criticizes in a manner as penetrating as it is gentle and considerate.

Everybody knows that a real mastery of musical composition must grow out of genius combined with vast practice under intelligent supervision. A book like this of Dr. Riemann, therefore, is one to be read for suggestions, rather than a collection of rules which can be learned and demonstrated by means of examinations. With this reservation the book is one to be read with interest and profit by all who happen to have the German language among their working properties.

The too confiding student may well be warned, however, against Dr. Riemann's phrasings in some of his examples. He cut apart his 8ths and 16ths in a way which conveys more idea of break than the sense warrants. For instance, in Handel's *Harmonious Blacksmith* (p. 144) he makes the first three notes into one phrase; then five notes, ending upon the accent of the second measure; he now goes a full measure, despite the obvious repetition of one little motive. The second period begins with a phrase of four notes, then one of six, then a full measure, a phrase of three, six, etc., following the former pattern. Moreover, he displaces the bars, commencing the melody upon the second beat. This is a point where Dr. Riemann disagrees with the late Mr. Handel, who from his forty years' experience as operatic composer and conductor may be supposed to have had on the whole an adequate idea of the proper location of the bars in melodies of his own construction. When he inadvertently assimilated a melody belonging to another composer, as he not infrequently did, he might perhaps have erred; although even this is questionable. The student will do well to take all of Dr. Riemann's amendments of this kind with rather more than a grain of salt.

* * *

ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY. Part 2. *Indian Land Cessions in United States*. Compiled by Charles C. Royce, with an Introduction by Cyrus Thomas. Large Octavo, pp. 997 67. Colored Maps.

It is, of course, impossible in a notice to do more than call attention to the extremely wide ground covered by this monumental publication, which will form a reference book of inestimable value for many purposes. It is gotten out in the usual finished style of the publications of the Smithsonian Institution. It forms the conclusion of the preceding volume, which is so rich in information concerning the habits and progress of the Alaskan Indians especially. The index to the entire two volumes is given in this second part.

The maps give the boundaries of all the cessions made by the Indians since the government was founded. The total number is about 720, and in some cases, California, almost the entire area of the state is covered by these cessions. In other cases the Indian possessions were extinguished prior to the formation of the union.

* * *

(From M. P. Belaieff, Leipzig.)

FIRST SONATA, IN B FLAT MINOR. For Piano. By Alexandre Glazounov. Op. 74.
Allegro Moderato.
Andante in F sharp major.
Finale.

This newest of sonatas is the first of the distinguished Russian composer, Alexandre Glazounov, who seems just now the most promising personality in the musical world—at least as composer. Nor yet promising alone, for his successful works have been played all over the world

and have made known his unusual and entirely unexpected qualities as melodist, in which respect he ranks very high among the immortals. This sonata is long, quite difficult and very serious work; yet, despite its length and the highly excited mood of the first movement, a mood analogous to those of Beethoven's first part of the pathétique sonata, and the last sonata of all the work is full of musical effects, and it is not wonder that his friend, the celebrated Russian virtuoso, Siloti, is making a good effect with it in his concerts in Europe this season.

The freedom of modulation and the variety of keys into which the piece gets itself would have struck dismay to all that class of classical writers of whom the late Charles Salaman of London speaks so charmingly in other pages of this magazine. For instance, to mention merely those changes which are recorded in the signatures, the first movement, opening in the key of B flat minor, with a second subject in the key of D flat, goes into B minor, G minor, D minor, E minor, A minor, and so back to B flat minor, the second subject being recapitulated in B flat major.

This first movement is like a symphony in its freedom and strength. The writing for piano, while not pianistic in the sense employed by the pianists of the Chopin school, is still capable of effect. The motion is tumultuous, the left hand having a great deal to do, a little in the manner of the Chopin study in C minor, known as the revolutionary study. Over this restless motion, which is not a regularly ascending and descending figure, the right hand has a strongly impassioned syncopated chord-like figure. In the final outcome the left hand puts in this element over its previously taken basses, while the right hand has the figuration above. It would be interesting to hear this work played with as much beauty of tone as Siloti would give it, for he is a pianist who always manages to have a fine tone.

The second movement is in the key of F sharp major. The idea is a short one in itself, but owing to the manner of its development the result is a highly beautiful and interesting Andante. It is not a movement which the classical musician will like the first time he tries it, but it is capable of being played with beautiful effect. On the third and last movement is a finale, in B flat, but touching a variety of keys in the development, and ending in a forceful and brilliant mood, still impassioned, and like the other movements requiring a pianist of the first class to play with entire satisfaction. The work as a whole is long, extending to thirty-nine pages. If Glazounov will continue in this line of serious views in music, there is a chance of his attaining a rank rarely surpassed in the history of the pianistic art.

* * *

(From A. P. Schmidt.)

THE LOTUS FLOWER. Song. By Paul Ambrose. Op. 19.

A very singable and musical setting; also very pleasing; of the famous poem by Heine. This is a song with which almost any singer might make an effect.

PIECES FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO. By Basil Althaus. Op. 63.

Renouveau. Valse.

Resignation. Reverie.

These pieces are intended for young players and those who do not care for all the difficulties which some of the older players so delight in. Musical and practicable.

* * *

EVERMORE. SACRED SONG. By Augusto Rotoli.

An effective song for church use upon words by Francis Havergal. Rather more variety of musical expression than usual in this class of songs, and modern in treatment.

* * *

THE MOON SHINES PALE. By James H. Rogers.

A pleasant song for soprano, the words by that ingenuous daughter of womanhood, Amalie Rives. Music well adapted to the words, being sweet, melodious and unpretentious.

* * *

TWO SONGS FOR VOICE AND PIANO. By Edna Rosalind Park.

My Love.

Thy Name.

Now that the young woman is coming on as composer, the tyrant man bids fair to learn a few things which, if assimilated, will perhaps render his own music making more restful, inspiring and nourishing, for the young woman is nothing if not impassioned. The case here in point is a good illustration. In the first, the poem is by Arthur Diehl. The song is in the key of D, laid for dramatic soprano. The musical handling of "The burning flame, the fierce hot fire of discontent, of wild desire for joy," are treated with the warmth and abandon properly demanded by poetic properties of this potency. Highly impassioned, not unmusical.

The second is upon a queer conceit, very likely by the composer herself, who prefers to remain anonymous.

In the musical handling the highest ecstasy seems reached when the bird within the thick-leaved tree burst into song. But the rising of the sun is also an emphatic story. In short, a fantasy in which a singer addicted to delivering language in an understandable manner might make an effect.

The world seems warmer and more friendly after perusing a few songs of this kind. What, then, must it be to hear them?

* * *

PIANO PIECES BY E. R. KROEGER.

Three Mythological Scenes. Op. 46.

Scherzo. Op. 45.

These handsomely printed four pieces by that clever American author, Mr. E. R. Kroeger, of St. Louis, are likely to gain some time not a little attention from American teachers and players. The first of the mythological scenes is entitled Ario, and the party in question is furnished with a good baritone melody through which to express him-

self withal, and admirable appointments generally, up to about the fifth or sixth grade of piano work. The second, called "The Waters of Lethe," are by no means waters to be forgotten in a moment, since the piece is in effect a study for left hand, in running and rolling work, analogous to that of Chopin in his 12th study in the opus 10. The running figure, which first appears upon the tonic and dominant of G major, is carried into various other keys, some of them not so handy for the player. Over this he has a good melody in thirds, and there is also a middle part in which a different kind of work is taken up, of the interlocking variety. It is a piece with which an effect might be made, pleasing and showy. Excellent for practice. The third of these mythological scenes is called Ixion, and consists of fast running work, co-operative and otherwise. A good study.

The Scherzo has an admirable rhythm and conduces to brilliant playing. It also is worthy of attention.

* * *

COMPOSITIONS BY ERNEST V. LACHMUND.

It is sometimes a disadvantage to belong to a distinguished family. Here, for instance, is Mr. Ernest Lachmund, younger brother of the well-known litterateur and artist, Mr. Carl Lachmund, who has issued a variety of pieces of music of different sizes and intentions, yet the innermost intention of all too often fails, for in place of his receiving the credit belonging to thoroughly well done work the credit is too often passed over to his older brother, who already has good marks enough in his favor. It is the way of the world, but not a good way.

Here, for instance, are four pieces for piano solo. The first is a Concert Waltz, a good fifth-grade piece, available for finger study. With good usage it might produce a very pretty effect. Then there are three shorter pieces, practically within the fourth grade. A Petite Valse, Album Leaf and Rondo. All three are much better than the ordinary run of teaching music. The album leaf is practically a nocturne.

There is also a Valse Serenade, for violoncello and piano, which will be available upon many occasions of a social or concert nature, since the 'cello part is not difficult, but expressive, and lying in the best range of the instrument.

There are two songs: "O Moonlight, Deep and Tender" and another upon verses by Jean Ingelow, "Heigho, Daisies and Buttercups!" which is treated in an arch manner. Perhaps the best of the lot is the third, "Vesper," words by Eichendorf: "The evening bells were ringing thro' the quiet vale," which is set seriously and musicianly.

The work as a whole is thoroughly commendable and musicianly. The pieces were printed in Berlin, but a New York publisher has the American agency.

* * *

(From Clayton F. Summy Co.)

"MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME." By S. C. Foster. Arranged for Male Quartette or Chorus by Frederic W. Root.

An effective and welcome arrangement.



FRANZ SCHUBERT.

MUSIC.

APRIL, 1902

PORTABLE ORGANS.

PREFERRED PRINCIPLES OF PROGRESSIVE DEVELOPMENT IN
PORTABLE ORGANS, AND POSSIBLE FEATURES OF
THEIR TONAL EQUIPMENT.

BY GEORGE W. WALTER, MUS. DOC.

Any instrument of the tonal range of ordinary voices must be capable of sounding, singly or in combination, at least the thirty-seven notes of the chromatic scale, preferably from F F to f-2, Diapason pitch. An organ of this capacity would possess a chest of one register :

Chest I—FF—f₂, Diapason,
with a keyboard of compass according, and, though curiously small, could serve at the altar, or in convents, small missions, schools, &c.

For instrumental purposes, however, the chest should include the four lower octaves of the Diapason :

Chest I—CC—c₃, Diapason.
with a keyboard of compass according.

From this point all attempts at enlargement under traditional methods of organ building have hampered portables with a complexity of unreliable devices, increasing in fatal ratio to that of the field afforded for operation, much the same as in large organs but in more rapid degree. With portables on such lines the variety of their parts so exceeded their musical capacity that the question of bulk alone soon set a limit to tonal progression.

In the efforts for development in appearance and tone two errors were usually perpetrated—the first, an extension of manual compass; the second, the employment of an Octave

Coupler always incomplete, whatever compass the manual might have. These errors deprived the player of options; the instruments so made were ineffective and monotonous; the keeping down of size became a problem; the remainder is history.

With organ building as an art, it is due to recent developments that a satisfactory degree of progression in portables is now possible.

With a reduced form of main chest C-c4, and an annex second chest C C-B B, this little outfit can be made to yield the effect of two complete yet separately playable registers :

Chest, II (Annex); Pipes, CC-BB; Keys, CC-BB—Diapason.

Chest, I; Pipes, C-c3; Keys, C-c3—Diapason.

Chest, I; Pipes, C-c4; Keys, C-c4—Principal.

Note: For some situations and requirements of tone quality, pipes of Spitz Flote pattern, smaller scale, would be preferable to those of Diapason.

In this way both registers are available separately, or in combination, with the full effect of each preserved entire; hence, instead of two limited effects of one complete single and one incomplete double, we now have three entire separate effects—one complete double and two complete singles.

It must now be obvious why an Octave Coupler to our Diapason would have deprived us of the variety and independence of tonal results thus far attained. And had Principal pipes been added in kind, their increase of bulk would yield no greater effect than already exists without them. By obtaining our "Principal" effect without an Octave Coupler the registers are kept separate, and the way opened for an increased field of developments to be shown in the schemes later to follow.

Further evolution of our one Diapason into a variety of unison effects is still possible without addition of extra registers in kind. For this purpose we will exchange it for two sets of Principals, C-c4 each. The small Chest I of previous model will hold the first Principal complete. For holding the second principal the small Chest II would be merely our for-

mer Annex Chest extended—no extra depth required. Instead of planting on this second chest the pipes of the second Principal, substitute for them a corresponding number of wooden pipes of practically same length but fitted with stopions.

We have now the meager outfit of two little 4 ft. chests possible of disposal so as to afford an organ of separately available manual registers in 16 ft., 8 ft. and 4 ft. effects.

Chest, II C-c₂; Keys, c-c₃; Bourdon Treble—37-16 ft.

Chest, II CC-BB; Keys, C-B; Bourdon Bass—24-16 ft.

And 12 qualifying tubes with cut offs so that only lowest tube played would sound.

Resonators, CCC-BBB, to keys CC-BB; Bourdon Bass—24-16 ft.

Chest, II CC-BB; Keys; CC-BB—Open Diapason—24-8 ft.

Chest, I C-c₃; Keys, C-c₃—Open Diapason—37-8 ft.

Chest, II CC-c₃; Keys, CC-c₃—Stopped Diapason—61-8 ft.

Chest, I C-c₄; Keys, CC-c₃—Principal—61-8 ft.

This model of organ would support an average choir chorus, and equipped with Pedale Keyboard would form a portable one manual student organ.

With some little change and insignificant additions to this outfit it can be made to develop a variety of melodic effects, with an apparently separate accompaniment of tone quality in contrast to that of the melody played.

Add, as before, a 12-note Annex Chest which we may designate for the present as Chest III. To this Chest III transplant the twelve lower pipes of Chest II. The pipes now remaining on upper portion of Chest II (the remnant of what our former second Principal was exchanged for) may in their turn be exchanged for wooden pipes of same size but open, with twelve more of the same model to be planted in the octave space left vacant by the previous transfer to Chest III. The pipes of Chest I are to remain as before. This disposition makes possible the effects of an organ as follows:

Chest, II C-c₂; Keys, c-c₃—Contra Melodia, 37—37-16 ft.

Chest, I c-c₃; Keys, c-c₃—Open Diapason, 37—37-16 ft.

Chest, III CC-BB; Keys, CC-BB—Diapason Bass, 24—61-8 ft.

Chest, I C-B; Keys, C-B—Diapason Bass, 24—61-8 ft.

Chest, II c-3; Keys, c-c₃—Claribel, 37—61-8 ft.

Chest, III CC-BB; Keys, CC-BB—Melodia Bass, 24—61-8 ft.

Chest, II C-B; Keys, C-B—Melodia Bass, 24—61-8 ft.

Chest, I c2-c4; Keys, c-c3—Principal, 37—61-4 ft.

Chest, I C-b; Keys, CC-B—Octave, 24—61-4 ft.

Chest, II c2-c4; Keys, c-c3—Flute, 37—61-4 ft.

Chest, II C-b; Keys, CC-B—Melophon, 24—61-4 ft.

To this might now be added 24 qualifying tubes CCC-BB, with cut offs, so that only lowest one played would sound.—Sub Bass—24-16 ft.

Also one total in combination, not operating register previously drawn.—Full Organ.

This disposition of outfit makes possible on a single keyboard the effect of a Church Organ of Two Manuals and Pedale Bass.

With this little one manual organ an ordinary player can perform sacred and instrumental music from the most simple type onwards, and can easily render a Melody with its accompaniment in contrast, including an apparently independent moving Pedale Bass, all at one time, from one keyboard, and with the hands alone. For choral accompaniment no reed instrument made could compare with this organ, nor for that matter has any strictly portable organ of its size made ever contained its range of effects.

We have now reached the limit of evolution possible from our original outfit of one Diapason, and probably also the limit of depth dimension that could be allowed to an organ strictly portable, i. e., permanently built in one section complete, secured throughout against displacement of parts in transportation, yet possible to be mounted on casters and passed in one piece through the doorways of an ordinary house.

Before further increasing the variety of effects and accompaniments, the bass for our present unisons should first be strengthened. An open metal bass will complete our open Diapason and may also serve as bass to the Claribel. The length of these new bass pipes will require them to be planted low and preferably on outside of case. In transportation they would have to be boxed as an extra. The depth occupied by Annex Chest III can now be utilized by a new Chest III for the pipes of a string toned register C-c3. This register should also be carried down to CC, either in qualifiers or in kind planted with Diapason.

These additions equip the instrument with a variety of body tones, solo and accompaniment effects, as follows:

- Chest, II C-c2; Keys, c-c3—Contra Melodia.
- Chest, I c-c3; Keys, c-c3—Open Diapason.
- Chest, In Case, CC-BB; Keys, CC-BB—Diapason Bass.
- Chest, I C-B; Keys, C-B—Diapason Bass.
- Chest, III c-c3; Keys, c-c3—Salicional.
- Chest, In Case or Resonators, CC-BB; Keys, CC-BB—Viola.
- Chest, III C-B; Keys, C-B—Viola.
- Chest, II c-c3; Keys, c-c3—Claribel.
- Chest, In Case, CC-BB; Keys, CC-BB—Claribel.
- Chest, II C-B; Keys, C-B—Melodia Bass.
- Chest, I c2-c4; Keys, c-c3—Principal.
- Chest, I C-b; Keys, CC-B—Octave.
- Chest, III C-b; Keys, CC-B—Celestina.
- Chest, II c2-c4; Keys, c-c3—Flute.
- Chest, II C-b; Keys, CC-B—Melophon.
- Chest, Resonators, CCC-BB; Keys, CC-B—Sub Bass.
- Chest, Combination—Full Organ.

The treble effect to Celestina is purposely omitted, because unnecessary in combination with any of the other registers; moreover, by its absence the tone balance is better preserved. To this size of instrument a set of Pedale Keys would be welcome to those accustomed to them.

At this stage may properly be considered the question of extending the manual compass. In my opinion any manual compass beyond four octaves in single manual portable organs is of advantage only to the skilled soloists in instrumental work and therefore a matter of optional extra at the order of the purchaser. Any additional register, however, unless to the Pedale, would be of no practical benefit to this one manual type, for it is tonally complete and capable of effects that could not be produced on an ordinary two manual organ of three times its size.

At this point, then, we may consider the possibilities of a two manual form:

MANUAL I.

- Chest, I—Open Diapason.
- Chest, I—Principal.

MANUAL II.

Chest, III—Salicional.

Chest, II—Claribel.

Chest, II—Flute.

(with the usual couplers, &c., for a two manual form.)

Here we have the optical luxury of two manuals and yet can not produce from them what our one manual plan was capable of. We have lost the solo effects formerly available in combination; we have lost the effects of accompaniment and every desired contrast in singles; the only effects remaining are those of mere totals in alternate.

Why is it, then, that an apparent increase of means should prevent so much and yield so little?

In all the centuries of organ building every organ constructed in two manual form has been an error. The elements of its tonal outfit must be arbitrarily disposed so as to maintain tone balance in each of its two compounds. The use of any element is restricted to the field of its assignment. No element can be used in contrast with any other assigned to same compound. Nor can two or more elements be combined from different compounds unless by coupling; in this coupling the added element is always deprived of melodic contrast with its associate.

In organs of two manuals, coupling cancels the field of one compound by confining it to that of the other, hence the combination of any two elements not in same compound will always be without contrast, because the very combination itself absorbs two fields for its mere existence, leaving nothing for exchange, and thus precludes the enjoyment of separate speech to the entire remainder of the outfit.

The musical congestion of a largely stuffed two manual organ is tensely deplorable. No matter how distributed, any assignment of stops confined in two manual form will deprive the two compounds of a field for contrasting their elements in variable assortment, and the tonal outfit will always be inaccessible for what it would otherwise be capable of. The form chosen prevents the effects of optional tone transfer. The individual or combined display of stops, other than total, is restricted to a limited set of alternates, but few of which are de-

sirable, and these few are necessarily worked over and over in tiresome stencils of succession, the dreary drooling that betokens the registration of this class of instrument.

There never was, is not, never will and never can be any two manual organ of more than two manual registers but that some of its stops will be wanted apart from or in opposite location to their respective manuals without involving the remainder thereof as to speech or silence.

This is equivalent to calling for duplicates, and the larger the outfit the greater will be this duplication required. In recognition of this want, organs of two manuals up to fifty years ago were virtually so equipped in kind.

To allay modern inquiry of anxious stove dealers and kindred authorities in organ purchase as to the extravagance of this open liberality of sameness, resort has been had in later years to a substitution of similarities carefully designated with a view to attaining the semblance of variety.

But the stove man is eminently correct. Ingenuity in labeling knobs may disguise duplication, but can not of itself produce the needed contrasts in tone qualities. And this substitution of similarities at a loss of variety is a waste of outfit for which the purchaser pays unnecessary premium. Moreover, as the field of any two manual organ will always be insufficient for the display of an unduplicated outfit, what, therefore, must be its inadequacy when loaded with duplicates, real or disguised?

Organs in two manual form block registration and hamper the intelligent player to exasperation. They might serve for the leisurely manipulations of bank clerks, or to squalling boy choirs as a background from whence aggregates of monotony are conferred in two degrees by churning the swell pedal, but can never fulfill the purpose of organ playing as an art.

To return, then, to our little outfit, which was too much for two manuals. The principles of its tonal equipment will now serve to demonstrate why organs in two manual form should not be built.

Good registration is possible with a very small number of registers provided they are properly disposed and of correctly

apportioned variety. To that end the chests of our outfit, as any other, should be given enough field. It is at this stage that Couplers in kind can be sensibly employed.

MANUAL I.

Chest, III—Contra Viola.
Chest, I—Open Diapason.
Chest, I—Principal.

MANUAL II.

Chest, II—Claribel.
Chest, II—Flute.

MANUAL III.

Chest, III—Salicional.

PEDALE.

CLAVIER COUPLINGS.

30 Notes—Sub Bass.
Manual II to Manual I.
Manual III to Manual I.
Manual III to Manual II.
Manual I to Pedale.
Manual II to Pedale.
Manual III to Pedale.

PEDALE MOVEMENTS.

Reversible I to Pedale.
Full Organ.

We now have a form in which the elements of our outfit are accessible from different directions; it is therefore capable of being combined in variable proportions. The result is a clear field for registration, gratifying to the expert and encouraging to the student. This instrument is worthy of full manual compass and the Pedale deserves a register of 16 ft. tone in pipes. As a studio organ, portable in sections, nothing so complete with so little material has to my knowledge ever been devised. It is at least unique as a three manual model with the material of only three manual registers, but so disposed as to permit interpretation of the art of organ playing.

Washington, February, 1902.

RICHARD STRAUSS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. MARNOLD.

Born at Munich, June 11, 1864, Richard Strauss has scarcely reached his thirty-eighth year, yet for quite a long time already he has enjoyed in Germany a veritable glory. There are the Strauss supporters and the anti-Strauss faction, as previously there have been Wagnerians and anti-Wagnerians. By means of his works his fame has crossed the Rhine and even the Atlantic. We are hearing in our turn these strange or violent compositions, and, despite the diversity of impressions concerning them it is necessary to admit that, since the death of Bruckner and Brahms, it is impossible to mention a living German composer whose productions and the personality they reveal offer so lively and powerful an interest.

The work of M. Strauss is already considerable in volume. Some sixty opus numbers have been published; songs, choruses, piano music, chamber music, symphonies, symphonic poems and at least two music dramas, a fact which demonstrates an artistic activity displaying itself in all varieties of musical form.

It was in 1881 that the performance of a symphony in F Minor, under the direction of Levi, attracted attention to the young musician. It would be interesting to know whether this was the symphony published later as opus 12. It is constructed after the classic form and in no way exhibits revolutionary tendencies. It shows above all a skillful technique, very rare with young men of seventeen; one meets there highly creditable thematic developments and the work as a whole testifies to preoccupations of a serious kind and elevated aspirations.

Nevertheless the first works of Mr. Strauss present little interest except from the point of view of the evolution of his thought.

He showed himself there a consummate musician, an absolute master of his art, even while as yet his extreme youth prevented his defining a mature personality.

In an excellent study lately published in the *Revue de Paris*, M. Romain Rolland informs us that it was in 1885 that

Mr. Strauss encountered the man whose ideas were destined to have upon him a most decisive influence. It was Alexander Ritter, an estimable violinist and concertmaster, and composer of several operas.

"Before having known him," said Mr. Strauss, "I had been trained in a discipline strictly classical; I had been nourished exclusively upon Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, and I expected to go on to Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann and Brahms. It is to Ritter alone that I owe my having understood Liszt and Wagner."

Under this impulse and from the occasion of a journey to Rome and Naples, in 1886, the Italian Symphony was composed. This composition marks an epoch among the works of Strauss. For the first time the author prefixed to his work an explanatory title for each one of the four movements of which it is composed. It was his debut into the domain of program music, a descriptive manner quite in the vein of the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven. The work closed with the inevitable "Pictures of Popular Life at Naples" according to the formula of the Carnival Romain of Berlioz, such as we are destined to observe over and over again in re-éditions not unfrequently amusing.

Suddenly, in 1887, Macbeth opened the cycle of the tone poems of M. Strauss. Afterwards, Don Juan (1888), Death and Transfiguration (1889), The Quirks of Till Eulenspiegel (1894), Thus Spake Zarathustra (1895), Don Quixote (1897) and A Hero's Life (1898) show an amount of work which will be still more astonishing if we remember that within this same period M. Strauss composed the words and music of his lyric drama in three acts, Guntram (1892-3), without counting numberless works of smaller dimensions.

One stands amazed before such power of production, since these important works, succeeding each other stroke upon stroke, in the space of a few years, have often a very real value; yet this fecundity does not seem to have interfered with his professional activity, which M. Strauss exercised as musical director at Meiningen, Munich, Weimar and Berlin, in which field he showed himself most brilliant and capable.

These special occupations, aided without doubt by remarkable natural gifts, were certainly not foreign to the de-

velopment of a faculty which distinguishes M. Strauss from the greater part of his German contemporaries—I mean, namely, a talent for orchestration, which is of the very first order. His originality and his mastership, from this point of view, are incontestible. His orchestra has by turns power, grace, charm, elegance, and grandeur. He controls it with a flexibility, a marvelous ease, we might say as an accomplished virtuoso. Making appeal to all the resources of modern instrumentation, he brings out often new combinations, sometimes strange but never going outside the legitimate field of purely orchestral color. The search after the picturesque for itself, and the effort to imitate material sounds, are absolutely banished, even from his tone poems. "Don Quixote" is at this point a fantastic exception.

And here is manifested the profound classical culture of Strauss, a culture of which we will observe later on the force and importance. The orchestration, of Mr. Strauss is in its most intimate essence the classical orchestration, such as I would describe as psychological, in opposition to that of which Berlioz is the most authorized representative. The orchestral combinations of Strauss are never otherwise to him than a *means*. What we have occasion to admire in him is less the novelty and the variety of tone-qualities which are intermingled, than the adequate concordance of the thought with the means employed for expressing it. As the thoughts of Strauss are above all luxuriant, at least in their developments, it follows that the classicism of his orchestration does not exclude spirit, variety, most exuberant fury nor even the most extended richness of sonorities.

Let us look into this a little.

The works mainly responsible for the fame of Strauss are his symphonic poems. Nevertheless he has chosen to give them a new name, that of *Tondichtungen* (Tone-Poems). There is perhaps in this something more than a mere fancy

Since Liszt, enlarging the scope of the overture of Beethoven, created what he first called symphonic poems, this musical form has made its way in the world. To the programs almost exclusively symbolic of its inventor, have succeeded narrations more precise of short but dramatic legends. Cesar

Franck has illustrated in this way the punishment of the *Chasseur Maudit* and Vincent d'Indy has moved us in a sad and sweet sort of way. Under the influence of Berlioz, whose *Symphony Fantastic* preceded by more than fifteen years the symphonic poems of Liszt, the Russian school has offered us veritable epics. M. Rimsky-Korsakov has given us in detail the adventures of his hero, Antar, with the fairy, Gul-Nazar. Themes symbolizing certain persons, almost materialistically, execute before us a sort of musical pantomime; the program explains to us the least details; the imagination and the ear make up a real vision. For aiding the illusion, the music is made picturesque and strives to leave no possible doubt concerning the hour and the place of the action.

This process, which it will be useless to judge here, and which would never hinder a good musician from making a work beautiful and musically interesting, are not at all those of M. Strauss. I do not know what part of the programs distributed to his auditors at the performances of his works emanate from him, but in the published scores the programs are generally omitted. "Don Juan, a Musical Poem after Lenau," such is the title of his opus 20. If we remember that the *Don Juan* of Lenau is a dramatic poem of about seventy pages, containing more than a dozen different pictures, one will see that the work of M. Strauss is more like a somewhat extended overture, "Coriolanus," for instance, than that of a symphonic poem in the sense which seems more and more to be the popular conception of this form.

It is the same with "Macbeth, Tone-Poem after the Drama of Shakespeare," although M. Strauss indicates by means of certain words of Lady Macbeth the meaning of one of his themes. *Till Eulenspiegel* bears the characterization: "In form of Rondo;" and finally "Don Quixote" is qualified as "Fantastic Variations upon a Chivalrous Theme." Solely, "Death and Transfiguration" has for preface a short poem, and this latter work is the one which brings him more nearly into relation with the symphonic poem inaugurated by Liszt in his "What One Sees from the Mountain Top."

Possibly we attribute to M. Strauss an intention which he never had, in supposing that he has selected the name *Tone-Poem* in place of the *Symphonic Poem*, as meaning to indicate

a predominate importance for the purely musical character of the works. Maybe this choice was simply due to caprice, or to distinguish them from other works made before his time. Maybe, in conclusion, M. Strauss repudiated the epithet symphonic in order to indicate more neatly that in penetrating into the labyrinth of the world of sounds, he intended to renounce for a time the sure and faithful leading of this daughter of Ariadne, the symphonic form, even in the most audacious transformations and deformations.

In fact, M. Strauss is a singular mixture. It has been said of him that his Tone-Poems are rather subjective than attempts to realize objectively the narrative of too defined programs. There is truth in this statement. Nevertheless outside works of pure music, all program music, even where the program is reduced to a simple title, is more or less tasked with this objective tendency: that is to say, the musical combinations as such are not the end, but simply the means, more or less interesting in themselves, destined to produce upon the auditor an extra-musical impression, to represent musically with variable precision, the images or sentiments indicated in the program or evoked by the title.

Certainly from this point of view, the works of M. Strauss escape the reproach of "material objectivity or the following of a too definite program," because these programs are far from being "too definite;" it is even an exaggeration to call them programs. M. Strauss has read the Don Juan of Lenau and the Macbeth of Shakespeare, he has brought away a general impression which he has translated into music in his poems; he has read of Nietzsche, this remarkable work, sickly yet genial, "Thus Spake Zarathrustha;" from this prose poem of five hundred pages, among the twenty-four parables of this Evangelist of Antichrist, he has chosen at pleasure the beginning, the middle, the close, a half-dozen subjects, of which each one forms in the book a matter of many pages and he has sprinkled the titles after a fashion through a musical work.

If we rid ourselves of the programs distributed in the concert halls, which do not bear the signature of Strauss, if we confine ourselves to that which from his publisher emanates directly from the musician, we have left only some indications which are singularly succinct, and which serve merely to clear

up our ideas of the sentiments expressed by the music in the compositions. They are but little more than equivalent to the titles of overtures by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann and of all those who have cultivated the classical form of the overture.

But the resemblance stops there. While the classical overture is a work of pure music, not taken from a subject to which it related in more than a very general character, a special color, a certain form—but exists nevertheless independently in its musical form, which regulates its development and proportions, the Tone-Poems of Strauss seem to have no other rule for the division of movements, the successive exposition or combination of themes, than the fantasy of a program very precise and elaborated, conceived in spirit by its author, of the details of which we are ignorant, and of which we recognize by the title and certain short indications the general sense.

In this way while the Tone-Poems of M. Strauss escape from this "material objectivity or the slavish following of a program too definite," they lack nevertheless from the viewpoint of form, the musical subjectivity which we have a right to look for there, and which leaves them as formless works, which in effect are like long improvisations.

Not only does this apply to "Don Juan" and "Macbeth"—but the same criticism might also be made upon the "Till Eulenspiegel," although in the latter case M. Strauss has marked that he intended to follow the form of Rondo. Outside the fact that the rondo form is the one which an improvisation would most easily take, the hearer would never suspect its presence in this instance but for the suggestion of M. Strauss' title.

It is remarkable that among all the Tone-Poems of M. Strauss, that in which we find the most perfect form, a logical development of musical ideas and a poetic conception at the same time, is the one which has a program due entirely to the imagination of the composer—"Death and Transfiguration."

M. Romain Rolland states in effect that it was to the pen of Alexander Ritter, the friend and counsellor of M. Strauss, that the verses preceding this Tone-Poem are due. But is M. Rolland quite certain that the first conception of these verses

was not due to the fancy of Mr. Strauss himself? Must there not have been at least a latent collaboration to explain the close and confidential relation between the music and the verses? If not this, we are left the alternative of admiring perhaps the one sole example of the perfect translation of strange thoughts into music, conceived, it is true, in the head of a man who practiced the same art.

It is as if, as some say, Berlioz was a poet who wished to make music, and M. Strauss a musician who would like to write poetry. The most superficial examination of his works shows us at the same time the solidity of his technical education, the verve and native ease of his own inspiration. It is what was once said of an old master, that he did not obey his notes, but his notes obeyed him. For *Death and the Transfiguration* he seems himself to have chosen the subject and to have thought in music. Even if the elaboration of the poem in verse preceded the composition of the poems in sounds, the former still appears simply as the translation of musical thoughts contained in the latter, so forcibly does the latter proclaim itself the original work, sufficient for itself, the natural fruit of the essentially musical genius of the author.

Before proceeding to those works which have produced the most lively sensation, let us examine a little more closely the means employed by M. Strauss in his poems, which form the more purely musical elements of his work.

The melody of M. Strauss is frankly diatonic; the tonal character is definitely determined. It is difficult to discuss the melodic inspiration of a musician; nevertheless that of M. Strauss seems to lack somewhat in originality.

The themes are, some of them, such as we encounter by chance in an improvisation; others awaken, not by the succession of the notes composing them, but by the general figure and style, souvenirs of certain masters. Brahms, even more than Wagner, whose name always comes up in this connection, seems to have been the model to whose influence M. Strauss seems to have voluntarily submitted.

But even classical works, and these most beautiful, are constructed from simple motives, whose intrinsic value from a purely melodic point of view is insignificant. Examples are numberless in Bach, Haydn, Mozart, even Beethoven, not to

cite any but the very greatest. If, in a composition of the kind with which we are now occupied, destined to produce an extra musical impression, a melodic windfall of grand intensity of expression, a rhythm of particular originality, might have a special importance, themes less important often possess the advantage of lending themselves willingly to most interesting developments.

Moreover we meet also sometimes with M. Strauss grand melodies of large swing and grandiose inspirations. The peroration of "Death and Transfiguration" furnishes an excellent example. But his strong classical education, the imprint which he carries of a genius severe and a little undecided, such as that of Brahms, takes away from his melodies this flower of intense sensibility, of exciting sensuality, which fills the entire works of Weber and Wagner with the perfume of a troubled romanticism.

His inspiration is wholly diatonic. He ignores, or wishes to ignore, the enchanted source at which since Wagner all music has refreshed itself. Chromatic melodies, mysterious or decorative harmonies, such as we find in the "Twilight of the Gods," in "Fervaal," are unknown to him. His themes acquire a sort of impersonal quality which is not without grandeur, but also they are deprived of that powerful instrument of expression, and that in music by means of which he proposes to move us, in his tone-poems and even also in his music drama, "Guntram." This expressive resource which he repulses, or which perhaps has been denied him, M. Strauss replaces at first by an exaggeration of contrasts of shades, incessant variations of movement and measure, by sudden retards and sudden accelerations. He tries thus, unconsciously maybe, to supply the power of expression of which his melody intrinsically lacks. But this is not all. The musician comes to the rescue of M. Strauss and carries to the poet the aid of his extraordinarily capable technique by adding to these antitheses of effects of sonority the interest of thematic combinations the most audacious, I might say, venturesome. And here we define once more the essentially classical nature of his genius. To him, as to nearly all the old masters, a melody is first of all nothing more than a *theme*.

In the manner in which he develops these themes, and in the

polyphony which results from their combinations, Mr. Strauss gives proofs of a most illustrious virtuosity, of a veritable mastership. In "Death and Transfiguration," the fashion in which the final theme is led to its final expansion, its successive apparitions amid the somber voices of the orchestra, its powerful rise upon the waves of constantly increasing harmonies, the formidable crescendo which dies away in the serene splendor of the vision, all that is a veritable masterpiece.

In the most of his works, in almost all of his operas, "Guntram" in particular, the composer shows us with what admirable ease, even amid handicaps of the most serious demands, he is able to conduct his themes as he will. And his methods of thematic work are also those of the classics. Rarely he breaks or deforms the melodic line of his inspirations, rarely does he change the primitive rhythm even in transforming the spirit. We find in his works very few of those remarkable transformation of themes such as those of which Fervaal affords so many incomparable examples.

Also, even when in his poems the musical form is confused, as it often is, so that the logic of its development appears only by the help of the official commentaries distributed to the audience, nevertheless these very works produce upon the ordinary comprehension the impression of remarkable unity. From the moment when these themes are first introduced in a work they continually recur, with scarcely a pause, and it is necessary to take care not to find them in the passages even, for it is almost exclusively out of their elements that M. Strauss develops all the rest of his composition. When in the course of one of his works a new theme appears, it is almost always out of these same former elements that the entire harmonic edifice supporting it has been elaborated. The pale personality of the themes is such that one hesitates at times to decide whether the new-comer is not a vague transformation, a far-off derivative from some musical idea which has preceded it; such, for instance, is the commonplace phrase in G. major. In every case, in the polyphony of M. Strauss, the harmonic filling up reduces itself to a very insignificant affair. It is a perpetual interlacement of themes already heard, of their fragments or transformations, which forms the substance of this indefatigable

counterpoint which develops itself without truce in entanglements the most ingenious, the most inextricable, the least expected ever dreamed of, but in which the diatonic nature of the inspiration often renders the effect brutal.

However this may be, it is for the musician a veritable joy and a profound interest to follow these inexhaustible combinations, and, fascinated by the ingenuity and the unwearied fecundity of details, he presently loses sight of the ensemble, the general form of the work he studies or which he hears, and he no longer is conscious of the underlying thought, except as by the aid of the official program it is recalled to his attention as being "not too definite," nor is there any purely *musical* reason why the rotary movement of this sparkling kaleidoscope should ever stop.

If the melodies of Mr. Strauss generally are wanting in expressive charm, in this morbid chromaticism of glowing and mysterious colors, in which modern music, since Wagner and Franck, has delighted itself, and in which it tries to conciliate usage in combination with polyphonic forms more purely musical—proceedings of which the entire work of M. Vincent d'Indy, in the absolute perfection of its musical quality, offers us the most marvellous realization—these melodies have nevertheless a characteristic physiognomy which immediately betrays their origin. M. Strauss could never successfully deny these fruits of his musical creation; they are children of the same father; and between all the members of the family there are resemblances which cannot possibly be concealed.

The nature of his inspiration does not vary according to the subject which he pretends to treat. We do not find with him that prodigious diversity in the aspect of the thought, such as Wagner has so brilliantly illustrated in his masterworks. He has even employed incidentally in his lyric drama, "Guntram," and, with the same significance, the theme "Dreams of Youth" in his "Death and Transfiguration," without realizing that this theft from an earlier composition produces the effect of an intrusion in a new work. In his "Hero Life" there are no less than twenty-three themes extracted from his preceding productions that the author introduces suddenly, sometimes separately, sometimes together, and the hearer cannot discover in this combination the least difficulty in the development of

the piece; it is impossible, if he does not remember, to imagine that all these melodies are foreign to the work he is hearing, and that they are here introduced as souvenirs.

Mr. Strauss is fond of certain descending figures in conjunct motion, preceded by ascending leaps of an octave or a tenth, such as arabesques of triplets, certain floating and passionate designs of thirds, taken out of the themes or motives from the most different works, and between them there is a similarity as striking as one would find in the features of several brothers. Some of them might even be twins.

Although the themes in his opera of "Guntram" have not escaped the contagion of this family resemblance, it is in this work that the musician seems to have encountered his happiest inspirations. In the prelude, among the motives of "Grace Divine," "Pity," and the "Cross," the melody of "Renunciation," raises itself in a melancholy beauty like a rainbow over the sea of harmony, now clear, now troubled. The motive of the "Association of Champions of Love and Peace," those of "Duty," "Effort Towards the Good," "Misery," "War," have a severe and striking grandeur, an accent solemn, savage or desperate, but all a profound and biting intensity of expression. That of "Love" is delicious in its delicate brevity.

The themes assigned to the personages of the drama are characteristic in the highest degree. That of "Guntram" marvelously symbolizes the nobility and transport of this heart, saturated with the ideal and with charity; that of "Freihild" transforms itself at pleasure, according to the emotions of this unfortunate creature; they traverse with her the terrors of agony, the dreams of love, and entwine themselves in the cruel pleasure of renunciation. The themes of the Duke reveal to us a spirit feeble, yet authoritative and superficial, of the old nobleman, and the power of his ancient house; that of the young Duke Robert brings out strangely the brutal falseness of the spouse of the hated Freihild.

Thanks to the spirit of the poetry and the interpretation of the drama, the melody here takes on a new character. Even while it continues to refuse itself to this external plasticity, sensual and bewitching, which is the marvel of the inspirations of German romanticism, it seems nevertheless consumed by an

interior fire of a somber red and without flame, but of which the dull radiations expand in burning waves.

Here also, as in all his works, the implacable musical quality of the genius of Mr. Strauss imposes upon him an incessant and often an admirable polyphony. All the themes or motives are exposed, interlaced, entangled, developed, brought back again with a dexterity and ease it would be difficult to surpass. More: the musician is compelled to admire his fecundity in thematic combinations. We are no longer occupied with the general form of the work, which nevertheless maintains itself subordinate to the progress of the drama and the poetic action. It is just in these details, in observing the developments of this thematic labor, that we seek to at present the logic and purely musical interest. Thus our satisfaction is often complete. Certainly there are in "Guntram" many remarkable pages, the most perfect of any which as yet have flowed out from under the pen of M. Strauss.

(To Be Concluded.)

A LOST OPPORTUNITY FOR PROMOTING HIGHER STANDARDS.

BY EGBERT SWAYNE.

It has always appeared regretful to me that the American College of Musicians was not able to rise to a conception of the problem they undertook upon practical grounds. This society, as everybody knows, arose out of the National Association of Music Teachers, being, in fact, composed of the more distinguished and highly qualified members of that body who had realized that the national association, as it was then and now, was powerless to exercise any tangible influence upon the theories and practice of musical education and professional qualification. The society began well. It not only elected to charter membership the distinguished clientele immediately then present, but also added the names of representative musicians from all over the country, even of those who (Carl Wolfsohn, for example) had never shown active co-operation with the national association.

The society then devoted itself to a careful study of the best practical means of establishing examinations; by what tests the proper qualifications could be ascertained and discriminated from the indifferent qualifications which generally prevailed in the conservatory and school graduations as then conducted. The committee in charge of this work finally elaborated an excellent scheme, their tests being sufficient and covering the grounds of a "good working knowledge of music" for teaching, for professional eminence and for mastership—the three degrees of excellence provided for in the plan.

When this had been accomplished and a trial examination held, showing that the plan would work, it was pointed out to the society that there still remained two very serious practical difficulties still to be overcome before the future of the society would be assured. The first of these difficulties was that it was not reasonable to expect professional musicians of established reputation and practice to come up for examination by the society, since to fail to pass the tests, even upon a trivial ground, might endanger the professional prestige of the candidate. To meet this it was suggested that the committee upon

membership and privileges should be empowered to elect to membership, upon an equality with the charter members, any good musician of satisfactory professional standing, a certain number of years experience, and congenial personal qualities. It was thought that this action would gradually include all the best elements in the musical profession of the whole country, particularly if the dues were not burdensome. This reasonable proposition was voted down by the small active party who had elected themselves to the examinerships of the society. Mistake number one—very serious, ultimately fatal.

Then came difficulty number two, which was of a twofold nature: First, there was the very obvious practical point that no conservatory or musical college could afford to advise its graduates to go up for examination before a strange lot of teachers, with ideas of their own, who for any little reason might reject a deserving and sincere student of excellent attainment. It was suggested that to meet this difficulty, which would always exist and never grow smaller, the society use its influence to secure the adoption of its own standards of graduation and post graduation in colleges and conservatories; and that when these standards had been accepted and put into execution satisfactorily to the directors of the College of Musicians, the diplomas of these schools should be accepted as evidence of competence and the graduates be eligible to immediate membership in the College of Musicians.

It was pointed out that action of this kind could be taken by any conservatory, and, in fact, *would* be taken by many, since the great majority of directors of these institutions are sincere educators, administering the best kind of musical education they are able, and exerting their influence for the soundest possible attainments. In this way, it was suggested, the standard of musical education could be raised throughout the entire body of educational institutions, since in the nature of the case no sooner should such standards be recognized in a few influential quarters than others would follow suit, not to be behind in the progress. And, further, that this kind of influence would be an evolution which in great measure would evolve itself and relieve the society from a heavy burden and propaganda. These admirable ideas which are valid upon the face of them, although urged with power, failed of convincing the

examiners standing out for the letter of their bond. "Come and be examined." "No examine, no college membership." Mistake number two—and a very fatal one.

There was still another very serious difficulty, the practical one that young musicians unattached, self-educated perhaps, could not come to the city of New York from the distant parts of the country to be examined without great expense, which in many cases would be prohibitory. To meet this difficulty it was suggested, voted and passed that examinations should be permissible in any city where a certain minimum of members of the society lived, under the auspices of the local branch, which these members were to organize for the purpose; the examiners to consist of at least one of the head examiners of the department and two others to be appointed for the occasion by the President of the society. The expenses of these local examinations to be paid out of the fees collected. The papers to be forwarded to the head examining body and the diploma to come from that. The obvious practical advantage of this expedient would be to enable all sincere and ambitious young musicians to offer themselves for examination and membership in the leading musical society of the country, while at the same time this local authority and association would tend to enhance the value of membership in the college to the local members by adding to their professional prestige. While this plan passed handsomely at the meeting in Chicago, it was reversed a year later in New York and the society definitely restricted itself to its local residence in the city of New York. Mistake number three—grievous in its short-sightedness.

Yet another mistake was made later. No sooner had the society been holding examinations in the city of New York a few times than their attention was called to a law of the state giving exclusive authority over examinations for diplomas to a body of censors called the University of New York, under whose authority everything must be done. Thereupon instead of changing the charter of the College of Musicians to some state in which no such oligarchy survived the society took the other horn of the dilemma and undertook to form itself according to the demands of the University of New York. The "university" was what is commercially called "long" in paper examinations and in subjects which could be accurately figured

out by per centages; and "short" in all that part of the work where actual artistic qualities were the subject matter to be ascertained. No doubt the committees did the best they could, and certain prospectuses have been printed and circulated to a very limited extent; but whether any examinations have ever been held since the reorganization and the result of them, I, for one, am totally ignorant.

Thus, the case stands at present that probably the standards of the College of Musicians are nowhere accepted by any of our educational schools or conservatories excepting possibly where a head professor has quietly adopted them for his own government, without saying anything about it to his faculty or board of trustees. Practically everything gained has been lost. The membership in the society carries not the slightest prestige, nor are its examinations sought after, even if conducted. This is unfortunate, since the tests of the college were extremely well planned in most respects, and the conditions of its examinations well thought out and calculated, if capably administered, to be impartial and sympathetic to artistic qualities in the candidate.

The members of the American College of Musicians seem not to have attended college sufficiently. They still remained in ignorance of the fact that we have in this country just now some thirty or more schools of music of such size and all around provision for education that their diplomas carry weight over large sections of country. Oberlin, for instance, the Cincinnati College of Music (which has frittered away a great deal of its own opportunity), the Chicago Musical College, other schools in Chicago, at least one of which has fifteen hundred students, the New England Conservatory, which is partly rehabilitated, and such conservatories as those in connection with Yale, Columbia, Harvard (though Harvard restricts itself to theory and practical composition), Michigan (a great school), Nebraska, Wisconsin, Illinois (though here the opportunity is small), Kansas, Idaho, California and perhaps a dozen of others, the names of which do not just now occur to me.

It is obviously impossible for any small coterie of musical professors to elect themselves to a general primacy over these great, and for the most part, well-manned schools; nor is

there any reason why they should. Yet a real and living musical organization of national scope might be of value and influence.

The scheme for musical education proposed by President Gantvoort and Mr. A. L. Manchester at the national association in Des Moines may work out to a small practical result, although as yet no such probability is apparent. But that scheme ignored all that most important part of all, of promoting an actual and practical understanding of music upon the artistic side as being too intangible for written examination. To dodge this is to miss the central point of all. Our musical amateurs are now full of ideas upon the accessory knowledges of a musician; yet the central fact of all, the actual music itself and a musical understanding of it, they ignore. There is room for a Daniel to come to judgment.

SINGING AT SIGHT.

FRANCIS E. HOWARD.

It will be noted by those who read the article with the above title in January "Music" that the writer takes no stock in the idea that one can learn to read music in the staff notation with the same degree of facility and certainty that one may acquire in reading English or any other language. The reasons suggested are the nature of music and the forms of its notation. But, even so, after all these years devoted to sight singing in public schools it does seem reasonable to expect a great improvement in the art among singers. Really we might as well have followed the early methods by which pupils simply learned their songs by imitation as to have given the years to sight singing studies which accomplish nothing better.

What is meant by the term sight singing? I fancy that some notions are afloat among school teachers which would hardly be accepted by musicians. For instance, the singing by classes of children from printed scales in which they follow a pointer as it moves from note to note is often called sight singing; and so it is in a certain sense, but practicing upon scales will not teach one to sing music as it is written, not in a hundred years. There is another class of school music work which goes by the same name. To illustrate: The visitor, let us say, asks to hear some sight singing. The pupils thereupon turn to a designated exercise which the teacher selects and after certain preliminaries sing the piece by note. It goes finely. The visitor is impressed, but if he had observed more closely the fact that not one pupil in ten was looking at the notes, would have discounted the performance in his estimation. Singing by note is not necessarily singing at sight. However, little mistakes in nomenclature like these do not affect the real issue. What we all want is fairly exact results in singing real tunes at sight, either in or out of school. Those methods are best which secure these results and at the same time conserve the time and energy of both pupil and teacher.

I will briefly outline the leading features of a plan of teaching singing at sight which experience has commended to me.

1. Keep clearly differentiated in the mind the teaching of

the names of notational symbols from the teaching of their musical effect; or, to put it in another way, remember that there are certain things the pupil must know *about* notes in order to sing them—things he can tell in words. The knowledge of this sort which the pupil needs at the beginning of his practice in sight singing is surprisingly small. Suppose we are using the movable *do* system; the pupil must at the start be taught the order in which notes are arranged upon the staff up and down, and that notes on the same line or in the same space are alike. He must learn the singing names of the notes; none other are necessary, and also the length of the notes in beats. He must know how to locate *do* from the signature. As chromatics are introduced the singing name must be learned, also the rhythmical value of new time groups. Any average person can learn all the facts of notation and theory that are really necessary to the singing by note of even quite complex tunes in a very short time. The test which the teacher of school music must apply in determining what knowledge of this sort is necessary is its actual applicability in singing by note. The teacher during the period set apart for sight singing should not waste her own or her pupils' time in teaching unnecessary things.

2. To teach the musical effects of notes they must be presented in a manner to awaken the music sense of the pupil. I do not know how much of this sense is aroused by having the child jump from sound to sound with neither melodic or rhythmic sequence, as is customary in interval drill, but apparently very little. One may make singing noises that are not music, as one may articulate sounds that are not intelligent speech. Frankly, I would eliminate the drill on scales as at present practiced and begin with tunes. The rote song arouses the rhythmic sense and the feeling for tune. Very good. Put your sight singing exercises into the song form; appeal to the same faculties and train them to the desired end. "But this will never do," some one may object. Pretty soon you will come to an interval. The child can't sing that until he has learned it. Well, what of it? Teach it then and there. Teach it as a part of the tune, an element of melody. All this horror of the intervals is an abnormal development. Skips or intervals are the easiest element in music reading, unless the key sense is

COMMON SENSE IN TEACHING CHILDREN MUSIC.

BY AN OLD TEACHER.

I am not one of those who are opposed to progress because it involves change. Progress is the rule of healthy getting ahead, and of all arts music is the sphere in which progress is to be expected, because music is the newest of the fine arts and is continually being enriched with works which are new and which appear to involve methods of perception and enjoyment which are new, or at least surpassing the old many times in complexity and in manners of looking at things. I recognize fully that when we begin to train a child in music, if we mean to lay a foundation for real musical life later on, we have to begin at once with the refined and sensitive ear perceptions through which he will later on obtain his musical delight. The difference between the ordinary Philistine, who regards classical music as a bore and who experiences his sole musical pleasure from rag-time and "coon" songs and the musician who delights in Brahms, Beethoven and Bach, is not so much a difference of sincerity and naivety as of degree and kind of sense perception. The musician finds in this higher music not only the inspiration of rhythm, which is the main feature in rag-time, but still more a world of kaleidoscopic harmonies and sensitive turns of melody which please the ear wonderfully when once it has learned to apprehend them, and also move and delight the soul. Naturally, a musician, keyed to this inner delight, will find the vulgarity of the words of the "coon" song objectionable and foreign to what he regards the true plane of music. But in the main the difference between the two individuals is in the fact of more sensitive ear perceptions, and the habit (generally acquired rather than innate) of listening within rather than of trying to find catchy fragments to whistle or hum.

When I was a boy the so-called "thorough" teacher of music, upon taking a new pupil, assigned several lessons in what were called the "elements of music" before permitting any playing at all. These so-called elements were the facts of notation, the staff, note values, kinds of measure, etc. the child

learning a lot of signs parrot-like which were related to nothing whatever as yet within his consciousness. Then the pupil came to the keyboard and followed straight through the chosen instruction book, a name assigned upon the principle that there was little or no real instruction in it. The thorough teacher required the pupil to explain the key, signature, measure, and the like and occasionally somebody frilled out the work with something about the composer, when an eminent name happened to appear. But of musical instruction as such this teaching had not one whit. The ear was appealed to in scarcely any way except as to grades of power, accent, and the like, and the pupil, even if learning the little pieces unconsciously in playing them over, was discouraged from venturing upon doing this without the notes open before him. To play by ear, to learn a piece simply by hearing some one else play it, was thought to be the very antichrist of music. In other words, this most spontaneous and spirit-stirring of arts was reduced as far as possible to a matter of eye perception and of finger following, while of ear perception there was as little as the pupil could avoid.

This manner of teaching the piano has not yet gone out. It is practiced even in large cities and by expensive teachers.

More. They carry it into harmony work and what they call "theory," which tends to remain theory as far as music is concerned. Harmony pupils of one or more years study are found any day unable to distinguish whether a given chord heard is major or minor; yet this is the very central point whence harmonic expressiveness takes its departure. It is plain enough that so far we are wrong.

The natural result of this manner of teaching the piano is heard in the playing, which remains occasionally fluent and even brilliant, but without the convincing accent which indicates real intention and feeling on the part of the player. This kind of shortcoming goes up very high among advanced students. Many and many a girl plays a Chopin waltz or a few pieces by Liszt fluently and rather effectively who cannot give to any serious composition, even of moderate difficulty, the expression which it requires.

No wonder that many lady teachers and some others are working to inaugurate a higher understanding of elementary

work. Some manage to form ear habits adequate to receiving melodies by ear and playing them with a real repose and convincing accent and without the hurrying and surface fluency characteristic of the work of those whose fingers have monopolized the musical training, the head having never come in for its share.

The most striking thesis upon this subject as yet put forth was that of Miss Blanche Dingley in a former issue of this journal, in which she begins her ear training with harmonic perceptions and perceptions of key relations. In point of fact, it appears that she carries this farther than shown in the article in question. As soon as the pupils are able to identify the four kinds of triads when heard simply and in connection she requires the pupils to listen to any keyboard form, any three notes they happen to drop down upon, and distinguish whether the effect thus accidentally produced is major or minor in character. In the case reported to me the pupil played with the left hand F sharp, fourth line of bass; with the right a C and E. She was unable to explain what she had. Of course it was a part of the dominant ninth in the key of G, and what the pupil should have done was first to feel and sing the root (not present as played) and then to resolve the chord by feeling. The effect, of course, is major. Now, this kind of experiment will appear very far-fetched to the great majority of teachers of children; but to the artist, who knows that this is precisely one kind of amusement to which the really gifted child turns as naturally as a duck turns to water, such an exercise will look like an effort to develop in the less gifted the musical sensitiveness which a very few specially gifted children have by nature, and therefore to be encouraged.

Those who do not try to carry the ear training farther than that of short melodies are still upon the right track so far as they go. The trouble is that they do not go far enough, nor do they build upon the true foundation stone, which in modern music is harmony and not melody as such. Moreover, the public schools already expect the child of the first and second grades (six and seven) to learn quite long songs by ear and sing them correctly; later they are expected to recognize in these songs the scale places, and a little later to write them down from memory. Therefore the piano teacher does not

need to do this work, but can address herself at once to the deeper questions of harmony and key, which, after all, are the determining features of modern music.

There is another class of workers, however, with whom I have not so much patience. For instance, I have read lately where a writer says that "we are prone to listen to music too much with our ears and not enough with our mind and heart." This sounds very plausible and is about the same as if we were to say a like thing of painting: "We are prone to look at pictures too much with our eyes and not enough with our mind and heart." It sounds as if it might mean a lot. But does it? I trow not. What are we to look with if not with eyes? and what hear with if not ears? Mind and heart are two excellent parts of the system when we happen to have them; but for elementary training of perception they are just a trifle vague. If we are ever to hear music at all it will be first by hearing it with the ears, and then feeling what it says to the organs aforesaid, the "mind and heart."

The same writer says that music is the most universal of arts because it "impresses the savage as well as the civilized." This also sounds well and might be labelled "gratifying if true." But does art music "impress" the savage? Not at all, unless it is very loud or very striking in some way. Of the real content of art music he recognizes nothing. The statement is simply one of those verbal counters which, like counterfeit nickels, can be played upon the "slot," if not tried too often. The grain of truth underlying the statement is that all savages have some kind of music which seems to afford them a satisfaction apparently of like nature, though lower in kind, than that which civilized men take in music.

Another writer advises that the music be made intelligent by means of the stories of the composers. This also has nothing to do with the case. There is a time in the progress of the child when it will add to his sources of pleasure to know something about the great musicians whose music he may chance to study, but this is not one of the early things. Far from it.

Another says that he ought to know the history of the instrument which he plays, meaning the history of the piano, organ, or violin. This also is one of the flowers which bloom in the club woman's spring, tra la, but which have nothing to

do with the case. To know the history of the pianoforte is no doubt inspiring; but what has it to do with playing a sonata or fugue. Absolutely nothing at all.

The same writer says that in order to be ready for a concert one ought to have been filled up as much as possible with knowledge of the works and their composers. This may mean something and may not. From the company in which I find it, probably nothing. If by being familiar with works is meant having heard them in fragment and in whole attentively, I agree; such preliminary experience is useful. But if it means knowing about the forms, lives of composers, places in which the work was composed, and so on—it has nothing to do with the case.

Now comes the main question: What is it that ought to be done for the child in his early musical training? What are the central and ruling principles?

Simply two. First, to teach him to hear music with his ears; to follow the harmony, the melody, the rhythm, the modulation; in short, to actually hear the music, just as a musician hears it; at first only in small part, later the whole of it. And to learn to recognize the tonal beauty of music, the agreeable sensation of unexpected but legitimate tonal successions. To hear music as music. Then to learn to feel behind the actual tones the mood, the fluctuations of intensity, the soul-life which the music paints; for every piece is a picture out of the subconscious life of the soul, in such a way that every piece is a mood or a succession of moods.

The other part of the musical training of the child consists in teaching him to play music musically; to give him fingers and resources for so doing; and to teach him to play not only musically, but also for intelligent and sympathetic expression of the very moods the composer intended. In other words, to build upon that part of the child mind, which is then just ready to be built upon, the sense perception, which in early life is fresh, full of new enjoyment, and withal the main source of opening up the mind and of setting it into activity. As for the technical part of playing, there is no trouble in giving the child good enough fingers for anything he is likely to be able to play, and this very early. Some of our modern methods are very productive at this point, and all are far in advance of those prevalent twenty years ago.

TWO PIECES BY MOSZKOWSKI.

Annotated by John S. Van Cleve.

FOR MUSIC STUDENTS CLUB.

MONOLOGUE, OP. 31.

In this beautiful composition we find Moszkowski in a meditative mood, and, as the name justifies us in supposing, it is the moodal outpouring of a single character, talking to himself, or, at best, imparting his various feelings to one listener. The composition stands in the splendid key of E major, which combines brilliancy and tenderness, clear, liquid resonance and elastic lyric sympathy better than any other. It seems to be a favorite key with the composer.

He has written a piano concerto in that key and it often recurs in his sets of little things. Here there is a noble animated melody, which is, however, far from quiet or serene, and it is positively embedded, almost to suffocation, in a tropical wealth of harmony, thickly bristling with those chromatic alterations which cause chords to utter the burning and restless feelings of the heart. There is a disposition to brood and reiterate and insist quite in keeping with the notion of a monologue.

GONDOLIERA IN G MINOR.

This is one of the more imposing compositions of our composer. It is made of such materials as fit measurably into the idea of a boat song of a Venetian boat coachman, but it is quite elaborate and, while the gentle rocking of the tide is constantly suggested, there is abundance of shining rings of arpeggios, with pedal, a glitter of clashing octaves and an abundance of technical decoration, which make it, if well and fluently delivered, both a beautiful thing to hear and a grateful thing to manipulate with the fingers. The ease and pliancy of a composition under the performer's fingers must exercise a potent influence upon the pleasure and therefore the charm of playing and therefore of the interpretation. This trait is universal in the music of Moszkowski; that it is really made by a pianist for pianists. It fits like a perfect glove.

The prevailing keys are G minor, its relative major B flat and occasionally D major.

THE NATURE OF MUSICAL RHYTHM.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

All playing or performance of music which produces a satisfactory effect upon musical hearers exercises such influence through the co-operation of two kinds of sensitiveness, to which yet a third may be added. The first and most indispensable to any kind of cumulative effect from music is what is called *Rhythm*, concerning which we will have presently quite a little to say. The second of these roots of musical expression is tonal relation, as such, including in this list the whole vast range of melody, harmony, modulation and tone quality—all of which enter into and in great part make up what we call musical expression. The reason for mentioning rhythm first is because music may exercise no little influence upon its hearers through the skillful management of rhythm alone, while the tonal relations involved are by no means significant. The great march king, John Phillip Sousa, is an excellent illustration of the power of this part of music. The third element to be reckoned with in all really great musical performance is the deeper movement of spirit felt by the composer and influencing his combinations of every kind to the full extent of his imaginative and structural power; and experienced by the listener in turn according to the excellence of the interpretation and the capacity of the listener himself. The two elements first mentioned—Rhythm and Tonal Relation—are the media through which the movement of spirit is expressed and received—expressed by the composer and received by the hearer.

It is unfortunate that our musical text-books are extremely indefinite and confused upon the subject of rhythm, and teaching on this subject is so imperfect that the most crude and imperfect conceptions prevail, not alone in written theory, where at least like children in company they do no harm as long as they keep still, but also in all grades of teaching, the practical result of which is that no part of a musical equipment is so universally neglected and so habitually imperfect. Nevertheless the grounds of this verdict will not entirely appear until after quite a careful analysis of the entire group of qualities included under this broad and general term, *Rhythm*.

WHAT, THEN, IS MUSICAL RHYTHM?

The term Rhythm was defined more than a generation ago by Lowell Mason as well as it ever has been defined in general terms, as being "*measured flow*," and this conception in reality includes the whole, provided we water out our dried apples until every part has been expended to its original intention. Observe, "measured" and "flow." There must be a *flow*, a steady and continuous movement from the beginning of the stream to the moment when it is finished. It is at this most fundamental of all points that the usual elementary teaching breaks down, the great majority of teaching making little or no provision for generating this element, which is the most necessary of all in a music piece, having its source indeed in the rhythm of the human heart itself, that life-pump of unexampled perfection which through a long life never once stops for repairs, night or day.

Not only a "flow," but also a "measured," and in this we have an element of most unexampled complexity, at least in our most advanced modern music.

It is very curious what mistakes theoretical writers fall into in speaking of this complicated yet elementary subject. For instance, in Grove's Dictionary, Mr. Frederic Corder, who wrote the article "Rhythm," says that the term may be defined as "the systematic grouping of notes according to duration," and a similar fallacy was present in the days of the old Boston Academy of Music, in the manual of which in 1834 Lowell Mason defined Rhythmics as that department of theory having to do with the length of tones. This misconception lies at the bottom of a lot of bad teaching and of still more unsatisfactory playing. Rhythmics is the department of theory having to do with rhythm, i. e., with the measured flow of the music in time, and this flow is not in the most essential respect a matter of long and short tones, but of accent and pulsation, the arrangement of long and short tones being practically free to the composer, while nevertheless his pulsation, once selected at a given rate, and once decided to be grouped in a given frequency of strong pulsations, must so continue to the end of the real *movement*, i. e., so long as this particular movement continues; this, however, may not be to the end of what is commonly called a movement, meaning an entire musical form, but

only to that extent where this *movement* (i. e., this particular manner of going in time, this pulsation frequency and this accentuation frequency, continue; in other words, this *tempo*.) When, for example, in Beethoven's sonata *appassionata* we change the rate at the entrance of the melody in D Flat, we have established thereby a different ethos in time, a different rhythm, and it is in reality a new movement. And so again when the original tempo is resumed.

Before proceeding with this study let us first rid ourselves of certain misused terms which continually occur. We begin with *time*, in which music certainly takes place, and in this respect music allies itself most intimately with the human soul, which continually changes its mood one after another, i. e., in time. But the misuse of this term in such expressions as common time, double time, etc., are but false uses of terms, the real meaning being common measure, double measure, etc. If the word time has any legitimate use as a musical term it is as rate of movement, and not as frequency of accentuation. Time is that all-comprehending medium within which everything has taken place from the moment when it began, and in which everything shall take place, down to the end of rational life. All music takes place in time, but it is not a satisfactory statement of this relation to say that therefore this time during which a piece lives, is divided into equal portions, called measures. Time, in its true sense, is not perceived or felt in music. Music lives in it, but does not more cognize the fact than we cognize the fact our own motion in air. Without air all our motion would cease; yet we are not cognizant of the air, but only of the movement. Therefore in the following discussion the word time will not be used for any of the parts which combine to make up musical rhythm.

One of the most greivous and silly of misused terms is that which makes the word *bar* stand for measure. This is an English barbarism entirely. The Germans are free from it, except in a few cases where they have adopted it from the English. *Takt* is the German word for measure, and that for bar is *Taktstrich*, in other words, the measure stroke, the line across the staff, not "to divide the measures" as many American text-books say, but to show the place of the strong pulse. We never play bars, we never hear bars, and there are never a

variety of "notes" in a "bar." Let us be rid of this bar-barism. The bar is merely the line across the staff—something to see for a particular information.

Some of our school singing-books, and not the worst either, speak of 3-4 time, 4-4 time, and the like. What is meant is 3-4 measure, and so on. Nor is 3-4 measure something which can be distinguished from some other measure by ear. Three-four means that in a measure of three pulsations, each pulsation is represented by a quarter note or its equivalent; but the best musician in the world could not distinguish by ear between a piece in 3-4 or 3-8 measure. They would sound precisely the same; even 3-2 might sound precisely the same. What the ear would hear would be the pulsation and accentuation, thereby recognizing the triple measure; but what kind of note the composer might have chosen for writing, no hearer could possibly guess, except by accident.

But to return to the original question:

WHAT IS MUSICAL RHYTHM?

The beginning of musical rhythm is made when we have what musicians call *Tempo*, i. e., a certain definitely chosen rate of speed. Every musical idea begins by deciding upon a certain tempo, a rate of pulsation which goes on uninterruptedly from the beginning of the movement to the end, or to a change in the rate of movement. Pulsation is rhythm upon what we might call a molecular scale. It has in it all the elements of rhythm in miniature; that is, a pulsation in music arises generally, not from accents purposely effected, but from the periodic beginning of tones at a certain frequency. When a tone is begun this implies a moment preceding when there was, so to say, a lull in the tone-flow; again when the tone is actually taken, the mental impetus incident to taking the tone gives the music a certain quality at that moment which is always felt, or if concealed, is concealed with great difficulty by the singer or player, and then only in pursuit of a certain pulseless elusiveness which, for the moment, may seem desirable.

It is true that tones do not always commence upon the beat and tones often occupy but a fraction of a beat. These incidents in no way detract from the validity of what has already been said, that the pulsation at a given rate which underlies all measured music (i. e., all modern music) is effected by means

of having a preponderance of tone-beginnings upon the beat. Whenever these beginnings are a certain number of times more frequent than the pulsation (as motions of half pulses, third pulses, quarter pulses, etc.) they establish something resembling a measure within the measure, for if all the tones making up the piece coincide in a given grade of fractional pulse-motion, the measure will sound like a very fast one of smaller dimensions. As a matter of fact, however, the tone-beginnings in a piece, even where there is a fractional pulse rhythm in some one or more voices, are so planned as to outline the real pulsation, in the light of which the fractional motion is to be understood. This is effected by having some of the voices outline this pulse motion, and that with such distinctness as not to be overlooked. Harmony and the accompaniment figure, also, are important factors in bringing to consciousness the pulsation and rate of movement.

We come now to the "measuring" of the flow of the music pieces. The beginning has already been made in the pulsation and tempo, and upon this foundation an entire apparatus of what is called Meter is set up. First we have what is called *Accent*, given to one pulsation in every so many. Accent is commonly defined as "stress," but the nature of this stress is commonly misunderstood by teachers and students, the popular idea being that it consists of an extra force actually given the accenting tone or pulsation. This is not the higher conception of accent. The stress is more mental than physical, and is generally due to having more of the voices begin upon the accented pulse, and to changes of harmony occurring there. Of actual additional power, in the sense commonly taught, there is relatively little and sometimes scarcely any, if any.

The composer is practically free to select any frequency of accent which pleases him, from 2, 3, 4, 6, 9, up to 12 pulses. In some countries they use also measures of 5 and 7 pulses. Practically all measure groupings are of 2's and 3's; the measure of 4 consists of twice 2; measure of 6, twice 3; measure of 9, three times 3; and of twelve, four times three 3.

The laws of meter permit us to compound our measures to any extent desired, but whatever the extent the original grouping of 2 or 3 is preserved, added accentuation being given for bringing out each progressively larger group. According to

good usage, however, the composer is responsible for the largest groups and it is his duty to make them clear by his harmonic structure and the system of his motivization, concerning which there will be more to say later. When these are properly done and the player gives proper distinction to the degrees of force and stress of tones according to their harmonic importance and their length (for short tones are habitually light) the measure grouping will usually come out clearly as well as all those higher groupings appertaining to what is called Form, but which upon the rhythmic side are but larger extensions of the measure forms—such as rhythmic phrases, sections, periods, and the like. Nevertheless, this will not happen in playing unless the player keeps the rhythm in mind; otherwise, he will both omit the added stress and will fail to give the harmonic changes weight enough for the purpose.

From the standpoint of the player or singer the most important circumstance to keep in mind is that all the divisions and groupings of pulsations into measures, groups of measures and forms, take place within the stream-like flow of the pulsation; and are not built up, as is too often taught, by adding one measure to another. The fundamental fact in the rhythm of a music piece is its steady onward flow; and the division of this flow into groups of different grades takes place without in any way disturbing this onward and resistless flow of pulsation. Measure is something which takes place in music; music is not made up of successive measures.

Many theorists teach the precise opposite of this, but their teaching is due to mistaken conception of the creative processes of the composer and the interpretative processes of the artist. For instance, J. C. Lobe says that, be his piece long or short, the composer can come by it in no other way than measure after measure. That is, he says, the composer has in his mind a motive, the contents of one measure; having written this, three options are open to him: To repeat it, to write a new one, or to split the difference, making the new measure partly like the old and partly new.

The great majority of those who write about music know very little of the psychology of musical composition; and even in the operations of genius there are great differences of mode between the practices intended for advancing technical skill

and those which the same musician adopts when he has a real inspiration. Moreover, there have been musicians who seem never to require technical practice, but almost by instinct have mastered the most abstruse parts of musical composition. Mozart was such an one; Beethoven much the same; so also was Schumann and all who have written out a full musical phantasy.

A real piece of music is first of all conceived by the composer in a moment of rapt enthusiasm. Within himself he hears the piece, and in some cases, Mozart for instance, is able to remember clearly all that he has heard. Sometimes a composer goes on hearing a certain movement repeatedly before taking the trouble to write it down. Then, when he begins, in place of pausing, with the excellent Mr. Lobe, after having written the first measure, to decide which one of the three alternatives he will adopt, he goes straight ahead to continue the beautiful melodies and effects which he has already heard. After writing a while he becomes weary and perhaps runs off the track. He stops, only to take up again the work at a later time. Upon looking over what he has written he discovers that at this one place he has turned away from the idea he had in his conception; he therefore begins at the point of divergence and goes on to write out what he had heard. And in this way entire movements may be written, and, as a matter of fact, often have been written. And whether the actual writing be of the nature of copying down something previously heard, or whether the first glimpse may have been merely a lightning-like conception of an entire movement in miniature, the process of composition still takes the form of endeavoring to realize an effect already conceived, and therefore the alternatives of Mr. Lobe have no actual validity.

Now the most notable feature of any good music heard is its moving straight along, as if it had something to say. All its structure falls into insignificance before this one ruling impression that the movement *lives*, moves onward like an actual living being; with structure indeed, necessarily, but it is the living and moving which attract our attention. Now this *living* effect will never grow out of the addition of one measure to another; neither will the player intent upon securing the proper time-apportionment of values for the notes in a

measure realize this sweeping cadence of the fundamental rhythm. Wherefore the first step towards feeling a musical rhythm is to realize this onward motion of pulsation, and the grouping into measures, and the final completion of the symmetry into a rhythmic period or larger form. Having secured attention to this we may then proceed to attend to what is more properly and restrictedly called *the rhythm* of the piece, by which is meant the manner in which rhythmic designs are repeated and varied for giving character and originality to the piece, and for imparting variety and unity in their degree.

WHAT IS MEANT BY MOTION?

By motion is meant in general any kind of rhythmic design superimposed upon the measure. Motions are of two kinds: General and Particular; or we might almost as well call them Impersonal and Personal. A general motion arises when the composer sets up a steady motion of half pulses, quarter pulses or whatever form he may choose and carries it through a division of his work. Such a motion occurs for example in the 16ths in the slow movement of the Beethoven pathetic sonata; Bach often introduces a motion of 16ths in the development of his fugues, especially for the organ. The object of the acceleration is to produce the impression of greater animation. Beethoven, in the case mentioned, intends the 16ths both for animation and for measuring, the final effect being to increase repose, by making the time of the melody tones seem longer and by contrast more sustained. Later on, where he takes up a triple rhythm he does so for animation. All motions of this kind are general and impersonal. They belong to the devices of the composer for assisting other qualities intended.

A *particular* or a *Personal* Motion arises when the composer, instead of following along with a succession of notes of a given length, makes a rhythmic design and goes on to develop this rhythmic design into a period of a special character. To explore this part of musical structure would be to explore the whole literature of music, for while the measure forms are relatively few and the forms in music of a very few general types only, the actual designed rhythmical motion is almost infinitely varied. And be it noted that the more personal the composer is in his appeal to some particular mood, the more

varied and particular he becomes in the rhythmic designs by means of which he begins to work out his ideas.

Let us take, for instance, the opening of the vigorous sonata of Beethoven in C Minor, opus 10:

Observe how definite the rhythmic design. First the opening motive; the strong chord, the silence, and the smart accented figure of the broken chord. This opening design, which extends two measures, is then answered by a very marked contrast, the soft chords; and so on. And the student will note that this opening figure rules to the end of the first period, i. e., until the end of the 31st measure. Then comes in a rhythm of different characters, the legato and sustained modulating period. And so on. The same kind of contrasts meet us everywhere in Beethoven. Note for instance the character imparted by Beethoven to the successive variations of the theme in A flat, in the sonata, opus 26. The whole character of each new variation is sounded in the two opening measures of the variation.

As soon as the composer takes up one of these personal designs, it tends to mark the work more and more and needs only a few uninterrupted repetitions to generate monotony. The old rule of the school-boys is pretty nearly right: "Three times and out." A rhythmic design is rarely repeated by any good composer more than three times without having been interrupted by some contrasting design. And in every well-made period there is always one particular rhythmic design which gives character and unity to the period. It is the first design, and it occurs more times in the period than any other. But this subject is too long for detailed handling at this point.

It arose from the peculiarly personal impression of these ruling designs in music that pedagogues fell into the mistake of supposing that the first thing to secure in rhythm is the characteristic and perfect rhythm of the design within the measure—or, as they expressed it, the proper apportionment of time-values within the measure. This is indeed absolutely indispensable, but all these designs take place within the texture of the rhythm, the measured and pulsating flow of the music. And as an actual practical fact most of these designs are as remarkable harmonically as rhythmically; but for our present purpose the rhythmic motion is the element which concerns us.

Therefore, without farther dwelling upon this point, let us say that even the characteristic part of the rhythm of a piece, these definitely chosen designs which by repetition and contrast impart rhythmic individuality to a piece of music, nevertheless all take place within the onward sweep of the rhythm.

It follows, therefore, that all definite instruction of even this smaller apportionment of time values must assume the form of musical rhythm, i. e., be developed at least to the length of a rhythmic symmetry, which must be divisible by 2, and in the most popular completeness would reach the length of eight measures and end with an accent, as we see in all marches, dances, etc., and in most popular songs.

This is the place where one of the very best of the musical kindergarten courses fatally fails. It has a finely developed series of games with cards bearing measures of characteristic design, belonging to a head card of a certain kind of measure. The game consists in matching any card laid down upon the table with another belonging to the same kind of measure, and in tapping the rhythm upon the table as evidence that it is understood. Were these tappings to be continued to a given number of measures, an idea of a musical rhythm would be encouraged by this game, and it might be of value. But a musical rhythm is never of a single measure, and never ends upon a weak pulse. Every rhythm must go on to completeness and must end upon a strong pulse at a time cognizable by the rhythmic sense as that of completeness. The proper interpretation of any kind of rhythmic design takes place only when it is put in rhythm, i. e., is repeated rhythmically and carried out to a finish.

Thus it appears that the subject of Rhythm embraces the entire time-flow of the music, its pulsations, measures, symmetries and forms (in other words its meter) and the placing of rhythmic designs and personal rhythmic Motions precisely in relation to these great underlying elements of the rhythm.

Rhythm includes Meter; Rhythm includes not only apportionment of tone-lengths, but also the placing of everything into rhythmic relation whereby every measure, clearly defined though it be, is but a wave of a great tide of tone-flow, and all symmetries and forms are themselves but larger incidents upon the same great flood-tide of rhythmic sweep.

Meter is much the same in music as in language. It includes not only the question of strong and weak syllables, but also the grouping into stanzas and cantos. It is quite likely that the grammarians, and even such learned writers as Westphall and Gavaert, may be wrong in thinking that the Greeks gave twice as long duration to accented syllables as to those unaccented. In other words, since poetry arose from dance, it is not at all impossible that the writings of the Greek grammarians may have been misunderstood at this point, and they no more than the moderns may have actually lingered over each emphatic syllable. This however is not important. In modern poetry quantity is a matter of emphasis and accent, and not of duration, and so it is in music. But of all this personal rhythmic designing, which is carried to such great lengths in all our art-music, music alone affords opportunity. In fact, it is precisely by reason of its inarticulate character, its subconscious forcefulness, that music is able to voice those woes, joys, hopes, and unexpressed movings of the subconscious soul. And of all this expression Rhythm is one of the most potent parts of the entire means at the disposal of the composer, but also one of the subjects least understood by the majority of teachers and amateurs.

EDITORIAL BRICA-BRAC

Every once in a little while the editor or publisher of this magazine receives a letter opening with a highly appreciative compliment to the editor and the magazine. The writer generally states that she (for this a woman's vice, just now) has read the magazine with the greatest possible interest and advantage ever since its commencement. After this most inspiring and heart-opening beginning she comes around to the real business, stating that she has now presented the entire set of bound volumes to the local musical club, as foundation for a musical library; and the immediate question is whether the editor would not see his way clear, or the publisher be pleased, to donate the magazine in the future to this excellent object, the advantages of having a magazine on file in such a central place, where all the local music-lovers will see it, being, she would think, too plain to be overlooked. "Awaiting your favorable and I trust speedy answer," etc.

Here is the whole situation in a nutshell. A magazine of a kind which did not exist prior to November, 1891, has met in this instance just the kind of reader intended—one who enjoys it, appreciates its advantages to musical students, and the glimpses it continually gives of the best sides of the musical world. That the reader should be willing to give away her set of volumes; so highly prized, seems just a little—dare I say it?—like donating the one homely girl of the family to the foreign missionary field. (Some girls are too benevolent and impracticable to retain at home.)

That it would be of great use to send out some thousands of copies monthly to these central reading rooms in small places, where all the music lovers of the place will be sure to see and read them, is plain enough. Advantageous, certainly, but to whom? Whom should it advantage if not the music students of the neighborhood? But in just what way will this sort of thing benefit the publisher, the magazine itself, in its

bread-earning capacity, or even the editor, in his love of being appreciated.

These sweetly unconscious but appreciative souls overlook certain other considerations which have a practical value. In the first place, here is the question of price. This magazine, by far the most expensive musical periodical ever offered anywhere in the world at the price, has been lately reduced to the rate of one dollar a year, yet these requests for college and club complimentary copies come rather more freely than before. In place of remembering that the rate of one dollar is of itself not exactly a prohibitory amount of money for a club to raise in its corporate and co-operative capacity, the applicants seem to think that since the publisher is to get only one dollar, anyway, she might just as well not get anything. What is a dollar to her or she to a dollar?

Now, with reference to the "advantage" of having the magazine upon the reading table of the club, there are certain other things to say, the chief of which is that it is not an advantage to the magazines, but, on the contrary, a distinct disadvantage. Nobody ever reads a serious article in one of these club reading rooms, excepting when close after material for a "paper," and then it is a case much like Col. Sellers' suggestive insight, where it is not so much "information" which is needed as "the appearance of information."

The ladies musical clubs as now conducted are not an un-mixed advantage to musical progress. This is a conclusion I have come to rather reluctantly, but the symptoms seem to confirm the fact. They tend to run into a lot of inexpensive talkee-talkee, a succession of "papers" produced by persons having no great literary aptitude and generally no commanding knowledge of the subjects. In short, they are amateur productions pure and simple. After a paper is completed all the ladies cluster around the reader and with the amiable mendacity of society congratulate her upon her "charming" paper. When this has gone the entire round of the society, each leading member having been thus congratulated in her turn, honors, in whist parlance, are "easy."

The only members of the musical clubs who are stimulated and effectively urged onwards are those who have to prepare

the playing. They have undoubtedly been incited by the club necessities, and the work has been good for them.

I do not feel competent to speak firmly of the advantage or disadvantage which the club may have been to the average members. When the club brings in artists of high reputation, who give good programs, it is so far of use to the serious members; but then while all the large clubs bring in a few good players or singers every year, they also hold about three or four intervening meetings at which the performances are purely conventional and amateur. These being without the definiteness and concentration of artist work, fall upon careless ears, and a habit of listless hearing is promoted, inasmuch as this has already been fostered in the entire round of conventional society, where it is distinctly bad form to feel anything deeply. It seems a pity to condemn indifferent performances of musical programs as likely to do quite as much harm as good, but if the object of music be to stir and comfort the heart of those who love it, certainly it will be a bad habit to become accustomed to performances which do nothing of the kind.

Curiously enough, it does not appear that the clubs have proven particularly useful in enlarging the market an artist has for his talents. In place of promoting habits of artistic appreciation, and developing a love of music to the point where any good artist will be heard over and over again with pleasure, the tendency is to restrict the local market for recitals entirely to the field of the musical club. And since the club very properly looks towards variety of experience, not only is another artist engaged next time, because he or she *is* another, but the fact of the first artist having been heard before the club tends to make him entirely unavailable for additional recitals in that community. Something of this kind happens even in large cities.

* * *

To return to the standpoint of the publisher and editor. Where are they to look for assistance and encouragement in their work? Everybody knows that the name of musical periodical is usurped by many which have only a nominal connection with art music, and that these are sent free to all good musicians or reputable practitioners who are supposed to be

likely to advertise. This forms the free habit for professional musicians, and very few of them subscribe for themselves, and only a dozen or so in the country try to have their pupils subscribe. Consequently the serious periodical must look elsewhere. Now comes in the musical club, with its reading room and its one copy (free, if possible) for the entire room. This cuts off what would otherwise promise quite a large support. Remember the Chicago Amateur Musical Club, with some three hundred members or so. Not one of those members but would be expected to subscribe for some one suitable musical periodical but for the club. As it is, probably twenty subscriptions to the entire round of musical periodicals will cover the patronage from this source. There remains the great public of unattached music lovers, and these are the sole support the subscription department has for reliance. Thus, in place of being swelled, uplifted and supported by these complimentary letters, the editor and the publisher read them with profound discouragement. No doubt newspapers will ultimately, like the Cleveland mayor's street car riding, be free to all who would like to see them regularly; but as yet the practicable way of accomplishing this without imposing a burden upon somebody has not been found. Meanwhile wherever it is possible for a musical club, college or student to concentrate itself to the amount of one hundred cents, the reading room is in position to command the regular appearance of Music for a year.

* * *

It will be remembered by persistent subscribers that this magazine formerly devoted a department to intelligence from the musical clubs. It was discontinued because it proved that the only information regarded as worth giving out consisted of statistics concerning the officeholding class—a department of sociology foreign to the field of Music.

Real news, fine programs given lovingly, particularly in small places, are items which we always welcome, because they have a bearing upon musical progress; but changes of officers are of private importance only—to the officers themselves, their competitors and possibly the local milliners. These belong in fields where the ripple they make upon the great sea of life will be more pronounced.

I have been very curious to see the second of the lectures of Professor Niecks, last season, upon the "Ethical Power of Music," for in his introductory lecture, reproduced in this magazine, he has shown how thoroughly he had prepared himself for attacking the central problem itself. But as yet I have been unable to find it reproduced.

It is a curious feature of speculation concerning music that from the earliest antiquity of which we have any knowledge music has been held capable of influencing the moral state of the practitioner and hearer. Such an idea was undoubtedly the ground principle of Pythagoras' direction to his disciples to calm the spirit and attune the soul by singing sacred songs before retiring for the night. And still more curiously, this suggestion had in it what is probably the ultimate philosophy upon the subject, namely, that music is capable of awakening in the mind moods, serious and noble states which are favorable to ethical choices.

Perhaps we ought to define what we mean by ethical in this discussion, and this can easily be done. It has reference to all choices of "ought" and "ought not." To every individual whatever he thinks he ought not to do is wrong for him, and to chose to do it is to make a wrong choice; so also to elect to do the "ought" is to make a good choice. The information underlying the choice may be imperfect or faulty, and the choice in itself invalid, as to its being truly an "ought." But the individual who choses the course which his judgment tells him he ought to chose, for his own good and for that of others, in that is following a just ethical course. Moreover, there are, roughly speaking, three kinds of these "oughts," concerning which every man is called upon for moral decisions. First, the "ought" for the well being of the body. This kind of "ought" belongs to physiology; second, the "ought" with reference to some future state of existence; this kind of "ought" belongs to what is commonly but improperly called religion; improperly because religion in its essence is the effort to become like God, and not merely to escape damnation. There remains still another kind of "ought" and "ought not" which have to do with character. A right choice in this department makes the individual "more of a man," conduces to a higher character, without regard to its influence upon his stomach or his salvation.

Yet, in point of fact, the three kinds of ought all work together; the man who works according to sound physiological ethics, deriving therefrom a general steadiness of body highly favorable to character and salvation; so also, the habit of good ethics undoubtedly promotes good digestion and has in it a very good promise of salvation. And thus a truly religious state of mind, sanely conceived, has in it everything favorable to these other two planes of ethics. But, all together, the state called ethical is that in which the mind has decision to make correct choices at points where appetite and impulse often or generally favor the opposite.

It is evident from the foregoing and the fact of recognized ability of music to promote or awaken distinct attitudes of mind, moods, states of being, that music, if it can color and change moods, may possibly have no little ethical power and it may become, in fact has already become, a very important question to all, as Plato thought it to be in his time, to hear and practice the right kind of music and to avoid all those kinds of music which conduce to unethical states of mind. Now let us see where this leads us.

As already pointed out above, pretty much all kinds of ethical choices turn between impulse or appetite and the choice of a supposedly higher good. To make a choice of this kind involves a certain repose of mind, a judicial state in which the claims of the far distant or the remote weigh equally with those of the immediate and pressing. What can music have to do with such a choice? it may be asked.

Yet the answer is ready. If the mind be in an intoxicated condition, in which sense is exalted and thought and will held in abeyance or rendered irresponsible through the temporary relaxation of the inhibitory faculties, it is conceivable that a piece of music of just the right nature might by awakening the proper mood of mind conduce in a powerful degree to an ethical choice. So also in the opposite case; if the mind were to be purposely intoxicated or surcharged with sensation and stirred to an orgy through the influence of a piece of music, the ethical choice might fail from this reason and sensation and appetite carry the day.

Moreover, the state of the intellect has a good deal to do with ethics. When the mind is wide awake, the intelligence is

more apt to rule. Hence, music which is highly organized, like that of Bach, and impersonal and not sensuous, is favorable to ethics.

It will be evident on reflection that the ethical influence of music can be exerted along this line and nowhere else; it will also be evident that such an influence might be powerful in proportion to the psychic cleverness of the music.

Now there is a great deal of music which does not have moral quality and cannot have any. For instance, all kinds of what are called studies, exercises, and what is called "dry" music generally. This does not enter into the emotional state of man sufficiently to make it a practical question. A man may study it for some kind of enlarging of his ideas or powers in some one direction, and the study will be valuable in proportion to the concentration he gives it and the just apportioning of time between that and other demands upon him. But of emotional influence, save only that due to self-absorption of study, perhaps not worth what it costs, there will be none at all.

If we take our body of classical musical as a whole, we find at the head such music as that of Bach and Handel, where a vigorous intelligence reigns along with plenty of musical feeling, soberly controlled and kept within bounds. This music not only holds our attention by reason of its interest and value as music, but also is distinctly ethical, by reason of the steadiness of spirit to which it conduces—or to which it conduces in those who really have ears to hear it—i. e., enjoy it.

Beethoven in his slow movements has music which is distinctly ethical and reposeful in the highest degree, and it is difficult to conceive of the capacity to enjoy and be affected by music of this character co-existing along with tendencies to great passion. Mozart and Haydn touch rarely more than the lighter aspects of the soul, but so far as they have psychical force it is congenial to well-balanced control of spirit, with tendencies towards the sweeter and more purely human, not to say humane, states of soul.

Since Beethoven, music tends to become more and more personal, and more and more high-strung. Here we come to places where it will be a question of personalities, and of

times and seasons ; and it is not at all inconceivable that morbid temperaments might receive damage from giving themselves over to some particular kind of very exciting music which happened to fit in with their own weaknesses. There is a great field for investigation here. At the end the conclusion will appear that while almost any particularly strong piece (very emotional in some direction) might be damaging to a morbid temperament, such a piece would do no harm at all to the great majority of students, not being in the same hypersensitive condition, and the piece would be heard and enjoyed as merely an impersonal chapter in art. And as for the extremely impassioned music of some modern writers, such as for example, the pessimistic sixth symphony of Tschaiakovsky, there might be times when it would lead a morbid hearer to self-destruction.

These are the general lines along which ethical discussions are tending. And in formulating conclusions it will be necessary to remember that, ever since the beginnings of musical time, conservatives have inveighed against novelties ; later on novelty has in turn become the usual, and a few new chords have come in to upset again the chariot of progress. And so it goes. But that there must ultimately be a limit in progress towards the portrayal in music of extremely highstrung and morbid moods, would seem necessary, if the beautiful is to maintain its sway. At all events there is and must be a difference in the psychological influence of habitual hearing of extreme and highstrung music, and that resulting from the study of a well-balanced selection from the best sources in modern music. Here is great room for reflection and study. As for the other question whether music influences character towards refinement and social order, it is included in the foregoing.

* * *

Is there anybody in Congress or out of it able to explain why an American scholar, scientist, or professional man should pay a tax on knowledge in the form of impost duty upon the books he is obliged to import from European countries? As everybody knows, the scholar nowadays begins his preparation by enabling himself to pick up knowledge in at least three of the principal modern languages: his own mother tongue,

the German and the French. To this the majority of leading scholars add Italian, if not more. The student in philosophy, music, history, philology, chemistry, biology, physiology, or fine arts, cannot complete his knowledge from the books published in his own mother tongue and printed in America. It is conceivable why a tariff should be placed upon books in English, else the low-minded British publisher might reprint our own books and sell the copies in this country, although modern copyright prevents when suitable precautions are taken. Copies so made and sold would no doubt interfere with the American printer and author. But why this absurd restriction should be extended to books printed in other languages than English it would be edifying to be told. Every important scientific book has to undergo a novitiate of from two to five years before its value is sufficiently recognized to warrant a publisher undertaking its translation and reprint. During this interval the book ought to be available without the gratuitous tax on knowledge which the law now requires. There was one gratifying loophole in the book tariff, namely, that any book is admitted free when it has been published at least fifty years. The present writer imported a copy of Czerny's *Kunst des Vortrags* under this exception, the original publication having taken place more than fifty years ago. Knowledge, therefore, in the view of the law, is taxable only when it is new!

The plain common sense of it all is that all books in languages other than English ought to come in free. No doubt there would be an occasional interference with the business interests of American reprints in Bohemian, German, and the like; but the total would be small and would be offset by other very important advantages. It has been proposed to restrict the free importation of foreign books to those upon scientific and art subjects, the intention being to leave literature, especially fiction, under the tax. This proposition also has little in it. If we are to be permitted to stimulate our intellects and improve our scientific equipment without paying a special tax to the government for the imprudence, why not permit us to stimulate our imagination as well?

* * *

No doubt the protectionist can defend the other form of this objectionable tax upon civilization, namely, that upon

pictures and works of art, upon the ground that for every work of art imported some American mechanic is out of a job to that extent. A few painters and three or four American sculptors perhaps benefit by this law; otherwise it is a very objectionable tax, more objectionable the more important the work of art imported. If, for instance, some American millionaire should be lucky enough to buy the Sistine Madonna for a half million or so, he would no doubt cogitate quite a bit before putting so large a sum into a single picture, which from its nature cannot be permanent and is eminently destructible. But when in addition to this the officer of American customs confronts him with a demand for something more than one hundred and thirty thousand dollars additional, to compensate the government for enriching its country by the great work, and to guarantee the American artists against this unholy competition of three centuries ago, very naturally he hesitates several minutes. If only some thoughtful Congressman had had the forethought to add to the clause relating to works of art one admitting free all works of art more than fifty years old (except old maids, who ought not to be imported) this would have been a great help. A tax on beauty when it is young and in demand has something to recommend it, while when it is fifty years old or more it is obviously unnecessary.

Even musical instruments do not escape. An orchestral player desiring to buy for himself an old violin or other product of the golden age in Cremona is obliged to contribute a very large sum to the same customs comorant. Steindl of the Chicago orchestra, whose beautiful 'cello was smashed up irretrievably in a railway accident, found that if he were to pay his five thousand dollars for another old instrument approximately as good, this would not balance his account, but that a grateful country would insist upon his paying over to its treasury the farther sum of about twenty-five hundred dollars (a full year's salary for the artist) as compensation for the privilege of playing its music to it with so much more beauty of tone.

The tax is absurd upon the face of it. The country ought to offer a bounty for the importing of all high class works of art. Any liberal minded investor bringing in a grand musical

instrument, a lot of superior books, or a splendid picture with the intention of leaving it permanently in this country ought to be entitled to a bounty from a grateful country, since every such addition to our resources makes our position as a civilized country just that much stronger.

It is even doubtful whether there is any sound public reason for taxing the importer of foreign curios and articles of bric-a-brac. What are Pompeiian lamps or Roman or Etruscan vases to the income account of the United States? Do they conflict with any of our home manufactories?

In a civilized state art, knowledge, and old musical instruments might be permitted free of arbitrary tax. Why not?

* * *

In a former issue of this magazine Mr. Karleton Hackett had a paper concerning the popular state of musical intelligence in this country early in the eighteen hundreds. His disposition was to accept the works of Billings, Holden, Swan, and the other continental psalmodists as fairly expressive of the best musical knowledge then existing. It is worthy of consideration, however, that the Boston Handel and Haydn Society was founded in 1815 for the study of "sacred music," and it was not many years before they gave the "Messiah" and the "Creation," the latter then rather recent. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was given in Boston within a very few years after its production in England. There must therefore have been an enlightened and sincere constituency for art-music, although no doubt imperfectly informed and not large in numbers.

I have lately chanced upon a token of something very different from anything discovered by Mr. Hackett, namely, an American edition of the "Essay Upon Harmony" by Augustus Frederic Christopher Kollmann, at that time organist of His Majesty's German Chapel at St. James. Kollmann was an excellent musician, and his so-called "essay" is, in fact, a rather thorough treatise on Harmony and Counterpoint. He begins (note this, those who suppose that the harmonics were not known before Helmholtz's time) with what he calls the natural scale, meaning thereby the divisions of a sounding string, i. e., the natural harmonics. The book is, in fact, a very competent treatment of the subjects mentioned above, including twenty-

five pages upon rhythm, not forgetting double counterpoint of the several kinds, the ecclesiastical modes and free invention. He concludes with a selection of good chorales in the ecclesiastical modes, among them being a particularly beautiful one in the Phrygian mode, a Passion Hymn, "Commit they ways and goings," which, if I remember aright, is either in part or entire in Bach's "St. Matthew Passion." This treatise, extending to 289 octavo pages, was printed in 1817 at Utica, New York, by Seward & Williams. The publication was made possible by some subscribers in advance, a list of names being given in the appendix. The third name on the list is that of the then young musician and later distinguished psalmist, Thomas Hastings; there are fourteen names from Utica, among them being two other members of the Hastings family; two in Rochester; Sheldon and Reed in Detroit appear; five in New York city; and Andover Theological Seminary appears with a list of no less than twenty-two subscribers, and the Andover Phillips Academy with four more. The Boston Handel and Haydn Society has seventeen subscriptions to its credit. This was two years after the society was organized and nearly ten years before Lowell Mason's time. It is not impossible that the Erastus Wattles of Lebanon, Conn., who figures upon this list, is still represented in the faculty of Oberlin, for the name of Wattles has been a very important one in the progress of the great school of music there.

The fact of so serious and comprehensive a text-book in print at a remote small city like Utica in the year 1817 is one of the most striking I have noticed.

The music type used in the book is not very good, but the publisher must have had a quantity of it, for the musical examples number 500, and several of them extend a page. Of course the average is much less, but musical examples are used with complete disregard to the inconvenience usually experienced in getting them done. Many of the definitions in the book are admirable. Kollmann uses the term "superfluous" for augmented, but otherwise he is clear and expresses himself well. In fact, the book is a more satisfactory book for class use than a great many issued within the last twenty years.

* * *

I have only lately realized how well done are Mr. Thomas

Tapper's "First Studies in Music Biography." It contains short biographies of the ten greatest composers, Bach to Wagner. The biographies are clearly written, carefully planned to cover the essential points of the life and the relation of the composer to art, and there are questions for examination. The sketches extend to about seven thousand words each and are therefore about three times as full as the little sketches in the "Petite Library." Teachers will differ as to the usefulness of this kind of information. Some, like the generality of piano teachers, will regard them as unessential. In fact, the average teacher of the piano, I am sorry to say, often has a pupil for years without ever giving more than one or two pieces from any of the composers mentioned in this book. Others, like myself, will feel that the first thing in musical culture is culture in hearing music, and in understanding it just as it stands, by hearing it, remembering it, realizing it and playing it. Provided this part of the education is taken care of right along, as it seldom is, then subsidiary information of this biographical kind comes in usefully for the purpose of giving the composer a true place in the student's general scheme of the art he is supposed to be studying. Still later will come a regular history of music, in which the principles ruling the development will be pointed out and the course of the progress traced, the biographical part now falling into a subordinate place. Mr. Tapper has done excellent work. (Presser publishes it.)

* * *

Apropos to Mr. Busoni's habit of making arrangements for piano of Bach works for organ or other instruments, a writer in the London *Referee* takes up the general question and tries to discredit the proceeding upon the ground that inasmuch as the composer had for himself selected the instrument which he regarded as suitable for his work, a modern virtuoso has no right to go behind the returns and make the arrangement over from a different standpoint. The position is often taken by writers who have more conscience in spots than they have sense in others. To begin, it is by no means certain that when Bach placed a given work for organ he did so because he considered that instrument the only suitable one for it. His own practice contradicts this, as well as the nature of the works. For instance, one of the great movements in the sonatas for

violin solo is the Preludium or Preamble in E major, in the sixth sonata. Now, Bach not only rewrote this movement himself for organ as prelude to one of his church cantatas, but he set it a step lower, namely, in D major. No doubt the violin form is on the whole better; and the modern arrangement for piano suits the irrepressible liveliness of this jubilant beginning much better than the organ and perhaps even better than the violin itself. It is the organ form of this work that M. Saint-Saens transcribed several years ago for piano. So, too, his great fugue, "The Musical Offering," which, having improvised in six parts for Frederick the Great, he wrote out for strings and sent the Emperor. Moreover, it is not at all clear in many of the Bach organ works that they are very well adapted for the instrument. Take a most striking instance, the prelude and fugue in A minor. Surely the preponderance of single voice and two-voice work and the amount of fast work are much more likely to agree with the pianoforte than with the full organ, with its innumerable doubles of Bach's time.

The process of arranging has gone too far to be stopped. Liszt enriched the repertory of the piano with some forty or fifty new pieces made out of songs, the great majority of which but for his aid would have remained unknown to the piano world. Some of these pieces, like the "Erl King" and others, are solos of great value. And to return to Busoni; he has done some really wonderful work in this line, his version of the Bach Chaconne being perhaps the most imposing of all. As for the Liszt arrangements of the Bach organ fugues, too many virtuosi have set their seals upon them to condemn them at this late day. In place of relegating them to obscurity, it would be better for all concerned if more of them were played, for in all the concert repertory there are few pieces more interesting, more musical or better done than these. It is also to be mentioned that owing to the progress of playing they are now available for a relatively lower class of artists than when they were first made.

The *Referee* man also complains of Tausig's "tinsel filagrees plastered over Weber's Invitation to Dance." What will be say when he hears the arrangement by Godowsky? Perhaps he will have a worse spell than an eminent Berlin critic, who, under the pressure of this "profanation of a German classic,"

wrote a vitriolic diatribe against the playing of Godowsky, only to take it back like a man two days later and confess that by getting mad he had lost his head. At all events, Godowsky has accomplished something with that terribly dry part in F minor which none of the others have found a way to do. He has made it over *a la Niebelheim*, and curious and interesting it is.

* * *

While the mills of the gods are still in their *Adagio* movement of American art, and the grinding does indeed seem very slow, it is pleasant to believe that motion nevertheless exists. The time will come when there will be first-class opera in the English language. Now we have here two distinct propositions: first-class and English language. First-class opera does not come to realization even when foreign tongues are contributed by our best American singers. Every opera season, especially if the opera is given every night in the week, shows a full half of performances which for one reason or another fall below the proper standard; and this generally for reasons not surmountable by the manager. Mr. Grau, for instance, cannot defend himself against singers' colds, caprices and cabals. The conductors cannot have any more than twenty-four hours in any one day, and out of these they have got to get all their rehearsing and performing, sometimes with two performances in the same day, and Sunday with a sacred concert to keep them from being lonesome. Perfection is not easy to get with four performances a week or even three. With eight or nine it is impossible.

As an "aggregation of talent" ("agglutination of talent," I think, would be better, because the talent shows a distinct tendency to agglutinate itself to the most solvent manager) under Mr. Grau is something to be printed in Capitals, remembered in hyssop and heard with the finest possible of wardrobes. Beautiful voices (a few of them); splendid artists (a few of them); plenty of hard-worked mediocrities, and conductors to beat the band, if they can. It is a rich and a tropical lay-out. It comes very high, very high indeed. But it does not often succeed in producing first-class opera in all its parts. In every dollar's worth of change there is at least one punched quarter, a few smooth

and dilapidated nickels and one or two cents which refuse to go. Result, the bank of criticism charges up "exchange" against the total of alleged perfection.

The difficulties of first-class opera in the English language are various. And the best American singers have a superstition against singing in their own mother tongue. They are afraid that it will bring out the defects in their polish, their finish. All their serious study they have done in foreign tongues. Why should they change it now? And worst of all, the dear public has not yet reached the point of intelligence where it enjoys opera better when it can understand it.

* * *

The twentieth concert of the Chicago orchestra, like the one previous, brought a program which on the whole was very strong and rich in novelties. The pieces were these:

Tschaikovsky, Marche Slav.

Caesar Franck, Morceau Symphonique, from "Redemption."

Edward Elgar, Variations, Opus 36.

Richard Strauss, Love Scene, "Feuersnot."

Dvorak, Fifth Symphony. "From the New World."

The foregoing program belonged to the historical series and affords a striking illustration of the best work of very recent times. Naturally this part of the course is so rich that no one program can illustrate more than a very small part of the manifold directions which musical art is now taking. The Tchaikovsky March is a Russian work, built upon popular themes, very striking and sensational. It was extremely well played and repeated in accordance with an invincible demand. Then followed a very interesting extract from Cæsar Franck's oratorio of "The Redemption." Franck was a composer who stood in France in a position somewhat like that of the late Anton Bruckner in Vienna, a composer universally respected for his great technical knowledge, loved for his personal character, and occasionally recognized for the strength of his work. Franck, like Bruckner, knew perhaps a trifle too much for his own good. Such was his technique that he was able to develop an idea to an unlimited extent without exhausting its possibilities, while at the same time his work was not revised in deference to a severe and sensitive taste, especially with regard to its going too far, so that more length became a disadvantage. Cæsar Franck appears to have had very strong poetic fancy

along the line of the rather sweet and semi-pastoral moods, and in working these out he brought to the task a wealth of learning and contrapuntal resource rarely surpassed and never perhaps concentrated upon musical tasks so little related to the deeper notes of the soul.

The present extract is a case in point. The conception is sweet and delightful, and the first half or two-thirds of the extract constitutes a beautiful illustration of French musical art at its best. So far this is one of the great pieces of orchestral music anywhere to be found, having in it not only a well chosen and sustained mood, but many delightful individualities of orchestral color, one of the most striking of which occurs where he gives the melody to all the strings, including the double basses, and supports the remaining voices with the wood wind and some of the brass. Later on, however, he does not manage to leave the idea when enough has been done with it, and for this reason it is not a selection to be admired without some reserve.

Then followed the most remarkable piece of the concert, namely, the Variations, opus 36, by the young Englishman, Edward Elgar. I believe that I heard this work once before without finding it anything more than a very creditable piece "for an Englishman," but on the present occasion it must have been played better or I was in a better mood, for it seemed to me one of the most truly beautiful of recent orchestral works. It is vastly better than any other piece by an English composer that I have ever heard, and there is hardly any composer now living upon the continent of Europe who could have written it. He begins with a very vague theme, which, however, involves an unusual range of harmony, and thereupon goes on to develop a succession of fourteen variations, the last being expanded into a finale. These variations first of all illustrate the very best type of modern work in this department, as far as possible from the monotony of mood which we find in variations of the Haydn and Mozart period, and quite up to the extreme contrasts of Brahms and Tschaikovsky. The transformations of the theme are most masterly, as well as poetical; the contrapuntal handling clever and always interesting, and the orchestral coloring modern, yet discreet, in being able to differentiate the coloring according to the moods intended. To

judge from this work, Mr. Elgar ought to be capable of writing a really strong symphony or a succession of them worth adding to the world's stock—something which England has yet to do. The playing on this occasion was delightful.

The first part of the concert closed with Richard Strauss' fragment from "Feuersnoth," which, curiously enough, sounded, after Mr. Elgar's lovely work, rather elaborate, far-fetched and inconclusive. To judge from this occasion, more is to be looked for in the future from Elgar than from Strauss. Such an opinion is certainly hazardous when expressed concerning a musician so singularly gifted as Richard Strauss, but the music seems to justify it.

The second half of the concert embraced Dvorak's "new world" symphony, which was well played, but, as always, illustrated the disadvantage of trying to develop symphonic effects out of motives which have nothing symphonic in them. Had not Dvorak been an extremely versatile musician he could not have written a symphony upon motives like these; and, as it is, the effect is cheap, resting almost wholly in rhythm and coloring, the motives steadfastly resisting plastic transformation for purposes essentially tonal.

The audience, I regret to say, redemanded the Slav Marche, for which I do not blame it, since it seldom enough hears anything it can appreciate, but listened to Cesar Franck's beautiful work with only moderate sympathy, and found the Elgar variations tiresome—a natural mistake of ignorance and want of musical feeling. The Strauss number was awarded the applause which is now the fashion for his work.

* * *

Mr. Theodore Thomas has been making lately some programs of most distinguished rank. For instance, the 21st concert, March 29, had this brief but significant list:

Brahms, Symphony No. 4, in E minor.

Saint-Saens, Concerto in G Minor, (Mr. Bauer).

Tschaikovsky, Pathetic Symphony, B minor.

This belonged to the historical series, and was given as a part illustration of the present state of musical art, as shown by three very important masterpieces.

It was played with distinguished excellence all through. The Brahms work is one that needs several hearings, particularly in the rather trying series of variations constituting the

finale. Nor is there any part of it that can be called popular. It is, however, great and noble music.

Mr. Harold Bauer made his first appearance with the orchestra, and his playing was musical, competent technically, and peculiarly satisfactory in the matter of ensemble, owing to his admirably clear rhythm and his knowing so well the nature of orchestral work, as distinguished from solo work, from his previous experiences as violinist. In this point of satisfactory ensemble, no artist of the last two years has achieved so gratifying a success, a circumstance in part due, no doubt, to Mr. Thomas's familiarity with the work, for he had the discretion to conduct it himself. As compared with some previous performances of this work with this orchestra, Mr. Bauer appeared to excellent advantage, although I do not consider his playing of the Scherzo, for instance, comparable to that of Godowsky, who played this concerto with this orchestra, but not in the symphony concerts. Nor was the finale so well done, because Mr. Bauer, while well equipped as an artist, still lacks not a little of the peculiarly crisp and clear finger technique of Godowsky. He is, however, so sound and admirable an all-around player that he deserves to be heard with great respect and pleasure. He is likely to continue a notable figure in our concert rooms, most likely for many years, his reliability and lack of eccentricities giving him a pleasing quality which, with a more aggressive personality, would fail to be balanced by his interpretative equipment.

Tschaikovsky's Pathetic symphony certainly justifies Mr. Thomas' restrictions upon the symphonic music of this author, as expressed to the writer and reported some time ago. He declared that while this music of Tschaikovsky (it was this same symphony of which we were speaking) is great and emotional music, it still is not symphony, being too strong and emotional. Such music, Mr. Thomas added, belongs in opera, where "we might take it with a horse"—being apparently under the impression of some recent operatic horsemanship which he had witnessed which had appealed to him as an overdoing of the business. It is wonderful music, but too intensely personal, too dismal, too grinding upon the nerves. Wagner is cold and lazy beside it. Beautiful was the second movement in the unusual rhythm of five beats in the measure, but how ex-

quisitely does Tschaikovsky handle it, and how elusive is the effect, yet how musical! Even Mr. Thomas admitted that it requires technique to beat the measure for this movement, owing to the unusual number of beats in a measure, which, of course, is very rare in a conductor's routine, and the confusion likely to arise from the second rhythm. It is a noble work, and as personal and pessimistic as Brahms is impersonal and perhaps, as a French writer charges, undecided.

* * *

When an orchestral concert falls upon a Good Friday it is perhaps open to suppose that the absentees are intent upon their religious duties, but this does not appear in other theaters, and why should it in the symphony concerts, especially when so important a program is being given? But there have been by far too many empty seats all along and always more when the program is very good. It is unfortunate that the Auditorium should furnish so many seats at moderate prices, for the main balcony is filled up with patrons, half of whom ought, in fairness to the enterprise, to be occupying seats upon the lower floor.

Even on Friday there may have been 3,500 people in the house, but the missing 500 who should have completed the first floor public were painfully in evidence. This is one respect in which the house handicaps the orchestral concerts. Still, the question inevitably comes up, why, so long as the leading theaters are doing steady and overflowing business at two dollars a seat, month in and month out, and often for plays of very little power, the orchestral concerts, which cost a great deal more than any play, should not be supported twice a week?

This is one of those things no fellow seems able to find out. One says it is due to the high programs over the heads of the public. But why does not the public desire to have its head raised to an artistic level in music as well as in drama? And so long as there are in this city all along twenty thousand pupils actively engaged in studying music, why is it that they are not heard from in the symphony patronage? No doubt they are heard from, but not to any such extent as the case deserves. And amid a public of two millions of people, many of whom, to hear them tell it, belong to the very cosmopolitan elite of

the American cream, why is it that they do not pour themselves out in overwhelming numbers to support so noble and so timely an enterprise as these symphony concerts? This also is something which has yet to be found out.

Nor is it a satisfactory explanation to account for the absentees on the ground that the music is too "abstract," too "classic," too "severe," etc. For these absentees are the same people who meet in every important church in Europe studying crucifixions, descents from the cross, entombments, the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, and the whole dismal category of those referred to by the writer to the Hebrews, who have moved mountains, stopped the mouths of lions, been sawn asunder, afflicted and tormented. The subject is no deterrent from these people crowding around the great monuments of classical art in painting. Why should it be so in music? For in this pathetic symphony of Tschaikovsky we might answer in the words of Tonio that these are the real tears of the composer, the actual sufferings, the very heart blood which here is set down in tones. And while Brahms generally pauses in his hari-kari before any fatal damage has been done, still even he is not writing symphonies because he has seen merely a pleasant vision of delectable mountains and other inspiring brightnesses of anticipation, but because he was himself a part of the great grinding world of human kind, a voice of some part of this great body of progressing souls and occasionally an angel guide towards better outlooks farther on.

No! The relatively too small patronage of the symphony concerts is first of all a case of sheer brutish ignorance; the great mass do not know the true meaning and outlook of the art of music. And while one may take the ground that a plow a little sharper than Mr. Thomas might cut a deeper and smoother furrow faster, still the fact remains that he is an art plow of approved potency, and, while years may have dulled the edge a bit, the furrow is still smooth and true. He is one of the great conductors of the world. If only we had a half dozen conductors of symphony in place of one, it would be better for all concerned. Put almost any conductor possible to be named up there and he would presently show that the new broom does not always sweep perceptibly more clean; or, to return to the land figures, that the new furrow is deeper, truer,

or quicker than the old. It comes back to a public neglect of a great opportunity.

* * *

No doubt it would be better if symphony concerts were as inexpensive as in Germany. In Berlin, for instance, they have some four courses of symphony concerts every season under such conductors as Weingartner, Richard Strauss, Nikisch and the like—if there be any like. Yet Berlin is no larger than Chicago. Merely it has more people who love music.

Of course the cost of an orchestra is ridiculously low in Berlin, too low for the basket and the store of the musicians. To hire Beethoven Hall, an orchestra of sixty good men and a conductor and to advertise the concert costs, all told, only the insignificant sum of 1,200 marks (\$300). No wonder young artists make debuts over there. In Chicago the same could not possibly be duplicated, even under a less expensive conductor than Mr. Thomas, for less than \$800 or \$900. It is a different matter, and this is the reason why our pianists never play with orchestral accompaniment except with the symphony concerts.

* * *

I have been written to several times about the so-called "Chicago Symphony Orchestra," which gives concerts out of town. I have been obliged to answer all alike that I have never heard this organization play and never heard of its playing in Chicago. It is a small orchestra, specially organized to travel out of town upon the tacit assumption of the name, suggesting that its natural place of work is the Chicago Auditorium and its head conductor Mr. Thomas. It is nothing of the kind. It has, no doubt, a very good conductor, and many years ago Mr. Rosenbecker played a symphony (or perhaps more than one) in Chicago. But it is not the Chicago Orchestra.

* * *

Mr. Paderewski's second recital took place in the Auditorium Saturday afternoon, March 22, with the following program:

Sonata in C Sharp Minor (moonlight).....	Beethoven
Andante and Variations in F Minor.....	Haydn
Sonata in F Sharp Minor.....	Schumann
Ballade in A Flat.....	Chopin
Nocturne in B Major, Op. 62.....	Chopin
Valse, Op. 64, C Sharp Minor.....	Chopin

Two Chants Polonaise.....	Chopin-Liszt
Barcarolle in A Minor.....	Rubinstein
Polonaise in E Major.....	Liszt

It was not a program to get excited about, in fact, the audience must have included scores of persons, perhaps hundreds, familiar with perhaps the entire list, saving possibly the comparatively rare Chopin songs transcribed by Liszt. Of the playing it is not necessary to say much except to praise, yet it lacked distinctly two qualities which might have been present. First, no single interpretation was so complete and masterly as to be authoritative; and, secondly, the qualities of the playing were almost continually the same, vibrating between a really exquisite melody tone and an equally beautiful tone in delicate passage work, momentary crescendos combined with rubatos which restricted the gain in interest to the immediate locality and helped to break up the unity of the complete effect, and over against this very many occasions in which the tone was brutal, unmusical and forced, particularly in left hand fortissimos. It was a pity that the latter element should have ever been present, and it is not easy to account for it, since Mr. Paderewski shows so habitually in the treble a fine sense of tonal quality and speaking sweetness—in which respect he stands foremost among living pianists. No other man plays so musical and so telling a pianissimo; and he had for it a rarely beautiful piano, a gem from a source whence gems are common. I did not have the questionable pleasure of hearing the "moonlight" sonata, but have no doubt it was played remarkably well. The Haydn work was really delightful, a more perfect piece of playing it would be impossible to find. Then came the great Schumann sonata in F sharp, which Carl Wolfsohn says embraces the whole of the Schumann cult. This was played romantically, at times exquisitely, and the moods were well distinguished. The inherently fragmentary character of the work, particularly in the finale, was, if anything, even emphasized, a circumstance due to much rubato and great tenderness of local coloring. The slow movement was rather slow, the scherzo delightful. The whole a very strong performance.

Naturally, there is nothing to be said concerning the Chopin selections, since to an artist of Mr. Paderewski's familiarity and experience, not to mention his national sympathy, with the composer, whatever peculiarities they manifested must be cred-

ited to the personal element. The little, but beautiful, waltz he played exquisitely and repeated it. The nocturne is one rarely heard, rather a weak work. The Liszt polonaise at the end of the printed program was badly played, unnecessarily bad. For instance, the change in harmony in the first measure of the theme did not appear neither at first nor later. Yet the cadenza was given with great brilliancy, but with certain liberties not altogether to be commended; the resumption of the theme immediately after, in varied form, the delicate finger work was badly done, the accentuation being badly placed and the effect not at all delicate or musical. Later on he regained a certain amount of repose, but this performance was distinctly below the standard to have been expected. In response to many recalls he gave another Chopin waltz, perhaps two of them, one in A flat, opus 34; then the Liszt second Hungarian Rhapsody, which is perhaps the most musical of the entire series. He gave the introduction and first movement of this with great breadth and brilliancy; so also the middle piece, preparatory to the fast movement; but the fast movement itself lost effect from pounding and from a break in rhythm which he invariably made before the accented note of the leading motive, the heavy chord in the middle of the measure. This combined with many later rubatos, deprived the fast movement of the cumulative effect which it has when played more continuously. It was a strong performance and a pleasure to hear, since the piece has now fallen into comparative neglect.

The audience was very large and enthusiastic enough. The entire galleries and main balcony were full and some hundreds standing, but the main floor was not more than two-thirds filled. The boxes also showed one large box party, filling three boxes, but otherwise were nearly empty. The receipts, therefore, can hardly have come up to his record breaking experience of five years ago, when he played to seven thousand dollars in this house; on this occasion it probably amounted to something over five thousand dollars—and even this is better for a concert pianist than nothing.

Mr. Paderewski was very gracious in his manner and looks extremely well. He is certainly the most conspicuous and picturesque figure in the musical world at present. But he is not an artist who can be expected to go out of his way here—

after to introduce very exacting and rarely heard works for piano. He cannot afford it; he is out after pecuniary results and wishes to give the public what the public demands. Our education we must get advanced by players who have not yet arrived at the top of the ladder.

Mr. Paderewski still retains the art which has made his fortune (along with his lucrative hair), namely, the art of playing a melody in a peculiarly sweet and appealing manner. He is the pianist for the many, the public, but not for the few.

W. S. B. M.

THINGS HERE AND THERE

J. H. HAHN.

The accidental death of Mr. J. H. Hahn, of the Detroit Conservatory, March 24, removes one of the most prominent musical figures of the state of Michigan, and a personality which has been felt appreciatively throughout a large territory. Mr. Hahn was born in Philadelphia, Dec. 1, 1847. When he was fourteen years old his parents removed to Chicago, where the boy became a pupil of Dr. Florence Ziegfeld, and immediately after completing his studies at the musical college he accepted an engagement as teacher, and distinguished himself from the very first. He succeeded to one office after another in the various state associations of music teachers where he worked, and also in the national association, in the latter his influence having been considerable. Mr. Hahn inaugurated the Detroit Conservatory about 1873, and he had administered the affairs of that institution down to his death. As a piano teacher he was forceful, musical and thorough, and there are hundreds of teachers working in Michigan and elsewhere who derived their training from him. Personally he was genial, active, and gifted with an unusual talent for business. He composed quite a number of songs and instrumental pieces, and perhaps in an environment more congenial than that of the United States he would have developed in this direction. His main work, however, was teaching, and in this he will be widely missed.

Very impressive funeral services were held in Detroit, and among the addresses was one by the pianist, Mr. Constantine von Sternberg, who among other appreciative tributes said that Prof. Hahn was to be counted among the half dozen greatest music-pedagogues in the world.

RECITAL BY MRS. THEODORE WORCESTER.

On March 19, 1902, Mrs. Theodore Worcester, under the management of Mrs. Florence French, gave what might be called an interrupted piano recital in Music Hall, before a remarkably fine appearing audience, embracing many music lovers of the first potency. Mrs. Worcester, who upon this occasion played upon the Weber grand (formerly so well known in American concert rooms), gave the following selections: Brahms, Rhapsody in B Minor, Study, "Night" and Concert Waltz by Glazounov (the latter transcribed by Blumenfeld), the Glinka-Balakirev "The Lark," a Nocturne by Tschaikovsky, the Rachmaninov Prelude in C sharp minor and Liszt's Venice and Naples Tarantelle. The situation was ungrateful, the recital opening with

the Brahms Rhapsody, which is very difficult for the purpose. After this followed a long group of songs, of which presently, and then Mrs. Worcester had the rather quiet Glazounov study, followed by Blumenfeld's tremendously difficult concert paraphrase of his first waltz for orchestra, a piece making serious demands upon the greatest virtuosi. Later on were pieces of less difficulty. Mrs. Worcester made a lovely appearance, and played in a quiet and elegant manner, characterized occasionally by unusual fluency, but on the whole not sufficiently commanding and authoritative to establish her place among concert pianists of high rank. Her tone was musical, but the fortissimos were insufficient. Naturally she was too much overweighted in the Blumenfeld paraphrase, which is full of rapid and complicated technique, making the piece unusually difficult to remember fast enough for a cool public performance. If this ambitious and serious young artist is able to add to what she already has a greater degree of concentration and force, and develop her work to a real bravoura, she ought to find a large field for her talent.

The alleged singer of the occasion was Mr. Plunket Green, an Irish gentleman from Dublin or thereabouts, who celebrated his nationality by singing mainly in German, with a little French between. It is due Mr. Green's teachers to say that his enunciation of text is unusually good in all parts of his pollyglotony; and if the same could be said of his singing as singing, much praise could be bestowed upon him. Unfortunately, this was not the case. At times he sang whole strains off the key hopelessly and in the most unmusical manner. He is addicted to a variety of *sensa voce*, which he probably intends for *mezza voce*; he sings whole songs very softly, so softly that the tone has no definite pitch, and this he calls establishing a mood. In places where force is wanted he is still only partly effective. And, to speak plainly, his singing on this occasion was perhaps the very worst ever offered in public in this city by any singer claiming the standing of an artist. It is a great pity, for Mr. Green has many attractive Irish qualities, which have gone far in his favor—and no doubt still go when it is not a question of music or vocal art. Neither of these he has.

MINOR MENTION.

Miss Mary Wood Chase has been having fine success with her recitals in the east. Although her recital at the Waldorf-Astoria fell upon a very stormy night, the large ball room was practically full. The audience was also appreciative.

* * *

Mr. Josef Vilim's violin school has been illustrating his careful work as teacher by some carefully prepared ensemble playing, the list containing among other things a concerto for three violins by Antonio Vivaldi. His orchestral club played the Unfinished Symphony of Schubert, which will give an idea of the tasks they take up.

* * *

A very handsomely printed program is at hand of a concert by the University Choral Society, of the University of South Dakota, March 25, at Vermillion, under the direction of Mr. Ethelbert Graybill. The forces engaged consisted of piano arrangements for four hands or eight hands, more likely, and a mixed chorus. The selections for voices consisted of part songs, Schumann's Gypsy Life, two of Mendelssohn's part songs, "Farewell to the Forest" and "Hunting Song." The instrumental numbers were the overture to "Wm. Tell," Scherzo from the Schubert Symphony in C, and Weber's "Freyschuetz" overture. The words of the songs were printed in the programs, and two of them were in German. We are nothing if not polyglottic. The local press rose to the occasion with generous appreciation, as the several columns of matter sent in show. It is well.

* * *

The Columbian School of Music, under the direction of that experienced and popular teacher, Mrs. Clare Osborne Reid, has been hanging its banners upon the outer walls in particularly conspicuous manners lately. Four pupils have played the following four remarkable works, in a singularly competent manner, for young players: Miss Winifred Lamb played the Blumenfeld arrangement of the first concert waltz of Glazounov; Mr. Arthur Grandquist, Liszt's 12th Rhapsody—alas, poor Liszt, to have done such a thing; Miss Edith Kellogg, the Schumann Carnival; and Ethel Post, the Schumann pianoforte concerto in A minor.

* * *

Speaking of prodigious programs, there are some being produced by Mr. Victor Heinze which exceed customary limits. For example, one of his young players had a program lately in which the two leading numbers were the Bach-Liszt A minor Prelude and Fugue, and the Chopin Sonata in B minor.

* * *

When the late King Kamehameha I., of the Hawaiian Islands, was in Chicago he was rather unfelicitously introduced by the late Carter

Harrison as the "King of the Cannibal Islands." We are reminded of this and of early missionary literature by a program of a concert lately given in the Kamehameha School for Girls, at Honolulu. The piano solos were played by pupils and the list sounds familiar, containing the names of Bohn, Greig, Beethoven, Raff, Rubinstein, etc. The vocal numbers were by a variety of good writers from Mendelssohn to Sullivan. The concert was under the direction of Miss Byington, an experienced and very capable teacher. It is thus evident that this part of the world has been "annexed" in more senses than one.

* * *

Bandmaster Brooke, of Chicago, is out in a literary effort in which he says that "ragtime" has always existed and more betoken will go on existing until the end of time. When it is found in music of a certain level in structure, he says, they call it syncopation; but when the harmony is simple, it is classed as ragtime, although it is the very same rhythm.

The real idea seems to be, although Mr. Brooke does not mention it, that the trouble with the class of music we call ragtime is its melodic and harmonic vulgarity; the quality is plain enough, but inasmuch as the ordinary hearer knows but little about these elements he classes it by its rhythmic effect, which he rightly identifies as about all there is of it.

* * *

The dramatic class of the Chicago Musical College gives now and then performances of dramas which are quite up to the ordinary standard of professionals and are beautifully put upon the stage. The latest was Esmond's "One Summer Day," with a very good cast indeed.

* * *

The direction of the Chicago Musical College orchestra has been given to Mr. Felix Borowski, as Mr. Jacobsohn had too many other things to do. At a concert lately it played Gounod's "Mireille" overture, Kretschmar's Valse-Caprice, Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, and lighter things from Massenet and Delibes.

* * *

At a Christmas Song Recital by the Chillicothe High School Chorus, the selections included the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," rather strong meat for high school girls.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Can you give me any information concerning the following cantatas: 'Queen Esther,' 'Elijah,' and 'The Desert'? B. B."

"Queen Esther" was written by the late W. B. Bradbury and is published by the Ditson Company. It is a very moderate difficulty, and has often been put upon the stage as an opera. The late Mr. J. A. Butterfield had an elaborate apparatus of costumes, scenery, etc., for this work. I do not know what has become of it. The work has no appreciable musical value, being of the same texture as the Bradbury psalmody; as a melodist in the folk tone Bradbury was gifted, although without depth of sentiment. "Elijah," of course, is the celebrated oratorio of Mendelssohn, one of the very best since Handel. It is difficult, several of the choruses demanding good all around chorus technique. "The Desert" is a cantata or small oratorio, written by the French-Jewish composer, Felecien David. I have never seen it during the last twenty years or more.

"As I must prepare a paper on 'Scotch Composers,' and cannot find anything in our town library, would you kindly give me a few points to some article or refer me to some article which may assist me? G. G."

There have not been many Scotch composers. The foremost Scotchman now prominent as a composer is probably Sir Alexander MacKenzie, president of the Royal Academy of Music, in London. MacKenzie was a violinist, later he attracted attention by several cantatas and the rather elaborate "Rose of Sharon," which contains a number of effective movements, but which as a whole is rather uninspired. You may perchance find something in Mr. Crowest's "English Composers." The subject has very little in it, Scotland not having distinguished itself to any appreciable extent in the production of art-music.

"I have a fifteen-year-old pupil who has the habit of not striking notes exactly together on commencing a phrase, the left hand coming in first. I have tried to have her listen, but she fails to observe the fact that they are not together. Also in playing fast scales (16ths, at the rate of 100 for quarters) she jumps her hand every time the thumb goes under. What shall I do for her? S."

The habit of "cross-eyed" playing, as I call it, is one of the most objectionable and extremely common, even among good players. The

first thing is to keep at the listening until she can realize that she does play the left hand first. Then reverse the process, playing the upper note first and the left hand distinctly after it. This will be found a very difficult thing to do, owing to the habit of the hands of doing precisely the reverse. Later on you will bring her to realizing the habit, and later still her ear will detect the sound of such anticipation, for this left hand generally anticipates the beat. I have never been able to form any good theory to account for this habit, since, as far as I can see, it is exactly contrary to what would have been expected upon *a priori* grounds. When it is the melody which is occupying the attention of the player, and when the best hand is going to play that, one would expect it to come in earlier than the other rather than the left hand to play in advance. The foregoing directions will counteract the difficulty in time. But there will always be a liability to relapse into it, when the same process of climbing out of Avernus must be gone through.



REVIEWS AND NOTICES

(From A. P. Schmidt.)

SIX PIECES FOR ORGAN. By Arthur Foote. Op. 50.

Meditation.
Pater Noster.
Offertory.
Intermezzo.
Prelude.
Nocturne.

This handsomely printed little collection of six pieces for organ, all of moderate difficulty (corresponding to about the fourth grade upon pianoforte) is a welcome addition to the none too large repertory of practical material for church service. The pieces are unpretentious, sensible, contrapuntal to a fair extent, and are capable of being played pleasingly before a Christian congregation. Will it be believed, the entire six pieces say nothing about the tremolo stop? Of all the pieces the Offertory is naturally a trifle more interesting, experience having shown that it is of the greatest possible importance to have music of extra quality for the quieting of the congregation while they are being denuded of their "substance," as the old English has it. It would perhaps have been better to have given a few indications of registration, for many lady organists have most hazy ideas upon this subject, and lady organists are a large and interesting quantity to reckon with in any such publication as this. While all the pieces are well done, the Nocturne is perhaps the most valuable of all the six, for practical purposes.

* * *

(From A. P. Schmidt.)

A CYCLE OF FLOWER SONGS FOR WOMEN'S VOICES.

Poems by Arlo Bates. Music by Arthur Foote. Op. 49.

"The Trilliums."
"The Crocus."
"The Fox-Glove."
"The Meadow Rue."
"The Columbine."
"The Cardinal Flower."

This beautiful cycle of part-songs for women's voices is most likely destined to fill an important part in many a concert and exhibition in girls' seminaries. Also in musical clubs. It is not to be counted wholly to the credit of the experienced and gifted composer, Mr. Arthur Foote, that he has here produced a very charming series of vocal and musical pictures, for he had the advantage of an excellent set of

lyrics, a kind of poem which is very rare nowadays, to judge from some of the stuff which gets itself set to music. But Mr. Foote has carried out the poems in a most lovely spirit, the songs being refined, poetical and musical in the best possible sense. In fact, there is very little as good material as this which reaches us from any part of Europe. The series is adapted to be sung in succession, in which form the six songs will probably occupy about twenty minutes, or possibly a little less. The first song, "The Trilliums," is for four voices, and in a fast and and spiritful movement. A beautiful song it is, full of the lightness and grace which this kind of voice so easily lends itself to. It is a modern case of "sweet Camilla scouring the plains," or something of that kind. The second song, in D minor, is more serious; the third, a solo, given in two keys, in D major for alto and F major for soprano. Either key will fit in with the other songs in the connection. The fourth song is for four voices with a soprano obligato—five voices in all. The "Columbine" has again a light and airy movement. It is for alto and soprano, either chorus or solo. In short, a lovely wreath of songs from a master who has shown himself gifted in this line.

* * *

TRUST IN THE LORD. Duet for Soprano and Alto. By Adolf Frey.

This duet, upon verses 3, 27 and 28 of Psalm xxxvii, will be welcomed by church singers, for it is a new duet, well laid for voices, with enough of pleasing Italian sixths and thirds (sixths and thirds in the Italian manner) to sweeten it, while at the same time the general character is sensible and suitable for an intelligent pair of American women, capable of speaking the English tongue, to sing in church. These excellencies, as everybody knows, are far rarer than they ought to be. Therefore, commended to the favorable notice of "whom it may concern."

* * *

PIANO COMPOSITIONS OF ST. NIEWADOMSKI.

Valse. Op. 30, No. 4.

Krakowiak. Op. 31, No. 2.

This writer is producing some music good enough to be commended to the use of teachers without danger of assisting currency for unworthy things. The forms and manners are rather of the salon variety, but the material is new, musical, fairly original and if well done pleasing. The Valse is of about the fourth grade, but the Krakowiak is more difficult, perhaps 5th. The latter is also of value by reason of its comparatively unused key of E major, and the strongly marked rhythmic features, which contain both a quick motion and strong syncopations. It is a good study. Quite modern and out of the ruts.

* * *

FULFILLMENT. Song by Reinhold Becker. Op. 76, No. 4.

A pleasing love song, musically written and of moderate range and demands. Should be popular.

A MESSAGE. "The Night Wind so Softly Sighing." Adolf Frey.

A very pleasing love song, intense and effective, with an accompaniment mainly with melody in unison for left hand (in treble range) and sixteenths in the right hand. Later on it is well handled for effective concert purposes. Very suitable for amateurs desiring something interesting, pleasing, novel and effective.

* * *

SINGING RHYMES AND GAMES. For Children. By Kathrine Wallace Davis.

The little book here brought out presentably by the Summy Company contains a lot of words for motion songs, some of them the usual ones of Mother Goose, others from different sources. The music is original and Miss Davis shows considerable inventiveness and sense of taking rhythm and effect.

The intention seems to be for the buyer to select as many, or as few, as desired and give them upon the stage, with the children in costume. Notice is given that the performing rights are not conveyed by buying the copy, but must be arranged for with the publishers and author, a royalty being demanded.





PROF. F. NIECKS

MUSIC.

SEPTEMBER, 1902.

THE ETHICAL ASPECTS OF MUSIC.

SECOND LECTURE.

BY PROF. F. NIECKS.

Music is educative, or rather, let us say, *can* be educative, in three ways—physically, intellectually, and morally. But, although the three are separable in discussion, we shall see that they are closely connected in reality. The affected body affects the mind, and the affected mind affects the manners and character.

The study and cultivation of music educate physically by developing the capacity of the organs of hearing and of song and speech. Just as by the practice of drawing and painting our eye gains in accuracy of vision, and our hand in precision and delicacy of touch, so by the practice of music our ear gains in accuracy of hearing, and our larynx, mouth, tongue, hands, etc., in precision and delicacy of action. The usefulness of training the eye and the hand to perceive, and to pictorially convey the objective sense of size, distance, form, and tints of color, although insufficiently understood, is nevertheless more widely recognized than that of training the ear to perceive and the vocal organs to render height and intervals of pitch, rate and proportion of time, and qualities of tone. In the case of instrumental music, there come also more or less into play fingers, hands, arms, and even feet. The value of the musical digital and manual training differs, however, greatly according to the nature of the instruments. A little thought leads us to see that the developed power of distinguishing sounds as

regards pitch, time, and quality, and both single and simultaneously combined sounds, is, apart from music, of great importance for practical purposes, for self-preservation, for profit, etc. I shall mention only two advantages to be gained by it. The ability of distinguishing the inflections and tints in the speech of our fellow-men helps us to read their thoughts, feelings, and character; and the ability of producing the various inflections and tints in our speech helps us to be pleasing and persuasive. John Adám Hiller, the second successor of J. S. Bach as Thomas cantor at Leipzig, said that if you wish to learn to sing you must first learn to speak well; just as if you wish to learn to dance, you must first learn to walk well. The converse, however, is at least equally true. It is common for people to take dancing lessons with a view to improving their deportment; unfortunately, it is much less common to learn singing with a view to improving the management of the speaking voice.

Some other physical advantages derivable from the cultivation of music, though not educative, may be profitably glanced at for a moment. These are the hygienic, recuperative, and curative advantages. Rationally practiced, singing is an eminently healthy exercise, strengthening the organs employed, and through them the whole constitution. The same cannot be said of the practice of instrumental music, but, with a few exceptions, instruments played on in moderation are at least harmless, if not beneficial. As a relaxation from a more laborious or less pleasing occupation, the cultivation of music has an excellent effect on the physical constitution as well as on the mental. The curative use of music has been frequently alluded to in my first lecture. It is indeed a well-known fact that music has been used as a curative both in bodily and mental diseases by physicians not only of ancient but also of modern times. The numerous books written on the subject, many by practical physicians, and the reports of cures scattered all over literature, are, however, it must be confessed, oftener amusing than convincing; but this need not prevent us from perceiving the possibilities of music in this respect. The obvious effects produced in various degrees on the nervous system, on the heart's action, respiration, etc., by rhythm,

dynamics, melody, consonance and dissonance, and tone-color, no observer can fail to notice in himself and in others.

* * *

If the intellectual advantages of the study and cultivation of music are less obvious than the physical, they are not the less real. Reflection cannot but quickly disclose to us that the physical developments have intellectual concomitants, that hand in hand with the development of the organ of hearing and of the other organs goes that of the mental faculties. In short, we shall see that the proper study and cultivation of music develop our power of mental perception, our power of analysis and synthesis, our tonal memory, the form sense, and the imagination. The enjoyment of a piece of music implies a mind as well as an ear. He who is able to enjoy a Beethoven symphony, though he may not have learned to sing, or play, or compose, shows thereby that he has attained a high degree of intellectual acuteness and vigor, that he has attained the power of analysis and synthesis necessary for the comprehension of melodic, rhythmic, harmonic, contrapuntal, structural, coloristic combinations.

* * *

Now we come to the third way in which music can become educative. It can become morally educative, and can become so both by the formal and by the expressive side of its nature. Instead of formal and expressive, we may also use the terms æsthetic and ethic. By the æsthetic, we mean that which makes for the beautiful. But what do we mean by the beautiful? It is a term not wholly definable. For define it ever so carefully, an indefinable something in the composition will remain undefined. As Goethe says: "The beautiful is a manifestation of secret natural laws which without its appearance would have forever remained hidden." But whatever else the beautiful comprises, we feel and know that it must comprise orderliness, harmoniousness and sweetness. The orderly, the harmonious, and the sweet pervade music wholly. You find them in it everywhere; in the primary material, tone, which, as distinguished from noise, is the result of periodic, that is, regularly recurring, vibrations; in the systematised materials, scales and chords, tuned according to certain ratios; in melo-

dies, harmonic progressions, and modulations from key to key, regulated by the law of relationship called tonality; in the resolutions of dissonances into consonances; in rhythm, from the tiniest group of notes forming a motive, group of motives, group of phrases, group of periods and passages, up to long complex movements, and grand works of many movements; and, lastly, in the blending and opposing of tone-colors. There, everywhere you find orderliness, harmoniousness, and sweetness. Now, by the study and cultivation of the art we can make these qualities, which belong more peculiarly to music than to any other art, our own. If you do not shut yourself up against the influences of music, its orderliness, harmoniousness and sweetness will gradually be instilled into you, more and more permeate you, and finally become absorbed and amalgamated by you. Consider what a refining and sweetening power there is in tone alone! Think of a single note produced by a great singer or violinist! Is it not a symbol of perfect purity, calm and loveliness? Then call up as many as you can of the linked sweetnesses in melody, harmony, rhythm and tone color; and consider how much of refining and sweetening power there must be in these ineffable infinitudes of fair proportions, graceful movements, and charming concords and coloristic variation and combination. Let us recall some of the sayings of Plato quoted in my first lecture. "Good language and harmony, and grace, and rhythm depend on the simplicity of a truly and nobly ordered soul. * * * If our youth are to do their work in life, they must make these graces and harmonies their perpetual aim. * * * All life is full of them, as well as every creative and constructive art.* * * Absence of grace and inharmonious movement and discord are nearly allied to ill words and ill nature, as grace and harmony are the sisters of goodness and virtue and bear their likeness. * * * Musical training is a more potent instrument than any other because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace and making the soul graceful of him who is ill-educated; and also because he who has received this true education of the inner being will most shrewdly perceive omissions or faults in art and nature, and with a true taste,

while he praises and rejoices over and receives into his soul the good, and becomes noble and good, he will justly blame and hate the bad, now in the days of his youth even before he is able to know the reason why; and when reason comes he will recognize and salute her as a friend with whom his education has made him familiar." Those passages from Plato must have struck you now more forcibly than the first time I quoted them. The gist of Plato's words may be given thus. The qualities of the things fashioned are symbols of mental qualities. These symbols of mental qualities, being recognizable by the mind, can therefore act upon the mind, and by repeated action more or less influence and mold it. But the action of the symbols does not stop here; for through the mind they can act also on the manners and character. Indeed, music is to its cultivator a graceful, sweet-souled companion from whom in his intercourse he gradually adopts, in proportion to his receptivity, first the outward gracefulness and afterwards the inward sweetness. Already by the acquisition of the former much is gained, for as cleanliness is next to godliness, so a gentle manner is next to a gentle nature.

In the main all, formalists as well as idealists, will agree with me in what I have said about the nature and educative influence of the formal, the æsthetic side of music. It will be otherwise in what I have to say about the expressive side, that is the expressive side *par excellence*, for, as we have seen, the æsthetic side is also in a certain way expressive. Here the formalists and I shall part company. And yet the differences may be after all only differences of attitudes and words; and the strife may be caused and sustained by nothing more substantial than misunderstandings. To diminish as much as possible the misunderstandings which my arguments may raise, I shall say that in vindicating the expressiveness of music I by no means assert that all music is expressive, or that it can express everything. Only the composer who has something to express, has the natural power and the acquired skill to express this, and, lastly, has the conscious intention or the unconscious impulse to express something, can produce expressive music. But there are composers who have nothing to express; composers who lack the natural power or acquired

skill to express what they wish to express ; and composers who, skillful in the handling of the means, know nothing of the expressive capability of the art, and regard composition merely as a display for the pleasure of the ear and the entertainment of the mind, chiefly the first. In fact, a good deal of music is out and out formal, a mere play with sounds, a kind of tonal arabesques ; an immense mass of music has interwoven with the prevailing formalism dim, confused, stray, and aimless echoes of expressiveness ; and even truly idealistic music contains much that is purely formal, for the most poetic musician will occasionally indulge in play and find satisfaction in empty beautiful forms. There is nothing illegitimate about purely formal music. It may be fine art, and afford æsthetic pleasure. But grand art and noble art you get only where the beautiful form has a content. The highest in art necessitates both content and form. You cannot move deeply by arabesques, though you may please and amuse. But let us not overlook this : while in art form without content is possible, content without form, without beautiful form, is not. Art to be art must be formally beautiful ; this is an absolutely indispensable condition. Nothing whatever can make up for the want of it.

Well, then, we are confronted by three questions : (1) Is music expressive in the sense of being capable to express emotions and ideas ? (2) What are the means that enable it to be so ? And (3) What is the extent of its expressiveness ? We have not time to investigate these problems thoroughly, but I think it is possible to point out a moderate number of facts that will prove sufficient to convince you of the expressiveness of music and make you acquainted with its means and limitations.

* * *

While many writers before Herbert Spencer occupied themselves with the expressiveness of music, ascribing it to the imitation of the emotions or the feelings, or to the imitation of the accents of speech, and also to the imitation of sounds in the external world, it was he who first gave us, in 1857, a scientific theory. I shall let the author explain it for the most part in his own words. Herbert Spencer regards music as the developed language of emotions, as having its

roots in the vocal sounds caused by feelings of all kinds. In short, he bases his theory of music on the fact that all feelings are muscular stimuli, that there is a direct connection between feeling and motion, the latter growing more vehement as the former grows more intense. "All vocal sounds," he writes, "are produced by the agency of certain muscles. These muscles, in common with those of the body at large, are excited to contraction by pleasurable and painful feelings. And therefore it is that feelings demonstrate themselves in sounds as well as in movements. * * * The muscles that move the chest, larynx and vocal cords contracting like other muscles in proportion to the intensity of the feelings; every different contraction of these muscles involving, as it does, a different adjustment of the vocal organs; every different adjustment of the vocal organs causing a change in the sounds emitted; it follows that variations of voice are the physiological results of variations of feelings; it follows that each inflection or modulation is the natural outcome of some pressing emotion or sensation; and it follows that the explanation of all kinds of vocal expression must be sought in this general relation between mental and muscular excitements."

The various modifications of the voice produced by the emotions and sensations are of three kinds—modifications of loudness, of quality, and of pitch. From strong feelings result loud sounds, except in those cases where extreme degrees produce the opposite result—namely, prostration, relaxation instead of contraction. From different mental states result different qualities of tone. With regard to modification of pitch we have to note both the general pitch of the voice and the width and the direction of the intervals used. * * * Herbert Spencer points out also, on the one hand, the exhilaration, resolution and confidence expressed by the staccato, and the analogous muscular action which produces sharp, decisive and energetic movements of body indicating these states of mind; and, on the other hand, the gentler and less active feelings expressed by slurred intervals, which imply the smaller muscular vivacity due to a lower mental energy. And, lastly, he points out that to the same law is attributable the difference in

time and perhaps even in rhythm. But according to our author music does not merely reproduce the modifications of the voice caused by the emotional stimuli. "The distinctive traits of song," we are told, "are simply the traits of emotional speech intensified and systematized. In respect of its general characteristics, we think it has been made clear that vocal music, and by consequence all music, is an idealization of the natural language of passion."

Herbert Spencer's theory is excellent as far as it goes, but incomplete, and of this the author was very well aware. The modifications of the voice with regard to pitch, quality and loudness, to which he gives most of his attention, receive a far from exhaustive treatment, tempo and rhythm are little more than alluded to, and several means of expression he does not mention at all. To understand the expressiveness of tempo and rhythm we have to note that our emotions not only manifest themselves audibly and visibly, but also make themselves felt within us. Of the various rates and forms of respiration and circulation of the blood under various mental conditions nobody can fail to become conscious. We all have felt the languor of the circulation in sorrow, its briskness in joy, the palpitation of the heart and its knocking against the ribs in fear. And how many rates and forms, regular and irregular, of breathing accompany our emotions. Moreover, inspiration and expiration, heart-beats and the pulse, are our first teachers of time and rhythm. They are also our metronome, indicating the mean or normal time and what deviates from it towards the quick or slow side. Tempo and rhythm are also present in our gestures and in the movements of our limbs. These belong to the visible, but, as we shall see, the audible can express the visible analogically. In connection with this visible motion we must be careful not to overlook that it comprises both motion in time and in space, or, as I like to call them, both rhythmic and melodic motion. It is the melodic element of motion that makes—at least to a large extent—the walk of one person graceful, of another majestic, of a third tripping, and so on. You have intervals of all sizes no less in things visible than in things audible. In creeping you proceed as it were in semitones, in quietly walking by diatonic degrees, and in

skipping and leaping by larger intervals. Moreover, gliding, crawling and creeping imply legato; tripping, hopping and leaping, staccato. To this analogy of the visible and audible we owe an enormous extension of the expressive powers of the arts, specially of music. The senses acting vicariously for each other, music can not only make us hear but also see, and painting not only makes us see but also hear. And that is not all; these arts can also make us feel, sight and hearing acting as substitutes for touch.

Besides the elements of expression already passed in review, there is a class of quite a different kind. The latter differ from the former in that they are not imitations of the expressions of the emotions, at least no direct imitations, and that they are means of expression peculiar to the musical art. I am speaking of (1) consonance and dissonance, and the combination of intervals in harmony; (2) tonality in the narrower and in the wider sense; and (3) orchestration.

The powerful expressiveness of consonances and dissonances arises from the pleasing, soothing, restful effects produced by the former, and the painful, irritating, dissatisfying and disquieting effects produced by the latter. But these effects are of different degrees. The octave is perfect repose, the other consonances are of varying degrees of less perfect repose. The more numerous dissonances have a still wider range of variety, extending from those that pierce, clash and grate, to those that are almost as mild as consonances, from those that violently strain to those that gently draw, from savage fierceness to cloying voluptuousness.

* * *

Tonality presents a complex of tendencies expressive of various degrees of rest and various degrees of deviation from and return to it. Tonality, in the narrower sense, we have in the scales with their notes of different character, and the relationship of these to each other. Tonality in the wider sense we have in modulation, where more or less closely or distantly related, or even unrelated keys deviate from or return to a principal key.

As to orchestration, I shall ask you to call to your memory the impressions you have received from the variously-voiced

instruments and their combinations. Orchestral coloring is at least as powerful as pictorial coloring. The solution of the mystery seems to me to be not a single one—it has to be sought, in the first place, in the various tone-colors of the human voice; in the second place, in the imitation of the sounds of external nature; and in the third place, in the analogies of light and darkness and colors.

Let me enumerate in a clear and systematic order the several means of expression at the disposal of the composer.

1. The imitation of the human cries and the modulations of speech with regard to pitch, intensity, quality, tempo and rhythm.

2. The imitation of tempo, rhythm and intensity in respiration and the circulation of the blood.

3. The imitation of tempo, rhythm, intensity and melody in gestures and other movements of the body and limbs generally.

4. The imitation of sound and motion in the external world.

5. Consonances and dissonances and their combination in harmony.

6. Tonality, *i. e.* tone and key relation.

7. Orchestration, *i. e.* instrumental coloring.

In tracing the elements of emotional expression utilized in music, we make a great advance in our investigation. Much, however, remains to be done before we reach its completion. The first question that calls for an answer will be this: What is the process which enables us to understand the meaning of the physical conditions that accompany the emotions? Experience teaches us that to every condition of the soul corresponds a condition of the body; and, consequently, we recognize an emotion on meeting with its expression. In short, it is the experience of our own hearing, seeing, and feeling that teaches us the psychical meaning of physical signs—such as cries and accents of pain, sorrow, joy, ecstasy, wonder; of gestures and movements of the body and parts of the body; of the variations of respiration, of the circulation of the blood, etc., etc. Herbert Spencer describes the whole process fully and very lucidly as follows:—"Having been conscious of each feeling at the same time that we heard ourselves make the con-

sequent sound, we have acquired an established association of ideas between such sound and the feeling which caused it. When the sound is made by another, we ascribe the like feeling to him; and by a further consequence we not only ascribe to him that feeling, but have a certain degree of it aroused in ourselves; for to become conscious of the feeling which another is experiencing is to have that feeling awakened in our own consciousness, which is the same thing as experiencing the feeling. Thus, these various modifications of voice become not only a language through which we understand the emotions of others, but also the means of exciting our sympathy with such emotions." But the application of the principle is, of course, far wider than here made by Herbert Spencer. It extends also to all kinds of different rates and forms of motion.

Here, again, the investigator is startled by a question. Have we in music the exact reproduction of the elements of emotional expression enumerated a little while ago? The answer to this is "No." As art must be formally beautiful to be art, the materials it makes use of, whatever they may be, cannot be in their raw state. They have to be idealized, and, moreover, adapted to the peculiar nature of the art. In music, sound has to be changed into tone, indefinite tone progression into definite, irregular rhythm into regular, inarticulate consecution into articulate structure conditioned by the laws of tonality and form. The idealization of the natural expression, the intermingling of form and expression, leads to a something from which arises a difficulty. When the material is, as in this case, living, not dead, speaking, not dumb, the idealization, the intermingling of form and expression, leads to a veiling of the real, to seeing through a glass darkly. But this difficulty exists almost entirely for the intellect, and hardly at all for the feeling soul, that is, for the organ of divination. From this idealization of the living materials, from the intermingling of form and expression, springs all the intellectual strife between the formalists and the idealists, and from it, too, spring all the doubts of the neutrals, whom innumerable symptoms seem to show to be at heart all at one.

If you ask me for proofs of the expressiveness of music, I

shall point first to the thorough belief of the great composers. Disinclined, as musicians generally are, to give explanations of their art—disinclined because inexpert—we have, nevertheless, innumerable sayings and declarations of theirs that vindicate the expressiveness of music. Among those who have thus spoken are Gluck, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Hiller, Hauptmann, Wagner, Liszt, Rubinstein, Lesueur, Berlioz, and Saint-Saens. Another proof is the agreement of the musical public with the composers, the former finding in the music what the latter think they have laid into it. But mark it is given to comparatively few composers—only to those emotionally and musically endowed—to produce thoroughly expressive music. And mark also, as with readers of poetry, so with hearers of music, not everyone is capable of gauging its depth, width, and height.

A third and most decisive proof is to be obtained by the analysis of the works of the great masters of the art. You will do best to begin with the analysis of vocal works—first of all with accompanied recitatives, and then with arias. You might, for instance, begin with the first accompanied recitative in Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Donna Anna's lament over her father's death. There the words form a commentary on the music, and enable you to see with certainty what the composer intended to express, and to measure the capacity of music to do his bidding.

* * *

Now, supposing you are at last convinced of the expressiveness of music, even then your troubles are not yet ended. There is still a vexatious question lying in wait for you. Can music express everything? No, it cannot. I shall answer the question summarily, and stoutly resist the temptation of going into detail. Music can neither narrate nor reason. It has often been called a language, and rightly so called. But if you had no other language than music for asking a person's name, the direction of the way, the time of day, the amount of an account, or for ordering your meals, you would not get on comfortably in this world, nay, would be in danger of coming to an untimely end by starvation. What is it then that music can express? It can express the emotions, and can express these

better than any other language. However, even of these it cannot express all. There are feelings compounded out of heterogeneous and contradictory elements held together by an intellectual bond which it is not in the power of music to express—such are jealousy, envy, suspicion, etc. In fact, the musical expression ignores the intellectual element in the emotions. On the other hand, it is a mistake to say that emotional expression is indefinite. Mendelssohn is right in maintaining that words are more ambiguous than music, that the meaning of music is unmistakable. What those people who speak about the indefiniteness of music really mean is that the circumstances of the emotions expressed by music are either wholly absent or only vaguely indicated by the depicting of external sounds, movements, colors, and light and shade, either directly or analogically. Through the emotions and through the picturing of external things, music can, however, also act in a variety of ways on the imagination.

If we remember that on meeting with the expression of an emotion we not only understand it, but also at the same time more or less experience it ourselves sympathetically, it is self-evident that the goodness or the badness of the emotion we are made to experience is by no means an indifferent matter. The repeated stirring up of noble emotions cannot but have a strengthening and purifying influence on the moral character, and the repeated stirring up of ignoble emotions a weakening and vitiating influence. It is likewise self-evident that, be the influence of the æsthetic side of music on the manners and morals ever so great, the influence of the ethic side must be greater, at least on the morals if not on the manners—it must be more direct, more powerful, and more penetrating.

Seeing how important a part music can play in education, it behooves all concerned and interested in the work, especially teachers of music, to see that music really plays the part it can play. Mere mechanical drilling in the technics of the art, and even a more artistic, but unintelligent and promiscuous, cultivation of it, do little for the mind and heart of the student. It is therefore incumbent on the teacher that he should constantly, from first to last, keep in mind the æsthetic and ethic qualities and powers of music, and accordingly form his methods of

teaching, and choose the works to be studied by the pupils.

Let us see what are the most important matters that have to be attended to by the teacher of music who wishes to fulfill the duties of his calling.

The training of the ear is of course an indispensable condition, for on the capacity of distinguishing pitch and time relations and qualities of tone depends the successful cultivation of the art. The æsthetic education demands the development of the sense of beauty with regard to tone, melody, harmony, rhythm, and form. Instead of being left to itself this sense ought to be carefully nurtured. Unconscious growth does not achieve the best possible results. The pupil should not only learn to feel the beauty dimly, but also to see it clearly. Hence example and explanation must go hand in hand. The pointing out should begin with the beauty of tone, the appreciation and production of which is fundamental in the æsthetic development, and should be continued with the beauty of melody, rhythm, form, and harmony. In order to remove the impediments to smooth and steady progress it is necessary to set out from the simple and only gradually advance to the more and more complex. The teacher has to draw the attention of the pupil to the beauty of the several constituents of music, especially to that of form, which is less easily perceived and understood than tone, melody, rhythm, and perhaps harmony.

* * *

In the ethic education, too, the pupil should not be left without guidance from his teacher. The latter ought to point out the ethic characteristics of the compositions studied, and give into the pupil's hands only such music as is suitable to his age and temperament. In what I am going to say now I am convinced that I offer sound advice to teachers. Do not give to a child music that demands a grown-up person's intellect and emotional experiences; for instance, most of Beethoven and Chopin. Avoid everything vulgar, weak, unwholesome, and vicious. Erotic compositions, such as Liszt's "Mephisto" Waltz, and much in Wagner's operas, such as the "Venusberg" music and the love scenes in "Tristan and Isolde," have a baneful influence. A music teacher of long and wide experience, a good observer, told me that he had found Chopin's and Jen-

sen's music quicken amativeness in young people. Effeminate, languid music has certainly a relaxing effect. Too much of Spohr's ultra-sentimental though noble music, and too much of Chopin's to a large extent morbid though refined music, cannot but have a deleterious effect. If, on the other hand, you make your choice wisely, you will be able to inculcate into your pupils purity, tenderness, firmness, and other moral qualities. A great deal, however, that must be altogether withheld from a child, or administered to him in very small doses, may be enjoyed in moderation by a man. But let us distinguish between occasional and habitual indulgence. Habitual and exclusive indulgence in Spohr, in Chopin, and in Wagner, makes a moral wreck of a man. It requires a strong constitution or strong antidotes to escape the natural results of such indulgence.

I foresee the objections that will be raised against my propositions. Many will say, "Your facts and your reasoning seem correct, and almost convince us; but in looking around us we fail to discover the signs that would confirm your theory. We have not been able to find that the teaching of music improves, as a rule, people's manners and morals. We have not been able to find that musicians are, in these respects, superior to other people, as they ought to be, seeing how much more they study and cultivate the art." These objections are not so formidable as they appear. My answer is this: Music, to have the power claimed for it, must be taught and cultivated properly. Now, my experience has convinced me that there is hardly any proper teaching of music, and an immense deal of miscultivation. As to musicians, they are, like all specialists, abnormal. Only a harmoniously developed man is a full and normal man. He who develops solely or chiefly a part of himself is a cripple, be he ever so athletic in that part. It is for this reason that Aristotle says: "The right measure will be attained if students of music stop short of the arts which are practiced in professional contests."

Now, a few words in conclusion. What Plato says of good or bad dances and songs—namely, that they have the same effect on a man as bad company—applies equally to music. Noble music induces and strengthens nobleness, vulgar music

vulgarity, pure music purity, voluptuous music voluptuousness, vigorous music vigor, languid music languor, and so on. Our highly developed modern music is a wondrously subtle and powerful instrument of enormous range, which, with the greatest ease, can cause our souls to undergo an infinitude of changes, and in consequence of this can influence in an infinitude of ways our manners and characters. This being so, it is clearly the duty of parents, of guardians, of teachers, and last, but not least, of the State, to make the utmost use of this powerful instrument.

OPERATIC CRITICISM BY EXPERTS.

A NEW VERSION OF DOING AS ONE WOULD BE DONE BY.

BY EGBERT SWAYNE.

During the Grau opera Hearst's Chicago American distinguished itself and set a new pace for the attitude of members of the same opera company towards each other. This attitude, as everybody knows, is traditionally that of spoiled children, each afraid lest the other get the jam a little thicker, or a trifle sweeter than he. Whoever will dig up Max Maretzek's "Crotchets and Quavers" will find a lot of light upon this branch of sociology. It is not necessary to go so far back; the older Chicago readers will remember the fracas which the sweet-tempered Minnie Hauk used to have with Marie Rose about dressing-rooms. Christine Nilsson escaped this kind of thing in Chicago, but it was merely because her temper was so well known that no other member of the company had the courage to stir it up intentionally. No! The normal attitude of singers in the same voice and same company is that of wondering how it happens that the public manages to stand the others in so important roles. But, as I say, the Chicago American has changed all that. It had the brilliant idea of obtaining from the principal singers on their off nights so-called "criticisms" upon the performance. The results were memorable for sweetness and light. Here for once was operatic criticism as "she should be wrote." We will begin with Wagner's "Walkuere" which began with a disappointment, Mme. Eames having found herself too much indisposed to sing, just as the curtain was about to go up, and Mme. Reuss-Belce "consented" to take the part as quickly as she could hustle herself into the costumes. And this is the way it struck Mme. Sembrich, who happened to be the newspaper star of the evening. She says:

"To me Wagner is almost a religion, and none of his operas is more appealing or more full of pregnant meaning than 'Die Walkuere.' No matter how often one hears it, new beauties constantly confront the listener and new meanings constantly arise.

"I have never heard a better performance than that last

night. Indeed, I have never before heard such a capable one. Wagner always is an inspiration to the artist, and last night the singers seemed imbued with his mighty spirit.

"It is a pleasure to me to compliment my sister artist, Mme. Reuss-Belce, that her splendid singing was a mighty factor in the evening's success. When one stops to consider the difficulties under which Mme. Reuss-Belce labored, her feat is all the more wonderful. With but an hour's notice she assumed one of the most difficult roles in all opera and sang it with superb effect. I thought that in the second act she reached a magnificent height—her acting, pathetic and wistful, and her singing, true and sure, were nothing less than great. Too much praise cannot be given her.

"As usual the orchestra was superb. Mr. Damrosch has certainly a wonderful gift. I do not believe that any one can better lead the music of Wagner. No one at least can direct his music in a manner which is at once so scholarly and so illuminative. America may well be proud of Mr. Damrosch.

"As for the various artists—I scarcely know where to begin to praise them. The art of each was so perfect and they were all in such splendid voice that one would like to shout for them all at once. Mme. Ternina's Brunhilde was superb. Majestic in mien and voice, she wandered across the background of storm and stress with a mighty power. I never heard her sing better nor act with more strength and purpose. In her scenes with Wotan she was nothing short of wonderful.

"It is always an education to hear Van Dyck sing Wagner. He understands him so fully and he interprets him so clearly.

"I know of no artist who brings the meaning of the music more clearly to the hearer's mind. His Siegmund is one of his best performances, and he sang Siegmund in his best voice last night. His acting, too, is impressive and powerful. His picturesque appearance adds greatly to his success in the part.

"Van Rooy sings Wotan with the true Wagnerian appreciation and force. His voice is magnificent and he uses it with fine intelligence. He shows strongly his love of Wagner in his delicate handling of a very difficult part and acts it with fire, force and feeling.

"As Fricka and Waltraute, Mme. Schumann-Heink sang

exquisitely, and again showed how splendid are her dramatic powers. Every scene in which she appeared was carried along with a whirlwind of temperament.

"The rest were all equal to those I have mentioned. All sang with spirit and enthusiasm. It was delightful to sit in an audience so cultured and so intelligent. I have never seen Wagner received more sympathetically. I bespeak a great musical future for Chicago.

"All in all, it was a night not soon to be forgotten and I shall treasure it long in memory."

By way of compensating the charming singer for all this forgetfulness of self, her portrait appears with a delightful little biographical appreciation in a column parallel to the criticism.

"SIEGFRIED."

Then comes Mr. Emilio de Marchi, who testifies concerning Wagner's "Siegfried:"

"It was a wonderful performance of a wonderful opera. I do not believe a better performance, all things considered, of Wagner's mighty work has ever been given. At all events, I am quite certain that I have never seen a better one.

"The orchestra, under the superb direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, seemed fairly inspired. Mr. Damrosch leads with an immense amount of sympathy and understanding. Besides this his personality seems to pervade the entire orchestra until they all are one with him.

Nor in the orchestra alone is this noticeable. The performers apparently imbibe inspiration from the leader's subtle presence and fairly surpass themselves.

"To my mind the honors of the performance fell to M. Reiss. His impersonation of Mime was nothing less than marvelous. I do not believe he has an equal in the part. His singing was splendid and his acting exceptional. Nor while singing did he forget he was acting—a too common fault.

"M. Dippel, suffering with a severe hoarseness, sang Siegfried with splendid effect. Laboring as he was under illness and pain, he seemed to rise above the torments of physical pain and float aloft upon the glorious wings of song.

"Van Rooy as Der Wanderer again brought his magnifi-

cent voice and scholarly knowledge of Wagner to attention. In the fine scene with Erda his splendid voice was heard to advantage and throughout his performance was in the best traditions of the great composer. Van Rooy's performances are always illuminations as well as impersonations—a wonderfully difficult art—and done with no seeming effort. He is surely a great disciple.

“Madame Ternina was, as she always seems to be, in perfect singing voice and carried the audience off their feet with her superb singing. She is a great and wonderful artist.

“It was very interesting to observe the intelligence with which this difficult work was received by the audience. Not even in Germany could finer discrimination be shown.’

Better than all, Mr. Walter Damrosch, who conducted the performance in question, also appears in a few remarks. He says:

“I do not know that it is hardly proper for a performer to criticise a performance in which he is engaged. Were there anything to criticise, indeed, I believe that it would be rather impertinent, but for myself, I would observe nothing but excellence. Indeed, I believe that I have never seen a performance which went more smoothly. Seldom in New York do we have a performance upon which fortune smiles so kindly. From beginning to end everything seemed felicitous in the extreme and the performance was certainly an able tribute to the great master.

“The singers all seemed imbued with great enthusiasm. I have never heard Mme. Ternina in better voice. She is truly a magnificent artist and when she opens her mouth to sing it seems like the flow of liquid gold. Moreover, she sings with marked and acute intelligence and her performance from the acting standpoint was simply superb.

“M. Reiss as Mime also was remarkable. His performance of the crafty, treacherous dwarf was a superb impersonation. Every move, every gesture, portrayed the cruel cunning of the character. In his singing also he managed to instil to a remarkable extent the character of Mime. There was a weird, uncanny note in it which was splendidly done and produced a marked effect.

"Van Rooy as Der Wanderer was scholarly, as he always is. He has set for himself a very high standard and seems never to fall below it. His work is uniformly fine. No singer understands Wagner better than this great artist and none sing him more feelingly nor truly.

"M. Dippel sang the difficult role of Siegfried while suffering from illness, and he sang it very effectively indeed. It was a remarkable effort when one considers how much pain it must have caused him.

"Space does not permit the mention of the rest of the cast, but all were excellent, as was the scenic setting. The dragon was the best I have ever seen.

"It has been a delight to me to observe with what enthusiasm Wagner has been received here in Chicago. It is certainly highly creditable to the taste and musical judgment of this great city."

Both these critics were admirably "taken care of" by the American. It mentions De Marchi as "the foremost Italian tenor," and Walter Damrosch as "the foremost disciple of Wagner in America"—a form of appreciation which has the great merit of avoiding the too vital question whether Mr. Damrosch is in reality so good a conductor as these notices say—a point upon which many leading musicians would not care to be quoted.

The "Siegfried" affair was a star number for the American, for Mme. Calve also appears in role as critic, and this is what she said:

"For the first time last night I witnessed a performance of 'Siegfried' in this country. Previously I had never seen it given except in Beyreuth, so last night's experience was almost a novelty.

"Personally I have never sung in any of Wagner's operas. Because of that it is probable I cannot appreciate them so thoroughly as those who have. Indeed, I am quite sure I do not, although I quite realize that they are more than art—almost religion.

"Nevertheless, after having confessed my ignorance, I am ready to declare that last night's performance was quite equal to the one I saw in the great composer's own theater and to

state my belief that it could not have been surpassed. When you reach perfection you are at the highest point, and it seemed to me that last night's offering was as near perfection as human beings can arrive.

"For the orchestra, under Mr. Damrosch's leading, one cannot even find words to express one's admiration for his wonderfully sympathetic and appreciative work to the singers, and even the scenery—everything worked toward one final goal in harmony.

"Ternina, to my mind, is simply a wonderful artiste. I love to hear her sing of love, to watch her acting, so full of enthusiasm and impetuous fire. Her art to me is beautiful, and not the least attractive portion of it is its seeming absence of effort. I thought I had never heard her sing so well as she did last night.

"M. Dippel really performed an extraordinary feat. Suffering severely from hoarseness, he sang the difficult role of Siegfried with fire and enthusiasm and concealed his illness bravely.

"M. Reiss as Mime was wonderful. His uncanny appearance and the wierd tones of his singing struck me with great force.

"Van Rooy sang Der Wanderer better than I had heard it sung before. He is surely a very great artist, an actor of ability whose voice is wonderful.

"When one stops to think about it, it certainly was something to grow enthusiastic over. I do not believe that any one whose privilege it was to be present will soon forget it."

Naturally the portrait gallery of this issue was a trifle crowded, since three critics were to be "taken care of" in one morning. But the American did it handsomely, characterizing Calve as "divine," "magical," etc.

MOZART'S "MAGIC FLUTE."

Nor was our own Emma Eames, the statuesque American prima donna, forgotten. She had her innings in an opportunity to write concerning the second performance of Mozart's "Magic Flute," in which she herself took the role of Pamina. She said:

NOU

"The circus has come to town, and I am going to use a circus expression to define last night's opera—it was a regular three-ring affair. Mr. Grau certainly deserves the greatest credit for reviving "The Magic Flute" and reviving it in the splendid manner that he has done. But Mr. Grau could not furnish the audience. It remained for Chicago to do that, and what an audience it was. Never in my life have I sung to one more intelligent and sympathetic. The great crowd seemed in perfect harmony with the music and seemed to understand it perfectly.

"There is much music in 'The Magic Flute' that is very quiet and without show and one must have knowledge to appreciate it. The audience seemed to grasp it perfectly last night and to seize the delicate points with unflinching accuracy. This in such an immense throng as was present last evening is little less than wonderful.

"As for the performance, I was enthusiastic over it. Personally, I believe it was the best one we have given since the opera was revived. The enthusiasm of those who came to see fairly infused all of us who were singing for them. I thought I had never heard Madame Sembrich sing in better voice. The wonderful notes rolled out with almost barbaric richness and thrilled me through and through. What a wonderful artist Madame Sembrich.

"Dippel sang Tamino with splendid feeling and Campanari really gave a superb performance as Papageno. He is a splendid buffo—and they are not common nowadays—besides having one of the most beautiful barytone voices to which I have ever listened.

"Edouard de Reszke sang Sarastro with all the great volume of his mighty voice, and with the tender feeling and haunting pathos which he seems able to instill in it and which I have never heard from any other basso.

"All the others were splendid. Indeed, you could not say one was better than the other. All seemed perfect, and Mr. Damrosch certainly did conduct superbly.

"I would like to say a word of thanks for the way I was received and treated by the audience. They were more than kind. I have felt keenly at having to disappoint two audiences

and to have them welcome me back so cordially was delightful. I shall always love Chicago."

As usual the American introduced her as "the greatest American prima donna who has ever lived"—an amplitude which ought certainly to be gratifying to Mme. Eames' friends, even though the point might be contested by Nordica, Patti, if she chose to make a point of her New York life, and others. But Mme. Eames is certainly a beautiful singer, and if it needs this kind of superlative to do her justice, why let her have it, I say. It costs little.

And then came Campanari, who had the role of Papageno in the opera, a fact which gives his criticism the force of a testimony from an expert. He says:

"I am very fond of 'The Magic Flute.' It has about it something that appeals to me very much. There is no opera in which it is a greater pleasure to sing. Mozart's music is so pure and clear and ringing. Primitive it may perhaps be by a strict construction, but at the base it is true and beautiful and fine, and never has he shown himself to better advantage than in 'The Magic Flute.'

"When it is sung—as it was sung last night—by a superb cast of singers, it is certainly a musical feast. Madame Sembrich's solo in the second act is one of the most remarkable exhibitions of the singing of florid music that I have ever heard. If there is any one in the world who can sing that aria as Madame Sembrich sings it I certainly have never heard her.

"Your own beautiful American, Emma Eames, despite her previous indisposition, seemed in perfect voice last night. She is required to sing music in which there can be no display, but which is greatly subdued. This is rather a difficult performance, but Madame Eames easily achieved it, and sang with the wonderful art that conceals art. Her performance made a very great impression upon me, and I was very glad to see how enthusiastically the audience appreciated it.

"To Madame Camille Seygard is due any amount of applause. She really accomplished a most difficult and exhausting feat, appearing as one of the three ladies and later as Papageno. Yet her performance of the latter did not seem lacking in the least in enthusiasm, and was played with vigor and life and sung delightfully.

"The Sarastro of Edouard de Reszke is certainly a beautiful performance. There is about it the splendid dignity inherent in the part, and he sings it superbly. I think it one of the best things he does."

"Dippel as Tamino is at his best. He changes from Wagner to Mozart without seeming effort, and it is no light task you may be sure. From Siegfried to Tamino is almost from A to Z, yet Dippel seems alike at home in either. He assuredly deserves all praise, as do all the rest of the performers, whom I wish I had the space to praise.

"Mr. Damrosch led with all his wonderful sympathy and magnetism and did much to make the performance a notable one."

"RHEINGOLD."

Wagner's "Rheingold" was reviewed by Alvarez, who is introduced as "the foremost tenor in the world"—softly, my brethren, you may be inviting trouble! Mr. Alvarez in reality wrote the best article of the lot—if he did write it, and I do not know that he did not. He said:

"It was magnificent!

"It was superb!

"For the second time in my life I heard the prelude—the beginning of Wagner's greatest effort—and hearing it I bare my head and whisper, 'Master.'

"The first time that I heard 'Das Rheingold' was in Dresden some years ago. It was performed by an inferior company, and ah! how different to the performance last night. The work of a beginner compared to the masterpiece of a great artist. A chromo to a Rembrandt. For the performers last night seemed imbued—almost inspired—with the genius of Wagner. Not even in Beyreuth, in my opinion, could a performance be seen which would more clearly express, perhaps I should say interpret, the marvelous music of this mighty mind.

"In 'Das Rheingold' Richard Wagner is at his best. Nowhere else is his music more pregnant with meaning nor more full of mighty rhythm than in this splendid creation. From the wonderful music of the mighty Rhine, as it flows upon its way to mingle with the sea, to the bleak wind which blows upon

the lonely mountain tops, from love to hate, from hate to self-sacrifice, noble and pure, he portrays all the world's moods and all the moods of the heart.

LIKE AN ENCHANTED LAND.

"As I sat in the vast audience last night, it seemed almost that I had entered an enchanted land and was like they that dream.

"It was all seeming, an illusion, but this is the goal of every art, and once completed the highest point is attained.

"It was not to Richard Wagner alone that the credit was due, however, but in a measure to the magnificent rendition the singers offered last night. It was illuminative in the highest sense, as was the superb work of Mr. Walter Damrosch, who led the orchestra. I doubt very much if in all the world of music there is one who can lead for Wagnerian music with such perfect understanding and precision.

"Oddly enough, another American, to my mind, carried off the honors of the performance. The singing and acting of Mr. David Bispham was almost more than remarkable. Vocally, he seemed somewhat hampered for a time by physical ailments, but he rose supreme above this handicap and sang magnificently. A word must be said, also, regarding his acting. Always intelligent, last night he fairly surpassed himself and offered a characterization which was really wonderful. His performance was truly striking as an illustration of how great an effect expression may convey in grand opera. In my opinion this is something which seems absolutely unintelligible to most of the great singers.

"Von Rooy sang Wotan—more, he was Wotan. His voice is broad and free, and he uses it with the greatest judgment. With Mr. Bispham he shared the histrionic honors and proved himself an artist true and pure.

WOMEN SINGERS MAGNIFICENT.

"Mmes. Schumann-Heink, Fritzi Scheff and Carrie Bridewell sang the song of the Rheingold, that massive magnificent work, superbly. It is one of the most fascinating bits of melody in all music, and rendered as it was last night it approaches the sublime.

"My distinguished colleague, Van Dyck, as Loge, sang with earnestness and power. Equally good were the performances of Mmes. Reuss-Belce, who is at home in the music of Wagner, Marilly and the three ladies I have previously mentioned. Mr. Muhlmann, Mr. Blass and all the rest of the cast deserve great praise.

"It was a performance notable in the extreme. It was an event long to be remembered, and I shall think of it with pleasure always."

When a meeting has reached a very high pitch of sympathetic tenderness and feeling there is nothing for it but to sing a well-chosen hymn and dismiss it. This let us now do:

"Behold how pleasant 'tis to see
Brethren dwell in unitee."

RICHARD STRAUSS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. MARNOLD.

(Continued.)

From one end to the other of this work ("Guntram") the author never ceases to put in play the strife of noble thoughts and sentiments against brute force. After the defeat of the latter, renunciation in its turn triumphs over the seductions of love. The intrigue is practically nothing, the action rudimentary, almost simple, naive; the dramatic interest is feeble. The personages who perform before us are nothing more than symbols, phantoms; their sole reason of existing is to personify ideas, sentiments, deeds. It is almost a philosophical tragedy which is unrolled before us; at least a psychological tragedy, in the utmost meaning of the term. It is entirely due to the conflict of the most intimate sentiments, the most subtle in delicacy, that towards the close of his work M. Strauss succeeds in awakening in us the emotion which it ought to create. Through the somewhat dense atmosphere of austere idealism which envelops them, the heroes appear to us as vaguely immaterial forms. Even if the title page of the work had not informed us of the fact, we might have divined that here the musician is at the same time the creator of the drama and the poet.

Practically, this immateriality of the personages, the secondary importance of the environment, and the incidents of the play, are conditions particularly favorable to the activity of this *pure music*, toward which Mr. Strauss is invincibly drawn by his natural genius. So, from the first to the last page, it is impossible to point out a single measure betraying a descriptive or picturesque preoccupation. Except when he is tempted to break over the bounds beyond which he is not entirely himself, or to express vainly by himself alone the sentiments which the poetry has already sufficiently defined, the art of sound here finds itself upon a high plane, proper to its most luxurious amplification. Imparting to the poetry the cast of symbolism of its myriad hued tonalities, expressing by the aid

of its multiple rhythms the tumultuous or caressing movements, the dynamic variations of expression in sentiments already announced, it is able nevertheless to preserve its entire personality and tenderness towards this beautiful specialty which is its real object.

In taking up the tone-poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," which the author himself conducted before the French public, at one of the concerts of the Lamoureux series, we found ourselves in the presence of an entirely different spectacle.

The idea of finding in the extraordinary work of Nietzsche the material of a grandiose musical composition, indicates in Mr. Strauss a cultivated mind, open to the most elevated and rarest phases of human thought. But he takes care to advertise in advance that he means to carry on the work in his own fashion. "Thus Spake Zarathustra *liberally interpreted from Nietzsche,*" such is the complete title of this tone-poem.

As I have already remarked above, these words alone, together with the names of a half-dozen of fragments, chosen at will from his fancy, are the sole official indications which we possess from the author himself of his intentions as composer. But it is very difficult to believe him entirely irresponsible for the summary of program distributed in the hall, for facilitating understanding, when he himself directs; and after having read this program, one cannot deny Mr. Strauss' discretion in having advised us before that it is a "free translation" which he intends. The liberties which he indulges are so grave that it is hardly too much to say that between the "Zarathustra" of Mr. Strauss and that of Nietzsche, there is little in common beyond the name.

Even while this is not the proper place, I cannot omit to point out that the author of the notice is incorrect, in the literal sense of the word, in qualifying the spiritual state of Nietzsche is that of pessimism, of contemning the olden tables of values, and in the midst of their debris of dreaming incessantly of creating new things, the eyes always fixed upon the ideal, the superhuman. It is quite possible that Mr. Strauss himself did not collaborate in this inexactitude, and I do not think he need share any of this undesirable responsibility. His case is different, and sufficiently serious already, if it is to his

imagination we owe the mystical-romantic *scenario* which forms the program, so long and "not too definite," which is expected to guide us through the meanderings of his musical inspiration.

The fancy of extracting from the immense the least understandable creation of Nietzsche certain titles of chapters, and of making them the pretexts for elaborating a little dramatic history, where we see Man (with a large M), in his relations with Nature, Religion, Science, Desire, Laughter, and Dance, is at least singular when found in an admirer of this audacious philosopher. In sketching the Mignon and Faust of Goethe, Messrs. Ambroise Thomas and Gounod had at least the excuse of not being their own librettists; in other respects, also, their aspirations were very different from those of Mr. Strauss. Be this as it may, it is this vague and rambling explanation, very like those which Richard Wagner had the fashion of offering for illustrating the symphonies and other works of pure music by Beethoven, which is here given us, with the approbation of the author, to aid us in following the development of his thoughts. Obscure and attenuated as they seem, the commentary is none the less very useful, even necessary, for elucidating certain strangenesses, veritable musical rebuses, which at first examination of the score leave the reader like one in a dream.

It ought to be stated right here that in this case, more strictly than in any of his earlier works, Mr. Strauss follows step by step the poetic program which he has outlined. It may give him an innocent pleasure to call his work a musical poem, or a poem of sounds, but it is none the less simply a symphonic poem, which is dramatic, descriptive and picturesque. Never before, from this point of view, has Strauss gone so far. It is in the indications of the program that it is necessary to search for almost exclusively for the logic and reason of the music.

In this we discover the cause of a disconcerting phenomenon which seems inexplicable in such a musician as Mr. Strauss. I mean the perpetual succession of tonalities in C and B, which in major or minor mode, and despite certain passages of modulation, form almost alone the tonal basis of the entire com-

position. Nevertheless we are not completely edified. Thanks to the feeble lantern light of the explanatory notice, we see quite clearly that there is something, but we cannot quite make it out. Is it possible that Mr. Strauss desired, through the association of tonalities so remote and foreign the one to the other, to mark the contrast between the immobility of Nature and Man floating adrift? Did he mean to apply the character "leading," which the tone B has towards the tonic C to symbolize the grand homesickness, the great Desire ("of knowing," adds the stupefying gloss which he has added to Nietzsche)?

The Byzantine quality of the interrogations enables us to touch the delicate point of the new proceeding inaugurated by Mr. Strauss. It is certain that each tonality possesses a physiognomy of its own, a particular color, the symbolism of which might be utilized by the musician for the translation of determinate sentiments precisely indicated in advance, into the language of sounds; but the relations of these tonalities among themselves are necessarily subject to implacable laws, which are purely and specifically musical. It is manifest that, in doing violence to these natural laws, ignoring the unavoidable consequences of the harmonics composing the chords, and in choosing the incessant alternation of these two remotely related tonalities as the entire foundation of his tonal edifice, to the exclusion of all other combinations, Mr. Strauss has been subject to extra-musical preoccupations—descriptive or picturesque, despite the immateriality of the objects which he proposes here to paint and describe.

And from this point of view, "Zarathustra" of Mr. Strauss marks a date in the evolution of program music. Never has any musician previously dared to go so far. Berlioz himself, with his orchestral and theatric dramatization, is largely surpassed in this example of the slavery of musical art to strange and foreign demands. In attacking the immutable and constitutive properties of sounds, and in contempt of their affinities and their repulsions, reducing these tonalities to the exclusive role of exterior agents, of means of poetic expression, of personifying ideas or sentiments, Mr. Strauss defiles music in its most intimate essence, even in its very marrow.

Mr. Strauss does not recoil before the most extreme consequences of his errors, one of the most pronounced characteristics of his artistic temperament being a wilfulness almost brutal. "Desire" in the story of Zarathustra "always ascending higher and higher in the azure without end," and the enigma of "Nature" remaining insoluble, Mr. Strauss takes the path of abandoning each one in its turn and ends his work by an obstinate alternation of the two tonalities upon which he has constructed his work. In the very highest regions of the scale of sounds he strikes three times the chord of B major (in a position with the fifth uppermost), three times the bass answers in the very lowest region of pitch with the fundamental C of the theme of "Nature." Musically speaking, the most indulgent qualification which it would be permitted to use concerning this ending is that of "uncouth" (*baroque*).

Amid the details of this work of vast dimensions, we find the peculiarities of the composer illustrated; a marvelous polyphony and an inexhaustible abundance of thematic combinations. To the interest always attaching to such combinations is added occasionally the charm of unexpected transformations, very rare with Mr. Strauss, of rhythm and the melodic outlines of all the themes worked up together in the whirling vortex of the "Danse." These themes themselves, even if wanting in plastic relief, which is generally lacking to the inspirations of Mr. Strauss, are nevertheless sufficiently expressive and characteristic, and lend themselves to ingenious and interesting developments. That of "Nature" throws out majestically its three notes; the tonic, dominant and the octave (do, sol, do) and dominates the entire work. That of "Religion" is harmonious and noble, full of fervor and religious aspiration; it is the sole theme in the entire work which is presented in the key of A flat. If for the motive of "Disgust" the composer had the idea of utilizing the symbolism of the intervals, according to their tonalities, it must be confessed that he has completely succeeded. This theme enters by a descending skip of a diminished fifth, inversion of the "tritone" (that "*diabolus in musica*") and terminates by a fall of an augmented fifth.

Mr. Strauss subjects to the necessities of his poetical pro-

gram even those musical forms which are the most severe and rigid in their specific logic. Wishing to represent Man as interrogating in vain "Science" for discovering the secret of "Life," exploring "without success the whole circle of human knowledge," he represents this research by a curious passage in the style of fugue.

An amplification of the theme of "Nature" is introduced in the key of C; the answers succeed each other without interruption by fifths always ascending, in such a way that after the fifth return of the theme Mr. Strauss comes to the point where by augmentation he presents the theme in the key of B. Upon this large design, the basses, the altos, the bassoons, the clarinets, sketch successively the theme of "Nature" in G, in B flat, D flat, and A flat. At the end of this exposition by augmentation in B, Mr. Strauss finds himself naturally in the dominant, F sharp. He pauses for a moment upon this tonality, the fundamental transforming itself almost immediately into a short pedal, above which the theme of "nature" affirms itself without interruption, in a species of *stretto*, in G, F natural, A, coming finally in B minor to the theme of "Desire" unsatisfied and unappeased, as a result of these experiences so varied, not to say multiplied.

It cannot be denied that the obscurity of "the enigma of nature" and the uncertainty of the conquests of "Science" are marvelously rendered in many places by the vague cacophony which results; but from a musical point of view this part of the piece has all the elements of a piece of facetiousness.

There are in "Zarathustra" other passages of the same kind, in which, under the influence of his transcendent program, Mr. Strauss takes—makes us take—his poetic bladders for musical lanterns. Happily there are a number of remarkable parts to compensate us. All the beginning of the work, the exposition of the themes of Nature, Religion, Great Desire, the development of that of the "Joy of the Passions," with its Italian cadences; later the "Convalescent," and at last the "Song of the Dance," testify to the essential faculties of genius. While one might not admire everything, one rests stupefied before the fire of imagination, the originality, ease of workmanship and audacity in thematic combination, which are

shown on almost every page of this extraordinary composition.

The orchestra required in "Zarathustra" is one of the largest ever employed in the concert room. It is composed of thirty-two violins, twelve altos, twelve 'cellos, eight basses, two harps, two small flutes, three large flutes, three oboes, one English horn, one clarinet in E flat, two clarinets and one bass clarinet in B flat, three bassoons, one contra bassoon, six horns, four trumpets, three trombones, two bass tubas, a battery of kettle drums, big drum, cymbals, triangle, etc., a carillon and a big bell in low E. Finally the organ in certain places is asked to add its sweet voice to this formidable ensemble. Mr. Strauss displays in the management of this profusion of sonorities, an art absolutely marvelous.

Cervantes was the next after Nietzsche to furnish Strauss the matter of a new poem. The melancholy figure of "Don Quixote" tempted the musician, and it is by means of a single form specifically musical that he wishes to illustrate the adventures of the Chevalier of Mancha: "Don Quixote (Introduction, Theme Variations and Finale), Fantastic Variations Upon a Theme of Chivalrous Character." Such is the complete title inscribed upon the orchestral score.

The opening of this work is a very long introduction, in the course of which a number of accessory motives are introduced and already copiously combined according to the usual manner of this composer. At length, in the key of D minor, appears the Theme of Don Quixote, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, immediately followed by that of his faithful follower and squire, Sancho Panza, in F major. Outside the names of these two personages there is nowhere, even to the last page of the score, any other indication than at the entrance of each new variation the number which distinguishes it. Should we conclude from this that the desire of Mr. Strauss was to have his work judged from a standpoint purely musical? If this is to be answered in the affirmative, it is necessary to concede at once that his intention was unfortunate.

Rarely has the inspiration of Mr. Strauss shown itself so dull, rarely are his themes more wanting in originality and relief. Despite the always remarkable ingenuity, the thematic combinations here offer no new interest beyond that possessed

by previous works of this musician. There was no need of a new testimony since all know the astonishing facility and technical capacity of Mr. Strauss. Applied to melodies essentially commonplace, as flatly outlined as that of "Dulcinea" dreamed by the knight errant, this capacity becomes distressing. To add to the misfortune, certain notes of this melody recall to our memory the sugary romance of Mignon, by M. Ambroise Thomas, a sin permitted the very young, but demanding nevertheless considerable time in purgatory. Rarely is the tonal palette of Mr. Strauss so poor in modulations. Being always in D major or minor, with certain short escapes into F, it finishes by becoming monotonous. There are towards the middle of the third variation, six lovely sharps, which have no doubt of the pleasure they will give us in transporting us for a few instants into the key of F sharp major; and what good thought traversed the spirit or the heart of the veritable Dulcinea, in the sixth variation, to induce her to choose the key of G for advancing upon her jennet to meet the knight!

The instrumentation itself, habitually interesting in the works of Mr. Strauss, here seems mediocre in quality. Already in "Zarathustra" we have seen the tendency of this composer to an exaggerated division of the bowed instruments. This proceeding he renews in "Don Quixote," and it is moreover, quite in the manner of a *concertante* that the violoncello traverses the entire work. An alto and a violin are often associated with it, which sometimes double in the unison or octave the melody of the wind instruments, and contribute in this manner to minifying the contrast of different timbres, and to give the sonority of the orchestra a uniform tint. Outside of certain picturesque passages, which cannot be explained musically, the instrumentation seems dull, and owing to the necessity of not covering up the instruments treated as solo voices, keeps the volume of sound small; the general effect is that of a death-like greyness.

If as in many of his other works the program is absent in the orchestral score of "Don Quixote," Mr. Strauss by no means intends to leave us entirely deprived. Already the pianoforte arrangement indicates, with considerably more profusion, the intentions of the author in the several variations.

At the performance of this work at the Lamoureux concerts, under the direction of Mr. Strauss himself, these explanations were reproduced in all their brevity. This was certainly something, but how insufficient for clearing up to unfortunate hearers whose recollections of Don Quixote were nothing but shadows, the particular selection of adventures of the ingenious hidalgo, which in the original work fill seventy-four chapters!

But the conscientious application of German exegesis is not wanting; with our neighbors there is happily no lack to be apprehended of commentators, official or otherwise. A little publication, quite widely circulated the other side of the Rhine, "The Musical Conductor" (*Der Musikfuhrer*), has undertaken the task of supplementing the education of its readers by means of thematic analyses, and others poetic or symbolic, of the most celebrated works. The part dedicated to "Don Quixote" fills twenty-four pages of text; the orchestral score contains eighty. This makes about a page of comment for each twenty measures of music, about one line to a measure.

This little calculation is not in vain when we stop to think. It is not impossible to affirm that the imprudent hearer, unfurnished with this perpetual commentary, will be very much put to it to discover in the music all this which Mr. Arthur Hahn finds there. If the author of this little pamphlet had not in advance received the confidences of the composer, he must be a diviner of enigmas before whom Oedipus would be but a mere child. But the indications which he gives us are so precise, they follow the musical discourse so faithfully, step by step, they clear up and translate so minutely, that one is invincibly tempted to assign the merit of their origin to Mr. Strauss himself, despite the modesty which he employs in order to keep in the shade.

Whoever he may be, this amiable guide divulges first that to the 'cello has been confided the duty of personifying the knight of the sorrowful figure, while the honest Sancho must content himself with an alto. Without pausing to inquire whether there is not perhaps a symbolism concealed between the size of the two instruments and the figures of the two

personages, we have here at least an explanation of the appearance of the double concerto effect, which we have already recognized in many places in the work.

Thanks to the benevolent "Conductor," we are able to penetrate without fear into the labyrinth of the Introduction. After a theme of "an attractive Chivalrous nature," immediately connected to that of "Gallantry," not less chivalrous, a repose upon the tonic is achieved by two cadences whose complicated and foreign elements to that of the final chord attest plainly the "tendency of Don Quixote to erroneous conclusions." An amplification of the first theme shows us next Don Quixote plunged into the troubled "reading of old romances, peopled with paladins, enchanters and noble young ladies." We enter with our hero into this marvelous world. At the first step we run against this unfortunate melody of which I have spoken above, which having to represent Dulcinea, has the duty of defining the "feminine ideal in the days of chivalry." Straightway appears before us a knight (fanfare of trumpets), who is on his way to combat with a giant (tubas and basses). After him comes another personage; he also is a knight (theme 5*a*, horns), but this one is vowed entirely to the service of Women and ensnared in the net of her beauty (theme 5*b*, violin with *umute*) his valor is transformed little by little into an effeminate softness (theme 5*c*, horns and cellos), and he finishes, through force of gallantry by being completely annihilated." He disappears, in effect, in the depths of the orchestra (5*d*, horns and *pizzicati*). These antiques from folios are inexhaustible, there is still a "knight penitent," whose silhouette profiles itself before us, and at length rises very exuberant, a "type of the general knightly energy."

This is too much! "All these images rise pell-mell and take possession of the disordered mind of the unfortunate Don Quixote (rich enlacement of polyphony of themes);—a resolution is born in him (chivalrous theme, No. 1, by augmentation);—a glissando of the harps leads to cruel dissonances; a catastrophe is near. To the strokes of certain furious chords by the whole orchestra, this is accomplished; Don Quixote has lost his reason. The fortissimo of the chivalrous theme and at length the organ point upon the low A mark the irre-

sistible force of his unbreakable determination: "He himself will become a knight errant."

I have no intention of reproducing here the entire twenty-four pages of the musical conductor. What I have already cited is enough to give an idea of its utility. But whoever wishes to seize in all its details the sense of the species of duo for 'cello and alto, which forms a good half of the third variation, "conversation between the knight and his squire," this little interpretation will be indispensable. If I add that at the end of the unfortunate "adventure with a procession of penitents" (fourth variation), two descents of a minor ninth by the tuba and contra bassoon show us that Sancho sleeps and snores; and that the persistent tremolo upon the same note, of the contrabasses, during the "aerial voyage upon an enchanted horse" (seventh variation), signifies that the animal has never quitted the earth, one can form an idea of the puerility of the system here pursued by Mr. Strauss. I have spoken above of pantomime; an addition of this kind would be perhaps the only means by which this could be made intelligible to a musician.

Mr. Strauss seems to have appreciated the melancholy irony of Cervantes and to have set himself to express it with delicacy and spirit. From this point of view his work is paved with good intentions. It is difficult to go farther than he in the wholly congenial art of putting dots upon all the i's. He had offered already in his "Quips of 'Till Eulenspiegel," his first attempt at the introduction of the element of the comic into symphony. This work was long and not very funny, despite the promises of the program. How far was all this from the malicious smile of Beethoven in throwing the three notes of an old bassoonist into the midst of the Scherzo of the Pastoral Symphony!

In general the whims of Mr. Strauss are not altogether discreet. He spreads himself out with complaisance, and ceases without precaution. Thus it often happens to him to fall down quite heavily at the end.

The fine Castilian raillery seems to suffer from contact with his artificial ways. The art of sounds is no longer respected. If it was unpleasant to hear the trumpets and trom-

bones of "Zarathustra," which sound out so nobly the theme of Nature, reduced by Mr. Strauss in 'Till Eulenspiegel to the role of bleating sheep, we experience here an impression still more painful at hearing such music as this from such a composer as he is at his best. Don Quixote seems to me, so far, the most deplorable musical blunder of Mr. Strauss.

(To be Concluded.)

THE REFORM OF CHURCH MUSIC.

BY PROF. L. M. GIMMESTAD.

The urgent call made in the March number of "Music" by Prof. Locke Davies of Yale University for a reform of church music in Protestant congregations in this country is in many respects a scholarly presentation of a very important subject. The denominations he had in mind while writing his article will certainly do well in taking to heart his criticism and in following his advice. Never was criticism more just, nor advice more wholesome. Reading his treatise, however, I got the impression that, in his opinion, nearly all the Protestant congregations in America are alike depraved in their musical taste; that all of them are more or less corrupted by the "rousing, but jerky medley;" and that, at the time of the Reformation, all Protestants severed "the historic continuity of the style of church music." If my impression of his opinions is correct, the following remarks will not seem uncalled for: In the first place, the term "Protestant" embraces much more than Prof. Davies seems to be aware of. At the time of the Reformation, the leading representatives of radicalism were Calvin and Zwingli; those of conservatism, Luther and Melancton. Both parties, however, were Protestants. The dominant tendencies of the leaders of the two Protestant parties have been transmitted to their respective adherents for nearly four hundred years. This fact must not be overlooked in our criticism of the attitude of the Protestant communions over against the different styles of church music. Anyone who will take the trouble of reading the Augsburg Confession will find that the Wittenberg theologians and their adherents, wished to retain the classical church music of the preceding centuries. And collections of chorals sung by the Lutheran congregations of the sixteenth century show that the conservative principles announced in 1530 by that wing of the Protestant church were carefully carried out. Hence, if we are looking for classical models of church music, we naturally turn to Germany. There the conservative forces have clung

to the masterpieces of the past, and have also produced masterpieces of their own. Where, in the realm of ecclesiastical music, can be found anything more sublime than the melody of the battle hymn of the Reformation, "A mighty fortress is our God," or anything of statelier grandeur than P. Nicolai's queen of melodies, "Awake, awake, for night is flying." But these and hundreds of other melodies of scarcely inferior merit, melodies that have the "chief elements of religious power, reverence, dignity and emotional elevation," have been sung, and are sung to-day, by thousands of Lutheran congregations in Germany, in the Scandinavian countries, and in the United States. In this country alone the Lutheran synods number about two millions of communicant members. They are Protestants that have *not* lost their admiration and love of classical church music. Among the Germans are found the "Dresdener Gesangbuch," or similar collections; and among the Scandinavians those of Hoff, Berggreen, Lindeman, and last, but of perhaps greatest future use, "Christian Hymns with Music," published by Lutheran Publishing House, Decorah, Iowa. When, therefore, Prof. Davies finds that there is no hope of improvement in Protestant church music, but in the possibility of composers relinquishing the commercial standard and allowing consecrated inspiration to create higher styles, the prospect is made more cheerless than circumstances necessitate. Hundreds of Protestant congregations in our midst possess the treasures that every lover of classical music will appreciate; and—sung by the congregations, not only by the choirs—they find that this class of music in no way prevents them from reaching "the great unwashed throng." On the other hand, statistical tables show that the growth of the Lutheran church compares very favorably with that of any other denomination. This fact should dispel fear from the minds of such as are apprehensive of giving up the Sankey style of music for something more classical. The choral music, then, of the Lutheran wing of the Protestant church has been found to give the true ring. Embodying the principles of classical art, awakening the deep religious feelings of the soul, it has stood the test of time, and met with a grand and lasting popularity.

Gale College, Wis.

PIANO TECHNICS: A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

BY WILSON G. SMITH.

It is a pretty hard thing to impress one's ideas of technic upon contemporary minds without the prestige of a great name either as executant or pedagogue, but the success many of my technical studies have met with has been encouraging. You know that I am one of those who believe that technic is as much a mental process as a physical—perhaps more.

There is too much pure mechanism in our art, and not enough stress put upon mental concepts and psychic development. My own teaching has justified me in believing that the best results are obtained by a system that presupposes a mental equipment in the pupil, before the fingers are mounted upon the technical pedestal. When I wrote my technical exercises I adopted this as my creed, and wrote them so that they could be utilized for finger development and all shades of touch, phrasing, and dynamic proportions. I wish that I could give you personally my ideas upon their use, for I do not believe that one teacher in a hundred uses them as I would. I once wrote a little exposition of them and will see if I cannot find a copy to send you. In it I tried to exploit my own theory of their use, but you know how hard that is, besides I have learned much since that time.

I have had several pupils play for Mme. Zeisler and Mr. Sherwood, and they have been greatly pleased with the results of my theories. Indeed, Mme. Zeisler was so impressed with one young miss (16 years of age) that she gave her personal letters when she went to Berlin. We expect unusual artistic results from her. She has the making of a great artist, and from what I can learn from Berlin she is making wonderful progress.

I merely mention this to explain why I think that I am not far away from the truth when I say that mind, before fingers, hands and arms, must do the work. We have plenty of pianists a la pianola now; what art most needs are pianists

who play mentally and temperamentally rather than purely technically. What does it profit art if a man has a perfect technic without the soul of art. I thoroughly believe that to make artists one must foster and strengthen whatever of individuality a pupil possess rather than try to make them miniatures of one's self. The one makes thinking musicians—the other pure mechanics and imitators.

It is not so much the *process* of tone production as it is the *results*. Artistic results are not the product of infallible rules, but more the product of artistic intuition. Psychology is far more important than the mechanical aspects of our art.

I never could see any sense in practicing technic in a perfunctory manner for purely muscular development, and I always impress pupils that it is more important to evidence soul and feeling in their technic than in a composition embodying phases of the emotions.

What are chords, scales, arpeggios but the medium of expression? And if a pupil can put expression into them from a purely technical standpoint it is not so difficult a task to enter into the emotional condition of the composer when interpreting his music.

But all of this is what you know too well already. How many of the teaching profession know and preach it? Mighty few.

There are certain methods of producing certain results, but how do the results of the method differ? According to the mental qualities of the student. The only way to equalize matters is to place method of mental concept ahead and above technical means, and the thinking faculties of the student will attend to the technical part.

I see in re-reading your letter you speak of "hammer" stroke, etc. I will briefly remark that I discarded years ago the "hammer" or "percussive stroke," and use only the pressure touch, a sort of down pulling with the finger and hand, using to an extent the forearm (free and supple). The same attack is utilized as one sees used by a cellist in making the vibrato, although not so much action is needed. The idea is to impress the student with the necessity of drawing the tone rather than forcing it from the instrument. Finger, arm and

shoulder pressure are all useful to produce the varied dynamic qualities of tone. A singing tone is the great essential point in piano playing. First, however, the student must have a preconception of the tone required and then modify the means till it is produced. In staccato playing I use the "caressing" stroke made by a free action of fingers, wrist and forearm. The old-fashioned up and down finger action is obsolete, and to my thinking inartistic.

So long as the hand and arm action is free from rigidity I do not care how much is used so it does not flavor of affectation. That which is the most graceful and free from constraint is to my mind the best. I advocate the same freedom of wrist and arm movement in octave playing, producing the tone more by a falling pressure than a percussive stroke which is hard and unsympathetic.

So many pianists pound their fortissimos, forcing the piano beyond its legitimate limitations. Breadth of tone can be secured by a pulling down action and the tone quality preserved, when a thumping stroke gives only noise without tone quality. Do you know that in my humble opinion Paderewski in trying to become objective in his playing has become aggressive and thumpy in his *fortissimos*. He simply pounded the piano into a wire box in a recent concert, playing a Liszt rhapsodie.

On the other hand, Hofmann, while perhaps not quite so subtle in his temperament, really pleased me better. In the Liszt "Tannhauser" he piled climax upon climax without evoking a single discordant tone.

All of which teaches that a naturally subjective pianist cannot become objective without becoming objectionable.

By the way, in making broad, singing tones, I advocate a quick down pulling of the *wrist*, which can be relaxed as soon as the tone is secured. Let the wrist fall below the hand level; it does not matter if a quick devitalization can follow the tone production. But the tone must really come from the mental concept or all means count for naught.

Another thing I find most useful—viz., all studies and exercises are to be practiced both legato and staccato, and if possible with alternating touches. The first etude of Cramer

for example. First, a full singing legato, followed with the same played with the lightest possible staccato. I even have it played with one hand legato and the other staccato, reversing the operation. All of this gives the player a quick mental grasp of the tone qualities, and the hands are sure to obey the mind. Of course most, in fact all, of my teaching is with advanced pupils, and one can do perhaps differently with them than with beginners.

I do not believe in a high raising of the fingers. Let them lie close to the keys. You can get all the tone necessary with a quick pressure. In full chord playing you can get plenty of tone with a quick down pulling of the hands by use of wrist and arm. It does away with all hard tone production, and the tone quality is large and resonant.

I wish that I could have a long session with you upon the subject as it is impossible to put upon paper all one thinks and believes, but what I have written will give you some idea where I am in the matter.

I may be wrong when I say that tone without quality is of no artistic value, as is technic without soul, but I do not believe so at the present writing. To quote a sample of my results: Last winter I received a pupil who played, when applying for lessons, Leybach's Fifth Nocturne with the touch of a blacksmith. She has been studying with me since that time during the usual season, and at her lesson to-day played for me in an artistic style that would surprise you, Moszkowski's Automme and Liszt's Faust Valse.

Apart from my own system of technics I have used with her a few Cramer studies, Mayer's op. 305, some of Seeling and all of the Chopin Studies. In connection with these many pieces suited to her special needs.

This chromatic system of practice is wonderful in its technical results. All of the keys become familiar ground, and I hear no more about certain keys being awkward and difficult. Such results warrant me in believing that I am not far from the right in my ideas. Of course there are other methods, but as I have never used them I cannot say what I could do with them. I am after results and get them in abundance.

MUSIC CULTURE FOR THE UNTALENTED ONES.

BY E. F. BEALE.

The offspring of the unesthetical, sordidly practical or exclusively commercial type of the *genus humanus* (not offensively intended), are by no means the first to deserve utter neglect in relation to art culture.

All art expression, whether it be of music or otherwise, rests upon the sure and unchangeable foundation of naturalness, order, harmony, "things as they should be," or—in short, upon Truth. Its teaching aims to develop within the individual, that finer sanity to discern those more delicate shades and nicer discriminations between the apt and the inapt, the appropriate and the inappropriate; the more keen and sure power of differentiation between the Good and the Bad, in which is comprehended the truly beautiful and the unbeautiful in all things—causes of all true happiness and unhappiness respectively.

This advanced taste and judgment alone provides the person with the necessary knowledge of his own true needs, and the power to order his life in ways that are natural, artistic, and in happy harmony with those needs and the exigencies of his station. Under such conditions his very character and daily life may become a lovely art creation.

Plain it is that the potency of this higher sanity, in its more uninterrupted influence, has created all the great things and done all the noble deeds that are as monuments to the advancing epochs of civilization.

Because a certain person may possess no especial perception of artistic truth, order, beauty, etc., of tones, colors or things, therefore he should be for life deprived of all opportunity to become as well trained in some art as his nature will permit, is a proposition preposterous as it is untenable.

Things in appropriate and artistic order are "as they should be"—are harmonious and right. Right is Truth—or the Good. The Good is The Truly Beautiful. The Truly

Beautiful alone can give satisfaction and peace. These are the foundation principles of all noble art. These principles are pure, high, and noble. What would even a religion be without them? Any science founded upon these principles of eternal truth, builded Heavenward in dome-like, towering forms, comprehensive in magnitude, thorough in power—as has been done by such mighty intellects as those of Hayden, Mozart, or Michael Angelo—is a fine art as well as a science, and contains the crystallized essence of The Beautiful—no matter by what specific name it might be otherwise designated. The mission of such an art is the promotion of the highest spiritual good and happiness of mankind, which when once possessed, becomes a very part of the soul nature of its possessor, and can be never wholly lost again to all eternity, neither to the person first acquiring it nor to his descendants who will inherit his esthetic nature through ties of blood.*

Highly thorough study, in whatever direction done, if founded upon and carried out in accordance with these high principles, is an art study, and must result in the creation of taste, spirituality, talent and character—qualities which in turn will exert outward through the physical, their lovely influences in worthy acts and works of beauty.

In the face of the above outlined fact, does not the proposition to deprive the untalented of all opportunity for some degree of artistic development seem even more sinful than it would be to take like advantages away from the talented ones?

In the following wonderful creedlike formulary, has that genius of titan majesty, Wagner, set forth his belief in noble art: "I believe in God, Mozart and Beethoven, and also in their disciples and apostles; I believe in the Holy Ghost and in the truth of one indivisible art; I believe that this art comes from God, and dwells in the hearts of all enlightened human beings; I believe that whosoever has but once reveled in the ennobling joys of this exalted art will serve it for all time, nor ever prove untrue." "And I believe that through this art all may find salvation." "I believe in a day of judgment, and that then all those will be damned who have dared in this world to deal sordidly with this chaste and noble art, putting

it to shame and dishonoring it, out of badness of heart and mere greed for the pleasures of the senses." "But, contrariwise, I believe that the true disciples of this exalted art will be transfigured in a heavenly commingling of sunny, sweet-smelling consonances, and will be united, for all eternity, to the celestial source of Harmony."

Harmony, in music, in a comprehensive application, implies tone correctly ordered, to agree comparatively in perfection throughout a formal structure, and for the purpose of expressing in the most thorough way, the full story of some noble emotional meaning, and from which expression shall be intelligently and delicately eliminated all effort wasting interruption by any incorrect or misdirected means. Music, Poetry, Architecture, Painting and Sculpture are all branches of the great, noble, and "indivisible art," and they are subservient, each and all, to those same higher and unchangeable laws of Harmony. The same brain becomes a musician that might have become an architect, building in rare tone forms that which he might as an architect have builded of costly marbles and mosaics. While harmony effects in the arrangement of tone are conveyed to the mind by means of the ear mechanism and auditory nerve, like effects in the arrangement of objects in architecture may, in a sense obtain, though reaching the soul consciousness through a very different channel—the eye and the optic nerve. A training in colors and grouping but gives the mind a knowledge of many things that must become familiar to the student of the tonal art.

The "one great and indivisible art" is a family of which Music, Architecture and the others are the sisters of rare truth, purity and grace (* *). Shall the generations of the untalented be forever shut out from the heavenly smile and benignant soul influences of these angels of Truth and Beauty, who stand for the highest principles and the holiest achievement known to, or yet accomplished by enlightened humanity?

In most communities of this country, music study may be more easily provided for, perhaps, than any other branch of the fine arts. The pupil may more often be able to prosecute musical studies under the home roof, and the matter of ex-

pense is thereby much simplified as well as numerous other advantages gained. Though the boy or girl may show evidences of talent for drawing or, perhaps, dramatic expression rather than for music, still, if music is easily to be had, and the branches of first choice be impossible on account of a lack of teachers or means, then by all means take up music under a good master, and you will realize finally that the same satisfactory benefits will accrue to a great extent, as would obtain in any other branch. While centuries of national or theological history may be artistically represented in the wondrous transepts, chapels and towers of a great abbey, the same may be by a Bach or Beethoven embodied in the form and harmonies of a great sonata. Those who grandly tell you of their wonderful lack of all artistic or tone perceptions do not realize in what a ridiculous light they are posing themselves. These are the ones who, because "they can't see anything in it," oftentimes think to deprive their children of the benefits of a knowledge of, and an executive training in the most beautiful, emotional and heart literature within the ken of an enlightened age—for this music is. At any rate, proper music study will advance the intelligence far past the point of calling an abby a "meaningless pile o' rocks," and a sonata "a snarter."

Those inheriting unesthetical temperaments and who have received no artistic discipline—which is of necessity only to be gained by the serious study and practice of some fine art—have as yet an undeveloped and unsafe emotionality to guide them through the labyrinths of life; for the true use of all art is the building of noble character, the highest art of all, and here as in other things, the spiritual is trained through the physical, *by doing*. The uncultured man lives and acts as his undeveloped instincts and feeling may prompt, regardless of better examples about him—in the methods and routine of which he is all unpracticed; and we judge his personality by the character of his acts. The man or woman of culture is even more a creature of obedience to feeling, but their every act bears evidence—to the discerning—of higher likes, judgment, taste, and a greater power for usefulness.

"Artistic discipline" is only a technical name for the more

thorough and proper means of training the faculties and emotions into a true and harmonious relationship to, and a full realization of truth and right, as has so far been discerned in Nature by all the great and the good since the history of Humanity began.

Because a personality is unideal and backward now, should it *never begin* to acquire the full development that the gods intend the soul to possess?

Naturally, Man seeks to gratify his needs for the sake of gaining peace or happiness. Ideal education is education reduced to the principles of fine art. It teaches Man his real and true needs and gives him the power to satisfy them. The person should understand himself, and be governed through and by a perfectly developed emotionality and instinct, in order that his spiritual life may will and dominate his material life. Ideal education—and especially in the musical and most other arts—by the accuracy and comprehensiveness of its executive or technical training produces habits of thoroughness as well as a habitual clearness of thought. Where there is clearness of thought, there is to be found a will that acts, controls, succeeds.

Lack of talent in a man betokens a weak emotional realization of his spiritual needs and a less power to gratify them. Because he may possess less than others, should he never begin to acquire? In things spiritual, a man's greatest lack is his greatest need—however it may be in regard to things more base.

In Music, the great and elaborate system of technic used to develop both physical and mental strength, accuracy and promptness, is of itself character forming—creating the indispensable habits of precision and delicacy. Still, all this, in a higher sense is secondary to, or but a means to promote a nobler object—that of creating right, rational and correct emotional soul states. Indeed, this is one of the first great ideas that we owe to Froebel who, also, taught the educational world to appreciate the fact, that feeling and instinct are the foundation of the intellect and the will. And still again, when comprehensive knowledge is combined with ideal and esthetic discipline, then is the mind sanely qualified and empowered to

safely indulge in a larger existence of the creative, the associative and the interpretive imagination—thus living to the full, in rich emotional experience, the life that Nature has created within us. The world may be transfigured into immeasurable glory if the little we are permitted to see, by a refined and true imagination, be interpreted into the vast and mystic infinite we may feel.

Music cultivates only pure and noble intuitions in the soul more absolutely than does any other art. For this is it denominated The Divinest.

If you are of the untalented, make haste to cultivate your mind and emotionality to an appreciation of The Beautiful—which is truly of the True and the Good.

I know of a man with clearly no natural artistic sense, but who in a way is quite a success in the musical profession through the sheer energy of ambition. Of course he isn't much, or even what he might have become under better and longer teaching, still, just imagine what of necessity he must have remained without the benefits of music art culture, for his people have been *pansy raisers* and peddlers—not artists—any time presumably, during the last four or five centuries. Much credit is due to such persons. We know that even so good an authority as Hayden condemned Beethoven as possessing absolutely no talent; and who knows whether Beethoven really did have more talent than he needed? I'd hate to set my opinion up against those of such men as Albrechtsgerger or as Hayden, at any rate. Wagner's teacher often told him that he would never learn to play the piano; "but," said Wagner, "however, I learned to play it better than Berlioz." (Pray don't mention in this connection the fact that Berlioz could not play at all). Some one told me just the other day that Homer was considered "very commonplace," if not actually frivolous, by Plato.

I would not attempt to prove by these or like allusions that it is quite justifiable to hold out to the average person of apparent small talent, the glittering hope of "reaching the very heights," but I do believe that many quiet and unassuming persons who are adjudged as without talent, may often sur-

prise and, indeed, outdistance many that are so "peart" with the "much" they think they may possess.

A teacher is often doing more for the race when teaching the less talented pupils than when laboring with the "supposed" talented ones, many of whom have inherited certain constitutional tired feelings along with their talent, begotten no doubt by ancestors in past generations—caused by feeding too freely upon that sweet taffy known as "flattery."

When we contemplate all that has been accomplished by the intelligently executed methods employed in the education of the deaf, blind, deformed and otherwise incapacitated—and by which a Helen Keller, blind and deaf since infancy, has been taught to understand, appreciate and sensibly enjoy classic music, or has made the one-armed Count Zichy of Austria a world-famed pianist—shall we not reasonably expect some good results to grow out of the attempt to educate those who, while exhibiting no especial bent toward music, still have all their faculties and senses unimpaired.

*As is well known, the cultivation of music by even an untalented parent has often called in a child a strong hereditary tendency toward the art.

**The greatest poetry, the greatest music and the greatest dramatic expression have been combined in the transcendental music dramas of Richard Wagner,—all in fulfillment of the prophetic utterances of Goethe, Schiller and other German poets who maintained that a great genius would one day come on earth to unite those arts in one.

PROGRAM PIECES BY LISZT.

FROM "THE GREAT IN MUSIC," VOL. II.

The following selection of available illustrative pieces by Liszt, from the new volume of "The Great in Music," may well be preceded by three remarkable testimonies to the charm of Liszt's own playing, as given by Schumann in 1840, Dr. Mason in 1853, and Borodine in 1877.

SCHUMANN 1840.

"Would that I could, ye distant ones and foreigners, who can scarcely hope ever to see this surpassing artist, and who therefore search out every word that is written concerning him—would that I could give you a correct idea of him! But the task is a difficult one.

"Liszt is now probably about thirty years old. Every one knows well that he was a child phenomenon, how he was early transplanted to foreign lands; that his name afterwards appeared here and there among the most distinguished; that then the rumor of it occasionally died away, until Paganini appeared, inciting the youth to new endeavors; and that he suddenly appeared in Vienna two years ago, rousing the imperial city to enthusiasm. Thus he appeared among us of late, already honored with the highest honors that can be bestowed on an artist, and his fame already established.


"The first concert, on the 17th, was a remarkable one. The multitudinous audience was so crowded together that even the hall looked altered. The orchestra was also filled with listeners, and among them—Liszt.

"He began with the Scherzo and Finale of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. The selection was capricious enough, and on many accounts not happy. At home, in a tete-a-tete, a highly careful transcription may lead one almost to forget the orchestra; but in a large hall, in the same place where we have been accustomed to hear the symphony played frequently, and perfectly by the orchestra, the weakness of the pianoforte is striking, and the more so the more an attempt is made to

represent masses in their strength. Let it be understood, with all this, we had heard the master of the instrument; people were satisfied; they at least, had seen him shake his mane. To hold to the same illustration, the lion presently began to show himself more powerful. This was in a fantasia on themes by Pacini, which he played in a most remarkable manner. But I would sacrifice all the astonishing, the audacious bravoura that he displayed here for the sake of the magical tenderness that he expressed in the following etude. With the sole exception of Chopin, as I have already said, I know not one who equals him in this quality. He closed with the well-known Chromatic galop; and as the applause this elicited was endless, he also played his equally well-known bravoura waltz.

"Fatigue and indisposition prevented the artist from giving the concert promised for the next day. In the meantime a musical festival was prepared for him, that will never be forgotten by Liszt himself or the others present. The giver of the festival (Felix Mendelssohn) had selected for performance some compositions unknown to his guest: Franz Schubert's symphony (in C); his own psalm, "As the Hart Pants;" the overture, "A Calm Sea and a Prosperous Voyage;" three choruses from "St. Paul;" and to close with, the D minor concerto for three pianos by Sebastian Bach. This was played by Liszt, Mendelssohn and Hiller. It seemed as though nothing had been prepared, but all improvised instantaneously. Those were three such happy musical hours as years do not always bring. At the end Liszt played alone, and wonderfully.

"Liszt's most genial performance was yet to come—Weber's Concertstuecke, which he played at his second concert. Virtuoso and public seemed to be in the freshest mood possible on that evening, and the enthusiasm before and after his playing exceeded anything hitherto known here. Although Liszt grasped the piece from the beginning, with such force and grandeur of expression that an attack on a battle field would seem to be in question, yet he carried this on with continually increasing power, until the passage where the player seemed to stand at the summit of the orchestra, leading it forward in triumph. Here, indeed, he resembled that great commander to whom he has been compared, and the tempestuous applause



that greeted him was not unlike an adoring "Vive l'Empereur!" He then played a fantasia on themes from the "Huguenots," the "Ave Maria" and "Serenade," and at the request of the public the "Erl-King" of Schubert. But the Concertstuecke was the crown of his performances on this evening."—From Schumann's Collected Writings.

DR. WILLIAM MASON ON LISZT'S PLAYING. 1853-5.

"Time and time again at Weimar I heard Liszt play. There is absolutely no doubt in my mind that he was the greatest pianist of the nineteenth century. Liszt was what the Germans call an *Erscheinung*—an epoch-marking genius. Tausig is reported to have said of him: 'Liszt dwells alone, upon a solitary mountain-top, and none of us can approach him.' Rubinstein said to Mr. William Steinway, in 1873: 'Put all the rest of us together and we would not make one Liszt.' This is doubtless hyperbole, but nevertheless significant as expressing the enthusiasm of pianists universally conceded to be of the highest rank.

"The difference between Liszt's playing and that of others was the difference between creative genius and interpretation. His genius flashed through every pianistic phrase, it illuminated a composition to its innermost recesses, and yet his wonderful effects, strange as it must seem, were produced without the advantage of a genuinely musical touch."—*Memories of a Musical Life*. P. 110.

BORODINE ON LISZT'S PLAYING. IN 1877.

The Russian composer, Borodine, was in Jena, in Germany, in 1877, when Liszt was already sixty-six years old. There was a great festival and Liszt played the piano part of his own arrangement of Chopin's Funeral March for organ, piano, and 'cello. Borodine describes the impression it made:

"When his (Liszt) turn came he arose, and surrounded by the promoters of the concert moved towards the choir. Soon his fine grey head, bold and energetic, but calm and suggesting perfect self-confidence, appeared at the conductor's desk.

"At a distance he is very like Petroff (a favorite Russian singer) and possesses the same air of superiority and of being at home everywhere. He conducts with his hand, without a

baton, quietly, with precision and certainty, and makes his remarks with great gentleness, calmness and conciseness.

When it came to the numbers for pianoforte, he descended into the choir and soon his grey head appeared behind the instrument. The powerful sustained tones of the piano rolled like waves through the gothic vaults of that old temple. It was divine! What sonority, power, fullness! What a pianissimo, what a morendo! We were transported. When it came to Chopin's "Funeral March," it was evident that the piano part had not been written out. Liszt improvised at the piano while the organ and 'cello played from written parts.

"With each entrance of the theme it was something different; but it is difficult to imagine what he made of it.

"The organ lingered pianissimo on the harmonies in the bars in thirds. The piano, with pedal, gave out the full harmonies, but pianissimo the violoncello sang the theme. The effect was prodigious. It was like the distant sound of a funeral knell, that rings out again before the first vibration has quite died away. I have never heard anything like it. And what a crescendo! We were in the seventh heaven!"

LISZT PIECES IN VARIOUS STYLES.

THE CHAPEL OF WILLIAM TELL. (Swiss Scenes. No. 1.) (Schott.) (5th Grade.)

The Chapel of William Tell opens with a grave theme, an organ-like theme of serious chords, which continues through the first page. This is the kind of music which might be made very effective by orchestral color, the soft and later the strong brass lending to these noble chords an inner feeling, which the piano gives them with difficulty. It is as if various noble feelings awakened within the poet as he stands in the chapel of the great Swiss Liberator.

On the second page a tremolando effect is made melodramatic by an agitated motive heard first in the bass and then later up. The agitation continues and the first motive is heard as if given out by trumpets and trombones while the violins and all the strings still keep up this tremolando. This gives place to an octave passage after which the first subject returns with a brilliant accompaniment of chords. Undoubtedly the composer had in his mind a melodramatic story.

THE HOMESICKNESS OF THE COUNTRY. (Swiss Scenes. No. 8.) (Schott.) (Easy, 5th Grade.)

In this little piece, which extends to no more than three pages, Liszt paints the homesickness of the Swiss in foreign lands. The first page deals with this; then a melody springs up, a pensive, sad melody, after which the first chromatic homesickness returns. On the third page the melody comes again and in more effective form. A pleasing little fancy piece.

LA PASTORELLA DELL' ALPI. (The Pastorella of the Alps.) (Melody by Rossini.) (Easy 4th Grade.)

This little piece of two pages illustrates Liszt's early style. It is simplicity itself, a Tyrolean dance takes place in all the sweet simplicity of the Mountain Valley. Very easy except for a few chords requiring large hands. For this reason the player should have reached the age of at least twelve or fourteen.

NOCTURNE. THE SERENADE. (Melody by Rossini.) (Schott.) (Easy 6th Grade.)

A pleasing melody well treated and lightened up by some not very difficult cadenzas, such as later enter into the concert pieces with so much effect. Very pleasing.

"RIGOLETTO" VERDI. (7th Grade.)

In this piece Liszt transcribes the beautiful Quartet from Verdi's "Rigoletto." The piece was written soon after the first appearance of the opera in 1853. It is remarkably well done, and very effective. It contains two cadenzas of which the first is very difficult, it being a combination of four chromatic scales in sixths for both hands in alternation. This is a purely keyboard effect and those who have natural talent for the keyboard will soon get it; others will have to work at it quite a long time before playing it with the needed abandon. The other cadenza, just before the finale, is less difficult. This piece is useful for finger work and for melody playing.

"LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." (Donizetti.) (6th Grade, or 7th.)

A concert paraphrase of the exquisite sextet in Donizetti's "Lucia." This is one of the most beautiful concerted pieces in Italian opera. In case the left hand gives trouble in the middle of this piece, the player should avail himself of the easier version, printed in small notes. It is nearly as effective and

vastly easier. A typical example of what passed for a prodigiously difficult concert piece along about 1850.

THE BELLS OF GENEVA. (Swiss Scenes. No. 9.) (Schott.)
(6th Grade.)

In this piece the composer imagines himself standing upon one of the lower mountains near the city of Geneva, and hearing the evening bells of the city. Now and then they cease, but the feeling which they have awakened goes on and becomes a sadness as for a day departing. The bells sound again, and more of them together. Presently a lovely melody is heard, delicate, poetic and sweet. It rises to quite a note of triumph, and is carried on by bits of cadenza, like flashing pictures of the mind which scarcely interrupt the prevailing current of the thoughts. A few scattering notes of the bells are heard again, and everything dies away into silence.

THE 47TH SONNET OF PETRARCH. (Italian Scenes. No. 4.)
(Schott.) (6th Grade.)

The sonnet of Petrarch upon which this tone-poem is built, or the reading of which awakened the mood of the tone-poem is this:

"Had but the light which dazzled them afar
Drawn but a little nearer to mine eyes,
Methinks I would have wholly changed my form,
Even as in Thessaly her form she changed: ,
But if I cannot lose myself in her
More than I have—small mercy though it were—
I would to-day in aspect thoughtful be,
Of harder stone than chisel ever wrought,
Of adamant, or marble cold and white,
Perchance through terror, or if jasper were
And therefore prized by the blind and greedy crowd,
Then were I free from this hard, heavy yoke,
Which makes me envy Atlas, old and worn,
Who with his shoulders brings Morocco night."

After a short introduction the real business of the sonnet begins. The two hands are interwoven in a curious but sympathetic syncopation and a pleasing and sentimental melody defines itself, and leads us through many strange keys and incidents to a close. This piece is more ambitious and serious than those before it.

THE ANGELUS: A PRAYER TO THE GUARDIAN ANGELS.
(Scenes from Travel. Third Year, No. 1.) (Schott.) (5th Grade.)

This piece has the peculiarity of being available for piano or organ (harmonium). After a short and bell-like introduction the melody arises and is carried through in a serious mood, quite in keeping with the title. The main originality in this piece is the harmony, which is frequently chromatic and poetic.

NOCTURNE NO. 3. (A DREAM OF LOVE.) (6th Grade.)

This most beautiful and popular of the "Love Dreams" of Liszt is set to the following poem by Freiligrath—or is meant to correspond in mood with it.

"O Love! O Love, so long as e'er thou canst, or dost on love believe,
The time shall come when thou by graves shall stand and grieve;
And see that still thy heart doth glow, doth beat and foster love divine,
So long as e'er another heart shall beat in warm response to thine.
And, whoso bares his heart to thee, O show him love where in thy
power,
And make his every hour a joy, nor wound his heart at any hour.
And keep a guard upon thy tongue—an unkind word is quickly said:
Ah me!—no ill was meant—and yet
The other goes and weeps thereat."

CONSOLATION. NO. 5. IN E. MAJOR. (4th Grade.)

By the name "Consolations" Liszt probably intended to suggest the soothing, almost tender character of these nocturnes, for such they really are. The first illustrates Liszt's earlier style, in which very serious short phrases of chords follow each other, in rhythms which conceal the measure or entirely disregard it. The melody begins upon the second beat and is tied across the proper place of the accent. Thus it is not until the fourth measure that we have a melody tone beginning upon the measure accent. This piece is meant to express a mood, at first vague and indistinct; later clearing up into a more definite and precise quality. Such a piece is like a very short sonnet.

CONSOLATION. NO. 2. IN E. MAJOR. (4th Grade.)

Here we have something more like the usual nocturne, saving that the accompaniment during the first two pages refrains from giving a tone upon the main accent, leaving the melody the duty of establishing the accent and the measure. It is a charming melody and very effective when placed in the middle voice, as happens in the third page.

ECLOGUE. (Swiss Scenes. No. 7.) (7th Grade.)

This delightful little country scene is founded upon a stanza by Byron: "Childe Harold."

"The morn is up again, the dewy morn
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom
Laughing the cloud away with playful scorn,
And living as earth contained no tomb."

A fresh and delightful little study of but four short pages.

CONCERT STUDY IN D. FLAT. (10th Grade.)

This concert study consists of an arpeggio figure spread over two octaves and a half, and above it, occasionally within its compass, there is a curiously unfinished melodic phrase, which is delivered note by note by the hands alternately. This figure recurs over and over again in all sorts of strange successions of keys, and gives place now and then to very brilliant and effective cadenzas and secondary subjects. The leading theme recurs and at length the end. A very brilliant concert piece, now justly a favorite. It requires first-rate technique and plenty of courage and abandon. With these qualities it is indeed a poem for piano, if a somewhat sensational one.

CONCERT STUDY IN F. MINOR. (10th Grade.)

A very beautiful concert study, belonging to the same set of three as the preceding, in which first we have a meditative and nocturne-like effect; later this gives place to a motion in sixteenth notes in which the pianistic quality of perfect evenness is most in question. And this in turn leads to a veritable climax, in which some very difficult runs in double thirds occupy the right hand while the left hand is having enough of its own to attend to. The whole sensational and illustrative of certain highly prized qualities of virtuoso piano playing. A favorite in the concert room.

BY THE SPRING. (Au Bord d'Un Source.) (10th Grade.)

A charming fancy piece or piano study, as one might call it, originally No. 4, in the Reminiscences of Travel, belonging to the Swiss scenes. Liszt rewrote this piece at least once and perhaps twice. It represents the irrepressible bubbling and foaming of the water in a spring as it rushes up to the sunlight from its underground retreats. The music might almost

have been set to the famous stanzas "How the Waters Come Down at Lodore," by Southey.

• "Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping.
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing.
Flying and flinging.
Writhing and wringing.
Eddying and whisking.
Spouting and frisking.
Turning and twisting.
Around and around
With endless rebound.
Smiling and fighting.
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening.
And quivering and shivering,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this is the way the water comes down at Lodore."

EDITORIAL BRIG-A-BRAC

The modern scientist is no doubt an extremely learned person, in his line, and if it were possible for him to learn as much about everything as he thinks he knows about his own one thing, he would indeed be like a light set upon a hill—or, to bring the image down to date, like an arc light upon a very high pole, shedding a white and pleasing moonlight upon everything wherever his rays do fall.

In music there is much which might be better known than it is. And the scientist who feels this is a sensitive creature against whom I have no grumble. Merely I desire that he begin by not ignoring the comparatively few things which perhaps we really *do* know about music. Here for instance comes an exchange with a summary of a scientific investigation concerning the source and accuracy of impressions of pitch, conducted in the University of Berlin by Professor Carl Stumpf and Dr. Max Meyer, the latter the same investigating gentleman who made the curious discoveries concerning the source of gratification in melodic successions, as mentioned in these columns some months ago.

The object of the Berlin investigation was to find out what corrections in a theoretically pure intonation of a given interval were needed to satisfy different ears. The Professor says that some of these were "musicians of distinction." He adds: "The investigations were made in this manner: The tone of a tuning fork on a resonance box was sounded, and after a convenient time-interval (about two seconds) a higher tone was sounded. The individual observers had to write down whether they were satisfied with the intonation of this second tone, and if not, whether they thought it too high or too low. Four intervals were investigated in this manner: minor third, major third, fifth and octave. Tables were given

showing the results of the investigations, which in brief amounted to discovering that considerable differences were experienced regarding the major third, about as many finding fault in one direction as another; the pure fifth was satisfactory in only 31 per cent, while the others preferred it a trifle higher; adding about 1.5 vibrations satisfied about 36 per cent. The pure octave was unsatisfactory in 55 per cent, all preferring a slightly higher pitch."

The conclusions deduced from these experiments by the Professor are that the usual theories of intonation are without psychological validity, and that there is no reason *per se* why various other intonations might not, in fact do not, satisfy the musical sense better.

A scientific Unit, beginning a musical investigation in this manner, handicaps himself a great deal by not understanding a few things which would have changed the standpoint completely. In the first place only a few practical musicians have accurate ears for close pitch. The manner in which these experiments were conducted was in itself unmusical, so much so that very accurate ears, excepting the ears of actual musical geniuses, might be excusable if they failed to accomplish anything worth noting. Theoretically, violin pupils are trained to sensitiveness for pitch, but practically they are carefully exercised in finger positions upon the keyboard, the effort being to divide the octave into twelve equal semitones—no one of which is actually a perfect musical intonation, reckoning from the octave fundamental. Hence between their unconscious sliding of finger, or even crowding down and flattening the finger point, they do habitually play more or less out of tune.

Very little effort is made to train singing pupils to accurate pitch perceptions. The natural sympathy of the voice is supposed to be enough to secure a good working pitch, provided the "method" be right. Piano pupils are so absolutely ignorant of accurate pitch perception that less than half of them can tell by ear which ones in a succession of chords are major and which minor—I mean remember a series of six chords, and designate which were which. They are often misled even when the chord is repeated and dwelt upon. Naturally the

opinion of these concerning accuracy of pitch would be worth absolutely nothing. In fact nobody's opinion would be of any scientific validity as a subject of inference, excepting that of expert tuners and a few artists of preternaturally accurate ears. Godowsky, for instance, probably Hoffman, very likely Saint-Saens, possibly Richard Strauss, etc.

Moreover, not only was the appeal addressed to observers without care as to their experience having prepared them to give an opinion of more than personal validity, but the manner of the test was unmusical and such that very few, even professional tuners, would be able to respond authoritatively. To illustrate, let us take the perfect fifth; no tuner could be sure of this interval (even if his ear was of most unusual excellence) unless he could hear the two sounds together, and then he would be sure by the absence of a beat, the clash of conflicting vibrations, which occurs whenever a consonant interval is out of tune. Many tuners uniformly tune the upper octaves of a piano sharp, because the vibration dies away so quickly that the beat is not perceptible, and subjectively the sharp octave sounds more brilliant. So also with the major third. Any tuner can tune two tones in a perfect major third, if he can hear them together; he merely extinguishes the beat. But the tempered third of the pianoforte is so sharp that it is doubtful whether there is a tuner in the country who could tune one correctly, if the root and the third were two seconds apart in time. Such being the difficulty of accurate hearing, it is absurd to try by this road to acquire information, which will have any scientific validity.

Another of the postulates of this scientific Unit is also false, which is that in all probability the pleasure of melodic intervals or successions is related to the simplicity of the relations involved, meaning thereby the relation of the tones to their roots, and the root in succession. This falls to the ground before the well known musical fact that all art music does about as much business with dissonances, of undeterminable ratio, or of unascertained ratio, as in pure consonances. Even diatonic passing tones, which are of universal occurrence in melody, are difficult to explain.

As the case stands at present, three things are approxi-

mately well determined concerning the satisfaction to be derived from art music, but these three things as yet stand unexplained with reference to each other. Every musician acknowledges the validity of all three; and no musician will try to explain the grounds of their co-existence.

The first of these things is the constitution of chords; the major triad and dominant seventh are the natural powers of a fundamental generator; minor chords and minor effects are imperfect expressions of the powers of a fundamental generator, the third lacking in its relation, and probably producing thereby the well-known sense of distress or imperfection characteristic of this relation; and the farther fact, which Professor Meyer denies upon the force of his own subjective intuitions, but all musicians agree with, namely, that scale tones are harmonic expressions of radicals.

The second of these things which the musician believes, indeed feels quite sure (and the surer the better musician he is), is that while upon our tempered instruments no consonance is quite perfect, excepting the harmonics upon the horns, trombones and trumpets, there is nevertheless so much satisfaction in being able to modulate circle-wise and come back again to the point of departure (an effect impossible without some kind of tempered modification) that all this imperfection of intonation is gladly borne with for the sake of the advantages which follow in its train. And that the result of this is actually more musical and affords a greater variety of psychic stimulations than any scheme of perfect intonation as yet tried; although no one consonance or interval of any kind, except the octave, is quite perfect.

The third point which our art-music is too clear upon to leave room for argument is, that in melody, resting upon plain and diatonic harmony, the greatest satisfaction to really musical faculties is not found in associating every tone with its natural generator, but in harmonizing it differently, sometimes very differently; and in place of simple relations being the ultimate ground of musical satisfaction, modern music would be lost without dissonances, which are as important a part of the expressive apparatus of music as the radical consonances themselves. Yet the accoustical status of art-dissonances, no

scientist nor any musician is able to determine. Our music does business continually with four kinds of false notes; *Appoggiaturas* and suspensions, which are dissonances upon the beat; and passing tones and changing tones, which are dissonances after the beat—upon the half beat. Most, perhaps all, of these dissonances are tones of the scale, adjacent to the actual harmonic tone they temporarily displace. In the Wagner music such dissonances occur not alone in one voice, as they are used in strict counterpoint, but in several voices at once, one resolving while another is just beginning. Naturally this kind of effect is for those who have ears to hear, but to persons with strong harmonic sense such music affords pleasure and a variety of psychic stimulus almost infinitely beyond anything which can be done by plain music in the folks tone—i. e., in the simple and natural harmonies of the key.

Now these three things, I say, are a part of the fundamental charter of our entire modern art of music. Not alone is Wagner addicted to this kind of thing, but Bach, almost two centuries ago, did the same, if in a different way; even Mozart is not restricted to consonances and harmonizations in the folks tone; Haydn, by no means. Beethoven is full of this later art, while with Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, it is a part of their very breath.

Such being the inherent difficulties of the subject, how absurd to suppose that any valid information is to be had by sounding a tone and then two seconds later sounding another at a certain interval above it, in order to inquire whether the new tone is satisfactory or not. Professor Meyer, in his previous paper, goes so far as to deny the validity of all our existing scale determinations, and takes the liberty of establishing other pitches for such tones as six and four of the scale as being, in his opinion, more satisfactory than those usually accepted. It seems to me that a scientist in this dogmatic and essentially theological mood would be capable of experimenting whether china eggs could not be hatched by a relay of able-bodied setters or variations in temperatures and the surroundings.

* * *

I have received from a correspondent in Philadelphia sev-

eral copies of the symphony concert programs, with excellent annotations by Mr. Philip H. Goep, author of a book of annotations upon a few of the standard symphonies, and they seem to me rather well done. I notice that the Philadelphia people have played this season a symphony by that most excellent "local composer, Mr. W. W. Gilchrist, a very accomplished artist, likely to produce a symphony of admirable workmanship and many beauties. The programs are very good indeed, and I note that the book contains a list of the players in the orchestra, together with memoranda of their previous engagements. For example, among the first violins there are some eight players who have occupied positions as concert-meister in good German orchestras, some of them very high positions of that kind. The other instruments are taken generally by men of experience and strong records. This exploitation of the personal element, so well calculated to gratify the professional pride of the players, is directly contrary to the practice of the Chicago management and Mr. Thomas. Here nothing is done to give the impression that any of the players are artists of any special importance; it is true there are a few firsts who have a contract for one solo appearance per year—Mr. Cramer, the concert-master, Mr. Bare, second concert-master, Mr. Steindl, 'cello, and possibly one other. There were a year or two ago some musicians who have had a great deal of interesting experience. I made several efforts myself to elicit stories from some of them, but they were either afraid to report anything, or else had nothing to report—the latter the more probable feature, I imagine. One of these gentlemen, a highly prosperous individual, carried a 'cellist, turned out later on (some years after everybody but Mr. Thomas and the directors knew about it) to be in receipt of an income about as large as that of Mr. Thomas himself, through the German practice of securing a "rake off" on the salaries of most of the men. Thomas had trusted him and his recommendations of players; but when he found out the truth, the financial genius departed. Still I suppose Mr. Thomas must have known any time this five years that the 'cellist in question was no player at all, although he had played under the baton of Wagner and many other great directors.

Wood is a vegetable substance that grows well in Germany, very sound and vigorous in fact, as most German orchestras plainly indicate.

I observe that the Philadelphia program book contains advertisements, not alone cut in at the bottom of reading pages, but also at the top, occasionally at top and bottom both, a few lines of reading matter running between. My correspondent writes me that they have not been able to get along without this barbarism as yet. He regretted it, but thought it indispensable.

I am sure I do not see why. I suppose, according to this theory, if a friend comes in some day and offers to pay us something for keeping his fine young pig, provided we will permit piggy to occupy a corner of the parlor, there is nothing for us but to take him in. Is there?

I notice that our art galleries seem able to get on without renting out wall space to posters, although I have no doubt that the Gunning people in a deal of that kind would divide upon a liberal scale. And even the churches rarely rent out wall space to posters. Why should symphony concerts do anything of the sort? Better get along without income from this source. When the advertisers are assured that only the space upon the left hand page is available for advertising, they will accept that. Those who are addicted to the top of the page will naturally drop out when the tops are filled; but if the advertising has any value they will offer more for the space they want or come in down the page. It is not necessary to board the pig in a corner of the parlor; my position, to put it plainly, is that the conservatory, the bay window off the parlor, is quite good enough for piggy. Why not?

* * *

My position is based not alone on a question of looks and the becoming, but also upon a proper respect for the literary matter. If this is no value, why offer it to the patrons of the concerts? If it has value, why not treat it with respect and publish it in a nice and elegant form, suitable for preservation? I object even to Mr. Philip Hale's statistics being condemned to this sort of indignity. It is not necessary. Besides, it impairs their value for scrap book purposes.

I have an idea that a program income might be easily managed in Boston through the expedient of transferring the advertising space for the concerts of even number to some one of the aggressive and enterprising women of Boston, Mrs. "Jack" Gardner, for instance, to be filled with souvenir views of corners and things in the Back Bay Palazzo; and for the concerts of odd number to her most enterprising rival for like purpose, along the lines interesting her. Thus the entire books would assume an artistic and souvenir effect, with no trade advertisements in them, while the cost would be quietly paid by these most energetic supporters of Art. Why not? Would not this be a better way?

* * *

The Maurice Grau Grand Opera Company from the Metropolitan Opera House and Covent Garden, London, gave a two weeks season in Chicago, March 31 to April 15, with sixteen performances of opera and two grand sacred concerts, the works being the Verdi "Requiem" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Among the principals were Mme. Eames, Mme. Sembrich, Mme. Ternina, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Edouard De Reszke, Bispham, De Marchi, a new tenor, who had rather a bad time with Chicago, Salignac, Bandrowski (Paderewski's "Manru" tenor), Van Rooy, etc. The chorus and orchestra were from New York. The patronage was usually good and Grau is credited with having made somewhere about thirty thousand dollars during the short season. The record breaking performance of this season was that of "The Magic Flute" with an all-star cast, so called (but which in reality was nothing of the sort), with prices advanced to five dollars for good places. This is said to have brought in upwards of fifteen thousand dollars, an aggregate which while imposing still indicates quite a number of unsold seats, inasmuch as the house upon the usual scale of three and a half dollars for good seats at the regular performances is said to be capable of holding about fourteen thousand dollars, although I am personally not able to see where this capacity is to be found, since the entire first floor brings in only about six thousand, not allowing for the rather large reserve of press seats. Anyway, the season was prosperous, even if most of the houses showed

some hundreds and occasionally a thousand or two of unsold places.

"La Tosca" by Puccini was advertised but withdrawn; Massenet's "Cid" was given and Paderewski's "Manru," the entire "Ring," "Tannhauser," and "Lohengrin" of Wagner, "Carmen" for the benefit of Mme. Calve, etc. Aside from the tenor roles, most of the leading principals in all the casts appeared to good advantage, and at least three or four of the leading singers are artists of the first rank. Mr. Bispham was in poor voice all through. Van Rooy seems to have distinguished himself by his voice and noble singing.

Owing to the number of performances, nine per week, the chorus and orchestra were necessarily overworked, and totally depleted of enthusiasm. The orchestra generally played well, best of all under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch. The audiences were generally well attired and the occasion therefore was satisfactory from all standpoints, excepting perhaps the one usually claimed for this combination—namely, that the ensembles were stronger and more evenly sustained than usual. The verdict upon this point must be "not proven."

In public estimation the star of the season was Mme. Sembrich, who despite the eighteen years since her first appearance in this city when her beautiful art was enthusiastically recognized by the present writer and all the rest, is still a most admirable artist. Next her, Mme. Schumann-Heink, who although condemned by her range to roles of uninviting personality (for the contralto has to do the heavy villain work among the women singers), nevertheless manages to infuse into them so convincing an element as to overcome these natural obstacles and make herself a feature of every performance in which she takes part.

Mme. Eames was hindered from appearing twice as announced by sudden indisposition. She is still singing rather well, but not always true to the key—lazily, it would seem. Mme. Calve is credited with having sung rather better than in the East, but her voice is no longer a singable quantity to be reckoned with. Her "Carmen" also was thought by many to be unnecessarily coarse and abandoned.

From an economical standpoint these opera seasons present a curious failure to come up to the ideas prevalent when the Chicago Auditorium was built. It was the idea of Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck, to whose initiation the Chicago Auditorium is due, that given a house of this capacity, with so unusually a large proportion of seats upon the first floor and so many more equally good or better in the front part of the first balcony, the public would be able to hear the greatest singers at a maximum price of two and a half dollars for the best places, except the boxes. This, in fact, he personally accomplished in the opera festivals in the old exposition building, where he erected an opera house holding six thousand people, at an expense of about sixty thousand dollars, for a short season of two weeks, the income paying this cost as well as the cost of all the performances. The head singer upon that occasion was Mme. Patti, who was still practically in perfect condition and at the height of her money-earning capacity, her fee being four thousand dollars for each appearance, a sum at least four times as great as paid to either of the four principal singers of the Grau company. Mme. Patti was supported by artists every bit as good as the best of these in the present season. Mr. Peck thought that the same condition would prevail in the Auditorium, and it was for this purpose that he was able to secure the capital for erecting the building. Nevertheless the cold fact remains that since the Auditorium was opened the price per seat has been higher than ever before, while except in the case of Mes. Patti and Melba, no singers of like drawing power have ever been heard here. It has happened over and over again that the downstairs seats have been placed at three dollars each when the cast was little if any better than those which used to sing for usual theatrical prices—not even reaching the two-dollar range for best seats. It is true that the ensembles are more showy now than formerly; the Auditorium stage permits this.

* * *

A Lutheran correspondent upon another page calls attention to the fact that the Lutheran branch of the Protestant church has not let down the dignity of its church music, as charged of Protestants generally by Prof. Locke Davies in a

recent article; but on the contrary has preserved the tradition of the German choral in its best types. These noble melodies, some of them the direct and living transmigrations of melody types perhaps as old as the Christian church itself, some of them even older, referring back to the traditional melodies of the Israelites, are distinguished by nearly all the desirable qualities proper to a church music of pure type.

While giving this correspondent the full credit for the facts he cites, it remains quite true that these noble chorales after all do not completely fill the entire proper field of a real church music. Congregational singing is not and cannot be the full measure of the musical function in public worship. Tradition is against it and instinct no less. While these chorales are pure enough and noble enough for the most severe critic, and hallowed by holy associations, they remain nevertheless in part symbolical and not directly expressive. They are founded for the most part upon ancient tonalities and the harmonies to which they are set, while impressive and noble, are musicianly rather than characteristic. It is desirable to add to these traditional forms others, new ones, in consonance with the best musical spirit of the modern world; for since music is the voice of the subconscious part of the human soul, it is evident that the forms of expression will be subject to modification and change in every generation; else the music will become merely formal and functional, as it is often charged to be in Germany. Thus a real need exists for thoroughly good church music of modern type, to be used along with all that the church has of the old and tried. So also for the work of the organist; that also must combine the seriousness of the time of Bach with the musical sensitiveness of the modern world.

* * *

There is an impression among sober and mature readers that the comic pictures of Boston babies, in spectacles and with bulging foreheads are exaggerated, but from a newspaper clipping sent me by a leading kindergartner there, I am not so sure. This is the way the article begins:

"That's Handel," said the baby of four listening attentively to the "Harmonious Blacksmith" being played in the next room. "I like Handel's music."

"Oh, do you?" said the visitor, who, though musical, had not recognized either composer or composition.

Then the melody changed. "What is that?" and baby pricked up her ears with that delicate, critical discrimination which looks for nothing but the good and beautiful in the world, but is learning the varying natures and methods thereof.

"Oh, yes, I know. That's Bach. I like Bach best." The merry child-thought was dancing with the quaint gavotte whose mingled harmonies and lively rhythm she had recognized as the language of a friend.

This was not an infant Mozart nor a musical prodigy, but an ordinary child who had shown no special proclivities or talents in any direction. She had simply been taking some "lessons" in the only true system—and these were the pleasing results.

All this looks extremely inviting. But what would any mother think of a four-year-old baby making remarks of that kind about Browning, Keats, Shakespeare? This is Emerson's "hitching the wagon to a star" with a vengeance.

But what are we to say about it? Is it lawful for a baby of four to know these things? If not, why not? Or is this simply another case where "the boy lied?"

* * *

About this time of year the Chicago newspapers are taking their annual "shy" at the financial outcome of the season of the Chicago orchestra, which this year shows a deficit amounting to the imposing figure of thirty thousand dollars. Everybody wants to know: Why this deficit? It is the old story of the man dying because he failed to draw in breath enough. It is stated (all these facts are better when not vouched for by outsiders) that the advance sale and transient income from the first half of the present season were both in advance of the previous year; but that the later parts of the season struck a succession of stormy days (each adequate to a \$500 falling off) and the grand opera pumped Chicago money and enthusiasm about dry.

In searching for a reason, the first Jonah to take the odium is the Auditorium itself, which having about 4,800 places, is too large for a full season sale. Everybody imagines it so

large that in case one wishes to attend there will always be seats to be bought. Then the house costs a lot more for rent than a smaller one. The regular fee per performance is from \$400 to \$500; and for the orchestra about \$14,000—which includes not only the forty-eight concerts, but also the use of the stage for rehearsals four mornings per week, warmed and lighted. Moreover, the house being so large, requires more players to fill it, and this adds several thousand dollars to the annual expense. Mr. Thomas makes a farther charge against the house, which is that it is so large that the hearer is too far away from the players and fails to warm up adequately and in time. He says that at such a distance, while you hear everything all right, it sounds far away and impersonal, and the magnetism, the atmosphere of the music is lost. I know not how much there may be in this. I have known some people who have been very close to the players, even in contact with the conductor himself, without “enthusing” to any perceptible extent. So perhaps in this case the usual rule of sociology that attraction increases in proportion to the square of the proximity, does not hold out.

Another suggestion is made by Mr. Theodore Spiering, that perhaps if only half the twenty-four concerts were called symphony concerts, and the other half be made a little more popular, while still giving works of sterling value, the result might have been better. Another suggestion is that the orchestra ought to play oftener, giving popular concerts upon another evening in the week. This idea the trustees of the orchestral association have resisted, under the impression that the income from that source would merely take away the same amount from the usual concerts. I doubt whether this is so; at any rate I would like to see it tried.

At all events Mr. Thomas himself must now and then have doubts as to his success as educator, since here after twenty years' work in Chicago, and eleven years of holding the very center of the stage, during which about \$345,000 has been paid by the guarantors for supplementing the paying patronage of the concerts, he finds himself at the end in practically the same position as eleven years ago—or rather his guarantors find themselves there. Two years ago the deficit seemed to be in

fair way of being overcome, the amount having fallen to \$16,000.

Upon one point, at least, Mr. Thomas is entitled to very high honor. He has given novelties with a liberal hand while they were still new. I suppose that during the past five years we have had a fuller representation of Tschaikovsky, Richard Strauss and other new composers than they have had in Berlin itself; and as compared with Leipsic or Boston, we have been four times as well treated. This is something.

It looks to me as if the fault might be divided between two. The conductor does not always arouse enthusiasm, even for a strong work. The public is certainly ignorant and cold to art-music. Yet somehow the money is found to maintain this extremely fine apparatus of high musical art at a cost which leaves such kindergarten financial problems as that of the Art Institute or the People's Institute far in the background. This, certainly, is a credit to Chicago.



PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC IN WINNIPEG.

EUGENE E. SIMPSON.

The writer has lately visited the public schools of Winnipeg and has found many obstacles confronting the school music work there. Since Winnipeg lies at distances of twelve to fourteen hundred miles from her sister Canadian cities, Toronto and Montreal, her position is that of a pioneer and a recluse in the great Northwest. Minneapolis, the nearest metropolitan neighbor, is five hundred miles away.

Excellence in any public school system depends naturally upon the equipment of the teachers. Winnipeg's difficulty centers at this point. In former years the school authorities of the city were disposed to bring teachers from outside points with the hope of obtaining the best. But before long it became apparent that the teachers' agencies and other sources of supply considered Winnipeg a conveniently distant asylum for those teachers who were unable on their merits to obtain positions further East or in the United States. Business was business. The condition became so pronounced that the Winnipeggers resolved to work out their own salvation by training teachers at home. This is proving eminently satisfactory, but in so far as the country is now and the musical advantages are comparatively far behind the opportunities for literary culture, school music may be considered still in its infancy. This notwithstanding the official sanction of the provincial government regarding music as a regular branch of the common education. Illustrating the musical status in the province we have the significant statement of Mr. L. H. J. Minchin, who is supervisor of music in the Winnipeg schools and is professor of music

in the Provincial Normal of Manitoba, also located at Winnipeg. The attendance at the normal is drawn from all the municipalities of Manitoba. It will be well to remark that some of these municipalities are so new as to consist principally of beautiful unbroken prairie and blue sky. Consequently many of those who come in from the country have had no opportunity to gain even a fair working knowledge of the rudiments of music. Though the instructor at the Normal is supposed to give two "lectures" per week of an hour each, Mr. Minchin says that necessity sometimes brings these down to the level of real music lessons to the teacher candidates. But let us not leave the impression that either musical advantages or real musical culture is absent in Winnipeg. In this fine city there are some sixty thousand persons who have immigrated or have been born here principally since 1870. We are permitted the remarkable observation that as early as 1890 a young and prosperous symphony orchestra of about thirty players was performing the easier symphonies by Haydn, Mozart and Schubert, and movements from Beethoven. Since it had not been possible to rear and train these players in the short life of Winnipeg, here was a parallel case of transplanted English musical civilization such as it was my privilege to mention in a short paper for Music of January, 1900, on "Musical Conditions in Australia and New Zealand." Under the direction of Mr. Paul Henneberg, former flautist of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, the orchestral society of Winnipeg, known as "The Apollo Club," remained in good working order for seven seasons, or until Mr. Henneberg's departure from the city. From the choral side there is the fine record of an amateur and business man, Mr. James Tees, who has given about eighty concerts in Winnipeg. With both male and mixed choruses he has produced such works as Stainer's "Crucifixion," Gade's cantata "The Erl King's Daughter," Gaul's "Holy City," Mendelssohn's "Forty-second Psalm," Dubois' "Last Seven Words of Christ," Gounod's "Redemption," and various chorales from the Bach Passions. It should be stated here that the symphony orchestra is not now intact, though there is some talk of reviving it under the direction of Mr. Minchin. Mr. Tees, who was also prima promoter for the organization, has

explained that the musical cause in Winnipeg has suffered quite severe competition since the opening of the fine opera house there a few years ago. Formerly people had taken concerts as their principal recreation, but things have now changed,

Returning directly to the subject of music in the schools, there are still some interesting phases to note. A most noteworthy one is the friendly attitude toward the fellow-teachers and music book publishers of the United States. Winnipeg is now making some use of a series published this side the border and would gladly go further if it were possible to procure an edition substituting the patriotic songs of the United States by the patriotic songs of Canada. Certainly it is too much to expect Canadian youth to nurture on a brand of patriotism expressly prepared for another country. The people of Winnipeg are good Americans, but Canadian Americans. The writer greatly enjoyed the cordiality in an interview with the superintendent of the Provincial Normal, Mr. W. A. McIntyre, (The name McIntyre seems to "run in the family" at Winnipeg, this being also the name of the superintendent of the city schools). The normal superintendent explained that he was aware of the relative status of school music in the province, but he thought as much as possible had been done, considering the newness of the country and the great isolation they suffered. He said there were no special summer sessions of the Provincial Normal, but there had been some agitation for them, and he thought they might be possible before very long. Meantime he expressed it as a wish that the teachers of Manitoba and of the northwestern part of the United States might come together at some point mutually agreeable and hold summer normal together. This would reduce the relative cost to both parties and first-class authorities in the various branches could be secured where it might be impossible for either community alone. As to the actual musical work being done in Winnipeg, a very few remarks will suffice. The teachers in the rooms are responsible for the singing of their own classes. The supervisor of music is very faithful and very industrious in his efforts to secure good work through them, but he does not feel the liberty to call them together in meeting either by grades or as a body. There-

fore, the teachers of our own country who are accustomed to the "hotbed" supervision so common and so necessary for satisfactory results will be able to form intelligent ideas of the true status in Winnipeg without further specification on the part of the present writer. There is some good honest work being done, but it is perceptibly inadequate when compared with that of any progressive modern school.

THINGS HERE AND THERE

SPIERING MUSICAL FESTIVALS.

A remarkable series of Musical Festivals is given this year under the joint directorship of leading local conductors and societies and Mr. Theodore Spiering, assisted by his own orchestra and a fine list of solo artists. The main features are as follows:

Mount Vernon, Iowa, May 22, 23 and 24. Five concerts, two matinees, mainly miscellaneous, and three evening concerts. The first concert, apparently without the Spiering forces, song recitals by Mr. George Hamlin, Mr. Sidney Biden and Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson. The closing piece is Lehmann's "In a Persian Garden." Friday afternoon, a concert in which Mr. Clarence Dickinson appears in some important organ numbers and the Spiering quartet. Friday evening, a symphony concert by the Spiering orchestra, the main selections being Beethoven's 5th symphony, Liszt's "Les Preludes," and the "Gathering of the Guests at the Wartburg," from Wagner's "Tannhäuser." The solo artists of this concert are Messrs. Max Heinrich, Otto Roehrborn and Herman Diestel. Saturday afternoon, Mme. Bloomfield Zeissler and the Spiering orchestra. She plays the Rubinstein concerto (one of her very best interpretations) and a variety of smaller numbers. The orchestra plays the overture to "Oberon," Tschaiakowsky's "Caprice Italien," Wagner's "Waldweben," and a Mendelssohn Scherzo. Saturday evening the festival ends with a performance of Handel's "Messiah," probably conducted by Mr. Charles F. H. Mills, although upon this point the program is a little vague, naming both conductors.

The next is at Dubuque, Iowa. The first concert is devoted to Gounod's opera of "Faust," with the solo artists already mentioned, and the local chorus, probably with the local conductor, Mr. W. H. Pontius. Tuesday afternoon a popular concert in which the Spiering orchestra plays the "Mastersinger" Prelude, Nicolai's Overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and Liszt's 2nd Hungarian Rhapsody. Mr. Herbert Butler plays the second Weniawsky concerto, and Mr. Emil Hoffmann sings the Torreador song from "Carmen." On Tuesday evening the program is unusually varied. The orchestral numbers are the 5th symphony of Beethoven, the "Oberon" overture, Miss Jeannette Durno plays the Grieg concerto for piano, the chorus sings "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast" and the Inflammatus from Rossini's "Stabat Mater."

At Clinton, Iowa, the festival opens on Wednesday evening with some light numbers by the orchestra and Smart's "Bride of Dunkerron"

sung by the local society, with a good list of solo artists, Mr. Glen Hall being tenor and Mr. Sydney Biden baritone. Thursday afternoon a miscellaneous concert, the orchestra playing the Beethoven 5th symphony, the Liszt Preludes, and the "Mastersinger" Prelude. Solo artists, Miss Durno in the Grieg concerto, Diestel upon the 'cello, etc. On Thursday evening the "Messiah" by the local society, Mr. Spiering conductor.

At Rock Island, Ill., May 30, the "Mastersinger" Prelude, Liszt's Preludes, and the Bridal Procession from Rubinstein's "Feramors." Solos by Mr. Glen Hall, from Tschaikowsky's "Eugene Onegen," the Bruch concerto for violin by Miss Florence Chamberlain, etc. Saturday afternoon, symphony concerts, Beethoven's 8th symphony, the Waldweben, and the 2nd Rhapsody of Liszt. Solo performances, Miss Durno in the Grieg concerto and various songs by Mr. Charles W. Clarke. Saturday evening, the orchestra plays the "Oberon" overture and Tschaikowsky's "Italian Caprice," Mr. Herbert Butler plays the 2nd Weniawsky concerto upon the violin, Mr. Biden sings, etc.

At Burlington, Iowa, Monday evening, June 2, a miscellaneous concert in which the orchestra, Mr. Butler and Mrs. Wilson appear. In the evening a symphony concert, the number being Beethoven's 8th, and Miss Jeannette Durno plays the Grieg concerto and a group of solos. On Tuesday evening, the work is Gounod's "Faust" in concert form, Mr. Frank Croxton being Mephisto, Glen Hall, Faust, etc.

At Rockford, Ill., Wednesday evening, June 4, the "Mastersinger" Prelude, the Tschaikowsky Caprice, the Weniawsky concerto by Mr. Butler, the Hallelujah chorus by Handel (the local society) and the Rossini "Inflamatus." Thursday afternoon, a symphony concert, Beethoven's 5th being the work, with solos by Glen Hall, Miss Durno in the Grieg concerto, etc. Thursday evening, the vocal solos are by Mr. George Hamlin and Hermann Diestel.

Truly a remarkably arduous series of concerts, considering the local rehearsing required and the variety of works given.

COLLEGE COURSES IN MUSIC.

Movement Among Southern Colleges for Advance.

At the convention of the Southern Music Teachers' Association at Chattanooga last June, a committee was appointed to communicate with the presidents of the Southern Colleges to call their attention to the following points:

1. All colleges ought to have in their curriculum a compulsory, thorough course of Sight Singing through all the different grades of scholarship. The advantages derived from such a course are too well known to need special mentioning here. Only one point we wish to emphasize: a systematic, thorough course of Sight Singing will result in an increased attendance of the Music department.

2. The advisability of establishing a regular circuit of concerts

which would enable the music student to hear good artists and the colleges to secure such artists at a low figure. By arranging a course of this kind, all colleges would be enabled to secure the best artists and so would be able to demonstrate to their music students the possibilities of music.

3. We wish to impress upon your director of music, voice teacher, assistant teachers of music, through you, the importance of joining the S. M. T. A., as only by co-operation the high ideals of our association can be realized.

In order to make as complete a report as possible, the committee would be pleased to receive your reply to the following points:

1. Do you have Sight Singing and what are the results? If not, would you have it introduced into your curriculum next school year?
2. Would you co-operate with us in establishing a Concert Circuit for next year and how many concerts or artists would you take?
3. Are your director of music, voice teacher, assistant teachers, members of the S. M. T. A.?

Thanking you in advance for your reply, We remain,
Very respectfully,

AUGUST GERGER, Chairman, LaGrange, Ga.
JOSEPH MACLEAN, Decatur, Ga.
FRANK HAYTON THOMPSON, Richmond, Va.

CINCINNATI MAY FESTIVAL.

The Cincinnati biennial festival, under the direction of Mr. Thomas, takes place during the week ending May 17. The main works are the Bach B minor Mass, never before presented in this country, except at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, two years ago. Cesar Franck's "Beatitudes" and the Berlioz Requiem, in the latter the orchestra increased to 150 players. In the Bach work Mr. Thomas makes certain interesting experiments with the orchestra, increasing the wood-wind to proportions substantially those of Bach's own day. The proportions given are: 24 violins, 12 flutes, 12 oboes, 8 bassoons, 2 Oboi d'Amour, 6 trumpets, 6 clarinets, and Mr. Thomas has taken liberties with the score in order to solve the perplexing trumpet problem, Bach's parts having been written so high that they are now practically unplayable. Owing to the great size of this orchestra, the hall being scarcely if any larger than the one in which Bach gave the work, it is likely that the effect in Cincinnati will be the same as in some of the Chicago experiments, extremely strident, wailing and squally. The remaining programs of the festival are arranged with Mr. Thomas' usual taste and all-around comprehensiveness, in which quality he certainly is among the greatest of living masters.

Mr. Thomas' work in Cincinnati has been of remarkably well sustained quality. It is a pity now that Cincinnati has a good symphony

orchestra of its own and a really great conductor, that the festivals could not be given by the local forces, or at least that the entire local forces could not be illustrated in a part of the concerts. This owing to certain cliques, incident to small towns, is as yet impossible. It is unfortunate for Mr. Van der Stucken, and will be unfortunate for the continuity of Mr. Thomas' work later on when he himself can no longer carry it on.

THE MAY FESTIVAL AT ANN ARBOR.

Professor Stanley has planned an important scheme for the May festival this year, the evening programs being as follows:

May 15, Gluck's "Orpheus." The role of Orpheus by Mrs. Louise Homer.

May 16, Gounod's "Faust." The title role, Mr. Glen Hall, Mephisto by Mr. Frederic Martin, Marguerite, Miss Rio, etc. Chorus and orchestra.

May 17, Wagner's "Tannhauser." The title role by Mr. Barron Berthald, Elizabeth, Mme. Gadski; Wolfram, Mr. Howland. Chorus and orchestra.

These operas will be sung as cantatas, but the succession will be of inestimable value as illustrating certain important transitions in style and the ideals of dramatic music.

The afternoon programs contain a variety of interesting music, including Beethoven's 5th Symphony and the Schubert "Unfinished," which is having a most astonishing currency this season in all sorts of places, from student orchestras and mandolin aggregations up to the Thomas festival at Cincinnati.

The orchestra at Ann Arbor will be that of Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, from Boston, and I imagine that it is a most admirable body of players, under a conductor unusually competent. Mr. Mollenhauer is one of the younger men who will probably rise to more and more important positions as the years go by.

A STATE NORMAL SCHOOL CONCERT.

The Chorus of the State Normal School at Terre Haute, Indiana, gave a concert April 18, 1902, which from the accounts must have been quite out of the usual line of such affairs. The chorus numbers about sixty-four singers. The program consisted of selections from Mendelssohn's oratorio of "St. Paul," closing with the great chorus, "O Great is the Depth." This made up the first part. Then followed some part-songs and then the spinning scene and Good Night quartette from the opera of "Martha"—surely a variety in every way.

The chorus work is praised by the local press, as also the solos, the soprano being Miss Lucile Major, alto Miss Edna Schmidt, tenor Mr. Louis Raper. The paper credits Miss Schellschmidt with having re-

sponded to an encore with a solo upon the "Italian harp." Is this an euphemism for "Irish harp"? The concert was under the direction of Miss Lella Parr.

The gratifying circumstance about this concert was its managing to satisfy so many demands. First, the serious music it contained; then the part songs by the women's chorus, the men's chorus, and the mixed chorus. This meets the needs of what would otherwise be the college glee clubs. Finally, the scene from "Martha" in costume. It is stated in the papers that an orchestra has been organized and is now at work, practicing weekly. Anything of this kind begins to look like enlightenment and civilization, as distinguished from the foolish glee clubs of such universities as Chicago, where a great opportunity is absolutely untouched, musically.

MINOR MENTION.

The stimulating information has been sent out from Bayreuth that all the seats have been engaged for the festival performances this year, a most gratifying circumstance for the Wagner family. Verily, the "widow continues the business at the old stand" with rare success. Meanwhile unfortunate Americans failing to secure seats at Bayreuth, upon paying a suitable advance, may comfort themselves with the knowledge that at Munich they can hear much better performances at more reasonable rates, and amid surroundings of an art character and a hotel civilization incomparably superior to the native Bayreuth necessity of cultivating their principal annual crop (the summer tourist) all of a sudden and with unpleasing emphasis upon unimportant individuals. Bayreuth is a most admirable place to stay away from. Still, in seeing Mme. Wagner one sees a remarkable woman, of rare heredity and temperament of power. The Herr Siegfried Wagner, also, is a son of a distinguished father and the grandson of one of the most remarkable personages who ever adorned musical history. But if hearing the music is any object, one should avoid the performances which he directs, for he is in no sense any more than a very commonplace conductor—probably not in any way comparable to Mr. Walter Damrosch—and this is not necessarily a compliment to Mr. Damrosch.

* * *

The first annual meeting of the Minnesota Music Teachers' Association will take place at St. Paul, May 19 and 20. A variety of organ, piano and song recitals are promised and some papers by strong men, among them Mr. Harlow Gale, of the State university. The closing event is a concert by the Kneisel Quartet, from Boston. The president of the association is Mr. Clarence A. Marshall, and secretary, Miss Jennie Pinch, who is also treasurer and conservor of the funds.

* * *

From Saint Clara College, Sinsinowa, Wis., comes a recital program by pupils of an encouraging nature. Besides an unusual supply of violin work, the piano numbers consisted of such selections as the Impromptu in A flat, by Chopin, Schumann Novell^{ette}, Op. 21, No. 1, Prophetic Bird, Moszkowski Moment Musicale, Liszt's Concert study in F minor (one of the very best of this master, and enormously difficult), etc.

* * *

Mention was made about three years ago of a very talented pupil of Mr. H. A. Kelso, a Miss Blanche Sherman, who was playing some very strong programs. Later Miss Sherman was sent abroad by the Amateur Club for two years. She returned and has been working by herself. Lately she played a program before the Amateur Club in which she showed the most astonishing combination of technique and

extremely rare personal gifts as an artist. She is already a virtuoso pianist of most exceptional attainments; and apparently destined to make herself felt among the greatest in this department. Her future will be watched with the interest due to her fascinating personality and attainments.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Farwell, the clever young composer, may now repose upon his laurels. He has harmonized some Indian melodies (North American Indians) and published them in his own publishing house. The composer Humperdinck has written him a letter of approval. The letter has been reprinted and sent around and a copy is before the writer. No doubt others have also seen it. Meanwhile it is to be hoped that Mr. Farwell will not content himself with the crude melodies of the aborigines, but go on and do clever things of his own, not only well harmonized but having in them the real thing which our modern art of music is meant to contain. Not necessarily at first symphonies and grand operas, but a few pieces of less dimensions, which can be added to ordinary resources for musical enlightenment.

* * *

Mention was inadvertently omitted of the engagement in Pittsburg of Mr. E. H. Lemaire, formerly organist of St. Margaret's, Westminster (Prof. Lutkin wrote charmingly about him, some months ago in Music), as successor of the late Frederic Archer as town organist of Pittsburg. Mr. Lemaire is one of the best concert organists now doing business and he ought to be capable of much usefulness in his new place. He had the bad taste to fly into print immediately upon his arrival with an interview in which he is credited with having declared that English organs are much superior to American. This was an unkind beginning, and quite between ourselves, not altogether supportable by sound arguments. At all events, indiscreet for a beginning.

* * *

A circular from the Sickner Conservatory of Music, at Wichita, Kansas, gives the enrollment of last year at 490; and that of the first half of the present year, at 357. These are large numbers and indicate the interest awakened and maintained in the part of the great state of Kansas where this school forms a sort of metropolitan musical center. The Sickner conservatory has been established ten years and it is evident that Mr. Sickner has not wasted his time. The piano course is laid out with considerable breadth and particularity, the Mason technics and Standard Graded Courses forming the foundation material.

* * *

About the time of the Grau opera season in Chicago there was a general interruption of explanations concerning Wagner's operas. The head center of this disturbance was naturally to be found in the numerous lectures of Mr. Walter Damrosch, in university hall. Other examples occurred in the suburban towns. For instance,

in Ravenswood, the lecturer being Mr. E. M. Latimer. These were given under the direction of the Ravenswood Musical Club.

The present writer admires this activity, admires it extremely. What is more inciting than a thirst for knowledge? Yet he is not quite sure but Mr. Theodore Thomas is right in regarding these experiments as, to quote the words of St. Paul, "born out of due time"; amid all the discussion concerning Wagner, which has now usurped altogether too much attention for fifty years and has resulted in the creation of a Wagner library of explanatory and polemic volumes incredibly large (larger than has ever been created about any other writer within a period anywhere near so short—comparable, in fact, to the Shakespearean literature, only), attention has been diverted from many other questions in art which now deserve attention.

* * *

Any teacher of singing sighing for reminders of available songs for pupil recitals, songs of a musical and excellent song character, would do well to invite Mr. Ad. M. Foerster to send a file of his last five or six programs, of recitals given in his studio by his pupils, where some very fine singers are to be heard, they say. The list of selections is entirely out of the beaten track, novelties of his own and others being of frequent occurrence, and of a character indicating that in his work he is trying to form intelligent and artistic singers who will be above holding out on a penultimate high note for the sake of a little applause; and above the shallow affectation of singing in languages which they do not understand and cannot speak. Pologlottony is a modern affection for which the true remedy has not been found. Mr. Foerster's recitals are varied with some very good pianoforte numbers occasionally, and even in this department he seems to prefer sense to mere "effect." I note what is said to have been a charming presentation of the Haydn Andante with Variations by Miss Jean Scott, regretting only that as often upon printed bills it should appear as a set of variations, which it is not; merely a variation upon an andante, a variation but little more than often happens in the recurrence of a Beethoven main theme in a slow movement. One of the Foerster recitals, Oct. 24, had no less than twelve songs by Schumann and eight instrumental illustrations of the same master.

* * *

Mrs. Clare Osborne Reid, of the Columbia School of Music, is giving some admirable programs. Miss Winifred Lamb has lately played the Schumann sonata in G minor, the Grieg ballade and the Glazounov concert waltz, transcribed by Blumenfeld. These indicate lots of talent, sound teaching and very hard work.

* * *

The music department at Pomona College in California seems to be doing some very good work.

* * *

Speaking of pupil recitals, a series of most imposing programs is being produced under the direction of Mr. Victor Heinze in Chicago.

These formidable lists contain pretty much all the hard nuts which pianists ordinarily crack, such as the Chopin and Schumann sonatas, the Schumann fantasia in C, some of the Bach-Liszt transcriptions, and some of the largest sonatas from Beethoven. The illustrations are useful as evidence that the teacher is not afraid and that the pupils are also not without their nerve. But in point of fact such pieces are too difficult for young players to cope with successfully. They require a maturity of technique and a grade of interpretative handling which are beyond the possibilities of players at this stage. For instance, Miss Grace Sloan played the Bach-Liszt prelude and fugue in A minor, the Chopin sonata in B minor, Liszt twelfth rhapsody, etc. She showed a very good hand, indeed. On April 29, Miss Elsie Haggard played Schumann Symphonic Studies, the Beethoven sonata, opus III, Chopin sonata in B minor, and the Chopin concerto in F minor. It was evident from the playing that some very careful work had been done by the teacher. The technique was good and the memory good, even in so exacting a program as this; but the playing and the interpretations were mechanical and not sympathetic. It is a very difficult question to decide just when the more ambitious pupils ought to begin their acquaintance with music of this class; but it is quite certain that, aside from geniuses, interpretation is impossible until some years after the first studying of such tasks.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

MUSIC AND LITERATURE.

"I have been delegated by the ladies' literary club to which I belong to write a paper on the 'Relation of Music to Literature.' What I would like you to assist me in, is in answering the question, How far and in what way musicians have influenced the literature of their times; and conversely, in what way literature has influenced music? It seems to me as if there must be somewhere a close relationship along this line, but I do not happen to have any book in which it is taken up, nor can I quite make it out. Can you refer me to some book or books in which it is discussed?
C. K."

This question is one which comes up all along the line of the women's club work, but I am not able to point the correspondent to any book in which it is authoritatively handled. According to my idea, it is not a good question. It is notorious that all deep and great composers, from Bach down to Brahms and Tschaikevsky, have been untalkative and reserved in their communications about the art which they felt so deeply and which in their own works they illustrated so splendidly. Music was to all of them something too deep and beautiful to talk about and generally they have had little or no patience with those who would have sought to draw out the musical spirit into words. On the other hand, the great literary lights, from Goethe (who in all his multiple intelligence was still unmusical), Schiller, and so on down to Browning, have regarded the composers they have known as but little better than bores, rude and uncultivated persons. I have no doubt that Goethe thought this in his heart of Beethoven himself—and he had some facts to go upon. Other literary lights like Tolstoi misunderstand music entirely and conceive it as something profane and immoral:

The first reason for such a misunderstanding between two fields of expression so universal as music and literature, is to be found in the self-absorption peculiar to genius. The inmost attitude of all great geniuses is that of men to whom God has given a very great treasure in "earthen vessels," as St. Paul says, and they *seem* abstracted and sulky, when they are in reality taking their very best care not to break the earthen vessel and spill the endowment. They are all this way. It is only the very greatest endowment of all which leaves a man simple and unanxious not to break it.

Any man with a great and subjective endowment, such as that of

a prophet, a seer, a poet, composer of the first class, is full of the wonderful *phantasie*, which goes on within him like a mighty magic lantern giving a continuous performance as he passes through life, repeating everything from the world without and transforming it in the magic of genius into something rich and strange. The wonderful poetic bits we find in Shakespeare, such as he wrote, apparently off-hand, into plays which he had patched up through an expert use of scrap books and stage craft, were such instantaneous illuminations. I suppose that the beautiful masterpiece: "The quality of mercy is not strained," etc., may have been written-in impromptu, under the heat of the dramatic conception he had brought together and which was by this time in the very warmth of its life. He may have had it in stock for years, for aught I know; but I imagine he threw it off instantaneously. It sounds that way, and there are so few scenes in literature which would have given this speech its appropriate framing. This is but an example of what meets us everywhere in this artist. The moment brings its new creation, in which the graphic fancy of the poet is unexpectedly illuminated and looks straight down into the deepest recesses of human nature. But you can be very sure that if it had been possible for such a man as Beethoven to be intimate with Shakespeare (setting aside the two centuries and more) Beethoven would never have encountered the poet in one of these moods. Still less would Shakespeare have encountered the composer in a mood like those of the ninth symphony, or even of the slow movement of the second. So with Brahms, who was apt to be rude and dictatorial; Browning would never have found him in a mood like those of the E flat minor scherzo, the Slumber Song, the Handel Fugue, or the many beautiful pictures of his later times. Conversely, Browning would have impressed Brahms but little. Each man would far rather be left alone with a copy of the masterpiece of the other than to try to keep up a conversation with him, when the two currencies were as foreign to each other as the cents of France, Germany and the United States.

One has only to read literature a good deal to find that music is rarely mentioned in it understandingly. There are a few conventions which are as safe as the abacus leaf in Greek art. One can speak of the "morbid" Chopin, the "deep" Beethoven, the "mystic" Schumann, the "sublime" Handel, the "sweet" Haydn, and so on; but the moment you ask one of these artists to mention some one piece which really says something, you will find that as soon as he passed the fifth symphony of Beethoven or the ninth, he is at sea. Of Chopin he confines himself to "one of the nocturnes," and it is wise not to press him to say which one or where it happened to do the business; even to specify what business it did do. No; they are completely at sea. Even Browning, when he wants to write about fugal art takes as the hero that pedant, Abt Vogler, who never wrote a true piece of music in all his life, even though he did give some lessons to Mozart and Weber.

I think on the whole that the composers come off a trifle better in this competition of relative ignorance. They all seem to have

covered or been told authoritatively that at the head of the literary guild was a writer named Shakespeare, and I should greatly doubt any good composer falling into the doctrine that Bacon wrote the plays because Shakespeare was unable to do it himself. That would be a still greater miracle. Shakespeare stands for a poetic concept of peculiar scope and virility. Goethe is recognized in his lyrics, where he is truest; so also Schiller. The novelists have on the whole their dues. It is plain that both Schubert, Beethoven and Richard Wagner were greatly drawn to Shakespeare. I doubt whether any great poet was greatly drawn to them. The poems do not show it. Browning wrote so recently, when the relative value of the music of Beethoven and the romantic composers had been so well established, that it is certainly a little strange that he did not find something worth saying on the subject. But he did not.

My own theory of the case is that it is the object of literature to bring to expression the whole of man's conscious nature—his ideals, his possibilities, his most various gifts, and even his depravities and degeneracies, to the end, as Hegel says, that the soul may completely know itself. Now this is such a very enormous undertaking, and the individual problems included are so varied and unlike, that as a matter of fact the writers themselves are so self-absorbed in their own province that they have but a modified appreciation for other writers whose lines are different. Each man is like an eye that squints. While the man goes straight ahead, the eye that squints out sees objects on one side the path only; if he chances to discover something on the other side, it is so indistinct that he shies at it, as a horse does when the blinders prevent his seeing clearly.

Music, on the other hand, has the task and the material for performing it, of bringing to expression all that part of the deeper soul of man which as yet has not been formulated into words, or even brought out incidentally in a poem or story, but which still lies deep down below. All the rapt and ideal moments of spirit, all the terrible surgings of spirit, its conflicts, like storms upon the ocean floor (if such there be), in short the entire subconscious soul of man. Thus music begins where literature ends, and completes the graphic story of man created in the image of God, but who has sought out his own inventions. And such is the nature of this curious language of music that these expressions of mood and raging or soaring spirit make themselves felt by all who will listen to them and give themselves up to the impression without seeking to explain them. In such a hearing the poet might be quickened to fresh successes of his own; and I can imagine that a composer might be quickened to something better of his own, through a poem; he sets himself to say it better and more thoroughly. Thus while music and literature between them cover practically the complete expression of human life, as it is and as it might be, they operate so differently that the great artists, those in whom the individual endowment is strongest and most characteristic, easily misunderstand each other. I never heard of a writer who had advanced so far in music

as to really love Bach. I remember that the late Edouard Remenyi told me that he had a great many mornings with Olive Schreiner, out at her African farm, and played to her all sorts of the greatest music he knew, particularly the Bach sonatas for violin, upon his wonderful violin, the "Titan," and that she declared that she drew a great inspiration from it. Very likely. But then Remenyi was not a composer, but an interpretative artist, a being less greatly endowed and less set one side than the composer himself. Had Bach been there and the Schreiner been privileged to hear him day after day, it is doubtful whether he would have done as well.

No! It is too soon to try to figure out this question in all its bearings. Enough that if they do not influence each other they well might, and certainly will when education becomes more inclusive and comprehensive.



REVIEWS AND NOTICES

MUSIC IN THE HISTORY OF THE WESTERN CHURCH.

With an Introduction on Religious Music Among the Primitive and Ancient Peoples. By Edward Dickinson, Professor of the History of Music, Oberlin College. Cloth, 426 pages. \$2.50 net. Charles Scribners Sons. 1902.

In this well printed and well written volume Professor Dickinson has contributed a chapter to the general history of music which will be highly appreciated by a certain public, devoted to music from its ritualistic standpoints, and previously without any good text book in English. Historians of music either make religious music the main thing in the development of the art, and therefore build entirely one side of the facts of the real development of our modern art, or else give this branch of the matter the limited space it justly demands in a universal history of the art. For while the religious uses of music have been universal ever since the beginning of history, it is curious how little of our essential art has come down through this channel. It would be too much to say that secular music is no more indebted to the church for its material and ideals than science is indebted to the church (at least for its sins of omission, in not burning quite all the scientists when men of that ilk were few), but there could be quite a little said upon the subject.

Professor Dickinson can hardly be blamed in taking it for granted that the hero of his present work, church music, is really a fully endowed department of the art of music, by itself considered, and such a postulate not improperly underlies his work and colors it. Yet it is quite true that the important uses of music in religious service are not expressive but symbolical. The Plain Song, which Professor Dickinson rightly recognizes as having a dignity and beauty belonging to it, is nevertheless not at all like our modern music with innate expression; its seeming sacredness is in fact the survival in it of obsolete harmonizations, typical and frequently recurring types of melody, of a restricted range and wholly without individual expression, or nearly so; and deriving its sacredness from association.

This verdict concerning the essence of so-called sacred music is tacitly admitted by people of Professor Dickinson's class, when they have to speak of the masses of Beethoven, Haydn and Mozart, which they almost universally dismiss as unchurchlike. Now it is quite certain

that be the expressiveness of the masses of these authors what it may, these works certainly are part and parcel of their entire contribution to art, and all of these composers were serious enough and good churchmen enough to rise to their best when they had to deal with such texts as the "Gloria," the "Agnus Dei," etc. That they generally turned loose the professional equipment when they tackled the "Credo" was but natural, since the words are without much expressive power.

The range of this book will be found in the chapter headings, which are these: "Primitive and Ancient Religious Music—Ritual and Song in the Early Christian Church—The Liturgy of the Catholic Church—The Ritual Chant of the Catholic Church—The Development of Mediaeval Chorus Music—The Modern Musical Mass—The Rise of Lutheran Hymnody—The Rise of the German Cantata and Passion—The Culmination of German Protestant Music in J. S. Bach—The Musical System of the Church of England—And Problem of Church Music in America."

One or more of these chapters have been printed in these pages already. The work is done seriously and well.

If a few little subtractions were to be attempted from the full breadth of some of Professor Dickinson's statements, the following would be a case in point. On page 131 he says: "The choral song developed in the ages of faith is pervaded by the accents of that calm ecstasy of trust and celestial anticipation which give to mediaeval art that exquisite charm of naivete and sincerity never again to be realized through the same medium, because it is the unconscious expression of an unquestioning simplicity of conviction which seems to have passed away forever from the higher manifestations of the human creative intellect."

This form of expression proves too much, and must be regarded as individual, peculiar to theological and provincial centers. It is not true of mediaeval music that it did transcend in the qualities here attributed to it. There are a few musicians who have studied and often heard compositions by Palestrina and the best of his school, who hold the opinions here voiced by Professor Dickinson. It is possible to make an assertion of this kind without meeting defeat, since most of those who feel that it is untrue, or like a miracle "infinitely improbable," are without the direct means of meeting it. For the sake of the argument we may admit that in a few moments of his works Palestrina and now and then Orlando Lassus rose to exceptional heights of pure beauty and mystical spirit. But they did not do this habitually, and their predecessors did not do it at all. When Palestrina and Lassus wrote, the air was just bursting into song through the creation of opera, which took place almost coincident with the death of these two great masters. That the mediaeval music was sincere we may admit as a rule. It was often clumsy and inexpert. Occasionally it was simply laborious and stupid. In fact, the stupid composer never had such a fruitful field for exploiting his talents as during the century which closed with the two masters above mentioned. The tendency to over elaboration,

which the Netherlandish art betrayed in other fields as well as in music, had then reached a point where elaboration for elaboration's sake gave the composer an opportunity for carpenter work upon the largest possible scale; the bigger the fabric he builded, the more master builder he. Moreover, we have other testimony, and one very high within the innermost circles of the church itself. For instance, the cardinals appointed to report to the Council of Trent upon what ought to be done for reforming church music reported of the pontifical chapel itself that the singers counted it for their chief glory that when one was singing *Sanctus* another was singing *Gloria Tui* and so on, the result being that the words were so mixed up as to be undistinguishable, and in the copy from which I took my version (History, p. 174-176), goes on to state that the whole result was a "confused whirring and snarling," more like the effect of cats in January than that of the flowers of spring.' The comparison was actually in the version I copied and translated, but at this moment I am not able to cite the source. Moreover, it is well known that masses were not only written with secular songs as *canti fermi*, but the secular words were written in and often sung by the tenor voices. The old roystering air, "The Armed Man," was one of the favorites—and in point of profanity this was about the same as *Te Deum* nowadays would be with a tenor *cantus fermus* upon the melody of "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," and the words actually sung along with those of the *Te Deum*.

Another significant token of a state of purity and simplicity characteristic of true art full of real religion, is the fact that Palestrina himself writes the beginning of his setting of Lamentations: "Here beginneth the first chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah," and the music is as noble and affecting as anything which occurs later in the most beautiful parts of the poem upon which he was working. The late John Hullah comments upon this.

Because the Netherlanders wrote their church music in church modes and with an endless elaboration of art, there is no reason to suppose they were different from other augurs, who, we are told, do occasionally wink the other eye when passing behind the high altar. Such things have been known in sacerdotal circles in all ages.

In fact, it might be said that one of the chief reasons for thinking mediaeval church music more sacred than most since is simply the moss growing over it so richly. It is easy to prove too much in art. The cold fact is that beyond a very elementary and occasional bit of acute expression, the music of Palestrina is remarkable for its really pure and melodious counterpoint and a certain instinctive appreciation of the Plain Song and a feeling for the truth of the text, conventionally interpreted.

M.

* * *

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF MUSIC. By Hugh A. Clarke,

Mus. Doc. Silver, Burdette & Company. 16 mo., cloth, pp. 144.

This handsomely printed little volume contains the substance of six lectures which Dr. Clarke has been in the habit of giving during late

years. They are elegant productions, from a literary point of view, the subjects the following: Musical Myths—Some Facts in the Growth of Music—Literary Men and Music—Some Curiosities of Musical History—The Teutonic Element in Music—Modern Tendencies in Music.

These lectures have the character of genial and gentle digressions of a musical scholar into various bypaths which are not too well known. Dr. Clarke's personal equation is that of a musician who when hard pressed confesses that to him personally all the music since Mozart seems a little far fetched, and much of the later work entirely beyond reason. For instance, note this sentence in the last lecture of the series:

"The simple frankly imitative music of Haydn has gradually broadened into the 'program music' of to-day; the ideal school of Beethoven into the mysterious formless and generally cacophonous productions of the extreme modern school, which sets at defiance every rule as to key, progression and form."

This is a plain case of eleven obstinate men on the jury, the steady progress of music along certain lines being too unmistakable and too authoritative to be dismissed as surpassing all legitimate rule and order. That cacophony does occasionally prevail, we hear plainly enough, in some of the musical myths of Richard Strauss; but that anything of this kind is to be found in the music of Brahms, Tchaikowsky or Dvorak, is preposterous. Even Richard Strauss is clear enough when he happens to be engaged in saying something.

The musical historian will regret that Dr. Clarke did not think it worth while to furnish his own grain of salt for safely taking such a statement as this: "To the old classic school melody was of little or no importance. But with the rise of the modern classical school, there came an outburst of noble, beautiful melody which has not even yet quite died out."

* * *

(From A. P. Schmidt.)

SIX CHARACTERISTIC PIECES FOR PIANO. By W. C. E. Seeboeck. Op. 118.

Impromptu Nocturne.
Novellette.
Mazurka.
Minuetto.
Valse Caprice.
Sarabande.

Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck is by no means an untried composer. On the contrary, during the last twenty years he has written indefatigably—written at times when, like Schubert, the mere cost of the music paper was an item to be compromised with the unsettled claim for dinner. While the opus number above indicates an advanced place in this activity, it is far from revealing the true state of the case. The other opus numbers below were not produced in trying to write something else as popular as his opus one, but have been art-works, written almost entirely to satisfy his own taste, and very few of them have

been published. These works comprise about three hundred songs (and very beautiful some of them are) a piano concerto (played with Thomas), several symphonies, an oratorio, two or more operas, and a great variety of piano pieces. All show the same general qualities, namely, a rare musical nature, a facility of counterpoint amounting to genius, a charming musical fancy which is as delightful when it is diatonic as when it is chromatic, and it is liable to be the latter very much, indeed, and a knack of the well sounding and melodious. Seeboeck's personal leaning is more and more to those sweet and delightfully delicate bits of fascination, of such as some of his earlier minuets illustrated. As a pianist, while at times playing magnificently in strong and serious works, and being above all a musician of utmost competence, he is able to transpose at sight and do all those traditional things appertaining to musicianly gifts, and do them with a delicacy and ease which thoroughly conceals the real skill exercised. In short, Seeboeck is a musical personality to be reckoned with.

Coming now to the present set of pieces, they are to be taken as teaching pieces and pleasant recreations of good amateurs. While none of them rise to individuality of epoch-marking rank, they are all musical, all pianistic, and all of a truly Christian refinement.

One which is likely to find many friends is the first, the Impromptu Nocturne. The key is G minor and the opening notes recall Chopin's much played nocturne in the same key; but the harmonic handling and the mood are much simpler here, and he makes a good deal out of his idea. It is very easy (early 4th grade) and extremely well worth knowing. Unless the reviewer is mistaken, the student is quite sure to fall into wrong notes in the accompaniment in the fifth measure and elsewhere, where owing to the leading of the melody and the appearance of an unexpected flatted tonic G flat, the right hand may change to D flat, a mistake which the eye would make if the man behind the eye were careless; later in the twelfth measure the left hand will be very liable to put in an undesirable D flat, merely from force of habit. The harmonies here are charming. On the resumption of the theme, after the middle piece, there is an added melody in the baritone range.

The Novellette I like least of the lot; this may be perhaps because it is a little too good for me. Perhaps it is due to my Schumann prejudices, which make the name to imply a forefulness of mood truly novel—which is not here the case. It is a well-made piece and may prove more long lived than I think.

The Mazurka, which is dedicated to that most enthusiastic artist and agreeable writer, Miss Amy Fay (who at one time showed her self very useful to Mr. Seeboeck's career, when he greatly needed some one to further his talents) is a really original piece of the kind, agreeable as well as easy. In the middle part the ease is liable to be overlooked by the student in the multiplicity of accidentals and the additional voice in the middle range. Very delicate.

The Minuetto is in G minor and is a well-made antique, quite in the old vein, and at the very first hearing not very attractive; later it

rather grows upon one. The bass runs throughout in octaves, and a player might well take a leaf from Seeboeck's own way of playing them. In place of the bass tuba effect, which too many students associate with the idea of bass octaves, Seeboeck plays them quite distinctly, with a sort of "stocking feet" effect, such as the double basses have when they play *pizzicato*, and softly. With this addendum, the piece will prove delightful. As usual, it is admirably well made.

One of the most elusive of this set is the Valse Caprice, which while apparently easy enough, has a tricky little figure in the right hand which makes trouble to unaccustomed talents. When this little figure is mastered and made easy and natural (the Seeboeck fingering is not possible for short fingers) the right hand part must be played and the whole played lightly, easily, elastically, and above all so like a very delicate orchestral piece. When so done it will repay.

The Sarabande again, which is dedicated to that devotee of the modern art of music, Mr. Emil Leibling, is a characteristic specimen of Seeboeck's handiwork. In place of the minor tonality which is common in this type of piece, Seeboeck sets it in A major and ornaments his melody with the antique ornaments, quickens his movement from quarters to eighths, and so contrives to pass a very pleasant few minutes amid the fragrance of the past.

* * *

SONGS OF ALL THE COLLEGES, Including Many New Songs by
D. B. Chamberlain and Karl P. Harrington. Hinds & Noble,
New York.

A handsomely printed book of 213 pages of college songs. The new work opens the book, a graceful waltz song for male voices, likely to become popular. The book contains a few arrangements of the better class of art songs, including some from Brahms, Kjerrulf, etc. The book is mainly filled up with college songs—which from a musical standpoint have little or nothing to do with the case, *tra la*.

* * *

TWO BALLET AIRS. By W. C. F. Seeboeck.

Shadow danse. Op. 39.

Menuet de la Cour. Op. 61.

Here we have something more nearly like what Seeboeck himself plays. The "Shadow danse" is a very light and interesting staccato piece in chords, upon a 6-8 measure, rather quick. As the artist would play it this would be as light and shadowy as possible. In addition to the notes here set down, Mr. Seeboeck would probably introduce a variety of lesser melodies and bits of melodies, giving the whole the busy effect of a well-made orchestral piece. It falls within the 5th grade. The "Minuet de la Cour" is a little more difficult, is of a character such as Seeboeck always adds to when he plays himself, his large hands, which reach a twelfth with ease, enable him to apply his counterpoint in the tenth and almost anywhere.

there is a good chance. It is a very bright and pleasing piece without a single note of the world-grief inside its entire body. It is the beauty of these things of Seeboeck, they take music in its very essence as music, and are content with being beautiful without tearing passion into tatters, or suggesting the inferno, even in any of its least degrees. The Seeboeck muse, when not engaged in production, and frequently when she is, is straight from the same realm of blest spirits as the muse who presided over the corresponding parts of the ballet music in Gluck's "Orpheus."

* * *

(From A. P. Schmidt.)

SYLVANNIA. A Wedding Cantata, for Soli, Chorus, with Piano-forte Accompaniment, the Text Freely Adapted from the German, by Frederick W. Bancroft. Music by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

The name of the work is a trifle misleading. The wedding matters occupy the first half, roughly speaking, after which there are such cases as those of the disconsolate widower, the comfort by the forest trees and other sympathizing environment, a chorus of villagers and the like. In short, quite freely from the German, where life is so myriad-sided that from any beginning almost any kind of experience might naturally follow. As for the music, it is varied, pleasing, delicately conceived and well made for the use of societies, concerts and the like. While modern in spirit it is not of great difficulty, and one would say that the smaller choral societies might find in a work of this kind an agreeable relief from the "Messiah" and other works written for large choruses and very long seasons of preparation. Very charming extracts might also be made from this work for occasional singing. The entire work would probably occupy about forty minutes in performance.

* * *

(From C. F. Summy Company.)

SCENES DE BAL. ESQUISSES POUR PIANO PAR JAMES H. ROGERS.

Prelude d'Orchestre.
 Un Tour de Valse.
 Souvenance.
 Les Bavards.
 La Reine de Bal.
 Coquette.
 Blonde et Brun.
 L'Oiseau qui Chant dans le Jardin.
 Polonaise Finale.

A collection of short pieces for piano, rarely exceeding two pages of moderate difficulty (4th grade), but not adapted to playing continuously, owing to the faulty succession of keys—as for instance, a piece in the key of B flat followed by one in E major "tritone" with a vengeance. Again the key of B major is followed by that of E flat, and

this in turn by one in A major, and this again by E flat major. Otherwise the matter is rather interesting, and, to judge from the names, the pieces have some kind of common relation—which was unfortunate in not being easily explainable in the English language. There is nothing quite so poetic as a foreign tongue when “she” is not quite understood. It might mean volumes, but as matter of fact does not.

1



Anna Becké
11. 2. 98. Paris.

MUSIC.

OCTOBER, 1902.

RICHARD STRAUSS.

From the French of M. Marnold.

(Concluded.)

"A Hero Life," indeed it is, at least in its dimensions, his most important symphonic work. This time the composer has himself chosen the matter of his inspiration. There is no program from a foreign source; the title alone is already significant. Nevertheless, for concert purposes, it is necessary to explain that the work is divided, so to speak, into six chapters, which succeed each other without interruption. The Hero, his Adversaries, his Companion, the Hero upon the field of Battle, his Peaceful Works, his Disillusion and the Solitary End of the Hero.

Are we to understand from this brevity of explanation that Mr. Strauss has renounced in this work the infantile subtlety of his "Don Quixote"? Perhaps so, if we are to believe with M. Romain Rolland, who upon the absence of program reports these words of the author: "You do not need to read it. It is enough to know that we have there a Hero in engagements with his enemies." On the other hand, the declarations of M. Frederic Roesch, in his thematic and analytic study, are of a very different tone. In response to a report which was sent out before the publication of the work, according to which this latest production of Mr. Strauss was to be a return to "symphonic music," in contrast to "program music," pushed in "Don Quixote" almost to an absurdity, he declares that in

a few words Mr. Strauss had explained on the contrary that he had intended to give in "Hero-Life" a supplement and a complement to this same "Don Quixote."

A careful hearing and study of the work give evidence that not impossibly both these contradictory sayings of Mr. Strauss might be sincere. We find in truth in "Hero-Life" passages sufficiently symphonic, for which the short indications he has given are if not absolutely superfluous at least sufficient to direct us to his poetic intentions. In contrast to this there are other pages for which it is necessary to address ourselves to the advices of Mr. Roesch.

Of all the Strauss works, "Hero-Life" is certainly the most unequal, the most chopped up, the most hybrid. We do not find here the harmonic coherence of parts which compels our admiration for the structure, despite its novelty, of "Death and Transfiguration." This unity, which in spite of the occasional absence of musical *form*, we have found in most of the works of Mr. Strauss, thanks to the constant relation of thematic derivations and his masterly counterpoint, we seek in vain. Not that the capacity of the musician has fallen off in the least from the standard in his previous works, in the combination and transformation of themes, but the inspiration of the composer is here so disordered that the general physiognomy of the work remains confused.

In "Hero-Life" there are in effect no less than a score of themes or different motives, of such character that in tracing their transformations and in joining them to twenty-three other themes, taken from the previous works of the same master, which here figure as "pacific works," Mr. Roesch finds it necessary in his analysis to enumerate no less than seventy thematic examples. This abundance need not surprise us. Twenty musical ideas and as many transformations do not seem like an unduly large number when it is meant to paint or describe the entire contents of a life of man, and this man a hero. But the previous enumerations show the multiplicity of images amassed by the momentary actions of the poetic impulses of the composer. Thus it is necessary to admit that the laconic program furnished by the author is not sufficient to explain to us clearly the thought of the musician; and thus we com-

prehend clearly why, despite the symphonic qualities of the music in many places, Mr. Strauss' "Hero-Life" is the one of all his works which remains unaccountable from a purely musical analysis.

Apart from its allegorical sense, this music appears like nothing else than a long and, at times, clamorous improvisation. In the combinations and in the number of themes Mr. Strauss displays his customary mastership, but this virtuoso technique here tells us nothing which we have not known already this long time. Moreover, his inspiration seems halting and not very original. One would imagine that, cramped by the poetic insignificance which he had attached to his melodies, the author had neglected to consider them from a purely musical point of view, or at least had not given this part of the work the time and care necessary. Several of them recall unmistakably passages in his former works. At the beginning, a theme of sixteen measures, in E flat, introduces the hero to us. No one can deny that this theme possesses a character of heroism sufficiently brutal, but the arabesques in sixteenth notes which end it (referring doubtless to the exuberance of the person) sound like an echo of the peroration of the "Joys of the Passions" in Zarathustra. A little later, another theme, in D major, coming out in A minor, sounds like a very near relative to the motive of "Manly Strife" in "Death and Transfiguration." Finally the "Companion of the Hero" is announced by a melodic design closely resembling the motive of "Love" in "Guntram," a resemblance emphasized by the three identical first notes and a similar rhythm.

If Mr. Strauss perseveres in the direction in which he is at present engaged, there is reason to dread that his future productions, continually more audacious in their descriptive intentions, will become less and less interesting from a purely musical point of view. Mr. Strauss' extraordinary facility in writing permits him to juggle with his fancy in themes less proper to this kind of exercise. But this illusive polyphonic capacity ceases to be fascinating when the elements to which it is applied, or some of them, are at this point heterogenous to such a degree that their association is accomplished only through a masterly compelling force. In the first hypothesis

all the address displayed could not make up for the poverty of the thought; and in the other case, our ears have to submit to torture, not only through the hardest musical dissonances, but also through sonorous conflagrations of inexplicable barbarity, without our being able to discover any necessity for such brutality.

The first part of this work, intended to present us the "Hero," is the most symphonic part of the work. If it came from an unknown musician, this piece would be remarkable for its performance and its promise; coming from Mr. Strauss, it is simply estimable, because it does not display any evolution, any progress, any effort. With the "Adversaries of the Hero" we are cast adrift in the fog upon a capricious ocean of program music, most materially objective, although the author had here no other end in view than of presenting the variety of characters. The contrast between the second part and that which precedes was undoubtedly intended, but it seems excessive. If we could forget for an instant the summary prescriptions of the program, it would be impossible to find the least musical sense in the working out of it by the wood of the themes superimposed rather than combined, whose assemblage gives the illusion of a troupe of geese and ducks in distress. But if the hearer is a little disconcerted by the "Antagonists," a veritable astonishment awaits him when he comes into the actual presence of the "Companion of the Hero." This singular personage is represented by a violin solo, according to the well known taste of Strauss for instruments concertante. This one is destined, in order to translate all the states of heart of this complicated Eve, to a gymnastic truly cabalistic. In heroic times bromides and cold showers were no doubt unknown, wherefore the unfortunate Hero, whose stupefaction the orchestra has painted in glowing colors and varieties, after giving his attention to this acrobatic display, becomes gradually calmed down from his hysterical attack by this appropriate but delicate remedy. It is in G flat that this love scene unfolds itself before us, formed of certain themes whose number of measures would not be out of place in "La Favorita." Little by little a fascinating and caressing but commonplace coda, emasculated with superannuated *grupetti*, attests the gratifying

calm established between the two personages. Nevertheless the "antagonists" are not disarmed; upon the chord of G flat major, long sustained by the strings, the band of squalling birds makes itself hoarse from a distance, in a tonality whose signature ornamented by only two flats indicates either the key of B flat major or that of G minor. I confess my powerlessness to decide what is here represented.

The happy quiet of the lovers is interrupted by the savage call of trumpets. The Hero rises and faces the danger, despite the entreaties of his companion. A long and tumultuous *cre-scendo* conducts him to the "Combat." We are now at the culminating point of this poem by Mr. Strauss. It is impossible to deny the strong impression produced by this fourth part of the work, entitled in the program, "The Hero upon the Field of Battle." The strident sound and rhythm of the charge, marvelously chosen, together with the continued roll of the military drum, seems to make the odor of powder fill the very space of the music hall. The theme of the "Antagonists," presented in augmentation and fortissimo, by two trumpets in E flat, assume here a physiognomy wholly new. The strife prolongs itself, terrible, without mercy. The motives cross, mix up, combine, intermingle, hurl themselves against each other, and defend themselves as from the strokes of the "wood-wind" by the sharp clamors of the little trumpets in B flat. Out of the ruins of themes new assaults are brought up. The desperate resistance of the "Adversaries" gives the victory of the Hero a high price cost, whose theme emerges at last in a triumphant E flat.

Unquestionably this piece makes a powerful effect at the first hearing. But it is not a battle without gunpowder, and this indecision is a demand the more. Nevertheless the study of the score is far from affording an intellectual enjoyment proportioned to the physical commotion represented. Is Mr. Strauss quite sure that the violence of the emotion here experienced is not almost wholly due to the handling of the military drum? We are more astonished than interested or touched by the superpositions, the unexpected meetings with all the themes which have occurred previously in the work, which seem to have part in some climax; but the combinations are in reality wholly

external, and the ear recognizes them only, and can too often support them only, through the perpetual equivocation of enharmonic changes and the empiricism of equal temperament.

A little farther on, as if to illustrate his works of "peace," Mr. Strauss amuses himself by combining, in some forty measures, more than twenty themes extracted from his former works, including his symphonic poems, "Guntram" and even his songs. In these fragments all appearances whatever of inspiration they might have had in their original form entirely disappear, when they are brought together in this unforeseen and irrational, almost paradoxical manner, one might say, while the themes belonging to "Hero Life" pursue the even tenor of their way entirely undisturbed by the presence of these unexpected visitors. To the ear the effect is almost insipid, in this potpourri where occasionally the confusion becomes inextricable, and the reader of the score finds himself bored by the puerile musical expedients, alembic expedients, to which the necessities of his program compel a musician of the real force of Mr. Strauss.

A polyphony of this kind scarce merits the name of musical. The "Art of Fugue," by Bach, the finale of the Symphony in C (Jupiter) by Mozart, the Vorspiele of the "Mastersingers," and many other pages of Wagner—only to cite Mr. Strauss to examples which he cannot deny—are musical marvels, thanks to the harmonic relations, unforeseen but real, which are suddenly revealed by the reunion of themes previously exposed. If these combinations had offered us nothing more than the uncertain and momentary equilibrium of a pyramid of acrobats, they might have amused us for an instant, but long ago we would have ceased to be moved by them.

The contrapuntal virtuosity of Mr. Strauss is exercised at the expense of all the rules of the schools. I am far from meaning any reproach to him by this fact. But even if he feels it necessary to defend himself from laws which are often arbitrary or pedantic, we cannot too much protest against his attack upon the primordial physical laws, which are the condition of the very existence of musical sounds, and whose harmonic consequences supply the entire intellectual interest and eternal beauty of sonorous combinations. In freeing himself from a

yoke too long used, Mr. Strauss appears to have omitted to impose upon himself another one, which would be more sure. Would it be permitted me to recall him, he a German, to the word of Goethe: "It is in form that the master shows himself?" This fantasia without measure, the perpetual improvisation, even where scintillating, the immediate violence of the effect, would never satisfy the spiritual minds to which an artist should address himself.

After the melodramatic sparkle of the "Disillusion" the work plods on to the "Retreat and Solitary End of the Hero." No one can doubt that Mr. Strauss was filled with very elevated aspirations when he composed this adagio in E flat, which despite the trouble occasioned for an instant by the souvenirs of the antagonists, terminates seriously the life of the hero. I do not have it in my heart to add to the extravagant eulogies which have been made by his admirers upon this piece of work. In mentioning the name of Beethoven, apropos to this inspiration, Mr. Strauss is exposed to a dangerous comparison. Despite the honorable musical quality of this piece, and its harmonious sweetness, it still awakens an impression rather more external and superficial. This mysterious quality, sometimes called, for want of a better name, "profundity of thought," seems lacking to him; this divine gift, whose fascinating force entirely controls us in the face of Beethoven, we bow ourselves as we cry: "*Sturzt nieder, Millionen!*"

The secret of this inexplorable force is to be found perhaps in the sketch books, those little bundles of music paper which Nottebohm has published to the world from the pockets of Beethoven. We there trace what innumerable metamorphoses, what long, very long, periods of gestation marked the travail and effort of such a genius before his thought had reached the fullness of form for definite proclamation.

Proceedings of this kind are not the methods of Mr. Strauss. The rapidity with which his productions, often very large, have succeeded each other, is an indication of the peril which besets him as a musician. It would be permissible for Mr. Strauss to attribute to his themes allegorical or even extravagant significances, without leaving us thereby compelled to admire the music which he offers us. The programs which Wagner

and others have composed for the symphonies of Beethoven, have added nothing at all to the works; nor have they in any way exalted their imperishable beauty. But when Mr. Strauss, carried away by his poetic pretexts, arrives at the point where he estimates his inspirations primarily from the point of view of descriptive rhythm and dynamic expression, without trying to take the time and the trouble to illustrate their specifically musical character; when he abandons to a literary lucubration the exclusive control of the form of a sonorous composition, he writes upon sand the arabesque designs of his fancy.

I cannot terminate this study without alluding to a really delicious composition in which Mr. Strauss rested himself between "Don Quixote" and "Hero Life." It occupies the thirty-eighth place in the order of his published works. It is a "melodrama," a music intended to accompany upon the piano the declamation of Tennyson's poem of "Enoch Arden." It would seem that in composing it Mr. Strauss had the idea of showing us that despite appearances he is still a musician. Despite the æsthetic imperfection of the form chosen, a form which Liszt attempted vainly to galvanize into life, Mr. Strauss has cut here a veritable musical gem. Reduced to the two staves of the pianoforte, it shows not less than in the midst of the orchestral melee of "Zarathustra." While less ambitious than in his poems, the thematic combinations are not less captivating; and it is by the aid of a music not less at the same time solid and supple that he translates with rare beauty the touching vicissitudes of the recitative.

His exquisite inspiration, tender if otherwise moved by turns, shows a sensibility analogous to that of Schubert, although more manly. Mr. Strauss has more than one trait in common with Schubert. He has the excessive fecundity of the Viennese master; the intemperance of verve, the lack of measure and equilibrium of proportions, but also an integral musical quality and an ardent lyricism. Nature has endowed him with a marvelous instinct for thematic combination, and a "love of power" which would have rejoiced the soul of Nietzsche. Genius is sometimes made of qualities less exceptional.

In seeing such a musician renounce the free independence of his art, and conceal his native qualities, in order to realize by

violent and disordered improvisations the poetico-dramatic programs self-imposed, one remains undecided, troubled.

Are we to consider Mr. Strauss sincere in his musical poems? Or has he through the production of strange and sensational works intended to attract attention to his person? Does he consider the sensation which his works have excited the same thing as glory?

Are we to think of him as a Meyerbeer of the end of the century, master of all the threads of every kind, dealing capably in the classic and the romantic, employing the processes of Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, with a mayonnaise of Brahms, and spread over the whole plenty of the red fire of brutal effect? Or are we to suppose ourselves watching the development of a natural genius of vast power, but still young and impatient?

When its waves are cooled down, may we expect to find upon the fertile sides of the volcano, calmed but not extinct, the masterpiece justifying everything, many of the signs of which we are already able to point out?

But has not the musician already given such a masterpiece, or at least the masterpiece of his youth? Is it certain that it would be an exaggeration to accord this title to his "Guntram," which Mr. Strauss ended in the twenty-ninth year of his age? M. Romain Rolland has told us that it was while convalescent from a very grave sickness that Mr. Strauss composed these three acts, whose penetrating musical quality, close and intimate profundity, often recall to us the score of "Fidelio." Of all the lyric works which have seen the light of day since "Parsifal" there is but one other to compare this one with—Mr. Vincent d'Indy's "Ferval," for the height of its musical interest, the artistic sincerity and the force and personality of its author. Solitude, to which delicate health at that time confined Mr. Strauss, was his teacher. Far away from the crowd, he forgot to think how to please them, he had the honor of seeing his artistic work declared unplayable upon the stage, by critics far from competent. Does not this master work of his youth constitute a promise which Mr. Strauss is in duty obliged to fulfill? For a man constituted as he is, does not he owe it to himself to fulfill this noble engagement? And will he not some time elect to fly from the ephemeral favors of the world

in order to carry out this individual creation, disinterested, elevated, which we have the right to expect from him?

The genius of Mr. Strauss, to quote the language of Nietzsche, seems to be momentarily obscured by the fumes of his "Dionysian intoxication," and the "narcotic philter of romanticism" is not stranger to the "vapors nebulous" in the midst of which the troubled spirit of the musician seems trying to find his way. When these vapors shall have been dispersed, may we not expect the image of Apollo to appear before us, majestic, and it will be from the hand of the "God of Delphos" that he will receive the crown of laurel.

DOCTOR AT CAMBRIDGE.

(In 1893.)

FROM THE FRENCH OF Camille Saint-Saens.

From time to time the University of Cambridge confers upon certain persons the title of Doctor, *honoris causa* ("for honorable cause"). The English government counts for nothing in these promotions, as some seem to believe, who have been habituated to seeing the government mixed with all our affairs. Cambridge creates doctors in law, letters, science and music; the first class is made elastic and includes all those specialists who could not be included in the other classes. Thus in the present promotion figured the Maharajah of Bhaonagar, a recompense for his having founded hospitals and academies in his kingdom; and the General Lord Roberts of Kandahar, the former general in chief of the Indian army, in remembrance of his victories. Promotions to the doctorate of music are very rare, and in the years 1880, 1882 and 1885 Cambridge created no doctors of this sort.

In addition to the two names already recounted the degrees this time were conferred upon the Baron Herschell, a descendant of the celebrated astronomer, Lord Chancellor, president of the royal commission recently founded for considering the relations between the colonies and the mother country; Mr. Julius Jupritza, a historian and poet, professor of English philology at Berlin; Mr. Standish Hayes O'Grady, author of valuable investigations into the ancient Erse language (the ancient language of Ireland); and five doctors in music, Messrs. Max Bruch, Pierre Tschaikovsky, Arrigo Boito, Edouard Grieg, and the author of this narration. This luxury of musicians was due to the occasion being the fiftieth anniversary of the Cambridge University Musical Society. The English, as everybody admits, are not musicians, while we are to our fingers ends; and nevertheless I have not observed that our faculties of letters and sciences add to themselves such ornaments as a musical society, with chorus and orchestra, its concerts given in a hall constructed for the purpose and furnished with an organ, con-

certs of ancient and modern music, native and foreign. We are apt to judge the English from certain plutocrats (they have them in all countries) who give great private concerts for which they engage as they buy fine articles of furniture, and demand singers who "have not too much voice, lest they disturb the conversation" (this really happened during one of my periods of residing in London); it is very bad to judge others. Ever since I have studied England, I have found them very fond of music, patient in hearing, reserved in appreciation, interested in art and very capable of recognizing with enthusiasm works and artists who have given them pleasure. The English public is polite, applauding even the things which bore it; but there are shadings in applause, and it is easy to distinguish between that which is the expression of real enthusiasm and that which is merely conventional.

II.

More capable writers than myself having described to our readers the nature of the English universities; I pass that topic and confine myself to speaking of the pleasure I had in my visit to this charming town of Cambridge, a collection of beautiful buildings amid profuse verdure, so original with all its colleges, vast constructions, Gothic, renaissance, ancient or modern of the same style, having immense courts, magnificent lawns, trees centuries old; the different establishments often touch each other, and intercommunicate, thus forming ensembles of palaces and vast spaces in which an unaccustomed visitor easily loses himself. Every college has its park, in which the students take their exercise, without counting the river, the Cam, whence the name, "bridge" over the "Cam." There the rowers congregate, as everybody knows. This life in open air, in which bodily exercises form an important part, is very different from that of our students, and the shades of Oxford and Cambridge have no relation with the Latin Quartier, despite the similarity of the garden of the Luxembourg, the delight of my boyhood.

Unfortunately this education costs very dear, and it is not open to every comer. Every college is furnished with a chapel—if it is permitted to apply this name to what would anywhere else be called a cathedral—and there every day the pupils

assist at the offices and sing, vested in surplices. The religious character of these universities is not the least interesting of their peculiarities, to which our students would accommodate themselves very grudgingly, if at all. But this English religion is so little troublesome! The very short services consist mainly in hearing good music very well sung; the English are admirable choristers. I have heard there anthems by Barnby, of a beautiful sentiment, written with a faultless pen, not wholly unrelated to that of Gounod; a psalm of Mendelssohn. The English church is a serious place artistically, but not formidable like our catholic churches with the Real Presence, the Confession putting terrors into disquieting mysteries. Between the English drawing room, where correction is entirely self-imposed, and the temple, the transition is scarcely discernible, as between the perfect gentleman and the married priest, father of a family, leading an elegant life, not foregoing any of the proper joys of mundane existence. A trifle more of gravity in his manner is there, and this is all, or at least all that is necessary. Apart from certain sects, such as the much ridiculed Salvation Army, the English do not seem to me to have a tendency to mysticism in their ordinary affairs; the students who assist every day at the services in surplices, have neither mysticism nor bigotry; they are gay, sociable, good livers, as is fitting to those who are still young.

III.

All who are acquainted with me know how little fond I am of receiving honors and of participating in public functions; thus it was that I did not go to Cambridge without a certain apprehension. I tried to reassure myself that they could not disregard the honor they intended to do me, when everything was done, and that therefore I would have nothing very bad to dread. I might have spared myself the anxiety if I had known better the good humor and simplicity, very real in its grandeur, which tempers solemnity in England.

It dismayed me at first, contrary to my habits, to accept the hospitalities of the president of the Musical Society, the provost of King's College, which at first I refused. It enters so into our English customs, they wrote me, to receive under our own roofs the guests most honored, that the committee would

expose itself to sharp reproaches from our own members if we were to permit the representative of France to be left to the tender mercies of a hotel. Before an insistance expressed in these terms there was nothing to do but to submit. Everything has been said of English hospitality, and truly nothing would be too much to say; never obsequious, they surround you with care which is never a limitation, and without any fatigue more or less disguised; and in the vast estates, surrounded by an abundance of every sort of comfort, one has the consciousness of not being himself a burden.

Given principally in honor of music, the ceremony itself was preceded by a concert the evening before, whose program was a little difficult to organize. Five composers to bring out, even six, counting Professor Stanford, director of the society, it was by no means a trifling affair. With regard to my own part, it had at first been intended to bring out my psalm, "*Coeli Enarrant*," but as it would take three-quarters of an hour, it was necessary to give it up. I managed the difficulty by putting forward a piece for piano and orchestra, "*Africa*," performed by the author, under the direction of Mr. Stanford. Thus the entire program had the following compass:

The Banquet of the Phæacians, from "*Ulysses*," Max Bruch.

Fantasia for piano and orchestra, "*Africa*," Saint-Saens.

Prologue of "*Mefistofle*," Boito.

Symphonic poem, "*Francesca da Rimini*," Tschaikovsky.

Suite, "*Peer Gynt*," Grieg.

Ode, "*East to West*," Stanford.

Prepared by many preliminary rehearsals in London, and one last rehearsal upon the morning of the performance, given in a beautiful hall of modern dimensions, before a public favorably disposed, this concert obtained, need I say it? an enormous success. When one invites people, it is not to give them an affront.

In France the public knows Mr. Bruch only as the author of a concerto in G minor for violin, which is under the bows of all violinists; it is assuredly one of his best works, but he has written many others which deserve to be well known. His idea of putting into music for concert purposes the *Iliad* and

the *Odyssey* is happy; there is ample matter for music in these two illustrious poems, although they adapt themselves with difficulty to theatrical representation. Ponsard made an experiment of this kind at considerable expense.

The *Banquet of Phæacians*, with the rhapsodic songs accompanied by harps, the lament of Ulysses, sighing for his country, is full of charm; the choruses sound magnificently and the resulting impression is one of music well conceived and well written. We might complain, perhaps, that it is not spicy enough; some go to a concert a little as to a fireworks display, with the hope of being astonished if not actually blown up, but I do not blame an artist for making his work tranquil and modelling in sacred silver noble figures in beautiful attitudes. Even in Germany, where everybody understands the matter, the talent to write music truly good is very rare, and this is an excellence of Mr. Bruch of which he has a right to be proud.

The prologue of "*Miltofile*" ought to be well known to all amateurs of music; it is a long time since I said as much to the directors of our concerts. The author will pardon me if I say that this marvelous piece, written for the stage, appears very much better in its place than outside. To represent shadows, dispersed by the celestial phalanx, is there accomplished by means of seven trumpets and the seven thunders of the *Apocalypse*, but is it not just a trifle too much? Only the imagination is able to picture to itself this spectacle; moreover the sonority is much greater in a concert hall than it seems in the theater. It is for this reason that I have regretted that our musical societies have not taken up the task of giving the public this astonishing work, to which they could give all the splendor desirable—this work which by its originality, its audacity, the beauty of its inspiration, is one of the miracles of modern music.

Neither the flavor of saltpeter nor the artificial brilliancy could defeat the "*Francesca da Rimini*" of Tschaikovsky, bristling with difficulties not recoiling before the utmost violence; the sweetest and most affable of men has here let loose a terrible tempest, and he has no more pity for the labors of his interpreters or his auditors than Satan has for the damned. Such is the talent, the supreme mastery of the author, that one

takes pleasure in this damnation and this torture. A long melodic phrase, the love song of Francesca and Paolo, beams over this storm, this infernal disturbance, which already before Tschaikovsky Liszt had attempted and begun in the Symphony "Dante." The Francesca of Liszt is more touching, more Italian above all, than this of the great Slav composer; the entire work is typical, the profile of Dante really appears. The art of Tschikovsky is more refined, subtle, the design is more broken, the dish more highly seasoned; from a purely musical point of view the work is superior; the author satisfies more completely, it seems to meet the ideals of painters and poets. On the whole it deserves to live in all good intelligences; both are worthy of their model, and in point of conception they have nothing to reproach themselves with.

The Suite of M. Grieg awakened a feeling of sadness, due to the absence of the author, detained at home by the bad state of his health. Written for a drama of Ibsen, which I do not know, the music of Peer Gynt contains nothing unusual; it is full of grace and freshness, as are all the works of this author.

The cantata "From the East to the West," which closed the concert, was composed by Mr. Stanford for the Exposition in Chicago, upon a poem specially written by the American poet Swinburne and dedicated to the President of the United States. It is not carried out to a considerable development, but brilliant and written with the hand of a master; it is all that could reasonably be asked of a piece written for an occasion.

After the concert a banquet of one hundred covers was given in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the musical society; the doctors in letters had no part in this. I occupied the place of honor at the right of the president of the society, and had been notified that it would be incumbent upon me to respond in the name of my confreres to a toast given by Mr. Stanford; an honor due not to my merit but to the sad privilege of age. Partly from lack of habit and partly from natural timidity, I shrink from speaking in public; nevertheless it had to be done. Ordinarily in such a case a lot of things come to mind that I carefully save up, lest I forget them; this time, encouraged by a reception extremely cordial and refreshing after more than a half century of existence, the timidity is a little out of sea-

son, and I said whatever came into my head, mixing the grave and the sweet, the pleasant and severe, as is the usage in England, where one speaks upon any occasion without pretension or pedantry. My comrades in promotion were kind enough to declare themselves satisfied with the words I spoke in their behalf.

IV.

The next morning, June 13, was the ceremony of investiture in the hall of medium size, to which no one came without invitation; a circular gallery was occupied by students. They commenced by investing us in ample robes of silk, with large collars trimmed with white and red; we put on our mortar boards of velvet, black at the back, and a gold tassel, and so prepared, we marched in procession to the town under a torrid sun. At the head of the group of doctors marched the king of Bahonagar, in a golden turban scintillating with diamonds, a collar of diamonds at his throat. I confess that, heartily detesting the banalities of our neuter modern costumes, I was enchanted at the spectacle.

The members of the procession having taken their place upon a platform the ceremony commenced by a discourse in prose and verse, in English and Latin. From time to time a student threw in a pleasantry, some laughed; the orator waited patiently until the laughter was over and went on with his discourse. I remember the times when things passed in this way under the cupola of the Institute, at the distribution of the prizes of the Academy of Fine Arts; we have put more decorum and good order into the seances, but nothing has been gained. The discourse terminated, a proctor accompanied by a mace-bearer carrying a long mace of silver, invited each doctor to rise, and after having harangued him in Latin, presented him to the president, in robes of ermine, who saluted him doctor *in nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritu Sancti*, gave him a squeeze of the hand followed by frantic applause of the audience. The harangues were extremely flowery; they mentioned Homer and Schiller in addressing Mr. Max Bruch; Properce, apropos to Tschai-kovsky, and so on.

After the ceremony was a lunch with the president, provost of Christ College, in honor of the doctors, who attended in cos-

tume and walked in the gardens, where they admired the "tree of Milton." One needs to remember charitably of this tree that it had nothing to do with the singer of "Paradise Lost." And while my companions, delighted with the shade and freshness, reclined and conversed with some charming women, I contrived to get away to the chapel of Christ College, for the purpose of trying the organ. I found it an admirable instrument. The same evening I returned again to London.

Such was this interesting festival which remains to me one of the most interesting souvenirs of my career as artist. I came back once more confirmed in the idea that the English love and comprehend music, and that the contrary opinion is a prejudice. They love it in their way, and this is their right; but this way is not at all bad, since they reduce the art to oratorios of Haendel, the grand symphonies of Haydn, the opera "Oberon," of Weber, the "Elijah" and Scotch symphony of Mendelssohn, the "Redemption" and "Mors et Vita" of Gounod, all works written expressly for England and which without this demand would probably never have been created. I have already sustained this thesis with good will and earnestness; and all that I have experienced upon the present occasion only confirms me in the truth of the position.

GRILLPARZER: MUSICIAN AND POET.

(From the French of Camille Bellaigue.)

I.

Grillparzer himself would perhaps have protested against the double title here assigned him, for though equally enamored of music and of poetry, it was his constant aim, as we shall see, to separate rather than to confound them. But his protest would have been vain, for poetry and music are intimately blended in all his works, and yet more so in the nature and genius of the man.

A practical musician, pianist and composer, he certainly was. The archives of the "Societe des Amis de la Musique" at Vienna contain several manuscript books of his exercises in figured bass, harmony and counterpoint. M. Hanslick saw not long since at the house of Caroline Frolich, the life-long friend of the poet, three of Grillparzer's compositions. The first was the famous Ode of Horace—"Integer vitae scelerisque purus"—arranged for bass voices with piano accompaniment; then there was a song written for Heine's verses, "Du schönes Schiffermadchen," the style of which reminded M. Hanslick both of Haydn and Mozart, and finally a strong, impassioned aria for a bass voice, adapted to the words: "Life is a combat—a war without a truce."

Grillparzer, therefore, as the phrase goes, "possessed" music; but even more truly may it be said that music possessed him, and was a powerful adjunct often to his poetical inspirations. The first idea of his trilogy of "The Golden Fleece" came to him while playing the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. He was just then leaving for Italy, and before he came back, the fleeting conception seemed quite to have disappeared. But the symphonies again—more faithful even than he—revived the memory of what they had originally suggested. Music is frequently introduced into the dramas and tragedies of Grillparzer. Sometimes it envelops them like an atmosphere; sometimes it penetrates them through and through. We feel it in that lyrical **quality, which leaps from**

the lips of his characters in a gush of harmonious words, "Sappho," "Libussa," "The Waves," are true lyric dramas. Essentially musical is the emotion of those juvenile souls, just wakening to the sense of love, whose vague trouble is betrayed by a subdued murmur before it finds voice in words which appeal to the intelligence. There is music in the solitary reveries of Hero; in the dim desires and wistful aspirations, the penumbra whereof the poet will not illumine by analysis, but whose voiceless utterance he compels us to hear. There is music everywhere in the role of Rudolph II., who discerns the harmony of the spheres. There is music finally in Grillparzer's very diction, which may not indeed, boast the dry precision of an instrument of pure thought, but has always the subtle and persuasive charm of a voice that speaks to the soul.

The truth is that Grillparzer was initiated into poetry by music. As he himself said once to Beethoven: "It was music that taught me to apprehend melody in verse." Gratitude, no less than inborn inclination, led him in all his works as a writer, both of prose and poetry, to assign a great and splendid part to musical effect. He studied literary composition, both musically and philosophically; he adorned it as a poet, a thinker and a lover. Among the illustrious composers, with whom he was contemporary, or nearly so, there were some like Mozart and Schubert, whom he fully comprehended; others, like Beethoven, whom he understood partially; others again, like Weber, and afterward Wagner, whom he found unintelligible and was ready to declare accursed. But no one of our great writers—not even Jean Jacques Rousseau—has ever appreciated music as music more thoroughly, or loved it more passionately than he. One other writer only, M. Hanslick, the author of "The Poor Musician," has gone so deeply into the mysterious life of sound as to have made of it his own domain. To the very end of his long life Grillparzer found in music the utmost possible delight of the senses, the heart and the mind. Music was his most faithful companion, and his sweetest comforter, linked to his destiny no less than to his genius. Of him it has been well said by Berger, that "the first and present inspirations of his muse came

to him in the form of melody without words. To these he lent an attentive ear, translating and transposing them into poetic language. The ultimate source and final end of his poetic endeavor was that dreamy and delicious mood of mind which diffuses its thrilling sweetness over all the air, like the soft vibration of those echoes which return to us from spaces remote and unseen. At the point where music and poetry meet, we feel the pulsation of his heart."

II.

Grillparzer was born in 1791—the year when Mozart died—and he lived till 1872, at which period almost all the works of Wagner had been given to the world. Few men have survived a period so long and so important in the history of musical art. Eighty years are almost an age in the mere evolution of time; in that of the ideal they represent a period that seems infinite. Can we wonder that, broad as his mind was, he did not take in the whole epoch; that even an eye-witness of changes and contradictions so great should have failed fully to comprehend and entirely to accept them?

Franz Grillparzer was born in Vienna, of a musical family, in a musical city. His mother, Anna Sonnleithner, who "lived and breathed music," was the daughter of a jurist with whom music was a passion, and the sister of two men whose names are eminent in the history of music and the drama in Austria. Both Haydn and Mozart were frequent guests in that house. The child's first music-teacher was his mother, and he found her lessons so irksome that he came near throwing up the pursuit altogether. From those too nervous maternal hands he was, however, transferred to the singular tuition of a Bohemian artist, Johann Mederitsch, surnamed Gallus. An admirable contrapuntist, but lazy and indifferent, Gallus gave a few marvellous lessons, merely to escape starvation. Half the lesson hour he consumed in playing with his pupil, not a *quatre mains* on the piano, but a *quatre pattes*, under it. But the other half was devoted to improvisations to which Madame Grillparzer listened in ecstasy.

The method cannot have been so bad a one, after all, for little Franz made great progress. His first compliment, as he himself has told us, came from the cook. "The execution

of Louis XVI. was then fresh in the memory of all, and among other exercises I had been made to learn a march which was said to have been played when he was on the way to the guillotine. At a certain point in the second part of this composition, I had to let my finger slide over an octave to represent the fall of the knife, and when the old woman heard me she burst into tears and refused to listen any longer."

Notwithstanding this domestic success, the child showed a much more decided taste for the violin than for the piano. His parents would keep him, however, to the detested instrument; and one night when he and his brother were to have "shown off" before the company in the paternal drawing-room, Franz tried to escape the nuisance by running away, and hiding in a remote bed-chamber. Whereupon his father, who was never to be trifled with, stopped his music lessons altogether.

It was not until after the lapse of seven or eight years—which cannot have been very happy ones, either for the boy or his parents—that Grillparzer once more opened the instrument which he had by this time forgiven. "I had forgotten everything," he says, "even my notes. But luckily my old master Gallus had taught me, more in jest than in earnest, something about numbered bars, and given me some notion of the principal chords. I loved harmony, my chords resolved themselves naturally, and I made simple melodies." Grillparzer always played thus, out of his own head, and he could go on improvising for hours together. Later he studied counterpoint, "and then," he says, "I could compose and develop more satisfactorily, but the true inspiration was gone forever."

It was a source of keen regret to him that he came too late to have seen Mozart; but Schubert he knew, and better still Beethoven, with whom, as is well known, he came rather near collaborating. In a poem dedicated to the composer of the "Roi des Aulnes" he emphatically asserts, though without proceeding to define, the originality of Schubert's genius. "Schubert is my name! I am Schubert! Take me for what I am! I do homage to the works of the old masters. I revere them! but nothing of their works shall enter into mine. Praise me and I shall be glad; blame me, and I will endure your censure. Schubert is my name! I am Schubert!" To the com-

poser, as a man, Grillparzer alludes but once. He describes him seated at the piano in the house of the charming sisters Frolich, which was an asylum for Grillparzer himself as long as he lived. Kate, the one whom he loved best, was sitting close beside Schubert, deeply moved, almost intoxicated by the sounds he was producing. "His more poignant passages seemed to occasion her such anguish that some one called out to him to stop. But the cruel discords resolved themselves into serene harmonies, and the eyes of the charming girl, which had been brimming with tears, became bright once more with a gladness like that of sunshine after rain."

Very different, and much more constant and intimate, were the relations of Grillparzer with Beethoven; and many a striking trait, both physical and mental, of the great musician may be gathered from the "Recollections" of the poet.

It was in 1805, at the house of his uncle Sonnleithner, that Grillparzer first saw the author of the "Heroic Symphony." He was then fourteen and Beethoven thirty-five. "A year or two later," to quote his own narrative, "I passed a summer with my parents in the village of Heiligenstadt, near Vienna. Our apartment overlooked the garden, while Beethoven had taken the rooms upon the street. The two lodgings had in common the corridor which led to the staircase. My brothers and I thought very slightly of the grotesque-looking personage (he had already grown fat and was very careless, not to say untidy, in his dress) who seemed to be always muttering when we passed him in the passage. But my mother, whose love for music was a passion, could not resist, when she heard him at the piano, the impulse to go into the passage aforesaid and listen devoutly, leaning against our own door, however, not his. She had done this a number of times, when one night Beethoven's door was abruptly opened; he came out, saw my mother and rushed back again, only to reappear with his hat on his head, plunge down the staircase four steps at a time and vanish in the outer darkness. He never touched his piano again.

"The next summer, or the next but one, I was a great deal with my grandmother, who had a country house in the little village of Döbling. Beethoven also was then living at Döbling, in a ruinous house exactly opposite my grandmother's, belong-

ing to a particularly ill-conditioned peasant named Flehberger. Beside his miserable house this Flehberger had a daughter, Lisa, very pretty, but of doubtful reputation. Beethoven appeared to be much interested in the girl. I can see him now, coming up the Rue du Cerf, with a white handkerchief in his hand, that trailed upon the ground. He used to stop before the gate leading into the Flehberger's yard, and gaze at the unabashed beauty, standing firmly upright upon a hay or dung cart, wielding the pitchfork with ease and laughing as she worked. I never saw him speak to her; he simply looked and looked, without a word, until the girl, who much preferred the country bumpkins, would anger him by some impertinent jest, or by obstinately affecting not to see him at all, after which he turned upon his heel and departed. The very next time he passed the gate, however, he would pause as before, and his sympathy with the family even went so far that, when the father of Lisa was thrown into prison for being mixed up in a tavern brawl, Beethoven appeared in person before the municipal authorities to negotiate for his release. On this occasion, as his habit was, he treated the honorable councillors with such contumely that he narrowly escaped being sent to bear his protegee company in the cell of the latter."

Fifteen more years went by, and in 1823 Grillparzer was already a celebrated man, acclaimed by Austria as the best of her dramatic poets. The composer of "Fidelio" now applied to the author of "Sappho" and "The Golden Fleece" for a libretto, but Grillparzer, though deeply sensible of the honor paid him, understood also its dangers, and had a presentiment that he should fail. "I had never dreamed," he says, "of writing the words of an opera, and moreover, I doubted whether Beethoven, who was now completely deaf, and whose later works, notwithstanding their great musical value, had been marked by a certain harshness ill-adapted to the voice, was in a condition to write the music." Grillparzer feared, and not without reason, that the unbridled fancy and now lawless genius of Beethoven, would rebel against all constraints of speech and action. He set to work, but without much faith or fervor; and when he had finished he was, as he himself avows, not more than half pleased with his own performance. He never, in

fact, thought very highly of his "Melusina," with which, to his amazement, Beethoven expressed himself entirely satisfied. Grillparzer even sent word to Beethoven by Schindler, with rare generosity, that he might take the poem to pieces and do what he pleased with it.

The poem, however, strange to say, in view of Grillparzer's future antagonism against Wagner, bears a certain resemblance to the story of "Tannhauser." A knight loves a fairy who keeps him imprisoned in her underground palace. But neither the caresses of Melusina, nor the songs and dancing of her nymphs, can lull the gnawing remorse of Raymond. He blushes for his own weakness and apathy, and longs to break the flowery chains of pleasure and resume the stern activity of a warrior's life. The pining for deliverance, the consuming thirst for a life of manly action—these are feelings in whose expression Beethoven stands unrivalled, and it was these, no doubt, that fascinated him in the libretto of the "Melusina." But Raymond's repinings and regrets for a free and active life are but occasional and transitory. He is no virile hero; he belongs to the category of those feeble being incapable of strenuous effort, and easily crushed by circumstance, whom Grillparzer especially excels in depicting. He lapses once more into slavery to Melusina; when the fairy has obtained the boon of death he flings himself into her grave, and both appear in apotheosis, absolved of all their faults, and transfigured because they have loved much.

Beethoven's "Notes of Conversations" and the "Recollections" of Grillparzer both testify to the fact that if the two collaborators never accomplished the joint work as they had planned it, they discussed it a great deal together. They disputed over some of the details, for instance, the "Hunters' Chorus," which Beethoven, vexed by memories of Weber and "Der Freischutz," flatly refused to write. "Weber," said he, "had four choruses. That means, of course, that I must have eight—and where should we be then?" Grillparzer, as we shall see, apprehended even more clearly than Beethoven that this would be going too far; and however it came about—whether through the fault of the poet or the poem—Beethoven did not set Grillparzer's "Melusina" to music, and the latter did not much re-

gret it. Nor did he especially reproach himself, being fully convinced that the poem never was written which would exactly have suited Beethoven, or rather which would wholly have satisfied him.

Beethoven and Grillparzer met, for the last time, in the early part of the year 1826. Beethoven's own "Notes of Conversations" betrays the sadness of their interview; especially the mournful and discouraged mood of the poet, who felt, at that time, that his fame, if not his genius, was sensibly declining. He complained bitterly of his fate, accusing himself and the world by turns, and it was Beethoven who was so much the more unfortunate of the two—at once greater and more deeply misunderstood—who undertook to console and strengthen the other. A later visitor has written upon the same page that records the conversation of that day: "Your bracing counsels must have had a good effect on Grillparzer, who seems to me too ready to despair."

One year later Beethoven died. Feeling sure that the end was near, Schindler asked Grillparzer to prepare the great man's funeral oration, and he was working at it on the morning when Schindler came in, and told him that all was over.

Grillparzer was destined to survive by almost half a century the master whom he may have failed fully to comprehend, but of whom, nevertheless, he knew how to speak magnificently. He owed to Beethoven, and especially to Beethoven in his earlier manner, his own latest experience of extreme delight in music. The music of the succeeding half century was more than uninteresting, it was positively odious to him. Nor was the lesson in courage which was given him on that day, by the author of the "Heroic Symphony," of any very great advantage to his own life and career. Never quite equal to the manifold trials which he had to encounter, vexed by the failure of some of his work, disconcerted by criticism, and always diffident and inclined to despair of himself, he very soon gave up writing plays. Neither the honors paid him by his country in his old age, nor the touching and faithful personal devotion which he never was man enough openly to acknowledge and conse-

crate, could ever suffice to allay the morbid restlessness of that unsatisfied spirit. Music alone, the music of the past, never lost its power to console him. He shut himself up, as it were, in an ivory tower, reared by the pure hands of his adored Mozart.

Old age arrived. Like Beethoven, he became wholly deaf, and could now say of himself as he had said of the mighty master: "Deeply pierced and torn by the thorns of life, as the shipwrecked man hugs the shore, he fled to thy arms, O Music, sister of the Good and True, and no less glorious than they! Soother of suffering, child of the skies! To thee he clung, and even when the gate was closed whereby thou wast wont to come in and talk with him, when deafness had robbed him even of the direct vision of thy face, he carried thy image in his soul, and it lay upon his breast in death."

III.

The doctrine—I might better say the musical creed—of Grillparzer may be reduced to two points, which have been exactly defined by M. Hanslick. These twin truths, which comprise the whole æsthetic of Grillparzer, are, the perfect self-comprehension and complete self-mastery of pure music. ("Selbstverständlichkeit und Selbstherrlichkeit der echten Musik.")

Pure music, that is to say, music without words, was ever the object of Grillparzer's impassioned love. He often objected to the association of words with notes, saying that it was like the union between the sons of God and the daughters of men. Dancing, which he greatly esteemed, seemed to him worthier of a marriage with music than poetry itself; fitter to accompany and initiate it by forms concrete and plastic, and consequently similar to its own. Grillparzer was all his life curiously sensitive to the beauty of sound, or, rather, to the beauty of individual sounds. The vibrations of a single note, not even suggesting a melody, would sometimes make his tremble uncontrollably. In his novel of "The Poor Musician" ("Der arme Spielmann") he describes his hero as sent off into ecstasy by a single note upon a violin:

"Only one, but so true! Very soft at first, then swelling to

complete fullness, then diminishing again to the very faintest sigh. Soon another was added, forming a fourth with the first, and the old artist was no less enraptured by the harmony than he had been by the solitary resonance. One after another he touched all the chords—the third, the fifth, and the rest—with the same or rather with ever-growing delight. By turns he caressed these combinations tenderly or compelled them to yield their full volume of sound. Alone, or with its tonic, each note occasioned the old man a kind of delicious intoxication, and this was what he called improvising.”

A little farther on Grillparzer makes his inspired virtuoso deliver himself as follows:

“Oh, yes, yes! they all play Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and Sebastian Bach; but, good God! nobody can play Mozart. The eternal boon, the eternal beauty of the audible note, its marvellous affinity with the listening ear; the accord of the third note with the first and the fifth; why is it that the sensibility of the listener is heightened as with a throb of hope fulfilled; the discords abased and overcome, like evil things and proud; those miracles of transition and reversion whereby even the second becomes a harmony—the great musician can reveal all this! But what words can express the indescribable, the fugue, counterpoint, the canon *a due* or *a tre*, the whole miraculous construction of that celestial architecture which needs no cement, but is sustained by the very hand of God?”

Here are musical joys such as only pure music can invoke! In these strange transports and mysterious effects we recognize the “Selbstherrlichkeit” of music, the abstract and specific power, the privilege and destiny of sound.

This power and beauty of mere sound is ever endangered and compromised by words. Human speech can but vulgarize these ideal relations, this immaterial interchange. God may have made music and poetry equal, but he has made them distinct. “The Master of Life, in His wisdom, has created a world of alternating days and nights. Poetry is the day with its radiant magnificence, music is the night which reveals other worlds.” Thus Grillparzer—who would have music divided from poetry, as night is divided from day.

In both he sees charms which are not merely unlike but incompatible; he finds them opposed one to another, not so much by their attributes as by their nature, the main object of poetry being thought, while the whole—or almost the whole—of music is comprised in a fine sensuousness.

"I cannot better illustrate," he says, "the essential unlikeness between poetry and music than by emphasizing the fact that the pleasure we owe to music starts with a quiver of the nerves, a feeling of sensuous gratification, which works first upon the feelings and only in the very last instance, if at all, upon the intellect; whereas poetry, on the contrary, evokes first a thought; through that, it may be, an emotion; but affects the senses only in the final stage of its expansion or abasement. The ways of the two arts lead in diametrically opposite directions. The one spiritualizes matter, the other materializes mind."

But since these arts, however incompatible, seem obstinately bent on an unnatural marriage, we must accept as a fact their ancient and unhappy union, and declare definitely for one or the other. Grillparzer at least does not hesitate. He is for music, which he proclaims the leading spirit; thus adopting a solution of the eternal problem exactly the reverse of that which is most prevalent just now, and which, from Gluck to Wagner, has always been the German solution. "Nothing more absurd can be imagined," he says, "than to make the music of an opera humbly subservient to the words. * * * If the only use of music is to say again what the text has said already, then by all means let the music be suppressed." And again: "He who understands thy power, O Melody! thou who needest not to translate into words the message which, coming straight from Heaven, goes through the heart and back to Heaven again—he who understands that sovereign power will never consent to make music the meek follower of poetry."

Always and everywhere he both professes and practices the same doctrine. We have seen how lightly he regarded his own poetry and how ready he was to sacrifice it; he never misses an opportunity of impressing upon our minds what is to him a legitimate and necessary hierarchy. He never

gets over his own amazement at the inanity of the opera, when regarded from a poetic or any but a purely musical point of view. He makes exceedingly merry over an expression which was new at that time, but which Wagner was destined to render famous—"Tonepoet" ("Tondichter"), a term as absurd, he pretends, to the true musician, as that of "word-musician" ("Worter musikan") would be to a proper poet.

But Grillparzer goes farther than this. According to him, a good dramatic composer need be no more than a mediocre musician, and is perhaps all the better for his mediocrity.

"The operatic composer," he says, "who succeeds most perfectly in following the words of the text will always be a mechanical composer. He, on the contrary, whose music has organic life, an independent and inevitable character, will very soon find himself at war with the words. Every melodic theme obeys the special law of its own formation and development—a law inviolable and sacred, which the musician of genius will never sacrifice to the caprices of any text. The other kind of musician—the prose-musician—can begin anywhere and leave off anywhere; arrange and derange indefinite fragments which have no natural relation to one another; but an organic whole must be taken or left entire."

Grillparzer is here both carried away and led astray by his love of pure music. He forgets entirely that Mozart—his own beloved Mozart—by what is indeed almost a solitary miracle, showed himself equally great as a lyric dramatist and a musician. Later on we shall find Grillparzer quite unable to grasp the fact that if Wagner fixed the central point of dramatic music in the orchestra and the symphony, it was precisely because he desired to reserve all the rights of beauty to the music itself, to rescue it from the very servitude and dismemberment which Grillparzer so detested; because Wagner was also at the same time a great dramatic composer and a great musician.

Grillparzer goes farther yet. Not merely does he see nothing beside music in an opera, but in the music itself he sees nothing but abstract music. What I mean is—and upon this point his commentator, M. Hanslick, seems quite to

agree with him—he believes in the specific and purely objective beauty of sounds. He appears to belong, at least theoretically, to those whom the late lamented M. Charles Leneque used to call “the atheists of expression.” For him music is self-contained, self-conscious and conscious of itself alone (“Selbsterstandlichkeit”). It does not, like architecture, parley with utility, nor, like painting and sculpture, with imitation. It is the freest of all the arts and the only one that is truly free. It has been admirably said that “the musical philosophy of Grillparzer, like his entire theory of æsthetics, is based upon the ‘kritik’ of Kant.” The “liberty” and “disinterestedness” which Kant considers the essential characteristics of all art, are found in music in their very highest degree. It is, of all the arts, the least encumbered by any didactic purpose. It is “a joy in itself, and for its own sake,” to quote the words of the philosopher. “It is the only art with no ulterior aim, which is always in earnest, however playful in form. If it strays it but attains itself. Ever upon the wing, it may become entangled in its own bonds, but can also clear itself from them.”

(To be concluded.)

A NATIONAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

By Egbert Swayne.

The curious bill introduced into the United States Senate near the close of the late session, for establishing a National Conservatory of Music, is one which ought not to be forgotten. Whether intended seriously or merely meant in the platonian sense, of the children's "make believe," which underlies so many proposed acts of Congress, the proposition is interesting in its general idea; still more interesting is it in the very few particulars vouchsafed, and yet more singular in the arguments by which it was supported, the work of one Korwalsky, of San Francisco.

In brief, the bill proposed the establishment of a national institution of music with four branches, located at Washington, New York, near Chicago, and in California. The central institution at Washington must have a building with at least "forty study rooms for music, capable of accommodating fifty pupils in each;" the other branches must have at least thirty study rooms for music, capable of accommodating fifty pupils each.

As a guide to the capacity of the proposed school the foregoing "musts" are extremely indefinite. In music schools the students do not generally study their lessons in a central study room "accommodating fifty pupils." There are, curiously enough, practical objections to such a method of communal study—especially inconvenient when such instruments as the pianoforte, organ, trombone, kettle drum and side drum chance to be among the objects of study.

Supposing the above-mentioned "study rooms" to be in reality recitation rooms, the forty in Washington would provide recitation room enough for a college of at least fifty thousand student-recitations per week, that is, ten thousand students, if evenly divided among the classes, each filling the room, would be able to recite an hour each five times per week, a profusion of opportunity likely to meet any reasonable demand. The reasons for making the New York and Chi-

cago branches smaller, in view of the enormously larger population convenient to those locations, does not at first sight appear. Even the thirty study rooms, if used for recitations, would provide opportunity for seven thousand five hundred pupils to recite an hour each five times a week—and here again the local demands would seem to have been sufficiently considered.

Provision is made for vesting control of this great national institution (for they are all parts of a single great institution) in a board of regents, appointed by the President of the United States; this board of regents has power to purchase or receive as gift land for sites, employ agents to lay out grounds and erect buildings, and to select the Director General, the latter in turn having supreme authority in selecting the faculty and teachers. From certain points hereinafter to be mentioned, it is evident that the position of Director General is expected to be filled by some eminent or quasi-eminent European musician imported for the purpose, despite the laws against "contract labor."

Admission (with a nominal fee of fifty dollars) is to be by examination, after due advertisement. The intention is to admit only students of post-graduate rank and promising talent. The Board of Regents is expected to impress upon them the desirability of producing musical compositions distinctly American in nature.

It is a fine, large scheme. No musician but would rejoice to see something of this kind carried out, provided proper safeguards can be formulated and the proper spirit of management be secured. But can they? That is the question. Yet not for the present a pressing question, so far as the public knows, since the bill entirely fails to provide funds or financial plans of any kind for the very considerable expenses which such an institution would necessitate.

The argument by means of which Mr. Henry I. Korwalsky, of San Francisco, tries to promote the establishing of this conservatory, is interesting reading. Many of the alleged facts might well be marked "important if true." For instance, he says that at the present time, "at a conservative estimate, there are forty thousand American students abroad, scattered in the

different cities of Europe." The use he makes of this assumption indicates his meaning to be that there are forty thousand American students studying music in Europe. The truth would most likely be more nearly expressed by omitting the last cipher, *four* thousand American music students, still leaving a very large colony for each of the leading musical centers, where naturally all these students are congregated. The first statement, forty thousand, is obviously impossible, together with its consequences, that "these people spend the sum of nearly two and a half millions per month, or \$75,000,000, in gaining a three-years' education in music." Duly corrected by omitting the last cipher from the number of students, the expenditure is reduced to about eight thousand dollars a day, two and a half millions a year, or seven and a half millions for a course of three years and a half. This amount is large enough, in all conscience. But it is not the sum which Mr. Korwalsky assumed.

Mr. Korwalsky goes on to deplore the further fact that "the majority of the young men who go abroad never return to this country; many of them become innoculated with the vagrant and Bohemian habits that are prevalent in the respective Latin quarters of the big cities of Europe. They dress and ape the foreigners, and waste their time about the cafes." This also would be dreadful, if true. But during my not very short experience in music, I have not chanced to hear of these young men who have gone abroad and have never returned to America. On the contrary, an examination of a list of one hundred of the most influential music teachers in this country will show that at least three-fourths of them have taken graduate or post-graduate courses at European conservatories. Evidently such men as Clarence Eddy, Dudley Buck, John K. Paine, Edward A. McDowell, William Mason, Theodore Spiering, W. W. Gilchrist, Florence Ziegfeld, Gaston Gottschalk, Morris L. Bowman, Bicknell Young, Emil Liebling, Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, Maud Powell, Teresa Carreno, Albert R. Parsons, Julia Rive King, Wilson G. Smith, Johannes Wolfram, Arthur Mees, Frank Van Der Stucken, E. R. Kroeger, and many scores of others that I could name, have found it possible to escape the dangers alleged.

Mr. Korwalsky goes on to declare that "up to date we

have not developed a single virtuoso on the violin or 'cello who has made a great reputation, nor a great pianist or 'cellist, and if perchance any of our American students succeed, they cannot progress or obtain fame under their American name; they have got to assume some foreign unspeakable name, and the credit of their birth and the honor to their family who spends their money to educate is lost."

Naturally a sweeping assertion of this kind suggests a singularly high standard on the part of the asserter; and it is perhaps for this reason that Mr. Korwalsky fails to notice that Emma Eames is still doing business in the very highest circles of song, upon the same name as that under which she sang in the church choir at Maine long, long ago, the name being one of the most distinguished in Maine. Mme. Nordica, did, indeed, Italianize her name of Norton, but considering her mighty success we must pass it over as a venial sin; besides this also happened long ago. Emma Abbott always sang under her own name, and so does her legitimate successor in beauty of voice, Ellen Beach Yaw. Anna Louise Carey and Myron Whitney, as also Tom Karl, William Castle, Charles R. Adams, George Hamlin, Charles W. Clarke, and a host of others have always done business successfully in their own names.

Then, as to quality of what we have accomplished. What was the matter with the piano playing of William Mason, Julia Rives-King, Teresa Carreno, Fannie Bloomfield (the unpronounceable appellation, to which Mr. Korwalsky objects, having been acquired through the legitimate channel of marriage). Where are we to consider Mr. William H. Sherwood to stand? Is not he a pianist of a very high order?

Then for violinists, what is the matter with Maud Powell? She seems to be pulling through in the world market for solo artists. And a charming woman she is. As for Carreno, no doubt her name smacks of foreign lands, but her father bore it before her in Venezuela, and she became a resident of New York when she was but five years of age. While for social purposes the name has had its occasional variations, for stage purposes it has always remained the same as now, and the playing which is still done at this grand old stand is among the most remarkable that any artists are now doing or have been doing. I don't see how we can rule Carreno off from a

position in the first class; and Mrs. Zeisler also must be included there, as well as Julia Rive-King.

We have in Chicago a young girl of less than twenty, who has successfully returned from two years of foreign study, not a finished artist as yet, to her own idea, but to those who have heard her a virtuoso of most distinguished rank, and an artist of original and most delightful gifts, Miss Blanche Sherman.

Mary Davis, of Cincinnati (married now), is a violinist of very high rank and distinguished charm of interpretation. Her public playing has always been done in the English language.

Mr. Korwalsky goes on to declare that "we have in America Paderewskis, Kubeliks, Ysayes, Gerardys, Sarasates born in America, but who have lacked opportunity; therefore nobody knows of them." This proves too much. In Europe, after all their centuries of culture, they have but one each of these geniuses; how does it happen that we have so many? And if we have them, why are they not discovered? This proves too much. All these men were once as poor and as unknown as the poorest and least known young musician who reads Mr. Korwalsky's argument. Their playing made them known.

Later on, after declaring that "no American has yet made a world famous name as player of the piano," he goes on to state that it is not properly taught in America. Had he said "not properly studied" there would have been more sense in his position. On the contrary, as a rule music is better taught in America than it is in Europe. There are in Europe a very few celebrated teachers of the first class—scarcely a dozen in all. Each of these few gets, now and then, a first-class talent, and produces results. So, also, happens it in America.

I think the most shining passage in the argument of the distinguished Mr. Korwalsky, is the following, which comes in directly after the assertion that music is not properly taught in America. He says: "Music means as much, if you would know it properly, as a general education does. This all comes under the head of what is known in the musical world as 'Sol-fege,' which is the generic term for everything which must be known of the organization, in every sense in which it must be intelligently understood by the student before they become finished on the instrument they seek to essay."

I had not the heart to impair the lonely massiveness of the foregoing by adding anything of my own in the same paragraph. It well deserves the honor of double quotes, paragraphing and italics.

Passing over the incidental disagreements of persons and numbers, as more important to the syntactical parties concerned, what could be more monumental than to include under the extremely limited term 'Solfege' (and this term only used in France), the whole subject of musical theory! The French dictionary defines "Solfege" as "solmization;" and this again the Italian dictionary defines as "singing the gamut." Tracing up the still vague term "gamut," we find that to be simply the "scale." Hence our wonderful work in theory is to consist of singing the scale—in other words, a task of the primary grades in the public schools.

Mr. Korwalsky "of San Francisco" has in the above paragraphs not only libelled the existing state of American music and musical cultivation, he has throughout shown an ignorance of the subject only surpassed by his curious novelties in the adjustments of the English parts of speech to the difficult task of expressing ideas.

Therefore we come back to the main questions, which are: Do we need a National Conservatory of Music for promoting the production of compositions "distinctly American?" And if we do need such an institution, do we need to import a Director General from Europe, to be given absolute control of the selection of faculty, conditions of admission, courses of study and results? What kind of a way is this to obtain such phenomenal "American" results? What different results could be expected from the students of such a school than the works turned out every year by American students in Europe, working under the best teachers of composition they have? True, the foreign teacher generally rubs off most of what he thinks American crudities; but is it to be expected that the imported dictator would do any different? Why should he be imported for such a work unless he is going to bring everything up to the standard of his own taste? We will leave this to the ingenious Mr. Korwalsky, "of San Francisco."

And how is it about American compositions, any way?

What *is* an American composition? What quality should a piece of music embody to be credited with a distinct Americanism? What American composers have we had? Was Silas G. Pratt an American composer? Or William Batchelder Bradbury? Or the late charming personality, Dr. Geo. F. Root? Or William Mason? Was Moreau Gottschalk an American composer, in this sense? Yet Gottschalk acquired a distinguished social and personal position in France as composer. Is George W. Chadwick an American composer? Whether his songs are "American" or not they are at least beautiful, highly impassioned, some of them, and good music. Would such works pass the tests of this National Institution? And would Mr. Chadwick be likely to have been more or less American had he studied in Washington, D. C., under a Rheinberger specially imported for the occasion, than studying at Munich under a Rheinberger, growing like a plant in his native soil? Nobody can answer such questions. We have at least one American composer we are sure of. He has all the American push, cleverness, vitality, and what the girls call "chic." It is Mr. John Philip Sousa. But then, Sousa is well thought of abroad. Even King Edward VII. did not disdain to mark time to some of Sousa's catchy marches and two-steps.

There is another question. What *kind* of American compositions? Suppose we say sonatas, symphonies, quartettes, operas, oratorios, as well as sundry entrees of songs, part-songs, and the like. Who would play them? We have already done our full share of importing European autocrats in art. We enjoy the rule of Wilhelm Gericke, Theodore Thomas, Frank Van Der Stucken (we imported him after he had been taken abroad in early childhood for the atmosphere), and the like. Do they play American works knowingly? Never! Mr. Thomas, who has been in America for more than fifty years, pours his annual libation to the American composer. I think he draws straws out of his hat to select the work; but at any rate, he plays always one American work every season. All the remainder is good foreign art; excellent, no doubt, and "good medicine" for us, as the Indians say; but American art is a little lacking. Go to! Perhaps if we keep still awhile American art will grow.

A PAGAN PRE-VISION.

BY ANNA COX STEPHENS.

Ages ago the silver sun and the golden moon were stolen from the starred ether by the wicked *Louhi* of *Pohyola*. Cold and dark fell upon the Northland, the mountains gloomed like the wraiths of primal things and the islands lay bared and bosomed on the silenced waters.

The people were stricken by despair when the ancient hero, the great wisdom-singer *Wainamoinen* arose in his might and smote the hosts of the evil one of *Pohyola* and brought back the silver sun and the golden moon. His sword flashed forth new hope to the people and the star-flowers of the snow shone violet-rayed in their inner petals,—a portent of the heavenly *Ukko*,—the prescience to the earth of mystery, and the symbol to man of peace and good will.

* * * * *

In that Northland of *Kalevala* nigh unto the mountains, and closer to the *Svara* waters there dwelt the maiden *Mariatta* in the safety of her father's shelter; she was his child of beauty, and all around and about her felt the spell of her presence.

“Golden ringlets, silver girdles,
Glittering upon her bosom.”

delight of her father,—the solace of her mother, the maiden knew only the simple life since birth.

Lovely was *Mariatta* when awakening to the rose-light of dawn, she was lured to the groved pine trees of the white-flowered forest. Far, far would she wander, and wandering she was wont to feel within her the stir of something strange and passionate and tremulous, always seeking—seeking * * *

The imminent wonder of life was upon her and, disturbed by vague unrest, she lifted the unconsecrate desire to mighty

Ukko, and hence from the zenith-splendor of all brightness was to her but a pre-vision.

Lingering in the shades of the eve-watching moon, in the luminance she knew herself. Fathered above the bounden ties of mortal things—it was her birth into the supreme.

* * * * *

In all the days she sought the flowered forest, and face to face with the young spring-time, she gathered, step by step, bud and blossom to her heart—the fragrance rapturing the pulses of her being in a speechless ecstasy—and unto her the white blooms were radiances of sweet secrets—in the unfolding of the leaves she felt the revelation of the unutterable.

In all the days the maiden found the encircling silence of the forest was all in all to her, and her soul broke forth in hymnals that sung themselves in the old runic way, and the earth was very fair to the maiden *Mariatta*.

* * * * *

In all the days there was one morn when seeking the forest she saw the white flowers transmuted to gold, and the fretted rime of the hoar-frost tinselled to beatific uniting—when of a sudden there arose in her path a mountain berry aflaut with the flame-colors of a god and flinging against her vestal-fright blooded her lips with broken scarlet. * * * Unknown to the maiden the red-born mountain berry was the semblanced form of Love's visitation, love dominant for love's own sacrifice and the maiden fell immolate of self to the higher self,—the super-soul that claimed its own.

No sound was there in the pine trees. Secret was the white-flowered forest.

* * * * *

In all the days there on *Mariatta*, the maiden sang strange strains that gave no meaning—yet meant everything, and, in the templed dark something trembled her heart-strings and from afar the lonely voice of the mountain berry called to the lonelier maiden:

“Come and take me to thy bosom.”

* * * * *

In all the days *Mariatta*, the virgin, felt the spirit of the visioned love had over-shadowed her. Child joys fled like swift fitting dawn-birds, and a sweet trouble gripped her tender soul. The long hours she brooded under the graying

wings of the unknown, and, in the narrows of time her heart beat out the crowding moments,—until hard pressed at last, she fell pleading at her mother's feet to find that doubt had stopped the mother-heart and chilled the voice that bade her away.

She carried the bodies of her fears like living things to the arms of her father, and to him she cried out :

“O my father, full of pity,
Source of both my good and evil,
Build for me a place befitting,
Where my troubles may be lessened
And my heavy burdens lightened.”

But the father, grim and stern, banished her as an evil child of *Hisi* and the maiden *Mariatta* turned from the wronging voice and with *Pillti*, her faithful handmaid, went forth her troubled way.

In all the days she sought refuge over the empty earth and the ways of rest were vanished from the land, and the anguished heart of the maiden cried out :

“I am not a child of *Hisi*,
I am not a bride unworthy,
Am not wedded to dishonor.
I shall bear a noble hero,
I shall bear a son immortal,
Who will rule among the mighty.”

And seeking succor, she begged of the *Sara* waters to direct her, and the *Sara* waters bade her seek the shelter of the wizard *Ruotus*. On and on she toiled and the mountains trembled and the hill-tops tottered, but the wizard *Ruotus* also bade her father on to the stable of the steeds of *Hisi* as a place befitting, and the hapless maiden falling suppliant to mighty *Ukko* prayed :

“Come to me and bring protection
To the child, the Virgin Mother,
To the maiden *Mariatta*
In this hour of sore affliction,
Come to me, benignant *Ukko*,
Come, thou only hope and refuge,
Lest thy guiltless child should perish.”

Wandering on she came to the stable wherein was the steed of *Hisi* and entering she thus made appeal :

“Let this pure and hapless maiden
Find a refuge in thy manger.”

And the steed neighed out a welcome on the frost-air, and his warm breath was pleasant as the vapor of a summer sea. And when the night listened, and bird and beast heard the silent song of triumph and all things were vibrant of a new joy in the stable of the seed of *Hisi*—

“There the babe was born and cradled,
Cradled in a woodland manger
Of the Virgin Marietta.
Pure as pearly dews of morning,
Holy as the stars in heaven,
There the mother rocks her infant;
In his swaddling clothes she wraps him,
Lays him in her robes of linen;
Carefully the babe she nurtured,
Well she guards her first beloved,
Guards her golden child of beauty.”

* * * * *

In all the days grief was now fallen heavy upon the virgin mother. The sunlight paled away and the golden moonlight faded from the world, for the child had vanished and his loss blinded the soul of the mother and stilled the hope and joy of her life and again she wandered on weary ways, when lo! a star came out of the heavens and unto the star she cried out:

“Oh, thou guiding star of Northland,
Dost thou and wilt thou tell me
Where my darling child has wandered,
Where my holy babe lies hidden?”

But the star spake unto her after the manner of mortals,—saying:

“It was thy child who set me here to watch the even tide, and in the dark I shine eternal,—of earth I know not.”

On and on wandered the maiden mother, when behold!—the golden moon came forth to meet her, and she thus besought:

“Golden moon, by *Ukko* fashioned,
Hope and joy of Kalevala,
Dost thou know and wilt thou tell me,
Where my holy Child is hidden?”

And the golden moon spake to her after the manner of mortals, saying:

“It was thy child sent me to wander in the glooms of the infinite—forever I live on—eternal,—and, know not of earth.”

Weeping, ever weeping, in all the days went *Mariatta*, the virgin mother, searching fens and forests for sign of her lost

one, when of a time the silver sun strode forth to greet her,
and falling before his splendor, she made appeal :

“Silver sun, by *Ukko* fashioned,
Source of light and life in Northland,
Dost thou know and canst thou tell me
Where my darling child has wandered—
Where my holy babe lies hidden?”

And the silver sun spake unto her after the manner of the
gods, saying :

“It was thy child enthroned me king of the limitless spaces,
and gave me the golden moon to wed, and, placed the armed
stars at my biddance, and night to be my cup-bearer of the
lithe drink.

“Afar and yonder, midst kindly reeds and rushes, lies they
child asleeping.”

And *Mariatta*, the virgin mother, hastened her on joy-tipped
feet to find her child.

Thenceforth in the land of *Kalevala* did he grow in strength,
and in beauty and in wisdom.

The people wondered greatly and none knew to name him,
but when the mother called him “Flower” the people called
him “Son of Sorrow.”

* * * * *

“Thereupon old *Wainamoinen*
Touched the child with holy water,
Gave the wonder babe his blessing,
Gave him rights of royal heirship,
Free to live and grow a hero,
To become a mighty ruler,
King and master of *Karyala*.”

(Adapted from the Epic of Finland).

EDITORIAL BRIG-A-BRAC

Several times first and last I have mentioned in these columns with appreciation Mr. Calvin B. Cady's work with children. Just now Mr. Cady has placed all teachers of children under an obligation by publishing his first lessons. He gives it the rather pretentious title of "Music Education," in place of "Beginnings in Music Education," as it really is. Mr. Cady is one of those rare beings among teachers of children who are really musicians, and who see and feel musically; merely he limits his horizon for practical purposes to the early steps, at least so it would seem. In this book, besides a number of aphorisms of pedagogic suggestiveness, there are about eleven lessons designed for the very beginnings of children of kindergarten age, say from five or so up to six or seven. He sketches his ideas after the eleventh lesson, marking out in the last two ground enough to last, at the previous rate of consumption, for several months. At the end, the child is supposed to really know the major scale and to have made a beginning in the minor, to be able to hear and notate the simple measures, and be quite sure of all the scale tones when heard. No harmonic relations are included in this program, and it is not expected that harmony will be played with the little melodies. The melodies themselves are all diatonic and short, rarely exceeding three measures. They are, therefore, independent phrases rather than periods. The melodic matter is of the most commonplace description. Still, the average teacher who has to work with very small children, and who really desires to lay a foundation of hearing, will find in this course of lessons a method and material for doing this up to the limits indicated, very well indeed. It is only when one reads Mr. Cady's concluding observations that anxiety will creep in. He remarks placidly that to bring the child up to the point reached will take at least two years, that point being practically the

same where these lessons stop, where the primary grades of school consider the child to begin, by right of heredity and what lawyers call "common knowledge."

Two years to arrive at absolute cognition of the major scale and all its degrees, the simple elements of measure and the notation of measure and diatonic melody in a few of the simpler keys. Certainly' this cannot be called a royal road. It is distinctly a case of hastening slowly.

In the light of the new views lately promulgated concerning the importance of teaching the child to cognize harmonic effect from the very beginnings, this system looks singularly remote. Because, not content with having laid off two years for this mere beginning in musical cognition, Mr. Cady remarks that in his opinion the next thing in order will be a two-voiced polyphony, and he has in mind most likely simple canons, of which it is well-known that he makes great use in teaching. At this rate it will be fully four years before the beginner will arrive at the beginnings of harmony.

Yet here is Miss Blanche Dingley, who has not only claimed that a child can learn to distinguish the common chords, to hear major and minor, diminished and augmented, and to recognize places of chords in key, within the first three or four quarters of instruction, but has actually demonstrated it, and the child herself advanced within about fifty lessons to a point where a pupil taught upon these suggestions of Mr. Cady could not possibly arrive short of five years or more of study and expensive teaching. This difference, significant and economically important as it is, sinks into insignificance beside the influence which an early familiarity with harmony is likely to have upon the taste and executive skill of the pupil. While, therefore, Mr. Cady's book is to be commended to all young teachers who are at a loss how to go to work to teach the beginnings of music hearing and music conceiving, it is by no means the last word. On the contrary, it is of the nature of an arrested development, a system which, having been employed for several years by the author, has become stereotyped. So far from being the last word upon this important subject, it is merely the beginning.

* * *

It is plain enough to all serious teachers of music that we do

not, in average cases, attain results as good as we would like to get, nor get them so soon; nor do we always get them with the self-developing leaven which continues work in the pupil and carries her still farther by her own exertions. The reason is that, as a rule, we neglect the musical side of the instruction almost totally.

When we stop to think of it, we all know that good playing consists of two radical somethings, inextricably blended, the mechanical and the musical. Now, in the line of the mechanical we occasionally make distinguished attainments, and nearly all of us who devote ourselves to teaching music upon the piano have now and then students who play extremely well many important compositions by the greatest masters. At the same time, we all know that these pupils often lack something or other which, if they had, would make all their study surer, their performances more convincing, and their repertory would remain in their memories permanently, in place of slipping out the moment the attention is directed to something else. I am sure that nearly every serious piano teacher perusing these lines has had this feeling. Occasionally, when the talent has been of exceptional comprehensiveness, the good results have been attained and have stuck; but in many others they have not. Pupils who at graduation played beautifully, and were familiar with quite a number of really important and significant works, are found ten years later unable to interpret successfully any one of the great works which they formerly played so creditably. This is a great loss. Our teaching has not succeeded in educating.

* * *

Practically we have neglected the musical side of the work from the very beginning. Taking it for granted that the student's appetite for music implied talent for it, and her apparent pleasure in perhaps the better things studied, we have left everything to develop itself, without setting in to guide it and stimulate it in the higher directions. This will appear as soon as we examine briefly the successive degrees of being musical. To be musical begins with a mere general endowment. *The individual takes pleasure in music.* We rarely stop to discover the precise nature of this pleasure; whether it is a pleasure in

hearing music or pleasure in something within herself, which the music arouses in the hearer. The latter, while subconscious, often serves as almost the only motive power of the student, even to quite high attainments. It also develops measurably into higher and higher appreciations of music from the emotional side. In other cases this vague feeling for music degenerates into a shallow pleasure in pleasing symmetries of melody, the jingle of inspiring rhythm, and a prepossession that the harmonic structure of a piece of music need not go beyond the common chords of tonic, subdominant and dominant. All music in minor modes, and all music addicted to unusual harmonizations is tabooed as "classic," a term which these pupils and their friends assume to be the opposite of intelligible. Even what we sometimes call literature is not beyond this significant obtuseness regarding the most advanced and living art of modern times. Josh Billings (was it?) remarks that "classical music is much better than it sounds." It is a funny saying, and all of us laugh at it; but it rests upon a vulgar and uncultivated standpoint. It is like saying that Shakespeare really wrote better than many suppose; or that the English of the Bible is not so bad as it sounds.

Wherefore, the first thing to do with the student who shows a feeling for music, is to intensify that feeling by all possible means. Moreover, we seek to find out the real nature of this feeling, whether it is a mere taste for pleasing musical combinations as such, or whether it includes a capacity for those inner perceptions of mood, upon which in part a taste for serious music turns. Moreover, whichever form we find to predominate in the existing capacity, we seek to add the other, and to brighten and intensify the pleasure the pupil takes in music. And we do this all the way along through the teaching course.

But this alone will not mature the pupil. It is necessary to go farther. Not alone must she *feel* musically, she must also learn to *hear* musically; and later, to *understand* musically. Now this is the place where our work breaks down. Our pupils do not hear. Every teacher who secures anything like a creditable performance of good music for piano must necessarily educate the pupil's ear in certain directions, because

without this education the good performance is impossible. The points of hearing are judgment as to volume of tone, realization of intensity in the music itself (as guide to nuance in playing), and at least a certain attention to tone color—the variety necessary for bringing out the contrasts between melody and accompaniment. So much every teacher who gets results must do. He cannot get them without. But this is a very different thing to educating the student to *hear* musically.

Musical fantasy does not begin with tone color and tone volume, for in these no art is possible; idea does not come to expression through these means alone, but mainly in rhythmic, melodic and harmonic expression. Design is at the foundation of musical fancy; just as the decorative artist produces original effects by means of patterns, sequences and contrasts, so the musician creates a musical entity, or piece, which is first of all a production, an individuality, consisting of musical effects as such. These effects consist of rhythmic, melodic and harmonic designs, sequences, contrasted, and developed into complete forms, which at last embody the three great elements of art forms, having unity, variety and symmetry.

The key-notes of musical idea are two-fold, rhythm and harmony. These are the two elements out of which everything grows, and according to which the piece justifies itself or fails to do so. Melody is an outgrowth of harmony. The surface melodies, such as Mr. Cady uses, have no musical vitality whatever, or at best could serve for creating nothing more vital than ephemeral bits of popular effect. The music which forms our art is harmonic music, music in which the melodies do not grow out of the incessantly used three common chords of the folks tone, but out of minor tonalities, and the less used chords, which, because they are less used, make more stir in listening ears and awaken deeper suggestions in the deeper consciousness of hearers.

To understand music, therefore, to be cultivated in it, is first of all to learn to hear distinctly what the music contains; to know the chords, the places in key, the mode, the modulations, the melodic motives, and to account for the transformations through which the composer awakens surprise and delight.

And it is all folly to imagine that pupils who are not able to

distinguish major and minor and augmented, or to feel the place of chords in key, can really be affected by the harmonic refinements of such composers as Schumann, Chopin and Beethoven. In short, the whole language of music to such pupils is as much a closed book as the language of color to a painter who cannot see.

Even more important still is the third degree in this masonry of music, the degree which marks him "free and accepted;" namely, that of *understanding* musically. This includes the intellectual appreciation of all the artifices of design which enter into our musical pictures.

Music is full of the play of material arabesques of sound, the interworking of motives, intended to appeal to the musical sense and afford it pleasure, without meaning to bring to utterance the unuttered things of the soul. Now this play of material is much nobler and more spiritual in music than it is in line and color, because somehow the movement in time, the living and vanishing, the fluctuations of intensity and all those gradations of which music is composed, appeal to the soul of man with singular fascination. And the farther our art develops the larger and larger place these creations of music as such hold in the heart. Hanslick is perfectly right in holding, concerning the musically beautiful, that the *purely musical*, the play of motive and sequence, the figures and devices of tone creation, are interesting and at times beautiful of themselves; and that they do not need any other excuse for being than this of giving pleasure to an expertly trained power of perception and reception. Music has first to be *musical* before it can aspire to epic powers of soul representation.

I believe that all these various modes of playing with tone and creating pieces, which seem to have grown out of a germinal motive as truly as a tree grows from a seed, are legitimate objects of art, and that the disinterested delight in watching music in this sense is noble in itself and calculated to afford a delight in living which might cover a multitude of less profitable experiences.

As for musical art in the highest sense, who shall decide whether this is another case like that of the cosmos, which seems to give such evidences of design and intelligent adapta-

tion. Our modern scientists tell us that all these appearances of design are illusory, and that in reality the world is a big automatism, in which thinking and intelligent designing have no place whatever. But even if so, there is no doubt that many poets, and nearly all sensitive women, have had a world of delight and uplifting inspiration in viewing these wonderful works of God; it is even a question whether the idea of an intelligent designer, of things so apparently well planned to go together, is not an inherent form of knowledge which establishes itself naturally in the observing and thinking mind and gives pleasure to that mind and works in with the noblest aspirations of that mind. What matter, therefore, whether it be but subjectively valid, as the philosophers tell us? And so with music. All this striving together of motives, this moving and bubbling over in time, this grinding together of dissonance and resolving into consonance, all this pleasure of unexpected and refined harmonizations, these delicate turns of melody, all this breath which certainly sounds at times like a symphony from the realms of the blest, and at other times like the groaning together of the creation in pain, such as St. Paul recognized—it is all music, and to the musical ear it has its reasons and at times its meanings.

But we have left our point of cultivating the musical intelligence far behind. The reason why so many pupils grow later not to have the root of matters in them and go back again, as the preachers say, to “the weak and beggarly elements of the world,” is because in our training we have failed to possess them with the proper insight and intelligence for distinguishing between well-made music and that which is essentially illiterate. This part of the training ought to have been begun early and kept up without ceasing. Then, when the pupil arrives at the time of self-direction, he will have something to steer by, and some landmarks for knowing the directions in which a true art lies.

* * *

One secret of the rapid progress reported by the child in Miss Dingley's system is also in part a distinctive feature of her work. In several cases Mr. Cady seems to take it for granted that the pupil will be unable to hear the qualities desired, the

relations, and so on, until after several repetitions, which the teacher must expect to make. Miss Dingley's teaching is emphatic that on no account must several repetitions of a simple and proper subject of cognition be given. Why? Simply because the first secret of securing rapid progress and of developing reliable hearing is to secure close attention. Now, attention is not a faculty which a child has naturally; nor is it a faculty which our common school systems promote. On the contrary, the pupils of the common school, and as a rule much more so the pupils of young ladies' schools, lack control of attention to a very serious degree. Now in the music lesson, which is a private matter between the teacher and the one pupil, close attention may easily be formed. Accordingly this is one of the first points for which the teacher strikes. When the child does not hear the first time, she does not go on and repeat the same thing, but passes to some other thing or modification of the other, and comes around later to the thing which was missed before. In this way, the child knowing that it is a case of "now or never," attention is secured, and when by reason of work the child becomes tired, they pass to a different action of mind, which is the same thing as rest.

* * *

There is also yet another possible element, and that an important one, involved in the question of affording the child several immediate repetitions for identifying certain musical elements. It is possible, after all, that Mr. Cady is on the wrong track, and that in fact the musical objects which he presents to the child's consciousness are in themselves more difficult than the harmonic effects which are the beginning of Miss Dingley's system. This is a point well worth considering. Miss Dingley testifies very distinctly that there is absolutely no difficulty whatever in a child learning to recognize all these varieties of triad within from ten to twenty lessons, besides acquiring with a few lessons more the by-products of being able to play all sorts of triads upon any degree desired, and to write them. How does it happen, let us ask, that a child can do this with certainty while according to Mr. Cady it is by no means easy for her to identify the scale tones of the extremely short and commonplace melodic phrases in his lessons?

What is a major triad? Is it not an unfolding of a combination of root and partials which forms the actual substance of every sonorous tone one hears? Most surely it is. Every good and well-made musical tone has in it these triad elements, and the presence of these harmonic elements in the tone gives it richness and character. Hence it happens that in beginning at this point in the musical cognition, we begin at the very point where there has been already a lot of experience in subconscious hearing. And when the major triad is introduced formally the child appreciates it. Without her knowing it, it appeals to perceptions already latent in her hearing. It is but a very short road to distinguishing off-hand between a combination which answers to this impression of pure harmonic tone and one which fails to meet such expectation. From this it is but a short road to the minor, in which the pure harmonic combination of nature is imperfect at the third degree; and from this again, it is not far to the other varieties of the chord. Here we have, then, the four fundamental harmonies of music brought home to the child and distinguished in her consciousness the one from the other.

Before going on to the next step, in fact, some time before, Miss Dingley teaches the scale, but from an entirely different standpoint to that of Mr. Cady. She teaches the three leading triads of the mode, the tonic, subdominant and dominant, and the child is able to form any scale desired upon the keyboard, out of its ground chords. Here is a place where too long lingering would to some extent undo much that has been done, for it would be very easy to pause upon these simple elements of the tonality until the child's ear had been vulgarized by awakening the expectation of no other harmonies than these. This is the mistake made by most of our professionally easy music for children. Miss Dingley does nothing of the kind. She now proceeds immediately to the full diatonic harmonic contents of the key, the three major triads in major tonality, the three minor triads and the one diminished.

Long before this the child has been trained in hearing roots and being able to sing them, without regard to the position of the triad. Naturally this is easy in the major triad, for the reason already pointed out, that it corresponds with the inside

facts of any pure and sonorous tone. The minor is a little more difficult, and the other forms still more so, the augmented most of all. In case of the diminished triad the root is liable to be taken as the seventh of the scale or the dominant. Those pupils who have absolute pitch, entirely or approximately, generally take the seventh as root of this triad; others take the dominant. The teacher does not try to guide this point; the main thing is for them to hear something as root, and a real something; whether the diminished triad really does always have a latent dominant under it might take us too long to decide. Many harmonists think that it does.

Hence after this experience the pupil is quite ready to hear a succession of at first two triads, then three, four, five, and six triads. In fact, all the triads of the key in harmonic connection. Being used to humming and feeling the roots of whatever chord is played for her, or whatever her fingers accidentally fall down upon, it is no trick at all for her to follow along with the fundamentals and name them again in order, instantly that the succession has been played one time. The rule "now or never" still holds in this system, and if one or more of the fundamentals are stated incorrectly, the teacher simply plays another succession and carefully watches the child for misapprehensions regarding that one chord. If it still refracts, then ensues a new lesson upon that one chord, and its immediate relatives, until the harmonic effect is cleared up.

Contrary to Mr. Cady's assertion that the whole of music is included in melody, the facts are precisely the reverse, and this system wonderfully confirms the fact. For, while in this system the child has not been distinctly exercised in melodic hearing as such, she has had something far more reaching in being required in the later stages to sing the different melodies of the middle voices in chord successions. To be able to sing roots, and to hum and sing the middle voices, are proofs of musical hearing beside which the mere ability to sing sopranos unaccompanied are but the very small dust of the balance.

When in this way the pupil has mastered the contents of the key and has learned to write all the chords of the key in a few keys, she is in position to hear in any musical piece a whole lot more than can possibly be developed from the purely monophonic training proposed by Mr. Cady.

To expect the pupil to identify the first half of the scale within the first few lessons, or within the first two years, is not altogether so easy as it appears. The child who will listen to the melody, and repeat it to herself, can surely repeat it. They do vastly more than this, and in much more trying successions in the primary grades of the public schools, where the children ought to be between the ages of six and seven. This is no criterion for a distinctly musical training.

But when a pupil is asked to hear the middle voices in a series of chords and reproduce the melody, they have a feeling for the tonality and place in key of the same kind that musicians have. The matter is intensely interesting, and the explanation of success in this new way, which at first seemed so much more complicated and advanced, may not be so difficult after all. Harmony is in the air.

* * *

The length to which these observations have gone precludes outlining with equal care the later building upon this substructure. This we will leave for a later occasion. Here, however, it is necessary to say that in these early lessons private teaching to each pupil alone seems indispensable. In no other way can certain results be secured. Upon this foundation will come a lot more of ear training, in which the pull of harmonic progression and modulations will form the strategic points, having in mind the emotional implications of music as composed by the great writers. And when a certain distance has been reached, a thorough exercise in the musical observance of form and treatment; but always musical and from the standpoint of hearing, and not from book analysis of names and the like, which tend to remain forever foreign to the actual music itself.

Mr. Cady makes one point which is very well taken; it is the desirability of causing the pupil to sing with the voice from the earliest steps. This is one way of ascertaining most easily whether the child has heard aright. Many other advantages also belong in the series.

* * *

In the course of his lessons Mr. Cady touches upon another very important point, namely, the most desirable sol-fa names

for scale tones in minor tonality. At this point all who teach harmonically strike a snag, for, as Mr. Cady says, when a minor tonality has been formed from a major by changing the third and sixth, all the scale tones bear the same relation to the tonic as before, and the tonic is still *doh*. This difficulty, also, Miss Dingley encountered and at first found it difficult to manage. It was represented to her by an older theorist that according to the notation the tonic of the minor scale is *la*; and that to change this might involve difficulties. As a matter of fact we do business with two minor tonalities, the relative minor of the key, which is a mode founded on *la* and another minor upon the tonic of the key, which quite as distinctively is *not* a mode founded upon *la*. In fact, it remains open to question whether there is any musical mode of *la* except the natural minor scale without a major seventh, and whether all harmonic minors are not in reality founded upon *doh*. The judgment of the present writer is that the sol-fa names have reference to melodic effects pure and simple, which are already to some extent modified the moment that any scale tone is harmonized in any other than the most obvious way. Therefore, it is altogether likely that important advantages would be gained by dispensing with the sol-fa names entirely, since they are liable to make trouble the moment one comes to artistic music in major mode, while in the minor they are perhaps more misleading than useful. This is a point where opinions in tonic sol-fa circles will doubtless fail to agree. We must remember, however, that the tonic sol-fa was not developed with reference to the higher class of artistic music, but with reference to simple and natural music in the folks tone. And that the adaptation of the sol-fa to modern music, even to the purely vocal, has been the subject of very serious and inconclusive study. Better leave the sol-fa syllables, I think, to the simple music in the folk tone, and not employ them in early instruction having for its ultimate goal the music of the romantic school, Brahms, Tschaikovsky, and so on. This is the end really in view in all well-planned beginnings in music in our day.

* * *

In a great deal of writing upon the art of music, from the standpoint of the compositions of the great masters, there is

entirely too much effort to make it appear that the expression of human emotion, states of feeling, was the main factor in leading these composers to produce their works. They go farther, and very many lovers of music imagine that if they can discover some story which the composer had in mind, or some poem which, perhaps, influenced him in composing the piece, they are that much nearer understanding the music thus produced. Many musical writers lend themselves to this misleading pretence of assistance. There is a system of musical clubs in which as far as possible all the characterizations of pieces of music are supplied with stories of this kind, some mythical, like that of Beethoven improvising the "moonlight" sonata, others made up for the occasion by descendants of Ananias, temporarily out of a job. Some good musicians lend themselves to this evil. The fascinating and gifted Mr. Edward Baxter Perry is much addicted to it; the enthusiastic and fanciful writer, Mr. John S. Van Cleve, likewise. Many other music writers upon musical subjects would also bear a hand if only their imaginations were equal to their ambition.

The hallucination that the expression of human emotion is the chief end of music has been greatly encouraged by the woman movement in music. Our great and glorious country has at this moment some hundreds of sincere and enthusiastic women who have just completed fanciful papers upon subjects at least related to musical æsthetics, or have such papers *in petto*, as the Italians say, to be elaborated and sprung upon their public in due time. If only a nocturne or a sonata can be made to appear as the outpouring of the tempest-tossed soul of a great musician, they seem to think that everything has been made easy. The master is absolved from the sin of having written it, and the public has a reason for not understanding the composition at first hearing, and for "understanding it perfectly" after having heard the explanatory tale. The disease is one which grows by what it feeds on—as most creatures do, Shakespeare's surprise to the contrary notwithstanding.

All this alleged poetical significance fastened upon great master works of composers who were too good musicians and too brilliant of tonal imagination to need such outside helps, misdirects attention and tends to obstruct a true understanding of music.

That there is some music which was intended by its composers to correspond to a story, a poem, a myth, we all know. The composers who have written such things have occasionally been assisted by their program; as a rule not. Even Berlioz, who was, perhaps, as dependent upon some outside help of this kind as any composer, did not always write better when he had a program. Liszt is certainly as clear and graphic in his sonata as in any of his symphonic poems, and in his concert studies he is still better. But it cannot be successfully claimed that Tschaikovsky, for instance, wrote better when he had a story in mind than at other times. His fifth symphony is a great and epoch-marking work, even more so than his "Francesca di Rimini," his "1812," and the like.

Perhaps the most vital objection to all this leaning upon literary crutches, for approaching music in a sympathetic mood, is that it tends to throw us out of sympathy with the great composers, who either had no such stories in mind or the stories and traditions have been lost, and whose works, therefore, have to depend upon their purely musical interest,—a kind of interest which we tend by this preoccupation to undervalue and misappreciate. For instance, I have previously commented upon the mistake which some teachers of children seem to me to make in depending upon nonsense verses for advantageous stimulation of musical cognition. We meet occasionally the opposite of this, as e. g., in Mr. Cady's book, where he speaks of "that abstract idea called music." The term is unfortunate and groundless. An abstract idea is an idea disconnected from material objectivization. Now music is not an abstract idea in this sense, because it finds its expression through material sounds, and is cognized through the human ear, actuated by air waves impinging upon it. Moreover, the idea is obstructive. The form of expression is repellant. It is the other half of the confession already made in the choice of nonsense verses for explanatory and stimulative purposes, that music in itself considered is beyond the ordinary apprehension. Beyond, perhaps it is. But not foreign.

Music is the art expression of an idealized imagination of audible effects. It has its appreciation in the fact that the ground effects of music, the fundamental tonal combinations,

are pleasing to the educated sense of hearing; and while the dissonances of modern music when dwelt upon are displeasing, in the forms in which they occur they are evanescent and add materially to the auditory enjoyment of hearing music. Music is something good to hear. This is the fundamental principle of all cultivation of musical appreciation, and the key to the position is to find out the places where the hearing passes over the line between the powers of ordinary ears and rises to the specialized powers of gifted or cultivated talents. This is the main thing underlying music.

This is not to say that music cannot and does not represent at times human emotion; still less to deny that it is continually influenced by the emotional state of the composer at the moment of conceiving his work. But Hanslick is quite right in thinking that the innermost life of music is *tone* and *tonal combination*, and the gratification of the educated tonal sense the sufficient reason for the creation of a great and world-pleasing art, such as our modern music is. Hence the first thing our students and music lovers have to do is to learn how to hear these tonal things which make up the bulk of our modern music. And later on, if it turns out that these tonal things enter into the secret places of their souls and awaken there great aspirations and noble raptures, this is just so much added. But to begin with the raptures, while as yet the whole material substance of music is an unknown tongue, is absurd and false. No true culture can come of it.

Nor is it the true road to pleasure from music. The range of uncultivated emotions in music is very restricted. There are three typical grades of mood. In one, the composer is in an average state; in another, he is excited, pleasurably or otherwise; and in another, he is in a mood of quiet or reposeful musing. That these typical grades of feeling are subdivided into innumerable degrees and individualities is certainly true, as many grades as there are good compositions; but the amateur, beginning his music life intent upon this element in the art alone, will find himself unable to distinguish one from the other, and his sources of enjoyment will almost immediately reach their limit, except as helped out by the misleading analogies of poem and story, as pointed out in the above. There

more pleasure in knowing how to enjoy a good Bach prelude than in whole volumes of this quasi-poetical twaddle about what the composer meant. What the composer meant, as a general rule, was to complete a piece of music, for which he had at starting a promising thesis or leading motive. With a musical seed the thing to do is to plant it in good ground, not to weep over it or moon over it, still less to write encyclopedias of swash about it. When it is properly planted it will grow. And when the tree is grown it is legitimate to sit under shade or pick the fruit, if fruit there be.

* * *

I acknowledge without hesitation that the reason why men should have invented an art of music remains secret. It is about as improbable as anything I know. Nature gives only a suggestion of a great minor chord of the ninth. Man has created or selected his triads, his sevenths and the harmonic materials of his art, combined them into systems of tonality, enriched them with contrapuntal arts, discovered a true tonality—and by means of all sorts and varieties of vanishing or fading dissonances, all kinds of tone color, and above all an inexhaustible apparatus of pulsation, measure and rhythm, movement in time, the very material of consciousness,—out of this, which is like the baseless fabric of a vision, man has created an art of tones, so lifelike, so endlessly beautiful, so varied in all sorts of expression, that many who love music forget beauty and the genius of masters and find in their imaginations fantasies the outpourings of the human heart itself, in the elements of greatest poetry, its deepest feeling, its noblest imagination. I admit that for one I do not see how it has been done. But the art is here.

* * *

Of course if I am pressed, I can remember the almost endless slowness of the early steps, and the enormously long time it took man to anchor himself firmly upon a true triad. But when he had found a few of the true bearings, some four hundred years ago, then the art rolled up prodigiously, with fabulous richness, magical beauties, and endless variety of comfort. And all this great natural development, created by genius and revealed to the inner ear of man, they try to "explain" by

means of a title, a nonsense verse, a fictitious story which often lacks the virtue of true suggestion. There is entirely too much of it.

* * *

More than one modern Bumble will be ready to join in the opinion of their great ancestor that the "law is an ass" when they read the litigation now going on as to whether the paper rolls of copyright music, by means of which the self-players reproduce the authors' intentions, are "copies" of the music. This question has been before the house this long time, ever since the Aeolian Company began to manufacture rolls for modern compositions. The courts up to this time have held that such perforated rolls are not "copies" of the music, in a legal sense, and that the manufacturers are at liberty to have any piece they please "cut" for such rolls. Singularly enough, the manufacturers of the self-players, or at least the Aeolian people, do not care to have the decision in their favor. They stand ready to pay any suitable royalty for the exclusive right to copyright compositions, provided such rolls can be protected against piracy.

The equities involved are simple enough. It costs a few dollars to cut the first roll for a new piece, and were it not for the machinery belonging to the plant it would cost a great many dollars. As it is, a new piece has to be laid off, or else has to be played upon a registering instrument, which turns out a "record," which in turn, when fed to the roll-cutting machine, results in a perfect copy, exactly corresponding to what has been played, mistakes and all. The principle is a little analogous to that of the lathe for turning irregular forms; the irregular forms fed in as pattern. Now all the manufacturers have machines for registering and cutting rolls. They mostly have different sizes from those of the Aeolian, yet by running one of the Aeolian rolls through their machine as pattern, a roll of the same music reduced or expanded to their own size is the result; automatic reproductions of such rolls are possible to any extent. Hence when a company has taken up a new piece by an American author and had it transformed into a roll for the self-player, it has to wait some time until the public has discovered the merit of the piece, and begins to buy

the rolls, and to ask for them where they do not exist. At this point the competition begins. The maker of the self-acting, where this roll is inquired for, has only to feed one of them to his machine to duplicate it, at a cost of a few cents (one manufacturer declares that he thinks eight cents a plenty for a roll) and supply the market. All this would be changed by a decision making the automatic paper roll a "copy" paying no royalty, like any other copy. In the long run the public is interested in such a decision. At least if honesty is the best policy.

* * *

I mentioned in these pages last year my having tried in Boston, at the warerooms of H. F. Miller & Co., the Wissner grand and which was played at the Kubelik concerts. It showed that at this house is making great progress towards the highest ideals in the art. I have lately received a new catalogue of their leading styles, which is one of the most artistic and delightfully printed pamphlets ever seen in this office. It appears from this little book that Mr. Wissner has lately effected important improvements in the upright, giving it a broader and more satisfying tone. I am not able to make out precisely what the improvement consists of, but it seems a little in the right direction which Mr. John Reed tried to follow some years ago. Reed solved a part of the problem; from this book it would appear that Wissner has solved it entire. It is known to all who are conversant with the inside history of piano-making art that a number of the more wealthy manufacturers of commercial pianos are all the time seeking after improvements and are by degrees perfecting their instruments into higher and higher classes. This is as it should be. There is no room at the top.

* * *

And while I am speaking of progress it is also pleasant to notice that the name of Weber is once more destined to renew its old importance in the concert rooms of this country. I understand that the Weber grand is to be played upon a wide scale this season, and is henceforth to be kept before the public in the old style, which all musical people remember with so much pleasure.

* * *

Among the interesting musical events of the latter part of the musical season was the Chicago debut of the Swiss pianist, Professor Rudolph Ganz, of the Chicago Musical College. Mr. Ganz has been in Chicago this two years, and several of his graceful and pleasing compositions have been performed at the various and frequently recurring concerts of the College. His concert piece for pianoforte and orchestra was given at the commencement exercises in June, in the Auditorium, they say with splendid success. As a pianist Mr. Ganz has a very competent technique of the first class, and good musical ideas. Had he omitted from the program on this occasion the celebrated Variations of Brahms on a Handel theme, his success would have been entirely without detracting. The interpretation of the beautiful variations, however, lacked in many ways the variety and, in places, the mystic feeling which the work invites. It was played more like a set of virtuoso variations, in which the purely external and simply musical qualities were all that needed to be considered. Needless to say that in the conception of the present writer, these variations are full of most deliciously mystical suggestiveness, particularly so in the variations numbered 5, 6, 11, 17, 18, 19, and 20. In the variation numbered 19 Mr. Ganz had the authority of Brahms for his reading, since the variation bears the direction *leggiero et vivace*, and in this way Mr. Ganz played it. Nevertheless, all who are familiar with Mr. Godowsky's interpretation of this lovely variation in the style of a Siciliano, will feel sure that it is a more excellent way, besides supplying an additional contrast in a long work. So also the variation in mysterious octaves, following each other canonically, No. 6, the soft effect is vastly more artistic, and is here marked by Brahms. Aside from these reservations, the recital was of unusual strength and it is to be hoped that the author will frequently be heard, for good piano playing is by no means too common in Chicago.

The Ganz recital was farther remarkable through the evidence it gave of the progress the Kimball Company is making in the production of grand pianofortes of the first order. Bound to the senior member of the house by lifelong friendship, Dr. Ziegfeld uses the Kimball pianos exclusively in the college. But, as everybody knows who has tried it, it is not at all a

simple thing for even a great house to turn out a grand piano of the artistic qualities satisfying the artist. It means thousands of dollars in experiments, even after all that science can do in the way of scales and workmanship has been carefully performed.

* * *

Mr. Theodore Thomas has written to the trustees of the Chicago Orchestra declining to conduct any more out-of-town concerts. He says that inasmuch as experience has shown that these concerts do not result in a profit to the society, nor lessen the burdens of the guarantors, but merely provide the musicians a few additional engagements, he will not in future undergo the fatigues and annoyances of travel so uselessly. The position is a very natural one for a man of his years. The situation could easily be met if the trustees were in position to employ a competent young second conductor, who could relieve Mr. Thomas of some of the burden. There are, however, grave difficulties in this problem, since any conductor forceful enough to be of any use as in conducting rehearsals and out-of-town engagements, would surely be an artist of originality, which of itself would render him not only useless to Mr. Thomas, but absolutely antipathetic. It has always been so during Mr. Thomas' career. Mention has been made before of the promotion of one of the second violas, a Mr. Stock, to the conductor's position, whenever the solo artist chanced to be unpalatable to Mr. Thomas. Mr. Stock, about whom nothing is publicly known, is most likely a fair violinist, an innocuous routine musician, and perhaps the last person likely to develop ideas capable of antagonizing those of his veteran chief. This being the case, local managers are placing festival engagements for forty men of the symphony orchestra under Mr. Stock as leader, to play under the trade name of "The Theodore Thomas Orchestra." The engagements are being taken in the country because the name of Theodore Thomas is so very influential a trademark, and this is supposed to be an easier proposition to finance than an orchestra of the same size under any real director, such as Mollenhauer, Spiering, or even Mr. Rosenbecker.

It deserves to be mentioned, however, that the game is dangerously suggestive of fraud. There is no "Theodore Thomas

Orchestra," excepting when Mr. Thomas holds the baton. To begin with, the out-of-town manager does not hold a contract for certain individuals; he therefore takes the particular forty the Chicago manager sends him. Now there are musicians and musicians. In the Chicago Symphony orchestra there are a number of very good men, although very few strong men. There are several purely routine players. The latter, of course, are more willing to undertake these festival engagements under local conductors, because it all counts in a lifetime. The local manager, therefore, finds himself with forty players, most or all of whom, no doubt, do play in the Thomas orchestra. But everybody who knows the history of this singularly pig-headed body of men knows that even here in Chicago, and under directors really able and authoritative, the musicians never take pains to play really well. This has been notorious for years. Their accompaniments to the Apollo concerts, and in all the other engagements without Mr. Thomas, have always been criticised for the total lack of *esprit de corps* and artistic feeling manifested by these men, even when the selection of players contained the concert master and the best players. I do not speak of the artistic qualities of Mr. Stock's interpretations, for they have not yet been revealed. He has literally no reputation as an effective orchestral chief. It is, therefore, to the last degree unlikely that these festival engagements will prove satisfactory or that the symphonies and important overtures given will turn out in any degree inspiring. Even with such a conductor as Arthur Mees, a man vastly above this Mr. Stock in ability, the work was only conventional. What will it be now?

Mr. Thomas' decision is a distinct loss to the country. While at his age he does not invariably rise to the enthusiasm of youth, he is at least an authoritative interpreter of practically the entire orchestral repertory. He has been playing a very liberal amount of novelties, more than are given by any other conductor in the world, excepting in concerts expressly organized for producing novelties. Chicago audiences have heard more of the new music by the great writers than those of the Gewandhaus at Leipsic, those of Boston, or of almost any other city excepting, perhaps, Berlin, where some four or five eminent

conductors carry on series of important orchestral concerts. Among these conductors are Weingartner, Nikisch and Richard Strauss, who are at least among the most likely to take in hand every important novelty. Yet it is probable that Mr. Thomas has produced more important novelties than all of these great men. This is a great credit to him, especially when he has reached the time of life when a man tends to become conservative, and when, in point of fact, his ears do not readily lend themselves to sound-pleasings which follow strange tracks. Mr. Thomas is also a singularly beautiful interpreter of Beethoven, Mozart and Schubert. He plays Wagner beautifully, and, take him all around, he is an artist whom the public may well desire to hear while he is still upon the active list; for in the nature of the case this period must be approaching its close. He has been a wonderful inspiration in American education. Without him we would be now years behind in our orchestral progress. He has educated the public to finish of playing and to the beauties of the repertory. No wonder, therefore, that his name has value as a trademark. Were the country wiser it would have an infinitely greater value.

* * *

It is a great pity that we could not have in this country a few cities where stock opera could be run for the musical benefit of the community. The Castle Square ventures of that rather bold plunger, Mr. Savage, while tenderly treated by the press, have never been up to the proper middle class standard, much less in the higher class. It is unfortunate that we have very few singers able to sing in their own language. This is due primarily to the foolish ambition of our singers to show their versatility, and to their taking lessons mainly from teachers unequal to the proper delivery of the English language. There is no other country which tolerates in its singers a like forgetfulness of their own language. The first excellence of a French singer is a satisfactory diction; so also in Germany and in Italy. In England also the English language is still spoken and often sung as "she is spoke." Then the Castle Square Company played eight times a week and in addition to this the principal singers were worked so hard that the voices could not possibly hold out. The orchestra has been uniformly brutal

and insufficient. The chorus fine, though overworked and consequently the voices strained; the girls fine looking.

The Grau opera presents a few of the very best singers at prices far beyond what they deserve. Operas are given with no rehearsal, or but little, and while the prices are first class and some of the voices, the ensembles are very rarely so. There is room, or would be, in an intelligent country, for opera with singers as good as Emma Eames, Nordica, Melba, De Reszke, Bispham and the rest were ten or twenty years ago, when their voices were fresh, their world-reputations ungrown, and their prices moderate. We have plenty of such singers if there were a field for them. But they are not equal to singing heavy roles eight times a week, which is the idea of the Castle Square juggernaut.

W. S. B. M.

Things Here and There

A NEW SINGER FROM MAINE.

One of the most promising of the young singers of the Pine Tree state is Miss Florence Dingley, youngest daughter of Frank L. Dingley, of Auburn, and niece of Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., late congressman from the Second district of Maine.

Miss Dingley has recently returned from a two and a half years' visit to Europe, where she has been studying under some of the best teachers of the vocal art in Paris and Berlin. Since her return she has been heard twice in public, first in a recital in Lewiston and last at the music hall of the Poland Spring house, on Tuesday evening, July 29. In both instances she was received with marked favor.

Miss Dingley's voice is a light lyric soprano of wide range and great purity and accuracy of intonation. As one of her teachers says of her, "She couldn't sing off the key if she tried." It is particularly clear and pure in the upper register, and possesses a deeply sympathetic quality.

Her first instruction was obtained in this country, she studying for several years with John Denis Mehan, now of New York city, but who was located first at Detroit and later at Pittsburg, where Miss Dingley studied with him.

A little over two years ago Miss Dingley went abroad, where she studied with Madame Mathilde Marchesi and Edmond Duvernoy, in Paris, and with Madame Selma Nichlass Kempnter in Berlin. She also sang before Mme. Lili Lehmann-Kalish, the well-known soprano, formerly with the Metropolitan opera house forces at New York city.

Miss Dingley speaks very earnestly of the difficulties of study abroad and thinks that no young singer should attempt it until she is thoroughly grounded in the principles of voice placing and the proper use of the voice before going.

"I believe that the principles of voice culture can be better acquired in this country than abroad," she says, "but after that is attained there is no question that the 'finishing touches' can be better acquired there than here."—Boston Sunday Globe.

JULIUS KLAUSER'S "UPMEDIATE CLUB."

Those interested in club work would find many suggestive items in the bulky history of Julius Klauser's "Upmediate Club," of Milwaukee, just

published in **book form**. Strictly speaking, the club is composed of pupils of this master, and of **none** others. The book has been produced by the secretary of the club, Miss Louise Haessler. It extends to 116 pages, large octave, and is bound in flexible cloth. The name of the club is taken from Klauser's book, the *Septonate*, the upmediate being a tone with certain upward aspirations. The name of the club is, therefore, both suggestive and a little like a trade mark. Those who read between the lines in this plain account will discover that a great deal of business shrewdness has gone into the control of this club and its work. Mr. Klauser is one of those fortunate individuals who are able to give good, artistic reasons for what they do, even when the same proceeding might have been defended upon business principles pure and simple. For instance, the account says: "The law, unwritten or written, that only pupils of Julius Klauser were eligible to membership insured unity of purpose and intelligent appreciation, and in order to derive the greatest benefit from the work the meetings were restricted to members." Here we have artistic grounds for an organization and attendant restrictions which are also defensible upon the plainest principles of business sense. It is this combination of the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove which gives the work of Mr. Julius Klauser its peculiar power and retains his clientele in so intimate touch with him and his ideals.

It is unfortunate for American musical art that Mr. Klauser has not seen his way to follow up his interesting "*Septonate*" with later writings upon the pedagogy and art of music, since he is an artist able to speak authoritatively upon both; but it seems foreign to him to take the public into his confidence, and so his work remains an important but somewhat local cult.

This history gives the entire programs produced at the meetings of the club from the beginning. This feature alone makes it of value to those having to promote courses of study and the like for clubs, for at moments of preparing such courses ideas escape attention until it is too late, and important compositions are not unfrequently overlooked which ought to have been included. The club in later years has been a subscriber to the *New York Musical Courier*, and one of the features of every meeting is a summary of the musical news, as revealed in the *Courier*. It does not yet appear that the other feature of the *Courier* has occupied their attention to the degree which its importance deserves, that is, the reprints of press notices of certain artists. In the course of a year these notices mount up to a very large bulk of highly suggestive reading, and when the Upmediate Club is taking in the musical world, it seems a pity for it to overlook so important a sociological and musical development as this, particularly when it is in fact one of the most nourishing parts of the *Courier* contents. However, this will come later. At all events, it is a good thing to have increased the circulation of the *Courier* by one copy annually. Some clubs do not take even this interest in musical journalism.

In the latter part of the book there is a complete list by authors of all the pieces brought out in the club meetings from the beginning. Such a list is invaluable to club members, since by referring to it and to the early part of the book, where the date is given, any member can at once tell concerning any piece whether she knows it, officially speaking. Because, of course, if it has been officially produced in the club she must know it, unless she joined at a later date. Such a list is also valuable to all preparing club programs.

This list of pieces is misleading in certain respects. For instance, the club devoted nearly a year to the systematic review of the compositions of Schumann, all of which duly figure in this list. But when we refer to the occasion upon which some of them were produced we find such a list as the following, for instance, of the meeting dated November 26, 1898. The session began by the report from the *Musical Courier*. This was followed by some less recent matter, written by Schumann in his *New Journal of Music*. Then Miss Adeline T. Ricker is said to have presented the following formidable list of pieces by Schumann: Kreisleriana, Op. 16; Phantasie in C, Op. 17; Arabeske, Op. 18; Blumenstueck, Op. 19, and Humoreske, Op. 20. She was followed by Miss Julia Frances Camp, who presented the Novelletten, Op. 21, the Sonata in G minor, the Nachstuecke, Op. 23, the Op. 24. Liederkries (Heine), and Op. 25. Myrthen (26 songs). Then followed Miss Katherine Winkler with the succeeding opus numbers up to 30, namely: Faschingsschwank aus Wien, five songs, three romances for piano, three poems (Geibel) and a second set of poems from the same author.

Now, far be it from the present writer to say that all these works were not played admirably, but it is certainly highly improbable that any of the large works were played completely. Most likely what was given was mention of each, with its scope and perhaps a few citations. Otherwise we have the following task to grapple with: The Kreisleriana occupies 25 or 30 minutes to play, without any comment; the Phantasie about the same; the Arabeske about eight minutes; the Blumenstueck, perhaps five minutes; the Humoreske about 25. Total for Miss Ricker's number, about one hour and thirty-eight minutes. The program preceding can hardly have occupied less than twenty minutes. Then Miss Camp's number would have occupied at least two hours, and she is followed by Miss Winkler, with perhaps an hour and a quarter, or an hour and a half. Total for this meeting, not less than three hours and a half. So, also, the next following program included, according to the list, no less than sixty-eight pieces and movements, counting the symphony as four pieces. Even if all were performed, the listener could not have heard them intelligently. The list, therefore, is misleading, but none the less valuable for reference. Especially so for the purposes mentioned above.

Certain curious omissions are to be noted in this list. For example, Beethoven's last sonata is not represented, although it is a more inspired work than the opus 101, and but little more difficult. The sonata in A flat, opus 26, which contains the celebrated funeral march, is mentioned,

but only the Scherzo was played, while the lovely theme and variations, forming the first movement, was ignored. The very popular and romantic sonata in D minor, the so-called "Tempest" (Shakespeare) sonata, is represented by the slow movement only—while the remarkable first movement is passed in silence. The Beethoven variations do not appear, excepting the six little variations in F major, Op. 34, and the great thirty-two variations, played by Mr. Leopold Godowsky. Brahms naturally comes in for brief mention, and here again are notable omissions. Of the Ballades there are two, which is perhaps enough, those in D major and G minor. Of the Fantasien, Op. 116, the *Intermezzo* in E major and *Capriccio* in D minor. The lovely *Slumber song* is not given. The Paganini Variations were played by Mr. Leopold Godowsky at his recital of Feb. 20, 1896. The magnificent and beautiful variations on a theme by Haendel do not seem to have engaged the attention of the club; yet it is one of the most remarkable masterpieces of our generation.

In these programs, as in many of the women's clubs which are seen, it often happens that in describing a movement or tendency in art the list of titles ostensibly included is so large as to render it impossible to do anything worth while with either of them. For example, April 27, 1895, the program was devoted to "The Life and Works of Hauptmann, Lindpaintner, Lablache, Kuhlau, Marschner, Reissiger, Boieldieu, Spontini and Donizetti." Now, since Spontini, Marschner and Donizetti signify certain highly important developments in opera, it is difficult to see how they could have been handled instructively in a single program, not to mention the small dust of the balance preceding them upon the list. A similar lumping together took place on Feb. 2, 1895, when the program was devoted to "The Life and Works of Haydn, Vogler, Dussek, Hummel, Weigl, Romberg, Cramer, Catalani, Field, Auber." Here we have a group of masters who might have afforded material for an entire season—although it is to be confessed that the result would not have been worth while.

Despite the above criticisms upon an undertaking carried out by a small body of women students, and persisted in for twelve years, it is evident that a vast amount of musical cultivation must have been experienced by all the members of the club, and its influence must have been deeply felt in the teaching work of the young women (for they all teach, more or less), and among their friends. And it is from this standpoint that the good-looking portrait of Mr. Julius Klauser is a suitable ornament to the little book. Few bodies of students persist in so important and sustained a course of study.

BAYREUTH VS. MUNICH, AGAIN.

Referring to Frau Cosima Wagner recalls the fact that she has just brought a suit against Herr von Possart, which has attracted considerable attention in music circles in Germany and has given the anti-

Baireuth faction ample opportunity for saying pointed and unpleasant things. Possart, it will be remembered, is the general director of the royal theaters at Munich, and it is by his plan and under his direction that the Wagner festivals are given every summer in the Bavarian capital—festivals which because of the excellence of the performances constituting them form an extremely strong and—to the Wagner heirs—uncomfortable rival to those held at the "Temple" in Baireuth.

The fact is that the performances in Munich are in the majority of respects fully the equal of those in Baireuth, and the latter town sees in the exclusive rights it still possesses to "Parsifal" its sole source of superiority over Munich. It will be readily believed that Frau Wagner and her children bear no especially kindly feelings toward Munich, but the agreement Herr von Possart made not to hold the Wagner festival there until after the Baireuth festival was ended and to produce only the works not being given that season at Baireuth, caused better relationship between the rival festival givers and peace was reported to have been restored forever and for aye. But now Baireuth comes out with the announcement that no festival will be held next year, owing to the heavy deficit this summer—it is a statement made every spring and invariably withdrawn in the autumn.

Munich this year has taken Frau Cosima at her word, however, and has published widespread the announcement that the Prince Regent theater, in its Wagner cycle of 1903, will include the "Ring of the Nibelungs"—the work Baireuth has used for two years now, and which it has come to realize is a good attraction and one it would like to hold to, and incidentally give again next summer. Herr von Possart went ahead with his arrangements, however, and engaged his artists for the "Ring." And right here came the cause for a lawsuit. He engaged, among others, Van Rooy, Van Dyck, Schumann-Heink, Nordica—all of them Baireuthians, and paid them the terms they demanded, which terms are, of course, less than half what they are accustomed to receive in the United States, but which are "top notch" figures in Germany.

Now Frau Wagner has ever been accustomed to cry poverty, "working for art," and other pleas, when engaging her singers for Baireuth, with the result that she secured their services at a low figure. She knows the artist nature well enough, however, to know that Munich will have the singers so long as Munich pays more than does Baireuth, and she sees herself obliged either to meet the Possart terms or to be without prominent singers for 1903, which latter would mean to abandon the festival. She has taken recourse therefore to a German law that makes punishable any attempt at unfair competition, and has brought suit against Herr von Possart to restrain him from paying such high salaries, claiming that by so doing he is greatly injuring the interests of the Wagner heirs, and is, therefore, indulging in unfair competition. The case has not yet come to trial, but it is being discussed widely throughout music circles in Germany, and the outcome will be watched with interest.—Tribune.

THE TENOR: CARUSO.

Last week brought the first definite news received in this country thus far as to who were to be the leading tenors in the Metropolitan Opera Company next season. That Jean de Reszke was not to return was announced several weeks ago; that Dippel would be busy with the song recitals and concerts he has contracted to give was known; and recently came the information that Van Dyck had refused to accept the terms Mr. Grau offered him.

The manager was reported to be trying to secure Krauss, but the decision finally came that the Royal Opera, at Berlin, would not grant the singer sufficiently long leave of absence to make his coming to America possible. That Alvarez and possibly Saleza would be here was looked upon as certain, but both of these are tenors whose abilities are not wide enough to include the heavier dramatic and especially the Wagnerian roles, and curiosity was by no means lacking as to who would be the singers Mr. Grau would secure.

This week comes the official announcement that he has engaged Enrico Caruso and Aloys Burgstaller, and thus a problem which threatened to become a puzzling and troublesome one is solved. Just how satisfactorily it is solved, so far as the Wagnerian tenor is concerned, remains to be seen—or heard—when Herr Burgstaller sings, but so far as the value of Sig. Caruso's engagement is concerned there is small reason for entertaining any doubts.

No new singer in recent years has created on his first appearance the sensation Enrico Caruso did this summer at the opera in Covent Garden, London. He won press and public the first night he sang, and subsequent appearances during the opera season but served to confirm the belief that in him the world has an Italian tenor whose equal in beauty of voice and ability to sing it has not known since the golden-voiced Campanini passed into the silence.

Caruso became the star of the London season, and his every appearance won him new admirers and fresh laurels. He sings the Italian repertory and chiefly the lighter tenor roles, but undertakes also certain dramatic parts, such as Rhadames in "Aida," Faust, and Don Jose. His first appearance in this country, it is understood, will be as Rodolfo in Puccini's "La Boheme," the opening week of the season, the night that Mme. Sembrich assumes the role of Mimi for the first time. His repertory here will include in addition to the roles named, Alfredo in "La Traviata," the Duke in "Rigoletto," Edgardo in "Lucia," Don Ottavio in "Don Giovanni," Tamino in "Il Fauto Magico," and other of the lighter Italian opera tenor parts.

His coming to this country this season will assure, therefore, the hearing of the Italian repertory with a "real" tenor in the cast—one whose voice and method will make him a worthy companion in art for Mme. Sembrich and Mme. Eames.

Caruso is still a young man, despite the fact that he is known from appearances there, not only in Italy, but also in Spain, Russia, South

America, and recently in Monte Carlo. He is not yet thirty, but he comes to the United States next season on a salary larger than Mr. Grau has ever paid any tenor during a first season here. Jean de Reszke and Tamagno receive larger sums now for their services, but they did not the winters they made their debut here.

As for Herr Burgstaller, he also is young, having not yet come so near to the 30 mark as has his Italian colleague. He is a Bayreuth product pure and undefiled, having received all his musical education there, and being, therefore, the artistic result of the Cosima Wagnerian school of opera. That his singing will not be of the bel canto type any one who has heard pupils from the Bayreuth institution will readily credit, but he will bring all the traditions—the new ones—that represent so much nowadays at the "Temple," where Cosima and Siegfried reign, and his coming will, therefore, be of interest.

Those who have heard Herr Burgstaller in Bayreuth, or at Hamburg, or Frankfurt—the two cities where, barring a few "star" appearances in Berlin and Munich, he has done most of his professional work, describe him as a young fellow of fine physique—a veritable young Siegfried in appearance—gifted with a powerful voice, which he abuses but which is still fresh enough not to show the effects of the abuse, and trained to act in the essentially "impressive" style obligatory at Bayreuth nowadays. He has been singing the Siegfrieds and Siegmund in the "Ring" cycles at Baireuth this summer, and it was there that Mr. Grau heard him, made him an offer for next season, and was accepted.—Chicago Tribune.

MINOR MENTION.

As an example of the kind of talent which occurs now and then among our young American girls, the case of Miss Lulu Yates, of Warren, Pa., may be cited. This young pianist is not yet twenty years of age, yet her recital programs have included a number of the Chopin studies beautifully played (notably the one in two kinds of triplets, Op. 25, No. 2), and lot of Schumann, some Liszt, a little Beethoven, Bach, etc. In short, this young artist has already quite a repertory of serious and high-grade pianoforte music, a technique equal to all the ordinary concert demands, saving the softness of hand peculiar to youth and comparative inexperience in concert work, and a very desirable repose and musical quality in all her playing. She has now taken a situation as teacher at Greeley, Colorado, where her services as pianist will find useful and highly valuable employment.

* * *

Mr. William I. Andrus, who has been at the head of the piano department of Ponoma College, Cal., will suspend his musical work for a year in order to attain his A. M. degree at Harvard. Most likely he will do some serious work in composition with Professor Paine.

* * *

An American girl who has won unusual success in one year of German opera is Miss Amanda Vierheller, of Pittsburg. At the end of her first year's study in Berlin she received numerous offers of contracts, but she wisely decided to study another year, and it was not until last fall that she commenced her active work as an opera singer in Elberfeld, where in one season she sang fifteen different roles, among them Marguerite, in "Faust," Nedda, in "I Pagliacci," Agatha in "Der Freischutz;" Elvira, in "Don Viovanni;" Michaela, in "Carmen," etc. To sing fifteen new roles in one season tells its own story of hard work and ability to accomplish. That she sang them with success proves her artistic and dramatic talents. A few weeks ago she sang, on twenty-four hours' notice, without rehearsal, Agatha, in "Der Freischutz," at Theater des Westens, in Berlin, and though hampered by a poor cast, made a deep impression and was enthusiastically received.

* * *

Some interesting musical recitals were given at the St. Mary's of the Woods, a young ladies' school conducted by the Sisters of Providence at Vigo County, Indiana. Among the instrumental numbers were the Bach Fantasia in C minor, Andante in F, Beethoven; Carnival-Preamble, Schumann; Rubinstein Kamennoi-Ostrow, No. 22; Fantasia-Impromptu, Chopin; Ballade in D flat, Liszt, and Weber Concerto, Op. 31. These are said to have been charmingly played by Miss Josephine McNerney. Vocal numbers of interest were given by Miss Irene Flavin.

There was a recital by piano and violin, given by Miss Marie Wolke, pianist, and Miss Blanche Lulcen Luken, violinist, the numbers being Sonata, Op. 52, Beethoven; Finale of Symphonic Etudes, Schumann (piano), and a variety of excellent other music for which space lacks.

The harp recital must also have been a novelty, although unfortunately the harp has no literature of the first class, nor does the instrument afford musical possibilities for it if there was any.

* * *

In the Leipzig Signale Mr. August Spanurth devotes considerable space to a consideration of the peculiarities of the New York musical season. Concerning the orchestral concerts of the Philharmonic he points out the practical difficulty that has always prevailed, owing to the society being a co-operative institution, in which all share upon approximately equal terms in the financial results of the season, and all have votes for the director, or against him. Mr. Spanurth does not mention the fact, but it is well known that the first time the society ever yielded its sovereignty was when the low state of their finances obliged them to accept Mr. Theodore Thomas' terms, in discharging or retiring a number of veterans of past good service and electing several of the Thomas men. The financial result was so good that the late Anton Seidl found it easy to carry on the work of the Philharmonic while he lived, although towards the last the standard began to fall off. Mr. Emil Paur, however, found himself unable to secure discipline and adequate rehearsals. The new director, under President Carnegie, will be Mr. Walter Damrosch, who thus succeeds to a position once held by his father. What he will do with it remains to be seen.

* * *

A Tschaikovsky festival was given at Pymont, late in June, at which Dr. Hugo Riemann opened the proceedings with an important paper upon the Tschaikovsky and his place in art. Then followed a variety of the best orchestral music of this great master, his opera of "Iolanthe" was given in concert form, several of the numbers having a great success. Then the chamber music was beautifully given, including a number of Tschaikovsky songs, the famous pianoforte concerto in B flat minor was famously and splendidly played, and the whole closed with a prodigiously effective performance of the fifth symphony under Meister, the overture to 1812, and a few lighter selections between. Some time our own American societies will undertake to give the more presentable parts of an opera of this master, and a new sensation will be experienced. There is perhaps no other composer in our entire literature of music from whose works entire programs can be selected so varied and so inspiring—a circumstance due in part to Tschaikovsky's great technic, but more to his being one of the most recent of the great masters, in consequence of which his works have not yet begun to become out of style.

MUSIC STUDENTS CLUB EXTENSION

THE KEY TO PRODUCTIVE CLUB WORK.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

Now that the Music Students' Clubs are entering upon their work for another year, and many new ones are commencing the course, it is well to note carefully the fundamental conditions of successful and productive club work. There are many clubs which have numbers and interest, but fail to reach the musical stimulation intended to be accomplished by this department of study. Others, again, manage to succeed along the entire line, and the club work increases in interest year after year. What, then, are these ground principles which, if not observed, vitiate the work of the club?

The fundamental principle which ought to underlie all work in student clubs is that the essential thing to be gained is *an increasing pleasure in hearing music*. This is the first thing.

Second, that the pleasure in *hearing* music be made as many-sided and complete as possible; this involves, first, greater sensitiveness of ear, which is to be had by suitable exercises in hearing; second, to be able to follow the longer pieces of music intelligently, as continuous discourses, having unity, symmetry of proportion and variety of tonal impressions, and, third, to enlarge interest in music as the expression of imagination, the sub-conscious soul of man in its manifold moods, surgings, raptures and the like.

The first two are merely the elements of the expert hearing to which our modern art of music addresses itself. They are not to be gained without effort and care. They will not form themselves without direction. In all places remote from the more expensive musical privileges, such as opera, large choral concerts and singing and playing by first-rate artists, they are practically unformed, and have to be built up from the ground.

It is to be said, however, that this work of building up is pleasurable in and of itself, the increasing intelligence of ear adding greatly to the individuality and variety of musical impressions. It is the same kind of thing which takes place in the eye while it is being educated to see line, form, grouping, and artistic relations, the pleasure of seeing these previously unobserved details more than rewards the labor of sharpening the perception and adds richness and resource to life. And I

hold it for a cardinal principle, which a great deal of our musical work lacks, that the first thing, and fundamental thing, and the thing most indispensable as a ground of musical intelligence, is this sharpness of ear and this habit of attention and recognition of passing musical images.

Concerning the third point, the development of accessory interest clustering about music, I do not need to speak, since nearly all club work already is strong in this direction. The former neglect of musical history, and the study of the conceptions of the beautiful and the individualities and genius of composers, has now given place to intelligent inquiry and reading, so earnest and so humble that there is danger of the student accepting ready-made opinions concerning composers and works which have as yet no answering reflection within his own mind. This, of course, is abnormal, undesirable and unproductive. The vital essential in all this club work is to secure *living hearers* and *living thinkers* who receive music within their inmost mind and love it and cherish it there, not in blind admiration, but in intelligent devotion.

Therefore, with regard to this third point I would simply suggest a limitation, namely, that all this accessory information about music be made to cluster around and minister to the actual pleasure of hearing; here alone is to be found productive increase of the musical enjoyment of the individual. I will add that the volumes of "The Great in Music" have been written from this standpoint.

A SUCCESSFUL MUSICAL CLUB.

Boise, Idaho, May 22, 1902.—Hardly a year ago I wrote you asking advice about the work for a musical club, just organized. You were very kind in replying and recommending the Music Students' Club Extension for our year's study. I am sure you will be interested to know how we have succeeded in our efforts, now that our work is nearly finished for the year. We began with about forty members, and now we have about one hundred and fifty, including a chorus of seventy-five and an orchestra of fourteen. We have brought two concert companies here. One was the Leonora Jackson company, which was a success musically and financially, as we made two hundred and sixty dollars over and above all expenses, and they were heavy. Next year we hope to have more artists visit us. I enclose three of our programs. We call our club the Philharmonic Society, and when you consider that we are hundreds of miles from any large city I think our year's work has been very encouraging. We expect to go on with the same course of study for the coming year.

(Signed)

Mrs. Jennie E. Perkins.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Having a family of three girls and a boy to educate, I am desirous of employing music as one of the factors of their education and refining. Could you not give me a list of vocal pieces which we could study and drill upon, which would exert an influence upon the character of the children? We have the Franklin Square Library of Music, and my youngest girl, ten years of age, can easily sing at sight with piano accompaniment almost anything in these books. Her school teacher is ruining her voice, because of her readiness. 'What can you suggest?'"

H. H.

The foregoing question is by no means an easy one to answer. I would think that in my "The Songs of All Lands" (American Book Company) you would find a variety of folks songs of different nations which would furnish one side of the material you require. Much of that music is in three parts, and therefore easily practicable to your choir. Then I recommend "The Laurel Songs" (C. C. Birchard & Company), which contains indeed a great many songs perhaps beyond the natural limitations of your choir; but the study will be extremely interesting, and as you will have inferred from the extended notice I gave the book some months ago, among the pieces are several masterpieces of a very high order. Mr. Edgar Stillman Kelley's "Oh Captain, My Captain" is a song which every American child ought to know. This is but one. It is a beautiful book. Then in the Modern Music Series of Silver, Burdette & Company, are many original songs which are really beautiful. They are less difficult than those of the Laurel Songs, but the former are excellent.

I would suggest that you enter upon the education of the ears of your children by accustoming them to hear chords in the manner described in the account of Miss Dingley's work. She has a MSS. of the first twenty lessons, but this would probably be unavailable. I think if you will read over what I said of that, and what she said in her article, you will be able with a little study to do a lot of the work yourself. It will have a great influence upon their taste and susceptibility to fine music.



REVIEWS AND NOTICES

MUSIC EDUCATION—AN OUTLINE. By Calvin Brainerd Cady.
Chicago, C. F. Summy Company. Brown cloth, 12mo., 80 pages;
printed on one side the paper.

This little book, if we mistake not, is practically the libretto which Mr. C. B. Cady has been in the habit of using with his normal classes of young teachers for several years. It shows how to give the very first lessons in music, beginning where music-cognition must begin, namely, in a cognition of music. The victim of the lesson is supposed to be a child of kindergarden age, say between four and a half or five and six and a half. In the first and second lessons the child eventually arrives at a little melody, consisting of a single phrase, covering three measures of three-four. Incidentally the child is awakened by means of verbal images, and quasi-poetic fabrications, as e. g., "On bushes green pink roses grow." The lesson does not give the phrasing, which leaves an interesting question whether the comma (or caesura, in reading) should fall after "bushes," "green" or "pink," which locations will materially affect the concept. This little difficulty, which apparently has never occurred to Mr. Cady, illustrates the inherent unhandiness of trying to develop concepts of one kind by means of words and concepts lying in totally unrelated planes. This fallacy underlies the whole of Mr. Cady's book, and a large number of the professional teachers of young children are in bondage to it.

The work advances through about nine carefully given lessons, which will be extremely suggestive to many teachers having to administer the first lessons to very small children. After the ninth lesson Mr. Cady apparently finds himself in the position of the eminent German scientist who, having intended to devote his life to a great work upon the Greek article, found himself dying with the *magnum opus* still incomplete. Calling his son to his side, he whispered that he had made a great mistake. "I should," he said, "have confined myself to the dative case." The twelve chapters or lessons contained in the book, if properly administered, according to his directions, will have given the pupil the major scale, the simple forms of measure, and a little of musical notation, together with the ability to hear and write the musical things above enumerated. This is something, indeed; something which many pupils do not gain after long years of lessons. But when Mr. Cady says that to arrive at this point will consume up-

wards of two years of teaching, surely it is a proper question to ask about what time Methusaleh, if beginning early at this system, might be expected to arrive at the Kuhlau sonatas.

The intention is admirable. The musical sagacity excellent. But the medicine is too feeble. If within human life music is to be really learned, it will not answer to waste two years in arriving at this point, which is but little more than the primary grades of school take for granted as a heredity of all the children.

The fallacy that a child is helped in music by means of Mother Goose analogies and verses, is widespread; it is, however, a grave mistake. In the early years of the child, if he has any musical ear and desire at all, he easily passes far beyond the meager limits here set down for his musical perceptions and cognitions within a very few lessons, or without any lessons at all. And when once his perceptions have been set upon real musical problems, such as hearing chords, and the like, he advances with great pleasure at a rate which brings him to real music while as yet the pupil of this system is still puzzling over scale tones in diatonic phrases of six or eight tones. The coat is too small.

It would be unjust not to take notice of the fact that this little work intends itself as something much more than a mere illustration of a manner in which some elementary lessons in musical cognition can be given to a very small child. Mr. Cady builds upon the philosophy of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, to whose inspiration he gives credit in the introduction. Music teaching from his standpoint is an "effort to elevate music study to its rightful place in the economy of education." Many admirable aphorisms are to be found in the didactic matter, and the only legitimate criticism is upon the time involved in arriving at a point which is so extremely near the starting point, and the complete silence upon the most essential musical concepts of all, namely, the harmonic. Nor is it true, as Mr. Cady says, that "the science of music is wholly involved in melody." This depends upon the sense in which the term melody is taken. It would be nearer the ordinary conception to reverse the saying and make it say that the science of music is wholly involved in harmony. This would be nearer, but still we have rhythm and melody to settle with.

Mr. Cady esteems the blackboard as the New Educator's best friend. He gives several diagrams of curves, involved circles, which are supposed to have a definite relation to the rhythm of the so-called melodies under consideration. Whatever the child may get out of them, to an outsider they recall too plainly the puzzle picture in the newspaper, which consisted of several wrinkles. The inscription was: "Find the old woman to whom the wrinkles belong."

•



GABULOWITSCH.

MUSIC.

NOVEMBER, 1902.

THE AMERICAN COMPOSER.

BY HOMER NORRIS,

Author of "The Flight of the Eagle" (text from Whitman's poems), many popular songs and church music, and the text-books "Practical Harmony on a French Basis," "The Art of Counterpoint," etc.

By common consent the composer has the place of honor in the musical fraternity. Great interpreters, whether singers, players or actors, have their day, and are superseded by other favorites, but the creator of a master-work in music, literature, painting, sculpture or architecture is not forgotten. It is now no disgrace to follow the profession of music; leaders win position in social life equal to those held by men prominent in other professions, and are valued as necessary factors in all that pertains to modern citizenship.

At first thought it would seem superfluous to advise one whether or not to choose musical composition for one's principal life work. There are certain facts regarding this vocation which should be made as clear as possible; one should know something of its exactions, should realize to a degree what its disappointments and recompenses are likely to be. To begin with, such a career should not be chosen if some other work could be done as well. I should preach an old-fashioned doctrine and say one should hear a definite "call," as unmistakable as that claimed by some clergymen, a reformer like Henry George, a poet like Whitman, or any man who believes he has a message. One should be told that as conditions now exist one cannot earn a living income from composition alone. Those pieces which bring large money returns are accidental,

and the surprise occasioned by such a result is usually as great to the composer, or publisher, as to any one else. The composer's living income must come from teaching. Now, good teaching, even of composition, is impossible unless one possesses a fairly good knowledge of some instrument. A certain amount of technical skill on the pianoforte is absolutely indispensable. Talented students often just fail of successful results because they cannot test or reproduce their efforts. The pianoforte is the greatest possible aid in composition of any sort, and it is sheer nonsense to say that it should not be used when composing. When any one makes that assertion I am reminded of Chaminade's reply to a question of this subject. "When," said this brilliant woman, "a composer tells you that he never uses the pianoforte when composing, you may be sure either that he does not tell the truth, or else writes very bad music." The pianoforte is much the same to a composer as is a sketch-book to a painter. The theoretical work should be done without the aid of any instrument and even in practical composition one will do without one more and more, yet the time will probably never come when a composer will not relish a practical test of his fantasy. Even Gounod would never allow a piece to go to press before an actual hearing, and we need not be ashamed to confess to what some might call his limitations. A young composer should study pianoforte technique till he can at least play the easier Beethoven sonatas, but the further he carries this study the better for him and for his music. A study of the voice will prove of lasting value and will save a composer from many humiliating experiences.

Then one stringed instrument should be studied, at least till the fundamentals of technique are well understood. A reading of the lives of the great composers is of importance, and especially biographies of men and women who have battled with life and won. Outside this, I think books had better be left alone. I believe in as broad a culture as any one, but I believe a sane mind and strong body are of vastly more importance, and as music study makes tremendous demands on one's nerve forces by its constant appeal to the emotional faculties, and demands a degree of concentration greater than

for any other study with which I am familiar, general culture would better come later in life, based on a vigorous body and cool brain. If the hours which are mapped out by over-zealous parent, or well-meaning, ambitious teachers, for all sorts of esthetic study were devoted to healthful, diverting recreation, results might be far better.

The utmost discretion should be used in choosing a teacher. Secure the influence of a man who believes more in encouraging the pupil to individual expression than in trying to illustrate a theory; more in attempting to put forth what he believes expresses truth and beauty than in defending a doctrine. Great differences exist between methods of theory in vogue twenty years ago and those practiced today.

Then pupils were told chiefly what they couldn't do; today they may do about anything, provided it "sounds well;" then all product was measured and found sound or wanting by the rules of pedagogues like Richter or Jadassohn; today the result is examined as an isolated product and stands or falls by its own inherent power; then knowledge was regarded as an accretion of facts, a stuffing of rules into the poor pupil's mind; today, "knowledge is organization," a deft development, guiding and stimulating of the pupil's individuality toward its fullest expression. There need be no fear that by this later method pupils will be encouraged in loose, slipshod writing; those teachers who encourage individual expression are those most strict in all academic work; they must be because they trust to this to clarify ideas and chasten and modify expression. They believe with Macaulay, who, when asked what he would suggest as a cure for the evils of liberty, replied, "More liberty." So I should consider the selection of a teacher with this point of view of very great importance. It will be an easy matter to determine. A prominent teacher of harmony, counterpoint and the higher forms of composition will hardly rest content till he has published treatises setting forth principles which seem to him of paramount importance. Look these through and see if the general trend is toward an emphasis of letter rather than spirit; see if the mind is directed toward a completed past rather than a possible future.

Much has been written of the difficulties in the path of a would-be composer, and this is right, because one should enter upon such a life with open eyes. It must follow that the higher the prize the steeper the ascent; the valley is a condition of the mountain. But does not the divine law of recompense apply here as everywhere else? It is a great achievement to win international renown as a singer. Who does not admire a noble woman like Nordica, who, by unremitting work, has forged her way not only to the very front, but today is an almost indispensable factor in the operatic life of England and America! All this a few singers may accomplish, but oh! the relentless, pitiless years! The voice fades, power wanes, and a new favorite supersedes the old. The composer's fame is more enduring. If he has serious aim and conviction his reputation grows from year to year. When he reaches that period of life when the singer is forced to retire he is entering upon his years of greatest activity. From then to the end it is a process of growth, of achievement, of adding renown. Of course not all succeed, but, after all, the greatest recompense that can come to one is the knowledge of having done one's work as well as seemed possible. And there is always the sweet hope that one may put forth something which shall soothe and cheer and endure and be spoken of as befitting this great country of ours, cradled by the two oceans and caressed by the Stars and Stripes.

The story of the early life of an American musician, as an illustration of what is meant by the claim that one should feel that he could do one thing only, will be interesting. It has never before been told. He was born in a New England state, inland, on the edge of a tiny, white-walled, green-blinded village which clambered over dignified hills only to yield itself at either end to the embrace of beautiful lakes. Little music there says that of the birds, falling water, and the intangible, distracting voices of nature. There was one piano in the town—an early Chickering. The spot that held it was consecrated ground. To that child, peering through the white-washed fence, penetrating the shadows beyond, the room widened and grew till it assumed the majestic proportions and mystic splendor of a new Jerusalem, contained all the joys of Kingdom

Come. He could do no other than become a musician; he knew it. Even then he was held by the wonderful successes of a brilliant singer who was making the town famous throughout the world. The village inn held a little, even then, old-fashioned melodeon. Here, one holy afternoon of each week he was allowed to "pick out tunes." "On the Other Side of Jordan" was the first tune mastered, the right hand playing the single-note melody, the left the three necessary tones. The mistress of the inn was a kind-hearted woman with a sweet voice, which was added to the chorus on "The Other Side," lo! these many years.

The first instrument owned was a "dulcimer," constructed of pieces of hoop-skirt wire strung lengthwise across a board and tuned by means of kindlingwood at either end, drawing the strings to the required tension. Then one summer he earned enough money picking blueberries to buy an old accordion, and thus equipped formally entered the musical profession. Happy days! What haunting memories come floating back over the years, drifting in on echoes of "The Gypsy Maiden," "Sweet Evelina," "Sweet By-and-By," and "Shall We Meet Beyond the River?"

At twelve he went to work in a little woolen mill close by, carding, spinning, spooling and weaving. Looking homeward one great afternoon in June, across the apple-blossomed orchard, he saw the most wonderful, most enthralling, most awe-inspiring sight of his whole life; saw, while his heart pounded almost to suffocation, a cabinet organ unboxing before his own door.

That winter was bright and happy. At night, soon as the tea things were cleared away, fire was lighted in the "air tight" in the parlor, and then, while the mother knitted socks and mittens which never finished, "Clarke's Method for Reed Organ" was conquered. One night each week there was a "singing school," led by the dear old "professor," who, driving to surrounding towns, held sessions in each place, bringing them together in the spring for a "grand concert." Such wonderful days! Professor Chapman's mammoth festival concerts at Portland, Lewiston and Bangor, assisted by world-renowned artists, surely cannot equal those annual concerts

given back there in the woods by "home talent." All this fed the lad's imagination; he was surely to become a musician. Later the old place was sold and the two moved to a larger town. Here he clerked in a grocery store, the shorter hours giving more time for practice; here he gave his first lessons—twenty-four for four dollars—and was proud and happy. A year later they again moved to a neighboring city and lessons on the pianoforte were begun.

Soon work was taken up on the pipe organ. Here he first played a church service, and continued playing two services each Sunday for nearly two years, for \$1 per Sunday! Here he attended evening school in an attempt to remedy defects which had been pointed out by a judicious friend. But all this time the voices called, and he knew he must become a musician. He was teaching a good deal now, earning enough to support his mother and lay aside a bit toward a possible winter in a larger city. This was accomplished, and the following year repeated. Later on he was enabled to go abroad for study. Still the voices urged him on and on, and today they are still calling with all their early charm and insistence. And these were the sort of obstacles, or others equally difficult, which one must make up one's mind to face and overcome, if one would win. Each life will have its own trials, but in surmounting them independence in thought and action are gained. There is no country which holds such promise for the future as our own; there is no field which presents greater attractions than those offered the well-equipped American composer. Just what subjects this composer for whom we all are waiting will choose none can forecast, but of one thing I am tolerably sure: he will not base his work on material gleaned from feudal Europe, nor even on early Indian or negro melody of his own land; to the truly American it will be composite in character, will correspond to the needs of an actual present and will inculcate in a sublimated form the principles for which our great republic stands.

GRILLPARZER: POET AND MUSICIAN.

(Concluded.)

"Music," says Grillparzer further, "is wordless, of course; because words are arbitrary signs whose meaning depends entirely on the object they designate. A sound may serve as a symbol, but it is also a thing by itself. A series of sounds may give pleasure, as do certain arrangements of line and form in the plastic arts, without reference to any pre-determined representation. A discordant note, like an ugly feature in the plastic arts, occasions a distinctly disagreeable physical sensation, but says nothing whatever to the intellect. * * *

"It follows that music should confine itself to its own sphere; that it should never sacrifice that in which it excels all other forms of language in order to dispute with ideas expressed by words the advantage of greater exactitude; that it should never even attempt to translate sounds into words; that, like every other art, it ceases to be an art when it abandons the form which is proper to its own nature—a form, which, in the case of music, consists in beauty of sound, while with the plastic arts, it consists in beauty of line; and that, just as the poet is mad who dreams of imitating, in his verse, the concords of music, so the musician, who attempts to rival, through the medium of sound, the precision of the poet's language, has simply lost his head."

This definition—or rather this analysis—of music contains a part of the truth, but not the whole. Doubtless it is a good thing to recall music to itself, by insisting that it is, before everything, sound, and beautiful sound. But it is not well strictly to imprison it within itself, for the reason that it is also (within certain limits and under certain conditions, which we shall not attempt here to define) the medium of communication between sound and soul: or, better still, in the words of that musical philosopher, M. Lénéque, whom we have already quoted, between the noblest powers of sound, and the noblest powers of the soul. It is this idea, essential to a full appreciation of music, which Grillparzer seems to us to have overlooked or misconceived again and again. The notion of the

personality, the value and the specific beauty of individual sounds, intoxicates him to such a degree that he becomes quite wild. The singular consequence ensues that, in his very effort to exalt music, he degrades it by reducing it to a mere pleasure of sense—an amusement, whose charms cannot atone for its utter vanity. He makes music the servant, not to say the victim, of a mediocre ideal, of that most miserable of all doctrines, the theory of "Art for art," and not even for the whole of art, but for the simple sensation, which is properly but its initial effect and the medium of its message.

On the other hand, Grillparzer, by a sort of happy inconsistency, has now and then corrected in a signal manner the extravagancies of his own doctrine, and restored, so to speak, by a side wind the principle of expression to his musical *Æsthetic*. He tells us himself that he used to like to set up an engraving before him, and then try to render in music the subject of the drawing. Here we hold him to have been quite wrong. He was conferring upon music, for the nonce, a power to which it can make no legitimate claim. Usually, however, he was wiser and showed a clearer perception of the truth. He speaks in one place of those obscure emotions (*dunkle Gefühle*) which it is the province of music to express, and in an article which he wrote upon, or rather against, Weber, he says: "Over and above the pleasure or the pain which sounds can give us in themselves, they have the power of inducing and expressing certain moral dispositions. Joy and grief, longing and love, have accents all their own." When Grillparzer said to Beethoven, envying the scope of the latter's genius, "Ah, if the critics only knew what you think when you compose!" it is evident that he gave Beethoven credit for thinking of something—or rather for thought of some kind. If beauty of sound had meant, for him, the mere vibrations of the air, would he ever have written on the cover of Donizetti's album: "I write to you, and you do not understand. You write to me, and I understand perfectly. The tongue speaks to the head only. The heart has a different language which is the same in all countries?" If, in fine, as Grillparzer continually repeats, "music is mute and yet most eloquent," if "it is silent concerning individual traits, but gives us the

sum of the universe," then how many must the thoughts of music be, and how sublime!

If now, after stating the doctrine of Grillparzer, we proceed to inquire into its origin and source, our task will be found an easy one. The sources of the poet's creed will be found in his nationality, his character and his destiny.

His lot was not a happy one. As a child he lived under the severe, if not tyrannical rule of a grave and stern father, in a gloomy house in one of the least cheerful streets of Vienna. His mother, ever sensitive and neurotic, became more and more excitable as time went on, and finally, after she became a widow, took her own life, in a fit of insanity. Of the poet's three brothers, two at least inherited the maternal predisposition, while the third, after a series of peculiarly disgraceful adventures, drowned himself at the early age of seventeen, leaving behind him a letter in which he adjured Franz never to marry and perpetuate their accursed race. Very soon, over and above his other troubles, the young man began to know poverty, or, at least, severe pecuniary pressure. The war and the defeat of Austria, first compromised and then completely ruined the fortunes of the house of Grillparzer. Franz had to give lessons to support himself and those dependent on him. At twenty-two he was tutor in a castle in Moravia; later he had to seek other kinds of employment in the Royal Library, at the College of Archives; for forty-three years, in fact, the greatest of living Austrian poets led the dependent and depressing life of a sub-official.

His genius afforded him little consolation. He always suffered acutely from criticism, and from the cold fit that inevitably came over his fellow-citizens after a burst of enthusiasm. Nor did he always believe in himself. Sometime after 1826 he wrote: "Of all the torments to which man is liable the bitterest of all is to be despoiled of what had been fairly won, to lose the crown once set upon the head; to stand at one's own death-bed and follow one's own remains to the grave." He could not face the prospect of surviving the poet in himself when he believed the latter to be dying. "One thing is certain," he wrote in his journal; "when the poet is done for, I shall send the man after him."

The unhappy lot of Grillparzer was aggravated by an unhappy disposition. His heart, no less than his intellect, was insatiable. He was prevented by queer scruples, by I know not what chimerical fears, from more than half-enjoying the whole-hearted love that was freely offered him. Very strange was the connection between Caroline Frolich and Grillparzer, beginning, as it did, with a stormy engagement that was presently broken off; only to be resumed and to continue fifty years under the—I will not say equivocal, but certainly unsatisfactory, form of mere friendship. Why did not Grillparzer marry his delightful Kathie? I very much fear that it was less out of deference to the sombre warning of his brother, than through his own selfishness and pride. The poet himself analyzes the feeling that deterred him more perfectly than he excuses it.

“Our life together led me to the conclusion that while marriage would not have been contrary to my nature, the tie was not for me. There is a yielding and conciliatory quality in me which inclines me only too much to follow the direction of others; yet I never could bear the derangement of my inner life, or having any other person incessantly mixed up in it. I could not endure this, even when I most desired it. If I had married I must still have had to forget that my wife had any other being than mine. I could easily have made my share of the reciprocal concessions which prevent painful jars; but a *tete-a-tete* was a thing absolutely repugnant to my solitary nature.”

In the tragedy of “*Libussa*” Primislas is made to say to the heroine, “Do you understand that the heart must melt before it can be united to another heart?” Grillparzer himself seems never to have understood this.

If now we take a look backward, can we not detect in the doctrine of Grillparzer traces both of his character and his destiny? Was it not his pride as a poet—and yet more as a musician—which led him to pronounce impossible and sacrilegious the marriage of music and poetry, and utterly to repudiate the notion that two arts, any more than two hearts, can ever be merged in one? If more than all things else he adored pure form, insomuch that even the suffering genius of Bee-

thoven seemed to him less exalted than the happy genius of Mozart, it was perhaps because he feared a fall upon the side to which his life inclined him, the side of melancholy, anguish and gloom. Beethoven plunged him into trouble and strife; Mozart brought him a sense of deliverance and assured joy. To Mozart he clung, being ever one of those who care less to find than to forget themselves in art.

Grillparzer, in short—and how often he made a boast of it!—was no German but an Austrian, and a South-Austrian at that—which means a half-Italian. As such he adored classic and plastic art, he loved with passion what his biographer so well calls “the beautiful concrete reality.” To emotion and character he still preferred perfection and form. In art he would gladly have given all the “ideas” of North Germany for that “exquisite sensualism” considered the glory, not to say the essence, of true music. In the great Italo-German quarrel which divided the Austrian capital from 1816 to 1828, Grillparzer espoused with impassioned ardor the side of Italian music. To the author of the “Frieschutz” and “Euryanthe,” he boldly opposed him of “Tancred,” and the “Cenerentola.” To the cause of Rossini he remained loyal even in its deepest defeat. He once proposed to write a treatise on a subject which has a strange sound to-day:—“Rossini; or the limits of Music and Poetry.” The “Stabat Mater” he hailed in a glowing poem, and did his best to kindle into enthusiasm the general coldness of his compatriots.

He complains that they were dull to the exuberant beauty of the work, incapable of abandoning themselves to its influence, and forgetting themselves in so much as a single throb of pure enjoyment. The poet beheld with positive anguish the rational and rationalizing spirit, the dismal fog of North Germany, settling down upon his own beloved country, and his poem concludes with a piercing lament: “A treasure has been lost! The treasure of innocent joy! And that treasure, O my Austria, was once thine!”

Thus the race of Grillparzer, no less than his disposition and his individual destiny, affords a reason for the judgments he pronounced.

This reason will perhaps go farther than all the rest towards

explaining the simple adoration of Grillparzer for Mozart. Mozart, in the eyes of Grillparzer was not merely the chief exponent of his country's genius. He was the country itself—"the rosy youth, who stands between the child, Italy and the man, Germany." Grillparzer had loved Mozart from his earliest years, in the very lap of his nurse. The woman had once personated an ape, in the "Magic Flute," and it remained her proudest memory. She had but two books, her prayer-book and a copy of the "Zauberflöte," and the child heard from her all the wonders of the opera. When he went on from the words to the music, he became more and more enraptured. Long after he wrote: "The music of those days is not mere music for me; it is my life; it sings my youth. It is all that I ever felt or dreamed in my very best years. This is why no subsequent music seems to me worth anything." Here again we have him repudiating the doctrine of "Art for Art" and a purely objective beauty, since the music of Mozart ravished Grillparzer because it brought back something of his own lost life and self, because in it, to quote another German poet, "the bird of his own youth sang to him again."

But it was by no means himself or his country alone that Grillparzer loved in Mozart. It was also his "exquisite sensualism," the absolute perfection of sound-form and the intoxicating effect upon the ear in which his music stands unrivalled.

No one ever spoke more nobly than our poet has done of the most purely musical of all musicians. "He is ever wrestling with thy eternal enigmas, O thou eye of the soul! thou all-sensitive ear! What enters not by thy portal seemed to him but human caprice, instead of divine language, and he banished it into outer darkness." In 1842 when the monument to the master was dedicated at Salzberg, Grillparzer said:

"You call him great, and so he was—because he imposed bounds upon himself. What he did and what he refrained from doing weigh equally in the balance of his fame. Precisely because he never desired more than it is lawful for man to desire, there is a positive inevitability about all that he has done. He chose rather to appear smaller than he was, than to inflate himself to monstrosity. The kingdom of Art is a world

by itself, but no less real than ours, and all that is real is subject to measure and law."

In quoting these words M. Hanslick declares that he would like to see them written on the door of every musician's sanctum. There are certainly none which are more consistently disregarded by the majority of living musicians.

But other masters than Mozart have given us other lessons, to which Grillparzer did not pay sufficient heed. The musical cycle through which he lived, from Mozart to Wagner, forms a chain of which he grasped one end only. Beethoven sometimes transcends and escapes our critic. He cannot take him all in, though he praises him in many places both grandly and worthily.

"He was an artist, and who may be set beside him? He swept over the domain of Art, like Behemoth over the primeval seas. From the coo of the dove to the roll of the thunder, from the subtlest combination of the resources of an infallible technique up to that dread point where the artist's training yields to the lawless caprice of natural forces in irrepressible conflict—he has traversed all, he has grasped all. He who comes after him will not pursue the same route; he must strike out another; for the great Precursor stopped where Art stops."

And again at the foot of the monument erected to Beethoven in that Heiligenstadt, where he had known him, Grillparzer spoke as follows:

"A man moves with a rapid stride, his shadow ever moving with him. A torrent bars his fiery way. He plunges in, breasts the waves, emerges upon the further shore and resumes his headlong course. He pulls up on the verge of an abyss and gathers himself for a spring. Those who are watching him from afar tremble, but lo! with one bound he has landed safe and sound on the further side of the gulf. What is arduous for others is but play to him. But he has blazed no path by which others may follow him. This man is like Beethoven."

He is not merely like Beethoven, he is Beethoven; and it is with good reason that M. Ehrhard suspects, under the homage thus largely rendered, reserves and insinuations. Grillparzer admires the boldness and the fleetness of the indomita-

ble runner, but the "shadow" terrifies him. The timid poet stops aghast at that "dread point" of which he speaks, he has an agonizing secret fear that Beethoven will go beyond it—secret always, because Grillparzer does not permit himself to utter his doubts and fears aloud. But for his own private behoof he expresses them in certain notes which were jotted down during the year 1843.

"Unfortunate influence of Beethoven upon Art, notwithstanding his great, his inestimable worth.

"1st. The great main conditions which a musician ought always to respect—accuracy and delicacy of ear—suffer from his hazardous combination, as well as from the titanic roarings and howlings which he is too fond of introducing into his compositions.

"2d. By those ultra-lyrical leaps of his the conception of order and unity in a musical work is enlarged to such a point that it is no longer possible to grasp it.

"3d. His frequent infraction of rules tends to produce the impression that rules are not needful, whereas the truth is that they are the proper expression of a free yet sound reason and as such they are of priceless value.

"4th. He is the prey of a predilection which leads him perpetually to substitute for the mere sense of beauty, a frantic search for something poignant, violent, shocking and overpowering—a sort of thing which is more fatal in music than in any other art whatsoever."

But if Beethoven's music leaves Grillparzer a little dubious, that of Weber is not merely an offense, but an unmitigated scandal in his eyes. The author of "Der Freischutz" and "Euryanthe" appeared to him the most German of North Germans and the most pernicious one of those who absolutely misconceive the distinction between poetry and music, words and sounds. "You're a devil of a fellow!" said Beethoven to Weber, embracing him as he spoke. But Grillparzer qualified him as a devil and worse, in a deplorable parody of the "Freischutz," and an equally unfortunate article on "Euryanthe," for which he was responsible.

"Yesterday," he says, "I heard 'Euryanthe' again. The music is abominable. Such defiance of harmony, such an out-

rage on the beautiful, would have been published by the authorities in the best days of Greece. It is actionable, and would tend to the production of monsters, if it were allowed free course. The first time I heard the opera, I had certain distractions, which helped me to endure the most distressing passages; but yesterday my wish to be entirely just to the composer made me listen with the strictest attention. At first it did not go so badly; either because the music itself is not quite utter trash, or because my powers of endurance were still fresh. But as the thing went on, my horror increased until it became positive physical pain. If I had not left the theater at the end of the second act I should have had to be carried out during the third. It is an opera designed to give pleasure to the mad, the imbecile and the learned alone—possibly also to highwaymen and assassins.”

Thirty years later Wagner threw Grillparzer into similar transports of rage, and there exists, as pendant to the parody of “Der Freischutz,” an extraordinary letter—less ironical, however, than he imagined it to be—written in 1854, after he had heard the overture to “Tannhauser.”

And yet these two spirits, Grillparzer and Wagner, met at certain points—if only as extremes meet—they seem sometimes to have had almost the same conception of music, and give definitions which are curiously alike.

Grillparzer was the first clearly to perceive that the “true end of music is to express the most general emotions of the soul,” or, as Wagner said afterward, “the purely human.” And another Wagnerian, and yet pre-Wagnerian, idea of his was that music should be careless of details, while expressing, in some sort, “the sum of the universe.”

The librettist of the “Melusina” even suggested to Beethoven the notion of the “leit-motif.” “I have wondered,” he says, “whether it might not be well to mark every act and appearance of Melusina by a simple and easily remembered melody, recurring again and again. Why might not the overture begin with this air and then, after the tumultuous *allegro*, it might come in again, as a sort of introduction. I would use, for the purpose, the air of Melusina’s first song.”

Especially as regards the relations of poetry to music and

the distinction between the intellectual sense of language and the emotional value of sound, Grillparzer and Wagner held, for one moment, almost identical views. But they met only to part; or rather to turn their backs on one another. While Wagner becomes more and more impressed by the mutual affinities of music and poetry, Grillparzer is increasingly convinced of their incompatibility. The one strove ever to unite the two arts, the other to divide them.

It must be acknowledged that Grillparzer was often wrong. He was unjust to certain musicians and certain of the greatest. But because he loved so much one of the greatest of all, and also music in itself, much will be forgiven him. Moreover, the narrowest and harshest of his judgments may be explained, if not excused, by the blind intensity of that love, and by his intolerance of a doctrine—a religion, if you will—which we have attempted to define and which is admirably summed up in that private note already quoted where Grillparzer has recorded his own vain apprehensions of the dangers which Beethoven might be bringing upon music. Time has belied these gloomy auguries. From Beethoven to Wagner the evolution of music has gone on to completion in a sense exactly opposed to that of the poet musician. He saw what he called “delicacy and precision of ear,” sacrificed more and more ruthlessly to what he also called “hazardous combinations” and “titanic roarings and howlings.” He saw the notion of order and unity in a musical composition, indefinitely enlarged, far beyond the too straight limits which he was inclined to assign. He lived to see many a rule broken or suspended, and what he regarded as maniacal disorder admired as the expression of a sound and untrammelled reason. Finally the search for the “poignant, the violent, the shocking and the overpowering” has more and more taken the place of the “feeling for beauty.” The celestial music of Mozart has been brought down to earth, and the free play of it has yielded to the fashion for pathetic expression.

And yet, in the change which Grillparzer thought so disastrous, music has found her account. It is one which Grillparzer did not foresee and which he would have ratified. Miserable critics are we all—miserable musical critics especially!

One of the foremost men of the century which has just closed, misunderstood that century almost entirely! There were sublime developments of art in the last age which wholly escaped a genuine artist, and it is a lesson in humility. But there were other sublime developments which he comprehended and loved, and may well teach us to do the same.

Translated for The Living Age.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PHRASING.

By W. S. B. Mathews.

Preliminary.

Many times over in the course of a year I get letters asking for definite rules regarding phrasing, and particularly how the student may infallibly determine what tones should be connected into a phrase and which ought to be disconnected from the tones before or after. I have made several attempts to answer this question so clearly that any careful student might fairly well correct the extremely inexact slurring to be found in many of the widely circulated editions of classical works. I have just lately been obliged to enter upon a general work of editing the corrections in pupil's copies of the Mikuli Chopin and also the perhaps worse edition by Koehler. I began to write upon this subject as long ago as 1880 in my *How to Understand Music* and in the *Book of Studies in Phrasing* (1883) I stated the principles from the standpoint of punctuation, conveying the impression to many that the main thing in phrasing is to define the boundaries of the phrase and to separate it from the next following phrase, just as punctuation marks are intended to indicate an immediate disconnection in language, while having in view a larger and more remote connection. The standpoint was unfortunate, because phrasing does not mainly consist of cutting apart but of connecting, and the cutting apart is incidental only. This is the same as in language, where the child beginning to read is at first unable to pronounce all the syllables of one word in a manner really connected; later he is able to speak the long words with the peculiar emphasis and rythm which give the word its character. In the same way the connected chief word and its modifiers, which some elocutionists call an "oratorical word" (because it is spoken in a connected manner, like the syllables of a single word) are never properly given by the student until after considerable training, or in direct imitation from the teacher. With the young student each chord is a separate proposition, and each tone in a melody stands by itself; with the educated musician the melody groups

itself into phrases, and the chords also group themselves into harmonic phrases with a certain variation of intensity culminating at some particular point of emphasis.

It has seemed to me lately that if we begin with the metrical formation of music and build our oratorical phrasing upon that we will be in shape to arrive more easily and certainly at desirable results. It is the object of the following lesson to open the subject from this standpoint, and to give a few examples of wrong application of slurs with suggestions affording at least a probability of correction in other cases.

The lesson is intended to be available for students equal to beginning the fourth grade of my Graded Materials, or to taking up the extremely interesting and educational matter in the first book of my Studies in Phrasing. For although I am no longer satisfied with the introductory text of that widely used collection, I still regard the material in it as extremely and phenomenally educational in its influence upon the student's musical life.

The Meter of Music.

All our musical form has been developed out of the same original source as our poetic meter, namely from the union of poetry, dance and music, which three forms of art were inseparable from the beginning of manly culture until after the Greek classical time, and they have shown close affiliation all the way down until now. It was by formulating word-successions which could be easily chanted in marching for religious worship, that our most remote ancestors found out the simple meters of language, mainly iambic, and particularly what our hymn-books call "long meter," as long ago as the time when the hymns of the Veda were first composed—a period most likely antedating the great pyramid in Egypt, which I believe is regarded as the oldest of existing human fabrications, dating from at least 4,000 B. C.

All our modern music, whether dance music, sonata or symphony, is constructed upon the following expectations of metrical symmetry: It counts upon motives of precisely one measure; structural phrases of precisely two measures; sections of four measures; and periods or stanzas of eight measures. The period, indeed, may in some cases be composed of

phrases of three phrases, but this is very rare, indeed. A period may have twelve measures. This arises from the principal section, the subject of the sentence, being repeated in another key. A period may have ten measures, through an extension by repeating the last two measures of the ending. It may have any number of measures by unexpected lengthening at some point. These arbitrary and fanciful evasions of the fundamental expectation are enjoyable because they are unexpected; but if there were no underlying expectation of meter they would be unintelligible. There are also periods of sixteen measures, composed of motives of two measures, and so on, doubling the numbers given above. In these the true measure is not the one written, but the larger measure composed of two of the written measures. In the waltz, for example, written in three-quarter measure, the conductor never beats three beats, but always one beat to the measure, and two measures together as one measure of double measure. The music is always written in a manner to suggest this larger grouping, and this is the reason for the habitual practice of the bass going down to the fifth upon the second measure of the tonic chord. The 6-4 position is much weaker than the fundamental position, and thus the accentuation of the larger form is promoted.

The clearest and most definite treatment of the period is to be found in my *Primer of Musical Form* (A. P. Schmidt, Boston), where I followed Richter with quite a few additions. The student is referred to that for many additional illustrations of musical structure, so analyzed as to be clear with little difficulty. It is unfortunate that some of our excellent books are careless in their handling of form. In Christiani's suggestive (but not altogether safe) *Principles of Piano Playing*, the form schedules are incorrectly drawn, the periods often represented as beginning with an accent, ignoring the fore note which is the real beginning of the period. This makes his schedules entirely useless and misleading for arriving at the proper phrasing of the compositions he analyzes. I can not account for the mistake, since no German author is guilty of it. I regret also that a few American theorists have transposed the terms phrase and section. I believe Mr. Goodrich

and Mr. Cornell use "phrase" as the half of the period and section as the quarter. This misuse of the term phrase is very unfortunate because it generates confusion and is contrary to the facts, a half period almost invariably consisting of two phrases which not only have to be connected within themselves but more or less disconnected from each other. Besides, the term phrase has two uses anyway. Its first use is as a name for the structural unit, the line of musical poetry, the normal stanza in music consisting of a quatrain. The best German usage assigns the term phrase to the form unit composed of two motives; and the term is also used in musical elocution for any small fragment of melody of harmonic phrase requiring connection within itself. A structural phrase often contains two oratorical phrases and some times four of them. Example, the two-note motive in the beginning of the Beethoven sonata in D minor, op. 31.

The Musical Period.

Before proceeding to the more minute analysis of the phrase let us first of all attend to the period, because owing to the change of subject at the beginning of the new sentence, the student unaccustomed to this sort of exercise can more easily determine the limitations. As already indicated, the natural length of the simple period is precisely eight measures, counting from the point where the melody begins or where the idea begins. This is very important indeed, as when a composer starts his idea at a certain point in the measure he generally conforms to that division for quite a while. Hence when he starts with "four" in a 4-4 measure, his measure form will continue to be "four, one, two, three" until he takes the caprice to change it. Often this form will continue quite through the piece.

Periods are of two kinds, complete (or independent) and dependent. A complete period is one which makes complete sense, and ends upon its own principal key with a perfect cadence. In sonatas and the like this very rarely happens with the first period in the piece, but instead of it the first period ends upon the dominant, or in some other key. Such a change makes the period dependent, because sooner or later the period has to be repeated and its proper ending given.

For instance, take the first period of Schumann's *Aufschwung*, which beginning in F minor ends in A flat major. At the end of the piece the student will find the very same subject with its proper close in F minor. In sonatas this completing of the opening period is not obligatory, but in less developed forms it is. This matter is too important for outline and the student is referred to the primer above mentioned for fuller examples and information. But in general there is no difficulty in finding the end of the period, by the sense of symmetry, the return of the harmony and its cadence; and when these fail, by the introduction of a new motive, or a distinctly new treatment of an old motive, in the period now beginning. Therefore I say, look first for an end in precisely eight measures from the beginning; not finding it there look farther. It will necessarily be found at ten twelve, fourteen, or sixteen measures—the exceptions being extremely rare. For instance, Chopin in the flowing melody in D flat, in his Scherzo in B flat Minor, Op. 31, has a very long period, extending to fifty-three measures. The antecedent or subject of the sentence runs eight measures, and is first given in G flat; it is repeated in A flat, and again in D flat, after which the consequent (or predicate) follows eight measures in D flat; but this leads to a repetition of the antecedent again in D flat, after which the consequent is repeated and extended. This is the longest period I happen to know. Some theorists would consider it to be ended in thirty-two measures and the remainder to form another period. I see no reason for this inasmuch as it is a single sentence, closely connected from first to last. It is merely a long stanza of six lines.

The Motive.

By *motive* in music is meant a musical figure which is made a text in developing the piece or the period. A motive is a structural design, of precisely analogous nature to the so-called "motives" in decorative design, such as the borders of wall-paper, for instance. Any such design will show that some one figure, or some half dozen such motives, have been symmetrically employed in creating the pattern. A motive is of the rhythmic compass of precisely one measure. Having past the introduction, if there be one, the very first measure

SONATE

Op. 2, No 1.

Joseph Haydn gewidmet

Allegro.

15 20 26 41

con espressione

in a piece is or should be its typical motive. Two motives in succession, or the same motive repeated (either in the same or another key) form a structural phrase. In lyric music, such as the slow movements of the "Andante Cantabile" style, the entire first phrase is practically the motive. Example, the first slow movement in the Beethoven sonatas.

In the thematically written music the motive is evident and characteristic. It is not always easy to decide whether the opening motive should be regarded as two measures or one. Example, the opening of Beethoven's sonata in F minor (see musical citation). The arpeggio figure of five notes is a design, as also is the figure of the dotted quarter, turn and quarter in the second full measure. This latter occurs often by itself. But the motive proper in this case contains the entire two measures, starting with "four" and closing with "three." In the third line of this sonata the opening figure is repeated practically three times ending in m. 20. This figure is therefore here a motive. So also the beginning of the second subject, with the F flat, m. 20; this figure of two measures is repeated three times, the last time being left unfinished, a new design being taken up.

In many sonatas the boundaries of the periods are more easily found than in this, which is imitated from an older composition by one of the sons of Bach. It is, however, unmistakably thematic and the use of specially chosen designs is conspicuous throughout.

These germinal figures are easily distinguished by the eye in looking over the music. For instance, take the beginning of the finale of the same sonata the *prestissimo* in F minor (see musical example). Look at the bass; it is made up of triplet figures which are always arpeggios. Look at the treble; the figure of three-quarter note chords occurs four times in succession. The three chords also afford a harmonic motive, since the middle chord of the three is always the dominant, while the first and last are tonic. At the second half of first measure in the second line a new figure begins, consisting of four quarters, still carrying on the measure form of "three, four, one, two." This is given twice, making a phrase, and answered by the ascending passage in quarters scale wise, two

Prestissimo.

u

Edison Peters

4221

measures. The same design now occurs in a different key and it is differently answered. In the third line our opening design again confronts us, and rhythmically it is six times repeated, but harmonically only three times, the last three repetitions being always upon a single chord. In the fifth line a new design appears. The eye easily recognizes it and its repetitions. On the bottom line the second subject comes in, the descending melody in quarters closing with a half note. This is the germinal idea of the next ensuing three lines, at the end of which the opening design again returns and brings the piece to a momentary arrest at the double bar. The student who will train himself to take a glance over the music in this way, will soon become able to grasp such designs at first glance, and his processes of analysis will be correspondingly simplified.

Still another illustration of eye analysis may be found in the Menuetto of the same sonata. (See musical citation.) This is a particularly good example as the structure is so very evident. Observe first the figure of three notes at beginning. This is the motive. The bass quarter standing alone gives the rhythmic impulse for a repetition of this figure, the right hand omitting the first tone. This brings the phrase to an end as marked. Then follows the second phrase, the third, which is like the first but in another key, the second repeated in the new key, and then the closing part of the period. The brackets over the notes show these divisions.

By the aid of the marks the farther structure is easily discovered. Observe here, now, the incorrect suggestion of the slurs. The slur beginning upon the chord of F minor and covering four notes ought to have included the next two quarters, since these are part of the same idea. This is one of the things we find out by ear, if we listen; or by analysis, if we take the structure apart and consider what each little bit is doing, whether it is part of a subject or part of a predicate, a point to be determined by the musical feeling. The same error in slurring occurs over and over again. So also at the end of the first period, the two eighths in m. 12, slurred together are in fact part of the melodic phrase in the next measure, and should have had that appearance.

Mennetto.
Allegretto.

Musical score for the Mennetto section, measures 1-14. The score is written for piano and consists of two staves. It features a variety of dynamic markings including *p*, *ff*, *f*, *pp*, and *ppp*. The music is characterized by intricate phrasing and articulation, with many notes marked with accents and slurs. Measure numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14 are indicated at the bottom of the staves.

Trio.

Musical score for the Trio section, measures 15-28. The score is written for piano and consists of two staves. It features a variety of dynamic markings including *p*, *f*, *pp*, and *ppp*. The music is characterized by intricate phrasing and articulation, with many notes marked with accents and slurs. Measure numbers 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, and 28 are indicated at the bottom of the staves. The word "Fine." is written at the end of the section.

In long passages of rapid notes, built upon a pattern, such as those beginning the Trio, in this piece, the question arises whether the player should in any way indicate the structural relations of the passage. For instance, are we to consider the feeling of the three eighth notes in m. 2 (Trio) to begin with the F or G in the measure before? I prefer beginning it with F. In this case the design would be as indicated by the short vertical line (reading mark) below. But the player would not make any separation of the notes; merely a slight change of emphasis is enough. I think the modification will consist in giving the third eighth in the measure a very slightly greater emphasis than it would naturally have; also the ascending series of three notes would *créscendo* to the fourth. Where the passage then turns to descend the structural figure after the first three consists of four notes, as indicated by the reading marks below; but the playing will maintain the measure rhythm and accent, and no recognition of this analysis will appear in it.

In order to show the working of the principles above advocated in a more modern composition of Beethoven let us take the first two pages of the sonata, in E flat, opus 81, "The Farewell, the Absence and the Return"—a pretty and charming little piece of program music which, while outclassed time and time again as program music by modern writers, is nevertheless very light and pleasing music. The introduction consists of the first three lines and here we have two different measure forms illustrated in immediate succession and used interchangeably. The first motive, the first three notes, represents the German word *Lebewohl* (farewell). It is followed by the little figure of three notes, out of which is developed an answering phrase, as shown in the brackets. An essential element here is the tempo, which must be about 72 for eighth notes. This gives the character of four beats in the measure, exactly reversing the custom in *presto* movements, where the real measure consists of two of the written ones. In almost all slow movements of the Mozart and Beethoven periods the actual measures are half the written ones. I have never heard any satisfactory explanation of this curious custom. I would have expected precisely the opposite, especially that the

SONATE

Op. 81^a

Dem Erzherzog Rudolph gewidmet.

Das Lebewohl. (Les Adieux.)

Adagio.

26. *Le - be - wohl!*
P espressivo *ffzsc.*

Allegro. *ten.* *ritacca subito l'Allegro:*
cresc.

assistance to the eye in suggesting rapidity by writing in larger measures would have reversed the tradition. The second phrase consists of two motives: The first design of three notes is repeated, and then a second design of five notes (melody) which is used several times by itself. Note that the time duration of the second phrase, despite the detail involved in it, is no more than that of the first three notes. With these explanations and careful observance of the phrasing (slurs) and the time, the introduction needs no further explanation, beyond the caution to preserve precisely the time indicated by Beethoven in changing from the introduction to the Allegro. That is to say, do not misplace the rests nor shorten them nor lengthen them. A rest is a "rhythmic silence," i. e., a silence during which rhythm is going on. See that it does go on.

Note first concerning the Allegro the relation in time between it and the introduction. The whole note in the Allegro is to go at the same rate as eighth note in the introduction; that is, at about 72 for the measure. At this speed it plays easily and the syncopations come out beautifully and elastically. While the Allegro time begins with the dotted half at beginning, this note in reality is not part of the actual motive, which begins with the two eighth notes and consists of those and the quarter. This correction instantly shows what is already plain enough to the musical ear, namely the misplacement of the slur in third measure (in reality the second measure). The half note and the quarter slurred onto it are the end of the first phrase, and the second phrase begins with the quarter note at "four," as indicated by the reading mark. I do not object to the slurring of the first two eighths apart from the following quarter, in the first measure and elsewhere, because the point involved ceases to be a practical question the moment the tempo is taken at its proper speed. At this time the eighths go at the rate of 576 per minute, and there is no time for ceremony concerning the alleged staccato upon the last eighth. Practically these three notes are about as near together as they can get. I acknowledge that this tempo makes the sonata difficult, but in my opinion it is the proper movement, or about it.

The slurring of the eighths later on is all right, and it is not intended here to emphasize separation; on the contrary, except where the repose has been prepared by means of longer notes, the movement goes on connectedly, slowing up a trifle with the staccato notes in the bottom line. In the third measure of the last line Beethoven begins again a figure with the accent, and the manner in which he uses it and the way in which he gets out of it upon the next page are truly charming.

A careful hearing of this sonata at its proper speed will convince any one that questions of division have no practical importance, the phrasing being so managed by Beethoven that if we begin our period where he began it, with the eighths and not with the first dotted half of the Allegro, the symmetries establish themselves in a charming manner and with very little assistance beyond the player's consciousness of them. Of course it is possible for the player to mix everything up by reckoning his period from the dotted half, in which case all the cæsuras will fall in the wrong place, and often where it is impossible to indicate any kind of completeness.

I would say, therefore, as a general principle, that the rhythm underlies everything of Beethoven to such a degree that the player who rightly divines the rhythm and movement will have very little difficulty in adding the explanatory emphasis needed for bringing out the sense. And this holds quite as well for the slow movements as for the rapid ones.

In Schumann and some modern writers movements abound in which the speed precludes divisions between the notes or phrases. A striking example is afforded by the first of Schumann's Kreisleriana, where the triplets of sixteenths running at 96 for quarters follow each other with no break at the rate of 576 per minute. As this is nearly ten notes per second the common sense student will readily perceive that the fool marks usually found over the notes have no possible practical application. Schumann marked a slur over the last note of every triplet and the first of the next. He also marked (or is supposed to have marked) a staccato dot over the second note in every triplet. Now at the rate mentioned these marks are impossible. The syncopation between the right hand and the left, which is adjusted at the close of the period, and is fully

adjusted in the last four measures before the middle part, should be indicated by giving a strong accent upon the first and third quarters of the measure, with the right hand, and avoiding as much as possible an undesirable reinforcement of the left hand false beat by means of the natural arm motion upon the second and fourth quarters, where the right hand has to move laterally to reach the notes. Many good pianists, Godowsky among them, ignore this syncopation here, as well as the phrase indication of Schumann, and play the sixteenths as if they were written in a pattern stemmed together in half measures or measures. This I believe wrong; I think the syncopation can be maintained even at the tempo of the piece; but I am certain that the so-called phrasing indicated by the slurs cannot be. This example illustrates the principle that the first thing to take into account in studying a piece is the tempo and measure, because all the symmetries are superimposed upon those, and are always of a nature to be brought out when the piece is played at its proper tempo. Therefore the student is always at liberty to decide for himself when an indicated phrasing is impossible or undesirable. He does so at his own risk; he bets upon his own common sense. He may be deceived and err; if so he will have the pleasure of hearing some good artist play the piece exactly the way that he has thought it ought not to be played. We all take chances of that kind; artists also take them. In the case of Godowsky and his *Kreisleriana*, I imagine that he accepted his reading from others and has never given it the attention he would want another artist to give his own writing. Were he to study this piece anew he would, I think, produce the syncopation.

The student in search of farther imperfect writing may refer to the middle piece of this *Kreisleriana*, in B flat, where the tempo is a little slower, perhaps about 72 to 76 for quarters. Now in this piece there is a melody suggested by the two high notes in the soprano, coming twice in each measure. The second of these is sustained by the pedal, but not for the full duration until the next note occurs, but probably a little more than an eighth note. The apparent division of triplets is here for the eye only, and the melody is not written at all in the notes; nevertheless accentuation and pedal make it to appear so un-

avoidably that it is plain that Schumann must have intended it. It is a most beautiful little piece.

Continuing with another selection, this time by Chopin, so fast that divisions do not appear between successive phrases and periods, let us take the Chopin first Impromptu, in A flat. The notes are subjoined, reduced too much for clear reading, but still practicable for reference. It will be observed that the entire page is built upon a motion of eighths in triplets, which motion is never interrupted from first to last. The speed given by Ed. Merkte, in the Steingraber edition, from which this example is taken, is 80 for half notes, which carries the triplet eighths at the rate of 480 per minute. This is rather slow, and a higher speed is more effective provided the player is good enough. Five hundred notes a minute is not a very rapid speed, although a faster speed in this case will require considerable left hand work to bring up evenly and clearly. The left hand part is written most of the time with two harmonies per measure. The motive length is one measure, the phrase two measures. There is no break between the phrases. All that the player can do is to preserve the measure accents and in the second period take pains to begin his symmetries upon the proper notes; they will then define themselves to the hearer easily enough; otherwise they will fail to do so. It will be observed that the first period does not fill out the eighth measure but comes to a close upon E flat, beginning the third beat. The motion is continued by means of a bridge passage, but the real work of the second period begins with the E natural, in the first beat of the ninth measure. Counting from this point, the figure runs precisely two measures, and with the D natural in the first beat of m. 11 the same figure begins a repetition one note lower. This ends at the same point in m. 13, where an alternation of tonic and dominant begins and continues two measures, when an attractive chromatic sequence begins with the accented F flat, at "two" of m. 15. This chromatic sequence consists really of four meloly notes, and not of eleven, as the slurs in this edition indicate. The ear finds it easily enough. The first sequence runs from "two" to "one" in the next measure; then the sequence takes back a half step and a new sequence of four

IMPROMPTU.

Allegro assai, quasi presto. (And.) Op. 29

The single vertical stroke (reading mark) indicates the end of a design; the double stroke, a phrase. The letters, A, B, C, the beginning of periods.

notes follows, and upon this yet three more, completed by the running notes in m. 18. Here begins the resumption of the theme, which now undergoes an alteration and a prolongation of the closing chords, which extends this period to a length of 16 measures, including the closing scale downwards, to A flat in the bass, where this part properly stops. One detail of playing the student may easily miss; it is very common in cases of this kind. Throughout the last six measures where both hands play, there is an alternation of the tonic chord (in 6-4 position) upon the accented parts of the measure, and an altered chord upon the off beats. This altered chord is played rather louder than the tonic chord, despite the measure accent. Each measure consists therefore of a little crescendo and diminuendo, twice, the lesser stress being upon the tonic chord. This eventually comes out all right, as the dominant chord, indispensable for the cadence, also falls upon the second and fourth beats, and never upon the first or third. It is a case of intentional evasion of what would have been expected.

The variety of examples will serve to put the student upon the spirit of this manner of arriving at the correct phrasing in any case of well made music. To discriminate between what is an essential part of the idea and what is really a sort of unessential bridge-passage is not easy at first. In time one learns. But the rule that a motive beginning in a given measure form generates (nine times out of ten) period forms closing at the same measure point, is a very useful one for working. Phrases are precisely two measures, etc., as above. The division of structural phrases into their elements depends upon the character and speed of the passage. The following rule, I think, is practically inviolable, namely, there is one kind of case where motives *are not* defined in playing. It is when a four note motive is worked out in a triple measure. Such a motive crosses the rhythm continually, and the design is to deceive the ear. The measure prevails and the crossing of the motive is not emphasized; often avoided as much as possible in playing. This is different from such a case as the descending sequence in sixteenths in Bach's first two-part invention, where a figure of eight sixteenths begins on the second

quarter of the beat and is repeated four times in descending sequence. Such a sequence may be realized to the ear, not by division but by a slight emphasis upon the last tone of every sequence, for the last tone is always the main accent in this instance. This, however, amounts to no more than asserting the measure accent.

THE REGISTRATION OF BACH'S ORGAN WORKS.

By Franklin Peterson, Mus. Bac. Oxon.

The vexed question of registration is very much in the air just now. Government has been forced to take it up, and it is rumored that even musicians sigh after the legislation and privileges which have been granted to plumbers and others. Bodies like the Incorporated Society of Musicians would like the Government to step in and say whether an individual has a right to call himself a musician or not. Difficult and futile as the task would be, it would not present much more opportunity for difference of opinion than does the question of how to use the stops in Bach's organ compositions.

In no department of executive music have the means of performance been so thoroughly revolutionized as in the case of the organ. The instrument itself has not changed so much, for the principles of good organ building were thoroughly understood by Silbermann of Dresden, for example, in Bach's time; and few modern organ-builders would care to say that their diapasons are better than those of the old Saxon artist. But the mechanism has been so vastly improved that we can well conceive Silbermann crossing himself before a modern organ as before a work of the Devil.

But the new technique made possible by the new instruments, with their wonderful mechanism and capabilities, created a necessity for new writers of organ music—a necessity which has not been met. In the history of the pianoforte and the orchestra each new development of the instrument and its technique seemed to act and react upon the composers of the period, and each kept pace with the other. This is not the case in the history of the organ, for there is only one organ composer. This does not mean, of course, that Mendelssohn, Rheinberger, Widor, Guilmant (in his own French way), are of no account. In pianoforte literature Haydn does not suffer when compared with Bach; nor Schubert when compared with Mozart; nor Schumann or Brahms with Beethoven; nor Chopin with Schubert; all are pre-eminent in some particular

branch, they have their own mission, their own place, and need not fear comparison or rivalry. But among organ composers there is no name which can be mentioned in the same breath with that of John Sebastian Bach. He dominates the instrument and its literature; it is his face which looks out from among the dusty pipes of a noble old organ. His fugues and toccatas are the autocrats of the desk, the memory of his feet makes a Holy Land of the pedal board, and a pilgrim might feel a stronger influence as he touched the keys or handled the draw-stops of the old organ in the St. Thomas Kirche, in Leipzig, than when playing "Batti batti" on Mozart's little piano in the museum at Salzburg.

Here we must deal with the popular notion that the organ is not an "expressive" instrument. This statement is made, as a rule, by the person who admires the *voix celeste* and the continual pump of the swell pedal. He probably likes to hear a trill on the flute stop when the hymn or psalm talks of birds, and expects a double-pedal part when the "noise of the sea" and the "tumult of the people" have to be stilled. It was his sister who replied to a friend praising a rival organist's accompaniment to the words, "Ye mountains that skipped like rams, and ye little hills like young sheep": "Oh, you should hear our organist run about the city and grin like a dog."

As a matter of fact, the organ treated in the proper way is one of the most expressive instruments, although its means of expression are essentially different from those of the harmonium, the pianoforte, or the violin. If any justification of this contention were wanted, it could be found in the fact that no instrument—with the possible exception of the violin—betrays so instantaneously any trace of vulgarity in the artist.

If we grant that Bach made little or no alteration in the stops in the course of a movement, we must ask how far he was hampered by custom founded upon invariable tradition and doubtless bounded by actual difficulties.

Those who hold that the custom and the difficulties sufficiently account for Bach's uniformity of registration are confronted with the practice of the most distinguished musician of this century who was also an organist. Mendelssohn was one of the most careful and exacting of orchestral colorists;

he was also an expert organist, interested in all developments of organ building, and yet he elected to follow the Bach tradition.

The specious suggestion that Bach's indication "Volles Werk" (full organ) corresponds with a score written for "full orchestra," in which all the resources of the instrument are to be used at the discretion of the composer, cannot hold. The "full orchestra" had not the meaning then which it has to-day; orchestration, in the sense of the individualizing of instruments, or groups of instruments, is a new art. In Bach's time, a particular grouping of instruments chosen for any movement was persevered in throughout that movement.

There is no room for doubt as to the manner in which Bach used the instruments in his orchestra; and there is enough presumptive proof that he used organ stops in the same way. And, indeed, the tradition is continuous enough to justify us in believing that Bach did not indulge to any extent in the practice of changing his stops and that he played his larger compositions with "full organ" throughout.

There are two methods of changing stops in the course of a movement. One aims only at the general effect of *crescendo* or *diminuendo*—getting the stops out or in, somehow or somewhere, in the course of a passage. The other is precise, arranging either by the assistance of others or by the means of the lever mechanism of to-day, that a new effect, a step in the *crescendo* or *diminuendo*, or a change of tone-color should take place exactly on a certain note.

While organists will ungrudgingly admit the wonderful advances which have been made in the mechanism of registration, the most serious musicians cannot but ask the question whether these very improvements have not worked irretrievable harm in the higher regions of organ-playing and in the taste for organ effects. The swell-pedal offers an excellent case in point. The invention of the Venetian swell was an inestimable boon and opened a new world of effects to organ-players; but alas! the taste for the swell pedal grows with its thoughtless use until, like the habit of alcoholism, it becomes an irresistible and continuous vice. Many an organist who ought to know better sits with his right foot on the swell

pump, using only his left foot for pedal work, to the ruin of his powers of pedalling. He pumps the swell up and down until he seems to lose all real appreciation of the effect; and the pedal shutters have been seen to open and shut in the most expressive way, even when the organist was playing on the uncoupled great organ! When confronted with an emotional wreck of this description brought about by the abuse of a noble gift, who would not prefer the state of the organist whose instrument never knew a swell?

Of course it would be ridiculous to propose the disuse of the swell, but it might be a valuable movement to inaugurate a "pledge of abstinence" to be signed for a term of months or years by those who have become victims to the "Swell Habit."

Similarly regrettable consequences have resulted from the variety and beauty of the stops placed at the disposal of organists nowadays. Their presence is a continual temptation to him, and a temptation very hard to resist. He contracts the habit of changing from one beautiful stop to another on the slightest provocation, until he changes as a matter of course, and without any provocation whatever.

The more ambitious and expert followers of this same school try to reflect the kaleidoscopic variety of the orchestra. The extreme of the one method is sentimentality, emasculate drivel, and the worship of the *Vox Humana*—the "Nux Vomica" stop, as the appreciative old lady called it. The extreme of the other is certainly very wonderful, and even interesting; but many of us may be forgiven when we feel impelled to question whether it is organ-playing in the greatest sense of the word.

It is quite possible for modern organists on modern organs to play arrangements of the overtures to *Tannhauser* or *Zampa*, a Beethoven Symphony, or a Liszt Rhapsody. But is it desirable? It can only be called permissible as a means of saving us from compositions by men who are not Wagners, nor Beethovens, nor Liszts, but who pile a Pelion of difficulties on an Ossa which has neither firmness of foundation, breadth and solidity of structure, nor height of musical thought. And I really think that either alternative is preferable to the school which treats a Bach fugue as if it were an

arrangement from an orchestral score. We need not go to a recital which announces the *Flying Dutchman* or the *Frieschutz* overture; but to be drawn by the bait of the Doric Toccata, and to hear, as I have heard, the first bars played with a crescendo and diminuendo in each group of four 16ths, is provocative of something akin to blasphemy.

"What are we to do?" answered an eminent organist when I groaned over the "Fantasia on Scottish Airs" played by a very distinguished executant on a recent important occasion. "We must get something to show off these splendid organs." And that holds the whole problem in a nutshell. Pianists and orchestral conductors have at their disposal a large literature of splendid music which taxes their utmost resources. In the domain of organ music executive skill and mechanical perfection have far outstripped the demands made by the best organ music. Bach's most complicated work is child's-play to the modern executant, and the modern audience prefers fireworks to fugues, miracles to bread.

In considering the registration of Bach's organ works, we may divide them into four classes: Those, like the choral preludes, which practically admit of no doubt as to their registration; the slow movements, which offer opportunity for variety and quasi-orchestral treatment; the fugues; and lastly, the great fantasias, toccatas, etc.

The first need not detain us long, for it is evident from their form that the composer did not contemplate any alteration or modification throughout the piece. As in his church compositions, a solo voice is accompanied by obligato instruments, and no change either in the voice or instruments is permissible.

A good example of the second is the adagio from the C major Toccata, in which the craze for variety in solo stops might suggest contrasts between flute, clarinet, orchestral oboe and even the dread *Vox Humana*, to the great danger of the purity and directness of the music. Those who find an analogy to this movement in the Aria of the Orchestral Suite in D, will not need to be told that such variety was far from the composer's intention. We often hear the Aria played as a solo on the violincello, or on the fourth string of the violin, the accom-

paniment being entrusted to the pianoforte—and sometimes grossly caricatured, as, for example, by Grutzmacher. When it is played by an orchestra, the air is often committed to the first violin *solo*. But all such arrangements are modern decadences. The noble melody was intended to be played by all the first violins in unison, and, however effective to a decadent taste other dispositions of the orchestra may be, every true musician, every earnest scholar of all that is best and noblest in music, must feel the exhilarating effect when the composition is played by a first-rate orchestra as the composer intended it.

More doubtful is the conclusion about such a passage as the slow movement of the first organ sonata. If anyone scored this for orchestra he might probably give each alternating phrase to a different instrument—which may be advanced as a justification of organists who continually vary the stops. That Bach would certainly have done nothing of the kind may not be universally accepted as a final settlement of the vexed question.

The question of the registration of Bach's Fugues is the most difficult of the four. The modern school contends, with great show of reason, that as the interest of a fugue continually increases, so the volume of tone should be increased from time to time, until the *fortissimo* gives added effect to the grand climax. The other school trusts to the structure of the fugue offering crescendo enough. It keeps to the tradition of full organ throughout, except in some instances where an entire episode can be transferred with good effect to a second manual. Sound reasons can be advanced by either side, and early education is probably a greater influence than conviction in the matter. Those who elect to take their stand with tradition secure the mighty effect which a subject like the G minor, or the A minor, or the D major command when given out with full organ. They can also quote the greatest authorities on their side. But it would be idle to deny the advantages of the other style, or to question the authority of many of its adherents. Strong upholder of the traditional school as I am, I cannot but recognize the influence of education, of personal acquaintance with the work of some distinguished Bach ex-

ponents of the traditional school, and also with the sidelights thrown upon the question by the performances on, and editions for, the pianoforte, by Liszt, Rubinstein, and Tausig. It may be prejudice which prefers a fugue on the full organ throughout and imagines a certain loss of dignity in the changing of stops. One thing, however, must be frankly confessed, namely, the probability that in such a performance of a fugue the performer himself has a greater pleasure than many of his audience. But I am perfectly certain that the practice of picking out parts of the counterpoint—entries of the subject, points of imitation, etc.—on another manual, is not in accordance with the genius of the instrument or the purest style of organ-playing.

Many of the Fugues seem to invite more delicate treatment, *e. g.*, the C minor, the small E minor, the small G minor, etc. But the giants in the collection like the G minor, and such preludes as the G minor and B minor seem to me most noble, most magnificent, when played as Bach himself played them.

In the Fantasies, Toccatas, etc., the greatest freedom must surely be allowed, consistent with the dignity of the music and the integrity of the phrases and periods. It is such a consideration which makes the arrangement of the passage in the D minor Toccata quoted in the Monthly Musical Record of last October "musical extravagance" of the most unjustifiable kind. Bach is never afraid of repeating a good idea, and we know how his themes roll on in magnificent disregard of ordinary limits. Such a continuous torrent as rushes through these dozen bars is by no means uncommon in Bach's works. And I can conceive no greater mistake than that which seeks to break it up and parcel it off by jumps from one manual to the other. There is nothing in the character of the passage to indicate to a Bach scholar that the composer had a series of contrasts in his mind.

How would the G minor subject sound played in alternate Gt. and Sw. for six notes?

Contrast is the evident intention in earlier passages of the same Toccata, where the 32d notes are played upon the swell and the following phrase upon the Great, and here, as in many similar cases, there can be no objection to a change of manual.

224 THE REGISTRATION OF BACH'S ORGAN WORKS.

Indeed, if the organist thinks more about the organ composer than the organ builder, more of the work than of himself, and plays to satisfy a high, even a severe ideal, and to do honor to old Bach's memory rather than to show off the resources of his organ and his own agility, he may be allowed entire freedom in his registration of Bach's organ works.—Augener's Musical Record.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

By Egbert Swayne.

I have lately been putting together the steps in development through which our modern music arrived at its fundamental expectation of symmetrical, rhythmic and metrical structure. I refer to the fact, which no doubt all readers have noticed, that our instrumental music and practically all our vocal music, expects a structural symmetry based upon a definite rhythmic motive, phrases of two measures or four, sections of four measures or eight, and periods of eight or sixteen measures. In fact, the simple period of music is nothing more nor less than a melo-harmonic stanza, usually of four lines, rhyming alternately. In the usual lyric period the first and third phrases are often identical, or practically so. This holds for a symphony of Tschaikovsky or Brahms as well as for the most popular dances. Yet while the hearer expects the structure to complete itself in this symmetrical manner, he is willing to permit almost any cleverly managed variation from type, where the harmony is so managed as to conceal or excuse the addition of a few more measures. But without this fundamental expectation of a certain long established symmetry of phrases, sections and periods, the fanciful deviations from it would be without meaning.

We often read that music stems back to the dance, and that symphony comes from the dance, but the writers rarely stop to tell us how and wherein. This, also, is part of that curious development I have been tracing. I take it that the dance is the source of all kinds of mood-establishing by means of rhythm, and this covers the fundamental establishing of mood in nearly all our music, for the rhythm is the place where, through a characteristic rate of speed, a significant rhythmic diversification and a decided rhythmic intention, the foundation of mood is laid very completely, so that melody and harmony have but little more to do to perfect the picture but to intensify the suggestions of the rhythm, emphasize the cadences harmonically, lighten it up through the charm of melodic symmetry combined with an underlying expression

which is primarily harmonic. But the characteristic rhythm of a piece is the first place where the mood intended begins to come to expression.

Max Mueller suggests that our Aryan forefathers on the high table lands of central Asia, in the ages long ago prehistoric, were wont to join hands around the family altar at the rising and setting of the sun, while circling a few steps this way and a few the other they repeated the morning or evening hymn, in a sort of sing-song cadence. He even thinks that perhaps some of these early hymns, these morning songs of our race, may still be extant in that oldest of collected poems, the Rig-Veda.

Taking this as the starting point of the development of verse, what did they arrive at? First of all a metrical arrangement of syllables, the oldest Vedic meters being practically our iambic tetrameter; in other words, our so-called "long meter." Other iambic effects they had with more syllables to a line, but the oldest, perhaps, is this one. In this by the stepping four steps one way and four the other, we have the "verse" (turn); in the alternation of accented and unaccented syllables the prosodical unit, the "foot" (the step), and in the group of verses the stanza—in music our period.

Dance and the musical intoning of poetry went on undivided for many centuries. The sing-song has remained the ideal of all highly religious utterances to this day, as we may see not alone in the liturgical chanting but still more in the sing-song of the preacher, whenever he gets interested in his religious zeal.

Naturally, the dance, even while liturgical and in early moments somewhat informal, tended to differentiate itself. A more animated step or rate of going, and perhaps more animation in versification, naturally was found out for those festivals in which an exultant mood was the ground of the feast. So also, upon the other side, a slower and more solemn mood for occasions that side the line. And thus practically our three fundamental musical tempi, the *Moderato*, or, as Haendel used to call it, *Tempo Ordinario*, the ordinary time; *Allegro*, a quicker movement, and *Andante*, a slower movement.

I do not find that meter and the dance seem to have under-

gone any great practical development and differentiation until the time of the classical Greeks, although if we knew more of the music of the ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans, Hebrews, and the like, we might see reason to modify this opinion. But it is quite plain that the Greeks of the classical times had forces in operation calculated to diversify the dance to a remarkable degree, and I believe the evidences of this stage of the development still exist in Greek poetry. In fact, the Greeks could not have avoided such a differentiation. Consider the variety of gods and goddesses they worshiped, and the variety of temperaments and moods to which this variety appealed. Naturally in the festivals of Dionysos (the Greek Bacchus) all sorts of sportive and fanciful meters came to use as the natural expression of the spirit of the feast. So also in the orgiastic festivals a great deal of the disposition to run riot in sound and to develop a succession of impassioned climaxes, such as much of our modern music so fully illustrates in tones. So also in the festivals in honor of Aphrodite and Cytherean Venus, other types of meter and rhythm arose, and among them, no doubt, the *Adagio*, the slow and tender. Meanwhile the grave and serious moods were still more fully brought out in the music and poetry for the festivals of Phoebus Apollo.

It is a singularly curious feature of this development that so far as we know, up to this point, after nobody knows how many thousand years of development, the melody as such shows little or no tendency to perfect itself symmetrically according to the pattern of the poetry. Naturally it reposes slightly at the close of the lines, but nothing like a symmetrical melodic pattern for several phrases appears in the few Greek melodies which have come down to us. Evidently sense-incitation through tone as such had made little headway.

One curious thing the Greeks did, which they have never had proper recognition for, which even I myself, who have been studying upon this line these twenty years now, have never observed until just recently. Namely, this: The Greeks, as everybody knows, had seven modes. That is, a melody could begin and end upon any note of the scale at pleasure, and thus they had what for simplicity we might des-

ignate as modes of Do, modes of Re, of Mi, of Fa, of Sol, of La, and of Si. Now the curious circumstance is that despite two or three centuries of time to find out that melodies rising out of Do and coming back to that tone as repose, and out of La and returning to La, had elements of satisfaction which other kinds of melody failed to present, there does not appear to have been any official recognition of the fact. Was not that fact noticed? We take it for granted that it was not. But I have an idea that we assume too much.

Plato gives a very distinct preference in his "Laws" and "Politics" to melodies in the modes of Re and of Mi. He regards all others, and particularly certain ones, as addicted to enervating practices, and tending towards dissipation. Now what was there in any merely arbitrary selection of keynote for melody which could have in it moral implications of this kind? What could it be but the associations, and Plato intimates as much. Here we have, if I mistake not, a clue. I imagine that it must have been the semi-hysterical and highly sensitive votaries of Venus and Bacchus whose nerves of hearing shared the exaltation of which the entire cult was the expression, and that the modes of Do and La were actually used in these cults, as they have been many and many a time since. And this was the reason that Plato, who most likely knew the inevitable two tunes of great men (the one that "was," and the one that "wasn't") found it sufficient reason to condemn these profane melodies *in toto*. He thought that the music was the cause of the dissipation; whereas the dissipation was merely a working off of hysteria, as much musical composition and novel writing has been, and more, betoken, will be to the end of time. I consider this suggestion as worthy of being entertained.

It is a great pity that we are not in position to say when this competitive examination of key-note qualities finally culminated in establishing Do and La as the proper and sufficient key tones of melody. It was, I think, accomplished by popular musicians, who sang and played dances and the like, somewhere before about A. D. 1100. Yet the official musicians of the churches, including practically all who could read and write, knew nothing of this but held firmly to the Greek tradi-

tions, and for four centuries yet continued to harmonize the Plain Song and the Offices of the Church in the Greek modes of artificial invention—and rather took pride in forcing harmony to simulate the support of these intractable and impossible melodies.

That this development took place in secular circles and in northern Europe, is plain enough from the famous English round, "Sumer is a cumin in," which was believed to have been written in the oldest existing copy before A. D. 1240. This puts it along about the period when Franco of Cologne and Franco of Paris were writing the imperfect beginnings of harmony which have finally been collected from their works. It is quite certain that the composer of this round had about the same ideas of tonality that we have to-day, and we know not how much earlier the date may have been than this mentioned. There are also many melodies extant from periods approximate, in which the melody not only rests upon simple harmony of the folks tone (the tonic, subdominant and dominant) but also moves in rhythmic patterns and symmetries corresponding to those of the poetry. Thus we find traces of what must have been a development lasting centuries, the steps of which are almost entirely lost.

To find the tonality involved first of all finding a tonic chord, and then the other chords. I imagine the finding of the chord arose from the harp. The harp was the gentleman's instrument in Europe from about the time of the first crusade or soon after down to about 1400. Now the harp was of small compass, strung with catgut strings which continually slackened and often broke. Hence a continual exercise in retuning the harp, and so an incitation of ear more persistent than anything to which musicians had previously been subjected. The subject matters to which these minstrel singers were addicted were stories of heroism and devotion, particularly the former. And as singers have always done since the world began, at the climaxes they undoubtedly threw into their singing their utmost force, and tried to bring out upon the instrument as much of a climax as they could. As the instrument had but little power, what expedient so natural as that of trying to sound several strings together in these powerful mo-

23) A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

ments; and in this way, upon a fortunate occasion, the common chord was discovered. When once this door was opened, all other followed in course. Other chords, and then the symmetrizing of the chords around a central point of repose.

It is curious to observe that when the church musicians began to dabble in this popular music, which they did about A. D. 1500, they tried to rearrange the melodies into the tonalities of the church modes, as we may see in many examples still remaining. Boehm's History of the Dance in Germany contains many such examples. But the tide could not thus be turned back. The real tonality asserted itself. Yet up to this time all the music was vocal and not instrumental.

Whatever the sprightliness of metric rhythm, as shown in verse up to this point, the music also shared. While a chordal accompaniment had begun to assert itself, the instrument remained still the servant and scarcely even the helper of the song. Advance came, in my opinion, from the next popular instrument, which was the lute, that pear-shaped instrument of which our mandolin is the degenerate descendant. The lute had a finger-board with frets for the safe placing of the fingers, and it leant itself easily to rhythmic combinations. Its short-winded plunkity-plunks had to be supplemented by the rapidly repeated tremolo, as we hear in the mandolin, and in the sort of animated co-operation of the bass and other parts in maintaining sprightly and inspiring rhythms. If farther evidence of this potency were needed, beyond that of the obvious capacity of the instrument itself, it is to be found in the significant fact, not before emphasized by musical historians (so far as I know), that the *tablatura* or official notation of the lute was the first musical notation ever devised capable of representing musical rhythm upon graphic principles apprehensible to the trained eye as a system, such as a musical rhythm is. The existence of this merit in the lute *tablatura*, and the later application of a like system to the music for other instruments, suggests that this rhythmic versatility had actually met a long-felt want.

The lute, like all the stringed instruments which are played by plucking the strings (the mandolins, guitars, etc.) took easily to harmony. Chords were grateful to the player, who

by means of them augmented the volume of his tone. So also these instruments were singularly limited in their nature, and did not lend themselves easily to the manifold chords of official and high class music, although the Italian lutenists of the XVI century were accustomed to play vocal pieces in strict polyphonic style, as illustrated in several examples in the recently published monograph of Signor Torchi concerning Italian secular music of this period. These, however, were virtuoso efforts.

The next great advance in music came from the violin, which having perfected its form as early as about A. D. 1500, went along for still nearly two centuries before its slender and appealing, womanly voice gained the ear of the great genius Archangelo Corelli, and through him the ear of all singing mankind. A new art was born, that of the legato melody. I have traced this elsewhere (in my Popular History, and in the article upon Alessandro Scarlatti in "Famous Composers and Their Works") and so it is not necessary to add more than to point out with what avidity the musical world turned to this new means of pouring out the subconscious movings of the human soul. Italian singing was born, Alessandro Scarlatti, his daughter Flaminia and his pupil Porpora being the first fruits and exponents thereof.

When once Corelli had shown the power of legato melody, and had followed Monteverde's insight in placing the violin at the head of his orchestra (which happened as early as 1608) symphony was possible and all the materials which our existing art contains had been discovered or had been so approximated that their complete discovery was a matter of time and longer incitation of tone.

The curious circumstances in this story are the length of time which is covered up in our metric expectations of music; and the farther fact, often ignored by players, that in rhythm is the first determination of musical mood.

EDITORIAL BRIG-A-BRAC

The daily papers in Chicago have been giving what is doubtless a premature publicity to an alleged intention of President Harper of the Chicago University to inaugurate a school of music, as soon as may be, with Theodore Thomas at the head, with the rank of full professor. The idea is of great value from the standpoint of publicity and promotion, the name of Theodore Thomas being a musical trade-mark ensuring that a certain standard of taste and attainment would be observed in all the work of the school, if a school there comes to be. It is natural that the university should look forward to having at least a nominal school of music, such as Harvard, Yale and Columbia now have.

There are certain difficult questions to be taken up before the public will be in position to decide whether to congratulate the university or condole with it. The three older universities undertake nothing more than by the aid of a full professor to offer certain "courses" of counterpoint, form, composition, history and aesthetics, in which musically inclined students may elect to work towards their bachelor degrees. At Harvard this work has been so well done that there are a score or more of very well-trained American composers who have received their entire training under the professor there, Mr. John K. Paine. The musical chair does nothing whatever outside of this work, and makes no effort to influence or promote musical estimation in the undergraduate body. The same is true, it is believed, of Yale and Columbia. At the University of Michigan, and at several of the western colleges, the professor of music tries to promote a general musical culture in the undergraduate body, by means of quasi-popular lectures, courses of chamber, choral and orchestral concerts, and there are music schools maintained for practical instruction, with able and occasionally celebrated instructors.

At Oberlin there are about five hundred music students; at Ann Arbor nearly as many; at the University of Nebraska a large and well manned school; at the University of Idaho, and elsewhere, large and capable schools. It is therefore high time that Chicago (after having fixed its athletic fences) should now get around to do something in this important direction.

The proper work of a professor of music should be to promote a cultivated intelligence regarding the art among the entire undergraduate body. Could this be done wisely, it would be of great after benefit to music in America. Next in importance after this would be establishing an advanced school of music, theoretical and practical, to form composers' and artists, and to undertake material suitable for such results, and such material only. This restriction would limit the attendance very much indeed, and if the examinations were really such as would signify post-graduate rank for admission, the membership of such a school could not be expected to reach one hundred students in ten years to come. Nevertheless such a music school with well-defined tests of training, capacity and musical instinct, would exert an enormous influence upon the entire secondary education in music all over the country. It would do upon a larger scale what the defunct American College of Musicians did, twenty years ago, simply by defining a set of tests of musical capacity for its candidates for membership. These tests were administered to but a very small number of candidates; yet they served to crystallize the thought and modify ideals in many and many a school which never or very rarely sent up a candidate for examination at the College of Musicians.

The practical music school, of the kind here mentioned, would necessarily be obliged to administer instruction to a value several times over what the students could pay. As it is at present, a student desiring to become a composer enters with some private teacher, who takes him just as he finds him and gives him one lesson after another, with very little systematic adjustment with reference to completing an all-around preparation for his proposed task. Moreover the student of this kind is generally hampered for money and is unable to enter as many classes as he really needs. He there-

fore takes the branches which appear of most immediate bearing and foregoes the rest. It would be the work of our College of Music to change all this, and require all those accessory studies which are needed to fill out the schooling of a composer of high ideals; such as an extensive and accurate knowledge of music as literature, the structural tricks and peculiarities of all the leading composers, the aesthetic value of their music, and in particular the nature of the ideals seemingly underlying their works and an estimate of their success or failure as measured by such ideals. Constant practice in hearing music would of course be imperative. A student thus directed might graduate after about three years of hard study, and might then be candidate for a fellowship in the university, for one or two years, by recommendation or by competitive appointment upon the merits of an important work. That the prize composition would generally or ever turn out a masterpiece is of course unlikely; it would, however, indicate the nature of the talent, and later on a master work might follow.

It is of course open to economists to judge whether the production of some three, five or even seven young composers in any year would be an adequate return for the considerable expense of the training, which would aggregate a cost of at least one thousand dollars per student annually, while the student could hardly be assessed more than the nominal rate of one hundred dollars, if so much. This is the utilitarian background of every phase of culture. "Does it pay?" asks Gradgrind.

Similar considerations would appertain to the instruction of would-be artists, and here the difficulties would be almost insuperable. Mainly it is a question of money, but not wholly. Any first-rate teacher of voice or piano receives for his work in any year a larger compensation than the salary of a full professor in the university. The most that could be done would be to enroll a certain number of very eminent instructors for a few hours per week, each, paying them their regular rate per hour, or even a slightly augmented scale. This would enable the school to apportion its few very advanced students in pianoforte, singing, or violin, among the best of our local teachers, and this course would be preferable to im-

porting an alleged European expert to undertake the whole job. European experts are expert mainly in drawing American salaries. In all Europe to-day there are hardly a dozen great piano teachers, teachers who have shown artistic results. Busoni, Godowsky, Barth, Leschetizky, who are the others? So of voice. Where are the great teachers? And violin, where are the pedagogic experts who can turn out artistic violinists? Thompson, Ysaye, may be three or four others. And even then here come Kubelik and Phocian from an obscure violinist in Bohemia, of whom the most sagacious American impresario had never before heard. No, with Listemann and Spiering in Chicago, we are as well off for violin work as we would be likely to be with any kind of fresh importation.

The newspapers, with their happy faculty of seeing things the large way, speak of establishing "a great musical school." Now, a great music school is like a great oyster shell; it has to grow. The university, if it has the money and general sense, might start such a school. It would then be a question of *personelle* in faculty patience, good advertising (and football will not effectively advertise a first-rate music school) and results—in other words, ten years at least.

The price of greatness in numbers, in a school, is appealing to average demands of the ignorant. If the university is ready to guarantee a teacher's certificate at the end of a year's study, a graduation at the end of two years, and a situation almost any old time, there will be students in great numbers. These things, with the halo of the Chicago University, would outclass any similar advantages elsewhere offered in this city. By their aid it would perhaps be possible to have a membership of nearly or quite one thousand pupils within ten years. The school would then have reached the rank of third among city music schools, for the Musical College need not be expected to fall off in membership (and it now nearly equals the university itself in membership) nor would the American Conservatory. There are also two or three other large music schools which would give it a close run in the race.

The problem of a great music school, therefore, is a very serious one, and the question would remain after all whether it would actually be worth what it would cost. And this

mainly from the ephemeral character of its *clientele*. The great body of students in these schools are young women, who within three years after graduation, or ceasing to attend, will have married and have passed out of professional life. Their accomplishment in music will, for a time at least, be neglected; and if ultimately they come back into active relation to music, as many of them do, it would be as little more than teachers of primary grades of school. That it would be advantageous for these to have come under the broader ideals of university thought is plain enough, provided means can be found to disseminate the high ideals and thought alleged. But such a school is by no means a proper part of university ideal. It is merely an academy for secondary education—even for primary education to a considerable extent. The present writer, therefore, does not particularly care for the element of bigness in the proposed school. Let it be big in thoroughness and nobility of purpose; and big with practical skill in awakening its students to a love for music and an appreciation of tone and tonal combinations. But of mere numbers, let us beware. Remember what the poet sang:

“Broad is the way that leads to death.”

The practical question whether Mr. Theodore Thomas would be the best man for head of a musical department in the university is not one that admits of discussion. He is the most prominent musician in Chicago, the best known in the country at large, and stands for noble ideals. It is surely a pretty idea to crown his ripe old age with a recognition of this kind; and it is an act in which virtue will be its own reward, since in the recognition the public assures itself that a certain stability and high art halo will adorn whatever he touches.

That he is not a practical teacher of the technic of music, or even its literature and aesthetics, does not so much matter. Good men can be found as instructors. Nor is he a lecturer. The undergraduate will be spared that branch of trouble. There will be very little of a practical kind that he could do in such a position. But then perhaps that is even an attraction, for one loses eventually the attractiveness of the idea of always doing. It would be an ornamental appointment, and from the standpoint of a first class impressario, like President Harper, the

idea would not admit of discussion. Let us therefore hail the new professor that is to be: Theodore Thomas, Doctor of Music, Professor! *Hoch!*

* * *

In a late issue of the *Musical Record* Mr. Henderson, the admirable musician who presides over the musical criticism of the New York Times, says a few things about singing, which deserve to be remembered by all concerned. He deplors the neglect of the words by the generality of singers and notes with disapproval the current habit of offering the hearers books containing the words of the songs to be sung. He suggests that such aids are necessary or ought to be to those only who are ignorant of the language of the songs, or in default of an adequate delivery of the text by the singers. He then goes on to define singing as "the interpretation of text by means of musical tones produced by the human voice." As to tone quality, he says, the definition saves that element of good singing since by the foregoing specification the tones are to be musical.

Along with much excellent matter he suggests, rather than actually declares, that the older Italian singing teachers, even, neglected the words in favor of the purely sensuous effect of beautiful tone qualities. In this suggestion I think Mr. Henderson does the older Italian teachers an injustice. All who have ever been intimate with well-taught Italian singers know, on the contrary, that the delivery of the text is a *sine qua non*, and that an Italian audience is nearly as critical in this respect as a French audience, and with less necessity, since the Italian is more musical in itself than the French and not nearly so elusive for singing purposes, while the written words of the French contain so many elements which pass unnoticed in speech. All who have heard the great Italian singers know that the delivery of a recitative in an adequate manner will almost establish a new singer's standing with her strange audience.

Even in the arias, where if anywhere the neglect of the words of the text might be condoned, by reason of their multitudinous repetitions, the Italian singers are very careful to give every word and syllable perfectly, and to do this with-

out impairing the musical quality or the legato of their phrases. Naturally the treatment of text in an aria is not the same as in recitative. In the latter the movement of the drama is instantly in question, and the changing effect of each new phrase of words is accentuated by the composer, for the purpose of intensifying their impression. An aria, according to the older school, rests upon a different esthetic basis. It is a prolongation of a single important and significant moment in the drama, and in older operas the words of the text rarely surpassed the limits of a couplet or at most a stanza. This was something quite different from the modern German song composed all through, in which an entire poem is set; in Schubert occasionally several stanzas, even whole cantos.

In order to get at Mr. Henderson's full meaning we need to water out one of his terms; he says that singing is the "interpretation" of a musical text. Precisely, but how? Here we come upon a long and significant historical vista.

The early operas had no other ideal than to furnish, by means of the musical forms, adequate emphasis and inflections of the emotional delivery of the text of the drama. In the first operas there was no legato singing whatever. The ideal of legato solo singing had not yet arisen. It was destined to come later through the work of Corelli in the pieces for the violin, for the violin was the first instrument which revealed to man the possibilities of a flowing cantilena. Yet before Corelli's work the operas began to have melody and at times moments of impassioned delivery. A few traces of this kind are to be found in the few operas of Monteverde and his immediate successors from the first half of the seventeenth century. But it was not until the time of Bach and Handel that Alexander Scarlatti began to impart to his impassioned moments the long and flowing outlines which we now know so well as Italian melody; such as we characterize as *cantilena*.

This introduced two new elements, one of which presently ran away with the whole machine. *Cantilena* aimed at beauty of tone-chain as such and especially at creating by its purely sensuous beauty emotions proper to the text of which the *cantilena* was an exposition. The other element was that of

the sensuous beauty of the well-trained human voice, merely of and for the castrati, who were the only "women" singers permitted upon the stage, and devoted themselves to the development not alone of the long, flowing and impassioned melody of the violin, but went farther and surpassed all the spry instruments, like the flute and violin, in graceful agility and *fiorature*. This innovation naturally made an enormous financial success, and it was followed up later more and more, down to and including the work of Rossini, to the neglect of the true work of the *cantilena* as an exponent of a musical something in the text, for which recitative and declamation were inadequate, and to the destruction of dramatic unity, through the habit of the prima donna giving herself up to the performance and repetition of long virtuoso pieces of pyrotechnics, when according to the libretto she must have been in the very jaws of death. This was the kind of thing which Gluck railed against, but in Gluck sensuous beauty of vocal effect as such still cuts an important figure.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that the singer's complete work includes that of delivering the text so that the hearer gets it, heightened in beauty and strengthened in dramatic force, and of adding to this the heightening and soaring effect of exquisite melody, suitable to the spirit of the poem. Merely to possess the hearer of the text is not enough; the singer has to illustrate it, glorify it, beautify it. This is the way in which some of Handel's arias appealed to their first hearers—"I know that my Redeemer liveth," etc.

* * *

Mr. Thomas Tapper, who by reason of his joint authorship of the "Natural" system of school music and his headship of the American Book Company summer schools for music teachers, is one of the most prominent and influential personalities in American school music, in a recent article in the *Musical Record* comforts a "Woman from Iowa," a little upon the principle of the old lady who reported that their potato crop had been a total failure, but "praise God, none of the neighbors were any better off."

The woman from Iowa had complained that she gave many lessons, sometimes at less than fifty cents each. Whereupon,

after a preliminary canter through the flying trapeze of the universal press agent and his alleged thousand dollars a night to the youth Kubelik, Tapper gets down to business and cites three advertisements from German newspapers—and they are well worth citing. “No. 1.” The music school at Aschaffenburg desires a teacher to take charge of the vocal department, to give instructions to the stringed instrument classes and eventually to the classes of wind-instrument pupils.” (I imagine that Tapper is not quite so clear as the original; the instruction is probably in theory, sight reading or something of the sort, since actual instruction upon the instruments would naturally devolve upon specialists.) Time required, twenty-six hours per week. Salary first three years 1,600 marks (\$400), fourth and fifth years 1,760 marks, and so on until after the twenty-fourth year the salary remains at 2,400 marks (\$600). No. 2. The National Theatre at Mannheim needs a first bassoon, salary beginning at 1,600 marks, slowly crawling up (*steigend*, the German euphemistically has it) to 1,780. No. 3. At Cologne they want a concertmaster for the orchestra, with the for German unheard-of munificence of a yearly salary of 3,000 marks (\$750). Cologne wants a first harpist at \$650 per year, with the privilege of earning by private lessons in the conservatory \$140 more per year. Mannheim wanted a fourth horn player at \$310 per year. No. 5. A very large north German conservatory wants a teacher of elementary piano classes, four daily, six days per week, forty-one weeks per year—total 984 hours per year, salary 1,000 marks (\$250—a trifle over twenty-five cents per hour).

With this as a basis Mr. Tapper congratulates the woman from Iowa upon living in a country which with all its artistic shortcomings has not yet reduced good teachers and artists to a schedule of poverty like that. He also calls her attention to the fact that even these positions would all be cut off from her in Germany, because they all want perfectly educated men of experience.

It is no wonder that the German musician comes over here and joins a trade's union to keep things as private as possible during his time.

* * *

It is a curious fact that most musical questions when investigated turn out to have been already correctly decided by the action of intuitive musical perceptions. Here, for instance, is the legato touch upon the pianoforte, which our distinguished friend, Mr. Virgil, declares is never correctly produced except upon one of his instruments for minimizing music, or at least by a student who has been minimizingly instructed. He declares that a correct legato is that which is produced by the simultaneous sounding of the two "clicks" in his instrument. Many excellent musicians have dissented from his contentions ever since he first made them, but nobody chanced to think of the expedient of scientifically testing the question. This has been left for that excellent musician and careful piano teacher, Mr. Richard Zeckwer, of Philadelphia, with the result of demonstrating that musician-pianists who have played legato by the grace of God and the musical sense have been much nearer the real thing than our assertive inventor. Mr. Zeckwer, began by trying to discover whether in playing a true legato upon the pianoforte the keys passed each other half way up, overlapped, or the second started down at the precise moment when the first had reached its level—the three degrees implying three states of relation in the playing fingers and the impulses back of them.

Naturally any such experiment leaves room for doubt, since the main question is always taken for granted, namely, that in a given instance the tones were actually legato as claimed and not overlapped or in the slightest degree separated. Mr. Zeckwer began by connecting five keys of his piano with an electric circuit (by means of a little brass plate under the key and a spring) in such a way that depressing the key closed an electric circuit, which in turn actuated an electro-magnet and brought down a stylus upon the recording paper of the kymograph—an instrument much less complicated than its name would imply. When the tracings of the stylus upon the paper were examined it was found that in a true legato the depression of the new key took place quite a perceptible interval before the elevation of the old one. Whether this amounted to bringing the new key quite down before the old one started up, or half way down, Mr. Zeckwer does not

seem to have inquired. At all events here is his record, which shows that, assuming his legato connections to have been all equally perfect, the keys to a slight extent overlap each other. The record also shows something more. It shows very plainly that this overlapping was unequal, being longer for the weak fingers and shorter for the stronger. This difference must have been due to slower muscular action in the case of the weaker fingers, and plainly points to a source of error, since his account of the experiments does not suggest any inequality in the legato, as between the playing of the thumb and second finger, second and third, etc. In his main contention Mr. Zeckwer was quite right.

When his device was applied to Mr. Virgil's instrument for minimizing music, and the two "clicks" were made to coincide, the kymograph, having no interest in that most worthy invention, basely showed a distinct failure to connect, the interval between the cessation of one key and the beginning of the next being as great as the overlapping had been in the previous cases.

Another very unexpected result of Mr. Zeckwer's experiments was to establish the curious fact (if fact it be) that in repetitions of single fingers upon the same key the limit was between five and eight a second, and that persons who had had no previous training upon the piano had as great speed in this respect as those who played well. I do not feel prepared to accept this report as final; I would like to see it tried with some such fingers as those of Godowsky. I cannot believe that a common laborer, as Mr. Zeckwer says, has equal rapidity with single fingers with a trained pianist.

Another curious product of this lot of experiments was Mr. Zeckwer's determination of the limit of speed of notes per second. Taking a five-finger passage up and back as fast as possible he found the limit to be twenty-five a second; whereas in a trill there were but sixteen, which it will be observed is the double of the previously ascertained limit of single fingers. Looked at from this standpoint the determination appears reasonable enough, although from mere musical impression a musician would have supposed a trill to have been as rapid as the five-finger passage.

These experiments recall some that I made quite informally with Godowsky, some years ago, as to his speed, in which it was found that in his perpetual motion (which changes the chord at every beat) the fastest speed was about sixteen notes per second. The rate is much too fast for ordinary hearing, not because the notes are so fast, but by reason of the harmonies.

It thus appears that Dr. Mason's device for securing a good legato touch through the device of overlapping the keys is not so far out of the way; the only question is as to how it is done. As he does it and as his pupils do it, it is a legitimate device. But as played by untaught pianists, knowing nothing of hand conditions, it sometimes gives rise to very misleading muscular habits and hand conditions.

* * *

It is obvious upon close examination that the experiments of Mr. Zeckwer were left at an undeterminative stage, the final and central question of all, whether the legato in each case was alike excellent, remaining unascertained. If he had been able to add to his apparatus a second set of records, of the same series, showing the precise point where each piano string came into action, the record would then have been completely determinative.

* * *

The appointment of the orchestral director, Arthur Nikisch, as general director of the Leipsic Conservatory of Music certainly gives that popular institution of musical instruction a picturesque and well-known head. Whether Mr. Nikisch will develop the qualities needed in his new position remains for time to show. At least his presence argues in favor of the continued popularity of the school and quite likely may lead to some needed improvements in standards and in the teaching force. Upon the latter head the Leipsic school suffers under the same difficulty as all music schools in large cities, that the really great teachers can attract private pupils in sufficient numbers and at prices so favorable as to give them far greater remuneration for their time than any school can afford to pay. We have several cases, indeed, here in Chicago where heads of departments in music schools are paid salaries of ad-

mirable figure. Such teachers as Hans von Schiller, Bernhard Listemann, Theodore Spiering and the like, do not confine their teaching to a school without suitable recompense. But in Europe it is doubtful whether the most celebrated director possible to be named enjoys as large a salary as the musical college pays more than one of its heads of department. Owing to this element the Leipsic conservatory has in former years lost one after another of its really effective teachers while mainly the routiners and unaggressive alone have been left to carry on its instruction.

Now in education communicating knowledge and ascertaining that the pupils have assimilated at least an official minimum of it are by no means the main elements in the progress of the pupils. The great thing is contact of mind with mind, and especially the contact with first-class minds. There is something stimulative and formative in this contact, wholly aside from the actual items of knowledge communicated. The addition of such an artist as Nikisch affords at least a modicum of this stimulation in Leipsic.

It also tends to place the stress of musical education where it belongs, namely, upon a real knowledge of the art of music in its most glorious treasures. For to a musician like Arthur Nikisch a temperamental interpretation of a master work in music counts for much more than the most thorough display of dates, creative principles and information about music.

There is another point in which the advent of Nikisch will be extremely useful to the school, and that is in his knowledge of the pianoforte. While not distinctly a solo pianist, like Emil Paur, he is a very fine accompanist upon the piano and a modern player in all his aspirations and tendencies. Now it is well known that Leipsic has almost always been behind in this important department and no doubt the situation will soon be clear to the new director.

Naturally in a school like Leipsic where so many advanced and talented young musicians from all over the world gather, there is a great deal of lovely material for making interpretative artists, if the conditions were not prohibitory. As it is, the school always includes a number of talented pianists,

violinists and the like and the performance of all the classical and romantic concertos for these instruments are affairs of ordinary everyday occurrence in the school rehearsals. In such a case it would need but the superposition of a really great master of pianoforte to give this department some of the prominence its universality would naturally suggest.



AN IGNIS FATUUS IN SCHOOL MUSIC.

By W. S. Bull.

The great sorrow of school music to the musician is that it is missing the substance in pursuit of the shadow. Go where you will, east or west, and listen to the singing and apply a few simple tests, and practically similar results meet us: Coarse, common and unmusical singing, a great parade of knowledge in alleged reading of music (meaning thereby reading of notes, for the music is painfully out of evidence), and a resolute attempt to so define and systematize the musical grading as to give supervising mechanics the impression that something definite has been learned.

One is not sure but that the condition of music was even better than now in many cases when there was no special teacher and each grade teacher who chanced to love music (as many of them did) introduced and taught the songs she loved best. In many such cases there was pleasant singing, refined and expressive singing, and the young voices were carefully watched for incipient dangers of forcing. It may be said that there is nothing in the existence of special music teaching to hinder any grade teacher from having this degree of excellence still. So there is not, technically, but practically as soon as the grade teacher is placed under orders to have certain songs learned and certain points of alleged "science" mastered (elements of "music" they call them) the grade teacher finds herself so occupied that she is not able to do more than bring her room up to the conditions imposed upon her.

This state of things exists even in small cities. Here, for instance, is a communication from a correspondent at Sioux

Falls, South Dakota, a town of about fourteen thousand inhabitants. The leading teacher of singing there, Mrs. J. W. Boyce, is a Boston woman, a pupil of many fine masters, especially of Stockhausen at Frankfort-on-the-Maine (where she met Brahms and sang for him some of his songs)—an energetic and musical person besides being a teacher of singing. Mrs. Boyce said:

"I wish that somebody who has the ability to reach public opinion would take up this question of school music and speak a little sense concerning it."

"What do you mean?" asked the correspondent.

"I mean," she answered "that in all our schools I find the same faults; not here in Sioux Falls alone, but in many other places where I have been. A great deal is said and done about what is called 'reading music,' yet whole schools do not have a room where one can hear a single song pleasantly and musically sung. More than that, the beautiful voices of the boys are spoiled, vulgarized and coarsened, when with a very little proper instruction the exact opposite might just as well have been accomplished."

"And then I object to the false ideal which seems to underlie the teaching. I was speaking with a lady only a few days ago and she was saying with pride that it was such a nice thing that the children learned to read music. 'What do you mean by reading music?' I asked. She answered that her boy was able to pick out at the piano the notes of any melody in the book that he desired to learn. 'Is your boy able,' I asked, 'to take the book and by looking at the notes sing the melody correctly after taking the keynote from the piano, without any other assistance?' 'Oh, no,' she answered, 'he cannot do that, of course; he is not an advanced musician, but I think it a great thing for him to be able to pick out the melody notes at all, even by the aid of the piano.'"

"To this I answered that in my opinion by far too much is made of what is called 'reading music.' The principles of musical notation are so easy that a mature mind can be made to apprehend them completely in two or three easy lessons, provided the adult will take a little trouble to work it out. I have myself taught my man singers in the choir the prin-

ciples of notation in a couple of evenings and they have by a slight attention worked it out and have been able to read everything correctly that I gave them after that. Therefore, I do not believe in spending all this time over mere wrestling with presumed difficulties of keys and notation generally.

"The musical things to do in school, it seems to me, are as plain as plain can be. To sing music in a musical way, and to learn to do so tastefully and to hear the beauty of melody and dramatic expression in the music. I would add to this no more than a very careful training of the voices to avoid faulty tone-productions, and especially to keep the tones soft and expressive.

"Treated in this way the musical study in the schools would, it seems to me, afford the scholars the utmost benefit and pleasure and carry with it the least possible burden of routine and drudgery."

"But do you mean that you would not devote any attention to the so-called elements of music?" she was asked.

"I am not prepared just now to say," she answered, "just how much and what kind of technical instruction in music I would give. I suppose it would look rather barren if our eighth-grade pupils had nothing tangible in the way of knowledge to show for their eight years music in the schools, but at least I would place the emphasis upon music itself, and beyond that the next thing I would do would be to cultivate the ear to musical refinements. Something more or less definite would naturally form itself in musical notation and reading, but precisely how much I cannot say, as yet."

So far Mrs. Boyce and the correspondent.

Naturally all such opinions and criticisms come back more or less to the system of school music employed as foundation. Now, between the practices of the systems and the ideas of leading musicians there is a difference. Many years ago some of the leading American musicians, such as E. M. Bowman, Dr. William Mason, Wm. L. Tomlins and many others concurred in holding that the notation in the earlier grade of school would preferably be some simple notation in generalized form, such as the tonic sol-fa or the Paris-Cheve, in which enough notation for about four years' instruction could

be taught to any child able to sing the scale, in the space of about ten minutes, leaving all the music time for learning music; if its "element," then the real elements, the intervals, chords and rhythms of music, for these are its real elements. Add to this the special care of the voices in producing tone and everything then would turn upon musical enjoyment and constantly increasing culture.

We are just now at the fork of the roads. Two of the most influential methods or systems before the public, and possibly three—the Normal, the Natural and perhaps the Educational, do make reading music from the staff the burden of their work. They contain a vast number of exercises which have a purely technical value and are not musical at all. No one or them works at all towards developing musical faculties as such, over and beyond the singing of the scale and the common intervals.

Against this position there is one very popular system, the Modern, and another is beginning to loom up in promise; that of the Birchard Company, of which the astonishing first fruits have appeared in the form of the Laurel Song-Book. In these song systems the songs and the musical delight are the prime sources of inspiration, but the Modern series has been materially supplemented by technical material in order to meet the criticisms of those who without such material are lost in the schoolroom.

Very likely if the school music world had at present any one strong musical personality in it, an influence for better might be exerted. But it has not. Ever since 1850, when Lowell Mason went out of school music, the tendency has been more and more technical. The strongest and most clear-seeing and incisive personality lately concerned in this department was that of Mr. Robert Foresman, the real author of the Modern Series, and no voice has even been raised more vigorously and clearly than his against the abuses of which we are here speaking, and in favor of a better way, which his own books were made to show. But Mr. Foresman is now an ornament in a very different field, that of life insurance, and his working office is high up in a tall building far

down Broadway, New York. Nevertheless, he has not lost his interest in school music.

The opinion so strongly held by professional musicians, mentioned above, that the staff notation ought not properly to be the vehicle of early instruction in school music, finds several opponents. First of all the German musician to whom the idea of song without a staff is inconceivable. If our school instruction were conducted upon the German principles there would at least be something of tangible musical value to show for it; but our movable doh is an abomination to the German and we on our part do nothing in the way of accurate teaching of musical intervals. Thus we accept his elaborate staff and we refuse the educational apparatus which would make it useful to us.

Some day there will probably be a little scientific pedagogy established in this department. Our music will begin with the simple folks tone harmonies, and this part we may perhaps manage in an easy notation. In that case the youngsters in the primary grade will have a library of songs open to them and will really learn a few of the elementary combinations out of which our song is composed. Then the middle and upper grammar grades will study the chromatic tonality, and this will naturally necessitate the staff, and with this will come accurate training in intervals.

Throughout the course the pupils will *experience* music; i. e., learn to enjoy and feel it musically and learn some of its elements, and throughout the idea of making the singing musical will be the main idea. This will establish a musical foundation which will bear fruit later.



M. ALEXANDRE-FELIX GUILMANT.

MUSIC.

DECEMBER, 1902.

ADOLF HENSELT AND HIS WORKS.

BY

E. R. KROEGER.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," says the poet Keats. A love for the beautiful is implanted in every heart, whether it be for the beauties of Nature, art, or character. This love may be intensified by education, and when beauty is sometimes invisible to the uncultured eye, a judicious course of training often reveals its hidden charm. In art, this is very decidedly the fact. Even a savage may appreciate the loveliness of a glorious sunset, the magnificence of mountain scenery, or the perfection of form and color of a rose. Or he may equally admire nobility of character, exalted sentiment, or devoted and disinterested friendship. But it takes a cultured taste to fully comprehend the superb architecture of the Parthenon, the perfection and beauty of the Sistine Madonna; the depth of feeling and masterly construction of Othello, and the nobility of motive as well as consummate workmanship of the Fifth Symphony. In musical art there are various kinds of beauty. There is the beauty of the crystalline clear and pure melody of Mozart; of the solemn majesty of a slow movement of Beethoven; of the melting modulations of Chopin and Schubert; of the richness of harmony and orchestration of Wagner. But some of the lesser lights have a beauty of their own, although not so striking as that of more celebrated masters. One of these is Adolf Henselt, sometimes styled (erroneously, the writer thinks) "the German Chopin." Although Henselt lived a year longer than the time allotted humankind by the Psalmist, the list of his published compositions is comparatively small. Yet, with all

his well-known fastidiousness, it may safely be affirmed that when he felt his career drawing to a close he could look over his works and feel that there was not one of them he would wish to have out of print. From his opus 1 to the last of his published pieces, the evidence of a keen critical judgment united to a poetical imagination is constantly apparent. Every note seems to have been put down with the utmost thought, and the most careful analysis fails to reveal weak spots in construction. Indeed, the composer himself subjected his works to the most searching investigation, and sometimes really overshot the mark. For instance, in the later editions of his *Etudes*, op. 2 and 5, there are many places where the changes made by Henselt are not so satisfactory to the ear as were the original passages. There is more artificiality in the revisions. However, it is better to err on the safe side, and to be hypercritical in the estimation of one's own works rather than to be careless and prodigal. A number of prominent modern composers can be pointed out whose works have become "popular," and this popularity has destroyed the artistic value of their subsequent productions. Too much composition frequently seems to be antagonistic to working along a high level.

The salient features of Henselt's pieces are a clear, distinct and flowing melodic contour; a refined, noble and sonorous harmonization; a rigid adherence to good form, and an utter absence of incoherence or confusion. As a melodist, he occupies a high rank, although not on a level with Mozart, Schubert or Chopin in that respect. His employment of certain harmonies is so frequent as to justify the charge of "mannerism." His modulations are nearly always along the same lines: "safe," they may be called. His imagination was a vivid one, and all of his works are colored by it. He seldom rose to great heights, although the opening theme of his F minor Concerto is full of dignity and nobility. The melancholy which pervades many of his works is not of the deep, touching order of Chopin's C sharp minor Etude, or Schubert's "The Wanderer," but it is rather more superficial, — somewhat akin to some of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words." Probably in his third Impromptu, "Illusion Perdue," he goes as far as he is capable of in this direction. He is a master of the "bravura" style, as is exemplified in his Variations, opus 1, his Concerto, and in his remark-

able "rearrangement" of Liszt's "Lucia" Fantasia. Still, he is at his best in his smaller pieces,—The Nocturnes, opus 6 and 32; the four Impromptus, the Romances, etc. The best examples of his work are, however, to be found in his Etudes, op. 2 and 5. In them all his melodic charm, his harmonic mastery, his able treatment of pianoforte figuration, his poetic fancy, his symmetrical form, his bravura style, are combined. Some of these have become truly "popular." "If I were a bird" is about as well known as any modern small pianoforte piece of a high grade. Yet its popularity has not militated against its merit. So long as an exquisite, "melting" figuration retains its charm, just that will this composition entrance both player and listener. The beautiful "Dors tu; ma vie," although not quite so well known as the former etude, is almost equally lovely. The "Repos d'Amour," "Ave Maria," and "Liebeslied" are fine examples of the "Songs Without Words." The "Ervica" and "Danklied nach Sturm" offer the pianist plenty of the bravura style. In fact, every one of the twenty-four studies comprised in these opus numbers contain much of interest, and a pianist who possesses sufficient technical ability to perform them cannot afford to overlook them.

In searching for novelties, instructors are frequently prone to overlook better works which have been longer before the public. But on examining the works written for the pianoforte by present-day composers, the greater number fall far short in beauty, good form and pianistic fitness of those written by Adolf Henselt.

AN ANNUAL STOCK-TAKING OF AMERICAN MUSICAL PROGRESS.

By W. S. B. Mathews.

In many respects the improvement in appreciation of musical art throughout the United States is very encouraging. Beginning at the top, the blossom naturally being a prominent feature in flowering time, the opera in various foreign languages in New York, and to a limited extent throughout the larger cities, is uncommonly well and expensively sung, and to a considerable extent by native American singers. That the performances as a whole are by no means perfect, is generally admitted, but from a merely vocal standpoint the singing in them contains as a rule a better average of voices than is to be found together anywhere else in the world. The gratifying prominence of singers of American birth, such as Mmes. Nordica and Eames, Mr. Bispham, etc., has its unfavorable reverse side in the uncomplimentary fact that aside from their work in the Grau opera they find comparatively little opportunity in America.

Orchestras, also, we have of very great excellence. A collection of German players at Boston, under the direction of that orchestral tyrant, Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, plays the classical repertory and the modern to a restricted extent, with rare perfection of finish; in Chicago another collection of German players, under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas, also plays the classical repertory admirably and the modern more than respectably. Both these orchestras, despite their exclusively foreign personnel, are supported liberally and persistently by native American finances.

The personnel of the Pittsburg orchestra is perhaps slightly less exclusively German than that of either of the other two orchestras mentioned; and its director, also, is not a German but an Irishman, Mr. Victor Herbert. The discipline of the orchestra is very fine indeed, and its interpretations as nearly as possible whatever its director desires.

At Philadelphia there is a symphony orchestra, still com-

posed of German players, under the direction of that most admirable musician and director, Mr. Fritz Sheel, whom our own Dr. Ziegfeld, of the Chicago Musical College, imported as director of the Hamburg Von Buelow orchestra, for the Trocadero, during the World's Fair of 1893. Mr. Sheel has not yet had time to fully illustrate his powers, but there is reason to believe that his work is of uncommon excellence.

Besides the symphony orchestra, Boston has what is called a Festival orchestra, composed in part of the same players, but supplemented by many native American musicians (of whom there are now many who are as far as possible shut out of engagements by our well-organized German fellow-citizens) led by a native American, Mr. Bernhard Mollenhauer, leader of the Handel and Haydn society. Mr. Mollenhauer is a strong, enthusiastic, sincere and capable director, who will be much heard of before we are through with him.

At Cincinnati there is a symphony orchestra of German players, led by a native American (but reformed as a European), Mr. Frank Van Der Stucken, a picturesque, artistic, and incisive interpretative artist. I understand that a few of the instruments are not quite up to the highest standard in this orchestra, but it is generally understood that Mr. Van Der Stucken is using his powers as director of the College of Music to develop young talent capable of filling missing places in this admirable company of players. As Van Der Stucken is still a comparatively young man, just past forty, much is to be looked for from him.

A number of other good orchestras, there are, all about, many of them promising. Moreover several of the larger music schools, such as the College of Music in Cincinnati, Oberlin Conservatory, the Chicago Musical College and the like, have well trained and satisfactory student orchestras. These in time will furnish native players to replace the older imported article which now monopolizes the best paying positions.

The extent to which expensive musical instruction is given in America is something wonderful and previously unexampled. Despite the persistence with which young musicians back from their foreign study crowd into the large cities and

linger for support, there are now many small towns of less than twenty thousand inhabitants where a high class teacher finds a good paying patronage at city rates, or nearly so. Our music schools are practically as good as the best foreign, differing slightly from those in the nature of their faults, but balancing one imperfection against some other excellence. The attendance is prodigious. Oberlin has nearly or quite five hundred registered music students; Cincinnati about the same; Pittsburg very likely nearly as many; two schools in Chicago have upwards of forty-five hundred registered pupils (for the two); the long-established New England Conservatory has lately, it is stated, moved into a new and commodious building and retains a registry of nearly a thousand students, which probably average of higher grade than those of the two large registries already mentioned; and almost all our cities have flourishing schools.

Moreover we must not lose sight of the instruction given in the music departments of girls' boarding schools, where there is often an accomplished musician at the head, graduated from some celebrated European school (which has value for advertising). The number of well-educated musicians engaged in teaching in seminaries of this kind is very great and a roster of names and educational pedigrees would be surprising in the information it would give of artistic thoroughness of preparation. Many excellent results also are turned out at these schools. In such a town as Columbia, Missouri, for instance, a place of which the average eastern reader has never heard, there are very likely towards a thousand music students in the four large institutions located there. And so it goes.

Every May a larger and larger number of May festivals are given in small places, where a local society under the chief local director, combines with an imported orchestra and director for a three days' festival, in which a number of first-class orchestral compositions, two or three great choral works and a variety of strong solo performances make up an ensemble of artistic rank wholly unprecedented and not to be expected in places so far from musical centers and so insufficient in size. These festivals stir up musical interest in the place in

advance through the natural enthusiasm of the singers, who have to spend so many months in preparing the choral works, and also through the neighborly co-operation in furthering the advance sale of tickets. Thus everything combines to give the art of music a great deal of serious and appreciative attention, the results of which will be felt long afterwards. Occasionally one of these festivals loses money, but as a rule they defray their expenses and sometimes leave a small balance to the good. The only disadvantage of this work is the fact that the best things generally fall upon ears which have not been prepared in advance to properly appreciate them.

Another extremely influential power in music is that of the women's musical clubs, which in the aggregate do a great deal for the enjoyment and improvement of their members and immediate circle, and alone exert a quiet but upon the whole very strong influence towards a more thorough standard of instruction for students. This happens in the best and most effectual manner possible, through the demand which these clubs make for new performances of good music.

Truth compels us to say, and the sooner we recognize the fact and modify our practices the sooner it will cease to be a fact, that nearly all our musical instruction, both in conservatories and in private, fails to induct the student into the real art of music. In place of this he occupies his mind with technic, voice placing, and in learning to play or sing a few showy pieces of no real importance. It is very common to find students of several years' work in a large city who have not had any suitable introduction to the great writers of music. From Bach to Tschaikovsky the entire list is unknown ground. Therefore when they come home and join the local musical club and are interviewed with reference to contributing to the club programs, which generally follow systematic and more or less rational lines of investigation, they have nothing in their experience at all useful. This omission will presently correct itself through the process of natural selection. The private teachers whose pupils return to their country homes with no enlarged understanding of the serious writers of music, will presently be left in favor of such as do not fail at this point. To educate singers and players from the

standpoint that music is a sort of literature and that the great composers are to be known in their works as creative personalities, on a level with the Shakespeares, Dantes and other master minds of imagination, is not a new idea. If one were to interview, for example, that foremost among women artists, Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield Zeissler, he would find that Mr. Carl Wolfsohn nearly twenty years ago introduced the spunky little Fannie Bloomfield to most of the master-works which now form such bright points in her splendid repertory. And if that most delightful player, Miss Martha Walther, of New York, should ever make the public appearance to be expected of her it would be discovered that Dr. William Mason had carried her practically through the entire repertory of the pianist. These are but examples of the work of many others, such as that of Rafael Joseffy, for instance, in his artist class, where solo playing is considered from the standpoint of art.

It is evident from these recitals, to which every musical observer is able to make additions of like facts within his own knowledge, that on the whole there must be a steady growth in American appreciation of music as an art and as a congenial occupation of leisure, such as Plato thought to be one of its most important functions.

There is one class of our performing musicians who need to take a higher ground, the singers. Not stopping to point out the very evident fact that a pianist would lose prestige enormously who should come to Chicago from a thousand miles away for one concert, and when here should appear in selections of such small artistic significance as Mr. David Bispham gave here upon a late occasion, we may say without fear of contradiction that our singers seem to have no educated taste at all for the best examples of song. Any trifling thing with the desirable provision of antepenultimate high notes and convenient range of pitch is good enough for any occasion; and what they leave undone in vulgarity in selecting their pieces for printing upon the program they make up and round out handsomely with their encore numbers, which as a rule are totally worthless as examples of art.

Naturally the standpoint of the singer is limited, particularly that of our American girls with high voices. All the

best of song has been written for medium range; whereas these beautiful voices in alto are unhappy as soon as they come down to the medium register, where all the really impressive and heartfelt singing has to be done. In place of remedying this condition of things as the older singers used to do, they go to teachers who spend hours in staccato exercises among the very high notes, thus impairing more and more the medium register. They pursue this course against the emphatic testimony of the foremost artists now upon the stage, who all unite in advising that the very high notes be not too much exercised, and that the medium register be patiently built up to adequate sonority and expressive power. All the great singers, from Patti down to Eames and Melba, unite in this advice; yet our American girls and their teachers go on in their old tracks. What is Art to them or they to Art? They think the money is in the high notes and the colorature.

I have many times objected to the well-known fact that so few of our middle class singers are able to sing acceptably in their own mother tongue. This is a vulgarity which after many years the English have escaped; the French have never had it; the Germans have reformed, and the Italians have always addicted themselves to their own language. In America alone is polyglottony a fad and a foolishness.

In looking back over the foregoing comprehensive review of the good points and the bad ones in our musical situation, the first question arises whether our expensive festivals are on the whole expending their work upon material the most advisable and educational. It is difficult to answer this question. The orchestral work, I am inclined to think, is along about the best lines possible. Where the community is practically ignorant of music in its higher aspects a more natural education would be through pleasing dances, with occasional short movements from symphonies, the lighter overtures, and the like; and later the stronger movements and finally whole symphonies; but the existing conditions will not permit an educational progress of this kind until the smaller cities develop orchestral resources and amateur societies with a few professional players added, who will go through these lower operations of educating the popular ears. Meanwhile, when

for the first time a complete orchestra is brought to one of these small cities, it is probably better to give there a few of the more celebrated and understandable of the great works, such as the Beethoven third and fifth symphonies, the Schubert unfinished or great symphony in C, and a little Mozart with some more sensational Wagnerian and modern selections. In this way whatever cultivated music lovers there be within range will experience a much-needed inspiration; and many others, previously unawakened to the manifold delights of first-rate sense-incitation through orchestral music will become conscious of the opening of this new heaven to them. Thus each succeeding festival will more and more deepen the impression and in time local musical operations will take on a better and better wisdom of direction and self-control.

It is always questionable to a musician whether the English tradition of the oratorio barbecue as the typical festival is adequate in this country. Mr. George Frederick Haendel was a truly excellent person, and upon one side quite adequate to the times in which he lived; it is not so clear that an entire winter upon the choruses of the "Messiah," or any other Handelian oratorio, is the best employment possible for the time and talent. Bach, while greater than Haendel, is not vocal and is much more difficult; even the great city societies find his work practically above their heads. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" is still a strong work, and so is the first half of "St. Paul." The later oratorios do not seem to pay for the study their adequate performance requires. It was noticed that Professor Stanley at Ann Arbor turned his choral society last year to operatic study, and at the late festival there they sang Wagner's "Tannhauser," Gluck's "Orpheus," and the like. At one or two of the Spiering festivals Gounod's "Faust" had been prepared by the local society—i. e., its choral parts. This naturally afforded a different kind of final result. The difficulty with the Wagnerian operas in which the chorus has really important work is that the tonal freedom is beyond the powers of our local choruses, which as yet are not educated to modulations and enharmonic relations in music, and are not yet settled as to the mental processes of singing these extremely remote transitions of key. This ren-

ders the work very trying, although very educational to study. The lighter works, such as Gounod's "Faust," leaves little or nothing with the chorus as a reward for so many months' study. The life of this opera is in its orchestration and in the sensuous melody of the roles of Faust and Margharite. Berlioz's work divides the honors more equally between the singers and the chorus; but this also is one-sided and to a degree a foreign musical experience for our native American singers. When the various choral works of Dudley Buck are examined in the same connection they also seem rather too difficult of adequate performance for the inspiration which they finally reveal. Thus the question as to the proper material for study is by no means an easy one. At Cincinnati, where Mr. Thomas has been in supreme control for something like twenty years, some beautiful work has been accomplished; and even here in Chicago not alone were a few lovely performances of important works given years ago by the Apollo Club, before it outgrew its practicable size, but even the orchestral chorus did some good work.

If I were called upon to give advice to a local chorus preparing for one of these festivals, it would be as regards repertory to take up one or two of the Psalms of Mendelssohn, as enough of the older oratorio school (the "Hymn of Praise," or "As the Hart Pants") and a part of one or more modern works, such as Chadwick's "Judith," Cesar Frank's "Beatitudes" or something of the kind. I think the choral work could thus be more varied and strike a larger variety of artistic impressions; and to the same extent the audience, if properly apprized of the changing standpoints of the different works, would get more out of the festival.

Then as to the technic of study, I would advise the same as Dr. H. R. Palmer used to require, memorizing of the more important choruses and movements, and a fuller realization of them in their spirit. I am not aware that this expedient has even been recommended by any other choral director, but there is no doubt but a body of singers will sing much better in anything they know well, and at the same time the melodic and harmonic peculiarities of the work will make more impression upon them. Once you cut the eye off from the

printed page, the singer has the chance of following the slighter indications of the director and his ears have time to observe the relation of his own to the other parts. Thus the study tends to set up in the mind melodic ideals and harmonic suggestions as far as possible removed from the common-places of choral psalmody and the vulgarities of the current rag-time instrumental work.

It is also a nice little point of technic for a young chorus to abjure the sol-fa and learn to sing by interval; this process, which Mr. Arthur Mees has elaborated with care enables singers to grapple with the harmonic subtleties of Brahms and the modern writers in a way which the singer trained in the old-time diatonic successions finds practically beyond him, except by this new path.

As for our instrumental students, piano, violin, and the like there is no reason in the world why they should not in learning pieces to play take those which mean something from an artistic standpoint; and by degrees acquire commendable repertories of the classical and best modern writers, understanding them as well-trained literary students understand the place and importance of the pieces of literature they study which even in literature are rarely united; I mean that of the elocutionist, who is the interpretative artist seeking to bring out the meaning of the author; that of the student of literature who seeks to understand the relation of the particular selection to the total or habitual output of its author, and the general relation of the author to other master-writers of literature of his own and other times. In music we need both points of view, and there is no reason why all our good and competent college students should not rise to them.

It is a curious fact that nowhere in the world, so far as the present writer knows, is there any class engaged in studying the music for piano, violin, or other instruments, as a body of literature, as to its ideals, its qualities of style, imagination and inspiration. Thus despite our expensive musical education too many of our students remain at the end ignorant of the real greatness of all the great masters and practically without good illustrations of their work. It is a defect which needs but to be stated to mark its significance. It will presently by degrees be remedied.

The singer's case is more difficult, owing to the practical separation of the voice-builder from the teacher of repertory. Our few really master builders of voice dislike very much to permit their students to sing under any oversight but their own until their voice has become entirely matured. This leaves the student without rational occupation during his entire study years, and ends by concentrating his attention upon the mere technique of singing, leaving the subject matter, and even the true conception and artistic performance of recitative and arias, undeveloped. The composer's standpoint is the last which these singers think of. Also the last to which their hearers have attention called. This point needs rectifying. Probably the study of repertory might be conducted with some degree of cultivation during the early years of voice-training, intellectually and conceptively, under adequate teachers, leaving the actual interpretation for personal working out when the voice has reached maturity. Only in some such way can the chasm be bridged over.

On the whole, therefore, while it is plain that musical study is extending more and more and good results are attained, there are yet several important omissions to be remedied before we can hope to take our place as a nation of musical cultivation.

SOME AMERICAN SONG WRITERS.

By Karleton Hackett.

As the first American composer whose works won international recognition, the name of Gottschalk is especially interesting to us. His songs are in the ballad form with a flowing melody and simple harmonic setting. While not of any striking originality they are grateful to the singer and effective for public use. One of the best is "Loving Heart, Trust On," which is characteristic and has kept its place in the repertoire of singers. The taste of the day has grown away from the simplicity of his treatment, but there is no better example of the music that a generation ago moved audiences to enthusiasm. Much of his music has already become antiquated, and is to us somewhat over saccharine, yet in order to understand the growth of musical appreciation in America it is necessary to know something of the works of one who filled so large a space in the public eye. We owe a tribute of respect to the pioneers and Gottschalk was one of the first who taught Europe that there was music to be found in America.

In contrast to Gottschalk is Mrs. Beach, a modern of the moderns, and fairly revelling in the wealth of harmonic device with which contemporary music is ornamented. In fact this command of language has sometimes obscured the beauty of her musical thoughts and marred her effectiveness as a song writer. When she gives reign to her lyric feeling her songs are of exquisite beauty, melody, charm, and perfectly suited to the voice. Such are "Ecstasy," "Exaltation," "The Years at the Spring," "Dearie." These songs are worthy examples of the best contemporary writing and may hold their own in any company. They are not only fine in musical feeling but are songs in that they fit the capacity of the human voice. To make a song it is not enough that there be musical feeling and art, but the voice part must be so branded that it is singable. Many writers cannot compass this, some few will not, but Mrs. Beach has the feeling for the voice and such songs

as these need only to be heard to be admired, and they take their place among the most serious work in the song literature of our day.

If Lowell Mason was the father of church music in America Dudley Buck is his artistic son and has done more by his musical sincerity and earnestness than any other to raise the standard of our church music. The secret of his success lies in his feeling for the voice, for he is a vocal writer *par excellence*. This is a gift. One may study the range of the voice and try to master its capacities, but without the intuitive sensitiveness to that which is vocal, the results are but poor; the music may be good, but it does not fit the voice. This intuition is his in the highest degree, and his songs are rich, varied, picturesque and stirring. Among the most effective are "Sunset," "Spring's Awakening," "In June," and "My Redeemer and My Lord." The cantatas, "The Triumph of David," "The Story of the Cross," contain fine church and concert arias, but are to be sung only by such as are truly singers.

The effectiveness of Dudley Buck's music lies first in its adaptability to the instrument and then in its directness. He never seems to be wandering aimlessly in search of some new harmonic progression which shall strike us with surprise and often with pain, but he has a musical thought to which he is giving expression in a sane fashion. The voice is ever the central figure, but the harmonic setting is in perfect accord with the spirit of the music, now rich and full, now simple and subdued, according to the mood. He sets a poem to music and shapes all his means to the end that the ever-varying shades of meaning of the words may find expression, and, as a thorough master of his art, he does this so simply that we are unconscious of the mechanism, but feel the beauty and fitness of the whole. That which makes music beautiful is ineffable; we feel it but it eludes our analysis when we would reduce it to words. Music may be correct and yet say nothing to us. But when we hear the best of the music of Dudley Buck we are stirred. We know that we are moved by a living force, and that this is music.

Arthur Foote has written some of the most delightful songs that have appeared in the last few years, songs which find a

place on the programs of our greatest singers, which are most effective in public and equally beautiful when studied in the closet. Here perfect mastery of form and richness of harmonic setting are united to pure, flowing melody, and the result is an exquisite lyric gem. These songs indeed are only to be sung by the artist, for while they are grateful to the singer they demand a poise and a command of vocal resources such as can be found only in experienced singers. When one of breadth of artistic conception sings them, so perfectly are they balanced that they seem simplicity itself. There is not one forced progression nor any waste material; each note is vital and necessary to the whole. Such songs will well repay study and among the best are "The Irish Folk Song," "I'm Wearin' Awa," "The Nightingale Has a Lyre of Gold."

If a man has the gift of melody he may write songs that will live; if he have not this, then no matter what his technical command of the language of music, no matter what ingenuity he may display in harmonic invention, nor how admirable the music may be from the standpoint of workmanship, the songs will not sing. The voice expresses itself through melody, and even the most impassioned declamation must rest on a melodic conception or in the end it fails. Any man can master the principles of harmony, but to have a spontaneous melodic thought is the privilege of the few. Each melodic thought is the inspiration for a song, and, if it receive adequate harmonic setting, a beautiful song. But unless spontaneous melody was the inspiration the moment the song is sung it stands revealed in its original barrenness, mere notes without a meaning. A song can only be known by hearing it sung, for on paper it may look well and contain musical thoughts, yet it may not suit the instrument. No matter what musical excellence a song may contain it will not prove effective nor will it live unless it fit the peculiar capacity of the voice. On the other hand, much mediocre music has lived and held a rank altogether out of proportion to its intrinsic merit, merely because it served to display the beauties of this most fascinating of instruments. But no song is entitled to a place in literature except where flowing melody is wedded to deep, rich harmony; then there is indeed a song, and it is this that we admire in the songs of Arthur Foote.

Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor has made a special place for herself by her songs of child life. This intuition for the thoughts and feelings of the child is a sealed book to most and to be opened only through some esoteric sympathy. Mrs. Gaynor has found the "Open Sesame," as the popularity of her songs among the little folks abundantly proves. She has not confined herself to writing of this kind and some of her other songs, "And I," "The Wind Went Wooing the Rose," "If I Were a Bee," are charming. But they yield the palm to her "Discontented Duckling," "Sugar Dolly," and Songs from Child Life.

Walter Damrosch may almost be said to live as the writer of one song, which indeed has been more in demand and caused more comment than perhaps any other one song of the present day, "Danny Deever." It is a question how much of this success is due to the music, how much to the vivid picture of the poem and the opportunity it gives the singer for a tremendous dramatic climax. Certain it is that when sung as some artists can sing it, it stirs every audience to a frenzy of enthusiasm. The study of the music does not reveal any great beauties, it is entirely a song to be sung in public by a virtuoso.

To the songs of Margaret Ruthven Lang we turn with especial pleasure, for in them we find that flowing melody and sympathetic harmonic development which a song demands. There is to be found no daintier hit than "Ghosts," no lovelier song than "Mavoureen." She catches the spirit of the poem and so infuses it into the music that we feel its beauties with redoubled force. Her songs have not as yet struck a deep note, but in their kind they are perfect and we promise ourselves a rich harvest in the future.

Homer N. Bartlett has given us a number of valuable songs, the best of which are perhaps his sacred songs. These have an earnestness and dignity that makes them especially effective in church and they are well suited to the voice. Particularly to be commended is "O God, Be Merciful."

The palm among our native song writers must be given to Ethelbert Nevin. Up to the present time he has written more beautiful songs than any other American. His art is lyric and his gift of melody spontaneous and of the purest quality. In truth so overflowing is the fountain that he is not content

with giving melodies to the voice, but his accompaniments are so richly stored with thematic development that they rise to an importance no other native writer has given them. But such is his sensitiveness to vocal expression that however rich the harmonic treatment may be it never obscures the central figure which the voice is to express. The more ornate the accompaniment the stronger light is thrown on the voice and the more sharply defined it stands in the picture. Herein lies the beauty of his songs and the secret of their widespread success; they are so transfused with the spirit of vocal expression that we turn to them again and again with admiration for their limpid purity and perfect fitness for the instrument. Our modern spirit is complex and demands for its delectation the most highly seasoned of viands, and that Nevin can make the settings of his songs so thickly embroidered with contrapuntal device, and yet so effective vocally, is a tribute to his powers.

His name has not attained the great heights; after hearing a number of his songs we feel a lack, not a blemish, but something wanting in breadth and in virile force, and we cannot rank him with the masters of German song. Yet passing by the towering names there is none his superior in melodic charm, harmonic invention, and that intuition that moulds all his wealth of musical sensibility into songs that seem the spontaneous expression of inspiration. They are equally grateful to the singer and for study.

SPEECH IN SONG—BY ALEXANDER J. ELLIS.

(A Re-review.)

By G. Mazzucato.

To publish a good book is the true mission of a publisher; but this mission is not fulfilled by the publisher putting the good book on the market, so that any one in need of it may buy it at a reasonable price at one's own bookseller; this mission is entirely fulfilled only when the publisher sees that the offspring of his printing press has been recognized in this world, and it is placed in a position suitable to work out all the good of which it is capable and for which it was intended.

We are talking too much, which is bad; but we are writing too much, which is worse still. The former hampers our contemporaries, the latter hampers posterity. A printed book ought to be the record of a truth—scientific or aesthetic—laboriously discovered and proved, so that it may not be lost to the future generations; such is the book that ought to be printed on the very best hand-made paper and with indelible ink. Instead of these books, we are daily overwhelmed by publications which are nothing more than expressions of individual opinions, founded on what, no one knows; on all kinds of subjects, given out mostly by incompetent writers, who are ignorant enough to believe they are saying something new and useful, or sharp enough to know that "a book is a book though there's nothing in it," and that the public, generally speaking, take it for granted that a man who has his name on the title page of an *octavo* volume, must be "somebody."

The catalogue of printed books at the library of the British Museum is increasing to an alarming extent; it takes up already as much space as would afford accommodation to all the volumes that are worth reading. Although the catalogue is marvelously compiled, it is difficult to find out what one wants. How will it be in one hundred years? This, no one can say; but what is evident is that during the coming century some means must be found out to enable the *two thousanders* to know which are the books constituting the steps of the stair-

case of science and which constituting the mushroom literature.

For ourselves we are satisfied that while the efficient means to this difficult end are being devised, it will be a useful contribution to the cause to call the attention of the earnest scholars to such publications as have been out for years, and, though valued in scientific circles, do not appear to have exercised their beneficial influence in those quarters wherein there is urgent need of them.

The copy of "Speech in Song," lying now on our table, is marked *twelve thousand*. It belongs to the "Music Primers and Educational Series" edited by Stainer and Parry and published by Novello, and it has first appeared some twenty years ago. Many a good writer would congratulate himself if he could see one of his books reach a sale of twelve thousand in twenty years or thereabout, and he would be satisfied that his book "will take care of itself" and need no pushing. The publisher, from a financial point, may perchance take the same view; but those to whom the little book has opened new, vast, almost immeasurable fields, those that know how valuable it is in scientific researches, a treatise in which, as in the evidence of an honest and intelligent witness, there is "*the truth, the whole truth, and the whole truth only,*" those—and we must emphatically declare that we belong to that number—find that the sale of twelve thousand copies in nearly twenty years of Ellis's Primer only shows that its existence is still ignored by thousands that would welcome it as the great desideratum. And that such is the case, we have an unmistakable proof in the fact that every day we have in England, America and Germany an ever-increasing number of scholars who devote their whole energy to the discovery of those principles which are so clearly stated and demonstrated in "Speech in Song."

Modesty is perhaps the most captivating of all virtues, but it is by nature the least fit for advertising anything, be this ever so deserving and so good. Mr. Ellis called his treatise by its right name, "*Speech in Song,*" and added "*being the Singer's Pronouncing Primer of the principal European languages for which vocal music is usually composed.*" This title is not at all inviting for singers and students of singing. Every singer believes that he is a master of the pronunciation of his

own language and is most profoundly convinced that a minute or a penny spent in or on considering whether his pronunciation is perfect or not, would be a sinful waste of time and money. A man is supposed to know by nature his own language (this is the accepted basis of the nation by which an illiterate person who chooses to cross the frontier and settle in another country becomes *ipso facto* a professor of the literature and language of his native country); as for singing in foreign languages, a few lessons by a *native* teacher or the help of a friend who has been abroad are deemed more than sufficient. Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, whose name on the title page is followed by the elucidation of "Author of *Early English Pronunciation*" and "Translator of Professor Helmholtz's work *On the Sensations of Tone*," does not seem to have written any successful or unsuccessful ballad; he is unknown as a singer; no one ever mentioned him as a teacher of singing—no, we don't know what he may or he may not say in his primer, but certainly he says nothing about "voice production" or about any other subject essential to a singer. These and similar to these are the thoughts that flash through the brains of pupils and teachers of singing when the title "Speech in Song" catches their eyes. It was so twenty years ago, and it is not better in our days. Only last week, reading the January number of a magazine published in London, to which one of the greatest singers contributes a serial on the art of singing, we were met by the statement that when the performer finds it difficult to deliver artistically a passage set to certain given words, he must substitute other words. Good for the peace of their mind that Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and Wagner, are past reading that magazine!

When, some twelve years ago, struck by the unfathomable depth of Ellis's learning, and the almost unrivalled lucidity and simplicity of exposition of the most transcendent principles in philology, and in acoustics, we felt rather curious to see what such a man meant by writing a primer on "Speech in Song," we ran to Novello to secure a copy of the booklet. From that day up to the moment we are writing our admiration for the work of the great Englishman has been constantly increasing, and for all the enormous strides made, since its

first appearance, by acoustics, philology and phonetics, it has not become antiquated; on the contrary, every step made by science has confirmed the solidity of its foundation and the soundness of its principle, just as the development of art through the centuries has only helped to establish more firmly in men's mind the aesthetic precepts of Aristotle and Horatius.

"Speech in Song" being what it professes to be, that is, a treatise whereby the student can learn how to pronounce intelligently and agreeably when he sings in English, French, German, Italian and Spanish—is at the same time the clearest, most concise and most complete treatise of phonetics; study which in the course of a quarter or a half a century will be recognized indispensable to everyone who wishes to learn singing or elocution, as it is now to every student of comparative philosophy. The laws of nature, physical as well as intellectual, never forget to work, and know of no exceptions; the study of phonetics, that is, the study of the sounds produced by man's organs of speech, their origin, their law, their classification, must eventually be recognized as the natural and proper foundation for all that has any connection with singing and with speaking. Learning how to sing or how to speak one's own or a foreign language, will—and we hope that this consummation devoutly to be wished will not be long delayed—some day be considered impossible, if the student is not sufficiently familiar with all the facts explained in "Speech in Song." Who would attempt to learn the properties of conic sections without being well grounded in algebra and geometry and trigonometry? And who would attempt to teach mineralogy to a pupil who has not a sufficient notion of chemistry? And yet this is what daily happens in the departments of elocution and singing, and it is this happy state of affairs which is responsible for the enormous number of failures of gentlemen and ladies that try to qualify themselves for the dramatic or operatic stage, as well as for the incessant squabble between teachers and pupils, the ones accusing the others of incapacity and incompetency. Has it really not dawned upon the mind of anyone interested in this important branch of study, that the reason why, perhaps, only three or four out of the tens of thousands that are at the present mo-

ment learning singing in all the public and private schools of the world, will become an Albani, a Jean de Reszke, a Maurel, is to be looked for in some radical imperfection of the system according to which singing is taught, rather than to incompetency on one part, of teaching, and, on the other part, incapacity of learning that system? And, at last, has it really not flashed to the brains of one of the readers of Ellis' work that, in the little "two shillings" book in his hands there was at once the explanation of where the defect of the system is, and the best possible means of remedying it?

"Speech in Song" is a book which must be read scientifically and not romantically. Going through a didactical publication as one goes through a novel, it is of use to nobody; to read a didactical book means to understand each statement of the author, to understand the bearing that each statement has on the following one, and to have clearly impressed upon one's mind all the facts from which the author draws his deductions.

The essential point for reading usefully "Speech in Song" is the study of page 4 of the primer, where the "Key to Glossic" is to be found. You may as well attempt to read a fugue by Bach without knowing musical notation, as to read "Speech in Song" without having fully mastered the Glossic, which, however, will not take more than two or three days' practice.

Glossic is a method of writing speech sounds which was invented by Ellis for the purpose of writing all the English dialects on the basis of existing English uses of letters. The alphabet we all learn at school is the grandest and most useful discovery made by men, but, for the study of speech and musical sounds, more is needed. The symbol *a* represents so many measures of sound; that when we come to discuss them, we cannot understand each other without agreeing on some symbols to represent the various measures we are alluding to. If you say, speaking of pitch, "C in the third space of the treble staff," there is no possibility of making a mistake as regards the pitch of the note; but if you are speaking of the difference of quality that note has when produced by different singers, you must necessarily have some means of conveying to your hearer's mind a well determined difference of the qualities. There is no lack of alphabets for the purpose; the most perfect

is, perhaps Melville Bell's "Visible Speech," especially if the improvements proposed and adopted by Henry Sweet are accepted; only the study and complete mastery of "Visible Speech" is an arduous enterprise and a long one, and, in our humble opinion, not advisable to persons that do not intend to devote themselves to very much advanced phonetic inquiries.

Ellis's Glossic answers its purpose completely; it is easy, clear; it offers the advantage of not startling the eye with unknown symbols; and, as said before, it can be learned without any great intellectual exertion in the course of a very few days—and if need be, by a willing man, in the course of a few hours.

The Glossic being once mastered, *but not before*, we can start reading "Speech in Song," and if we read it in the spirit and in the way we have already explained, by the time we have reached the end of the 137th page of the primer, which is also the last one, we shall know as much and as thoroughly about the subject of production of sound in reference to the human voice, as if we had qualified ourselves for the perfect understanding of the highest scientific questions and had gone through such epoch-making treatises as Helmholtz's "On the Sensations of Tone," Quain's "Anatomy," and the most ultra-transcendent "Anthropophamism" by Merkel.

The very first ten lines of the introduction are worth quoting and may serve as a model to be imitated by every writer of a didactical book. In these ten lines the author states what he proposes to teach, and what is necessary to do in order to learn it; so that after ten lines one knows already exactly what he has to expect from the perusal of the primer, and knows whether it answers his purpose to read it or not:

"The object of the following pages is to teach Singers, as distinguished from Speakers, how to pronounce, so as to render their words audible, and at the same time interfere as little as possible with the flow of the music. To do this it is necessary to study the nature of each speech sound individually with reference to its musical capabilities and peculiarities, and also to study the mode in which speech sounds should be connected. This again necessitates some knowledge of the physical con-

stitution of sound, and how it is affected by the disposition, and especially the alteration of the disposition of the vocal organs."

In compliance with this program the author starts without any more ado with "A Short Key to Glossic," and then logically proceeds from "The Nature of Musical Sound," to "Speech in Song," "Reduction of Speech Sounds," "Glottis," "Physems," and so on, until after having passed through all vowels and consonants and their glides, he winds up with "Words, accent and emphasis," and leaves us with a most valuable *Index of the Elementary Sounds in (received) English, German, Italian, Spanish and French*, all which sounds—if we have read the book carefully—we are able to produce ourselves, and to perceive at once whether they are correctly or not, produced by others.

The reader, if he takes the trouble to consider the import of the ten lines quoted, sees that the author in order to carry out his plan, binds himself to carry us through the complete field of acoustics, and to give us a perfect knowledge of all scientific facts connected with the productions of sound. This task, Mr. Ellis accomplishes in such a way that provided we follow *ad literam* the instructions given by him as to how to practice the exercises he suggests, we find that when we close the book for good we have acquired such an amount of true knowledge of scientific facts on the subject of voice production that it would have taken years and years of painful labor to collect them—and perhaps imperfectly—from the standard English and foreign treatises on acoustics, anatomy, phonetics and kindred sciences.

Let everyone, be he a teacher, or a pupil, or a critic, who takes a sincere and genuine interest in the phenomena of the human voice, master thoroughly "Speech in Song." If he is ignorant of the subject he will learn *all* that is, for him, worth knowing about it; if he has already mastered the more advanced works he will find in Ellis's primer a most useful *compendium* of what he has learnt.

We conclude by asserting that Ellis's "Speech in Song" does away entirely with all the prejudices, misunderstandings and with the innumerable other hindrances that stand in the

way of teachers and learners of elocution and voice production. It substitutes facts to personal appreciation of **phenomena**; it gives a positive notion of the **nature and constitution and production and modification** of sounds in the human vocal apparatus. Equipped with this knowledge, the difficulties of the teacher are in a great measure dispelled. There are "rocks ahead," and the rocks will remain in spite of all the phonetic works which have so far appeared; but the fog that was hanging round the rocks has been blown clear away by the wind of science, and in clear weather the pilot finds it easy to steer the boat.

ESTHETICAL MUSIC CULTURE.

By Waldemar Malmene.

Whatever ennobles man, elevates him and purifies his mind ought to be of deep concern to parents and teachers. By common consent education is the primary step in that direction. While the elementary branches of reading, writing and arithmetic may suffice for the majority, especially for those who are obliged to support themselves at an early age, yet it cannot be denied that a higher culture, embracing the liberal and fine arts, has a refining influence. Music, one of the fine arts, not improperly called divine, in its higher aspirations, is unquestionably a means to that end. With the Greeks "music" did not specifically and exclusively signify the manipulators on some instrument, or singing: it implied all the arts over which the Muses presided. Edith V. Eastman in an article, "Art and Education," says: "The Greeks believed in art as an educating means, and as a nourishing mother, to all the powers of the mind, heart and soul."

To most people music is but a pleasant diversion, but judging from the avalanche of songs, pieces and so-called operas, popular at present, the musical taste is not of a very high standard. To a certain extent parents and teachers are responsible for much of the existing evil. Though neither father nor mother may have enjoyed the advantages of a musical education, yet, presuming that they realize its refining influence, it may reasonably be supposed that they will seek to give their children the benefit of that which cultured people consider a means to make life rationally more enjoyable.

That music is a language of emotions, affecting the mind in diverse and somewhat opposite directions, is not a matter of poetical imagination, but is proven by facts; how it exercises its power upon our sensitive nerves is a problem which has not yet been satisfactorily solved.

The church has made music a vehicle, since the earliest times, to rouse the heart to highest devotion; the martial tones of the blatant trumpet have animated soldiers to valiant deeds

when the roaring cannons belched forth their destructive missiles; desponding hearts have been consoled and cheered by melodious strains; when life's closing hour drew nigh some familiar hymn has often soothed like celestial balm, and even the pathetic tones of a funeral march have comforted the sympathetic hearts of mourning friends. As a moral agent simple melodies have at times had greater effect to rescue lost souls than the most eloquent words.

The mother's lullaby has always been considered the first expedient to cultivate the ear and taste for music. The next best step, in modern education, is the kindergarten, where the child's voice and taste is trained by suitable songs and the eye learns to appreciate form and color by pictures and chromos which adorn the walls; these go far to nurture the germs for "the beautiful."

Let it be understood, however, that by "the beautiful" in art is not meant merely that which gratifies the external sense of seeing, but rather the intrinsic qualities which appeal to the intellect. The beautiful and varied scenes which nature offers are perhaps most easily appreciated by the young if their attention is directed to them. The starry heavens, the silvery moon floating majestically through the spacious firmament, the rising and setting sun; all these must leave indelible impressions on the mind and help to develop the perceptive and reasoning powers as well as a taste for "the beautiful."

When the child has arrived at the age to receive a musical education he should be intrusted to an experienced teacher who will awaken an interest within him for that which is the ultimate aim of art. No matter what the branch may be for which the child shows a particular taste, a *beautiful tone production*, proper phrasing and interpretation, should be the first aim, not a mere exhibition of virtuosity. The Italian proverb, "*Chi va piano, va lontano*," signifying "Who goes slowly and steadily, goes farthest," is a maxim worthy to be remembered, for we know that unless the foundation of a building is substantial the superstructure will be a failure.

It may naturally be supposed that in proportion as the pupil progresses in technical work his intellect will also unfold and his taste for good music is nourished and grows. To be ac-

quainted with the biographies of the great composers is highly important; while no doubt every student should have a knowledge of dates regarding the birth, death and principal works of each master, yet their histories should teach greater lessons. No one ever reached the summit without hard work and many sacrifices. The early struggles which most musicians and composers had to undergo, in order to obtain recognition, should stimulate to perseverance. The acquisition of wealth was never the prime incentive of the genuine art-student, while poverty and disappointments were the fate of most and were borne patiently.

Poetry and painting, twin sisters of music, deserve serious attention. Poetry has inspired composers in a high degree, as is shown in "Program-Music." Some of our best piano compositions, by their very title, indicate the poetical sentiment which inspired the authors. Allison in "Essays on Taste," says: "The emotions of sublimity and beauty are uniformly ascribed, both in popular and philosophical language, to the imagination. The fine arts are considered as the arts which are addressed to the imagination, and the pleasures which they afford are described as the pleasures of imagination. * * * Whatever increases this exercise or employment of imagination, increases also the emotion of beauty or sublimity." Herder tells us that without imagination the best powers of the mind lie dormant. Lyric poetry, often called the poetry of the soul, because it expresses the individual emotions of the poet, has precisely the same object. To be a successful artist, singer or conductor of an orchestra it is absolutely necessary to understand the motive of "the beautiful" which inspired the author as expressed in his work and seek to interpret it accordingly.

Painters have shown, in many of their masterpieces, to what extent the poet has inspired them. The contemplation of some historical painting, scrutinizing it in all its details, will act most beneficially and bring to light the latent powers of the mind. The harmonious blending of colors will suggest the rational combination of orchestral instruments and *tone-colors*, by which Beethoven, Wagner and many others have produced most entrancing effects upon our mind and emotion.

Let it therefore be impressed upon all that the study of "the beautiful" in art, which embraces music, poetry, painting and literature, will purify our hearts and enables us to enjoy the higher purpose of life. Parents should strive to stimulate their children to early and earnest study; teachers should ever keep in mind the highest purposes of art and remember their responsibility; a grateful recollection, more valuable than costly monument, will be the reward which your pupils will render you.

EDITORIAL BRIG-A-BRAC

In every large city there are many private teachers who deplore the prominence attained by the large music schools and regard them as fatal obstacles to the success of the private teacher. Recent recitals given in Chicago by pupils of Mr. Victor Heinze show another phase of this question. Mr. Heinze came to Chicago from Germany some years ago, relying in part for success upon his own talents as concert pianist (qualities which seemingly he has not as yet had opportunity of adequately exploiting), and in part upon the prestige of study with Leschetizky, and a testimonial from that astute and celebrated master. Mr. Heinze seems to have had qualities attracting talented pupils, and by their aid he has given during the last three years the most remarkable series of pupil programs ever offered in this city. The largest tasks of the virtuoso pianist formed the staple of these programs, many of which would have been regarded as tests by the foremost concert pianists. They even contained pieces such as no virtuoso pianist now in Chicago would care to undertake—such as the Balakireff "Islamey," the Liszt paraphrase of Wagner's "Tannhauser" overture, and the like. These were played by young women twenty-two or three, occasionally by girls of sixteen or eighteen; long programs of the most exacting music by memory just as artists give them, and on the whole with considerable and occasionally very distinguished excellences of pianism. Good tone, fine legato, fluency, ease in octaves and heavy passages, in short many of them played the piano as if to the manner born. Occasionally one of these young artists found herself unable to go cleanly and without fault through the tremendously exacting program; but in these cases there was invariably evidence of hard study, great

ambition, and at least an effort to rise to the heights of modern art music.

One of the more recent illustrations of Mr. Heinze's work was given by a young colored girl, Miss Hazel Harrison, on December 1st, when the program contained the following numbers:

Schuman, *Dauidsbeundler taenze*.

Chopin, *Studies*, Nos. 11, 12, op. 25; No. 7, op. 10.

Balakireff, "Islamey."

Liszt, *Rhapsodie*, No. 6.

Henselt-Godowsky, "If I Were a Bird."

Chopin, *Concerto in E minor*. (With second Piano.)

Having something else on hand the present writer heard only the first number, the very exacting and delightfully poetic series of fancy pieces by Schumann, which he denominated the "Dances of the David's League," or more properly the "Dances which the David League led the Philistines." These pieces as every pianist knows, while unpretentious are very subtle, highly poetic, occasionally extremely difficult, and require throughout repose, musical sensitiveness and feeling, and an exquisite tone-gradation and coloring upon the instrument. Even with these excellencies the pieces do not bring applause, but appeal exclusively to hearers of refined taste and expert capacities for hearing. It is therefore a number which the concert pianist reserves for a later time in the series of his recitals, until he has gathered about him at least a few refined friends upon whose sympathy he can rely.

In the present instance there was the added element of uncertainty in the racial combination of the player as well as her youth, which is stated to be about nineteen. She appeared rather under the average size, a rather rich brunette in complexion, and her playing was of very remarkable promise. She was easy at the piano, had an excellent tone, fine legato, and on the whole unexpected musical intelligence. Perhaps the most remarkable quality of the playing was the poise and repose, which were wholly extraordinary for a girl of her age, even if taken from among the exceptionally gifted. It is likely that her technique may have shown itself rather over-

weighted in the "Islamey," but for the Chopin selection it must have been quite sufficient.

The curious circumstance about this recital (and others of the same series) is the numbers of people who throng the recital hall at the top of the Fine Arts Building. This room has a level floor, and the ladies who go there to hear music are averse to removing their hats, in consequence of which those in the rear are shut off from a view of the stage. They have to take the music upon the testimony of their ears. The audience numbered upon this occasion several hundred and would have been regarded as a large audience for any pianist.

And here comes the moral. Mr. Victor Heinze has relied, apparently, upon giving his pupils the very best music in abundance and in working at them until they had absorbed it. With absolutely no concession to a taste for empty brilliancy, he has worked from the standpoint of the artistic pianist, and his success seems to rest upon this alone, and not at all upon any unusual graces of manner, assistance from outside sources or anything in fact but in giving plenty of evidence that he was occupied in precisely the business pretended—that, namely, of training and forming pianists. And this from the highest possible standpoint. There is no reason why any other private teacher, understanding the pianistic art as well, and equally competent pedagogically, should not duplicate the results in his own clientele.

* * *

In worldly quarters of a commercial musical kind, great hilarity has been enjoyed apropos to the unfortunate verdict against the *Musical Courier*, giving the Pittsburg orchestral leader, Mr. Victor Herbert, damages in the sum of \$15,000 for libel, the *Courier*, in the exercise of its critical faculty (possibly awakened by failure to advertise) having in very bald and objectionable terms charged Herbert with plagiarism and lack of originality in all his musical compositions. A charge against a musician of Herbert's standing, and his proven musical quality, not to mention technique and invention as displayed for instance in the second act of his beautiful light opera, "The Serenade," was particularly reckless on the

part of the *Courier*—at least it would appear so to an unprejudiced “hind-sight.”

This verdict will most likely not be the end of the matter, since several prominent American musicians of admirable attainments, Mr. Walter Damrosch among them, have ample ground for similar suits.

It is commonly charged in musical circles that the *Courier* habitually assesses European artists visiting America in very large advertising contracts as a condition of its “support,” although the term “support” in this instance would seem to be turned wrong end about, the real “support” accruing not to the artist but to the journal. During his last visit Josef Hoffman was very outspoken in regard to the magnitude of this swindle, which vastly exceeded any like *quid pro quo* demanded by a European musical journal. It was stated that the violinist Petschnikoff was assessed for one year’s “advertising” the sum total of thirty-five hundred dollars; a pianist living in America was notified that his manager could not place his recitals unless he would take an advertising contract with the *Courier* amounting to one thousand dollars for the year; and so on.

It is not denied that the *Courier* fulfils the stipulations of these contracts, the main feature being a card (in large type) and the current reprint from time to time of press notices of the concerts of the advertiser. Naturally, considering the length and breadth of the street down the musical world which the *Courier* is “working,” these notices constitute a large and constantly increasing proportion of its alleged “news” from week to week. Still they are read with interest by the artist himself, and occasionally by a would-be manager; they cannot therefore be said to amount to lost space in the journal.

There is no law against this sort of thing, and considering the reader and mail subscriber to the *Courier* to be negligible quantities, it does not of itself destroy the “news” value of the *Courier*. The practical difficulty appears when it is remembered that it is precisely as poor judgment to reprint “news” concerning an artist who refuses to advertise as to omit the “news” of those who do; and it follows in time (as any

reader of the *Courier* may see) that by a singular coincidence the news always relates to those who *have* advertising cards; saving the deplorable occasions (unfortunately tending to become more frequent) when non-advertising artists sing or play extremely badly. Then, naturally, the critical conscience of the *Courier* displays exceptional sensitiveness—its really fine technique affording it unusual accuracy of aim.

It is not the purpose of this paragraph to question the value of the *Courier's* exploiting of artist "news"; the work has value. First of all to the artist himself. Think of the glow, the sense of interior warmth and *Schwermlichkeit* suffusing the vascular system of an artist reading his press notices displayed *en banc* in the clear and elegant topography of the *Courier* (for it *is* a well-printed journal); and the "news" is read (from marked copies) by country managers or would-be managers, at the artist's expense. A few copies reach Europe and reflect there a double probability of artistic success and American dollars. Thus the business grows from year to year, and there is no limit in sight. Moreover the traffic is worked for all it will bear.

The question whether this sort of thing has any influence whatever upon an artist's standing before the public does not seem to have occurred to the praise-loving fraternity. Experts say that it does not reach the public at all, and for all value towards forming a reputation with the public, the "news" might just as well have been printed privately and burned directly after. It is an excellent "bluff" and it works beautifully.

According to the verdict of the jury in the case of Herbert, it would seem that the *Courier* exceeded its usual reserve in Herbert's case, and, to use the words of the judge in the charge to the jury, printed "lies" about the composer. This, as the *Courier* now sees, costs money. The unfortunate circumstance is that it costs it so seldom.

* * *

I notice that the *Courier* has lost its "Raconteur." Mr. James Huneker has felt compelled to entirely disconnect himself from it; he is now the dramatic critic of the *New York Sun*; and Mr. W. J. Henderson now "shines for all" in its

musical columns. Meanwhile the *Courier* still continues its career of exceptional success as a purveyor of musical "news" at so much a purvey.

* * *

Upon several occasions I have suggested that the art of piano playing has now reached a point where it is about time that the entire elementary music for study in the early years were rewritten in the interest of modern spirit and method. From time to time something of this sort comes to light, America naturally affording the best specimen. Some years ago Miss Martin, a pupil of Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor, composed a set of little pieces for children called Melody Pictures which are widely used, and some of them are beautifully adapted to please and afford good practice at the same time.

Just here comes a set of twenty-four miniature "piano-lyrics" by Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis, for four hands, the child of the first grade playing one part, sometimes treble and sometimes bass, the part being always written within the resources of such a player. The teacher's part is elaborate, often difficult, very modern in harmony and musicianly. In this respect it follows in the direction already pointed out many years ago by Dr. William Mason, in his eight little child melodies with second part for teacher, where we find common melodies harmonized with refined and beautifully flowing counterpoints, delightful to the musician and refining to the taste of the child. Owing to the lapse of time since these pieces were composed, and their having not been exploited by the present owner, they have, to a great extent, fallen out of use. They deserve resuscitation.

Mr. Loomis' pieces are more original, and several of them are very happy indeed. They would be admirable for bringing out a very unadvanced pupil in a recital, and excellent for occasional playing.

* * *

It was the Professor at the Breakfast Table, who in his palmy days had a note upon what he felicitously termed "Pseudo-Science," the same being apropos to the then somewhat ambitious doctrine called "Phrenology," the fiction of which Dr. Holmes pointed out in comparing the uncertain-

ties of the human cranium to those of the fire and burglar proof safe, with its walls of variable thickness and its rivets headed upon the outside. "The phrenologist," he said, "places his finger upon one rivet of my safe and declares that under it there is a ten-dollar bill; under this one, a twenty; here a fifty, and so on. And so indeed there may be, if I am so fortunate. But the Phrenologist doesn't know it. He merely pretends to know something which it is impossible he should know.

The domain of the pseudo-scientific has a great field in the different provinces of history, where facts might well be marked like imported notions: "made in Germany"; "made in France," etc. A valued contributor to MUSIC, yet not immune to the bacterium here mentioned, has proposed a series of "facts about music" to be run month by month, according as some is needed here and there to fill a vacant page. It is a fine idea, only unfortunately facts have the least possible to do with music in its art aspect; and many "facts" proposed belong to that great category of newspaper facts which "are not so."

For instance: "The Netherlands was the first country in Europe to greatly develop music." This belongs to the category: "Interesting if true." Unfortunately it is not true. England and France were several centuries before the Netherlands, and far in advance of that country in this work.

Second "fact": "The violin was the first musical instrument to attain perfection." So! What was the matter with the Lute? It was at least three centuries before the violin. There were harps four thousand years or five before there were violins. Perfection is a very large word.

"The Greeks used letters of their alphabet to represent musical sounds and the earliest symbols of music are their first eight letters." Also a fine large pseudo-fact. The Greeks used not only their first eight letters but their whole alphabet, and this several times over, employing for the repetitions obsolete forms. The Greeks had no scientific classification in their scales. It was as if middle D sharp, for instance, were to be named C sharp in one key, F sharp in another, and so

on according to what the Greeks termed their modes and genera.

Here is another: "Vocal music was highly developed before instrumental music came into existence." Very doubtful, highly improbable. Instruments have led from earliest times. The church system of modes and counterpoint had its origin in the organ. The light glee singing of mediaeval England had its tonal foundation in the harp, the crwth and lute; the art of *bel canto*, or what we call Italian melody singing, had its inspiration in the violin. In short, a careful study of musical history makes it practically certain that melody has not arisen from emotional speech, nor has musical scale differentiated itself from the sliding inflections of speech, but from musical instruments. Without instruments it was impossible to repeat a given inflection or melodic skip exactly, because in the early stages every inflection or melodic skip was an individual find, not as yet referable to systematic scales or principles of measurement and determination. The tonal sense developed through the incitation of musical instruments—a fact which agrees both with the facts so far as known and with the *a priori* expectations.

If the later volumes of the Oxford History of Music should be carried out as ably as the first volume published, it will be possible at the end of the work to determine quite a number of problems which as yet are not wholly clear to the musical historian. But at least two principles are sure, yea, three. That music results from a two-fold cause: A human desire for such a form of soul expression, a desire apparently existing from the earliest times, and this desire answered by tonal incitations according to the capacities of the instruments of the day. That the music of any generation could not possibly have materially exceeded the tonal capacity of the instruments upon which it was played. That only by the aid of instruments could tonal experiments be exactly repeated, and that therefore the tonal sense has never passed beyond the powers of the instruments of the day.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Farwell sends me six publications of his "Wan Wan Press," at Newton Center, Mass., thereby calling atten-

tion to some very curious developments just now in the business of composing and publishing music. And first of all I will speak of the compositions themselves in this collection. The contents are as follows: Two songs: "The Spirit of Wine," by Henry Waller, and "Pirate Song," by Henry F. Gilbert. Three songs: "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," by Arthur Reginald Little, and "Salamambo's Invocation to Tanith," by Henry F. Gilbert. Two songs: "Hark, Hark the Lark," and "O'er the Sea," and a "Recitation for voice, piano and violin," by Harvey Worthington Loomis. Intermezzo from the "Tragedy of Death," by Harvey Worthington Loomis, and "Dawn," a development of Indian melodies, by Arthur Farwell. Three piano compositions: Mazurka and Scherzo, by Henry F. Gilbert, and Star Rays, by Harvey Worthington Loomis. Three pianoforte compositions: "Ullume," by Arthur Reginald Little; Negro Episode, by Henry F. Gilbert, and "Ichibuzzi," by Arthur Farwell. All the six collections are of approximately the same compass, about eighteen pages, of which three are generally literary introduction by Mr. Farwell. All are handsomely printed and present an admirable appearance. I know not whether they are available commercially, as the copies do not bear a price mark.

Summarized according to composers, we have here by Mr. Henry F. Gilbert the following:

Salamambo's Invocation to Tanith.

Pirate Song.

Negro Episode.

Mazurka.

Scherzo.

By Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis, the following:

Star Rays (instrumental).

Intermezzo from Tragedy of Death.

Hark, Hark, the Lark.

O'er the Sea.

In the Moon Shower.

And then by Mr. Farwell himself, the following:

Dawn, a development of Indian melodies.

Ichibuzzi (Indian subjects).

Also by Mr. Arthur Reginald Little, the following:
Ulalume (A Nocturne).

Helen.

Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.

Also one additional composition, a song, "The Spirit of Wine," by Mr. Henry Waller. Five compositions by Mr. Gilbert, five by Mr. Loomis, two by Mr. Farwell, four by Mr. Little, and one by Mr. Waller. What is proper to be said of these contributions to the library of works by American composers, and indeed of young American composers?

Let us begin with the works of Mr. Gilbert, because the principles of his art are more nearly those which all of us have learned to esteem, and in fact these works are so little different from any good music that it seems strange that the better publishers should not have accepted the manuscripts with avidity. The best of the Gilbert pieces, perhaps, is the Pirate Song, a very curious and effective setting of Stevenson's poem:

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo hó, and a bottle of rum;
Drink and the Devil had done for the rest,
Yo ho, and a bottle of rum."

This is precisely such a song as a capable singer, like David Bispham, would be able to sing with great effect. That it does not tally with the ideal in music, at least not in the sentimental aspects of the ideal, belongs with the reckless verses, and the music thereto affixed by Mr. Gilbert is about as rollicking and irresponsible as the verses. It is full of strange intervals, unexpected modulations, and the like; nevertheless, the rhythm is maintained remarkably well, and the whole, as already said, is a composition which might anywhere be sung with applause, supposing the singer good enough.

Salamambo's Invocation is a much more ambitious affair, and in this Mr. Gilbert boldly follows the principles of what we might call the impressionist school in music; the school which seeks to arrive at musical characterization of moods through unexpected harmonizations and free improvising of every sort,

while a steady rhythm is neglected, interrupted, broken off at pleasure. Such a song, therefore, necessarily lacks unity to the musical ear, unless the composer chances to be one of those richly endowed whose intuitions are true and whose feeling for the relation of music to feeling is deep and clear.

In his instrumental pieces, Mr. Gilbert also shows at times a curious novelty. For instance, in the Mazurka we have a pleasing little tone-poem of about the calibre of one of the mazurkas of Chopin. The difference lies mainly in the tonality and in the harmonization. Various kinds of major and minor tonalities are intermingled in a way which will certainly try a conventional soul, should such a one seriously sit down to master the by no means difficult little piece. He begins in a curious tonality of B minor, using the natural seventh, even with a dominant cadence. This lasts throughout the opening phrase of four measures. When the same phrase returns, at the third line of the opening stanza, it is in a mixed tonality. At first there is a major third, later again the minor seventh, but the close is in the chord of B major. And so on, the piece from first to last is a curious study in vague modes of a tonality of B. Personally I confess that the novelty is a bit too much; others will enjoy it. The Scherzo is a more ambitious piece, but not long. It is one of the energetic moods of this kind and one would like to hear it played by a pianist who had thoroughly mastered it and its various unexpected sequences and modulations. It might perhaps be pleasing. Best of the lot, at least the one which stands the best chance of becoming popular, is the Negro Episode, which is simply a negro dance of the kind which Gottschalk used to do so well. Since his time there has been nothing so good, that I know of, as this by Mr. Gilbert. It is a piece which any publisher might have done wisely to have taken if offered. It is a short piece, of three pages print (song-form with trio) of about the fourth grade of difficulty. Well adapted for use by teachers as a light and pleasing study in sharp and clear rhythm.

Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis belongs to the impressionist school. The most striking illustration of his ideals is furnished by his setting of the well known lines from Shakespeare's "Cymbaline":

"Hark, hark, the lark at heav'n's gate sings."

In the preface to this song Mr. Farwell states that the strongest intention of all was to get as far as possible from the fascinating melody of Schubert. Mr. Loomis has certainly done this. It appears that he set the song for use in a play, and with reference to the rustic instruments supposed to be employed. The first strain of the song Mr. Loomis sets in the key of F, the melody vibrating between the keynote and the dominant. These strong points are harmonized by the alternation of the chord of F major and that of C minor, a freak in tonality which certainly sounds original. After the four measures, or rather beginning with the fourth measure, there is an interlude, which has already been used as a prelude. While the song is in 3-4 measure, this prelude and interlude are in 4-4. The rhythm is therefore unavoidably broken up. Later, at the words, "And winking Mary buds begin to ope their golden eyes," the harmony becomes still more Frenchy. While the melody is operating along the line of the tonic chord, the accompaniment plays a chord of the eleventh, and even in the second measure, where a quasi-tonic or dominant effect is meant, the chord is still a tonic 6-4 with added sixth; in other words, reading from the second space of the bass upwards, C, A, D, F, C, F. Nevertheless it is quite sure that this setting of the poem, which appears so strange at first, is capable of being sung with original effect by a really good tenor. It is a curious study. Next after this comes a song which is much more like the usual article. It is called "O'er the Sea," and it is a lively and very pleasing song. The words are from Tieck's "The Fair Magelone." It is really a very strong and well conceived song, and one would think destined sooner or later to find its public.

In "Star Rays" Mr. Loomis has a piano piece which looks like a sort of inverted parody of Schumann's fascinating "Prophetic Bird." Needless to say that in taking the light run downwards, in place of Schumann's upwards, the effect is far less ethereal. Mr. Loomis' idea, no doubt, was that the rays do in fact come down. Very likely. But in this case the piano hardly comes up to meet them.

The Intermezzo from the Tragedy of Death is a sort of Barcarolle, of four pages in extent, rather difficult from a key-

board standpoint, but musical and perhaps capable of advantageous inclusion in artist programs. At all events it is an ambitious piece.

* * *

The question naturally arises, why original and really strong American work like this should be relegated to a new publisher, as yet wholly outside the channels of trade, and, in my opinion, likely to remain there, for the reason that commercial convenience must be allowed for; this must be done in considering the customer's convenience in ordering music, and more especially in his being able to get any one particular piece he chances to care for, in place of buying three totally unlike things together at once, as he has to do in this case. The reason is to be found, most likely, in the dependence that all large publishers are obliged to place upon their "Reader," the supposedly competent and judicious musician to whom manuscripts are referred for acceptance or rejection. Now this sort of job naturally appeals to a well-instructed and well-read musician, of temperament compatible with spending day after day over disagreeable and generally imperfectly written manuscripts. It is a purgatory position, anyway, but not necessarily Hades; there the little devils come back at the reader; here he has it all his own way. Now music is a particularly difficult kind of product to place at the behest of this kind of person, because the more a thing appears original the more it strains him, and the less likely it appears to him to result well commercially. The more the author vaunts his originality and his high ideals the less the historical imagination of the reader rises to him. It often happens that a reader has a grudge against an author for some fancied slight in some previous contract. I have myself been assured that a certain extremely successful manuscript of mine was rejected by two readers of the foremost publishing house in America, for a reason of this kind—at least this was the information given me by the publisher himself many years after, with the acknowledgement of his mistake.

This, therefore, is one reason why Mr. Farwell has undertaken this "Wa-Wan Press." But it is not commercially wise to issue the work in job lots of different kinds. If we had a

buying public in music, looking for significant new things, then there would be buyers for Mr. Farwell's discriminative prefaces and the pieces which have been written to come up to them. As it is he must be credited with doing an important work for the young and quasi-original American composer. Should his purse and disposition grow with using, he might later on keep up an orchestra to play the new symphonies and program overtures, and thereby still more forward American art. The music is elegantly printed and it is sincerely hoped that commercial success may follow his deserts.

* * *

I have been taken to task occasionally by hasty readers for seeming to speak disrespectfully of certain elementary textbooks obligingly produced by lady teachers for their own classes, and afterwards, through the solicitation of friends, they say, opened to the public through the usual channels of educational trade. If I have ever done this, where it was improper, I hereby apologize and retract. It is in this humble frame of mind (this *stimmung*, as a German might say) that I have lately given my mind over to improvement through perusing another of these piously composed primers of music, which with all their lateness and all their recommendations do not seem to have been able to absolve themselves from the slimy curse of the primitive serpent. I do not say that the case is quite so bad this time as that of the first instruction book composed for piano by the late Nathan Richardson, which opened with this sentence: "There are only seven notes used in music." When Richardson handed the book to the late great educator, Dr. Lowell Mason, Dr. Mason opened at the beginning, and here he paused. He read the statement aloud, twice. "Mr. Richardson," said he, "What do you mean by this statement? I do not understand it. I have never seen a music book with so few as seven notes in it; and it is not true if you mean forms of note, or even scale tones. I cannot recommend a book for teaching when I do not understand the opening sentence." Dr. Lowell Mason was conscientious; his tribe is slowly diminishing.

Here, for example, is a primer which speaks of measures

as "divisions of the staff," distinguishes between the character called a "pause," according as it is placed over a note or rest, in the one case calling it a "pause," and in the other a "hold;" a tie is a "curved line placed over or under two notes on the same degree of the staff;" meter is defined as "the division of measure into regular parts," and asks "Why is the staff divided into measures?" and answers, "That musical compositions may be more easily read and performed." She declares that there are "six kinds of time" and goes on to speak of "triple time," etc. Assigns to the accent mark like meaning, whether the little accent is horizontal or vertical (the vertical angle is really a *tenuto mark*). Speaking of philosophy, perhaps the following is a master effort: Question 144 (end of first gross) is: "What is an interval?" Answer: "It is the effect of producing two tones at or near the same time, with the name of the difference of their pitch mentioned." Later on intervals are defined. A third, e. g., is "an interval occupying three degrees of the staff" (as matter of fact a third generally occupies but two degrees of the staff, although it sometimes skips one). Moreover, this confiding lady does not seem to be aware of the fact that quite a few alleged musicians are able to distinguish between one interval and another without being told or seeing how they are written. How would the lady account for this? Or has she, perhaps, never chanced to meet such persons?

In short, this little treatise, occupying seventy-four pages, abounds in unphilosophical, unpedagogic and incorrect definitions, and is a thoroughly misleading textbook. It is interesting in this connection to observe the attitude of the eminent authorities whose testimonials are quoted in the beginning. I like that of the astute diplomat, Mr. Constantine von Sternberg, of Philadelphia, who charmingly returns the MSS. the next day declaring that it will be impossible for him to find time to read it. That was clever. The good-hearted Mme. Julia Rive-King hopes the book "will meet with all the success its merit deserves," which is at least rather neat. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach testifies at considerable length, complimenting particularly the chapters on "Intervals, Meter and

Rhythm." Mr. Geo. H. Howard will use it in his classes. All this goes to show that a chair of musical pedagogy, if established in Boston, would find plenty of material for work even in the musical profession itself.

If those who set themselves at making new treatises of this sort would at least read previous works, or at least the authoritative ones, and adopt all correct and clean definitions, in time progress would be realized; but attempts of this kind, which lack every vestige of pedagogic instinct, simply occupy ground to which they have no right. That musicians of standing should give testimonials to them is simply evidence of good-heartedness or lack of principle and knowledge, according as one chooses to look at it.

The question does not turn upon verbiage, but upon real definition. A primer deals with two classes of facts: Those of music itself and those of the notation. All musical entities must be defined in terms of ear, since everything in music is cognizable to the musician through the ear alone. All facts of notation are eye matters, to be explained with reference to the musical facts they represent and the visual peculiarities of the signs as such. An interval is a distance in pitch measured within the scale. Inasmuch as the line and spaces of the staff stand each one for a degree of the scale, intervals naturally are written according to their nature. These laborious, long-winded and roundabout and misleading definitions mislead the pupil, confuse the mind, and obstruct. Take for example the tie, which is here said to be placed "over or under two notes upon the same degree of the staff;" an exception is made for two notes of like pitch upon different degrees; and the use of the tie is to show that the "second note is not to be struck." Why *strike* a "note" anyway? Is it a caress or a curse? This definition has been made this long time, twenty years at least: "A tie is a curved line connecting two notes of the same pitch, to show that the second is a continuation of the first." This is clean, short, true and simple.

The pedagogic principle involved is that in every definition the central element of the thing defined must come out plainly—which in the present case does not happen. In fact, this primer is perhaps the worst since the late lamented Burrowe's,

which was a model of everything that an elementary text-book ought not to be.

* * *

The violin world and the Chicago Musical College experienced a serious loss in the death early in October of the veteran teacher of violin, Mr. Samuel E. Jacobsohn. Mr. Jacobsohn was not an old man as old age goes, being about 64 at the time of his death. For upwards of thirty years he had occupied a leading position as violinist and teacher in this country. If the memory of the present writer is correct, he was one of the men whom Mr. Thomas took to Cincinnati as head of the violin department in the College of Music there in 1878. Mr. Jacobsohn was concert-master of the Thomas orchestra for some ten years, and later put in his position his brilliant young pupil, Mr. Max Bendix, a boy of seventeen. Mr. Jacobsohn had at different times a great number of pupils who were more than ordinarily successful. Perhaps the most successful of all was Mr. Bendix, who with the modesty characteristic of the musical profession, considered that he had mainly accomplished his career by his own exertions. But that a teacher should be able to place his pupil in such a responsible place as that of concert-master for Thomas while he was still so young, indicates both talent in the pupil and rare discernment on the part of the teacher, as well as an immense "pull" with Theodore Thomas, an artist with whom personal pull goes perhaps as little way as with any that can be named. For many years Mr. Jacobsohn had played little in public, as owing to his absorption in teaching his practice had been neglected. He remained a painstaking teacher and a sincere musician, whose work lives after him in the playing of his pupils.



MUSIC CREDITS IN HIGH SCHOOLS.

BY

H. W. FAIRBANKS,

Late Supervisor of Music in the Chicago Public Schools.

Subject: "Shall credits be given to high school graduates, on applying for admission to the college or university, for the completion of a well-considered course in drawing or music in the high schools from whence they came?"

I assume that the subject under discussion might include any course in art or any affiliated culture study.

You will pardon a digression, which I believe is germane to the subject before you, and which I believe furnishes a suitable introduction to an intelligent discussion of the topic assigned.

In my report to Superintendent Cooley, of the Chicago Public Schools, for the year 1901, I ventured the following suggestion: "That the time had come when high school pupils should be allowed a special credit for graduation for the subject of music studied in any accredited or recognized music school or college."

In my many years of high school experience, it has often come to my notice that parents could not send their children to high school for the reason that they could not carry three or four regular studies, and at the same time devote any time to study of music or art outside of school.

A child often develops a gift for music which the parent feels in duty bound to cultivate; and, as oftentimes the parental exchequer is limited, the high school, and its attendant expenses, to say nothing of the time required for study, is sacrificed, and the pupil denied the mental development afforded by the high school, that he may get a start towards a profession, which,

while it cultivates the talent, at the same time offers some pecuniary reward in the near future.

Then, again, the parent is often advised that the pupil should not wait the completion of a high school course, before undertaking the requirements of a course in art, for, as in the case of music, the hands are more supple, and therefore more pliable at the high school age, and a pupil must develop muscular elasticity when the hand is in its best condition. The older he grows, the more brittle and stiff the hands become, and the technicalities of piano or violin playing become more impossible. Hence the necessity of early application in these immediate lines of work.

Then, again, the taste for music, which has been stimulated by school or home association, may wane if left dormant too long. In fact, many are the reasons which might be cited why a pupil should be encouraged in the development of a taste for art at the very period when he is ready to enter high school, and now shall he be denied the rounding out of an education, which shall properly prepare him, both in the matter of the discipline of the mind, from the academic standpoint, and in the additional stimulus always afforded art in the progressive high school, for the duties of a strenuous life upon which he is about to enter, the need of which is everywhere so evident in this day and age? The answer seems to me to be conclusive. The pupil should be allowed a credit for art, and should not be compelled in order to graduate, to take more studies than he can properly manage with perfect safety to such studies, and to his chosen art study.

The objector will here step in and say, first, the whole high school curriculum will be disarranged, as so many pupils will want to avail themselves of the new plan.

Second, what studies shall a pupil be allowed to exchange for a credit in music, and who shall make the choice for him? Third, who is to determine whether or no a music school is worthy of being termed accredited? and fourth, will not the proposed plan interfere with the regular music work of the school?

To these pessimists we must answer:

First. In proportion to the whole number of pupils in the average high school, the number is small comparatively, who

have the special gifts referred to above. Would there were more! But in any of the larger cities the number will be found sufficient to entitle them to consideration at the hands of the school authorities, and it is for this number we plead.

Second. As to the studies to be safely omitted, the principal, after consultation with his teachers, can generally determine what is best for such pupils. The modern languages, in the case of music, could be safely exchanged, as they can be studied by the gifted pupil when abroad, or when associated with their German or French teachers at home. I suppose most of those present will agree that these pupils should take Latin, History, English and a minimum, at least, of mathematics as fast as these subjects appear in the curriculum.

Third. The School Board of any of the larger cities would have no difficulty in securing the appointment of a Board of Examiners, which could easily determine the status of a music school offering its pupils for examination. The standard, of course, would be fixed by high school councils, and each music school would equip pupils along well defined lines.

Fourth. The music course of the high school is established for the masses of the pupils, the majority of whom do not seek the opportunities for special instruction referred to above.

In this city, many pupils are taking music work outside of school, and the regular music of the high school as well. The legitimate, theoretical work of a high school music course does not necessarily conflict with private instruction, but rather supplements it. The private school generally develops the pupil's special gift. The high school music course is more general in character. The course could be arranged, if desired, to avoid duplication. Of this more will be said later.

While I have had this subject in mind for several years I lay no claim to originality in the matter. I learn that the plan has been discussed and ably defended in the Chicago High School Council, by several of our principals, among them Mr. Armstrong, secretary of to-morrow's conference. As the plan was not fully developed I understand the matter has been postponed for future action.

This brings me to a brief consideration of the subject proper. A close observer, if he is at all accustomed to the interpretation of the signs of the times, will conclude that the

colleges and universities of this country are endeavoring to keep in touch with the commercialism and specialization of the age. In other words they are aiming to so arrange their courses as to give a man what he most stands in need of, and to give it to him in the shortest time consistent with thoroughness, and lastly, to give him a degree for what he takes while in college, whether for a longer or shorter time. Now, if it is found desirable to rearrange the college curriculum, why not rearrange or revise the list of studies which shall be necessary for admission to the college, in order to be consistent. It would only be in harmony with the entire plan, and the colleges can find many and strong reasons for giving credit for a thorough course in music. Indeed, one of the strongest reasons can be found in the fact that many of our universities already have a complete musical department, and many parents will be glad to send their children to such universities, in order to finish a course auspiciously begun in a high school, or in a musical college. If the college music department is worth having, it is certainly proper to recognize the subject in the preparatory school.

It therefore remains, in my judgment, to determine what shall constitute a course of music in the high school which shall be worthy of recognition by the college or university. You will again pardon me if I give you a resume of the course given in the Chicago High Schools. This course is not designed for the pupil specially gifted in music, but is prepared for the mass of the pupils, as it should be. Only one hour per week is given to the subject, and yet a course is given which should furnish an intelligent basis of the education to be complemented in the university. A high school that can give more time to the subject is all the more entitled to credits, provided the instruction has been thorough and systematic.

The first year's work in the high school should bring together the musical fragments which have accumulated during the pupil's grammar school course. Many pupils will be found in the first year, who have never had music at all, hence the first year's work should be, generally speaking, elementary and rudimentary. In our schools we take the subject of major scales, writing and analyzing them thoroughly, special attention being given to the written work. Musical terminology and syllable

reading complete the technical work of the year.

In the second year, chromatic scales are taught, the pupil being obliged to write, analyze and sing every chromatic scale in the list. Brief biographies of at least sixteen of the great composers are given, with pianoforte illustrations whenever practicable. Vocal illustrations are also often presented. Substantial three and four part work is a part of every lesson.

In the third year the enharmonic scale is studied and written to add to the pupil's ability to write music grammatically. The subject of intervals, as it appears in elementary harmony, is also taken up.

The fourth year is devoted to the study of harmonic and melodic minor scales, which are systematically written and sung. Musical history is also given in the form of lectures with a certain amount of dictation. In most of our high schools standard choruses from the best oratorios, cantatas and operas are studied and often presented publicly.

Having finished such a course, a student can enter upon the university work without delay, and with every prospect of rapid advancement. He is at once welcomed to the choral societies of the university, where he is usually the most important factor, on account of his thorough preparation. This, I assure you, is a condition as well as a theory, as I can cite you numerous instances which will serve to substantiate my statement.

Now, who shall say, that a pupil possessing the knowledge afforded by such a course as I have referred to above, has not as much mental discipline, has not as much method, has not as much of that which will be practically serviceable to him in after life, as that obtained by the study of several, at least, of the subjects in the present curriculum.

I make no invidious comparison when I say that, generally speaking, an art course, even in the high school, is as valuable to a student as cosecant and cosine. I believe it possible also for every high school to have practically such a course as I have outlined, in addition to their regular singing lesson, so-called, where nothing but song singing is indulged in. Some musicians might think this course even too limited in scope, but my own experience teaches me that it covers sufficient ground for the time usually devoted to the study of music. Possibly, some schools cannot attain all that I have indicated. Yet many

can and do, and they should be allowed to profit by their efforts in this direction.

I believe that not only the high schools but the colleges and universities as well would receive much larger accessions to their numbers in the near future, if a substantial recognition was given to music as a culture study, in the manner suggested by the topic of the hour, provided, of course, that the proposed policy was as liberally advertised as the two years' college course has been.

I cannot close this paper without brief quotations from the inauguration address of President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton, which seem very apropos on the present occasion.

"In colleges we must deal with the spirits of men, not with their fortunes."

* * * *

"The circle of liberal studies is too much enlarged to make it longer possible for Greek, Latin, English and Mathematics to stand for all training."

* * * *

"We must make choice among studies, and suffer the pupil himself to make choice."

* * * *

"I would wish to see every student, a man of a world, whatever his world may be."

* * * *

"Breadth in education is necessary. It is this free capital of the mind that the world stands in need of."

* * * *

So I argue that the student of music is just as much entitled to the beneficent effect of a university training, special though it be, as a student in law, medicine or science. Therefore, encourage him to pursue his chosen art study, and at the same time, to add to his curriculum, every one of the regular studies that his time will admit of, with the assurance that he will stand an equal chance with students who may have chosen languages or science as their goal.



REVIEWS AND NOTICES

SCHOOL OF ADVANCED PIANO-PLAYING. (Exercises.) By
RAFAEL JOSEFFY, New York. G. Schirmer. 1902. Sheet
music size, flexible cloth, 12 p. Pp. 128. \$3 net.

This sizeable volume, from the hand of one of the most distinguished virtuosi of modern times, is the latest word in the way of exercises for daily practice by advanced pupil students of piano, meaning thereby those who, having completed the ground covered and implied in the technical system of Mason, and the Graded courses of studies, are busy with artistic interpretations of classical and concert work. Mr. Joseffy's work is the legitimate successor of the Tausig daily studies, which were published from Tausig's manuscripts and traditions of his pupils after his death. Mr. Joseffy's work is vastly more systematic and comprehensive than the Tausig studies and much more modern. It embraces, practically, about all the difficult kinds of passage and keyboard combinations afforded by modern music. A cursory examination manifests the following curious and perhaps unexpected novelties. In common with one of the latest published little books by a Leschetizky *Vorbereiter* it shows a strong leaning to super legato in certain cases. At the very beginning Mr. Joseffy gives some diatonic five finger runs, ascending by degrees; the thumb remains upon its key until the last minute before removing to its new place in the next group; the same happens with the fifth finger in the opposite direction. All the exercises are to be carried out in a variety of keys, and accentuation is justly recognized as in itself a desirable element to be mastered. As compared with the first great collection of technical material, that of Clementi, Joseffy's is distinguished by its vastly greater attention to the chromatic variety, which in modern music cuts so large a figure. Here he follows Tausig, but carries out the work more comprehensively. In short, Mr. Joseffy's new book is to be commended to all advanced pianists whose hands have begun to go stale under the constant repetition of the fundamental forms of scales, arpeggios and the like, which necessarily forms the staple of elementary technique. The book therefore naturally belongs to a point not earlier than the sixth grade, when the instruction has been well ordered up to that point, such a system as Mason's would begin to have lost its efficiency. Mason's work has the indispensable merit of an adequate elementary system of form-

ing mental technique along with that of the fingers, by the development of rhythm harmonic changes and the like. Upon this foundation (which is not furnished by any other system) the Joseffy work is to be superimposed. It is a masterly and indispensable work.

RESEARCHES ON THE RHYTHM OF SPEECH. By J. E. Wallace Wallin, Ph. D., Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

This pamphlet of 142 pages octavo is reprinted from the 1901 "Studies from the Yale Psychological Laboratory." It gives a resume of previous investigations upon the subject and their results and then follows with reports of many analyses and the conclusions reached, as shown in tabulated summaries. Very interesting to a limited clientele. Copies may be had of the author, at Clark University (Worcester, Mass.) for 75 cts. each, cash with order. The present writer, unfortunately, has not yet been able to master the results of the investigations. Undoubtedly of value.

ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTS AND THEIR USE. By Arthur Elson. L. C. Page and Company, Boston. 1902.

This elegantly printed little book gives "a description of each instrument now employed by civilized nations, a brief account of its history, an idea of the Technical and Acoustical principles illustrated in its performance, and an explanation of its value and functions in the modern orchestra." It is admirably done and deserves to be used as a textbook upon its subject. By far the best simple manual of this part of musical information that has come under the notice of the writer. Its author is most likely a son of the distinguished musical literateur and lecturer, Mr. Louis C. Elson of Boston. Admirable for conservatory and school use and for private reading. Handsomely printed and bound in cloth. It is illustrated with half-tone portraits of composers and conductors, to the number of fifteen.

AFTER THE LESSON. Twenty-four miniature Piano Lyrics, for teacher and youngest pupil. By Harvey Worthington Loomis, Opus 75. Two books. Price \$1.00 each. Messrs. C. C. Birchard & Company.

As an example of the manner of these little pieces, take the second piece, "See-Saw," which occupies but two lines in each part. The child plays in 6-8 measure, B, F sharp (dotted quarters) seven times running, closing with G. This is all the child has to play. Under this repetition Mr. Loomis has two measures in the key of G minor, modulating in the third in and fourth into F sharp; then the teacher

has two measures in B major, modulating and closing again in G major. It is an uncommon harmonic variety for the simple motive of the child's part.

So also the "Cuckoo," also of two lines. This is in 3-4 measure. The child plays E, C and a quarter rest, three times; rests the fourth measure; plays G, E and a quarter rest three measures, and rests a measure; then G, B three measures and one measure rest; finally two measures, E, C, and two measures rest. The teacher's part is simple but artistic and very effective. A very curious piece is "Jack o' Lantern," where in 2-4 measure the child plays mostly with one hand alone, staccato quarters; on the second beat pianissimo. The total effect is mysterious and curious. And so on. In short, a collection which progressive teachers will do well to examine. As it is not published from a sheet music house the teacher will have to specify carefully in order to get it.

BULLETIN 26, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION REPORTS. Kathamet Texts. By Franz Boas.

Bulletin 26 of the Smithsonian Institution contains 259 pages of translations (mostly interlinear) of Kathamet texts, the matter being myths of certain Indian tribes living in the vicinity of Puget Sound. It appears from the preface that at present this dialect is known to but two living people, and the present myths were collected from them by Dr. Boas, the well-known Ethnologist, through the medium of the "Chinook" jargon, the Indian "pidgeon English" of Puget Sound. The value of the work lies in the light it may at some future time throw upon the linguistical origin of the language and thereby give an inferential light upon the ethnology of the tribes; and the nature of the myths which primitive minds construct out of the extremely restricted mental stimulus of their environment. To the ordinary reader the book is as uninteresting as can possibly be. It is printed in the usual elegant style of the Smithsonian documents.

MUSIC

A Monthly Magazine



W·S·B·MATHEWS·*Editor*

December - 1902

MUSIC MAGAZINE PUB· CO

CHICAGO

THE
CROWN
PIANO

Artistic and High Grade in Tone, Touch, Design, Finish
and all other good piano qualities.
Sold everywhere at reasonable prices and terms.

GEO. P. BENT
Manufacturer.

Retail—211-213 Wabash Avenue—"Crown" Building.
Factory—245 to 253 Washington Blvd.—Bent Block.

CHICAGO, ILLS.

**MUSIC STUDENTS'
EXTENSION**

Clubs now
Organizing.

Send for Prospectus
Year 1902.



Address:

**MUSIC MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO.
CHICAGO**

MUSIC

An Illustrated Magazine of the
Art · Science · and Technic of Music
W · S · B · MATHEWS · Editor

VOL. XXII.

DECEMBER, 1902.

No. 4.

C O N T E N T S

Frontispiece: M. Alexandre-Felix Gullmant.	
Adolf Henselt and His Works. By E. R. Kroeger.	251
An Annual Stock-Taking of American Progress. By W. S. B. Mathews.	254
Some American Song Writers. By Karleton Hackett.	264
Speech in Song--By Alexander J. Ellis. (A Re-review) By G. Mazzucato.	269
Esthetical Music Culture. By Waldemar Malmene.	277
EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC: Mr. Victor Heinze's Pupils' Recitals, 281. Mr. Victor Herbert and the "Musical Courier," 283. New Music for the Early Grades, 286. Pseudo-Science, 286. New Publications of the Wa-Wan Press. By Henry F. Gilbert, 288. Harvey Worthington Loomis, 291. Mr. Arthur Farwell, 293. A New Primer of Music, 294. Need of Pedagogic Instincts for Such Writing, 296. S. E. Jacobsohn, 297.	
PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC:	
Music Credits in High Schools. By H W. Fairbanks.	298
REVIEWS AND NOTICES.	304

Published Monthly Except July and August.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.

Remit by Draft, Postal or Express Money Order or Check. Make Checks payable to the order of the Company. Address

MUSIC MAGAZINE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

MISS BLANCHE DINGLEY, 3838 LAKE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.
BUSINESS MANAGER. (Entered at Chicago Post Office as second class matter.)

MISS
BLANCHE
DINGLEY

Will accept pupils in
PIANO PLAYING
At all stages of progress.

Special attention given to
MEMORIZING
and to
METHOD OF STUDY

CLASSES IN EAR TRAINING AND
CLASSES IN MASON'S TECHNIC.

Pupils received at any time.

Correspondence Solicited.

Address: 3638 LAKE AVENUE,
CHICAGO.

Mrs. Theodore
Worcester
PIANIST

Address, Care of "MUSIC,"

Chicago.

WIDELY USED AS A TEXT-BOOK IN COLLEGES AND CONSERVATORIES

Mathews' Popular History of Music

A History of the Art of Music from the Earliest Times to the Present, with Accounts of the Chief Musical Instruments and Scales ; The Principles and Artistic Value of their Music ; together with Biographical Notices of the Greater Composers, Chronological Charts, Specimens of Music, Portraits, Musical Selections and other Illustrations.

By **W. S. B. MATHEWS**

Author of "HOW TO UNDERSTAND MUSIC," "PRIMER OF FORM," "STUDIES IN PHRASING," "GRADED MATERIALS FOR PIANOFORTE," and many other pedagogical works.

This History of Music comprises the following distinguishing qualities which have been instrumental in securing for it the very large sale it continues to enjoy :

1. **Comprehensiveness**, embracing the entire course of the development of the art from the ancient world to the latest composers

2. **Simplicity and Directness of Style**. Mr. Mathews' style is noted for the direct manner in which it conveys information and the clearness with which the central thought is kept ever in the foreground.

3. **Musical Insight**. This History is not a dry collection of dates and chronological particulars, but a sympathetic and lively story of an art in which its writer is profoundly interested and to the practice of which he has devoted his life.

4. The skill with which the author has availed himself of the work of previous standard historians without descending to controversy or slavish imitation, a vast amount of reading being here condensed and luminously presented for the information of the young student.

PRICE \$2.00

For Special Introduction Price, address Publishers,

Music Magazine Publishing Co.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

**An Elementary Text Book in Musical Literature
For Student-Clubs, Classes and for Private Use.**

The Great in Music

V O L. I.

This handsome volume contains the first year course of the Music Students' Club-Extension, in the form of

**Ten Musical Programs
From the Following Composers:**

Bach and Grieg—Haydn, Corelli and Jensen—William Mason, Wollenhaupt, Gottschalk, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach—Mozart and Sinding—Beethoven and Raff—Weber and Henselt—Dudley Buck, John K. Paine, Arthur Foote, Frederick Grant Gleason, Mrs. Gaynor, Emil Liebling—Schubert, Rubinstein and Spohr—Mendelssohn and Tchaikowsky—E. A. Macdowell, Walter Damrosch, W. H. Sherwood, Margaret Ruthven Lang, Homer N. Bartlett, E. R. Kroeger.

In other words: Seven of the greatest classical composers, seven of the greatest modern composers and sixteen American composers.

In the illustrative programs more than two hundred and eight compositions are discussed in detail for the guidance of the student. Many of the American composers have given explicit statements of their musical ideals, for this work. And the value, individuality and place in art of all the great composers included, are explained by such writers as Emil Liebling, Karleton Hackett, John S. Van Cleve, Theodore Spiering, Henri Marteau, and

W. S. B. MATHEWS, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

26 Full Page Half-Tone Portraits.

This book, which was formerly restricted to the members of the student clubs, organized under the supervision of MUSIC MAGAZINE, is now open to the public and can be bought by the quantity or in single copies. It fills a new place in teaching material, and enables the teacher to give fine music for lessons successfully, and with interest to the pupil.

Price, \$1.50

—ADDRESS—

Music Magazine Publishing Co.

Auditorium Tower - - CHICAGO.

Now Ready
GREAT IN MUSIC
SECOND YEAR

PREPARED FOR
THE USE OF THE **Music Students Club Extension**

This elegant volume of 425 pages contains Musical Programs from the following composers:

-
-
- No. 1—Chopin, Schytte, Godard.
No. 2—Chaminade, Robert Franz, John Field.
No. 3—W. G. Smith, A. M. Foerster, Geo. W. Chadwick.
No. 4—Schumann, Moszkowski.
No. 5—Liszt, Heller, Wieniawski.
No. 6—Brahms, Ed. Schuett.
No. 7—H. W. Parker, E. S. Kelley, Wilhelm Berger, Bruno O. Klein.
No. 8—Saint-Saens, Paderewski, Godowsky and Richard Strauss.
No. 9—Glazounov, Balakirev, Vogrich, Johann Strauss, Max Bruch.
No. 10—Review of the Progress of Music as a Whole and the Causes Operative in it.
-
-

W. S. B. MATHEWS, Editor-in-Chief.

22 HALF-TONE PORTRAITS.

These programs, fully annotated, cover the cream of the modern literature for piano, voice and violin, and to the teacher, student or music lover will prove of inestimable value.


The only book covering the modern composers of all schools.


PRICE, POSTPAID, \$2.00.


Order at once from any music store or from publishers,


Music Magazine Publishing Company


CHICAGO



MRS. ALICE MEYNELL



A.C. SWINBURNE


SIR G. PARKER



A.T. QUILLER-COUCH


BISHOP OF RIPON


AUGUSTINE BIRRELL


JANE H. TINDALATER

OUR FIELD



THE LIVING AGE

EMBRACES THE WHOLE WORLD OF LITERATURE

THE WORLD'S GREATEST INTELLECTS

ARE REPRESENTED IN ITS PAGES

All of the writers whose portraits appear in the margin of this page were represented in last year's numbers of THE LIVING AGE; and with them Katharine Tynan, Maxwell Gray, George Meredith, Fiona Macleod, Maurice Maeterlinck, Hilaire Belloc, Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, Eugene Melchior de Vogue, Paul Bourget, Henry Lawson, Arthur Christopher Benson, Max Beerbohm, Pierre de Coubertin, William Watson, Maxime Gorky, G. M. Trevelyan, Emily Lawless, Theophile Gautier, Prince Kropotkin, and many others.

THE LIVING AGE

AS IT ENTERS UPON ITS
SIXTIETH YEAR AND 236TH QUARTERLY VOLUME

still maintains the high standard of literary excellence which has characterized it from the beginning. It presents in an inexpensive form, considering its great amount of matter, with freshness, owing to its weekly issue, and with a **satisfactory completeness** equalled by no other publication, the best **Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Serial and Short Stories, Sketches of Travel and Discovery, Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, Historical and Political Information**, from the vast field of Foreign Periodical Literature.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

To all **NEW** Subscribers to **THE LIVING AGE** for the year 1903 there will be sent **FREE**, until the edition is exhausted, the **THIRTEEN WEEKLY ISSUES** for the three months, October, November and December, making a large octavo volume of **824 pages**.


Send at **Once and Secure Advantage** of this **Splendid Offer**


Published every **Saturday**, and giving about **3,300 pages** a year of the **World's Best Literature**, popular, yet of permanent value.


Subscription Price, **\$6.00 a Year** Single Number, **15 Cents**


THE LIVING AGE COMPANY


P. O. Box 5206 13½ BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON



LORD ROSEBERY



W.L. COURTNEY



PROF. E. DOWDEN



OWEN SEAMAN



W.E. HENLEY



THE HON. H. ASQUITH



W.S. LILLY



JOHN MORLEY



SIR LEWIS MORRIS



W.B. YEATS



ANDREW LANG



SIDNEY LEE



HERBERT PAUL


SIR E. ARNOLD


EDMUND GOSSE


SIR WEYNES REID


JOHN BUCHAN


LESLIE STEPHEN

Arthur P. Schmidt

BOSTON
146 Boylston St.

Music Publisher
LEIPZIG

NEW YORK
136 Fifth Avenue

JUST ISSUED

Technic and Melody, A Fundamental Course for the Pianoforte. By Cornelius Gurliitt. Op. 228. In three books; each 75 cents.

BOOK I. is to be used from the beginning beyond Grade I.

BOOK II., amply reviewing Book I., progresses to Grade II., and prepares for the matter of Book III.

BOOK III. does not abruptly continue from the end of Book II., but sets back sufficiently to afford a review of fundamental principles previously taken up.

14 Melodies and Progressive Piano Studies for the Development of Both Hands. By Eduard Biehl. Op. 46. Price \$1.00.

These studies, while serving their technical purpose, are more attractive and melodious than many of their class. Commencing with a study in simple scale-playing less than an octave in extent, there are exercises in various forms of arpeggios and broken chords, a useful study in thirds, and in accompanied and figured melody. The hands are treated as of equal importance, and given the same kind of work in the same or succeeding exercises.

Fingering and phrasing, and marks of expression have been fully and carefully supplied.

A Key to Emery's Elements of Harmony. By Frank Lynes. Price 60 cents.

A key to the well-known "Elements of Harmony" by Stephen A. Emery, which has been used extensively by the leading conservatories and teachers throughout the country.

Dictionary of Musical Terms and Elements of Music. By Edwin M. Lott and O. B. Brown. Price 30 cents.

SENT FREE—Catalogues containing Portraits of American and Foreign Composers. No. 1. Piano. No. 2. Songs. No. 3. Octavo. No. 4. Violin. No. 5. Organ Music.

W. C. E. Seeboeck. Two Airs de Ballet.

Op. 89. Dance de l'Ombre (Shadow Danse). (4C)..... \$0.60
Op. 61. Menuet de la Cour. (4B)..... .40

Op. 118.

Six Characteristic Pieces.

Impromptu-Nocturne. (3B)..... \$0.40
Novelette. (3C)..... .40
Mazurka. (4A)..... .40
Minuetto. (3B)..... .40
Caprice Valse. (3C)..... .60
Sarabande. (4A)..... .60
By the Frog-pond. (3B)..... .50

Mr. Seeboeck, being a fine pianist, writes in the manner of the instrument. Thus in the pages of these pieces one is immediately impressed with their fitness for piano performance. They show careful thought bestowed upon the prompting of a strong harmonic and melodic gift. The melody is everywhere the spontaneous melody of song. They are not difficult, and are admirable for repertoire.

Lyric Suite for the Pianoforte. By Carl Bohm. Op. 358.

Song of the Spinning Maiden. (3B.)
Fairies' Song. (3A.) Prologue (3B.)
Love's Strain. (3B.) A Song of Faucy. (3B.)
Venetian Barcarolle. (3C)

Each, 30c. Complete, 75c.

All are attractive examples of the composer's melodic fluency, his clarity of construction and pleasing harmonic scheme, while it would be hard to overpraise their practical usefulness for teaching, or the refining influence they will exert upon the taste of the pupil. It is difficult to single out any number for especial praise; they belong together, and each has its own attractiveness.

Mountain Scenes, Nine Pianoforte Pieces. By Charles Dennee. Op. 30. Price \$1.25.

In the Canon. The Rainbow.
Arbutus. A Burro Ride.
Sprites of the Glen. Dance of the Gnomes.
The Placid Lake. Around the Campfire.
Forest Sounds.

The composer successfully depicts in tones the varying mental pictures suggested by the above. They range in grade from III. to IV. V., and are written with a knowledge of the instrument and the color effects of which it is capable. Fingering and phrasing have been added judiciously and helpfully, and the pieces will aid in developing the interpretative faculty by their suggestive character.

Now that the Teaching Season Is Again at Hand

We would respectfully call the attention of teachers
to the following Educational Works on Music:

Introduction to the Interpretation of Beethoven's Piano Works. By Adolf Bernhard Marx. Translated by Fannie Louise Gwinner. Price \$1.50. Will be furnished express paid for \$1.30.

Of this work Hans Von Bülow writes: "In the book, 'Guide to the Performance of Beethoven's Piano Works,' by Ad. Bern. Marx, there is indicated as has been done by no other German, the proper interpretation musically and technically, of the tone poet's compositions. This book should be in the hands, or still better, in the head, of every good musician."

Music-Education—An Outline. By Calvin B. Cady. Price \$1.50. Will be furnished express paid for \$1.30.

In this work Mr. Cady has put his ideas of Music-Education and a process by which to acquire it into clear and tangible form. His method of teaching deals with the Concept and the Understanding, and results in the actual knowledge of the matter in hand before an attempt at performance is considered. Mr. Cady is widely recognized as a successful teacher and a sound educator. This work is therefore a valuable one in the line of pedagogy.

The Natural Laws of Musical Expression. By Hans Schmitt. Translated by Frances A. Van Santford. Price 50c. Will be furnished postage paid for 42c.

The subject is treated in two chapters: 1. Laws of Force. 2. Laws of Velocity. A more wholesome, forceful and reliable treatise on the subject could not be wished for. Its careful perusal and study can not help but be of lasting benefit.

Talks with Piano Teachers. By Emma Wilkins-Gutmann. Price \$1.00. Will be furnished postage paid for 80c.

This book is not a piano method in any sense, but full of the most helpful suggestions to the young teacher or to those of limited experience.

The Very First Lessons at the Piano. By Mrs. Crosby Adams. Price 75c. Will be furnished postage paid for 60c.

This work is in the form of a collection of little melodies, with and without words, properly graded and designed to awaken the interest of pupils in their work at the outset. The lessons are preceded by a carefully prepared and exhaustive preface which "is essentially a succinct lesson to teachers, rich with suggestion, the result of Mrs. Adams' own daily work in the class-room."

Rhythms, Marches and Games. A collection of Pianoforte Pieces from the masters and modern writers, compiled by Mari Ruef Hofer. Price \$1.50. Will be furnished express paid for \$1.35.

This collection is the second of the series of Music for the Childworld, prepared especially for the needs of the Kindergarten. It contains a most excellent variety of pieces of strongly marked rhythms, and its usefulness is equally desirable for drill exercises in the graded school. Because of the musical excellence of the contents of the book, teachers will find it most desirable material for teaching purposes. The music ranges from second to fourth grade in difficulty. It is a book of 134 pages, strongly bound in cloth.

**For the voice we have recently published two collections which
are valuable in various ways.**

Seven Little Songs for the Child or Adult Voice. Verses by Mena C. Pürshinz. Musical Settings by G. A. Grant-Schafer. Price 75c. Will be furnished postage paid for 65c.

These songs will be found to possess characteristics quaintly original. Simplicity is the governing idea throughout the work, but not of the restricting kind that prohibits the free expression of idea. The thoughts expressed in the verses are simple and beautifully natural, and the musical settings are forcefully picturesque and pleasing.

Songs and Scissors. A new collection of songs by Jessie L. Gaynor. Price \$1.25. Will be furnished express paid for \$1.10.

This book is profusely and beautifully illustrated from free-hand paper cutting by Ethel E. Barr. The poems are by Lora L. Haines, all suggested from nature, and are very child-like without being childish. A most unique, artistic and meritorious collection.

Our catalogues of music will be sent to anyone upon application. Teachers will find an attractive and interesting list of material among our publications.

CLAYTON F. SUMMY CO., 220 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO.
General Dealers in Music of the Better Class.

The Inference?

The majority of those who hear the Aeolian for the first time express surprise, saying they had been unable to comprehend until then what it was like. Many of our patrons, after hearing the instrument six months, go out of their way to tell us of the pleasure they have derived from their purchase, evincing a degree of enthusiasm which leaves no room for doubt as to their complete conversion.

This enthusiasm is the rule, not the exception. Why is it?

Unquestionably it argues that the Aeolian is worthy of your attention, and that every day you delay your investigation of the instrument you are cutting yourself off from a source of pleasure about which *you* might become equally enthusiastic.

We reproduce extracts from a few letters from our patrons. These letters bear the signatures of some of the most prominent people in this country.

... "Having had the Aeolian over ten years, changing it occasionally as improvements have been made, I feel under no consideration could I be induced to part with it. It is a soul-harmonizer, eliminating the fret and care which business brings, and for this reason alone worth its weight in gold."

... "The possibility to the musical layman to play anything at sight, and thereafter learning to put delicate shading into it at will, without having had the drudgery of practising for years, is a joy which one does not fully appreciate until he has tried it."

... "It soothes the soul of the business man after the toil and worry of the day—at least that is my experience with it."

We make Aeolians costing from \$10,000 to \$15,000, and we make Aeolians which can be bought for as little as \$75.

The smallest instrument embodies the same principles, is just as perfect in construction, and plays just as many selections as the most expensive styles.

Aeolians may be purchased by moderate monthly payments when desired.

You are invited to visit at our warerooms, if for no other reason than to learn more about this remarkable instrument—what it is and what it will do. If you are unable to call, and the subject interests you, we shall be pleased to send you a descriptive catalogue.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

NEW YORK, 18 WEST TWENTY-THIRD ST.

Cincinnati, O., 124 East Fourth St. Brooklyn, N. Y., 500 Fulton St.

Chicago, Lyon & Healy
Boston, The M. Steinert & Sons Co.
Philadelphia, C. J. Heppie & Son
Baltimore, Wm. Knabe & Co.
Washington, Wm. Knabe & Co.
Newark, Lauter Co.
Cleveland, The R. Dreher's Sons Co.
Itany, Cluett & Sons

Trout & Co. & Sons
St. Paul, W. J. Dietz & Bro.
Minneapolis, Metropolitan Music Co.
Duluth, Duluth Music Co.
Pittsburg, C. C. Moller Co.
San Francisco, Kohler & Chase
Los Angeles, Southern California Music Co.
Portland, Ore., M. H. Wells Co.

(Fleming & Carnrick Press, New York)



STYLE GRAND. PRICE, \$750

STEINWAY PIANO

SOLD ONLY BY
LYON & HEALY
Wabash Av. and Adams St.

WASHBURN

1899 MODELS
from \$15.00 up.



BEAUTIFUL
CATALOGUE
FREE
at Dealers
or of
the Makers
**LYON
&
HEALY**
Chicago

WASHBURN GUITARS, BANJOS and MANDOLINS are universally acknowledged to be the best in the world. Ask your local dealer to show you one. A WASHBURN is what you want.

KNABE

Superb Upright Pianos
in new and chaste designs in
Prima Vera Mahogany and
the choicest fancy woods.

LYON & HEALY,
Wabash Ave. and Adams St.



Oberlin Conservatory of Music...



With a Large Faculty of
Superior Instructors and a
Splendid Building.

For its Exclusive use this
School of Music offers

Unusual Advantages

for the study of music. 712
Students from 34 Different
States and 6 Foreign Countries
last year. Terms begin Sept.
18, Jan. 8 and April 9. If you
expect to study music in any
of its branches, send for cata-
logue to—

WANNER HALL
OBERLIN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Terms begin Sept. 24—Jan. 7—April 8.

Address OBERLIN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, Oberlin, O.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY, EVANSTON -- CHICAGO.

School of Music

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS.

A THOROUGH TRAINING SCHOOL for the musical profession combined with the educational advantages offered by a large university.

The school occupies a building erected for its exclusive use, with well arranged teaching, class and practice rooms, and recital hall.

In addition to the usual equipment of a first-class school, a fine choral society and an excellent orchestra give practical advantages in oratorio and concerto work to advanced students.

For circular of information address the Dean,

PROFESSOR P. C. LUTKIN,

Music Hall, EVANSTON, ILL.

CLARE OSBORNE REED

PIANIST AND TEACHER

COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF MUSIC, - - - - KIMBALL HALL

ESTELLE BRACKETT PHELAN, *General Manager.*

**AMERICAN
VIOLIN
SCHOOL.**
JOSEPH VILIM, Director.

Third Floor
Kimball Hall,
243 Wabash Ave.,
Chicago.
Two Orchestras for
Benefit of Pupils.
Send for
Catalogue.

Joseph
Vilim

VIOLIN
SOLOIST
Trio
Concert Co.
Orchestra.

THE EDUCATIONAL MUSIC COURSE

By LUTHER WHITING MASON, late Supervisor of Music of Public Schools, Boston; JAMES M. McLAUGHLIN, Director of Music, Public Schools, Boston; GEORGE A. VEAZIE, Supervisor of Music, Public Schools, Chelsea, Mass.; W. W. GILCHRIST, of Philadelphia, Author of "Exercises for Sight-Singing Classes."

	LIST PRICE.		LIST PRICE.
First Reader.....	\$.25	Fifth Reader.....	\$.30
Second Reader.....	.25	Sixth Reader.....	.60
Third Reader.....	.30	Four Charts, each.....	6.00
Fourth Reader.....	.30	Scale Drill Chart.....	.40

Levermore's Abridged Academy Song Book

List price, 75 cents.

McLaughlin's Elements and Notation of Music

List price, 50 cents.

A Manual of Elementary Theory for Teachers
and Students of Vocal Music Reading.

Ginn & Company Publishers

BOSTON

ATLANTA

NEW YORK

DALLAS

CHICAGO

COLUMBUS

SAN FRANCISCO

LONDON

Established 1867.

Incorporated.

CHICAGO
MUSICAL COLLEGE.

DR. F. ZIEGFELD, President.

The largest and most complete institution of musical learning
in America.

**College Building, 202 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago,
Illinois.**

The finest structure in existence devoted exclusively
to a musical college.

**MUSIC SCHOOL OF ACTING, ELOCUTION,
MODERN LANGUAGES.**

**Board of
Musical Directors**

Dr. F. Ziegfeld.
Hans Von Schiller.
Dr. Louis Falk.
William Castle.
Bernhard Listemann.
S. E. Jacobsohn.
Rudolph Ganz.
Charles Gauthier.
Herman Devries.
Felix Borowski.
**Hart Conway, Director
School of Acting.**



Board of Directors.

Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas.
William H. Hoyt.
Alfred M. Snyder.
William K. Ziegfeld.
Edwin A. Potter.
Dr. F. Ziegfeld.
A. E. Bournique.
Hon. Richard S. Tuthill.
Alexander H. Revell.
Carl Ziegfeld.

Catalogue Mailed Free.

THE REPRESENTATIVE TEXT OF TWENTIETH
CENTURY SCHOOL MUSIC

The Laurel Song Book

Edited by W. L. TOMLINS

IT is in a class by itself through virtue of its high standard, the excellence of its music, the beauty of its texts and the range and variety of its contents. In one school year the work has been introduced in many of the leading High Schools and Normal Schools all over the country, and both teachers and pupils are enthusiastic in their praise of the book. ✻

325 pp. Cloth, \$1.25; Boards, \$1

Special discounts to teachers and schools.

Descriptive circulars, with thematic excerpts, may be had by addressing

C. C. Birchard & Co.

221 Columbus Avenue

BOSTON

MASSACHUSETTS



KIMBALL PIANO PLAYERS

AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES

They have fingers that work like those of the professional, giving unlimited command over the keyboard. They render any composition, elaborate or simple, on any piano, with absolute precision.



Kimball Self-Playing Pipe
. . . . Organs and Reed Organs

W. W. KIMBALL CO.

Established 1857

Wabash Ave. and Jackson Blvd.
Chicago

Send for Illustrated Booklet:

"THE KIMBALL PIANO AND ORGAN PLAYER"

1852.

1902.

WEBER PIANOS

Admired and endorsed by Great Artists and the Musical Public for half a century; exclusively used to-day by the Maurice Grau Company during the season of Grand Opera in the leading cities of the United States and Canada.

WEBER PIANO CO.

Fifth Avenue, cor. 16th Street,
NEW YORK.
266 Wabash Avenue,
CHICAGO.

THE KNABE PIANO

THE KNABE is recommended as the best by Carreno, Stavenhagen, D'Albert, Grunfeld, Von Bülow, and other great pianists. They stake their reputation upon its supreme excellence. It is the one and only make of piano used by them in their American concert tours. The tone of the Knabe has been assiduously imitated for these sixty years past, but it has never been equalled.

So great is the popularity of the Knabe that we are constantly in receipt of shipments from the factories—so Knabe purchasers are always assured of the very latest thought in piano making. The new Knabe case designs in rare fancy woods are a revelation; they have received unstinted praise from the most critical judges. You cannot fail to profit by seeing them. Our salesrooms are so spacious that callers can thoroughly enjoy a visit of inspection.

Pianos Sold on Time Payments.
New Pianos to Rent.



WABASH AVE.
AND
ADAMS ST.

Recitals and Teaching

Miss Harriet Barnett

assistant to W. S. B. Mathews and

Miss Blanche Dingley

accepts engagements for recitals and teaching

Special attention given to

Mason's Technic, Children's Work

and the

Development of Concert Playing

Correspondence solicited. Address

5822 Prairie Avenue, Chicago



DATE

IN LIBRARY
JUN 17 1909

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



3 9015 02541 1698

ONE DAY
CIRC.

Univ. of Mich.
Music Library

