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The Musical Independent

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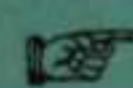
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VOL. IV.

CHICAGO, MARCH, 1873.

No. 5.

THE PAINTER'S SECRET.

In the days of old, in days when painters lived to paint, not painted to live—when they were the missionaries of art, and not its tradesmen, sacrificing for its sake fortune, friends, country; braving for its sake the curse of parents, the tyranny of despots;—in such days Domenico, a pupil of Van Eyck, opened a school of painting in one of the large towns of Italy.

Though deficient in the truth, originality, and simplicity of thought that characterized the earlier masters, yet the secret of giving permanency and durability to his coloring had raised him far above all his contemporaries. He alone knew that mixing oils with his colors fixed them upon the canvas, and preserved them for posterity; while those of every other painter, from their want of consistency, either fell off in drops while wet, or in scales when dry. Consequently he was the painter most in vogue.

This secret Domenico had learned from his master, Van Eyck, who had bequeathed it to him on his death-bed; and he had resolved to do the same to his young and brilliant pupil, Castano, when called from earth. The young Castano possessed a wonderful strength and freedom of pencil; and already he needed nothing but his master's secret to surpass him as well as his fellow-pupils. Often had he watched Domenico at work; often had he supplicated him fervently, and pledged to him the devotion of his whole life if he would but impart to him the talisman.

"At my death," the inexorable master would say; "and not till then."

One morning, when all Domenico's pupils were assembled, and discussing, as was their wont, their master's secret, Castano sat by himself in a corner of the painting-room, buried in deep thought. It needs must be some subject of deep and momentous import that should thus absorb the whole man. His pencil had dropped from his hand, and he heard not what was passing around him. Castano's thoughts were of himself and of all his comrades kept in obscurity; debarred from fame by the selfish reserve of one to whom they were, for the most part, superior. With his secret, what far nobler service than he would they be capable of rendering? Would not any means be lawful to wrest the secret from him and make it their own? Any means! The motion of his hand instinctively feeling for his dagger, and the convulsive contraction of his brow, awoke him to the consciousness of the full

import of his meditations; and at that moment Domenico entered the room, with the already dry design of a new picture.

All the pupils gathered around him, Castano only excepted, who remained in his place motionless as a statue, with his eyes fixed on the master, while every one else was gazing on the picture.

"By the chin of St. Agatha," exclaimed Domenico, "I have surpassed myself! This rough draft is admirable in its coloring. Look! You may rub your hand over it—sponge it! See! I pour water on it, I spit on it, and it is only the more brilliant! Well, I was obliged to wait a long time for Van Eyck to die, and you must be patient, too. I have made my will, Castano, and there you will find the secret."

Was it the face of the electric thrill through his whole frame, at these words, that impelled Castano forward, till he stood face to face with Domenico? He stood gazing sternly, fixedly upon his master, as if he would penetrate his inmost soul, to drag thence the secret.

The next moment Castano was on his knees, with clasped hands and suppliant tones, pouring out tears and prayers, imploring him to have pity upon him and upon the others—nay, upon the art itself. He adjured him to have mercy upon him; not to press him too far, not to deliver him over to the fatality that he felt hurrying him along.

"Mercy!" again and again he cried. "Mercy on these men, on me, on yourself!"

This tempest of passion was utterly unintelligible to them all. The other pupils, who had been examining and testing the mysterious coloring with finger, and eye, and tongue, now gathered around him; while Domenico stared at him, half thinking he must have been seized with a sudden fit of insanity. The next moment he coldly repeated his unalterable determination never to reveal the secret during his life-time.

That very night, under murky clouds and a starless sky, a man wrapped in a dark mantle, made his way, with the stealthy steps of a lover, in the direction of Domenico's house, at the top of a long and narrow street. The slowest-paced clock in the city had struck the hours of twelve, but the man in the dark mantle was still waiting and watching.

At length the figure of a second man was seen approaching from the other end of the street. He was singing as he came along. It was too dark and too late not to sing.

At the sound the first comer hastened forward, then stopped as the other drew nearer and nearer. When they were quite close to each other, the cloak was thrown back, and something flashed from under its folds.

Suddenly a cry was heard—"Murder! Help! help!" Then came a dull sound of a body falling heavily. There was a deep stillness for a few moments, and then was heard the distinct echo of footsteps in rapid flight.

The first cries of the victim having roused the inhabitants of the street, a number of persons soon crowded about him, and recognized in the mortally-wounded man their neighbor, the celebrated painter, Domenica. A surgeon was soon on the spot; but the painter feeling that he had received his death-stroke, refused to have his wounds dressed. Ordering one of his servants who had arrived, to hasten to his house and bring a small casket containing his will and the unfinished picture, he insisted on being carried immediately to the house of his favorite pupil and only friend—Castano.

The sad convoy slowly made its way through the streets till it stopped in front of a house, the windows of which were all closed, with the exception of the two upper ones—those of Castano's room.

"He is not in bed yet," said one of Domenico's servants.

"He is never idle," returned the other. "I believe he paints in his sleep."

"Haste! let me but see him!" the dying man faintly uttered.

One of the attendants pushed forward before the rest, to give some little notice to Castano of the catastrophe. Had a presentiment of the fearful sight that awaited him preceded the announcement, so that, as the door opened, Castano appeared panting as if after a long race, and gasping for breath, with laboring chest and dilated eyeballs, as if under the influence of some horrible nightmare. None doubted but that it was the sudden shock thus breaking in upon the late vigils of this devoted lover of his art that made him thus—with cheek pale with horror, and palsied limbs, and teeth gnashing together—stand gazing on the form of his murdered friend. The bearers now lay the sad burden on the bed, displacing a dark mantle as they did so.

Had the fresh blood-drops staining its folds been there previously, or had they fallen from the dying man as they lifted him to the couch?

And now Domenica took the cold and trembling hand of Castano, and feebly but tenderly pressing it, said to him in broken accents—broken not by his own groans, but by those that every moment burst from his pupil:

"There is no hope. I know not whence came the blow. I had no enmity to anyone, though I had no friendship for anyone save you, dear Castano! I did not know that you loved me so much. But I must not waste breath. This box contains my will, and in it is my secret. I ask you only to finish this, my last picture. Pledge yourself that this shall be done to-morrow."

Castano spoke not, moved not. His whole attitude, his every feature told not of grief, but of desolation and despair. All night he sat by the couch of Domenica. It was a relief to turn from that ghastly face, and the glare of those tearless eyes, to the countenance of the dying man.

The old painter lingered until the middle of the next day, and then expired in the arms of his heir. That very day, to the surprise of all, Castano sat to work with vehement energy; and the picture was finished with coloring of extraordinary richness and brilliancy, and the same consistence and durability as that of the master. The longing desire of his soul was gratified, the one object of his life was attained; but how different was now the estimate of the object, and the price he had paid!

He had murdered his friend that he might put oil a few years sooner in his coloring.

The shout from the pupils whom he had assembled as they supposed, to exhibit to them the proof that he was indeed master of the secret for which they knew not that he had paid such a fearful price, was hushed into a dead silence as they gazed upon him; instead of the triumphant glance of successful art, they met the despairing look of the sunken eye; instead of the cheerful accents of hope of future unchecked progress, they heard the hollow tones in which he told them, his work was forever ended, his purpose forever broken off; and instead of proud gratulation and haughty consciousness of being their master, and henceforth unrivaled amid his contemporaries, there came a confession of his wretchedness and guilt, and solemn warning to beware of the sophistry that deludes into the belief of exceptionable exemption from keeping the universal and immutable law of God in fancied peculiarity of individual circumstances.

"I succeeded in deceiving myself; but God is not mocked, and this hand can never again hold a pencil or mix a color. But," he continued, "I will not tempt you as I was tempted. The secret shall be yours!"

And he instantly read for them Domenico's will. And thus it is that the artist's cherished secret—the secret of painting in oils, the art of staining indelibly—has, from palette to palette, been transmitted to us of later generations.

THE MUSICAL HISTORY OF CHICAGO—THE OPERATIC RECORD.

(Fourth Paper.)

BY GEORGE P. UPTON.

The history of opera in Chicago must be mainly one of records for reference. The first opera ever attempted in Chicago was attended by the burning of the theatre. The last opera season, the recent Lucca season, brought about a collision and quarrel between the respective managers, Max Maretzek and Mr. Jarrett, Mme. Lucca's agent, in which much dirty linen was cleaned in public which should have been kept at home. Between the fire and the quarrel, however, there have been many delightful seasons of opera, both Italian, German and English. The first opera was given in this city twenty-three years ago, and was never finished. On the evening of July 30, 1850, La Sonnambula was announced to be performed at Rice's old theatre, on Dearborn Street, situated where Rice's Block now stands, with Miss Brienti, Manvers, and others in the cast—names not extensively known to fame. While the opera was progressing, a small frame building in the rear of the theatre took fire, and as the flames rapidly spread to the theatre, the performance came to a sudden stop, and the audience was dismissed. The first opera season, therefore, began and ended on the same evening, and was exactly half an hour in length. Nothing more was heard of opera in Chicago until 1853, when a troupe embracing Rosa de Vries (prima donna), Pozzolini and Arnold (tenors), Mme. Siedenbergh (contralto), Taffanelli (baritone), and Colletti (basso) came to Rice's new theatre and gave "Lucia," "Norma," and "Sonnambula." Five years elapsed before the next troupe came, and this was an English opera troupe, the leading singers of which were Rosalie Durand (soprano), Miss King (contralto), Hudson (tenor), Lyster (basso), and Trevors (baritone); all of these troupes, however, were primitive. The first strong and effective troupe was brought here under the auspices of Maurice Strakosch, and it still remains in the memory of opera-goers as the best troupe which has ever visited Chicago. It commenced its engagement at McVicker's Theatre, Feb. 22d, 1859, and gave fifteen performances. The artists in this troupe were Pauline Colson, Teresa Parodi, Cora Wilhorst, Amalia Patti Strakosch, Brignoli, Squires, Amodio (the elder), Nicola, Junca and Barili. Shall we ever have such a combination again?

Fifty-nine different operas have been given in this city, and as a matter of valuable reference, I have prepared the following table, showing the place and date of the first performances of each:

La Sonnambula.....	Rice's Theatre,	July 30,	1850
Lucia.....	" "	Oct. 27,	1853
Norma.....	" "	Oct. 28,	1853
Czar und Zimmerman.....	German Theatre,	June 11,	1857
Daughter of the Regiment.....	Rice's Theatre,	Nov. 25,	1857
Stradella.....	German House,	April 23,	1858
Crown Diamonds.....	McVicker's Theatre,	Sept. 29,	1858
Barber of Seville.....	" "	Sept. 30,	1858
Bohemian Girl.....	" "	Oct. 1,	1858

Fra Diavolo.....	McVicker's Theatre,	Oct. 2,	1858
Lucrezia Borgia.....	" "	Feb. 22,	1859
Traviata.....	" "	Feb. 23,	1859
Il Puritani.....	" "	Feb. 25,	1859
Rigoletto.....	" "	Feb. 26,	1859
Il Trovatore.....	" "	Feb. 28,	1859
Martha.....	" "	March 1,	1859
Favorita.....	" "	March 8,	1859
Don Giovanni.....	" "	March 9,	1859
Maritana.....	" "	Dec. 6,	1859
Ernani.....	Metropolitan Hall,	Dec. 6,	1859
Il Poliuto.....	" "	Dec. 10,	1859
Don Pasquale.....	McVicker's Theatre,	Nov. 15,	1860
Semiramide.....	Bryan Hall,	March 3,	1862
Dinorah.....	McVicker's Theatre,	June 18,	1863
La Juive.....	" "	June 20,	1863
Sicilian Vespers.....	" "	June 27,	1863
Masked Ball.....	" "	June 28,	1863
Moses in Egypt.....	" "	July 2,	1863
Robert le Diable.....	" "	July 4,	1863
Faust.....	" "	May 11,	1864
Huguenots.....	" "	May 16,	1864
Masaniello.....	" "	May 21,	1864
La Dame Blanche.....	" "	Jan. 4,	1865
Der Freischutz.....	" "	Jan. 9,	1865
Fidelio.....	" "	Jan. 10,	1865
Tannhauser.....	" "	Jan. 13,	1865
Night in Grenada.....	" "	Jan. 14,	1865
Magic Flute.....	" "	Jan. 17,	1865
Linda.....	Crosby's Opera House,	April 21,	1865
Don Sebastian.....	" "	May 8,	1865
Fra Diavolo.....	" "	May 17,	1865
La Forza del Destino.....	" "	June 13,	1865
Rose of Castile.....	Academy of Music,	Oct. 20,	1865
Elvir of Love.....	Crosby's Opera House,	Nov. 21,	1865
Saffo.....	" "	Nov. 27,	1865
Night in Grenada.....	" "	Dec. 23,	1865
L'Africaine.....	" "	Jan. 16,	1866
Crispino.....	" "	May 9,	1866
Romeo and Juliet.....	" "	Feb. 5,	1866
Doctor of Alcantara.....	" "	Mch. 14,	1868
Cinderella.....	" "	Mch. 21,	1868
Star of the North.....	" "	Oct. 16,	1868
Lily of Killarney.....	" "	Nov. 20,	1868
Puritan's Daughter.....	" "	Oct. 27,	1869
Black Domino.....	" "	Nov. 3,	1869
Marriage of Figaro.....	" "	Nov. 11,	1869
Postillion of Lonjumeau.....	McVicker's Theatre,	Jan. 14,	1870
Oberon.....	Crosby's Opera House,	April 19,	1870
Lurline.....	" "	Oct. 14,	1870
Merry Wives of Windsor.....	" "	Feb. 11,	1871
William Tell.....	" "	Feb. 16,	1871
Mignon.....	McVicker's Theatre,	Feb. 10,	1873

As a matter of equally interesting reference, I also append a carefully prepared and reliable statement of the dates of operatic debuts in this city, and the operas in which they first appeared. A few of the operatic artists made their debuts here in the concert-room, and these are indicated. In making out the list of artists, I have only given the most prominent. They are as follows:

Teresa Parodi (in concert).....	Oct. 29,	1851
Amalia Patti-Strakosch (in concert).....	Oct. 29,	1851
Adalina Patti-Caux (in concert).....	April 21,	1853
Rosa de Vries—Lucia.....	Oct. 27,	1853
Caroline Richings-Bernard (in musical drama).....	Oct. 2,	1854
Louisa Pyne (in concert).....	Aug. 18,	1856
Anna de la Grange (in concert).....	May 1,	1857
Bertha Johannsen (in concert).....	Oct. 1,	1857
Rosalie Durand—Crown Diamonds.....	Sept. 30,	1858
Carl Formes (in concert).....	Oct. 2,	1858
Brignoli—Lucrezia Borgia.....	Feb. 22,	1859
Junca.....	Feb. 22,	1859
Pauline Colson—Traviata.....	Feb. 23,	1859
Cora Wilhorst—Lucia.....	Feb. 24,	1859
Henry Squires.....	Feb. 24,	1859
Amodio.....	Feb. 24,	1859
Aynesley Cook—Sonnambula.....	April 13,	1859
Brookhouse Bowler.....	April 13,	1859
Anna Milner.....	April 13,	1859
Lucey Estcott—Bohemian Girl.....	Dec. 5,	1859
Mrs. Kemp-Bowler.....	Dec. 5,	1859
Miss Duckworth (Morensi)—Bohemian Girl (in chorus).....	Dec. 5,	1859
Miranda—Bohemian Girl.....	Dec. 5,	1859
Clara Louise Kellogg (in concert).....	Nov. 12,	1860
Agostino Susini (in concert).....	Nov. 12,	1860
Isabella Hinkley-Susini (in concert).....	Dec. 26,	1861
Virginia Whiting (Lorini)—Lucrezia Borgia.....	June 15,	1863
Angiolina Cordier—Martha.....	June 16,	1863
Macaffri—Ernani.....	June 17,	1863
Barili—Martha.....	June 16,	1863
Lotti.....	June 16,	1863
Sophie Vera-Lorini—Lucrezia Borgia.....	Feb. 1,	1864
Morelli.....	Feb. 1,	1864
Pauline Castri—Lucia.....	Feb. 2,	1864
Stephani—Lucrezia Borgia.....	Feb. 1,	1864
Tamaro—Sonnambula.....	Feb. 4,	1864
Colletti—Lucia.....	Feb. 2,	1864
Adelaide Phillips—Barber of Seville.....	July 7,	1864
Natalie Testa (in concert).....	Oct. 28,	1864
Franz Himmer—Martha.....	Jan. 2,	1865
Marie Frederici—Faust.....	Jan. 3,	1865
Josef Hermanns.....	Jan. 3,	1865
Theodore Habelmann—La Dame Blanche.....	Jan. 4,	1865
Pauline Canissa.....	Jan. 4,	1865
Carozzi Zucchi—Trovatore.....	April 20,	1865
Bernardo Massimiliani—Trovatore.....	April 20,	1865
Bellini—Trovatore.....	April 20,	1865
Ottolani—Masked Ball.....	May 5,	1865
Mazzoleni.....	May 5,	1865

Rosa Cook—Bohemian Girl.....	Sept. 25, 1865
Zelda Harrison—Seguin—Bohemian Girl.....	Sept. 25, 1865
William Castle— " ".....	Sept. 25, 1865
S. C. Campbell— " ".....	Sept. 25, 1865
Euphrosyne Parepa-Rosa (in concert).....	Oct. 23, 1865
Noel Guidi—Trovatore.....	Nov. 8, 1865
Cash Poliini— ".....	Nov. 8, 1865
Musiani— ".....	Nov. 8, 1865
Orlandini— ".....	Nov. 8, 1865
Boschetti—Faust.....	Nov. 9, 1865
Olgini— ".....	Nov. 9, 1865
Anastasi— ".....	Nov. 9, 1865
Milleri—Ernani.....	Nov. 10, 1865
Gazzaniga—Favorita.....	Nov. 16, 1865
Angiolina Ghioni—Lucrezia Borgia.....	May 3, 1866
Ferranti (in concert).....	Nov. 17, 1866
Ettore Ifre—Trovatore.....	Dec. 24, 1866
Errani—Crispino.....	Dec. 25, 1866
Minnie Hauck—Crispino.....	Feb. 3, 1868
Antonucci— ".....	Feb. 3, 1868
Agatha States—Trovatore.....	Sept. 28, 1868
Henri Drayton—Bohemian Girl.....	Jan. 3, 1870
Rose Hersee—Marriage of Figaro.....	April 18, 1870
Lichtmay—Don Giovanni.....	Feb. 6, 1871
Wachtel—Trovatore.....	Feb. 12, 1872
Pauline Lucca—Favorita.....	Feb. 3, 1873
Jamet—Faust.....	Feb. 5, 1873

Here have been, in all, 435 representations of opera in Chicago, and the following figures, showing the number of times each opera has been given, will be of interest as indicating the respective popularity of the various works: *Il Trovatore*, 38; *Martha*, 33; *Faust*, 26; *Bohemian Girl*, 25; *Fra Diavolo*, 21; *Norma*, 17; *Don Giovanni*, 16; *Sonnambula*, 15; *Maritana*, 14; *Barber of Seville*, 13; *Lucia and Lucrezia Borgia*, 12 each; *Ernani and Der Freischutz*, 11 each; *Huguenots*, 10; *Traviata and Marriage of Figaro*, 9 each; *Daughter of the Regiment and Favorita*, 8 each; *Crown Diamonds and Masked Ball*, 7 each; *Il Poliuto*, *Crispino*, *Fidelio*, and *Robert the Devil*, 6 each; *Puritani*, *Don Pasquale*, *The Jewess*, *Sicilian Vespers*, *Postillion of Lonjumeau*, *L'Africaine*, *Rose of Castile*, and *Linda*, 5 each; *Stradella*, 4; *Tannhauser*, *Czar and Zimmerman*, *Oberon*, *Doctor of Alcantara*, *L'Elisir D'Amore*, *Don Sebastian*, *Magic Flute*, and *La Dame Blanche*, 3 each; *Rigoletto*, *Dinorah*, *Saffo and Mignon*, 2 each. The following operas have had but one representation: *Semiramide*, *Black Domino*, *Puritan's Daughter*, *Lily of Killarney*, *Star of the North*, *Cinderella*, *Night in Grenada*, *La Forza del Destino*, *Moses in Egypt*, *Lurline*, *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *William Tell*.

In these statistics I have purposely excluded opera bouffe, as it does not belong to legitimate opera. To make the operatic record complete, however, I close this article with the following facts: The leading prime donne in opera bouffe, who have appeared here are *Lambele*, *Tostee*, the *Worrell Sisters*, *Rose Bell*, *Desclauzas*, *Aimee*, and *Bonelli*. Of the operas of this class, the *Grand Duchess* has been given 31 times; *La Belle Helene*, 17 times; *Barbe Bleue*, 9 times; *Orpheus*, 7 times; *Genevieve de Brabant*, 5 times; *Sixty-Six*, *Lieschen and Fritzchen*, *Marriage with Lanterns*, and *La Vie Parisienne*, 3 times each; *La Perichole*, twice; and *Fleur de The*, *Les Brigands*, *Le Petit Faust*, and *Les Cent Vierges*, once each. Adding these to the legitimate performances, there have been, in all, 521 performances of opera in Chicago during the past twenty-three years, an average of nearly 23 operas a year.

A bust of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," will soon be placed in Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

THE HISTORY OF BAVON AND GODELIVE.

BY HENRI CONSCIENCE.

III.

At last he said, with a sigh: "Without wishing to have a dispute, I would like to ask you, Lena, whether you could not keep the house a little cleaner, and give a better example to the children? Just see how well Mrs. Damhout manages her household. Her husband is a mechanic, like myself; his salary is no larger than mine, and yet in his house all is orderly and neat; one could almost eat from the floor."

"Why do you speak of Mrs. Damhout?" said she, in a tone of discontent. "I do not deny that she is an excellent woman; but we could not compare ourselves to them. They must have some money somewhere, Wildenslag, although they will not admit it."

"No, no; nothing of the kind! Adrien Damhout has not a penny in the world, except what he earns at the factory. In fact, we are not as poor as they, since our eldest earns four francs a week. There is no reason why you should not do as well as Mrs. Damhout."

"T is no use scolding, Wildenslag, I am too old to learn now. Do you know what the proprietor says of Madame Damhout? She is careful and tidy because she can read."

"The proprietor says that in fun. Mrs. Damhout can only read in the almanac and her prayer book," replied Wildenslag.

"Then it must be because Damhout does not spend his money on drink, like yourself."

"Very possible," rejoined Wildenslag, and shaking his head impatiently; "but who says that I should not be glad to stay at home, at least during the week, if I could hope to meet an amiable face? But you, with your unfeeling indifference — yes, your brutality — you would drive away an angel."

Mrs. Wildenslag, indignant and greatly offended, placed her hands upon her hips, and was upon the point of delivering a furious tirade, when the door opened, and a lad of fourteen years of age, covered all over with flakes of cotton, entered, dancing and capering; at the same time singing the refrain of a low song. He sat down to supper without ceremony, and began to eat the burned potatoes; but no sooner had he tasted them, when he threw away the fork, and commenced abusing his mother.

Instead of correcting him, the father sustained him.

"Here is my pay!" said the boy, as he threw three francs upon the table. "The potatoes are burned, and smell of lye. I am going to get my supper somewhere else."

A violent dispute arose because the son had retained a franc of his salary; and when the father gave up his money, after making a similar deduction, the tempest was renewed with increased fury. At last, after many hard words, a calm set in.

"Good night!" said the boy, with ill-concealed satisfaction. "I am off for the 'Blue Goat!'"

"Wait, Alexander!" exclaimed the father, "I go with you. I have no desire to stay here. After an entire week's work we may well have a little fun together."

"Ah! they think I am going to sit here all the evening, while they drink and smoke and play at the 'Blue Goat,' to their hearts' content," muttered the woman, when husband and son had disappeared. "I, too, will have fun! Godelive, return to Mrs. Damhout for an hour! I shall send for you."

She took the poker and raked the fire violently to extinguish it; but as this could not be accomplished as quickly as she wished, she threw a basin of soiled soap-suds into it, so that the room was instantly filled with a fetid vapor.

"And you, there, you rascals!" said she to the children, "take care that none of you touch the lamp or play with the fire while I am gone, or I will break the broom upon your backs!"

Just then the oldest of the boys pulled one of his sisters' hair, making a noise similar to the tearing of a piece of cloth.

"Have you done, you mischievous villain? Well, you are to be sent to the factory next week, and when I return home I will give you a drubbing that shall teach you tearing your sister's dress!"

"I did n't tear it!"

"I saw it!" screeched the mother.

"You lie!" howled the boy.

And as if this monstrous insolence were nothing bad or unusual, the woman paid no further attention to it, left the house slamming and locking the door behind her.

Poor children! What was to become of them under the conduct of such a mother? A future of misery, ignorance, and perhaps crime awaited them. It was surely not their fault; but was it really the fault of the mother? This poor woman, when she herself was a child, had passed the years of her babyhood under the supervision of an ignorant, coarse old woman, with other neglected children, whose mothers, as well as hers, had to work the entire day at some factory. Receiving nothing but abuse, hearing and seeing nothing but profanity and brutality, she grew up without the least notion of the duties which man owes to God, to society, and to himself. But as she had reached her ninth year only, it could have been hoped that she might yet perchance receive some of the influences of christianity and civilization; that before becoming a woman she might yet experience the awakening of human dignity and modesty. But alas! before she was ten years old she was sent to the factory, attached, chained, as it were, to a machine which turned incessantly; given over to the company of women and men ruder and more ignorant even than she. A few years later, she was married. After the birth of her third child she remained at home, and gave there, to her children, the only instruction she had ever received, sad lessons of ignorance and degradation.

And we, who preach of the moral eleva-

tion of the poor laborer, we give to his children such a mother! We blame him because he stays away from home, because he drinks and frequents the low dens of the city; and we give him such a companion!

The gigantic progress of industry and commerce is one of the most gratifying and wonderful phenomena of the nineteenth century; but the thinker, the philanthropist, cannot look upon this irresistible progress without a secret terror, as long as so many mothers are compelled to abandon their children to earn a scanty living, and as long as so many children are made the slaves of matter, at an age which should be devoted to their physical, moral, and intellectual development.

If we would civilize and elevate the laborer, we must commence with woman. This is a pitiless law! If man exercises the government of a material world, to woman belongs the moral education of her children; and she reigns over the heart and mind of the rising generation with all the power of an angel or a demon, according to the elevation or baseness of her own soul.

Society is beginning to understand this. From the depth of the human conscience comes a cry of distress, and a prophetic voice says: "Save the world from moral degradation through woman! Instruction for woman! Education for woman! Light, dignity, and the sense of duty in the heart of the mother! Or else darkness, degradation, injustice and vengeance upon the generations to come!"

IV.

Not far from the cottage inhabited by the Wildenslags, there stood a small house, remarkable for its neatness.

The door steps and the entire front of the house were kept scrupulously clean. Three or four pots with flowers exhaled their perfume from the windows which were rendered still more inviting by curtains white as snow. The floor of the interior was strewn with white sand: in the center of the mantelpiece stood an image of the Virgin Mary, and on each side a parrot made of gypsum, whose green and red plumage pleased the eye. The utensils of the household, the plates and cups, were ranged bright and shining upon a cupboard. The coarse rush-bottom chairs had not a speck of dust upon them; the table, made of white wood, was carefully washed clean, and the stove brightly polished.

The shining objects contained in this modest and even poor dwelling were of no value; and yet there reigned within its walls peace, contentment, and well being. The air was so pure, its aspect so smiling, that we could well comprehend how the humble mechanic might love such a home as well, and perhaps more dearly, than the rich his palace.

In one of the rooms upon the ground floor, a woman sat working by a lamp. She was sewing on a workman's blouse, and as there were quite a number of these laid over the back of a chair, it could be supposed that she was sewing for some em-

ployer. She was twenty-eight or thirty years old; her calico dress, common, and bleached by much washing, was exceedingly neat, and arranged with a simplicity not devoid of some little elegance.

Near her, at the table, sat a little boy, eight years old, with brown hair and large, bright eyes. He had a book before him, and spelled the words in a low voice, while he pointed to the letters with a small piece of wood. In a corner, upon two small wooden stools, sat two little girls of three and four years old. They were playing with dolls, and amused themselves quietly, from time to time raising their voices a little to scold the dolls, while they gently laughed among themselves.

For the last few minutes the little boy seemed embarrassed; his little stick had come to a standstill, and he shook his head quite impatiently.

"What is it, Bavon?" asked the woman. "Is it very hard, my child?"

"Oh mother!" he replied, "our teacher has given me a lesson with a word so difficult! It has made me hot to think over it, but I can't get it. Will you try and help me, mother?" He brought her the book and showed her the word.

The mother, after a long effort, stammered quite discouraged:

"Ab-be-na-abne-ga. I cannot get it, Bavon. Those are hard words to spell, for little children like yourself. You will have to ask the teacher, to-morrow."

The boy kept his eyes fixed upon the word, his features drawn together, and he seemed to strain every nerve.

"Let it be, my child!" said the mother, "the word is too hard for you."

"Too hard?" muttered the boy, "I must read it—I will read it—Ah, mother! let me! let me! you have helped me—I see, now—Ab-ne g-a ga, abnega, t-i-on tion! see, see, mother! the word is *abnegation*."

A cry of admiration escaped the mother's lips; she took her boy in her arms, and imprinted a long kiss upon his forehead. She was touched with the perseverance and almost manly will which she thought she discovered in her little son. What was she dreaming when she gave him this kiss? She knew not, but she thanked God in her heart.

The child, encouraged by her tender approbation, took up the book once more; and the mother said with emotion:

"Dear Bavon, learn all you can! When you become older you will understand how useful and beautiful it is to be able to read and write. He who cannot read is but half a man, and is condemned to remain ignorant. You will know more than I, Bavon, and you will be happier for it in this world. Oh, why did my father die so soon? Had he lived, I would have learned to read and write; but I had nobody to care for me, and had to go to the factory. I have tried to learn a little by myself; but after having worked all day long it comes hard at night. Bavon, if everybody could read, there would not be so many bad people; for all those who can read know that they are men, and respect themselves. Unfortunately there

are but few children of working people who have the opportunity to learn; and their parents, who are ignorant themselves, do not understand how important it is to obtain instruction. You, my dear boy, if God gives you health, may yet learn a great deal. But, Bavon, never forget that you will owe this happiness to your father, who works from morning to night to bring up his children honorably. He does not go to the tavern; and almost refuses himself the necessary bread, so that you may go to school. Bavon, you will never forget this? Whatever may happen in your life, you will always love and respect your father?"

"Always! always! and you, too, I will love, dear mother!" said the little boy, caressing her face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CARL TAUSIG.

(CONTINUED.)

"Do you play much of Weber?" I asked.

"Very little! His individuality is too strong and one-sided to afford much artistic scope. I have often played the Concert-stuk, however; yet it is not altogether the style I like! Of concertos I place the E flat of Beethoven in the first rank, and I think I shall make my *début* in it at St. Petersburg. The philharmonic people there have invited me."

I had to tell him all I knew about Chopin, for whose genius he had an ardent devotion; I might almost say that Tausig *nursed* his compositions with care and tenderness, and the most delicious truth-convincing results.

His Chopin concerts in Berlin will ever be remembered by those who had the good fortune to attend them. Tausig often said that Chopin's importance as a piano composer is not half appreciated.

An eminent tone-representation was his playing of the Ballad in F minor. He made you clearly and satisfyingly perceive the total effect and unity of the piece; the convincingly correct interpretation of each subject, consistently and beautifully brought to light and appreciation in every phrase and part of a phrase; and impressed you with an unlimited power to overcome the most complicated and endurance-exacting difficulties; not as one who vanquishes them, but as one who plays with them. I admired the difficult short trills in the left, which sounded as if executed by some second player. Indeed his left hand could only be compared to a second "right!" He never seemed to notice that there were any difficulties anywhere! Anton Rubinstein called him the Infallible; Liszt spoke of his fingers as of steel; Bendel used to say: "Hear Tausig! You must hear Tausig!"

He had one distinctive quality, possessed by none of his contemporaries, to my knowledge, and one which the public does not usually appreciate: it was an entire absence of striving to produce effect, either of power, rapidity or delicacy. There was absolutely no effort visible at any time, and

yet strange to say, his force would at times assume colossal proportions, his delicacy awaken unknown dreams. The public think that what is easily done cannot be difficult, and son or daughter can do the same thing at home; but the musically educated know that the exterior calm and invincible repose of mastership crown the artist with the highest "prestige." Tausig said once: "Eccentric gestures, participation of head, shoulders and any bodily motions, not strictly necessary, are to be condemned; they are inimical to pure manifestations of art." Tausig had the perfect and light mechanism of Chopin, with immensely greater capacity of power and rapidity.

I parted from him in Berlin with the souvenir of his rendering of Liszt's Don Giovanni Fantasia. Tausig said of it in noble modesty: "For a long time I could not master this piece. Again and again had I to study Bach and the last Sonatas of Beethoven, before it would yield to me. I confess it, I am not *above* the difficulties of this piece; I am *in* them, or at best on a *level* with them. *He* alone is *above* them; only *he!* When you hear him play it, *that* is the impression he makes upon you! You have said in your book that he is the Paganini of the piano! That is true, and he was pleased with it, but it is not enough! In Liszt we feel not only the virtuoso, but the domination over the entire realm of musical art, the composer 'elect' in all its forms."

The great piano players of modern times may be compared to continents and countries. Liszt, Chopin, Henselt are the continents; Tausig, Rubinstein, Bülow the countries!

Thalberg was the finished, polished "*homme du monde*" at the piano, beautiful, elegant and varied, but soulless, hence not a disciple of art in its highest significance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PAULINE LUCCA'S HIGHEST TRIUMPH.

The celebrated *Diva* was asked one evening which among her numerous triumphs she considered the greatest.

"I can answer the question without hesitation," replied Madame Lucca, and she told the following story:

"Eleven years ago, I came to Berlin upon the invitation of the 'General-Intendant' of the Royal Theatre, Herrn v. Hülsen. I had been playing in Vienna, a city which was dear to me as my home; but my success there, great as it was, did not, somehow, satisfy me. In Berlin I became at once the favorite of the public, and the announcement of my appearance, no matter in what part, was sufficient to fill the large opera house to overflowing. One day I was requested to accept the part of *Bertha* in Meyerbeer's famous opera, the *Prophet*; a role which had scarcely seemed completely adapted to the general character of a "Prima Donna assoluta," and which was therefore generally given to some "comprimaria prima donna." I thought

differently from my predecessors, who had always declined to undertake the part, and consented to appear as *Bertha*. I must tell you, *mon ami*, that it is one of my peculiarities to study a part for a considerable time, so as to arrive at last at its true import and conception, as intended by the author and composer. In this case, however, I spent much less time in arriving at a full understanding of it, and I was soon able to inform the management of my readiness for rehearsal. The day of the performance came.

"I went to the opera house with a feeling of confidence, and the certainty that, if I succeeded as I thought I would, the part of *Bertha* would henceforth be one of the first rank, and that no Prima Donna could thereafter consistently decline playing it. The house was filled with a magnificent audience, for the "Prophet" was in great favor with the Berlin public, and the presence of the celebrated composer invested the occasion with a peculiar charm. Meyerbeer was in his box, and I need not tell you how my heart beat when I saw him from behind the scenes. I went upon the stage with the resolution to do all in my power to make the part successful, and I am happy to say that my efforts were not in vain. The performance took place on a Saturday. On the following day I took my customary walk before dinner. In passing the palace of Prince George of Prussia, in the Wilhelmsstrasse, I saw Meyerbeer on the opposite sidewalk of the street. Our eyes met. He immediately crossed the street, hat in hand, and shook hands with me in the heartiest manner.

"He thanked me for the great care which I had bestowed upon the part, and added that I had succeeded in giving it a greater and higher importance than he himself had thought it capable of. He continued yet a while to praise me, always hat in hand. My meeting with Meyerbeer in a street which, just at that hour of the day, was greatly frequented by the aristocracy, made quite a sensation; the more so that I could not induce the venerated composer to cover his head until I assented to his proposal to accompany me home.

"To receive Meyerbeer's approval was to me of greater value, and gave me more satisfaction, than the most enthusiastic applause of the largest and most cultivated audience.

"I shall never forget our meeting in the Wilhelmsstrasse."—*Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

HYGIENIE AND GYMNASTICS OF THE VOICE.

[Translated from Debay, with Additions and Revisions.]

GENERAL PRINCIPLES GOVERNING THE GYMNASTICS OF THE VOCAL ORGANS.

The exercise of the vocal organs exerts a happy influence upon the chest and lungs. It develops, fortifies them, renders them less liable to fatigue, and favors the circulatory and nutritive functions.

Physiologically, the exercises of song and declamation form the compliment of muscular gymnastics. A naturally beautiful voice improves with judicious practice no less than a harsh, disagreeable organ, which undergoes an advantageous modification. But it is also true that ill-chosen studies and an excess of practice deteriorate the vocal organs, and produce affections more or less grave, such as irritation of the bronchia and larynx, hoarseness, and even aphony; and in cases where there exists a predisposition, the abuse of vocal service may develop inflammation of the lungs, blood spitting, consumption of the larynx, and sometimes apoplexy. The surest means of avoiding these grave accidents is *rest of the vocal organs as soon as fatigue sets in*.

Throat and chest should be unincumbered and free from all outward pressure during exercise in singing or declamation. Experience has demonstrated that a tight collar and the corset are injurious to the voice.

Vocal gymnastics comprise different exercises applicable to the movement of the lungs, the glottis, the tongue, and the lips.

The pulmonary function relating to inspiration and expiration, should be developed and regulated by gymnastics proportionate to the forces of the subject.

We propose to give, in the chapter devoted to special vocal studies, an exact description of the best manner of acquiring the faculty of filling the lungs gradually with a large quantity of air, and exhaling it insensibly; for the present we will merely observe that it is important to acquire gradually and carefully, from the very first, the habit of sustaining long continued phrases and to deliver them without the interruption of untimely breathings. The singer must learn to control the breath, increasing or diminishing the force of its emission according to the requirements of the moment, taking care at the same time to hold in reserve an ample provision of air.

The higher notes should be developed in slow progression, and they should only be attempted when they respond with perfect ease. Repeated injudicious efforts fatigue the vocal organs, and may have disastrous results.

Let the singer discontinue after a moderate amount of practice in the morning, afford the voice the rest of the day, and recommence at night. Such regular and moderate practice will develop the lungs, enliven the circulation, increase the muscular forces of the larynx, maintain the elasticity of the vocal cords, and enable the singer to obtain perfect control of the breath, and to overcome, in time, all obstacles and difficulties.

The force and duration of vocal exercises should be proportionate to the constitution and pulmonary capacity of the subject. They should be entirely omitted on occasions of temporary indisposition. Nothing is gained, and much mischief may be done, by an over-anxiety to practice and progress rapidly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE



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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETIES.

There is an essential difference between the philharmonic societies of America and Europe, especially those of the continent of the latter part of the world, and there principally those of Germany. Here, and also in England, philharmonic societies are professional associations, in which the active musical element is largely composed of foreign forces. They are costly institutions, called into life, like those of Germany from a genuine love of music, but maintained artificially through the payment of salaries—something in the nature of a conservatory of flowers, in which the glass panes are the price paid for the admission of the sun, the flower-pots the money expended for the use of nature's waters, and the gardener the specie handed over for the raising and maturing of the tender nurslings of the floral art—or not unlike a king, who causes the battles of a nation to be fought by the mercenary hordes of professional soldiery.

Not unfrequently such artificial societies spring up with mushroom-like rapidity and disappear, root and branch, at the end of a short-lived season. The musical history of Chicago, of which the reader will find a new installment in the present number, records upon its eventful and sometimes tragic pages several catastrophes of a similar kind. Under these circumstances we were surprised and pleased to see it accidentally mentioned that the Philharmonic Society of P—, Ill., (a place of 10,000 inhabitants) gave its second concert on a certain Friday evening, producing as its *pièce de résistance* the Andante of Papa Haydn's Symphony in D, performed as a duett upon the piano. We own the existence of a suspicion of a hidden sarcastic feeling in alluding to the just-mentioned young society, but after all, here is a beginning which may lead to greater things hereafter. The love and appreciation of music and art are every day becoming more general and intelligent in this country, and there is no reason why the boundless material and mental resources of the New World should not enable us ultimately to soar even beyond the admirable achievements of the Older World.

Only we musicians who need a congenial atmosphere to grow and thrive in, are very impatient of

delay, and are a great deal too apt to contribute to the retardment of progress by viewing the existence of music in America in the light of a commercial branch of the nation's affairs.

The acquisition of money is a necessity, but when it is made the principal object in the exercise of higher things, degradation and corruption inevitably follow.

The Philharmonic Society of New York offers a noble example, which should speedily be imitated by all the larger cities of the United States which have not yet adopted a similar course. The realization of such societies, however, rests exclusively with the musicians. They alone have it in their power to accomplish permanent good in this direction, and to their door must be laid the sin of leaving undone what might so easily be done.

Let those who love their art, and would rise with it to a better social position, come together with the determined purpose to found in their city a noble philharmonic society. Let a constitution be framed which shall be the joint expression of its members. Let it be decided that one evening of each week shall be seriously devoted to the rehearsal of the very best music. Let it be moved that on those nights no engagements for ball rooms shall be accepted. Let this be done from respect to the memory of the great masters who have, many of them, died sufferers in the interest of their art. Then, when the society, which ought to have in its ranks every skilled performer of the town, has arrived at an acceptable state of excellence, concerts should be given, from four to six each season, the money receipts to be divided equally among the members of the society. The good derived from such institutions would be incalculable. Public taste would rapidly improve. A larger demand for good music would spring up. Music-dealers would be compelled to improve—and we do them but justice when we believe that they would gladly better—the qualities of their publications. The number of musical charlatans who foist their gaudy wares upon the ignorant, who pass for artists without having learned the art, and daub their unmixed glaring colors upon expensive canvass, would sensibly diminish.

The ambition of young composers would be directed into the true path; they would cease to seek for sensational success, and become worthy disciples of the art.

The pecuniary management and success of such institutions should be carefully guarded, but it should sternly be considered the *second* consideration, the excellence of character and style of performance being the *first*—and that would be the surest means to make it pay!

Philharmonic societies in Germany are not so much in need of the concerted action of professional musicians. The associations there are in great part composed of skilled amateurs, with a thin admixture of professionals taken from the resident theatrical orchestra and regimental band. The heavier brass, and some of the wind instruments (at least we hope that music has not advanced to that degree in Fatherland, that *pater familias* is in the habit of delighting his offspring with vigorous blasts upon the trombone or tremendous scrapings upon the double bass-viol) are therefore represented by the military, and the more important instruments, such as the first violin, first violoncello or first flute by the concertmeister of the theatre, or the Herr Direktor of the Waisenhaus-kapelle. In Germany, where local matters change slowly, and the same people live and die in the same places, the members of such societies re-

main very nearly the same for many years, the performances increasing in excellence, although the society may be somewhat ultra-conservative in their choice of its pieces. It is nothing unusual to find philharmonic societies of thirty or forty years standing, and it is not at all wonderful that, with such surroundings, and under such favorable influences, the Germans should be an essentially musical people, though by no means exclusively so since other arts and sciences receive equally profound and zealous cultivation in a country which Swedenborg already designated as the "brains of the world."

Philharmonic societies in Germany are the tangible result of the better amateurism of that country.

The very marked progress of the American people in musical matters, impress us with the hope that the same status may be reached here much sooner than present apparent circumstances might warrant.

There are two distinct classes among men of genius. One comprises those who in early youth appear as stars of the first magnitude, creating enduring masterpieces, plucked, as it were, from heaven, and in apparent contradiction of the natural laws of evolution and slow progressive development—human meteors—of whom we know not whence they come; seemingly effects without cause! Mendelssohn wrote the overture to the Midsummer Night's Dream at eighteen; a work beyond which he could not go, either in depth of invention or in the art of construction, in spite of the serious striving of after years. The poet Jean Paul Friedrich Richter gave evidence, in his very first works, of the fully developed and most brilliant features of his rare genius. Mozart, Schubert, Schiller, attained phenomenal mental proportions long before their maturity of manhood.

The other class is composed of the hard workers who commence their ascent at the very bottom of the ladder, climb it step by step, until at last they reach the very summit of excellence and greatness. They receive and take the inheritance of tradition, acquiring from it, through faithful and persevering labor, a colossal fortune from the very outset. Then appears, gradually, the individual force and progressive originality, conquering its liberty, not through inspiration alone, but also through culture, enlarging and deepening like a mighty river nearing the ocean!

A new era then dawns in the history of art, the sun rises resplendently once more, and when it reaches the highest point of the horizon, sheds new light and warmth into the mind and heart of mankind!

There is a tendency among the young composers of the period to affect strange modulations, striking successions of chords. They seem to think that the more they can surprise you with unexpected harmonies, the higher they have risen in the art of composition, and the greater their merit; but there is, in reality, no merit at all in such style of composition. Of all musical achievements, the skill to invent unusual modulations requires the least talent, and we have often found that those afflicted with this vicious hankering have no genius for the better and indispensable points of composition, namely: Beauty of melody and form, structural development of thought and power of combination, depth of feeling and nobility of style. Liszt, Wagner and Berlioz are the originators of the *outré* style of modulation for sensational purposes, and although

an original quality with them, it is by no means a desirable one. Schumann, also, sings in penetrating, highly wrought accents, but with him they are the outpourings of a deeply impassioned soul, and are not used as principally salient points; they are subordinate, and serve merely to enhance the appealing power of genuine thought and melody. For such a purpose, keen-edged and deeply-searching harmonies are legitimate, but they are empty, out of place, and positively sinful when they form the only stock-in-trade of the would-be composer, and proclaim the ignorance as well as the pretence of the writer. A certain class of amateurs and half-musicians declare such compositions perfectly beautiful, which is sad, but excusable because the style of such writings is always serious and in nearly all cases mournful and heart-rending. When in the form of a song, the words are always beautiful, (showing such exquisite taste,) probably from the pen of Tennyson, Longfellow, or some other distinguished modern poet.

Such shallow productions mislead the judgment of the innocent only, and are the more dangerous for that.

Rising composers of real talent will, of course, ultimately outgrow vicious habits of that nature, but they would do much better not to waste their time on sham profundity. Let them rather persevere in the narrow and difficult path which leads to the top of the mountain.

REVIEW OF MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

F. S. Chandler & Co., Chicago:

Etudes Primaires, op. 50. Louis Köhler.

Etudes de la Velocite, op. 128. Louis Köhler.

These standard studies which, with many others from the same pen, are justly taking the place of Czerny's Exercises (no longer satisfying the requirements of modern techniques), make their appearance once more in a new and elegant dress furnished by the enterprising young firm of F. S. Chandler & Co.

They send us also Pease's arrangement of "Amaryllis," a charming little composition, said to be composed by King Louis XIII, who in all probability slumbers innocent of any such achievement. The same piece has appeared in at least a dozen different editions and arrangements, here and abroad, which would go to show the truth of what a friend mentioned in a letter to us recently, namely: "That there is a great demand for the real antique, which editors are exhuming and arranging, every day in more and more enticing forms, suitable for all, so that pupils of the very first grades can be fed with something substantial."

Miss Nellie Pullman (a young lady as yet unknown to fame,) has written the "Adelphi," a pretty Waltz, likewise published by Messrs. F. S. Chandler & Co.,

W. A. Pond & Co., New York:

Six Songs by Gustav Heyner—

1. A Kiss in Honor.
2. My Greeting.
3. The Huntsman.
4. My Song.
5. The Golden Word.
6. Longing.

Ah! Sweet, thou little Knowest. Serenade by A. R. Parsons.

The author's compositions give promise of future excellence. His style is serious in purpose, and his treatment full of delicacy and detail. There predominates, so far, a desire to introduce unusual chords and a superabundance of chromatic shadings and polishings, to the detriment of the natural flow and beauty of melody and thought. Mr. Parsons merely shares the tendency of the age in this respect. No doubt he will go beyond that!

Sweet Night, be calm! Quartette by J. H. McNaughton.

I Heard a Voice long Years ago. Song by Pinsuti.
Good Night, my Sweet. Serenade by D. F. Tully.
Old Friends Passed Away. Song by Pinsuti.
The Old Crow. By Faustina Hasse Hodges.

Un Jour de Printemps. Romance for Piano, by W. M. Semnager.

St. Louis Music Publishing Co.:

The Beginners' Guide, for Piano, by A. Willhartitz. Comprising (1) explanations and exercises for the very first beginning, (2) 150 Time Studies, (3) 40 Finger Exercises, (5) Arpeggios, (6) Les Octaves, (4) Scale Studies. Some very good ideas are embodied in this work, which cannot fail to be useful and instructive.

Wm. Hall & Son, 751 Broadway, New York:

How Could I. Song by H. Farmer.

Sabbath Melodies. A collection of Solos, Duets, and Quartets, arranged by W. H. Bassford.

Beautiful Dreams, Linger near Me. Song and Chorus by Henri Tucker.

Called by the Angels. Song by Mrs. Jane S. Torry.

Dear Little Maiden. Song by Mrs. Jane S. Torry.

The Weary Heart. Song by Mrs. Jane S. Torry.

Une Pensée du Soir. Reverie for Piano, by A. W. Hawthorne

Boosey & Co., London & New York:

The Strauss and Gungl Album, containing a selection of celebrated Waltzes. A finely printed and handsomely bound volume.

MUSICAL EVENTS.

Trieste, Austria.—The event of the day in this city is the closing of the Teatro Comunale. "La Favorita" was to be played during the "Fasching-season." It had become known, a few days before the performance, that the singers were incompetent. This proved more than true. The finale of the second act was a perfect chaos of discord, and concluded with the inextricable confusion of singers and orchestra. The public hissed and stormed with incredible violence, until the curtain dropped. The new ballet, "La Fata Rix," was coldly received; but the scene which followed, during the last acts, defies all description. The writer had experienced the grandest theatrical riots in Italy, but what he saw and heard here in Trieste he never wishes to hear again. The theatre actually shook and trembled with the thumping, beating, throwing, howling, and yelling of the infuriated audience. The ladies fled in terror; the orchestra, in their panic stricken fear and haste, tumbled over one another, breaking their instruments in their attempt at flight, and trying to dodge the missiles, such as boots, eggs, stones, eatables, pieces of wood, which were thrown at their heads. The singers left the theatre in all haste, and the manager departed from the city the same night. The theatre remains closed.

Chicago has had another visit from Rubinstein. Those who are able to appreciate him liked him even better than the first time. But the masses (what there was of them in the half-filled houses), always ignorant, preferred the trashy stuff which Wieniawski was pleased to offer for the sake of applause.

St. Louis.—Mr. L. H. Meyer, pianist, and organist of the Methodist Episcopal church, gave a concert there recently. He developed his powers as a piano player with marked success, delighting the large audience with a number of effective pieces; among others, Tausig's arrangement of the "Invitation to the Valse." He was assisted by Signor Patti, the violinist; Mrs. Godman, the soprano; Mr. Hugo Falkenheimer, the baritone; and Mr. John Wilson, the tenor.

Mr. Meyer has been requested to repeat the concert.

Munich.—On the 15th of January, fifty years ago, the Munich Court Theatre was burned. The present opera house, erected upon the same grounds within two years after the disaster, involved an expenditure of 1,920,000 florins, nearly a million of dollars. Of this sum the Fire Insurance paid 120,000 florins; the value of molten metal amounted to 600,000 florins; and the municipality gave 300,000 florins.

The balance of 850,000 florins was eventually granted by the same latter authorities, so that the edifice may be said to belong to the people.

To raise and liquidate the 850,000 florins, a beer-penny was imposed as a tax, i.e., one penny for every glass of beer consumed, the burden of taxation to remain until the debt should be cancelled. The opera house has been named "National Theatre."

The obligation has long been discharged, but the beer-penny is still paid by the people, who have forgotten the circumstance.

Regensburg.—Hans von Bulow has given a successful concert here. The great pianist is earning everywhere fame and treasure.

Mr. H. L. Perkins conducted the second annual convention of Osage county, Kansas, at Burlingame, the 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st of February.

Richard Wagner gave an orchestral concert at Berlin on the 4th of February, in furtherance of his Bayreuth enterprise and the building of his opera house in that city. The reserved seats were five dollars, and boxes one hundred dollars. The large rooms of the concert house were completely filled.

The Berlin Domchor, consisting of men and boys' voices, gave a concert in the German metropolis on the 27th of January. Among the numbers rendered were "Tu es Petrus," by Palestrina, and "The Felicities," for baritone, solo and chorus, by Franz Liszt. In the first part of this piece, solo and chorus are kept apart, the former intoning a verse, the latter repeating it harmonized; in the second part only is manifested an uninterrupted flow, with a growing climax in the form, and an increasing boldness in the modulations, at times exceeding the measure of the beautiful. On the whole, this piece contains less of exaggeration than we are accustomed to notice in the compositions of Liszt, and its difficulties are compensated by enchanting tone-effects.

Many great opera houses produce at the present time, "the African," by Meyerbeer. Among others, we mention Marseilles, Bourdeaux, Toulon, Lille, Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, Rome, Madrid.

Liszt has announced two musical evenings, to be given in Pesth, with the object to afford assistance to a German composer (not named), afflicted with blindness. The master ever had a generous and good heart.

A monster concert has just been given in Berlin, at the Imperial Opera House. The emperor had consented that the "kapellen" (bands) of seven infantry and four cavalry regiments, as also those of the Artillery Brigade and Pioneer Corps, should be united into one large military orchestra, consisting of a total of 300 men. The audience assembled to witness the performance was immense, and the effect produced by this powerful body of brass, wind, and percussion instruments, overwhelming. The players appeared in full military uniform, and laid down their helmets after the second piece. The Imperial Court remained throughout the evening.

Hans von Bülow gave two concerts at Amsterdam on the 4th and 6th of February. In his first concert he produced the following works of Beethoven: Sonata, op. 27, No. 2; Variations, op. 34; Sonata, op. 31, No. 3; Sonata, op. 110, in A flat; 32 Variations in C moll; Capriccio, op. 129; Sonata, appassionata, op. 57. Truly a meritorious programme, and a public deserving of admiration.

REVIEW OF AMUSEMENTS.

MUSIC.

The most notable event in the local musical world since the last issue of THE INDEPENDENT, has been the Italian opera season. It was remarkable in many ways. First, it gave Chicago opera-goers an opportunity of hearing Pauline Lucca, whose reputation as a lyric and dramatic artist is world-wide. Second it gave rise to one of the bitterest managerial quarrels ever known in operatic history, the respective opponents being Mr. Jarrett, the agent of Mme. Lucca, and Max Maretzek, the manager of the troupe, who in turn is responsible to M. Cohn, of New York, who stands back of the venture and is the financially responsible man. Third, it was the greatest financial success ever known in America, in the history of operatic ventures. A few words on each of these facts will present the salient points of the season. The troupe, like nearly every other operatic troupe which has come here of late years, was unbalanced, and dependent for its musical success upon the efforts of two or three individuals. With the exception of Mlle. Lucca, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Mons. Jamet, the basso, and Sig. Moriame, the baritone, the members of the troupe were below mediocrity. Abrugnedo, who was set down in the operatic schedule as a tenor robusto,

had not a single point of excellence to commend him to the favor of opera-goers. Signor Vizzani was a very light tenor, who is entitled to credit for having been painstaking and prompt, but as far as voice and action are concerned, he was exceedingly weak. Sparapani, the baritone, had nothing to recommend him but a good stage presence. Coulon was a basso without voice. Ronconi was worn out nearly a century ago, and has nothing left but his fine dramatic art. Mlle. Leveille, the third prima-donna, was undoubtedly a fine singer once, but has nothing left but a sharp, wiry voice, which marred the musical effect continually. The chorus was sometimes extremely good, sometimes extremely bad. The orchestra was passable, and would have been better had more attention been paid to rehearsals. Mme. Lucca unquestionably had to support the brunt of the labor of the season, and was competent to do it. She is *par excellence* the finest dramatic singer that has ever appeared here. Considered purely as a vocalist, she cannot rate as high as Parepa, Patti, Nilsson, Laborde, or many other vocalists. She has neither the compass of voice, the strength or the remarkable execution of many other vocalists, although her voice is very clear, pure and resonant, and succeeds in making itself heard even against the heaviest of accompaniments. She is not a song-singer upon the stage, nor an exhibitor of vocalism merely. She is a consummate actress, and remarkably versatile in her dramatic powers, and like most great dramatic artists, subordinates the music to the purposes of the action and the text of the libretto. No artist in our remembrance has possessed this power in such a remarkable degree, and if it be the province of opera to give to the audience music and the drama equally blended, then is Lucca the greatest operatic artist we have yet had. Miss Kellogg has matured somewhat in dramatic power, but is yet far from being competent to represent such characters as *Leonora* in "Trovatore," which she undertook on one evening. In action she is very superficial, and we may add that she never will be an actress until she forgets Miss Kellogg is on the stage. As a vocalist, however, she still maintains her prominent position. There are few voices fresher, purer or more flexible, and in such operas as "Traviata" and "Mignon," her vocalization was simply superb. Jamet is a cultivated bass singer, with a fine quality of voice, and is an accomplished actor. His *Mephisto*, in "Faust" was altogether the best personation of that infernal role that has ever been given here. Moriama also is an intelligent and even an intellectual artist, and although his voice is not remarkable either for power or quality, the finish with which he did everything made compensation for these failings.

Financially, the season was a great success, the gross receipts for the two weeks performances having been about \$42,000, which satisfactorily settles the question that Chicago can support Italian opera. The Kellogg nights were of course the lightest, growing out of the very reasonable fact that people will not pay four dollars to hear an artist whom they have often heard for two. The Lucca nights averaged about \$5,000. Concerning the unfortunate quarrel between Messrs. Jarrett and Marezek, which was finally transferred to the daily papers—where it never should have gone—there is undoubtedly fault on both sides. The real causes have not yet appeared in any of the interviews. It originated in the feuds between the friends of Lucca and Kellogg—the two ladies themselves being, on the surface, at least, the best of friends. The quarrel was augmented by the shabby way in which some of the operas, especially "Trovatore" and "Fra Diavolo" were given, which led to complaints from Mr. Jarrett, as the agent of Lucca; the contract with her specifying that she should have first class support; and this led to irascible retorts from the impetuous Marezek, who claimed that Jarrett had no right to interfere in any manner with the management of the opera. A previous dispute, growing out of certain charges of immorality against members of the troupe, made by Mr. Jarrett, added fuel to the fire; and the whole troupe, from managers down to the chorus singers, were soon in a blaze. It was the intention to return here with the troupe in May, but this quarrel may break up the arrangement. It would have been better for all concerned, if, as Mr. Jarrett expressed it, "the dirty linen had been cleaned at home."

The second reception of the Apollo Club, which was given at Standard Hall, Feb. 25, was one of the

most delightful concerts of the season, and was attended by an immense audience. The programme was one of rare excellence, as may be seen:

The next reception of the Club will probably take place immediately after Lent.

Both Rubinstein and Thomas have paid us flying visits, the latter giving a Wagner night, which had long been promised, and passed off with great success. The two will be here in combination the 17th of March, "about which time," as the almanacs say, look out for music.

THE DRAMA.

There has been nothing specially notable in the theatres, of late, with the exception of Edwin Booth's engagement at McVicker's Theatre. He is playing his old line of characters to crowded houses, and promises to enjoy a highly successful season, notwithstanding the operatic draft on the public purse.

PERSONAL.

Miss Bertha Ehnn, Prima Donna at the Imperial Opera in Vienna, is one of the greatest dramatic singers of the present time. Her Repertoire comprises: Marguerita, Recha (the Jewess), La Favorita, Agathe (Freischütz), Julia (Romeo), Cherubin (Figaro), Mignon and l'Africaine. She possesses a magnificent mezzo-soprano voice, of "mighty power" in the upper register, and delicious tone color in the lower and middle. She is twenty-eight years old.

Mr. Lumley once offered Rossini 200,000 francs if he would write a new opera for him. He knew that Rossini had refused a similar offer, but, nothing daunted, determined to make the attempt. Knowing that the maestro was fond of fishing, he gained access to his private house by passing himself off for an angler. When face to face with the famous composer, Mr. Lumley said he wanted to show him a new kind of hook. With these words he pulled a bundle of bank notes from his pocket, adding: "I am the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, London, as well as the Italians, Paris; I offer you 200,000 francs for a new opera." Rossini replied: "If you have no other hook, you had better fish somewhere else!"

Offenbach has written a new opera, called "Les Braconniers." It has been produced at the "Varieties," Paris, with great success.

It is said that a monument will be erected to Schumann, at Bonn, and that Madame Schumann, Joachim and Brahms will direct a festival there this spring to raise the money for it.

Bach once said, "Apply yourself studiously, and you will be as skillful as I am!"

Mr. Jule E. Perkins, the American Basso, has been engaged as Primo Basso at the "Carlo Felice" Theatre, in Genoa, Italy.

Emil Palleke, the great German Reader, is giving a series of readings in Berlin.

To those who desire to acquire the title of Doctor of Music, for a consideration, we recommend the following advertisement, taken from a German paper: "The title of *Doctor of Music* may be obtained 'in absentia' by cultivated ladies and gentlemen. Address: Medicus, 46 King Street, Jersey, England."

A terrible tragedy was enacted in Dessau, Germany, on the 2d of January. The opera singers, Herr Weiss, Basso, and Mrs. Behrendt, Prima Donna, were the heroes and victims. Although both married, they fell in love with each other. The husband of Mrs. Behrendt had received information of the state of affairs, and had warned both parties against further intimacy. On the evening of the 2d of January, Mr. Behrendt and his son took dinner at a well-known restaurant, when the waiting girl of his household brought him the news of a secret interview then taking place at his house between Mrs. Behrendt and Weiss. Both father and son hurried home, surprising the lovers in intimate conversation. The infuriated husband demanded that Weiss should immediately sign a paper pledging himself to divorce from Mrs. Weiss and marriage to Mrs. Behrendt. Weiss assented with apparent readiness, but profited of a favorable moment to attempt escape through a low window into the street; but at the same moment Behrendt perceived the fugitive, and succeeded in stabbing him in the breast with a dagger. Weiss struggled through the window, but received a second

blow, which proved fatal. Dragging himself away a few yards, he became exhausted with loss of blood and fell upon the pavement, dying. The son of Mr. Behrendt had followed him and carried him back to the house, with the aid of passing strangers. Weiss expired immediately after. Mrs. Behrendt, when her husband had stabbed Weiss the second time, had thrown herself between the men, trying to wrest the dagger from Behrendt's hand, and in so doing, had been mortally wounded by the severing of an artery. Dying, she gathered sufficient force to drag herself to the spot where Weiss had just breathed his last, and throwing herself upon his lifeless body, expired. Mr. Behrendt was arrested the same night.

Ferdinand David, the veteran violin teacher and concert-master of the Leipzig Conservatory, is on the point of resigning his position at that institution.

NOTICES.

W. W. Kimball, agent of Hallet, Davis & Co. and other Piano firms, will remove on the first of May from his present quarters, Wabash Avenue and Thirteenth Streets, to corner of State and Adams Streets, where he will have one of the largest and finest Piano establishments in Chicago or any other American metropolis. The Pianos of Messrs. Hallet & Davis are exquisite instruments. Their orchestral Grands are magnificent in tone, sympathetic in quality, and responsive and reliable in touch, besides being of graceful shape and thoroughly durable in workmanship.

Theodore J. Elmore & Co. have opened a music store at 42 East Van Buren Street. The gentlemen connected with the firm are well known to the musical profession and public of Chicago, and we feel confident that both their experience and popularity will bring them well-merited success.

Julius Bauer & Co., dealers in Pianos and every variety of musical instruments used in Orchestral and Military Bands, continue at 390 to 396 Wabash Avenue. They are also agents of the celebrated Pianos of Knabe & Co., a firm who, besides controlling the Piano business of the South, are greatly extending their operations in all parts of the United States.

Mason & Hamlin, the popular organ builders, whose fame, we happen to know, has extended beyond the United States to the Old World, have established a house in Chicago at Nos. 80 and 82 Adams Street. Their Cabinet Organs are of superior excellence, and combine the three desirable qualities of beauty, durability and cheapness. Messrs. Mason & Hamlin have houses in Boston and New York. We wish them continued success.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. B. W. asks our opinion as to the value and efficiency of Five Finger Exercises. Here it is:

We are aware that the exaggerated use of mechanical exercises of this nature has led many teachers and players to discard them altogether. They argue that pieces contain every variety of technical difficulty, and that it is useless to resort to dry, long-winded, unmusical and severely mechanical exercises.

The abstaining from special finger practice seems to us fully as unreasonable as its exaggeration. The hand must be trained, and this can only be done by the *continued* and intelligent application of certain gymnastics which are brought to bear upon particular muscular capacities of hand and fingers. A judicious choice of exercises may shorten this practice considerably, but it cannot be entirely dispensed with.

MAGAZINES AND MUSICAL PAPERS.

We have received the following:
Musikalisches Wochenblatt, Berlin Germany. Up to middle of February.

Echo, published by Schlesinger, Berlin, to Feb. 12.
Neue Berliner Musikzeitung, published by Bote & Bock, to Feb. 12.

The Musical World. D. Davison & Co., London, England.

Whitney's Musical Guest. February, Toledo, O.
Benham's Review. February, Indianapolis.

The Musical Echo. February, Milwaukee.

"I OFT CAN SING."

"Ich kann wohl manchmal singen."

SONG FOR SOPRANO, MEZZO SOPRANO, OR TENOR.

Words by EICHENDORFF.

Music by R. GOLDBECK

Sostenuto con espressione.

mf I oft can sing as though My heart thrilled with de - light, But
mf *Ich kann wohl manchmal singen, Als ob ich fröhlich sei— Doch*

tears in se - cret flow, Then is my heart so light. Thus sings the night-in - gale, When
heimlich Thränen dringen, Da wird das Herz mir frei. So las - sen Nachti - gal - len, Spi

ver - nal breezes wave Her love des-cant - ing tale From out her cage's grave, All
 draussen Frühlingsluft Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen Aus ihres Käfig's Gruft, Da

list - en to the strain, And ev - ry heart is gay, But none can feel the pain— The
 lauschen alle Herzen, Und alles ist erfreut, Doch keiner fühlt die Schmerzen, Im

sad-ness of that lay, But none can feel the pain, The sad-ness of that lay.
 Lied das tiefe Leid, Doch keiner fühlt die Schmerzen Im Lied das tiefe Leid.

PASTORALE.

Pour l'Organ par.

ROSSINI.

Andantino.

pp *dolo*

rit.

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including some triplets. The middle staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp, providing harmonic support with chords and single notes. The bottom staff is also in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp, featuring a more active bass line with eighth notes and some slurs. A dynamic marking 'f' is present in the lower right of this system.

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff continues the melodic line from the first system. The middle staff features a series of chords, some with dynamic markings 'f' and 'ff'. The bottom staff continues the bass line with eighth notes and slurs. A dynamic marking 'ff' is present in the lower right of this system.

The third system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff continues the melodic line with eighth notes and slurs. The middle staff features a series of chords, some with dynamic markings 'p' and 'ff'. The bottom staff continues the bass line with eighth notes and slurs. A dynamic marking 'p' is present in the lower left of this system.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff continues the melodic line with eighth notes and slurs. The middle staff features a series of chords, some with dynamic markings 'ff'. The bottom staff continues the bass line with eighth notes and slurs. A dynamic marking 'ff' is present in the lower right of this system.

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef and provide harmonic support with chords and moving lines. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is placed between the middle and bottom staves.

The second system features a vocal line in the top staff, marked 'Sva'. The piano accompaniment is spread across the middle and bottom staves. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present at the beginning of the piano part.

The third system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line is marked 'Sva'. The piano accompaniment shows a change in dynamics to forte (*f*). There are also markings 'L' and 'R' on the piano part.

The fourth system concludes the piece. It includes a vocal line marked 'Sva' and piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *rit.* (ritardando), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *p* (piano). The system ends with a double bar line.

Amaryllis.

The Air of King Louis XIII.

(Arranged for Mrs. J. E. W.)

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of two systems of staves. The first system includes a treble and bass staff. The second system includes a treble and bass staff. The score features various musical notations, including dynamics such as *p* (piano) and *dolce* (softly), and markings for the sustain pedal (*Ped*). The piece concludes with a first ending (I.) and a second ending (II.).

First system of musical notation, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The system concludes with a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff.

Second system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a series of chords with a melodic line. The bass staff includes two instances of the word "Ped" (pedal) above the staff, indicating sustained bass notes. The system ends with a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff.

Third system of musical notation, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with various ornaments and slurs. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment. The system concludes with a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff.

Fourth system of musical notation, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melodic line with slurs and ornaments. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The system concludes with a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff.

Fifth system of musical notation, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with slurs and ornaments. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The system concludes with a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff.

p *grazioso.*

Ped

Sv

mf *dolcissimo.*

p

Ped

sempre.

mp

p

pp

p

dim

pp

pp

Ped

Ped

AMARYLLIS.

Fine

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

Michigan Central and Great Western Railways.

DEPOTS.—Foot of Lake st. and Foot of Twenty-Second st.
TICKET OFFICES.—75 Canal st., Cor. Madison, and Tremont House.

	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
Mail, (via main and air-lines).....	* 5:30 a. m.	* 8:45 p. m.
Day Exp. (via main line).....	* 9:00 a. m.	* 8:00 p. m.
Jackson Accommodation. (daily)	3:35 p. m.	10:20 a. m.
Atlantic Exp., (daily) via air-line	5:15 p. m.	8:00 a. m.
Night Exp., (via main line).....	†*9:00 p. m.	*†6:30 a. m.

FOR GRAND RAPIDS AND MUSKEGAN.

Day Exp.....	* 9:00 a. m.	* 8:00 p. m.
St. Joe Accommodation.....	* 3:35 p. m.	*10:20 a. m.
Night Exp.....	† 9:10 p. m.	* 6:00 a. m.

FOR INDIANAPOLIS.

Day Exp.....	* 5:30 a. m.	* 8:45 p. m.
Night Exp.....	† 9:10 p. m.	* 6:30 a. m.

*Sunday excepted. †Saturday excepted. ‡Monday excepted.

Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway.

DEPOT.—Corner Harrison and Sherman sts.
TICKET OFFICE.—S. W. corner Madison and Canal sts.

Mail, via air line and main line.....	† 6:40 a. m.	9:20 p. m.
Special N. Y. Exp., via air line.....	† 9:00 a. m.	† 8:00 p. m.
Atlantic Express, via air line.....	5:15 p. m.	8:00 a. m.
Night Express, via main line.....	†*9:00 p. m.	†*6:30 a. m.
Elkhart Accommodation.....	† 3:40 p. m.	10:10 a. m.
South Chicago Accommodation.....	†12:00 p. m.	† 1:50 p. m.

† Sunday excepted. ‡ Saturday excepted

Chicago and Alton Railroad.

Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Through Line, and Louisiana, Mo., New Short Route from Chicago to Kansas City.
UNION DEPOT—West Side, near Madison st. bridge.

St. Louis and Springfield Express, Leave.	Arrive.
via main line.....	*9:15 a. m. *8:10 p. m.
Kansas City Fast Exp., via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.....	*9:15 a. m. *8:10 p. m.
Wenona, Lacon and Washington Ex. (Western Division).....	*4:10 p. m. *8:10 p. m.
Joliet and Dwight Accommodation.....	*4:10 p. m. *9:40 a. m.
St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via main line, and also via Jacksonville Division.....	†9:00 p. m. †7:30 a. m.
Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.....	†9:00 p. m. †7:30 a. m.
Jefferson City Express.....	†9:00 p. m. †7:30 a. m.
Peoria, Keokuk and Burlington Exp.....	*9:00 p. m. *8:10 p. m.

* Except Sunday. † Except Saturday. ‡ Except Monday. Daily, via main line, and daily, except Saturday, via Jacksonville division. † Daily, via main line, and daily, except Monday, via Jacksonville division.

Chicago and Northwestern Railroad.

TICKET OFFICE—31 West Madison st.

Pacific Fast Line.....	†10:30 a. m.	† 3:45 p. m.
Dubuque Day Express.....	10:30 a. m.	3:45 p. m.
Pacific Night Express.....	†10:30 p. m.	† 6:30 a. m.
Dubuque Night Express.....	10:30 p. m.	6:30 a. m.
Freeport and Dubuque Express.....	† 9:15 a. m.	† 2:00 p. m.
Freeport and Dubuque Express.....	† 9:15 p. m.	† 7:00 a. m.
Milwaukee Mail.....	† 8:00 a. m.	†10:10 a. m.
Milwaukee Express.....	† 9:15 a. m.	† 4:00 p. m.
Milwaukee Passenger.....	† 5:00 p. m.	† 7:40 p. m.
Milwaukee Passenger, daily.....	11:00 p. m.	5:00 a. m.
St. Paul and Green Bay Express.....	†10:00 a. m.	7:15 p. m.
Green Bay Express.....	† 9:00 p. m.	† 6:00 a. m.
St. Paul Express.....	† 9:00 p. m.	† 6:00 a. m.

† Sunday excepted. ‡ Saturday. † Monday excepted.

Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad.

	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
Day Express.....	* 9:00 a. m.	† 7:30 p. m.
Pacific Express.....	‡ 5:15 p. m.	‡ 6:30 a. m.
Fast Line.....	†* 9:00 p. m.	†* 8:00 a. m.
Mail.....	* 4:55 a. m.	* 6:10 p. m.
Valparaiso Accommodation.....	* 3:45 p. m.	* 8:50 a. m.

* Sunday except. † Sat. except. ‡ Mon. except. † Daily.

Illinois Central Railroad.

DEPOT—Foot of Lake st., and foot of Twenty-second st. Ticket Office, 75 Canal st., corner Madison.

St. Louis Express.....	* 7:30 a. m.	*9:00 p. m.
St. Louis Fast Line.....	† 8:15 p. m.	*7:55 a. m.
Cairo Mail.....	† 7:30 a. m.	*9:00 p. m.
Cairo Express.....	† 8:15 p. m.	*7:55 a. m.
Springfield Express.....	* 7:30 a. m.	*9:00 p. m.
Springfield Express.....	† 8:15 p. m.	*7:55 a. m.
Dubuque and Sioux City Exp.....	* 9:15 a. m.	*2:00 p. m.
Dubuque and Sioux City Exp.....	† 9:15 p. m.	*7:00 a. m.
§ Gilman Passenger.....	* 5:15 p. m.	*9:00 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods.....	* 6:10 a. m.	*6:48 a. m.
do do do.....	* 7:10 a. m.	*7:45 a. m.
do do do.....	† 9:00 a. m.	*8:40 a. m.
do do do.....	†12:10 p. m.	†*9:00 a. m.
do do do.....	* 3:00 p. m.	†10:30 a. m.
do do do.....	* 4:15 p. m.	* 1:45 p. m.
do do do.....	* 5:15 p. m.	* 5:20 p. m.
do do do.....	* 6:10 p. m.	5:45 p. m.
do do do.....	*11:00 p. m.	*7:35 p. m.

* Sundays except'd. † Saturdays except'd. ‡ Mondays except'd. § On Saturdays this train will be run to Champaign.

Chicago, Indianapolis and Cincinnati Through Line, via Kankakee Route.

Trains arrive and depart from the Great Central Railroad Depot, foot of Lake st. For through tickets and sleeping car berths, apply at Ticket Office, 75 Canal st., corner Madison; No. 120 Washington st.; Tremont House, corner Congress st. and Wabash Avenue also foot of Twenty-Second st.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

Leave Chicago.....	† 8:00 a. m.	8:00 p. m.
Arrive Indianapolis.....	† 4:20 p. m.	3:50 a. m.
Arrive Cincinnati.....	† 9:30 p. m.	9:15 a. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. ‡ Daily.

Trains arrive at Chicago at 7:00 a. m. and 9:15 p. m., running time only twelve hours. This is the only line running Saturday night train to Cincinnati.

The entire train runs through. Pullman sleepers on night trains, and palace drawing-room cars on morning train.

Chicago, Danville and Vincennes Railway.

PASSENGER DEPOT—At P., C., St. L. Depot, corner Canal and Kinzie sts. OUT FREIGHT OFFICE—Corner of Ada and Kinzie sts. IN FREIGHT OFFICE—At P., C. and St. L. Depot, corner Halsted and Carroll sts.

Mail.....	*7:40 a. m.	*1:40 p. m.
Evansville and Terre Haute Exp.....	*7:00 p. m.	†7:30 a. m.

Freight and ticket office, 168 Washington street.

* Sunday excepted. † Monday excepted.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad.

DEPOTS—Foot of Lake st., Indiana ave., and Sixteenth st., and Canal and Sixteenth st.

TICKET OFFICE—Briggs House and at Depots.

Mail and Express.....	† 7:30 a. m.	4:15 p. m.
Dubuque and Sioux City Exp.....	† 9:15 a. m.	2:00 p. m.
Pacific Fast Line.....	†10:15 a. m.	3:15 p. m.
Rock Island Express.....	†10:15 a. m.	4:15 p. m.
Galesburg Passenger.....	† 3:15 p. m.	8:10 p. m.
Mendota and Ottawa Passenger.....	† 4:29 p. m.	9:55 a. m.
Aurora Passenger.....	† 1:45 p. m.	8:15 a. m.
Aurora Passenger.....	† 5:30 p. m.	8:55 a. m.
Aurora Passenger, Sunday.....	1:00 p. m.	9:55 a. m.
Pacific Night Express.....	†10:00 p. m.	†6:45 a. m.
Dubuque and Sioux City Express.....	† 9:15 p. m.	†7:00 a. m.
Downer's Grove Accommodation.....	†11:00 a. m.	5:50 p. m.
Downer's Grove Accommodation.....	† 6:15 p. m.	7:15 p. m.

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad.

DEPOT—Corner Harrison and Sherman sts.

TICKET OFFICE—33 West Madison st.

Omaha, Leavenworth and Atchison Express.....	*10:00 a. m.	*4:00 p. m.
Peru Accommodation.....	* 5:00 p. m.	*9:30 a. m.
Night Express.....	†10:00 p. m.	†7:00 a. m.

* Sunday excepted. † Saturdays excepted. ‡ Daily.

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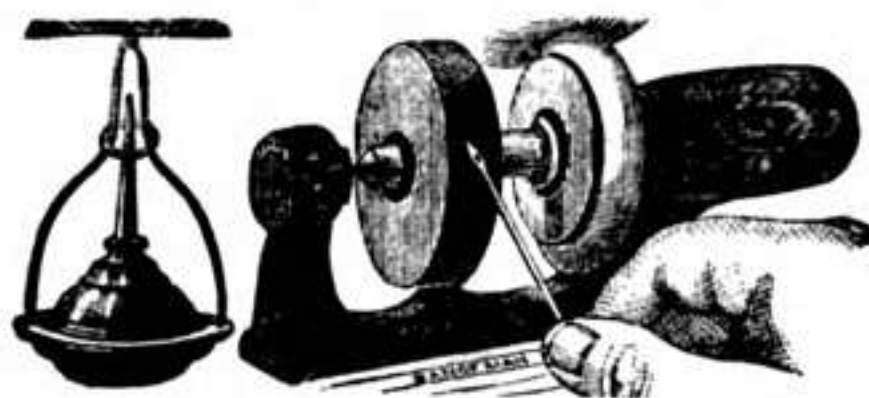
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