

was repeated by request, and Sullivan's "Love Not the World," taken from the oratorio, "The Prodigal Son."

Miss Anna M. Stovall and Mr. Carl Stansby gave a piano recital March 19 at Steeper Hall, Boston, on the occasion of the 10th anniversary of the faculty course of the New England Conservatory of Music.

Very Rev. M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., had the satisfaction of hearing his musical drama, "St. Patrick," well sung by the students of St. Viator's College, near Chicago, last Monday. Nearly 80 students participated.

Alexander von Brandow, the Polish tenor, who sings the title part in Paderewski's opera, "Manru," is a pupil of San Giovanni, the teacher of Nordica. At present he is busy translating into Polish the entire "Ring Nibelungen."

Madame Melba, the great, gave a children's party in London on a recent afternoon in honor of her little Australian niece, and the small guests entertained themselves so much in the singer's presence that they cried when they were told that the hour for departure had arrived.

Ethel Barrymore, the popular actress, once thought—when she was a girl in Philadelphia—that her life was to be the study and practice of music. She is at present a pianist of more than ordinary talent. Just now Slav music is her delight, but her steadfast admiration is for Beethoven.

The Cecilia Society, of Boston, will present Massenet's "Promised Land" April 8, and the fall of Jericho will be most realistically treated. Seven trumpets will sound from a raised staging above the orchestra, and it is said that the conductor will demand from the chorus "long, real and terrible shrills," which are now in process of rehearsal.

At the First Presbyterian Church today the musical service will consist of a baritone solo, "The Palm," by Faure, and two anthems, "The Lord's Prayer," by F. Postel, and "The Peace of God," by Gounod. The organ solos will be: "Melodie and Intermezzo," (Parker); "Elevation" (Lotti); "La Cinqumaine" (Gabriel-Mare); and postlude, "Moderato" (Hadiy).

A quartet of mixed voices has been formed in the city to make a study of grand opera, oratorio, and the different song cycles, and the singers are: Mrs. Rose Bloch Bauer, soprano; Mr. C. E. Farnsworth, contralto; W. B. Belcher, tenor; and J. Adrian Epping, baritone. Their many friends will expect to hear a feast of good things from these singers.

The Boston Theater last Sunday was not large enough to hold the crowds who wished to attend the sacred concert given by Messieurs Gaid, Schumann-Henck and Homer, and Messrs. Salliganc and Hishpam, assisted by the complete chorus and orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera-house company. Verdi's "Requiem Mass" was sung in full, under the direction of Walter Damrosch.

Ernest Hutcheson, the Australian pianist, gave a recital last Thursday at Boston, and played from this programme: Organ fantasia and fugue, in G minor, Bach-Liszt; fantasia on "The Merry Scherzo," in C-sharp minor; nocturne, in F, two preludes, C-sharp minor and A major; polonaise, in A flat; Chopin; "Characteristics," Mendelssohn; etude de concert, in F minor, Liszt; "Walden," Wagner-Hutcheson.

Miss Grazia Carbone, contralto, and her sister, Miss Carmela Carbone, soprano, are two young singers who are making their names favorably known in New York City. The former is a member of the choir of St. Francis Xavier's Church, and won distinction last Summer by her singing in the Temple of Music at the Buffalo Exposition. The Misses Carbone are of American birth and Italian parentage. They excel in the singing of duets.

The fourth annual concert given by the choral class of St. Helen's Hall, under the direction of Mrs. Walter Reed, takes place the first Tuesday after Easter, April 1.

GREAT ARTISTS AND ROYALTY

SPLENDID PREPARATION IN MUSIC FOR KING EDWARD'S CORONATION.

NEW YORK, March 12.—(Special Correspondence).—A topic of unique interest in the English capital just now is the coronation of King Edward. Managers are advising all but the greatest artists who are world renowned to have all their concerts over by the first or at the latest by the middle of May. Notwithstanding the warning that has gone forth by the British papers that none but the very greatest will have the slightest chance, Americans are flocking to London by hundreds, and every prodigy is being hurried to English shores, sure that it will be the particular one to interest the King, while wild visions of the Victorian medal and other honors flood the common sense out of parents who should be possessed of enough brains to know better. One of the most important fetures will be the coronation concert to be given in the Albert Hall June 2, the Saturday preceding the great event. Mme. Albani, the world-renowned singer, will present the concert on the most imposing lines, and it is confidently expected that the royalty and many guests of state will attend. During this season Paderewski will play, as also Kubelik, Ondrick (who visited Portland some years ago), and Kocian, a violinist who studied with the same master as Kubelik and Ondrick. Kubelik, by the way, is particularly close to King Edward, as it was through his military duties incumbent upon every Bohemian subject, during the very height of the coronation season Rosenthal and De Pachmann will give recitals in London. Sir Frederic Bridge has been recruited to assist the "Halle Orchestra" at the music at Westminster Abbey at the coronation ceremonial. He will lay his plans before King Edward. No definite scheme can be laid out until after the actual service has been arranged by the ecclesiastical and court authorities, but it is distinctly understood that the musical service will be much shorter than it was at the coronation of Queen Victoria, the ceremony from beginning to end lasting three hours and 45 minutes.

At the coronation of 1858 there was a band of 117 players and a chorus of 285 singers. The instrumentalists were uniformed in scarlet, the male singers were in surplices and the women in white dresses. On that occasion four anthems were sung, beginning with Attwood's "I Was Glad," which was composed for the coronation of George IV. In the instrumental prelude "God Save the King" is introduced. Besides the Italian, Boyce's "Te Deum," the "Hallelujah Chorus," many other things were sung. The musical service was conducted by Sir George Smart, who also composed special numbers for the service. It was at the time that he was not the chief of the Queen, who openly stated that she desired that honor conferred upon Sir Henry R. Bishop, the greatest composer of his time, and that he was considered him a more capable musician.

It is probable that a much smaller force will be required for the coronation of King Edward. Sir Frederic Bridge will doubtless compose some of the music, and without question "Zadok, the Priest," by Handel, will be used, as it has at every coronation since that of George II in 1727, for which occasion it was written.

Prince Henry Departs. After having been fettered and fetid night upon Prince Henry of Prussia returned to his country and to the peace and quiet which the great European cities afford. Anything will be a rest to Prince Henry—anything, indeed, from a week's vacation at an iron foundry to an after-

The cantatas to be given this year are: "The Legend of Bregenz" (Berndt), with Mrs. Lora MacMahon and Miss Edna Gates as soloists, and "The Singers of the Sea" (Behrend), with these soloists: Miss Helen Goss, Mrs. Grace Harding-McGuire, and Miss Ruth Scott. Miss Huggins will accompany.

Jan Kubelik, the violinist, is annoyed because rumor says he only got \$200 per night recently for his work. He says for four concerts in Chicago he received \$1,000, and that for 22 concerts he was paid over \$100,000, with all expenses paid. But, all the same, Kubelik is asked to pay \$100, and the cause is due indirectly to his refusal to be vaccinated. He was to play at Des Moines, Ia., where there was a smallpox scare, and although the Mayor of that town wired the violinist he would take no risk in appearing there, Kubelik thought differently. Now he is to be sued for breach of contract.

Miss Bauermeister has had the unique experience, for years, of impersonating Madame Adeline Patti at rehearsals in very nearly the range of the diva's roles. Throughout her long career, Patti has made it her special care to save her voice on every possible occasion, and for years she absolutely declined to attend a rehearsal. The result is now seen. Patti is not so young as she once was, yet hardly one of the voices of the great singers is so well preserved as that of Patti. She still holds her own right royally in England, as she has done for 30 continuous years.

Mrs. Walter Reed, the contralto, gave a recital at Oregon City, Oct. 14, under the auspices of the Derthick Club, and met with a kind reception. Her numbers were: Godard's "Berceuse"; Tosti's "Maytime"; Borowski's "A Memory"; Chopin's "The Dance"; Schumann's "In Autumn"; two old French songs arranged by Weckerlin, "Jeunes Filles" and "Maman, Dites-Moi"; Tschalkowsky's "War ich nicht ein Halm"; Hastings' "A Red, Red Rose"; Scotch song, "Annie Laurie"; Henschel's "Mother's Song"; Nevill's "Mighty Lak a Rose"; and Rosini's "La Dama." The piano numbers were: Chopin's "Polonaise"; and Godard's "Valse Chromatique"; and a piano duet by Miss Matie Draper and Mrs. Leslie L. Porter, "Jubel," overture, Mrs. E. E. Williams was the efficient accompanist.

Dainty ditties, rousing choruses, and tuneful duets and quartets mark the enjoyable musical evening given last Tuesday night at the Seamen's Institute, by Mrs. Walter Reed and her friends, and there was a large attendance of sailors. The accompanist was Miss Leonora Fisher, and the exercises opened by the singing of two double quartets by the Treble Clef Club—Miss Agnes Watt, Mrs. Albert Sheldon, Miss Helen Goss, Miss Hilda Hertz, Miss Ruth Scott, Mrs. John Logan, Miss Edna Gates, and Mrs. Walter Reed. Other friends who assisted were: Mr. N. C. Zan, Mr. Belcher and Mr. Fleischer. The evening closed with a grand finale, "America," and then one for the British tars, "God Save the King." The sailors gave the singers the highest praise possible. They said: "We want to hear you again."

The Musical Art Society, at its recent second Carnegie Hall concert, New York City, had an eclectic programme, and a distinguished audience. In the choral list, Palestrina, his pupil and successor, Felice Anerio, and his more distant follower, Giuseppi Corelli, represented the best period of Italian contrapuntal writing. Alessandro Scarlatti, founder of the Neapolitan School in the late 17th century, had a place. Next in chronology came the Austrian, Michael Haydn (1732-1806), brother of Josef Haydn, and then the moderns, Peter Cornelius, Brahms, A. von Othengraben and the two young Russians, Grieg and Taneyeff. The orchestral number was Bach's first concerto grosso. Frank Damrosch conducted, and the Musical Art mixed choir contained 70 voices.

Some very interesting letters of Edgar Allan Poe were recently brought to light in cataloguing the Duyckinck collection of books and manuscripts in the New York Public Library. Here is a letter written to the publisher, E. A. Duyckinck, in November, 1846, showing the financial straits to which Poe was at that time reduced:

"For the first time during two months I find myself entirely myself—dreadfully sick and depressed, but still myself. I seem to have just awakened from some horrible dream, in which all was confusion, and suffering—relieved only by the constant sense of your kindness, and that of one or two other considerate friends. I really believe that I have been mad—but, indeed, I have had abundant reason to be so. I have made up my mind to a step, which will preserve me, for the future, from at least the greater portion of the troubles which have beset me. In the meantime I have need of the most active exertion to extricate myself from the embarrassments into which I have already fallen—and my object in writing you this note is (once again) to beg your aid. Of course, I need not say to you that my most urgent trouble is the want of ready money. I find that what I said to you about the prospects of the B. J. is strictly correct. The most trifling immediate relief would put it on an excellent footing. All that I want is time in which to look about me; and I think that it is in your power to afford me this.

"I have already drawn from Mr. Wiley, first \$20—then \$20 (from yourself)—then \$20 (on account of the Pantheist)—then \$20 (when I went to Boston)—and finally \$25—in all \$135. Mr. Wiley owes me, for the Poems, 75, and admitting that 1000 of the Tales have been sold, and that I am to receive 8 cents a copy—the amount which you named, if I remember—admitting this, he will owe me \$120, on then—in all 135. Deducting what I have received there is a balance of \$9 in my favor. If I understood you, a few days ago, Mr. W. was to settle with me in February. Now, you will already have anticipated by request. It is that you would ask Mr. W. to give me, today, in lieu of all further claim, a certain sum, whatever he may think advisable. So dreadfully am I pressed that I would willingly take even the \$9 actually due (in lieu of all further demand), than wait until February—but I am sure that you will do so, and I shall be able to pay a few days later the poet wrote in the same vein:

"I am still dreadfully unwell, and fear that I shall be very seriously ill. Some matters of domestic affliction have also happened, which deprive me of what little energy I have left—and I have resolved to give up the B. J. and retire to the country for six months, or perhaps a year, as the sole means of procuring my health and spirits. It is not possible that myself or Mr. Matthews might give me a trifle for my interest in the paper? Or, if this cannot be effected, might I venture to ask you for an advance of \$50 on the faith of the 'American Pantheist'—which I will finish as soon as possible. If you could oblige me in this manner I would feel every day more grateful and gratified. Will you be so kind as to reply by the bearer?"

In the following letter of December, 1846, it is to be noted that the Miss Barrett referred to is Elizabeth Barrett, afterwards Mrs. Browning. The letter shows Poe's keen sense of the value of advertising, which, at a later day, would probably have made him rich. He writes:

Of course Sembrich was perfectly correct—that admits of no question. And now the Prince is gone, and Sembrich is gone with the rest of the opera company, which closed his engagement last Saturday night.

Paderewski vs. Paderewski.

In one of the Eastern papers I unwittingly stated last Saturday Paderewski was his own worst enemy, as he was playing a piano recital at Carnegie Hall against his opera, "Manru," at the Metropolitan Opera-house. I underestimated the condition somewhere, or somehow, as he was, to the contrary, a public benefactor, for at the opera-house more than 1000 people were turned away, and at Carnegie Hall 800 people met a similar fate. What might have occurred had New York been able to hear Paderewski in one place only is too terrible to contemplate. Paderewski is always the same, he does not change in any particular. He is a tremendously interesting artist. What he does well is fascinating and altogether delightful; and what he does badly is done in a way which arouses all the ire within one, for in him some things are unpardonable, which in others arouse pity. But Paderewski is too great to pity. His shortcomings are due to—well, what are they due to? I wish some one would ask him why he smashes up the piano. I don't like to make so bold.

Some Artists We Know.

Mark Hambourg is winning fame in London. He is drawing large houses, and criticisms of his work are enthusiastic.

Alice Nielsen, of the "Fortune-Teller" fame, gave a large concert in the Queen's Hall, London, at which she sang such composers as Mozart, Gounod and Mendelssohn. This means, of course, that the lady has aims toward more serious work.

Adele Aus der Ohe, the famous pianist, gave a recital at Steinway Hall, London. She played some of her own compositions, which were received with no small degree of admiration and appreciation.

Teresa Carpeno, our bewitching American (even though it be South American) is playing in London. This beautiful woman and superb pianist has a young daughter, "Terresita," who is just making the plunge into the sea of pianists. It is said that, like her mother, she is very beautiful and very clever.

Moris Rosenthal and Ossip Gabrilowitch are sharing honors in Paris, where the latter has never been heard before. It is no easy matter to share honors with Rosenthal, but Gabrilowitch seems to be holding his own.

Sodas and his band are making a tour as far west as Chicago and that vicinity. It has caused much surprise that Sodas will not be at Manhattan Beach this Summer. There is no doubt that the patrons will miss him. Meanwhile he will wield the baton at Atlantic City, and next Winter he will make another European tour.

Of course, you have heard of Sodas as a novelist. I have not seen the book yet, but perhaps you have, for the West is not many days behind the East in anything. I learn that Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler is to be with you shortly. If this be true, congratulations are in order, for there is no artist more entrancing, more delicious than this witching Fannie, who holds her audiences with steel grapples, encased in softest velvet.

Melba will sing at Covent Garden about the end of May.

I wonder whether you know that Emil Paur, the talented conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, is one of the great pianists of the day. In New York he has only played once—several years ago—but he will go to London this Summer, where he will give some piano recitals, and also appear with orchestra.

One of the greatest sensations of this season is Harold Bauer, but I must refrain for it would take two columns to tell of him. EMELIE FRANCES BAUER.

POE'S FINANCIAL STRAITS

Letters That Show How Hard He Worked to Borrow.

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London, under the title of "Mesmerism in Articulo Mortis." It has fairly gone the rounds of the London press, commencing with the Morning Post. The Monthly Record of Science, etc., gives it with the title, "The Last Days of M. Valdemar. By the author of the Last Conversation of a Somnambule" (Mesmeric Revelation.) "My object in enclosing the Scotch letter and the one from Miss Barrett is to ask you to do me a favor which (just at this moment) may be of great importance. It is, to make a paragraph or two for some one of the city papers, stating the facts here given, in connection with what you know about the 'Masters in the Rue Morgue.' If this will not give you too much trouble, I will be very glad to oblige you. If you think it advisable, there is no objection to your copying any portion of Miss B's letter. Willis or Morris will put in anything you may be kind enough to write, but as the Home Journal has already said a good deal about me, some other paper would be preferable."

Readers of Poe will remember how he plumed himself upon a successful hoax, indeed, setting the fashion, which has from time to time reappeared in the newspaper press, seldom embellished with such literary art, and not always devoted to such senseless themes. In March of 1846 he wrote to Mr. Duyckinck, exulting over the completion of what in these days would be called a "fake":

"If you have looked over the Von Kempelen article which I left with your brother, you will have fully perceived its drift. I mean it as a kind of 'exercise,' or experiment, in the plausible or verisimilitude style. Of course, there is not one word of truth in it from beginning to end. I thought that such a style, applied to the gold excitement, could not fail to effect. My sincere opinion is that nine persons out of

ten (even among the best informed) would believe the quite (perhaps) the design does not leak out before publication), and that thus, acting as a sudden, although, of course, a very temporary, check to the gold fever, it will create a stir to some purpose. I had prepared the hoax for a Boston weekly, called the Flag, where it will be quite thrown away. The proprietor will give me \$15 for it on presentation to his agent here, and my object in referring the article to you is simply to see if you could not venture to take it for the World. If so, I am willing to take for \$10—or, in fact, whatever you think you can afford."

Character in Tongues.

Boston Herald.

When the doctor is called to a patient, he says let me see your tongue, but it is not for the same reason that society is now showing that unruly member when asked the same question. No, the latest fad competing with palmistry is "glossomania," or "linguistologie," meaning no less than the delineation of character from the shape of the tongue. According to the new science, a big tongue indicates frankness; a short tongue, dissimulation; a large tongue, generous feelings, a narrow tongue, concentration of ideas. Long and broad tongues indicate fondness for talk; short and broad, equal capacity to talk, but not speak the truth; shortness and narrowness are the signs of Machiavellian lying. A costumed tongue isn't in it, of course, for that sort of tongue speaks

for itself, and the revelry indulged in over night.

The Sandwich Islands resemble Ireland in their freedom from snakes. One species only known, and that is not common.

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