

of the *Home Journal* are given to occasional fits of abstraction, when they know not what they say. A week or two since, speaking of a Music House advertising sheet, with the grandiloquent title of the *United States Musical Review*, it rejoices at the advent of a real musical paper at last, the only one issued since R. Storrs Willis gave up the *Musical World!* The *Home Journal* particularly impresses upon its readers the fact, that this new periodical star differs from the other musical papers published, inasmuch, that it is not an advertising sheet for any particular musical house. On referring to the specimen brick of this great *Review* of the United States, we find that of the paper proper, *nine* pages are devoted to the advertisements of publications of the Firm which publishes it! While of the reading matter of this only musical paper in the United States, the following is a synopsis: Four pages (copied) about the "Charm of Birds;" two columns of clippings from the *Herald* and *Brooklyn Eagle*; one page of letters complimentary to itself, and a page of pretty old anecdotes. Not one word of criticism or review and *nine* pages of personal advertising. Shame of Storrs Willis! is this your successor?

In reality, there is no greater humbug than these music house advertising sheets. They are sold cheap, when any purchasers can be obtained, and are given away by the thousands, to the injury of legitimate business, because, as the publishers say, they are a very cheap and direct advertisement; and therefore they issue their monthly catalogues and price lists, with their own puffs appended to each piece, and call these things musical papers! Any humbug will pass current now, when the press bolsters it up by inconsiderate praise.

THE MENDELSSOHN UNION is progressing famously with George F. Bristow's new Oratorio, "Daniel." The choruses are beginning to assume an appreciable form, and no little admiration is expressed at the beauty of the composition, and its production is looked forward to with great anxiety.

"Daniel," however, is not Mr. Bristow's latest work, for a fair and bright-eyed little maiden, of no age whatever, came into his household last Sunday morning, and was very welcome indeed. We understand that he is prouder of this work, than of any he has hitherto given to the public, and, by the latest accounts, both mother and child are doing extremely well, indeed, as well as can be expected. We congratulate all three most cordially.

ARTIST AND AGEN.—Great amusement has been derived in London and Paris, from the fact of an Agent pleading the statute of limitation for the detention of property, as illustrated in the case of *Brown vs. Nichols*,

or "Who Owns the Diamonds," of which a full account was given in our issue of July 27th. This same article has been widely copied through the European press, and the whole subject has been canvassed, and the agent suffers severely.

ANTONIO BARILI'S MUSICAL ALBUM.—The talented composer and able professor, Antonio Barili is about issuing a Musical Album on his own account. His reasons for so doing are explained in his own words:—"I am compelled to publish myself. I have come to this conclusion as I found it impossible to submit to the exacting and unreasonable demands of the publishers, viz., ten per cent. of their net profit—they rendering an exact statement of their sales! This is an unreasonable monopoly, carried on to the great detriment of talent, and at variance with the independence and manhood of our republican principles.

"If I should desire the sale of my publication at any of the chief publishers' music stores, I am compelled to allow a profit of fifty per cent. on their sales of the work—they not having any responsibility of its publication or expense. Is not this a business liberality worthy of Algiers in its palmiest days? I shall not, for one, submit to such piracy."

Signor Barili will commence the publication of 'The Musical Album,' on Saturday, the 12th of October, 1867, publishing one number, containing three pieces, each week, until it is complete, in octavo form, so that subscribers shall have 'The Musical Album' complete before Christmas and New Year's, making it an elegant and valuable gift for the Holidays.

MARK CRAYON'S ENTERTAINMENTS.—If any one expects to see a strong, hopeful man, like Mark Tapley; or a ponderous and genial creature, like Mark Smith, he will be mistaken. We address our readers, North, South and West especially, and notify them herewith, that *Mark Crayon*, who will visit them shortly with an entertainment, which will be as sun-light flashes—a mingling of music, wit and eloquence, is a fair, spirituelle, delicate lady, who has the god-gift of a charming voice, guided by tenderness, sentiment and vivacity, and an eloquence whose persuasiveness it were well to avoid, unless one is a veritable Gradgrind—and then one would not be safe.

We intended to say that Mark Crayon, will shortly start on a tour through the West and South, and eventually North, and will give a series of entertainments which will consist of the most fascinating of combinations, namely, music, simple songs sung from the heart, and poetry, read as felt, and we know no charm that is superior. We commend Mark Crayon, to our friends wherever he,

(she) may go, assured, that the talent which has won so enviable a reputation here, cannot fail to afford unqualified enjoyment to all who may come under its influence.

The Album will be furnished to subscribers at fifty cents a piece, rendering the total cost when completed, only fifteen dollars. Subscribers for the whole work have the advantage of getting it 25 per cent. less than those who buy separate pieces.

During the term of publication, each subscriber will receive, free, the portrait of the author, and the title-page will be elegantly engraved and richly embossed in colors and gold. The pieces of the Album will be also sold separately, the price will be fixed for each piece according to the number of pages."

We need not recommend this work to the consideration of the public. Signor Barili's name stands too high for that. The work should command a large sale, for the high abilities of the composer are appreciated and acknowledged by the public and the critics.

We would mention that subscriptions can be made, either at the store of Chickering & Sons, 652 Broadway, or at the residence of Signor Barili, 149 East Ninth street.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

EUSEBIUS AND FLORESTAN,

ON LAYMAN AND PRIEST, ON CRITICISM AND SUCH-LIKE.

EUSEBIUS.—So you, too, my old friend, pass over to the camp of the men of plain matter of fact; you seek proofs which cannot be proved, and would give hard-headed laymen a sharp rap over the knuckles, quite in accordance with the pontifical institution of Initiated and Profane — just like our wonderful doctors, who are so fond of prating about Learned and Laymen, though they take the same distinctions very ill on the part of the parsons. What have we not already gone through with the old dispute between scholars and laymen in matters of art as in others—a dispute which has really long since been fought out, and, at present, scarcely possesses an historical fact.

FLORESTAN.—You yourself know and acknowledge that art, and consequently the right appreciation of it, is not given to every one.

EUSEBIUS.—I acknowledge still more, namely, what friend Schumann once said: "No one completely understands a work of art except the artist who created it; genius is comprehended by genius alone." It is true that Schumann is neither the first nor the only person who has said so; E. T. A. Hoffman has said so before him. Even Plato said something similar; nay, I fear that the Scriptures, also, contain something like it.

FLORESTAN.—You are opposing me from caprice merely, to play the dialectician a little, eh? But to-day that plan shall not avail, you, Sophist. Is the first coxcomb that turns up to have a voice in judging things of high, nay, the highest moment?

EUSEBIUS.—Why not? We live in the blessed age of the *Suffrage Universel*—which is always quite satisfactory, a gentleman in high places informs us. I mean to say: When the result is known beforehand, the sweet people are allowed to vote; if it is otherwise, we leave it alone—or—we have direct elections, as in the happy land of the Yankees, with bloodshed and murder.

FLORESTAN.—Of what use is your small political wit? We are now talking of art.

EUSEBIUS.—Well, to my mind, an opinion is an opinion, whether on the negro or the Wagner question, whether on a good repast or a good work of art—but it is always the old story: the same amusing facts about Learned or Unlearned, Priest and Layman! It is not astonishing that the world should get on as it does! nay, that it even stands on its legs and merrily pursues its course, despite of the question of majorities, tyranny, priestly deceit, and "Malz-Hoff Extract?"

FLORESTAN.—A nice introduction to a serious subject.

EUSEBIUS.—I am in earnest, and laugh only in sorrow, like the great gentlemen in the illustrious house of the People's Representatives. As we both modestly reckon ourselves among the Learned, it becomes us also to acknowledge that, in most cases, the arrogance of the Learned is to blame for any swaggering pertness on the part of the Unlearned. If the Learned always gave the latter palpable reality instead of incomprehensible phantoms; if they showed something actually developed, instead of racking the brains of their disciples; if they were gentle, instead of aristocratically repelling every one who questions them, with: "That is something beyond you; I must understand it better than you can!"—yes, if we had only modest men of learning, fonder of the truth than their own private wisdom, things would be all right in the world. Truly, as the Yankee says, not every man who has learnt something is qualified to become a teacher. But that I, also, may not get involved and lost, just take an example! Suppose, for instance, you were seated at a splendid repast, enjoying yourself; who has a right to pronounce an opinion, you or the cook? It would take some trouble to persuade you the dishes were worth nothing, though, perchance, Soyer, the Napoleon of the culinary art, were to turn up his nose at them. Still less would you go into ecstasies for the *haut gout* of a carefully selected Parisian *pate*, if it stank—despite all that might be urged on the other side by Soyer, the illustrious.

FLORESTAN.—What a vapid example! Comparisons hobble. A work of art is something more than a flattering of the palate.

EUSEBIUS.—Well said. We will take, then, more elevated ground. When a profoundly learned preacher delivers a sermon, he will, probably, know better than anyone else what he says; but what advantage is that to Laymen, if they do not understand it? Were all theologians to come forward a thousand times, like one man, and declare the sermon admirable, the congregation would remain as still as mice, if it were not to their liking. The greatest preachers are—in my opinion—those whose words are understood by the people, and extort appreciation even from the preacher's fellow-clergymen. Is that example too pietistic for you? No one will understand, again, Alex. v. Humboldt's works as he himself, and some few Priests of his acquaintance, understood them: his universal reputation is based, however, not upon his

understanding them, but upon others doing so; others who, it is true, do not know what he knew, but, through him, have come to participate in his knowledge.

FLORESTAN.—That may be true in science, but art—

EUSEBIUS.—Is certainly something else; still it has this in common with the culinary art and with science; it would give the people something they want; and just as the culinary art and science were not invented for cooks and professors only, so music was not created for musicians alone. Remember the emancipating words of Luther: "The Gospel was not written for priests merely, but for the whole world."

FLORESTAN.—So artists are nothing more than slaves of the people, eh?

EUSEBIUS.—Why not? Are they not as much so as Kings and Priests?

FLORESTAN.—Indeed! So dilettanti, claquers, and chlorotic young girls, are the persons to judge Beethoven's profound inspirations by their "first impressions," are they?

EUSEBIUS.—Not at all; but is, then, *judgment* the aim, as a rule, of human thought? Some Berliner, one of the intelligent, told you it was. As though all the magnificent works of a thousand years of art had simply waited to hear what the century of Intelligence thought about them! As though nothing in the world were worthy of being heard and seen, before the priest had gauged it, and burnt-in on it the stamp of his wisdom!

FLORESTAN.—I believe that an opinion or judgment lies concealed in everything man thinks. If you understand the words differently, speak more clearly. We judge things on the first impression as well as after mature reflection—in lay delight at aught that appears pretty, as in artistic knowledge at aught which is beautiful. We are not, therefore, disputing about the right of judgment generally, but whether all judgments are equally good, whether it is a matter of indifference what layman and artist appreciate in a work of art. Do not run away from me.

EUSEBIUS.—You show me the right road; the point where connoisseurs and amateurs diverge is precisely consciousness. You miss in the layman consciousness, the *art* of a well skilled judgment. Were I maliciously inclined, I should here introduce what philosophers have invented: the consciousness of the knowledge of the Known, passed three times through the sieve of the scholar's brain. But I will not adopt so malicious a course. *Criticism*—I mean the supreme tribunal, the judgment-seat of opinion—is truly the result of long and trained thought, and while in its elevated position always fallacious, is, at all times, a rarer gift than aught else human.

FLORESTAN.—You are giving two incomprehensibilities instead of one, answering darkly to what is dark, when you admit that all enjoyment derived from art is mystic, all judgment on art uncertain. What then remains to us from the enjoyment save amusement or entrancement, diversion or mere reverie? What remains of criticism, save the dream of a dream, or a screw without end, or the sophistry of disputation, definition, disposition, or chicanery?

EUSEBIUS.—*Distinguendum est*. We must endeavor to be clear as to the principle.

FLORESTAN.—Ah, do leave those parboiled phrases, which once cost dearly enough in Little-Paris; keep to the subject, state boldly your principle.

EUSEBIUS.—Will you have it according to Lemke's or Eckardi's system of aesthetics? Is

Hegel, Jean Paul, or Vischer your master? Each of these, as you know, has his own *canon*, which does not yield the palm for certainty to that of Trent, his fundamental law, which, forsooth, is an article of belief in which those who believe in him believe—

FLORESTAN.—We have here not to do with belief, but science. Of what use to me are the celebrated names of heroes and poor devils? Must I on every occasion spell through the whole range of philosophy to find a satisfactory proposition that really explains something? We are speaking of higher and lower criticism, of the justification of lay judgment—

EUSEBIUS.—Which, at any rate, is the standard for the attendance at your concerts, when you would not like to miss its applause. But how lay-judgment and scientific criticism play into each other, and give and take, is something which we have not considered, and which may put us in the way of discovering what is *valid* judgment.

FLORESTAN.—If there is not another feint concealed behind what you say, I am content—only just adduce an example, to refresh me. Abstract reasoning will not advance us.

EUSEBIUS.—We should find plenty of examples, if we only first know what we want, what the real question is. You grow excited equally at pale amateurship and the stupid people. Would criticism, thrown out of its grooves, assist us? I think not. However, both parties, children of nature, the followers of a first impression, and critics, conscious of themselves and of every kind of wisdom, belong at any rate to one human race, which is said to possess a certain natural propensity for truth.

FLORESTAN.—The thirst for truth, and the desire for deceit—

EUSEBIUS.—Right! but it would be a sad thing, if in the desire for deceit were lost all feeling for truth; without that feeling we cannot really think; nay, it lies at the bottom of every dispute concerning truth.

FLORESTAN.—Good! only proceed; do proceed.

EUSEBIUS.—I will, by saying that in every judgment lies concealed a grain of truth. Do not laugh! I am announcing what, expressed in other words, you considered, on another occasion, plausible. Of course, I presuppose that the disputants on either side are *honorable*, and that the Learned do not indulge in arrogance toward the Unlearned.

FLORESTAN.—An ideal presumption! Just see how many honorable individuals there are at our Subscription Concerts, and show me the scholar who is not perfectly conscious of his acquirements.

EUSEBIUS.—In that pessimist assertion, you declare the impossibility of a decision, and there our dispute is at an end. That you may see, however, how good-natured I am, I will overlook it, and call in as ally our friend Hauptmann, who, at any rate, you once stated to be a man that strived after truth. Turn to page 364 of his *Harmonik*, and you will find the words: "The same music may have several verbal interpretations, and you cannot say of any one interpretation, that it exhausts the *whole* significance of the music. It is the music which is indefinite in sense; it says the same thing to every one. Diversity of meaning does not arise till each separate individual wishes to put the expression of his feeling in an especial thought, to describe what is indescribable."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]