

«**Ian Maclaren**» and the Brotherhood of Christian Unity.

A SPECIAL impulse has just come to the Brotherhood of Christian Unity from a new source. Dr. John Watson («**Ian Maclaren**»), in his volume of sermons entitled «**The Mind of the Master**,» has suggested an ethical creed which so crystallizes the spirit and essence of Christianity that the Brotherhood has adopted it as a foundation for its work. It reads as follows:

I believe in the Fatherhood of God. I believe in the words of Jesus. I believe in the clean heart. I believe in the service of love. I believe in the unworldly life. I believe in the Beatitudes. I promise to trust God and follow Christ, to forgive my enemies and to seek after the righteousness of God.

It will be observed that this is in no sense a declaration of religious faith. It expresses only the ethical side of Christianity. The high Calvinist, the low Arminian, the broad Unitarian, the reverent Churchman, the Catholic, Anglican or Roman, the non-church member—all who wish to follow Christ can stand together on this platform without compromising any of their personal views concerning church or creed. To quote the words of Dr. Watson himself in suggesting the «**creed**»:

Could any form of words be more elevated, more persuasive, more alluring? Do they not thrill the heart and strengthen the conscience? Liberty of thought is allowed; liberty of sinning is alone denied. Who would refuse to sign this creed? They would come from the east and the west and the north and the south to its call, and even they who would hesitate to bind themselves to a crusade so arduous would admire it, and long to be worthy. Does any one say this is too ideal, too unpractical, too quixotic? That no church could stand and work on such a basis? For three too short years the Church of Christ had none else, and it was by holy living and not by any metaphysical subtleties the Primitive Church lived, and suffered, and conquered.

The Brotherhood proposes to bring Dr. Watson's sentences to the attention of the entire Christian public of America.

EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

Theodore F. Seward,
Secretary.

The Kingdom of Rosenthal.

HANS RICHTER, not long ago, presented Mr. Moriz Rosenthal to his orchestra in London as the «**prince of pianists**,» and since Herr Richter has chosen to pose as a Warwick in the kingdom of music, it is high time to define the boundaries of the new potentate's territory.

The first claim to royalty put forth by Mr. Rosenthal was his phenomenal virtuosity, coupled with his bravura. The development of virtuosity has proceeded in this manner: A fellow-artist once exclaimed to Dreychock,—of whom Heine said that he was not one pianist, but *drei schoek* (thrice threescore),—famous for his octaves, sixths, and thirds, but especially for his left-hand playing: «**To what pitch will technic ultimately be brought! Some one will soon play Chopin's Revolutionary Étude in octaves.**» Dreychock departed meditatively, and six weeks later returned and performed the feat. Liszt, hearing the story, sat down, opened the notes, and did the same thing offhand, remarking, «**Very simple!**» Liszt played *études* in rapid tempo to his pupils one morning. «**Can you do this?**» he asked Rosenthal, after he had amused himself by exciting their astonished admiration. Rosenthal sat down and doubled his master's tempo. Such is virtuosity.

It occurred to Tausig, the unapproachable virtuoso of

the next generation (he was Liszt's pupil), that Chopin's waltz in D flat major could be played in sixths and double thirds as an almost impossible feat of technic, and this he did. Mr. Rosenthal has repeated the feat plus the contrapuntal addition of the second theme simultaneously with the first. True to the instinct of virtuosity, neither artist has reproached himself for thus obviously painting the lily. Certain technical exhibitions constitute virtuosity's characteristic expression. The simultaneous delivery of the theme from «**Fledermaus**» by one hand and the air of a Strauss waltz by the other, in Mr. Rosenthal's «**Vienna Carnival**,» is the direct descendant of the waltz and galop which Moscheles used to play at once in sportive moments. But music has become such a serious business since it has assumed a religious, moral, ethical, and dramatic mission that artists no longer toss off such bagatelles with a grin, thoroughly inartistic as they are—inartistic because, though performed in counterpoint, the forced marriage of two melodies each springing from a wholly independent artistic impulse, and delivered as independently as possible, violates the first canon of art, viz., that every detail shall expand from the original poetic germ. Even at this valuation, Mr. Rosenthal's feats are considerably better than a double somersault backward on a tight rope; but he is not the «**prince of pianists**» on that account, although he has multiplied in geometrical proportion the difficulties that originally composed the stock of the virtuoso. He is the prince not of virtuosity merely, but of bravura (root *brav*, fine, gallant, courageous, good, kind, fierce, hardy, tempestuous). Bravura is virtuosity so applied to performance as to overcome the hearer with astonishment and admiration, and fairly to whirl him on with the motion of the music into ecstasy and madness.

The whirling is accomplished by the accent, force, and velocity of the rhythmical motion in which the almost superhuman technic is developed; and since the rhythm is wholly created by the temperament of the player, bravura playing is justly regarded as the one indispensable gift of the great concert artist. When Mr. Rosenthal by this means carried captive every audience he met in Europe, and last of all transported the great Richter also, he proved his right to his title. He is a prince, a conqueror, and the meanings that stick in that old root *brav* define his musicianly qualities exactly. Setting aside his bravura, Mr. Rosenthal's excellences as a musician are simplicity, perfection of detail, directness of technical method, good-humored temper in dealing with his subject, a tone large, musical, and of widely varied timbre, but polished rather than sweet, and a very intelligent insight into the construction and possibilities of the music he plays. With his defects it is not the purpose of this article to deal.

Born at Lemberg thirty-three years ago, he studied with Mikuli, with whom he played Chopin's rondo for two pianofortes in a concert when ten years of age. In 1875 he studied with Rafael Joseffy, himself a pupil of Tausig, remaining under the influence of this great pianist many years. Subsequently he received the appointment of pianist to the court of Roumania, a position which he still holds. In 1876 he accepted Liszt's invitation to join him in Weimar, where he learned to recognize his own genius and artistic nature. The influence of

Liszt is preëminent in the mature artist. The grand style, the impetuosity, the strength of tone, the choice of artistic effects characteristic of the Rosenthal of today, belong to the Weimar school. His cantabile and colorature playing, however, have been formed on those of his earlier master, Joseffy, and the development of his tone has proceeded in large measure from the Tausig-Joseffy artistic standpoint—purity rather than warmth.

As was the case with Moscheles, Mr. Rosenthal's view of his art has steadily broadened since his preëminence as a bravura player became assured. He is a man of liberal education, and the resources of his literary culture are evident in the picturesque element which has entered his interpretation. Every piece now comes from his hands a tone-picture complete in each detail. That «kindness» which somehow crept into the old root of the term *bravura* may be trusted to save him from the intolerable dryness and hardness that so often overtake the bravura player when the fire of youth is passed. As Mr. Rosenthal's own character finds artistic expression his interpretation steadily gains in interest, power, and dignity.

Thus far he has added nothing to the stock of technical means and methods obtained from his predecessors, unless it be the magnificent development of forearm- and wrist-playing, in which in power, skill, and velocity no living pianist approaches him.

The concerto by Schytte, the most difficult piece in existence, is practically a compendium of almost impossible

feats of wrist- and forearm-playing. Mr. Rosenthal's interpretation of it will remain the measure and model of virtuosity and bravura for at least one generation; and the same is true of the Brahms «Paganini» variations and the «Don Giovanni» fantasia.

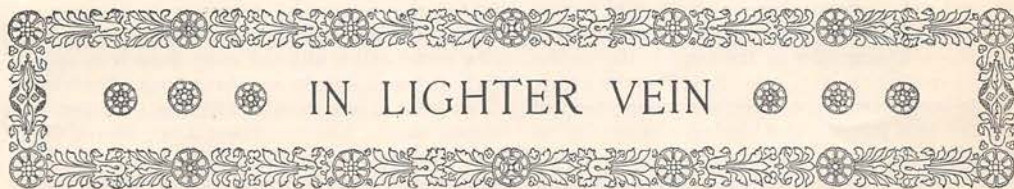
Fanny Morris Smith.

«The Society of Western Artists.»

«In the natural order of things, it was to have been expected that there would arise in the West an organization of artists to occupy the vast field there presented, and to invite the attention of Western people» to the existence among them «of artists worthy of patronage.» So writes to us a Western correspondent concerning the new «Society of Western Artists» organized at Chicago in March, 1896, by artists of Indianapolis, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, with Frank Duveneck, president; William Forsyth, vice-president; H. W. Methven, secretary; and George L. Schreiber, treasurer. Long life and prosperity to the new art society!

Benson's «Summer.»

THE picture of «Summer» by Frank W. Benson, which appeared in the October CENTURY, gained the Shaw prize at the eighteenth annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists, 1896, and was printed in THE CENTURY by the kind permission of Mr. Samuel T. Shaw, the donor of the prize fund.



Partners.

LOVE took chambers on our street
Opposite to mine;
On his door he tacked a neat,
Clearly lettered sign.

Straightway grew his custom great,
For his sign read so:
«Hearts united while you wait.
Step in. Love and Co.»

Much I wondered who was «Co.»
In Love's partnership;
Thought across the street I'd go—
Learn from Love's own lip.

So I went; and since that day
Life is hard for me.
I was buncoed! (By the way,
«Co.» is Jealousy.)

Ellis Parker Butler.

A Book of Names.

THE writer recently examined a book that is perhaps the only one of its kind in the world. The volume is composed entirely of surnames, and its interest con-

sists not only in its clever arrangement, but also in the fact that every name is genuine and well authenticated, and forms one or more English words correctly spelled.

Names are not ordinarily very entertaining reading. We can all sympathize with the old woman who found a perusal of a directory rather uninteresting because it was «arranged 'most too reg'lar.» But this volume of patronymics is an exception. All who have had the privilege of examining it have found it both curious and entertaining. In one large sanitarium it was an unailing source of amusement to the patients, until it became so thumbed and worn that the owner was compelled to resume possession of it.

The origin of the book was on this wise. A number of years ago the compiler, then a young girl, told her uncle that she intended to make a collection of buttons or of postage-stamps. Her uncle replied: «Why do you not start something original, such as a collection of odd names? For instance, here in this newspaper are two that you might begin with—Mr. Toothaker and Mrs. Piazza.» The suggestion was immediately acted upon, and the result is a volume of some thousands of «names familiar as household words.»