



MADAME FRIEDRICH MATERNA.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN AUSTRIA.

“Das deutsche Volk, das allein Tondichter zu zeugen vermochte, ist auch allein fähig, ihren innersten Werthe vollkommen zu erfassen.”—RITTER VON HENTL.

IN the days of imperial Rome, the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the Church, the shrines of whose saints have been raised in every land. In these days of imperial Vienna, imagination suggests that the homes where Beethoven, Mozart, and Schubert lived, suffered, and died have consecrated this *Kaiserstadt* as the centre of the tone cultus. Certain it is that the greatest artists of the world come here to receive the benediction of “approval,” and bear away to other lands the Promethean fire offered upon its musical shrines by the genius of its nations—Bohemia, Hungary, and Galicia.

From the sunny Nussberg vineyards on the north, where the Beethoven pathway, *Beethovengang*, winds up the woodland hills, to the old Währinger cemetery on the west, where the Master rests forever silent beneath gray granite laurel-wreathed; from the shadowy nook in the central Stadt Park where the white marble form of Schubert rises high among the tree-tops, upon which the birds he loved so well sit singing all the day, to the grave beside Beethoven, where he sleeps under the purple violets; from the mountain-top of the Kahlenberg, where Mozart wrote *Zauberflöte*, to the eastern boundary line of the

city, where his splendid monument marks his tomb—there extends a net-work of *Musikschule*, *Singacademie*, and *Musikvereine* which assure us that these mighty masters have not lived and worked in vain.

But not through conservatories alone do these tone poets still live and influence the Viennese. Through interpreters these masters form the chief recreation of the higher classes, and cheer the lower orders in the hours of *Abendruhe*. The classical *Streich Quartette*, the popular concerts, and the "Restauration" bands bring music into the daily life of these kind-hearted Austrians.

The popular concerts of Vienna are perhaps the most effectual in training the musical apprehension of the people: time, form, rhythm, are unconsciously borne in upon them. The summer is the best season to attend these entertainments; then they can be listened to in the open air, in the shady walks of the Volksgarten, or under the moonlight among the flower beds of the promenade, or, if you like gaslight and pretty *bourgeoisie* faces better, at the little tables of the Restauration Garden.

There, in the Volksgarten, Edward Strauss leads with matchless grace his admirable orchestra through waltzes as witching as the dreamy flowing of the Danube beneath the summer stars, and the Mendelssohn Lieder, full of legend and Volksong—forms of mythical rhythm, purest rhetoric of tone. As the violins and harps sink into silence, the brass instruments of some archducal regiment take up the story, and well-known opera airs, overtures, anthems, and marches fill the night breeze with their golden notes; then, sinking to silence in silver clarion tones, leave their delicious echoes to the French horns, almost assuring us that we do indeed hear

"The horns of Elfland faintly blowing."

The music and the scene are essentially Viennese; even the more scholarly musicians, tired perhaps of the day's study of classic "forms," weary of the metaphysical brain-work required by modern harmony and orchestration, come to rest in the cool of the garden, and drink their beer to the perfect tempo and graceful ease of Strauss's measures. Such music is to them only as the pleasant taste of the cold lager, but the tonic, the grand

fundamental tone, the strength-giving properties of the beer itself, they find in their own brew-house, their Conservatoire distillations of Marx, Wagner, and a host of other harmonists.

The Prater can not be omitted in mentioning the open-air concerts. Every "Restauration" there has its band; some have orchestras of stringed instruments, and these are the pleasantest. Indeed, every amusement there is musically re-enforced, from the Wurst Theatre to the *carrousel* hobby-horses, which children ride in a circle, turned to strains of invisible hand-organs.

All Austrian nations can hear their Volkslieder in the Prater. There we find harpists of Galicia blending their sad Polish airs, and the Czigány bands of the Hungarian restaurants, with their wailing violins and tremolo of cymbalom. Very miserable bands they are sometimes, for these gypsies, when well organized, find too much patronage at home to risk subsistence in Vienna; but however miserably they play the Csárdás and "Repülj feckém ablakára," when heard where gas jets twinkle in the deep dark avenues, making the scene as wild and weird as the tones from cymbalom and viol, one forgets to criticise; sound is blended in scene, and sight subdues the sense of hearing.

During the winter months these concerts are given in the Gartensaal, Cursalon, or by Strauss in the Musikvereinsaal. There we find Mendelssohn, Wagner, Verdi, and Schubert Abende.

Private orchestras as sustained by the chief nobles of the empire ceased about the beginning of this century. The best and last was that of Prince Schwarzenberg. In 1809, we find Prince Ferdinand Kinsky and Prince Franz-Josef Lobkowitz paying Beethoven a certain annuity, but the grand old custom of sustaining private Capellmeister with their orchestras, as practiced by the most distinguished cavaliers of Austria, the Liechtensteins, Esterhazys, and Schwarzenbergs, has ceased. Baron Rothschild of our day, however, has supported a private orchestra, and his musical entertainments are on a level with his more than princely fortune.

It would be a tedious task to give an exact account of the innumerable musical societies, and of the schools where pupils are most admirably instructed in the science and technicalities of music. The

principal societies are the Philharmonic and Singvereine of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreund. The Wiener Männergesangverein, under Kremser, the Arion Mannerchor, Schubert-Bund, and St. Cecilia, are all excellent choral societies. The Wagner-Verein, a propaganda for the metaphysical, mathematical, mystical, æsthetically intense school of that master, is perhaps the most intellectually cultured of private societies. Quartette and quintette clubs belong rather to the few musical directors, of whom we shall speak later, than to the public societies. In the city where Joseph Lanner, the Vienna waltz king, was born, and where his birth-place in the Vorstadt Neubau still stands, innumerable small orchestras have sprung up to follow in the footsteps of the composer of the Schönbrunner Walzer. Amidst the *embarras de richesses* Strauss is of course the best, and the Fahrbachsche Capelle worthy of mention.

The Vienna Conservatory is the only one which exerts supreme influence upon the musical societies of the Kaiserstadt. Its professors are among the most distinguished artists, theorists, authors, and teachers in the world. It is untiring in its efforts to educate its pupils. Talent and genius are aided in every possible way. The students have free access to the best concerts, almost free access to the opera, and all other grand musical entertainments, and the unflagging interest of the professors in those intrusted to their care insures sound progress and perfect success. First among the Conservatory concerts stands the Hellemsberger Quartette, organized by that most talented and highly cultivated artist Joseph Hellemsberger in 1849. To him Vienna owes its wondrous perfection of art, the Streich Quartette, whose careful rendition of the Kammermusik of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann has created that peculiar intellectual apprehension and power to criticise found nowhere but in Vienna. The Florentiner Quartette of Prague, under Jean Becker, has given entrancing musical evenings in Vienna, but its splendid triumphs have been the result of the careful systematic musical education developed by Hellemsberger and his superb quartette. Pianists such as Alfred Grünfeld, whose admirable rendition of the literature of modern music awakens most tremendous applause, Löwenstein, and Grün, often give most charming pi-

ano recitals; while foreign artists—Von Bülow and Rubinstein, Scharwenka and Joachim—come yearly to this imperial home of music, and bring with them their choicest treasures of art.

Charming piano recitals and musical evenings are constantly afforded the Viennese at the Bösendorfer-Saal in the Liechtenstein Palace during the Lenten concert season. Liszt from Pesth, St.-Saens, Ritter, and Savori from Paris, Xavier Scharwenka, and Dvořák from Prague, Anton Rucklauf with his soft toneful touch, Rafael Joseffy, whose exquisite technique gives such golden promise of future fame, Sarasate from Spain, and Sauret from America, with the Hungarian virtuoso Auer, fill the hours with magical harmonies.

Leopold Auer was born at Veszprim in 1845. He used to play with more earnestness and fire fifteen years ago, but he now possesses a silvery clear pianissimo which, as a musical friend in Vienna said at a Gesellschaft concert this winter, "sounds as if he was practicing at night, and feared to awaken the neighbors." This peculiar pianissimo is charming, and he has given some of the Beethoven quartettes with Bachrich, Hilbert, and Popper in a masterly manner. It is true, his assistants Bachrich and Hilbert supported him with firm concerting power, and Herr Popper's wondrous 'cello-playing came like a fresh invigorating breeze through the whole, but a sympathetic beauty and development of the motivo glided from Auer's bowing which marked him essentially as the leader.

Among the gracefully cultured *pianistes* who give yearly piano recitals are Madame Benôis and Essipoff (now Madame Lechitinska), and Madame Toni Raab. These *artistes* do not belong to the Rubinstein school, or, as it is said in Vienna of lady pianists of the present day, "the piano-demolishing society." They have power and passion enough, but exquisite delicacy of touch, and intellectual apprehension of the music they render—a peculiar finish which the feminine followers of Rubinstein ignore.

The early spring days are sure to bring Adelina Patti and Nicolini from Paris; then Christine Nilsson, with the glorious tenor Faure, and the delicious *colorateur* singer Frau Schuch-Prohaska, from Berlin, and the tenor Herr Schott from Hanover, with Jäger, the inimitable Siegfried in

all but voice. He acts and looks his part, and the audience, borne into fable-land by the incomparable orchestra, forget personalities, for singing and voice tone are subordinate in the stupendous orchestral and scenic effects which Wagner's music demands. And where else is Wagner given as in Vienna? Where, indeed, is another Hans Richter to be found? Every succeeding year he rises into fuller glory. He is more and more wonderful in his apprehension of the masters whose works he brings before the public. Jahn, of whom we shall speak later, is now in charge of the Hofoper, but Richter, the director of its orchestra and the Philharmonic Society, is the one to whom Wagner owes most gratitude for the superb manner in which his operas have been put upon the Vienna stage. To Richter alone, aided of course by such an orchestra and such a staff of singers as the Hofoper boasts, must be awarded the magnificent success of the *Nibelungen Ring* cyclus as given two winters ago.

Madame Friedrich Materna is in all historical operas a great *artiste*, but she seems born to be the Wagnerian priestess. In no other operas does she rise to those ideal heights of grandeur which are required in Wagner's *Nibelungen* cyclus. No ordinary nature could personate the half human, half Walküre Brünnhilde so exquisitely. Materna seems endowed with mind, heart, form, and voice for the character. She is a true daughter of Wotan and Erda, and the superhuman efforts required of an artist seem to fall naturally from this strangely magnetic mythological woman. The highest of all art—the art which conceals art—is hers, and in the *Weltbegrüssung*, when those glorious arpeggios, springing in accord from the golden-toned harps of Zamara and his daughter, mount up in round full tones, trembling with passionate power at the entrance into the new world—which is, indeed, the old—

“Heil dir, Sonne!
Heil dir, Licht!”—

and the white-robed figure in the magnificent grandeur of a goddess rises from the rock where she has slept for years on the lonely mountain, it seems no human woman, it is Brünnhilde the Walküre! But at the words

“Ich bin erwacht!”

the earthly nature dawns, and in the pas-

sionate measures of the *Liebesgruss* she rushes into the arms of Siegfried. The

“mountain's purple rim”

shimmers through the measures of the

“Siegfried seliger Held!
Du Wecker des Lebens, siegendes Licht!”

where the *Sterbegesang*, which surges up in the line,

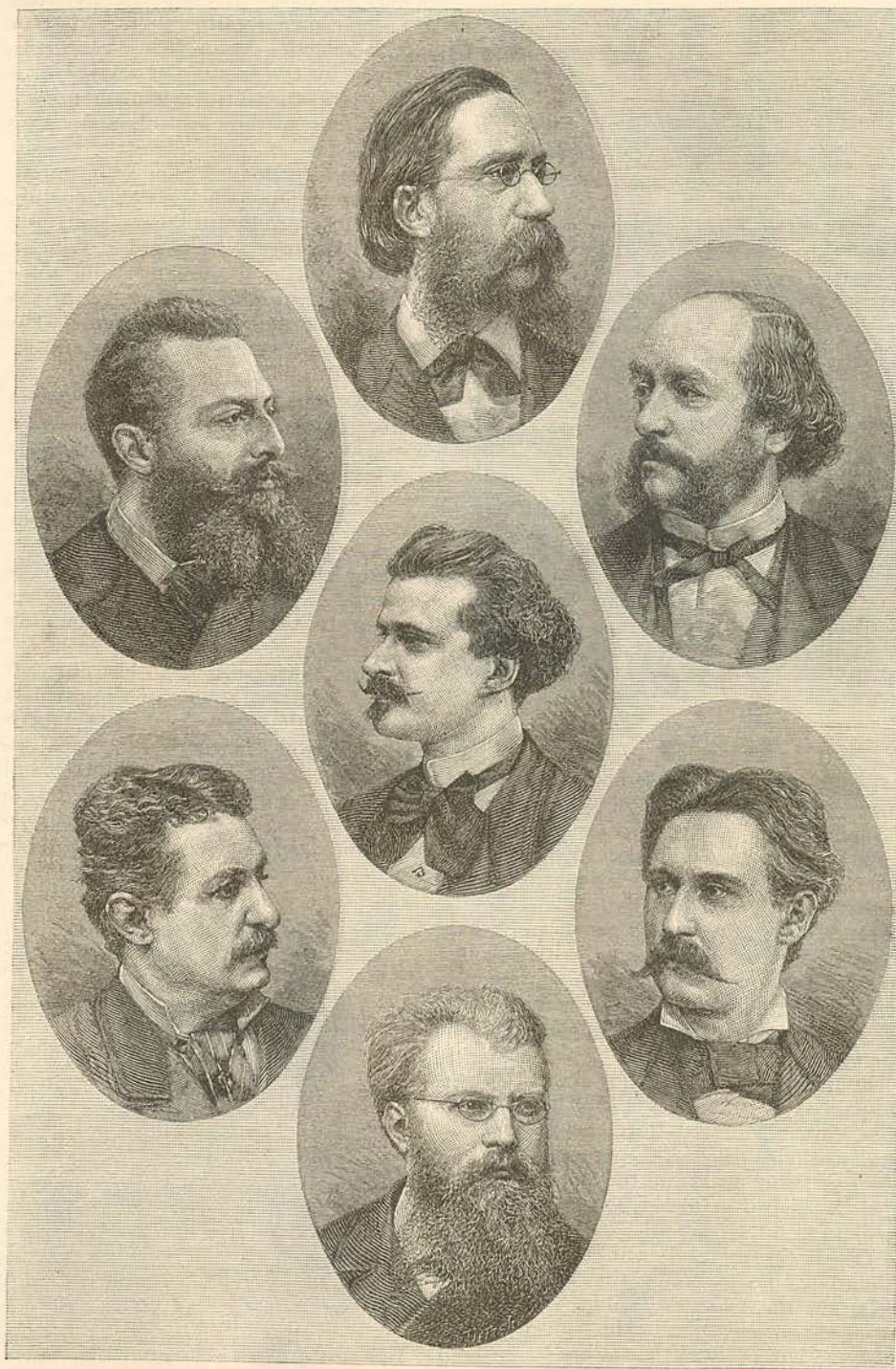
“Dich Zarten nährt' ich, noch eh' du gezeugt,

reminds them they are of this earth. Materna is the only Brünnhilde in the world; until she has been heard, Wagner's creation of a *human* Walküre can not even be apprehended.

Madame Bertha Ehnn, with Fräulein Kraus and Siegstädt, should not be forgotten in connection with Wagner's operas. They are charming in every *rôle*, but their clear sweet voices execute the difficult cadenzas and unrhythmic measures of their parts in *Walküre* or *Siegfried* with flute-like purity. Of Mesdames Kupfer, Woriani, and Bianci one can not say as much: they are passably adapted to *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, *Fliegender Holländer*, and *Rienzi*, but their voices are better suited to the Mozart, Rossini, and Meyerbeer operas. Pauline Lucca, now Baroness Wallhofen, has been too often heard in America to need mention in these pages.

Herr Gustav Walter, the tenor, ought never to be judged from his operatic performances. His acting is good, and his voice deliciously sweet; but he can not be properly appreciated until he has been heard in the Schubert Lieder, at the concert which he gives early in March, in memory of Franz Schubert. It is almost impossible to obtain tickets to this concert, as they are ordered and bought months in advance. It is given in the Bösendorfer-Saal, and the room is small. The concert is more an *In Memoriam*, a requiem for the great master, given before the aristocracy and artists of Vienna, than a musical entertainment for the multitude.

Walter's sympathetic power to correctly apprehend an author is especially wonderful. Beethoven's “Blümchen Wunderhold,” a simple child-like melody and accompaniment, he sings with such earnest, soulful expression that it becomes a new creation, a masterpiece which no other master has hitherto discovered it to be.



LEOPOLD AUER.
GUSTAV WALTER.

PROFESSOR EPSTEIN.
EDWARD STRAUSS.
HANS RICHTER.

JOSEPH HELLEMSBERGER.
XAVIER SCHARWENKA.



MADAME BIANCI.

In a Schumann and Brahms evening, mixed with gems from Goldmark and Grödener, last winter, Walter gave two singular Zigeuner melodies from Anton Dvořák, exotics, for which his mezzo voice is particularly adapted.

Rokitansky, the superb basso, and Scaria, the Wotan in *Rheingold*, with voices of splendid power, and Beck the younger, with his father's voice, but fresher and clearer, if occasionally wanting in depth, are artists of the first rank.

Rokitansky's acting, however, is the despair of all prime donne. When Juliet dies, Father Lorenzo—Rokitansky—is generally at one corner of the stage talking to some of the chorus, and the descendant of the Capulets has hard work to get him near her.

Of all the privately public concerts in Vienna, those given by the Wagner-Verein are the most enjoyable. They are open, of course, to all who can procure tickets; but as these tickets are to be had only through the members of the society, it is not easy to secure them. Each member has a sister or brother to bring, and when it comes to a musical treat, people

are not generous to mere friends; they serve their own families first. At these concerts selections from Wagner's works are given by the best artist members, or guests from other cities whom they have invited. One of the most talented young Capellmeister is the pianist Theodor Mottl, the director of the orchestra at the Komische Oper on the Schottenring. This is the opera-house where Patti and other Italian singers are heard in Vienna. Mr. Mottl is the accompanist and tutor (or coach, to use an English term) for the prima donna Kupfer-Berger. The office might be a sinecure if he would allow himself to share the *dolce far niente* nature of this fair artiste, but he makes her work hard. Madame Kupfer spent a few weeks near our summer home in the neighborhood of the Sofean Alps two years ago. Poor Mottl had hard work to make her repeat operatic passages she slurred over in studying; but he did it, and when we heard her in the fall at the re-opening of the opera season, the effect of her careful training during the summer told in her voice.

Madame Marie Wilt, who has now left Vienna for Leipsic, is one of the greatest vocal losses the Kaiserstadt has experienced. Her voice is wonderful, almost superhuman in its power. It is like a steam-whistle on some high notes, but the grandeur, breadth, and organ quality of her medium tones are superb. A coarser-look-



PROFESSOR ANTOINE ZAMARA.

ing creature never tortured the eyes of an audience. She is impossible to disguise. The magnificence of her regal costume in Margaret of Valois, the stately velvets of Lucretia Borgia, the violet robes of Bertha in *Le Prophète*, could not change the fat ungainly form or refine the coarse features of the thrifty frugal housewife whom

the kreutzers she had given him the day before. Notwithstanding all this small gossip about her miserly ways, she rises to sublimity in her art. At one of the last *Künstler Abende* at which she sang before leaving Vienna, her rendition of Schubert's "Die Allmacht" was grandiose — *kolossalisch*, as the Austrians express a



MATHILDE MARCHESI.

MARIE WILT.

BERTHA EHNN.

Strakosch is said to have found scrubbing her kitchen floor when he called to secure an American engagement with her. However this may be, she is a notable housewife, and prefers disputing over the price of eggs, and the amount of *Wurst* given for ten kreutzers, to singing for anything but money. She has no sympathetic genius to work upon. She took up singing at the age of thirty-one as a trade, and a trade she has made of it ever since. One of the best stories told of Wilt, quite possible and probable, is that on her good-natured days she gives two kreutzers to the *Zahlkellner* at the café, but when ill-tempered she asks him to return one of

certain grandeur of effect. This evening Marie Wilt sang as no woman ever sang before. She is probably the most dramatic singer the world has ever known. Cover your eyes, and it seems as if an unknown instrument was leading and overmastering the orchestra. Her voice is unearthly in its wondrous power. One is forced to admire the study that has brought such power into vocal control. It is astonishing mechanism, but a heartless, soulless voice. "Die Allmacht," however, seemed an ascription of praise; heaven and earth, mingling in the tones of the singer's voice, seemed filled with the majesty of God's glory.

These *Künstler Abende*, which begin late in November and end in February, are the most delightful public musical, literary, and artistic sociables of the imperial city. Season tickets for ladies accompanied by gentlemen can be purchased for about twenty dollars each; they are not transferable, nor are ladies admitted without gentlemen. If the gentleman is detained at home by illness, he can notify the directors to this effect, and send his card and ticket; the lady will then be met at the door by one of the ushers, and taken to whatever part of the room she may select.

If she is wise, and cares nothing for fashion and the front *Cerclesitz* among the aristocracy and *haute finance*, she will secure a place on the sofa in the left-hand corner of the Saal, opposite the stage. It is the place Rubinstein always chooses when he attends Philharmonic rehearsals, and music does indeed sound better there than in other parts of the hall.

The entertainment begins about ten o'clock, after the opera and theatres are closed, for the Hofoper orchestra must get on its white and gold uniform, and the prime *donne* and *tenori* who are to sing must get into concert-stage costume, while actors and actresses must put on charming evening or ball toilet, and lounge languidly into their *artiste loge*, or share the sofa of some noble patroness in the *Cerclesitz*. It is the place to see Viennese dames dressed. One can not be overdressed there, and surely Solomon in all his glory would have had hard work to outdo these descendants of his subjects, the wives and daughters of *haute finance* Jewish bankers and lawyers. Peers of the realm, with medals and orders innumerable fastened to little gold chains on their black dress-coats; officers in brilliant uniforms; all other gentlemen in evening dress; the profusion of flowers and lights; and, above all, the superb Pompeian crimson and gold of the Musikvereinssaal, its dead-gold walls panelled with maroon and dark blue geometrical traceries in polychrome, its ceiling panelled with pictured Muses on gold ground, and its deep blue squares bordered in gold, from which suns of gas-light blaze down upon the audience, its magnificent gold caryatides upholding the galleries, and the graceful elegance of its chandelier pendants flashing their grouped lights down on

"The gleam of satin and glimmer of pearls,"

scattering the prismatic rays from tiaras and *rivières* of diamonds that adorn the most beautiful women in the world—these are enough, even before the overture from the marvellous orchestra begins, to intoxicate every sense.

Here it is that Sarasate first delighted us with the bewitching sweetness of his violin, the unmatchable, unfailling surety of his playing. The moment the bow falls on his Straduarius we hear a stream of perfect tone, through which immense difficulties glance like phantoms; again, he transforms his violin into a guitar accompaniment, imitating *pizzicotto*, which accompanies the graceful melody carried by the bow. The Ernst G string scratching, and soaring from high to low tone, is applauded, and so Sarasate, like other violinists, submits and gives it, but one sees that the applause which follows is no pleasure to the artist.

Here, too, Xavier Scharwenka gave us his brilliant staccato *études*, and a Thema with variations in imitation of Brahms; but the imitation was too original, too Scharwenkish; no one could have recognized the simple plastic theme of Brahms in the gorgeous dress that hid but did not reveal its remembered form. His rendition of Chopin was not, as many players render that master, sickly and affected; he played with fine sentiment, technically, musically clear; he made the mysterious sickness of Chopin health. But who can imagine Chopin in health?

Another evening, Joachim, in Spohr's "Gesangscene," wafted his audience back to childhood's dreams by the clear, full, sweet tones in which Spohr delights to rock imagination into dream-land.

Then Von Bülow gave a few improvisations from Wagner. He has less melodic invention than Liszt, and perhaps the criticism of one of Vienna's best critics is true. He said, "In diesem Menschen componirt nur der Ehrgeiz!" Von Bülow's playing is the product of reflection; it does not warm us as does Rubinstein's geniality.

These Saturday night *Künstler Abende* ended, the audience, after a few hours' rest, are found the next day in the churches where the best music is to be heard. The Hofcapelle in the imperial Hofburg has the finest. Its choir is composed of boys under fourteen years of age, and the chief male singers of the Hofoper—Walter the tenor, Rokitansky the bass, Carl Richter, the court organist, at the organ, and

an orchestra made up from the best artists of the Philharmonic Society. The solos of Zamara, the harpist, are never heard more effectively than in the high invisible gallery of that court chapel.

The Augustiner Church is also constantly thronged for its music, but the brass instruments in the orchestra there are too noisy for Conservatory devotees, and although the old Prince di Montenuovo*

dame Dustmann in the singing, is also remarkably fine. "Which is the countess, and which the opera-singer?" is often asked by more scientific critics than the Emperor of Brazil, who first started the question when he heard their rendition of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" five years ago. It is indeed hard to determine. Dustmann, with her high pure voice, full and round in scale passages, and brilliantly bravura-



COUNTESS IRMA ANDRASSY.

writes most charming "Graduale," "Agnus Dei," and "Sanctus," he is not preferred to the more classical music given in the court chapel. The Italian singing at the Minoriten, where the charming Countess Wickenberg-Almassy often assists Ma-

* The son of Marie Louise and Count Neuberger, who, when he married the widowed ex-Empress and became a Prince, Italianized his name to "Montenuovo."

in roulade, or the beautiful countess, with the sweetest soprano tones springing upward in aerial arpeggios, and sinking into silence through mazes of bird-like trill and warbling cadenza—it is quite too charming to stop and question; one can only listen, and sigh when the music ceases.

Countess Irma Andrassy, the niece of the ex-Prime Minister, sometimes sings at this church. She has a fine contralto



COUNTESS WICKENBERG-ALMASSY.

voice, which Marchesi has admirably developed, but the Countess Rossi has one of the most artistically cultivated voices in Vienna. She is never heard in public; but occasionally in the choir at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, or at private musical parties at Prince Hohenlohe's, this most charming of amateurs sometimes sings. She is extremely sensitive and retiring, and shrinks from all publicity; but the name and fame of her beautiful mother, Henrietta Sontag, are too well known in America, and the entrancing melody of her voice has been heard in too many of our concert-rooms, to omit mention here of the artistic talent of her daughter the Countess Marie. She does not resemble her mother in appearance, but her tones are full of the exquisite vibration, the crystal ring, that thrilled us so in *Sonnambula* and the "Wanderlieder" of Schubert.

From the churches on Philharmonic concert days the people again hasten to the Musikvereinssaal, to hear that most perfect of musical societies in existence. It is composed of the best Conservatorists and members of the imperial opera orchestra. Their rehearsals are not opened to the public. The pupils of the conservatories, artists, teachers, and a few amateur musicians can secure tickets; but it is not fashionable to crowd into the Musikvereinssaal at two o'clock Saturday afternoons, and sit there until six.

The Philharmonic are all artists, or artists in embryo, and the perfection of their playing might be described by a paraphrase on Schiller's definition of love:

*All hearts by one pulse beating;
Many spirits, but one thought.*

Their bowing is wonderful. Not one hair's-breadth do they seem to differ. Hands and arms move in metronomic precision, and the exquisite apprehension of the music they render is shown in their negation of personality to form a perfect whole. Such finished perfection can only come from true artists, to whom music is all, and who willingly sink self to merge individuality into supreme unity. Their rendition of Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart is beyond criticism; it is the perfection of earthly harmony, through which weird suggestions of spiritual tones come in whispers too mysteriously sublime to be described in words. It is under Richter that they have reached this extraordinary culture.

Under Director Jahn, of Wiesbaden, the opera orchestra has become, as Vienna critics express it, "a cathedral bell," which Jahn holds in his hand, and rings at pleasure. He has given the opera of *Puritani* so admirably that it was not tedious; he has begun to weed out poor voices and sow new ones in his prime donne realm; he has flung aside the French arrangements of former directors, and given the original text of Schubert and Mendelssohn. The operetta *Hauskrieg* is truly set before us, and even the *Lorelei*, which Mendelssohn never finished, is left sitting on her rock above the Rhine, while Weber's *Oberon* is given with entirely new scenes. Weber never liked his London libretto, taken from Wieland's poem; he wished to make one for Germany. His death prevented the accomplishment of this plan; but his successor, Franz Willner, the director of the court opera at Dresden, aided by De Grandaur, of Vienna, has made the text-book as given under Jahn. Willner's sympathy for Von Weber's peculiarities in melody, harmony, and orchestration has led him to use the master's motives for recitative, which in the English libretto is spoken prose.

Dearth of good novelties is the hardest trial of a director in Vienna. For this musical blood-poverty there seems no remedy. From 1820 to 1830, C. M. von Weber, Spohr, Rossini, Boieldieu, Hérold, and

young Auber worked valiantly for the operatic stage; from 1830 to 1850, Bellini, Donizetti, Adam, Halévy, Meyerbeer, Marschner, Lortzing, and Kreutzer filled the musical world with melody; from 1850 to 1860 only Meyerbeer's *Nordstern* and *Dinorah*, Gounod's *Faust*, and the Verdi operas are to be found. The twenty years that have elapsed since then seem almost a barren waste in every land. Operas have been composed, it is true, as a clever critic says, "many in France, very many in Germany, an awful lot in Italy (thirty-nine in one year)," but few of them have borne more than two or three representations, and these at long intervals.

Director Jahn is wise in reviving the old operas. Spohr's *Jessonda* and Marschner's *Templar* and *Jewess* are full of pleasing phrases, which rest one after the symphonic poems heard from the Philharmonic or the Streich Quartette. The Emperor Josef II. was the founder of the German opera at Vienna; he cared little for the sonatas and symphonies of a Beethoven, but Italian music amused him, and German operettas entertained him.

We have spoken of the faithful teaching in the Vienna Conservatory; let us glance at a few of the professors employed there. Anton Door is not a brilliant pianist, but conscientious and faithful to authority; *les bonnes traditions du piano* are never improvised upon by him. In the rendering of classical music his technique is firm, even, reliable, nothing slurred or hurried over, the tempo, metronomic. He sends out pupils like himself, reliable and methodical. Door is delightful as an accompanist; his improvisations are wonderfully artistic and full of sentiment.

Professor Epstein is the more finished player. His scale-playing is perfect, a rain of pearls gliding down silver wires:

"The mill-wheel dripping with diamonds
In the golden sunset shine,"

can alone symbolize the exquisite brilliancy and even rhythmic measures of his clear, delicate touch. His face is a perfect barometer at a concert. He is sure to be found in the central portion of the audience, and although the gold-rimmed spectacles deprive one of the expression of his eyes, the forehead seems to expand or wrinkle as he likes or dislikes the music, and the mustache, long and silky as it is, does not hide the nervous twitching of

the mobile mouth. He is a true artist and genial gentleman, even if he is sometimes selfish enough to say, when American march-and-polka-playing pupils come to him for instruction, "I am very sorry, but you had better go to my wife; my hours are full."

Among the Conservatory teachers, and one to whom the Conservatorists are most indebted for their peculiarly clear and firm technique, is Herr Schmidt. His life, until the present time, has not been one of ease and success. He was born in 1835 at Kotten, a small town in Bohemia. His father taught him musical notation and the rudiments of singing, as all the schoolmasters on the Continent do teach their pupils, superficially, pedantically. His father died when he was ten years old, and his mother, as long as her slender means would allow, sent him to a music school in Prague. As there was no vacancy for him in the violin school, he became an oboist. At the age of fifteen he came to Vienna, and was engaged as oboist in the Josephstadt Theatre. He soon after went to Bucharest, where he had obtained an engagement as oboist. It was some time before he could afford to have a piano, but as soon as this could be done he studied without a master until, in 1856, he returned to Vienna as oboist, pianist, and composer. He was engaged in the orchestra of the Burg Theatre, during which time he wrote a "piano school" for his numerous pupils. He studied under Professor Dachs of the Conservatory, and after two years gained the silver medal, and was named as teacher in the Conservatory at Vienna. He gave up composition to devote himself to his pupils, but he continued to write articles on various subjects for the newspapers. In 1874 his book on pedal use and practice appeared, and five years later his arrangement of Clemente's *Gradus ad Parnassum* to supplement his piano method. His *Art of Phrasing* and *Art of Touch* will soon be ready for the publisher, but for a year past he has devoted himself to composition, and some exquisitely beautiful songs and a four-act opera have been the result. He teaches a class of eighty pupils, plays the oboe in the court chapel, and composes unceasingly.

The vocal department of the Conservatory, which for many years was under the able direction of Madame Marchesi, is now under Frau Dustmann, once a prima don-



PROFESSOR JOSEF GANSBÄCHER.

na at the imperial opera. Madame Pessiak, a well-known teacher of Vienna, is also connected with the Conservatory, and Professor Josef Gansbacher, the celebrated master who brought out Wilt, Stahl, and Braga in opera, and Fräulein Rosa Büchler in the concert-room, has also a few of the finishing pupils. Kremser has charge of the Männergesangverein, which has lately won fresh laurels by their splendid interpretation of an old German hymn by Volkmann, arranged by Kremser for a double chorus, and filled with enormous difficulties.

But Madame Mathilde Marchesi, Marquise di Castrone della Rajata, stands at the head of vocal instruction in Vienna. Her life reads like a romance. She was born of distinguished family, at Frankfort-am-Main, in 1826. Her sister, the Baroness Ertmann, a pupil of Beethoven, and to whom he dedicated his grand sonata, Op. 101, was a most distinguished pianiste. After the death of her father, Herr Von Graumann, who, notwithstanding his kindness in providing the best instruction in every department for his children, insisted that "Mädchen gehören an den Nähtisch oder in die Küche." Mathilde went to London to educate herself as a singing teacher under Emanuel Garcia. There she met a handsome young Neapolitan, who on political grounds had been

banished from Italy. Under the artistic name of Salvatore Marchesi he had been giving concerts in America, and in 1849 had sung in opera in New York; but this engagement over, he had gone to London to study under Garcia. Of course these young artists fell in love, and after completing their studies and obtaining diplomas from Garcia, they married and set out on a concert tour. In Berlin, Leipsic, Weimar, Frankfurt-am-Main, wherever they appeared, they won splendid triumphs. Mathilde Marchesi's voice was perfect, her appearance strikingly beautiful and sympathetic. They were everywhere kindly received and entertained; Liszt and other great artists befriended them. In 1854 they came to Vienna, and a week after, Director Hellemberger offered her the vocal professorship in the Conservatory. It was no easy position: singing then was in its infancy in the Conservatory; but Madame Marchesi went bravely to work, and during the five years of her professorship she prepared and brought out in opera Gabrielle Kraus of Paris, Antoinette Fricci of Lisbon, Caroline Dory, Amalie Fabbrini, and Ilma de Murska.

In 1861 she resigned her position and went to Paris, and four years afterward accepted the invitation of Director Ferdinand Hiller to take the head of the vocal department in the Conservatory at Cologne. Three years passed, and she returned to Vienna, and again took her position in the Conservatory. But her fame attracted so many private pupils that she soon became obliged to resign her post, and give all her attention to those who flocked to her husband and herself for vocal instruction. She has educated many prime donne now singing in America, Russia, France, Italy, and Germany, and her classes are still full.

In the crowded ranks of Vienna music teachers it would be impossible to decide which are the best, so much depends on the pupil, and the surroundings in which the pupil lives, whether among the education-seeking class of the bourgeoisie, or the superficial-accomplishment-acquiring society of the titled nobility. Among the teachers who have labored with infinite success in both classes should be mentioned that most devoted of piano teachers Madame Mathilde Gillek, and the harpists Fräulein Beatrix Fels and Thérèse Zamara.