

minor, allegro molto, andante, menuetto, allegro, and finale. I cannot tell you how beautifully, especially the andante, which carried one into the realms of the celestial. Reiniche, conducting, seems not only to use his baton as a medium of conveying his own feeling to the orchestra but to the audience as well. His musical power is wonderful. A tenor from Dusseldorf, Franz Litzinger, sang a romance from Weber's Guryanthe, but of his performance the less said the better. Frau Magarethe Stern, of Dresden, was the pianist, playing Schumann's concerto in A minor with that clean, clear, beautiful technique, which we observe at once in all the piano players in Germany, sometimes, I regret to say, to the sacrifice of musical feeling. On Thursday Nov. 24th, the American residents (some two hundred) of Leipsig celebrated their National Thanksgiving, first by a Thanksgiving service in the American church, of which Mr. Workman, formerly of Victoria College, Cobourg Ont., is pastor, and who is doing a great work here, keeping together in religious communion, the English speaking people of the city. In the evening they gave a short concert consisting of native American songs and choruses, completing the programme with a "House Guard" performance. Sixteen young ladies with dresses arranged with stars and stripes gave a "Broom Drill Parade," which gave the Germans present (and there were a large number) no little amusement. Refreshments were served and dancing followed. The whole spirit of the entertainment, from the decorations, consisting of American, British and German colours, to the courtesy and kindness shown to the English and Germans present, was one of large Christian feeling. Last night at the old Gewandhaus we had the Nikita concert. Nikita is only fifteen years old. The story goes here that her parents lived at Niagara Falls, U. S., and that in her infancy or very early childhood, she was kidnapped and fell into the hands of the Indians who took her to the far West giving her the name of Nikita. Her singing was greatly appreciated by the Chief of the tribe, and on his deathbed he gave orders she should be restored to her parents, he also requested she should be educated as a singer (?). She was accordingly sent to Italy, where she has had the best masters, and has now appeared in public. Not pretty, but very attractive in appearance, she comes on the stage in the sweetest and most unaffected manner, folds her little hands and sings exquisitely, a pure true voice, beautifully trained, plenty of power, genuine sympathy; I hardly need say she received an ovation. There is not a doubt that Nikita has a great future before her.—G. L.

CORRESPONDENCE.

All letters must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer.

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"PROF. HOWLER."—HIS HYMN (?) BOOK.

To the Editor of THE MUSICAL JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—I am a constant reader of your paper, and have been much pleased with it so far as it has gone, but if you will pardon my saying so, it has not gone far enough. You have devoted considerable space to a discussion of the merits and demerits of Tonic Sol-fa and the Staff Notation; you have attacked that ubiquitous imp, the encore fiend though apparently without much success (witness the Juch-Carreño concert, where he displayed his ugly features as persistently as ever, and sent me home suffering from a bad attack of musical indigestion—necessitating half an hour next morning with Bach's "Two Part Inventions," by way of taking a "hair of the dog that bit me"), and in many ways you have done your best to remedy existing abuses in the world of music.

There is one point, however, on which you have not touched. You have never, so far as I have observed, referred to the eminent artist and composer—particularly composer—whose name I have had the temerity to insert "with(out) special permission," at the head of this letter.

Of course you know Prof. Howler? "Him as writ the new hymn-book?" To be sure—the same. Travels around in company with a noted evangelist and leads the singing

at the meetings. His hymn-books are marvels of cheapness and despatch. The tunes are built on the most economical principles, made from the old Moody and Sankey recipe—of which I have been fortunate enough to secure a copy. Here it is for the benefit of any aspiring "composer" amongst your readers:

"First lay in a plentiful supply of blank music-paper, pens and ink. Also a book of music-hall songs, current in London, or any other large city, some twenty years before date. In default of such a song-book, any collection of old (lively) national melodies or tunes of any kind will do, and a cabinet-organ. Try over your stock of tunes until you strike one that will fit, or with a little squeezing or stretching can be made to fit, the words you wish to set to music. Copy the tune so selected, paying attention to any cutting or patching that may be necessary, and add alto, tenor and bass parts according to the rules given in the foot-note. Sign your name with the prefix "Prof." in the upper right-hand corner, and send the copy to the printer!

"Note.—To write an alto part—Put notes on the next line or next space below the melody for two bars or so, and then on the third line below the spaces and third space below the lines for another two bars, and so on, sticking in an occasional note on any line or space (provided it is always under the melody) for the sake of variety. To write the tenor—Write four bars on the fifth note from the key-note, then two on the sixth, two on the fifth, and so on. An occasional accidental looks well in the tenor. To write the bass—Write alternately fifths (two bars) and octaves, with the tenor; never change the note more often than in say two bars. If you are pressed for time the bass may consist of two notes only, the key-note and fourth below.

"For the guidance of those writers who know the technical terms we may add, always resolve the minor seventh upward, leave the third out of every fourth chord, and never neglect an opportunity to work in consecutives."

Judging by his latest production Prof. Howler, if not the compiler of the above concise rules of composition, has thoroughly mastered the principles embodied in them. He is an adept at the "squeezing and stretching" business, and has produced some remarkable illustrations of what may be accomplished by "try, try, trying again," in this particular direction. Taking for his ensample that wonderful tune, "Nothing but the Blood," which some one has so ingeniously manufactured from an old Scotch air, he has labored on until we have before us "Gabriel's Trumpet," a Collection of Sacred Songs and Solos, by Prof. Tritonius Howler. Price 25 cents."

Tucking an evangelist under his arm, like a modern Paul and Barnabas, the two travel on till they fall out. Selling the "Gabriel's Trumpet" at revivals is away ahead of tent-making as a means of raising the wherewithal, and with the plethora of willing purchasers the only wonder is that the business is not more extensively gone into. If Paul had "tumbled" to the new hymn-book racket he would have had more opportunities of studying how to "abound." Unfortunately he seems to have been rather a conservative churchman, which perhaps accounts for his sticking to his tent-making and the psalms of David. How old "Father Bach," Purcell and the like would open their eyes if they stumbled across a copy of "Gabriel's Trumpet." What a revolution it would be to poor old Palesrina!

Seriously, Mr. Editor, is it not time for the real musicians in our midst to fall into line on this question, and commence a crusade, war to the knife, upon this spurious "music"? If something is not done speedily the taste of the rising generation in the matter of church music, and indeed any music, will be entirely destroyed. Let us be up and doing.

Yours faithfully,

Pew.

ALL OVER.

A Hungarian violinist was drowned recently, at Madagascar.

The Princess Beatrice has composed a song entitled "The Merry Month of May."

Wagner's "Siegfried" was produced for the first time in America, on Wednesday evening, the 9th Nov., at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.