

children by Mr. Singer. Their voices were harmonious, and in perfect unison; once they got a little flat, when the organ emphatically gave the pitch, which the youthful choristers caught without difficulty, and maintained to the end. Rossini's "Night Shades no Longer," as sung by the children, created such overpowering enthusiasm, that Thomas had to yield, as already mentioned, to the demand for a repetition. His own delight on the occasion seemed, indeed, to be as unbounded as that of the audience.

The culminating point of the festival was, however, Thursday night's performance. The programme included Bach's Magnificat in D, to be performed for the first time in America, and "Beethoven's wondrous Ninth Symphony." The latter was doubtless the magnet that drew together so unprecedentedly vast a concourse of people, estimated to have numbered eight thousand.

Of Bach, an eminent modern composer, Gounod, has said that were all the music composed since his time swept out of existence, upon what he alone did it could all be rebuilt. The Magnificat in D is divided into twelve numbers, two solos for sopranos, one each for alto, tenor, and bass, a duet for alto and tenor, a trio for two sopranos and alto, and four choruses. The character of the music is calm and devotional; it roused little enthusiasm, but was listened to with close and respectful attention. Miss Carey's alto solo, and the trio sung by Mrs. Smith, Miss Whinnery, and Miss Carey, were gems in themselves; but they were soon lost in the splendid choruses at the close, the grand and intricate harmonies of which convey a majestic idea of the composer's genius.

Notwithstanding the oppressive heat, and the terrible crowding from which the audience was suffering, and which, during the intermission, seemed positively unbearable, the opening of the Ninth Symphony worked like magic in restoring content and quiet. In the directness of its appeal to our higher nature, it seemed to say: "I understand you; listen to me while I interpret for you your inmost emotions." Opinions, however, have been far from unanimous, even among high authorities, concerning the merits of this celebrated work. Marx, on the one hand, has declared that "it exhausts the resources of instrumental music," while Spohr on the other, maintains that, "in spite of occasional traits of genius, it is inferior to any of Beethoven's earlier ones." For our own part, we shall only speak of it as it affected ourselves. For one hour it seemed to fairly charm existence. The first three movements are orchestral, plaintive, full of melody, and changeable; the first, *Allegro ma non troppo*, being succeeded by the *Scherzo*, almost wildly gay, yet revealing an undertone of sadness; and this giving place to an *Adagio*, in which the great charm of the symphony resides. The tones of this movement seem like sobs; the exquisite *dimi-*

nuendos are wails of profound sorrow. At the close of the *Adagio*, there is one abrupt and almost frantic transition, the fourth movement beginning with a piercing note, like some supreme cry of anguish; then, as if sorrow had exhausted herself, the music follows a more tranquil course of expression, reminding us of Tennyson's beautiful lines in "In Memoriam."

"My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then."

The chorus in this symphony had a difficult task. Some of the vocal parts lie almost out of range; but they "scaled the heights" with enthusiasm. The performance, altogether, was superb; and at its close the audience completely lost self-control, the vast mass rising to their feet, cheering, gesticulating, waving handkerchiefs, while the chorus-singers bestowed special cheers on their conductor, Mr. Otto Singer. Such a scene might naturally remind us of the first performance of the symphony in 1824, at Vienna, in the presence of the great master himself. At that time he had been completely deaf for twenty years, and, having his face turned intently towards the orchestra, he knew nothing of the tumult of enthusiasm or the thunders of applause that filled the building; till some one gently turned him towards the audience. Then he *saw* what he could not hear; and many in the audience realising thus for the first time the full extent of the great composer's affliction, melted into tears.

We have not space to discuss at any length the music produced on the last day of the festival (Friday). "Pieta, Pieta," from Meyerbeer's "Prophet," was exquisitely sung at the matinée by Miss Carey; while Handel's "Oh, ruddier than the cherry!" displayed the great versatility of Mr. Whitney's voice. The programme for the evening consisted of Schubert's Ninth Symphony, in C, selections from Wagner's "Walkure," and Liszt's beautiful Cantata, "Prometheus." It is painful to think that such genius as Schubert's should have been associated with so much of worldly misfortune, and should so signally have failed of recognition among his contemporaries. Beethoven knew very little of him; though, shortly before his own death, looking over a number of Schubert's songs, he recognized in him, as he said, "a godlike spark." The Ninth Symphony was finished in March, 1828, and Schubert died in the following November. It was his purpose to throw into this work the whole wealth of his genius, so that it might be a monument of him to after generations. Those who have heard it cannot fail to wonder at the superhuman sweetness poured forth from a life so unfortunate and sorrowful.

Mr. Otto Singer relieved Mr. Thomas in the performance of the "Prometheus." At a concerted moment, the chorus-singers, who felt how much they owed to his faithful drilling, covered him with a shower of bouquets, with which they had provided themselves for