

LEIPSIK.—Herr Conrad Schleinitz, one of the founders of the Leipzig Conservatory, and for many years its director, died, recently, at the age of seventy-nine years.

KIRK.—At a recent performance in Pittsburg of "The Fairy Grotto," a fine gold-mounted *baton* and a gold watch chain were presented by the chorus and orchestra to the director, Thomas F. Kirk. Alas! Toronto how you do treat your composers.—*Ed.*

"PATIENCE.—"The London public needs to exercise patience, for seats to witness Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience" are all taken far into July! No such success for light operas—or heavy, either, for that matter—has hitherto been known in London.

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### A NEW TENOR.

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M. Millet has surprised Paris with a new tenor at the Theatre du Chateau d'Eau. He is capable of giving the high C with as much ease as an ordinary singer can give a note half an octave lower. This new marvel is a young Frenchman named Henri Prevost. He comes from Havre, where he exercised the trade of a locksmith. How he abandoned the hammer and file for the boards of a *cafe concert* is not stated; but M. Millet discovered him on the stage of an establishment of that nature in Paris called La Scala. He is perfectly and utterly untrained, knows nothing whatever about the science or theories of music, and just as little about acting. But the voice is there, pure, even, powerful and melodious, wonderful in range, and not less surprising in quality. If he does not shout and scream it into utter ruin, as he probably will do if left to his own devices, he has the making in him of such a tenor as the boards of the Grand Opera does not possess to-day. Twenty-two or three years old, I should judge, and he is a round-faced, fresh-complexioned, boyish-looking fellow, evidently immensely delighted and probably no less amazed at his sudden and overwhelming success. On the night of his *debut*, when he was called out after the "*Di quella pira*," he came forward waving over his head, with boyish glee, a bank note for one hundred francs which the manager had just presented to him. The audience seemed to take this *naive* expression of delight in good part, and redoubled their applause.—*Paris Correspondence of Philadelphia Telegram.*

GABBI—Mlle. Gabbi, Mr. Mapleson's new American *prima donna* is said by the London critics to improve steadily with each new performance. Her singing is sympathetic and expressive, and her acting is marked by feeling and good taste. She gives promise of becoming a very useful member of Her Majesty's Opera Company.

RUDERSDORFF.—M<sup>de</sup>. Rudersdorff's country house, at Berlin in this state, having been destroyed by fire during the past winter, she will occupy an estate at Wrentham during the present summer. She formerly passed the warm months at Wrentham. She will now rebuild her house at Berlin.

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### VIEUXTEMPS.

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Vieuxtemps, whose death was announced in *The Record* lately, was one of the most distinguished violinists of the time. He was a native of Verviers, in Belgium, where he made his first public appearance on the 27th of February, 1820, and, as musicians, like poets, are born and not made, he was recognized as a kind of prodigy during his earliest childhood. When six years old he played the violin in public with so much success that the King of Holland granted a pension for the completion of his musical education, and he at once entered on a complete course of study under M. De Beriot, the most brilliant soloist of that period. He received lessons in composition at Paris from Reicha, and

at Vienna from Sechter, and in 1841 his own great reputation commenced. On this occasion he performed, at a meeting of the Society of the Conservatoire of Paris, a concerto which was applauded no less for the musical knowledge it displayed than for the consummate ability with which it was executed. He possessed, indeed, all the qualifications of a great violinist, certainty of touch, firm and dexterous "bowing," depth of tone and freedom of style, while his concerto was at once pronounced a *chef d'œuvre*. Ever since that time, except for six years when he was first violin soloist to the Emperor of Russia, M. Vieuxtemps has gained the applause of the musical public. His first visit to America was made more than twenty years ago. The Belgians delighted to honor him, and he was elected a member of the Royal Academy of Brussels, and named a chevalier of the Orders of Leopold, of Wasa, of Saint Maurice and Lazarus, and of the Nisham. He was a composer of distinct merit, and his works, no less than his playing, were remarkable for combining the vigor of the modern school of music with the purity of the classics.

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### OPERA IN AN ITALIAN TOWN.

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The grand night of the opera season at Carrara is the night of the *prima donna's* benefit. Everybody in town who can muster a franc is in attendance. Generally the prefect is in his place in the "royal" box, and if he is, the triplets of wax candles are flickering about on the theatre walls. The best clothes in the town are given an airing. The ladies especially make pretentious toilets, and doubtless murmur frightful feminine oaths when they reflect that the boxes are so constructed that their fine dresses are of very little account, for unless one catches a glimpse of a lady as she is entering the theatre he cannot tell whether her dress was elaborated by Worth or botched at home. The grand doings of the evening take place after the second act, when the *prima donna*, with the necessary assistance, gives a scene from some opera which has not been put on during the season. The scene finished, the audience bursts into raptures of applause, a shower of small bouquets drops down upon the stage at the feet of the lucky singer; an occasional bouquet taking the precaution to break its fall by making a cushion of the *prima donna's* head. Of course the woman bows herself to the earth and comes up again with a smile upon her face that endangers both her ears. She then stoops to pick a bouquet or two from the floor, when she is startled by an exclamation which bursts from that portion of the audience which has in view the left side of the stage. The startled woman turns her eyes intuitively in the proper direction, and she beholds a pair of stout "supes" struggling beneath the weight of an enormous bouquet. It is, to say the least, two feet in diameter, and as it has been put together by hydraulic pressure, after the fashion of professional florists, it weighs in the neighbourhood of one hundred pounds. In the centre of the bouquet is an article of jewelry, perhaps a sixty-franc bracelet or a fifty-franc diamond pin. Attached to the tremendously long handle of the bouquet is something that looks like a half-dozen yards of the narrow stair-carpeting which careful New England housewives put down over their Brussels or three-ply; but it isn't stair-carpeting; it is a ribbon of most extraordinary width on which in mammoth poster type is printed a few words that, while they spoil the ribbon for practical use, make it invaluable as a souvenir. Well, the *prima donna* is beside herself, of course. She smiles her thanks and bows her thanks, and the people applaud anew. Then she kisses her thanks and backs off the stage. The applause continues, she once more appears and exhibits her new bracelet, or diamond pin, as the case may be. Then the people are satisfied and give her no further trouble till the performance ends, when, if it is a tolerably dry night they harness themselves to a barouche, and to the music of a brass band tug the carriage as far as the hotel door.