

Madame Materna.

On being interviewed by a reporter as to her opinion of a concert in which she took part during the New York Music Festival, she said:

"I can give you no better idea of my opinion of the concert than by saying that when I was listening to it I said to myself, 'I wish Wagner himself were here to-day, that he might hear his music rendered so perfectly.' It was magnificent—grand. So far as the orchestra was concerned, nothing could have been finer. I have sung parts of the "Nibelungen" concerts before. In Berlin and Vienna Wagner rehearsed the orchestra most carefully, and that under such supervision the instrumentalists were near perfection is, of course, no matter for surprise. But that they should here without Wagner so faithfully reproduce the effects which I have myself heard Wagner studiously teach his musicians amazes me. The "Walkuerenritt" was simply perfect. It must have surprised the people that I carried the notes of music so identified with myself, and which I have so repeatedly sung. Do you know why I did this? Simply to curb myself. I hope I succeeded, for I detest to be carried away by my dramatic fervor and make involuntary gestures upon the concert platform. The orchestra so inspired me that I could scarcely restrain myself. How I should delight in showing the public—which has become so dear because it has been so kind to me at the concerts—what I can really do best!"

"And is there no likelihood of that wish being realized?"

"I have had offers from Mr. Mapleson and others—offers which my contracts in Vienna alone prevent me from accepting. I hope, however, that I shall be able to arrange to come here to sing on the operatic stage of New York in the spring of 1884."

"Will the Vienna opera allow you to absent yourself for such a length of time?"

"I have four months' leave of absence annually, and hope that I may be granted a prolongation of this privilege sufficient to fill a season here."

Going to a Fair.

It was a church fair, and he had come at the special request of his "cousin," who was at the flower table. He opened the door bashfully, and stood, hat in hand, looking at the brilliant scene before him, when a young lady rushed up, and grabbing him by the arm, said:

"Oh, you must—you will take a chance in our cake. Com' right over here. This way."

Blushing to the roots of his hair, he stammered out that "Really he didn't have the pleasure of knowing."

"Oh, that's all right," said the young lady. "You'll know me better before you leave. I'm one of the managers, you understand. Come, the cake will be all taken if you don't hurry," and she almost dragged him to one of the tables. "There, now, only fifty cents a slice, and you may get a real gold ring. You had better take three or four slices. It will increase your chances, you know."

"You are very good," he stammered, "but I'm not fond of cake—that is, I haven't any use for the ring—"

"Ah, that will be ever so nice," said the young lady. "for if you get the ring you can give it back, and we'll put it in another cake."

"Ye-es," said the young man, with a sickly smile. "To be sure, but—"

"O, there isn't any but about it," said the young lady, smiling sweetly. "You know you promised."

"Promised?"

"Well, no, not exactly that, but you will take one slice," and she looked her whole soul into his eyes.

"Well, I suppose—"

"To be sure. There is your cake," and she slipped a great slice into his delicately gloved hands as he handed her a dollar bill. "Oh that is too nice," added the young lady as she plastered another piece of cake on top of the one she had just given him. "I knew you would take two chances," and his dollar bill disappeared across the table, and then she called to a companion: "O, Miss Larkins, here is a gentleman who wishes to have his fortune told."

"O, does he? Send him right over," answered Miss Larkins.

"I beg your pardon but I am afraid you are mistaken. I don't remember saying anything about—"

"Oh, but you will," said the first lady, tugging at the youth's arm. "It's for the good of the cause, and you won't refuse," and once more the beautiful eyes looked soulfully into his. "Here we are. Now take an envelope. Open it. There! You are going to be married in a year. Isn't that jolly? Seventy-five

cents, please." This time the youth was careful to hand out the exact change.

"O, I should just like to have my fortune told," said the first young lady.

"O dear, you are going to be married this year, too. Seventy-five cents more, please, and the poor youth came down with another dollar note. "No change here, you know," added Miss Larkins, putting the greenback in her pocket with a radiant smile.

"O, come, let's try our weight," said the first young lady, once more tugging at the bashful youth's coat sleeve and before he knew where he was he found himself on the platform of the scales. "One hundred and thirty-two," said the young lady. "O, how I should like to be a great heavy man like you," and she jumped on the scale like a bird. "One hundred and eighteen. Well, that is light. One dollar, please."

"What," said the youth, "isn't that pretty steep? I mean I—"

"O, but you know," said the young lady, "it is for charity," and another \$1 was added to the treasury. "I think I shall have to go, I have an engagement at—"

"But you must first buy me a bouquet for taking you all around," said the young lady. "Right over here," and they were soon in front of the other table. "Here is just what I want," and the young lady picked up a basket of roses and violets. "Seven dollars, please."

"Oh, Jack, is that you?" cried the poor youth's "cousin" from behind the flower stand, "and buying flowers for Miss Giggles, too. Oh, I shall be terribly jealous unless you buy me a basket, too," and she picked up an elaborate affair. "Twelve dollars, please, Jack," and the youth put down the money, looking terribly confused, as much as though he did not know whether to make a bolt for the door or give up all hope and settle down in despair.

"You'll excuse me, ladies," he stammered, but I must go. I have—"

"Here, let me pin this in your button-hole," interrupted his "cousin." "Fifty cents, please," and then the youth broke away and made a straight line for the entry.

"Well, if ever I visit another fair may I be—be—" he ejaculated, as he counted over his cash to see if he had car fare to ride home—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald and Globe.*

A Royal Letter.

King Oscar of Sweden has written a letter to Christine Nilsson; the following is a copy:

"Dear Mme. Nilsson-Rouzaud:—I am sure that you have not doubted a single instant of the very sincere sympathy I have in the cruel trial which has fallen on you. The news reached me very late, owing to my journey to Christiania, and when at length I heard of the death of your husband it was too late to telegraph, and I preferred waiting till I could properly write a letter in your great and natural affliction without being obtrusive. Dear Mme. Nilsson, I was much distressed when I read the sad circumstances which led to your terrible misfortune. God alone can give you strength of mind and body to bear up against such a trial; but he will give it you I am certain, and you have my sincerest wishes for your future. You are yet young and in full possession of the great artistic qualities which have founded and justify your renown. You will find consolation in work, and your very sorrow, by the help of God, may contribute to the development of your genius. You may long, very long, I hope, remain the great artist who honors the country which gave you birth. It is not so much in my character as King of that country, but as an amateur, and above all as your friend, that I do not hesitate to say this. Yes, rely on those sentiments on my part, and believe me, Your ever affectionate OSCAR."

—MRS. BROOK & DICKSON state they have received cable advices that Mlle. Aimée will positively appear here next season under their management. She is to sing in English a repertory of fifteen operas.

—THE Brooklyn Philharmonic Society was organized in 1857. During the twenty-five years of its existence the following gentlemen have been conductors of the orchestra: 1857-1862, Theodore Eisfeld; 1862 (for a few months), Theodore Thomas; 1862-1866, Theodore Eisfeld; 1866-1866, Carl Bergmann; 1866-1870, Theodore Thomas; 1870-1873, Carl Bergmann; 1873-1882, Theodore Thomas.

It is proposed to make a very material change in the arrangements of the society next season. Instead of six concerts and twelve public rehearsals, eight concerts and eight rehearsals will be given.

No Use for Native Talent.

This is what the *Dramatic Times* said of Thomas' programme for the late New York Music Festival. "The programme has been prepared and published by Mr. Theodore Thomas. It contains a great deal of uninteresting stuff and three or four great compositions—notably Beethoven's Solemn Mass, Handel's Israel in Egypt, Bach's Cantata and Liszt's Symphony. But in the whole five days' accumulation of stuff, we do not find one composition by an American composer. The musicians of this country are ignored completely! Why should they be, in a great festival which is supposed to be a representative musical entertainment? Would it not be graceful and appropriate to put in a composition by some one of the several men who have been struggling with marked ability and originality against the storm of German music which has been blowing over the country ever since Thomas got hold of the elements? Is a musical festival only interesting historically, that Spontini and Cimarosa and Botticini and Bozzini and Trichin should have a place in it? Thomas, it is well known, does not believe in the development of American music by the encouragement of American composers! He holds consistently to the doctrine that the best way to encourage music in America is to ignore those who try to make it, and secure as much glory as possible for those who only mark the time of foreign compositions."

—"THE MONTHLY REVIEW," a pretty little pamphlet, containing among other things a complete list of the best music and books published during the month, will be mailed to any address, on receipt of a three cent stamp.

—RUDOLPH ARONSON's orchestra for Gotham's "New Casino" will include Messrs. Hamm, Schubruk, Belz, Farber, Kayser, Schwarz, Weiner, Ikler and Bernstein, in addition to members from the Philharmonic Society and Mapleson's Opera Orchestra.

—MADELINE LUCETTE (Mrs. J. H. Ryley) has received a very complimentary letter from Manager McCaull, with an offer of an engagement for next season. She learned and sang the part of *Olivette* in twenty-four hours at Washington.

—"WHEN you order a new covering for your parasol, of a particular color, you should always give the shade, my dear," said a lady to her daughter, who exclaimed, "Give the shade, mamma! Why, the parasol will do that!"—*Phila. Chronicle-Herald.*

—THE productions of Adam Geibel, the composer, are becoming quite popular; his melodies are noted for their sweetness and originality. "Tis Better Thus We Part," and "The Fisherman's Bride" are two of his latest and most successful pieces.

—GREAT disappointment was felt in London that Wagner could not in person superintend the production of his "Cycnus" at Her Majesty's Theatre. He wrote that the work necessitated by the approaching production of "Parsifal" prevented his visiting England.

—ROSSINI had a great faculty for adapting his music to the capability of the human voice. He once wrote a piece of music for a woman who had but one good note in her voice, and he made her repeat that note, and no other, while the orchestra played the melody of her solo.

—THE poet Dryden was so engrossed with his books that he found little time to devote to his family. Upon one occasion his wife said to him: "I wish I was a book, and then you'd pay me some attention." Whereupon, it is said, that the poet ungallantly replied: "I wish you were an almanac, my dear; I t... could change you every year."

—A HINDOSTANKE opera company is about to visit England, and in due time will of course come west, to this land of gold where all the talents and all the imbecilities hope to make fortunes. We confess ourselves ignorant of the Hindoo operatic repertoire. The Hindoo dramatic literature is extensive, and the classical works are in quality inferior to no drama in the world. The modern drama is a very powerful agent in Hindoo society, and is often employed for political purposes. The drama "Nil Durpa," which was popular a few years ago in Bengal, had to be suppressed by the Government, and a strict censorship is still exercised over the Hindoo stage. As in all their dramas music and singing play a prominent part, it is perhaps a dramatic company which is coming to enlighten us.