

the tenor, were heard to good advantage.  
J. R.

Advanced and intermediate vocal pupils of Prof. John Randolph of the university school of music gave on Wednesday evening what proved to be a full-fledged concert, instead of the conventional academic recital. Between listening to finished singers of national or local renown and to those whose vocal accomplishments are still in course of construction an element of interest attaches to the latter—in our ability to watch their growth as to voice management and gradations of expression. The vocal teacher has to deal with crude material. There may be volume in it, but no method of using it. Shouting is not singing. Then there is the "still, small voice," back of which may be a finely keyed musical instinct. It is safe to put it down as an axiom that as soon as registers have been smoothed out, breath control acquired, and the embellishments added, it is only necessary to acquire repose—mental tranquility—after which mere volume grows of its own accord. Provided always the general health receives adequate attention.

In the concert of Wednesday there were several who readily put themselves in sympathy with the audience. Also those who combined verbal and musical phrase into a more or less concrete result—which is the real province of song. Again word articulation overtopped musical inflection in one instance at least.

In a program so long and diversified as to selections no less than as to individual talents, I could put my finger on a number of good points in delivery, flexibility of voice and evidence of a coming well-sounded and sympathetic quality. To give a clear idea of the scope of matters presented to those who were not present, it is best to reproduce the program. Unable to resist the temptation of naming the numbers that struck me most favorably, here goes: The duets between Misses Beaver and Rissler and between Misses Raymond and Galley; Miss Getner's solo; Miss Beaver's "L'ardita" and the final trio—Misses Turner, Getner and Mr. Albers. Mr. Randolph himself shouldered the task of accompanying every number. And that he survived it without a break is proof of a strong constitution—and an equable temper. TOBY REX.

Part I.

- Quintette, from "The Bride of Dunderon"—"Our Home Shall Be on this Bright Isle".....*Henry Smart*  
Elsie Beaver, Bessie Turner, Oda Clason, Jessie Lansing, Ethel Galley.
  - Sop. solo—Air from "Maritana".....  
.....*W. V. Wallace*  
Bessie Turner.
  - Sop. solo—"The Juniper Tree".....  
.....*Victor Hollaender*  
Lydia Andrews.
  - Bass solo.....  
(a) "Love's Woes".....*Felix Arons*  
(b) "Thy Star".....*Pietro Mascagni*  
Carl Frohlich.
  - Sop. solo—Two Ballads.....  
(a) "Once I was singing".....  
.....*Jakobowski*  
(b) "The Minstrel Boy".....  
.....*H. R. Shelley*  
Eleanor Raymond.
  - Two duets for two sopranos.....  
(a) "Sul l'aria".....*Mozart*  
(b) "Qual anelante".....  
.....*Marcello, (1686)*  
Edith Rissler, Elsie Beaver.
  - Tenor solo—Aria from "Jephtha".....  
.....*Haendel*  
Juergen Albers.
  - Mezzo sop—"The Heart's Springtime".....*F. Von Wickede*  
Oda Clason.
- Part II.
- Duet for soprano and contralto from "Mefistofele".....*Boito*  
Eleanor Raymond, Ethel Galley.

- Sop. solo—"Tell me my Heart".....  
.....*H. R. Bishop*  
Edith Rissler.
- Contralto solo—Romanza from "La Gioconda".....*Ponchielli*  
Eugenia Getner.
- Mezzo soprano—"Where the Lindens Bloom".....*Dudley Buck*  
Winifred Hearn.
- Soprano solo—"L'ardita".....*Arditi*  
Elsie Beaver.
- Con'ralto solo.....  
(a) "A Dream".....*J. C. Bartlett*  
(b) "Lovely Spring".....*Coenen*  
Ethel Galley.
- Sop solo—Recit, "Ah! for this eve" Polonaise "I am Titania" from "Mignon".....*A Thomas*  
Irene Davison McMichael.
- Trio—"Ave Maria".....*B. Owen*  
Bessie Turner, Eugenia Getner  
Juergen Albers.

The following musical program will be rendered at the First Congregational church on Easter Sunday at 4 p. m.

- Organ prelude—Offertoire de St. Cecilia.....*Batliste*  
Mrs. Raymond.
- Chorus—Hallelujah—"Mount of Olives".....*Beethoven*  
Mrs. Holyoke, Miss Becker.
- Tenor solo—Immortality.....*Shepherd*  
Mr. Albers.
- Quartet—The Magdalen.....*Warren*  
(With harp accompaniment.)  
Mrs. Holyoke, Miss Becker, Mr. Albers,  
Mr. Cameron.
- Contralto solo—Easter Eve,  
Miss Becker.
- Harp solo.....*Mrs. Wurzburg*
- Soprano solo—The Resurrection Morn.  
.....*Rodney*  
Mrs. Holyoke.
- Ladies' chorus—List! The Cherubic Host.....*Gaul*
- Baritone solo—And I Heard the Voice of Harpers.....*Mr. Albers*  
(With harp accompaniment.)
- Address—Rev. Lewis Gregory.
- Chorus—Unfold Ye Portals—Redemption.....*Gounod*  
(With cornet obligato.)
- Benediction.
- Organ postlude—Fuga.....*Semmens*  
Mrs. Raymond.

"MATASWINTHA."

When a composer expends \$4,000 for the pleasure of hearing his own music it behoves both critic and public to approach with respect due such a backing up of one's opinions. Xaver Scharwenka gave an extra performance last Thursday night at the Metropolitan opera house with Walter Damrosch's company of his opera "Mataswintha," a work which saw the light at Weimer last October. I can well remember, ten years ago and more, the magic spell exercised over me by the name of Xaver Scharwenka. His first piano concerto in B flat minor attracted all the young men by its fervor, its fury, its captivating rhythms, its color, its audacity and brilliancy. To be sure, it had Lisztian flavor, and there was a savor of Chopin lurking in the harmonic embroideries in the delicately jeweled passage work. But the life, the swing and movement entranced all of us who swear by the romantic in music, and Scharwenka was enshrined and duly incensed. Since then he has come to America, has written a second piano concerto, any quantities of popular piano pieces, and "Mataswintha."

The opera has for a libretto the story of a Gothic chief, who has made an early marriage, is called to be a king of several tribes, has a political marriage forced upon him, is madly loved by his new wife Mataswintha, places his sword on her bed instead of his manly presence and incites her to madness, crime and suicide. At his death—while his real wife hangs over him—Mataswintha fires a granary and makes it her funeral pyre. Scharwenka is an eclectic composer. While he follows Wagner in the form of

the oriso, he believes in set pieces. So we get conventional chorus finales, a pompous march, a pretty chorus of female voices, and several other violations of the rule beloved by strict Wagnerians. It is not quite fair to call this composer a slavish follower of Wagner. He uses the leading motive most sparingly, and Wagner's orchestra never exhibited the unending storm and stress of Scharwenka's. There is not an oasis of rest in the whole scene, and the melodic invention is not of a high or varied order. Indeed, Scharwenka is content to hint at the mood rather than give one a tangible diatonic melody. He is madly chromatic and through excessive variety suggests monotony. I can not praise his workmanship too highly, for his orchestra is full of color and harmonic variety. He writes well for the voice, and several of the choruses were very grateful. I like the death scene very much, although the finale to act three was strong and showed the dramatic blood of the composer. The final episode, although it hung fire at the very close, was full of poetry, and I only hope Scharwenka will give us another music drama with a better book, and above all a more complete cast. "Mataswintha" deserves a better fate. The audience was a fashionable and numerous one.—*Town Topics.*

The death of Johannes Brahms, last Saturday, in Vienna, will cause no fluctuation in the musical stock of Europe. He had accomplished his life work—indeed, in his first opus, his sonata for the piano in C, his style was already crystallized—and then he was not the kind of man to set booming post-mortem cannon or to cause the draping of nations in the garb of mourning. Without a spice of the native audacity of Richard Wagner, without much opposition or any violent successes, Brahms lived his sixty-odd years in a calm, even, Philistine fashion. He never went into society; he dodged, and with choler, all attempts to decorate him, and refused a doctorship at Cam-

bridge because he was too lazy or rude to make the necessary journey. Brahms drank beer with his breakfast, and viewed life over a large beard and a finely-developed stomach. He made great music—great, noble, pure, sincere music—and never bothered himself about the opera, nor, indeed, could he be tempted to either marry or write an opera. His songs are beautiful; his four symphonies, for musicane; his choral works, touched with grandeur, and his chamber music, beloved by the discriminating. It was quite in consonance with the life and character of the man to die quietly and let the future take care of his reputation. He was rather rough in exterior, but his heart was good. He died of cancer of the liver, brought on, they say, by his drinking beer in huge quantities and at unseasonable hours, and his pantaloons were always hitched too high. Altogether, a curious, old world figure; a genius; a scholar and a hater of musical charlatanism. He would have lived in America just one week—no longer; for he did not possess Antonin Dvorak's naive blandness, and spoke out his inmost opinions of men and things. Hardly a man for New York musical life!

An eastern critic says of Teresa Carreno: "Teresa Carreno was the sole performer, and I forgot all about her full blown beauty as she read the Emperor concerto in an astonishingly intellectual manner. This gorgeous woman has improved so much on the mental side of her work that it is difficult to recall her as the merely brilliant girl who dashed off Liszt rhapsodies two score of years ago. Her Beethoven playing is distinguished by extreme repose, breadth of tone, keen analysis of the intellectual and emotional content of the music, and plenty of musical feeling if not poetry. The slow movement alone left me unresponsive. The rondo fairly crackled with joyous life. Carreno gave a stunning performance of the Liszt fantasia, and quite threw into the shade Rosenthal, Paderewski, Von Bulow, d'Albe and Friedheim in this very hackneyed piece. Her power outshone them all, and her vivacity of temperament was bewildering and charming. Not since Rubinstein, I assert, have we heard this composition so wonderfully played. She enjoyed a triumph at the close."

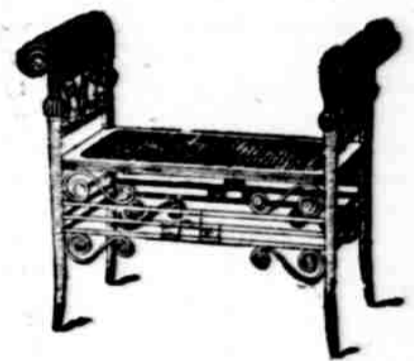
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