

The question what salary an accompanist might expect is thus answered:

An experienced and very clever accompanist may possibly earn as much as fifty dollars a week if associated with a vocal, violin, or 'cello artist of great renown.

For good accompanying, women are in demand. But the pupil should not start out with the idea of becoming an accompanist, because "it seems like going to a commercial school to study to be an 'assistant' bookkeeper." In the preface, there is a fling at the superstition that music can be studied abroad better than here. Mr. Hofmann knows personally five American teachers who struggled at home and who now in European cities have studios thronged with American pupils.

One of the most amusing things about musicians is their attitude toward Beethoven—an attitude of unqualified worship, on bent knees, of everything he wrote. How could Josef Hofmann have the temerity to intimate that Beethoven's sonatas "are not all on precisely the same high plane of thought"? No such heretic is Eugen D'Albert, who declares that "the genius of Beethoven is so great that any attempt to explain his works seems almost a profanation"! However, when the Oliver Ditson Company explained why they wanted him to edit a volume containing selections from that composer's pianoforte works, he overcame his "holy awe" (*heilige Scheu*) and accepted the offer—fortunately, for no one better qualified for this task could have been found. He is not one of the academic pianists who believe that Beethoven's pieces must be played in a dry, impassive manner.

"How can they fail to realize that Beethoven's works are pulsating with warm life and fairly clamor for a free, vigorous, and temperamental performance?" It is from this emotional point of view that the editor's comments are made in the eight columns of introductory notes. Beside these, there are a large number of footnotes to the 125 pages of music, and these notes are of particular interest and value. Some of them concern technical matters, but most of them supplement the expression marks or explain and justify D'Albert's own interpretation of disputed passages. Like Bülow, he believes in applying to Beethoven here and there the Lisztian method of giving a quasi-orchestral tone-color; for instance, on page 67: "Imagine the first half of this measure played on muffled drums and the second half on the trumpets and trombones." The sonatas included in this collection are opus 2, No. 13; opus 13 ("Pathétique"); opus 26; opus 27, No. 2 ("Moonlight"); opus 31, No. 3; and these are followed by Seven Bagatelles, opus 33. Other volumes are to come.

Inasmuch as Richard Wagner was sixty-five years old before Italy, France, and

England paid any attention to his operas, Alfred Bruneau might think himself lucky to get a hearing for one of his operas in remote America at the age of fifty-three. But the operatic world moves much faster than it used to move, and it is strange that "L'Attaque du Moulin" should have had to wait till this week before being produced in what is now the operatic centre of the world. That opera was first given in Paris seventeen years ago, with a cast including Mme. Delna and M. Clément. Both of these singers are at present members of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and to this circumstance doubtless is due the production of "L'Attaque du Moulin," at the New Theatre on Tuesday evening. The opera is based on a tale by Zola, who subsequently became Bruneau's regular collaborator, one of his tenets (attacked by Saint-Saëns and others), being that librettos should be in prose. The story is concerned with a mill, held by the French against an attack by the Germans during the war of 1870. There is a considerable amount of firing in the first and last acts, and the music, too, with its bugle calls and orchestral turmoil, reflects the war spirit. There is, of course, a love story interwoven with the militarism, and calling for appropriate music. Bruneau's score proves him to be a thorough musician, and one who knew how to write dramatically for the voice as well as the orchestra. He knows how to create moods, and had he but possessed the divine gift of writing melodies of individual aspect he might have become as successful an opera composer as his teacher, Massenet.

It is customary among musicians in these days of Debussy, Strauss, and D'Indy to sneer at operas which, like Flotow's "Martha," owe their vogue entirely to the simple melodies strung through them. That the public generally is not in the same mood was shown at the Metropolitan last Friday when a large audience witnessed and applauded a performance of "Stradella," a once very popular work by the composer of "Martha." It had not been sung in this city for about a quarter of a century, and was therefore a genuine novelty to the majority of those who heard it on this occasion; yet everybody recognized most of the pretty tunes as "familiar quotations," and many were surprised and said to themselves, "I didn't know that was from 'Stradella.'" Few melodies in the whole range of opera are more inspired and expressive than the Hymn to the Virgin, the singing of which by the hero disarms the bravoes who are about to assassinate him and makes them fall on their knees. The singing of this hymn by Leo Slezak did much to increase the popularity that has made him a serious rival of Caruso. The cast included also another singer, Alma Gluck, whose lovely voice and leap into fame are among the talked-of things of the season, and the two amusing comedians, Goritz and Reiss, whose equals it would be difficult to find in any theatre. With such a cast, "Stradella" is likely to become again a regular feature of the Metropolitan repertory.

Sir Edward Elgar, is reported to have completed the second movement of a violin concerto.

One of the most popular German writers on music is La Mara (Marie Lipsius).

Among her works is a collection, in four volumes, of brief biographies of the composers of all countries. A fifth volume is devoted to twenty-four women who became famous as singers or players. Breitkopf & Härtel are now the publishers of all these volumes. The third has been considerably changed, the biographies of some composers who are no longer in vogue being replaced by sketches of Hans von Bülow and Grieg.

Dr. George B. Gardiner, the English musician, who had collected much unpublished folk-music, especially from Hampshire, died on January 19.

Art.

Art in Great Britain and Ireland. By Sir Walter Armstrong. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 4 color plates and numerous text illustrations. \$1.50 net.

This is the first-come of a much-heralded General History of Art, which is to be published simultaneously in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish. The little volume is light enough to carry in the pocket. It contains, besides a handful of color-plates and half-tones, numerous tiny inset illustrations, select bibliographies at the end of the main divisions, and an adequate index. It follows, obviously, the typographical form of Salomon Reinach's useful "Apollo."

To write the broken history of British art these allied publishers could hardly have found a better contributor than Sir Walter Armstrong. He shows himself fully aware of the difficulty of his task, and in a constant vivacity offers a kind of compensation for the necessarily disconnected character of his book. This manual is not merely a chronicle, but a critique. It is as easy to read consecutively as to consult casually. In its general disposition, the volume is less a unit than a series of detached essays. After a general chapter on Anglo-Saxon art, each branch—architecture, the minor arts, painting, and sculpture—is dispatched once for all. This naturally involves some long steps between chapters. One settles the modern painters, only to begin over again with the miniaturists; whereupon another retreat to find the pioneer water-color men. Perhaps the fragmentary nature of all the material, saving only architecture, made this parallel arrangement the lesser evil. We think, however, a general division into mediæval, transitional, and modern art would have been preferable. As it is, only a rather alert reader will manage to keep clearly in mind the chronological relations of workers in the various arts.

Architecture properly has the lion's share of the space—more than a third. The essential originality and worth of English Gothic are stoutly maintained,

though the suspicion that the best of these plumes are often borrowings is not fully met. Of the architecture of the century just past Sir Walter is a pungent critic, and this is, perhaps, the most interesting portion of the book. The sound English tradition, he makes no doubt, is the modified Palladianism of Inigo Jones and Wren. The neo-Greek building of a century and more ago he condemns unqualifiedly. The Gothic revival he regards as at best a magnificent aberration. Back to the fathers is his watchword, and all the younger men who have quarried out of Sir Christopher or his sources are warmly commended. The topic is too large to be discussed in a review. We may note only that a similar tendency, if somewhat more Hellenistic in temper, is strong in France and America.

One will look with highest expectations to the chapters on painting, in which the author is an authority; and, in fact, these sections are always vivacious. But here intrudes also a capricious, or perhaps merely a British, element which occasionally produces untoward results. Gainsborough is estimated in the most perfunctory spirit. From the bare notice of him no one would gain a notion of his unique spiritual elegance. Romney seems overrated, and Hoppner, in many opinions, hardly earns the large title of "genius." Turner again is merely noted, and the isolated position of Watts is only faintly suggested. In the earlier field the statement that Van Dyke's so-called English manner is based on the miniatures of Samuel Cooper, is too disputable to put in a handbook. The likelihood is that both followed pretty faithfully the modish type of the Stuart court. Among the few living painters included, Clausen might well have had a place. In the chapter on etching Cotman and Turner should have been mentioned, while among draughtsmen Charles Keene surely deserved something more than bare registration. Unaccountable omissions, unless the index is defective, are George Cruikshank and Samuel Rowlandson.

These are minor and inevitable blemishes in a generally well proportioned and stimulating book, which, aside from its budget of facts, abounds in fine incidental criticisms. On pp. 102 and 197 are false references to cuts which should be set right in the next printing.

From F. Gutekunst of Philadelphia we have received photographs of the late Richard Watson Gilder and Bishop Goodsell. They measure about 14 by 16 inches, and are suitable for framing.

We receive from the Government Printing Office, at Washington, "The National Gallery of Art; Department of Fine Arts of the National Museum," by Richard Rathbun, assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in charge of the United States National Museum. This document contains

a complete history of the gradual upbuilding of a department of fine arts under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution. Of late years the movement has been quickened by such notable donations as those of Harriet Lane Johnston, Charles L. Freer, and William T. Evans. Through these gifts the museum possesses, in hand or in prospect, important paintings of the early English school, representative examples of modern American painting, with an unexampled selection from the work of Whistler and of the ancient painters of China and Japan. The inventories of these gifts, with the accompanying illustrations, will, to a layman, be the most interesting feature of the volume. One must regret that the far Eastern paintings of the Freer collection, in many opinions the most valuable portion, are merely mentioned and not catalogued. As yet there is no building devoted to the national collections. The Evans pictures, for example, are temporarily housed in the Corcoran Gallery. Sooner or later Congress must make dignified provision for collections already rich, and likely to be substantially increased as soon as a proper installation of gifts can be assured.

"Concrete Pottery and Garden Furniture," by Ralph C. Davison (Munn & Co.), is a compact manual, fully illustrated by diagrams. It tells clearly the methods of making vases, fences, seats, tables, etc., out of cement, giving specific directions for the making of modelling templates, and moulds in plaster or in glue, for coloring the plaster, etc. The directions are so full and simple that with their guidance a diligent amateur might safely undertake this art, but in most cases the book might better be passed over to an open-minded plasterer. Whether cement compositions are quite as durable in this climate as their advocates think remains to be proved. But the material lends itself readily to many beautiful uses, as may be seen in Italy, where the mason's trade still retains its finer traditions. American gardens would certainly be the more sightly for the substantial forms illustrated in this book. One may hope that forms adapted to our conditions may supersede those exotic objects of more or less dubious antiquity with which the gardens of the rich are being overcrowded.

Twenty paintings and one pastel drawing, forming the unsold portion of the collection of the late H. S. Henry of Philadelphia, were sold in Mendelssohn Hall, New York, last Friday. The lot fetched \$225,750, the highest single price, \$53,100, being paid for Millet's *Going to Work—Dawn of Day*. The other pictures sold, and their prices, were as follows: Troyon, *La Charette de Poin*, \$28,800; Daubigny, *La Saulaie*, \$23,600; Corot, *Lake Nemi*, \$23,100; Corot, *Le Vieux Pont de Briques*, \$22,200; Daubigny, *The River Marne*, \$14,600; Jacque, *The Shepherdess*, \$13,300; Decamps, *Le Frondeur*, \$12,100; Schreyer, *The Bursting Shell*, \$7,200; Millet, *The Weary Wayfarers (pastel)*, \$7,100; Dupré, *Le Vieux Chêne*, \$7,100; Diaz, *The Glade in the Woods*, \$6,900; Corot, *Environs de Sèvres*, \$6,100; Corot, *Lisière Boisée d'un Etang*, \$5,500; Dupré, *Vaches se Désaltérant dans une Mare*, \$5,200; Daubigny, *The Pond*, \$4,300; Corot, *Paysanne Gardant sa Vache en Lisière de Bois*, \$4,

150; Diaz, *The Sultan's Daughter*, \$3,600; Dupré, *Silvery Moonlight*, \$3,300; Diaz, *The Bathers*, \$2,900; Jacque, *Miniature Landscape*, \$1,600.

Finance.

THE COLLAPSE IN STOCKS.

It is by this time generally admitted that the break in Stock Exchange prices, since the beginning of the year, has been severe and prolonged beyond the majority of modern instances. Within a month, Amalgamated Copper shares have fallen 20½ points, American Smelting 28¾, Reading 16¼, Southern Pacific 18¾, Union Pacific 26½, and United States Steel 16. The fall in "Steel common" especially has been sensational, because it has followed the declaration, a fortnight ago, of the largest disbursement ever made at one time to the shareholders. It is reasonable enough to argue, as many people do, that the prodigious inflation of values last year, under the auspices of our most powerful capitalists and in the face of a manifest strain on money, foreshadowed inevitably a great relapse, such as has occurred this week. But in this, as in other similar cases, the aspects of automatic reaction and readjustment are curiously mixed with what may be called the personal aspects of the movement.

The present break in prices has already, in point of time, long outlasted the Stock Exchange decline of February, 1909, or of December, 1904, or of May, 1901. For persistency and duration, the "rich men's liquidation" of 1903, which began at the close of April and continued, with intermissions marked by little else than dullness, into August, provides the nearest parallel. The most recent very prolonged decline, that of 1907, which began long before the October panic of that year, is now well understood to have been a consequence, not primarily of prudent capitalists withdrawing their funds from investment markets, but of compulsory liquidation by some of the richest men in the United States, entangled in their own imprudent speculations. The prolonged liquidation which beat down prices in 1903 was exactly similar in character. Where the captains of finance in 1907 had been trapped in the ill-fated "Hariman speculation" of the preceding autumn, the victims of 1903 had tied themselves up by underwriting the huge promoting schemes of 1901 and 1902.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the present market is that no one in Wall Street hints at a duplication of those conditions. There were times, during the speculation for the rise in 1909, when a situation of the sort witnessed in 1903 seemed a probable sequel. Had it not been for the fact that previous liquidation, in both finance and trade,