

fords Madame Kalich, the reasons for the production of "The Witch" at the New Theatre are somewhat obscure. The piece has no particular merit as literature or drama, is not valuable as historical reminiscence or illustration, is unpleasant in subject and depressing as entertainment. It is an adaptation by Hermann Hagedorn from a play by H. Wiers-Jenssen, a Scandinavian dramatist, and the scene is transferred from Denmark to Salem, Mass., the action and personages, it is said, being as appropriate to one country as the other. This can readily be believed, as, with one exception, the incidents and characters are entirely conventional. The real dramatic interest centres around the progress of an illicit love story, to which the witchcraft episodes are largely subservient. Joan, the heroine, a girl of Portuguese descent, has been married for nearly a decade to Absalom Hathorne, an old minister—an ex-witch-hunter—who neglects her. She is sullenly eating her heart out, when her stepson, Gabriel, a youth of her own age, returns home. For him she conceives an overmastering passion, and soon—having heard that her mother was a witch—begins to test her own abnormal powers, practising on her lover and her husband. Having become Gabriel's mistress, she confesses her infidelity to Absalom, in a moment of reckless exultation, and tells him that she wishes he were dead. Whereupon, stricken with heart disease, he expires at her feet. She and Gabriel plan to hush the matter up, but the dead man's mother denounces Joan, proclaiming her a witch and murderess, and demanding that she be tried by the ordeal of touch. In the presence of her husband's corpse the wretched woman collapses, and, in a state of semi-stupefaction, confesses to the truth of everything alleged against her. The implication is that she will be hanged in due course. The whole story is melodrama, without much originality or any distinction, except in the case of Joan, who, in the hands of Bertha Kalich, becomes a significant and tragic, if often unintelligible, figure. Her psychology is incomprehensible. It is impossible to decide whether the author meant her to be regarded as actually possessed, the victim of hysterical or insane delusion, or simply conscienceless and lewd. But the theatrical opportunities in her are large, and Madame Kalich makes very full—possibly, too full—use of them. The ignoble passions—hate, suspicion, abject fear, and low desire—have seldom been depicted more vividly. But her Joan is a thing apart from the play itself, which maintains a very low level when she is off the stage.

Edmund Gosse, in a letter to the *London Times*, says: "As all the biographies repeat, Henrik Ibsen lived in an apothecary's house at Grimstad from 1844 to 1850, from his sixteenth to his twenty-second year. . . . A national movement is now being made in Norway to purchase it, and to fill it with memorials and biographical objects—to make an Ibsen House, in fact, which shall be to Norwegians all that the Goethe House in Frankfurt is to Germans."

There is said to be a possibility that Miss Anglin may abandon—temporarily, at any rate—the emotional drama with which she has been associated for so long.

The annual Shakespeare Festival at Strat-

ford-on-Avon will this year occupy, nearly four weeks. For the twenty-second time the performances will be under the direction of F. R. Benson. The festival will be opened by Sir Herbert Tree, with a performance of "Hamlet," given in curtains. Among other artists taking part in the festival will be Miss Geneviève Ward, who will appear as Volumnia and Queen Margaret. Arthur Burchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh have promised to appear as Benedick and Beatrice, Otho Stuart as Clarence and Bassanio, Henry Ainley as Marc Antony, Lewis Waller and Miss Winifred Emery as Benedick and Beatrice, James Carew and Miss Ellen Terry as Shylock and Portia.

The reported failure in London of "The Strong People," C. M. S. McLellan's latest play, may be accounted for in more than one way. Apparently it is a vigorous and serious piece of work, but the improbability of the plot and the fact that the scenes and the conditions depicted are American may have had a good deal to do with the cool reception.

It seems pretty plain from the criticisms in the London press that Comyns Carr, in his dramatization of Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," has missed the point of it as completely—and vulgarized it as remorselessly—as any of the preceding adapters. It is pretty plain, also, that H. B. Irving, in his dual embodiment, has paid more attention to the clumsier melodramatic possibilities than the finer spiritual significance of the story.

## Music.

*Musicology.* By Maurice S. Logan. New York: Hinds, Noble & Eldredge.

*The Nature of Music.* By Julius Kiauser. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Musicology" is a word coined by Mr. Logan to designate the science of music. His book is accompanied by a circular which contains the statement that "until now no one has produced a book teaching solely the science of music." As a matter of fact, there are dozens of books on the theory and philosophy of this art. Mr. Logan's, however, is more comprehensive than most of the others. It deals with rhythm, expression, keys, intervals, chords, progressions, modulations, counterpoint, acoustics, sources of musical sound, the ancient Greek modes, temperament, etc. Expression, the most important of all the aspects of the art, is treated much too briefly, although the author includes under that head embellishments, which are usually the negation of expression. As a convenient compendium for advanced students his book may be commended. It is rather Utopian on his part, however, to expect it to be used in schools. He holds that music should be studied as a science wherever instruction is given; that every child should be taught its fundamental principles, whether or not he is to be a singer or a player; and that as a means of developing the mind, and rounding out education, musicology is as much entitled

to a place as any other "ology." This may be true, but school children are already overburdened with subjects, and the little time given to music in the public schools should be devoted to it as an art, with just enough of the science to make it understandable.

Music as a science is also the subject of Julius Kiauser's book, but he treats of a few aspects only, and presents some startlingly novel theories and views. As the aim of contemporary musicians like Debussy and Strauss seems to be to subvert all the established laws of composition, so Mr. Kiauser starts out by contradicting the fundamental tenets of the musical historians—particularly the tenet that melody antedates harmony by unknown ages, and that harmony was discovered and introduced only a few centuries ago. On the contrary, it is here maintained that "harmony is and from the beginning always has been an element of melody." The author denies that the chord is, as everybody believes, the original form of musical harmony. To the establishment of these theses he devotes nearly three hundred pages. Whether he succeeds in proving them, we are unable to say, the reasoning being often too deep for our comprehension. Had Mr. Kiauser lived to revise these chapters, it might have been otherwise. As it is, it seems likely that the chief value of the volume will remain the appendix, which notates the songs of eighty-six different birds.

Organists will be interested in the arrangement for their instrument of the dirge from MacDowell's Indian Suite, just published by Breitkopf & Härtel. It was made by W. H. Humiston.

The manuscript of three songs of Walter von der Vogelweide, has recently been discovered in the archives of Münster. The music is being reduced to modern notation.

A Munich bookseller is offering for sale the manuscript of Wagner's early and unfinished opera, "Die Hochzeit." The price asked is \$5,000. The manuscript is inscribed, "fragment of an unfinished opera, 'Die Hochzeit,' by Richard Wagner. Dedicated to the Musical Society of Würzburg." It is dated "Würzburg, 1st March, 1833."

Since Sir Edward Elgar's symphony was first heard at Manchester, on December 3, 1908, under the direction of Dr. Hans Richter, no fewer than eighty-four performances of the work have been given. Seventeen of these were in London and suburbs, ten in America, and eight on the Continent—Berlin, Vienna, Munich, St. Petersburg, Leipzig, Budapest, Bonn, and Rome. The symphony has also been heard in Canada, at Toronto, and in Australia, at Sydney and Adelaide.

Last summer Prof. Fritz Stein of the University of Jena unearthed from its archives what he believes to be an unknown early symphony by Beethoven. It was in the form of manuscript parts for strings, flute, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, and drum. The find-

er's attention was first directed to it by noticing that the score for the second fiddles was inscribed "Louis van Beethoven," and that for the 'cellos "Symphony by Bethoven" (*sic*).

## Art.

The Chicago Art Institute announces an endowment by Mrs. Potter Palmer, from which will be awarded annually a prize of \$1,000 for the most acceptable work in sculpture or painting executed by an American.

Professor Garstang, who is excavating in Egypt, has discovered on the site of the ancient Meroe a sun temple by Egamenes, mentioned by Diodorus. The structure is of great interest, and shows Greek influence. The building, which also includes a sanctuary lined with enamelled tiles, contains sculptures representing King Egamenes's victories and a triumphal procession. A list of the tribes in the districts of the southern Sudan is also given. Further excavations were made on the site of the temple of Ammon at Meroe which show that the building was restored by Neteg Ammon. Many inscriptions and statues were found.

The trustees of the Metropolitan Museum have decided to reserve the large central room, used during the recent Hudson-Fulton exhibition, for temporary exhibitions, chiefly of loans. These exhibitions will begin with one of Whistler's works, which is to open about March 15. Only Whistler's oil paintings and pastels will be shown; neither blacks and whites nor water-colors will be admitted. On this account, the exhibition will not be so large as that held some years ago in Boston, or as the London memorial exhibition, but it will be larger than any collection of the artist's works ever brought together in this city. Charles L. Freer of Detroit has promised to lend his collection of Whistler's work, the largest in existence, all the paintings that the museum will need to fill up the room after it has collected from other sources—a most generous and public-spirited offer. Richard Canfield will lend Count Robert de Montesquiou, the Parisian poet, the Rosa Corder, the Ocean, La Napolitaine, and the seven pastels that make up the celebrated Venetian series. Frank J. Hecker of Detroit will contribute the famous Music Room; Mrs. Samuel Untermyer, the Falling Rocket, which brought about the quarrel and law suit with Ruskin; J. H. Whittmore, L'Andalusienne and the White Girl; John G. Johnson of Philadelphia, Lange Leizen; the Boston Museum, Little Rose of Lyme Regis and the Master Smith of Lyme Regis, and the Brooklyn Museum, the portrait of Florence Leyland. Miss Birnie-Phillips, the executrix of Whistler, has also promised to send two pictures from London. On Monday, February 21, the museum will celebrate the fortieth anniversary of its incorporation by holding the annual meeting of the corporation at four o'clock in the afternoon in the Bishop Jade room. Joseph H. Choate, the last surviving member of the original board of trustees, will address the meeting, to which the public will be admitted.

A great improvement has been made in the room where are the Boscoreale fres-

coes, which were acquired in 1903. A small extension has been built out of the gallery, just large enough to hold the frescoes of the cubiculum which used to occupy the centre of the gallery. Care was taken to copy as near as possible the original room, of which photographs were taken before the frescoes were removed. An exquisite little flying Eros in bronze, belonging to J. Pierpont Morgan, also found at Boscoreale, has been placed on a table, discovered at the same place, in the centre of the cubiculum. The larger frescoes from Boscoreale are now seen to much better advantage in the gallery. The glass has been removed from them, and they have been cleaned. It is proposed, now that the cubiculum has been removed, to devote the whole floor space to Greek sculpture, and some remarkable specimens, recently acquired, have been placed there. One is a crouching Venus, a fine version of the type of which the statue in the Louvre is the most famous copy. A Greek lion, similar to the Nereid lion in the British Museum; a fragmentary statue of a seated Philosopher, remarkably fine in the treatment of the drapery, and signed with the name of the sculptor, Zeuxis; a charming female torso, and a Roman portrait bust of a young man, in an almost perfect state of preservation, are among the acquisitions in statuary. A very interesting addition to the museum's treasures is a large water jar, with plates, cups, and jugs of terra-cotta, covered with a black glaze, probably a dinner service, belonging to the third century B. C., which were found together in a grave. One of the most important of the more modern accessions is a Virgin and child in polychrome, the work of Verrocchio. It has its original coloring, and from its style must be dated before 1470—an exquisite work. A fine bronze of Hercules slaying a lion, ascribed to Bertoldo, and a Paduan inkstand with bird caryatids also deserve notice. Edward G. Kennedy has presented the museum with a small portrait study of himself by Whistler, and in memory of William Mackay Laffan, who rendered so much service to the museum, when he was one of its trustees, Thomas F. Ryan has given it a group of Pygmalion and Galatea, by Rodin.

To open his new galleries at No. 550 Fifth Avenue, Mr. Montross has arranged an exhibition chiefly retrospective and, since all the pictures are lent, devoid of commercial implication. It is reassuring, of course, to meet those tried and favorite champions of establishment, Dewing and Tryon, in pictures which one already knows—pictures many of which are in their degree famous. All but three of this group, which come from the collection of Col. Frank J. Hecker, form part of that notable collection which Mr. Charles W. Freer has dedicated to the nation. Both Dewing and Tryon have in an unusual measure the sense of tone and arrangement. Tryon at times commands a rare poetic sentiment, and Dewing has a lovely quality of paint. These merits, being pretty rare to-day, have brought their possessors critical and even popular acclaim, and it becomes a species of blasphemy to scrutinize their work with the usual critical caution. If that bold attitude were to be taken it would possibly appear that these two painters have rather more than a due portion of

the defects of their qualities. Both are inclined to sacrifice significant structure to special iridescence or stylistic parti-pris. Mr. Tryon's gift is more robust, and his work more open-hearted, but his tendency, possibly because his admirers have hailed his least substantial work, is, for the sake of tone and mood, to go into a kind of structural liquidation. The three Whistlers shown here, one the famous Variations in Pink and Gray, Chelsea, and two sketches—all representing him quite in his most rarefied mood—have amazing steadiness. One can move about in them. They are painted in a kind of divine prose which makes about half the Tryons suggest a pseudo-poetry.

Abbott Thayer is too rarely seen in New York. Maybe he is alien to it, and holds aloof from a sense of fitness. In any case there is a refreshing absence of the stereotyped about him. He plays his own game. *Monadnock in Winter* is, or ought to be, a very famous picture. It is amazing how so large and finely-balanced a thing can be done so simply. It seems as if a house-painter could have painted it, if he could have seen it. There, of course, lies the art. Just a strip of keen pale blue, white mamelons, seen loftily over the tops of tall evergreens, which imprison the deeper sapphire emanation of a snow that is aquamarine in the foreground—that's all there is of it; but that's enough to convey the majesty of the forest, and the mountain, and a sense of cerulean depths beyond. It is rendered in big symbolic strokes, quite as a child or a giant might, have done it. Beside it hang two portraits which look as if our child-giant had been deprived of honest paint and supplied with putty and refractory brushes. The mystery of Thayer is in this group of three pictures—his occasional triumphs, his frequent inadequacies. To account for him will puzzle the future critic.

The most notable article in the *Burlington Magazine* for January is Sidney Colvin's report on an album of sketches by Tintoretto recently acquired by the British Museum. There are nearly one hundred designs, mostly executed with the brush in the freest manner. This find quite contradicts the tradition that Tintoretto painted his great compositions without previous study. These drawings are of the highest artistic importance, and it is good news that the album is to be reproduced. The frontispiece of this number is the profile portrait of a lad in the Gustave Dreyfus collection, which, after figuring as a Lorenzo di Credi and Alvise Vivarini, is now shown by Claude Phillips to be by Jacopo Bellini. It is the only portrait we have from his hand, and it is hoped that its identification may lead to the discovery of other portraits which are recorded but gone astray. R. L. Hobson's valuable articles on "Wares of the Sung and Yuan Dynasties" reach the sixth instalment. Of timely note is an article on Cézanne by Maurice Denis, the first of a series. Kenyon Cox continues his survey of the pictures of the Hudson-Fulton exhibition with appreciations of the Halses and Vermeers. In our opinion, he does not quite do justice to the exquisiteness of that early picture, *A Girl Sleeping*. It seems to us not inferior to the later works, but merely different, being more traditional