

Music.

BY E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's third concert presented Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, Mendelssohn's First Pianoforte Concerto, the Minuet of the "Will-o'-the-Wisps" and "Waltz of the Sylphs" from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," the Allegro and Adagio from Bruch's G Minor, Violin-Concerto and Beethoven's third "Lenore" Overture. The time expended on a good deal of this scheme of music might have been put to much more satisfactory use if Mr. Nikisch understood program-making—at least, program-making for New York—more definitely. Nevertheless nothing is ever so familiar or so superficial as to be altogether unwelcome from the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The most grateful matter now was the inclusion of the beautiful extract from Bruch's concerto; and Mr. Adamowski's interpretation of both movements—as one of the evening's two soloists. Always impressing one as a player of refinement and of a depth of feeling and art considerably beyond the common, Mr. Adamowski has not given here so sustained a proof of such qualities as in this concert, and Bruch's music and the violinist's exquisite work in it were the topics one thought most about after the evening was over. This is to be said without unkind prejudice to the other solo artist of the evening, Miss Eugenia Castellano, a young Italian pianist making her first public appearances here this month. She is a somewhat uncommon technician. As a mistress of the piano and one who seems unable to find extreme difficulty latent in the most extremely difficult music for it, Miss Castellano comes with a particular reputation and, indeed, one recognized widely for a young lady still in her teens. She is a pupil of Martucci. She has given lately, under other circumstances than at the concert, much better evidence of her musicianly qualities and of her virtuosity. The Mendelssohn concerto was far from a happy choice on her part, the encore number not wiser. Miss Castellano has already great abilities in execution. Back of that nowadays indispensable capital she is an artist with sentiment. These things were seen the other night, but seen as through a glass darkly. A want of tone in the pianoforte she used was also a distinctly detractive matter. Her reception was cordial, and her début certainly a popular success, to which (under the circumstances) an interesting personality lent aid. More cannot be said. The pianist's recitals this week probably will enable critical listeners to discern better her qualities as an interpreter and an artist. The Boston Orchestra gave its accustomed two concerts in Brooklyn on Friday and Saturday, with Mme. Marie Tavy as soloist.

The Philharmonic Society's third concert of this winter was as largely patronized as have been its recent predecessors. It is evident that the Society's present period is one of unequaled practical welfare. The unevenness of interest marking one important portion of this entertainment was forgotten before it closed. The soloist was Mr. Johannes Wolff, the well-known violinist. On this occasion Mr. Wolff played in anything but a satisfactory manner about as completely unsatisfactory a composition as has ever found its way, by some mistake, into one of our Philharmonic programs—where mistakes of this sort do not often occur. Such error was embodied in Benjamin Godard's Violin Concerto in G minor. Mr. Godard is not Macbeth's Idiot by any means; but here, with a vengeance, the Paris composer has told, quite *à la Française*, a tale full of sound and fury signifying nothing. A more empty piece of musical (and unmusical) clap-trap has not come over to this side of the Atlantic in some time; and if it were not an unusual kind of guest one would urge the consideration of unhygienic art in the reconsideration of our immigration laws. Mr. Wolff played it with inaccuracy of intonation too constant to be pardoned, and exaggeration of sentiment for which his recall was an odd courtesy from his audience. The program luckily offered another and very different species of novelty—Tchaikofski's new Sextuor for the string orchestra, "Souvenir de Florence." It is charming, especially the first of its three movements, where dramatic and musical suggestiveness are forcefully blended. The Philharmonic's famous strings afforded it a noble rendition; *sextuor and performance captivated the audience* unqualifiedly, as might well be the case. Mr. Seidl was also especially complimented in the applause. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and "Coriolanus" Overture were, respectively, at the program's beginning and end, and lacked nothing in impressiveness of interpretation—tho Mr. Seidl takes the symphony's rushing, final movement at a pace that makes its humor like what the Scotch call *fey*—even allowing for the difficulty of reserves in its tremendous impetuosity. At the Society's next concert Klughardt's new symphony will be brought out.

People of what old Judge Sewall called "all sexes, ages and conditions of graciousness" stood in goodly rows behind each block of seats in the Music Hall, provided they could buy no better hospitality there, on Saturday afternoon, at Mr. Paderewski's third pianoforte recital. His program presented Mendelssohn's E Minor Prelude and Fugue, Beethoven's Sonata in E flat major, Opus 31, a Nocturne by John Field, Brahms's Capriccio, Weber's "Momento Capriccioso" ("Perpetuum Mobile") Schubert's "Soirée de Vienne" as arranged by Liszt, Chopin's Sonata in B minor, the player's own Nocturne, and Liszt's "Spinning Song" paraphrase and E flat Polonaise. Mr. Paderewski vouchsafed also, not unexpectedly, two extra numbers, his own Minuet and a Liszt Rhapsody. The whole program was interesting in Mr. Paderewski's hands; but the interpretation of the two sonatas (that have so little in common except their class-name) Beethoven's and Chopin's were the pre-eminent enjoyments of the afternoon. To them a third matter should be added, his playing of the "Soirée de Vienne," which old favorite illustrates some of his traits peculiarly effectively. By the by, it is to be believed that a Beethoven recital by Mr. Paderewski would be an announcement that the public would receive with not less favor than one of miscellaneous music. A Liszt recital, too, if far less to edification, could hardly fail to be even more a magnet to a local audience. A Paderewski program, either in recital or orchestral concert, is also to be hoped for strongly.