

*Library of  
The Harvard Musical  
Association*



**Bulletin No. 19**  
**January, 1951**

## Library Committee

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*To the Members of the Association:*

Your attention is called to an article in this issue by Cyrus W. Durgin.

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The writer has been suffering a mental attack of Jubilee. In the 17th Bulletin the amazing National Jubilee of 1869, lasting five days, was narrated—a Jubilee successful, to the confounding of the skeptics, in every detail, particularly the financial. In the last or 18th Bulletin the even more amazing and unwisely more ambitious World's Peace Jubilee and International Musical Festival of 1872, lasting twenty days, was narrated—a Jubilee far less successful in many details and a failure financially to the amount of \$100,000, met by the guarantors. Gilmore was an able musician, equally able as an organizer and an administrator but possessed unfortunately of what a certain English dramatist called "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself." Then there was the recent so-called Jubilee of a few months ago known to members, some of whom may have participated here and there, others merely read of it in the newspapers, perhaps a few totally ignored it. At any rate it was recent enough to be by-passed in these bulletins. There was a fourth Jubilee in hilarious Boston, chronologically the first. It occurred in 1851, specifically on September 17, 18, 19.

The occasion of this Jubilee was the opening of the railroads between New England and Canada. Naturally the completion of this project caused much satisfaction and its accomplishment in the opinion of the city fathers, justified a Jubilee that should "surpass any extensive and brilliant public pageants on other occasions." The events of the three days were planned skillfully and executed successfully. Visitors from various parts of the country and particularly from Canada filled the hotels and incidentally the streets. The privileged, at daily luncheons and dinners, listened to much flowery oratory, the total of which filled several bushel baskets. On the Common 3600 persons sat down to a dinner. In short, events were numerous and continuous, enthusiasm was great, and satisfaction was felt and expressed by one and all.

This three day Jubilee of 1851 will be narrated in these pages, thus completing the record of three noted Jubilees in Boston.

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Previous bulletins have presented certain facts regarding the Harvard Orchestra which, purposely omitted in Bulletin No. 5, seemed desirable to record in print—extracts from Mr. Dwight's annual reports and the financial results. The last bulletin narrated the story through the eleventh season. Six seasons followed before the Harvard Orchestra, for reasons mentioned in Bulletin No. 5, disbanded and closed its career. Unfortunately Mr. Dwight's reports on these seasons have, with one exception, disappeared and cannot be found. Consequently, with the exception of a few non-financial details, only the financial reports have come down to us through the years, reports not very happy in what they revealed.

The twelfth season of the orchestra (1876-77) was financially a happy one, especially so after the loss of \$2414.05 of the preceding season. There was no loss. The total amount of expenses was \$6923.41, covered by the receipts. Because of past losses and fear for the future there were some doubts about continuing the orchestra. Faintly and indistinctly appeared on the wall a handwriting that later became too large and black to be ignored. That the orchestra was carried through these remaining seasons was in large measure due to the persistence, the tenacity, and the optimism of the redoubtable Dwight. Of this season he wrote:

It was thought all important to keep up the continuity of orchestral concerts under the control of this Association, if possible, both for the vitality and honor of the H. M. A. itself, and for the sake of keeping good orchestral musicians in Boston. Should we once lose the thread we might never recover it. The general feeling was that, even should it cost us the entire remainder of our "Concert Fund" (then estimated at least \$2500), to eke out an inadequate subscription list, it would still be best to give the concerts.

A committee of nine members was appointed to plan for the next season. Their names are worth recording, for the personnel of this committee—as well, indeed, as the membership of the Association—contained names well known and prominent in Boston: John Sullivan Dwight, Chairman and (throughout the whole series) Manager of the orchestra, James Sturgis, J. C. D. Parker, Otto Dresel, Benjamin J. Lang, S. B. Schlesinger, Charles C. Perkins, S. Lothrop Thorndike, and William F. Apthorp. James Sturgis, hitherto Treasurer of the Harvard Orchestra, was now obliged "by business reverses" to resign his office, much to the regret of the writer, who has read his reports with an ease not usually associated with long hand statistical digits, so admirably clear, neat, and even are they. He was succeeded by Charles P. Curtis.

The thirteenth season (1877-78) was not encouraging financially; it produced a loss of \$1534.41 and reduced the Concert Fund to a little over \$1000. There was, however, no suggestion of disbanding the orchestra; to the same personnel of the committee were added three persons of note: Arthur W. Foote (a member of this Association to the date of his death. See Bulletin No 7), Charles P. Curtis, and Benjamin W. Crowninshield.

From Mr. Dwight's report—the last in our possession—on this 13th season come the following extracts.

. . . When we consider the small number of musicians and the small time for rehearsals (only 4 hours per concert, all owing to the want of public patronage); when we remember that the *best* of Boston violinists etc. have to seek their living far away from Boston; that others are growing old and there are none to take their place; that they have no other orchestral employment besides these concerts and oratorios, so that for the rest they have to play in street bands, theatres and ball rooms—occupations demoralizing to the right orchestral tone and temper—is it not something almost past belief that so much noble music has been brought home to us so inspiringly? . . . But if we can manage to give ten [concerts], and if we can also devise some feasible plan whereby these may be interspersed with cheap, popular concerts with lighter programmes; and if these could even be continued into the summer months [Dwight would be pleased to find his plan in effect today]—the H. M. A. lending its name and sanction and its members lending patronage . . . we would have the musicians working together as an orchestra more frequently, preserving their orchestral habits, gaining support by it, and drawing others to their nucleus... [To many comments]

it has been replied that our most purely classical programmes have commonly drawn the best; that Beethoven has proved a stronger magnet than any Liszt or Brahms or Wagner, or than Auber, Strauss would prove with the reliable nucleus of our audience; and that most of the audience have become so educated in taste as to feel disturbed by aught that jars upon the unity and symmetry of a programme . . . But by far the most important suggestion of them, if only practicable, was one that goes right to the heart and root of the matter: viz, the creation of a Permanent Fund of (say) \$100,000 for the support of an orchestra in Boston. One member offered to be one with others to subscribe \$1000 to such a Fund, each subscription to be an outright gift to the Fund, which shall be held in trust by the H. M. A. and the income applied by it to the support of orchestral concerts and the maintaining and improving of an orchestra in Boston . . . It was urged that Bostonians are generous and public spirited; that within a few weeks, in spite of the hard times, we have seen \$120,000 raised for building a new section of the Art Museum. And are there not just as good reasons why we should build up an orchestra? Has not Music come to be recognized as an equally important element in the higher, even in the common, education as any other Art? Nay, does it not enter into the life of the people more than any other?

Thus, in the last report on the Harvard Orchestra which we have from Mr. Dwight, he again voices a plea for broader recognition and wider cultivation of the art of music, and makes suggestions arising in his far-seeing vision. Mr. Dwight here and through his many comments over his years on the subject of music was merely ahead of his time.

The fourteenth season (1878-79) as reported by Charles P. Curtis, who succeeded Sturgis as Treasurer of the Harvard Orchestra, suffered a loss of \$271.94. Somewhat offsetting this unwelcome result was a report from S. Lothrop Thorndike, Treasurer of the Association, that owing to a rise in value of certain securities there remained a credit balance of about \$1500 in the Concert Fund. This fund, it will be remembered, had been increased each season for emergency purposes, a wise provision originating doubtless with Dwight.

The fifteenth season (1879-80) did not fail in continuing the record of loss, this season being in the red to the amount of \$226.67. At an adjourned annual meeting the proposition was made that concerts be given in Cambridge also, in Sanders Theatre, provided a sufficient subscription could be obtained. To consider this matter and to make arrangements, if the conditions warranted, a committee was appointed comprising Professor Paine and Messrs. George Osgood, Warren A. Locke, Charles C. Perkins and William F. Apthorp—excellent personnel.

The sixteenth season (1880-81) closed with a loss of \$206.43. The situation was becoming serious, not only financially but because of the increase in number of other musical organizations which appeared to reduce the number of subscribers to the Harvard Orchestra. After long discussion it was voted to offer the next season only five concerts in a smaller hall, the price of season tickets to be \$5.00 and single tickets \$1.50. The hall finally chosen was the Boston Museum. In the meanwhile Henry L. Higginson had announced in the papers a new project, as related in Bulletin No. 5. This pronouncement called forth the following vote passed by the Association.

Voted: that this Society expresses its sincere sympathy with Mr. Higginson in his project for giving Symphony Concerts next winter, and extends its hearty good wishes for the success of the undertaking.

During this sixteenth season a testimonial concert was given to Mr. Dwight. Among the thirty-five persons who offered to assist at this concert were Miss Gertrude Franklin (a prominent soprano), Miss Fanny Kellogg, Mrs. Henry M. Rogers, Madame Rudersdorff, and Messrs. Charles R. Adams, John F. Winch, George L. Osgood (all three noted tenors), J. C. D. Parker, W. H. Sherwood, T. Adamowski, B. J. Lang, John A. Preston, Ernst Perabo, Arthur Foote, and George W. Sumner. In those days these persons were foremost musicians.

The programme was as follows.

FIFTH SYMPHONY, in C minor, Op. 67 .....	BEETHOVEN
TWENTY-THIRD PSALM .....	SCHUBERT
Chorus under direction of George L. Osgood	
CONCERTO, in C, for three pianos .....	J. S. BACH
Messrs J. C. D. Parker, Arthur Foote and John A. Preston	
CONCERT-STUECK, in G .....	SCHUMANN
B. J. Lang	
QUARTET from "Fidelio" .....	BEETHOVEN
Mrs. II. M. Rogers, Miss Edith Abell, Charles R. Adams, John F. Winch	
OVERTURE "Calm Sea and Happy Voyage" .....	MENDELSSOHN

The majority of the committee appointed to arrange for the seventeenth season (1882) resigned because of the threatened lack of sufficient subscribers. Mr. G. O. G. Coale (at one time President of the Association) stated the conditions in a report to the Association.

November 28, 1881.

The Concert Committee beg leave to present the following report.

Since their last report made at the meeting held April 11, 1881, your Committee have engaged the Boston Museum and an orchestra of sixty players with Mr. Carl Zerrahn as conductor for concerts to be given on five Thursday afternoons during the coming winter. They have also engaged two soloists.

Your Committee appealed for support to members of the Association only, as instructed, and procured as a result subscriptions for 525 season tickets, a slight increase over the number secured last year from the public at large. They asked the subscribers to meet for the selection of seats on Wednesday evening, November 16. On Tuesday, November 15, the Secretary of your Committee was formally notified that at a meeting of the Directors of the Association held the day before it was "Voted: that it is the opinion of the Directors that the subscription for the concerts is not sufficient to warrant their being given under the vote of April 11, 1881."

Finding that the opinion of such gentlemen as then comprising the Board of Directors was diametrically opposed to theirs upon the question of the sufficiency of the subscriptions, your Committee determined to postpone the selection of seats and lay the whole matter before the Association.

Feeling also that this vote of the Directors, taken without any consultation with your Committee, reflected upon their judgment and their action in a matter upon which it was possible to have two opinions and in regard to which your Committee had been entrusted with full powers, they determined to hand in herewith their resignations.

For a majority of the Committee,  
George O. G. Coale  
Sec'y.

Mr. Dwight dissents.

Mr. Dwight dissented, characteristically. And, as usual, he had his way. The Association voted to offer five concerts with an orchestra of sixty musicians in the Boston Museum. In April, 1882, Mr. Coale reported for the committee a loss of \$1287.71. The receipts were \$3830.08; the expenses \$5117.79. The committee was thanked and discharged. The Concert Fund, so prudently maintained for lean years, amounted to over \$1000 and was turned over to the Association Treasurer.

This bulletin presents the last word on the story of the Harvard Orchestra, which has been already narrated in Bulletin No. 5. This story of the success of the orchestra in every particular over a period of seventeen seasons might be considered as its own epitaph. Clearly has this story revealed the prudence, the wisdom, and the farsightedness of its various committees, with special credit to John Sullivan Dwight, Chairman of these committees and efficient Manager of the orchestra.

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The three day Jubilee of 1851, mentioned in the opening section of this bulletin, offered so many events and was so successful that an account of it—omitting, of course, the innumerable addresses, many of them, word for word, included in the official report—is worth recording.

\*CELEBRATION OF THE OPENING OF RAILROAD COMMUNICATIONS  
BETWEEN BOSTON AND CANADA.

The plan and its execution was in the hands of the Mayor, the Board of Aldermen, and the Common Council. It was to be a municipal affair in which, unlike the two Jubilees of a later date, private enterprise took little or no part. The community learned of the matter by a preamble and resolution passed by the Mayor and the Board of Aldermen on July 14, and on August 1 by a circular descriptive of the growth of the railroad enterprises and stating that

. . . the City Government propose to celebrate the completion of these lines of railways by a festival in Faneuil Hall and other appropriate ceremonies. It is proposed to invite to be present with us on that occasion the Governor-General of Canada, his Staff and Cabinet, the leading members of the Canadian Parliament, the Corporation of Montreal, the leading merchants in all the Canadian cities and Ogdensburg, the President of the United States and his Cabinet, the Governors of the New England States, the Presidents of all the Railways in New England, the Mayors of the cities of New England, and others interested in railways and steam navigation.

This circular, broadcast to the public, was signed by Mayor John P. Bigelow. Already a committee of the Board of Aldermen, one from each ward, including also a committee appointed by the Aldermen and the Mayor, had met and organized the following sub-committees: On Circular, To arrange for a Meeting of the Merchants, On Invitation and Reception, On Escort and Procession, On a Public Dinner, On Railroad Maps, On a Harbor Excursion, On Fire Works, On a Visit to Public Institutions.

It was deemed appropriate that the invitation to our Canadian friends should be delivered in person by a deputation from the General Committee, and President Francis Brinley of the Common Council, with seven fortunate members of the same, armed with a letter of invitation from the Mayor to the Governor-General of Canada, the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, were appointed to visit Canada. If this trip be termed a junket it indicates that junketing by those in civil authority has been practiced over a minimum of at least one hundred years. Anyway, furnished with free passes over the various railroads, off they went on August 9, everywhere they went, and they had a grand time till they returned on August 22. They crossed Lake Champlain in a special steamer, travelled by train to Ogdensburg for inspection of railway terminals, by steamer down the St. Lawrence River to Toronto—accompanied throughout the entire trip by high officials and representative local residents—where during several days they visited all the principal buildings, were serenaded by a brass band; reviewed a parade of the 71st Regiment of Light Infantry, Highlanders; were entertained at dinner by the Governor-General at his residence, Elmsley House; finally tore themselves away with a letter of acceptance from Lord Elgin, and hastened to Montreal where they were received in state, entertained at dinner, and exchanged “eloquent speeches.” From there to Quebec, where they were shown various objects of interest. Thence to Montreal for more sight-seeing and entertainment, and from there home.

This incomplete and brief sketch of the entertainment features of their visits indicates that most certainly “a good time was had by all.” But the inference should not be that all was cakes and ale. Conscientiously, at all the places they visited, this committee held meetings with the principal bankers, importers, merchants, railroad officials, and as a result of over eighteen hundred miles of travel they impressed upon several hundred important persons in Canada the betterment of traffic communication to Boston and New England which should materially increase trade between the two regions. Obviously this junket, if here that is a pertinent term, was productive of tangible benefits. For undoubtedly the many interviews they held on their long trip and the publicity given to the Jubilee by their travels disposed many municipal, government, and railroad officials, besides an assortment of private individuals, to be

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\*The sources for the story of this Jubilee are *An Account of tile Celebration Commemorative of the Opening of Railroad Communication between Boston and Canada*, pub. by the City of Boston, 1852, 288 pages with maps, and local newspapers.

present on this three day occasion. The visitors filled all the hotels and many were lodged in private houses. They were entertained by a series of interesting events.

The first day, Wednesday, September 17, saw the arrival of President Fillmore, Secretary of War Conrad, Secretary of the Interior Stuart, the Hon. Mr. Bradley of the Post Office Department and other persons of distinction. Met by the Boston Committee at Fall River, the President was welcomed by the Hon. Henry Wilson, Chairman, in a speech, to which Mr. Fillmore responded, fortunately unaware of the many responses he must make or the innumerable speeches scheduled for delivery. At Dorchester, where was an "immense multitude," the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, Chairman of the Selectmen, delivered an address. The President responded. By carriage he proceeded toward Boston. On Meeting-House Hill fifteen hundred school children were formed in line. Here Mayor Samuel Walker delivered an address; the President responded. On the Neck waited Mayor Bigelow, the Reception Committee, mounted marshals, troops, and a huge crowd. "Having advanced, amid the pealing of cannon, the shouts of the multitude, the waving of handkerchiefs, and the inspiring sounds of martial music, within the line of escort, the troops gave the military salute, and the President's barouche was drawn up by the side of that in which the Mayor was seated." The Mayor delivered an address; the President responded.

Through decorated streets and cheering multitudes the President was driven to his quarters at the Revere House. Here he was met by the Hon. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, who had come from his farm at Marshfield. The President then visited the State House. Governor Boutwell delivered an address; the President responded. Mr. Webster was introduced to the Governor and delivered an address. The Hon. Alexander H. H. Stuart, Secretary of the Interior, was introduced and delivered an address. The Hon. Charles M. Conrad, Secretary of War, was introduced and delivered an address. In the afternoon the President reviewed the troops on the Common Parade Ground "mounted on a superb black charger, which he managed with graceful ease."

The festivities closed by a dinner at half past eight at the Revere House, given by the City Government to the President and Suite and distinguished guests from the British Colonies and our own country. The President left the dinner early "in consequence of great fatigue" (which was about due!) but the rest of the gay party remained to enjoy a fine menu and sixteen addresses.

Three important events occurred on the second day, Thursday, September 18: an excursion down the harbor, the arrival and the reception of Lord Elgin, Governor-General of British North America, and dinners public and private in honor of the distinguished guests.

A dense crowd of spectators on the wharves and on many decorated ships in the harbor witnessed the sailing, amid cheers and the roar of cannon, of about 4000 persons on six ships and two revenue cutters. The day was clear and warm, and permitted the voyagers to enjoy a view of the various islands as far as the Lower Light. On the return trip banquets were served in the cabins of the vessels, and many were the toasts on the S. S. Lewis which carried the President and the chief dignitaries. After Mr. Fillmore and others had landed, the company on the S. S. Lewis again sat down to dinner and heard "several very eloquent and agreeable speeches." Before reaching the wharf Mayor Bigelow dropped a "golden" ring into the waters to signalize the union of the Atlantic and the waters of Canada and of the west, in emulation of the Venetian ceremony

At quarter past five in the afternoon Lord Elgin and his Suite arrived and were received by a cheering crowd. Mayor Bigelow delivered an address; Lord Elgin responded. They drove in open carriages to the Revere House where Lord Elgin was introduced to President Fillmore. Probably through an error no speeches were delivered!

Several dinners opened the evening festivities. In the Tremont House the city fathers gave one to the officers of the British army. In Masonic Temple the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts entertained their Provincial brethren. Among those who entertained in private residences were Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis on Mt. Vernon Street, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop in Pemberton Square, and the Hon. Samuel A. Eliot on Beacon Street. President Fillmore and Suite and Lord Elgin and Suite spent a few minutes at each of these.

The big dinner, however, was naturally the one given by the Mayor at his residence on Temple Street, where were seated all the dignitaries and many private citizens not dignitaries but merely eminent. Later in the evening the proprietor of the Revere House set off fireworks in front of the hotel, and the citizens of East Boston enjoyed a similar display of their own.

The crowning event of the evening was a grand military ball at Union Hall. Everybody who was anybody was there. It was long after midnight before exhausted dignitaries, the eminent, and those who were neither retired for what was left of the night.

The events of the third day, Friday, September 19, were a procession, dinner on the Common, and fireworks. The preparations for these three features were on a large scale and, as in the case of the two preceding days, admirably planned and as admirably executed. The reader must visualize the city decorated in every street with banners, flags, streamers of many colors, emblems, inscriptions, wreaths of flowers and of evergreens, portraits of Mr. Fillmore and of Lord Elgin, and what not. These decorations were profuse and more varied, especially in the inscriptions hung across the streets or attached to the walls of buildings, than one might think possible.

The procession, starting at 11 o'clock two hours late, composed of eleven divisions, was all of three and a half miles long, and took two hours to pass a given spot. The route was from City Hall through Tremont, Court, Cambridge, Chambers, Green and Pitts Streets, Haymarket Square, Blackstone, Clinton, South Market Streets, Merchants Row, State, Washington, Dover and Tremont Streets, to the corner of Park Street. Here it entered the Common and by the Park Street, Beacon Street, and Charles Street malls—these malls lined on both sides with school children—to the Boylston Street gate where it was dismissed.

The first division consisted of the military escort, with five brass bands. In carriages in the other divisions rode the dignitaries, the eminent, the guests, officials of many municipalities, members of various societies and others. In the ninth division, in thirty-two decorated wagons, rode 500 school children representing the four seasons, clad in costumes appropriate to each season.

The most striking division was the "Procession of Trades." Here, in decorated carriages, drawn by 4 or 6 horses, or on trucks, rode the representatives of every conceivable industry, carrying the implements of their trade. Fifty and more industries and occupations were represented: trunks and harnesses, hatters, carriage makers, masons, bellows makers, furniture, printers, granite cutters, furnace and stoves, sewing machines, wooden ware, plumbers, carpet makers, book binders, brushes, lamps, iron pipes and many others.

On dismissal of the procession came, at half past three, the dinner, held in a pavilion on the Common opposite West Street. This canvass tent, 250 feet long and 90 feet wide, seated 3600 persons in comfortable chairs before linen covered tables. The menu was no baked beans and brown bread affair. It offered cold roasted and boiled fowls, cold roast beef, ham, tongue, oyster pie, lobster salad, potato, rolls, ices, pastry, fruit, and coffee. Mayor Bigelow presided, on his right President Fillmore—who left for Washington shortly after the banquet opened—and on his left Lord Elgin.

The exterior of the pavilion was handsomely decorated with ensigns, signals, flags, and streamers. On an arch at the north end where the guests entered was the motto:

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE ARTS;  
ENCOURAGEMENT TO ALL

In the center of the arch was the picture of an engine and cars in motion.

The interior was decorated with banners and bunting of many colors. The flags of all nations hung from the roof; large maps of Boston and of the different railroads were fastened flat against it. Over the President's head were large flags of England and the United States. On an arch behind his seat was the motto:

ENGLAND AND AMERICA—PERPETUAL  
PEACE; THE QUEEN AND THE PRESIDENT.

Under this was a golden eagle, its wings outstretched.

On other arches were inscriptions or mottos. One stated:

THE UNITED STATES AND THE CANADAS:  
HARMONY, PROSPERITY, AND RECIPROCITY

Under this the American and the British flags were crossed, with two clasped hands.

Another arch bore the motto:

AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, AND  
MANUFACTURERS—THE TRUE SOURCES  
OF OUR NATIONAL WEALTH

In the center was a marine view, vessels under sail, a city in the distance, a steamship under construction in the foreground.

Still another arch proclaimed

COLUMBIA, THE LAND OF LIBERTY, THE  
HOME OF ALL NATIONS

Under this were the American and the British flags, a lion on one side, a shield on the other.

A sixth arch carried the inscription:

MERCANTILE ENTERPRISE; RAILROADS  
AND TELEGRAPHS. BOSTON FROM 1630 TO 1851.

Under this was the picture of a steamer, a pine tree on the left and a train of cars on the right.

The guests were orderly seated in a quarter of an hour, the Chaplain of the Day, the Rev. Andrew Bigelow D.D., gave the blessing, and all attacked the viands, little knowing what was in store for them. For, besides many toasts, there were 9 addresses, most of them long, several of them interminable in length. The President spoke briefly and then left for his train. The Mayor made a long address; Lord Elgin, after an appropriate toast, made one that, in fine print, covers five and a half octavo pages in the published report. He was followed by Governor Boutwell, the Hon. Edward Everett in a long speech, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, late Speaker of the House of Representatives, in one equally long, the Hon. Joseph Howe, Provincial Secretary of Nova Scotia, the Hon. Francis Hincks, Inspector General of Canada. The Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr. closed the speech-making by an address that could not have taken over three minutes in delivery. Darkness was closing on the pavilion when the Mayor dissolved the meeting, and the vast crowd, joined by others who had not been of the privileged, adjourned to the fireworks and illuminations in another part of the Common.

Night fell; the crowd reluctantly dispersed; finally silence reigned. The Jubilee was at an end.

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Well, the city fathers distinguished themselves and in so doing distinguished Boston and New England. The Jubilee was a success in every respect; no detail was neglected in the events; the vast crowds were as orderly as they were enthusiastic; nothing occurred to mar the occasion. Mayor Bigelow, the Board of Aldermen, and the Common Council with good reason could congratulate themselves and their efficient General Committee—and probably they did.

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The waiter roars it through the hall  
“We don’t give bread with one Fish-ball.”

How many members of the Association have heard of the ballad *The Lone Fishball* or of the operetta *Il Pesceballo* in which it appeared is problematical. Probably few. Yet for many years—thirty or forty at a guess—the popular verse of the ballad, which heads this section of the bulletin, was widely quoted and even now it occasionally crops up in conversation. The incident is worth a short story.

In the June, 1950, number of *The New England Quarterly* is an interesting and amusing account of this amateur operetta with particular attention to this ballad, the account written by Mark Anthony deWolfe Howe, at one time a member of this Association and now regretfully never seen within the walls. His article is worth reading, and on it is based the following story.

The text of the opera, written in the spirit of fun, was by Professor ("Stubby") Francis James Child and James Russell Lowell and, to a less degree, Professor George Martin Lane. Child, as he states in a letter to Eugene Field, wrote the operetta in Italian "good enough for English people, but I would not warrant its felicity for natives." Lowell translated it into English.

The story [writes Mr. Howe] is unfolded in eleven scenes outside and inside an inn at Padua. A landlady, a waiter, a stranger, a chorus of beer-drinking students are the singers. For the Boston performances, two minor characters, male and female, were added. The waiter cherishes a hopeless love for the landlady, whose craving for affection he does not satisfy. The stranger appears, out of pocket, and orders the one fishball, exposing his poverty and incurring the scorn of all present—excepting the landlady. . . Then enters a messenger seeking the lost Count of Carrara. The stranger fails to meet all tests of recognition, such as wearing a locket with the family crest, but what of that? He is acclaimed the missing count, and the landlady invites him and everybody else to sit down and eat and drink away to their hearts' content. Hasty Pudding and *buffo* were well mixed.

Mr. Howe continues:

In May of 1862 *Il Pesceballo* had its first and second performance in the house of Miss Bessie Parsons, on Garden Street, Cambridge. Tickets were sold for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, forerunner of the Red Cross. Two years later, on May 10, 12, and 14, 1864, the opera was produced again in Chickering's Hall, Boston, and the proceeds were given to the fund which Edward Everett was raising for the suffering Unionists of East Tennessee. . . Edward Everett's own accounting for the contribution contained this item under May 28: "Net proceeds for a musical entertainment at Chickering's Hall, the use of which was given by the Messrs. C.'s gratuitously, \$1163.00." This figure was the largest of the many aggregating a total collection of \$102,180.08.

It is the ballad, however, that deserves special attention since it has a chance of living, somewhat enfeebled perhaps, where the operetta has less chance. Professor Lane wrote the text of the ballad, and he has told of his actual adventure which suggested the subject.

Arriving in Boston one day, after a journey, he found himself hungry and with only twenty-five cents in his pocket. Half of that he had to reserve for his fare to Cambridge. With the rest he entered the restaurant "with modest face," and asked for a half portion of macaroni. What followed is described, doubtless with humorous exaggeration, in the ballad itself.

Here, then, is the ballad.

THE LONE FISHBALL  
FOUNDED ON BOSTON FACT.

There was a man went up and down  
To seek a dinner through the town.

What wretch is he who wife forsakes  
Who best of jam and waffles makes.

He feels his cash to know his pence  
And finds he has but just six cents.

He finds at last a right cheap place  
And enters in with modest face.

The bill of fare he searches through  
To see what his six cents will do.

The cheapest viand of them all  
Is "Twelve and a half cents for *two* Fish-balls."

The waiter he to him cloth call  
And gently whispers—"one Fish-ball."

The guest then says, quite ill at ease,  
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."

The waiter roars it through the hail  
"We don't give bread with *one* Fish-ball."

#### MORAL

Who would have bread with his Fish-ball,  
Must get it first, or not at all.

Who would Fish-ball with *fixins* eat  
Must get some friends to stand a treat.

"To the names of Child and Lowell add that of the learned Lane," concludes Mr. Howe, "and the whole fishball story illustrates the enduring truth that

A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men."

A little more may be added to what Mr. Howe has narrated, We have in the library the libretto of *Il Pesceballo*, which includes, incidentally, the music to the ballad—a volkslied, and which contains the *Boston Herald* review of the performance, from which is the following extract.

The cast was almost as distinguished as was the group of authors. S. W. Langmaid [at one time President of this Association] a tenor, was the Stranger. Francis Henry Underwood, an Amherst graduate . . . was the basso. Mrs. Benjamin Apthorp Gould was the soprano. Sebastian Schlesinger appeared as the Messenger at one performance, and James Fay at another . . . The musical part of the work was done by Professor John Knowles Paine . . . The accompanist was the well known musician who many years served as the organist at Trinity Church—James Cutler Dunn Parker.

Professor Child skillfully adapted his verses to fit certain arias from certain operas. There were nine of these operatic arias, from *Mosé in Egitto*, *Barbiere di Siviglia*, *La Cenerentola*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Don Giovanni*, *Norma*, and *La Favorita*.

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Mr. Durgin, since 1941 a member of the Harvard Musical Association, has been music critic of *The Boston Globe* since 1932, and its drama critic for the past decade. Born in Lowell, Mass., 18 Oct., 1907, he attended the public schools of that city and of Salem, Mass., and Colby Academy, New London, N. H. The fact that the last-named institution of learning subsequently abandoned its co-educational policy to become a Junior College for girls is from time to time a source of good-humored embarrassment when Mr. Durgin explains how he happened to graduate from what is now a female seminary.

Mr. Durgin has lectured variously on opera, concerts and his own profession and for two seasons conducted weekly broadcasts, "Symphony Previews," over radio station WCOP. Recently he concluded a broadcast series of eight consecutive nights, devoted to Columbia's recordings of the Casals Bach Festival at Prades, France, presented under sponsorship of *The Boston Globe* over FM radio station WXHR.

The writer appreciates Mr. Durgin's willingness to write for this issue the following article, which readers will find instructive and interesting.

#### THE CRITIC AND HIS CRAFT

James Gibbons Huneker called it "the critical chain gang." Others have called it the profession of music reviewing, by other longer, shorter, and more or less complimentary terms. Musicians from their specialized point of view might borrow from the world of drama criticism, and refer to it as the late Percy Hammond spoke of his craft: "venom from contented rattlesnakes."

But praise or criticism, venom or balm, musical criticism is here to stay, for the single, very good reason that people like to read it. Musical criticism is written not primarily to make an artist feel good the next morning, nor to give a manager another prod in his ulcers, but solely for the benefit of the reader who buys the morning paper or the monthly magazine.

To the critic devoted to his task and well equipped for it, the profession is one that never is finished, and never goes really stale. Of course, after one has traipsed around the concert hall circuit for months on end, the time inevitably comes when rest is demanded. After all, you can absorb only so much before the tissues, especially those intimately concerned with the central nervous system, rebel. But, given a month of tone-free diet, the critic usually is fit again and ready for another extended bout with the myriad fiddlers, pianists, singers and what not.

Such, at least, has been the experience of this Recording Angel over a space of more than twenty years, a space which has exposed him to all manner of tonal phenomena from the child prodigy to Pablo Casals playing the cello in the Cathedral of the little French town of Prades (of which more anon).

From time to time this Recording Angel is asked both why and how are music critics. The why already has been answered. The how is another matter, and when that question is encountered the first answer tends to be facetious and to quote an immortal paragraph written by the late Lawrence Gilman in the New York *Herald Tribune* in 1932. It is worth quoting again.

A certain young woman had asked Mr. Gilman what were the qualifications for becoming a music critic. How does one go about it? To which Mr. Gilman, with all his urbanity and endless gentle humor, replied:

"Here are a few of the essential qualifications: the constitution of a traffic policeman; the nervous system of a coal-heaver; the hide of a rhinoceros; a measure of philosophy adequate to survive the realization that you can claim no disinterested friends in that professional world, which views you either as a ruthless destroyer or as a useful builder of reputations; a willingness to accept the fact that your praise of artists will be regarded as their due, and your dispraise as the natural result of ignorance, animus, dyspepsia, or all three. Finally, you must cherish a passion for the most adorable of the Muses so unslakable and enduring that it will cause you to regard the pains and penalties incidental to your devotion as merely a play of wind in the dust of an endless road. There are other requirements; but these will do to start with."

I was told, some years later, that the lady never had become a critic, but had turned, instead, to the field of press-agentry.

Well, there you have it, and Mr. Gilman was right, ever so right. The other qualifications to which he alludes are a thorough-going knowledge of musical history, acquaintance with the theoretical branches upon which music is based; a certain proficiency at making out the notes of printed scores, a good ear and an ability to keep awake when the going is dull.

But three qualifications which he did not mention are (1) an instinctive ability to analyze music and performance; (2) an ability to put that analysis in good, readable simple English, and (3) lots and lots of experience. Without those three qualifications there can be no first class critic.

It will also help if the critic can play an instrument, preferably a stringed instrument or the piano. It is not absolutely essential, for criticism (or analysis) is a theoretical profession and not an executant one except in the case of using words correctly, aptly and interestingly. Hector Berlioz, as a performer, was said to be decidedly limited, but that did not impair his prodigious flair for composing for and with the orchestra.

The ideal critic, who knows everything about music and about the detailed social and human background of every period within the span of musical history, does not exist. He never existed, and he never will. Such is not the order of things in this imperfect world. But the very good one has existed for many years, and in this country there have been many examples of him, from John Sullivan Dwight, Henry E. Krehbiel, William J. Henderson, Richard Aldrich, the aforementioned James Gibbons Huneker, Philip Hale and H. T. P., down to Olin Downes and Virgil Thomson (to carry the roster no nearer). There was also, in another land, the fellow named Corno Di Bassetto, "not to be confused with an absolute and wheezy instrument known as George Bernard Shaw."

Now should you ask me what practical value has musical criticism, you would find me without a comprehensive answer that fits in twenty-five words. You can't eat musical criticism, and you can't wear it. Nor can you smear it on sunburn. Certainly you can't drink it, or use it as a means of propulsion from one place to another.

All you can do is read it, and of course, as someone in the hard seat of the scornful is bound to add, what good is that? I can tell you, though, that musical criticism is highly valuable as reading, for if well done, with a broad amount of background and sympathy, it is a part of the cultural history of our times.

Music and its dissemination is a portion of the art of any time, and its reportage—or criticism—is a further component of artistic expression. Thus it all gets worked up into the cultural pattern which is a reflection of civilization, and civilization is the only thing worth more than one hoot upon this eternally troubled planet.

To the reader of tomorrow's newspaper, a music review is a report of something the reader may or may not have heard personally. He reads it to ascertain, primarily, how someone else, qualified by experience and the fact that he is hired so to report, liked the music or the performance. Sometimes the reader agrees with the critic, and sometimes he does not. Sometimes, even, the performer criticized agrees with the critic. When that happens, awesome natural phenomena are likely to result, and the moon is seen to rise three-cornered and blood-red.

To the reader of five, ten, fifty years hence, the preserved music review is a little piece of history. It is important and viable according to the accuracy of the views expressed and the vivacity of the critic's language. Not so deep as the Gettysburg Address nor so wide as the story of the flying machine, but in its own modest way 'twill suffice. And for that matter, tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace of concert-giving, to the last syllable of recorded time, and the printed review documents that petty pace, and even more it high-lights those moments which do not creep but run gloriously in the full vigor of great mastery. That is what musical criticism is for.

Over two decades and a little more, the pace for this Recording Angel has been alternately creeping and running gloriously. That span has exposed the dutiful chronicler to literally thousands of performers and compositions, without lighting him the way to dusty death. The dread, dead run of mediocrity has been the most numerous, naturally, for that is the way things are in this world. But the moments that one remembers out of a past which more and more is telescoped together are such moments as when Jan Smeterlin, making his Boston debut at the Repertory Theatre on Nov. 2, 1930, played all the Chopin Preludes consecutively, with a grace of phrasing, a limpidity of tone and a distinction of style which one had never heard before.

One can think back, too, to Lotte Lehmann's first singing of Elsa in "Lohengrin" at the Boston Opera House, with the late Chicago Civic Opera Company in 1932, a performance that was a revelation of what Elsa can be. One can remember the last time Mary Garden ever sang Louise and Melisande here, and the amazing physical illusion she brought to those roles; the Scarpia of Vanni Marcoux, the Isolde of Frida Leider, the incomparable Tosca and Violetta of Claudia Muzio, God rest her; the first appearances here of Flagstad and Melchior, when their voices were in prime; the Don Giovanni and Figaro of Ezio Pinza; the Marschallin of Mme. Lehmann in "Rosenkavalier"; the first hearing of Koussevitzky conducting Tchaikovsky and Sibelius; the excitement of Dimitri Mitropoulos' American debut as guest with the Boston Symphony; the almost perfect ensemble and polish of the Budapest, Griller, Pro Arte and Kolisch Quartets; the electric vigor of Charles Munch's first conducting here, and the sudden lift on that dark, humid April morning when one heard for the first time a young Negro girl whose voice is gorgeous, and who seems certain to go far.

The list could be extended and the latest entry would be one's first hearing of Pablo Casals in the flesh, in the Cathedral of Prades on the Friday evening of last June 2.

That memory is truly indelible, and would be so apart from the external circumstances of having been acquired in the course of a superb European visit that did not intrude one dull or unpleasant moment. Then and now, I am certain that in the superlative art of Casals one was hearing the ultimate in technical virtuosity and interpretive musicianship among all string players. Impressions so illuminating and so profound are best set down quickly, and with as much accuracy as possible. So far as I was able, I did that in my reporting of the Prades Bach

Commemorative Festival for the *Boston Globe*, which later reprinted the Prades articles in pamphlet form. (If any fellow member of the H.M.A. has not read that pamphlet and would like to do so, free copies are available at the *Globe*. Please excuse my lack of modesty in saying it.)

So, though the profession of musical criticism may be "the critical chain gang", it has its own delights and its own compensations for the many, many hours of labor upon lesser matters. Music is still the most adorable of the Muses. Mr. Gilman knew what he was talking about.

CYRUS DURGIN

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The following list contains most of the recent purchases and gifts since the issue of the last bulletin. An asterisk denotes a member of the Association. The Library appreciates the generosity of donors.

#### PURCHASES

Bach—The Christmas Oratorio, piano score  
" Brandenburg Concertos, Nos. 1-6, parts  
" Passion of our Lord According to St. John, piano score  
Mozart—Concerto for French Horn, op. 447. For piano and horn  
Tschaikowsky—Le Lac des Cygnes, op. 20, piano score  
Fauré—Quartet in C minor, op. 15, parts  
Palmer—Piano Quartet, parts  
Finney—String Quartet No. 4 in A minor, parts and score  
Britten—The Little Sweep. The opera from "Let's Make an Opera," op. 45, piano score  
Menotti—The Consul, piano score  
Verdi—Don Carlo, piano score  
Haydn—The Complete Works  
Randolph, coll. & ed.—Ozark Folksongs. Vol. 4

Khovanchtchina, (libretto)—Moussorgsky, comp.  
An Eye for Music—Humphrey  
Igor Strawinsky—Tansman  
Joseph Haydn. His Art, Times, and Glory—Jacob  
The Main Stream of Music and Other Essays—Tovey  
Berlioz and the Romantic Century, 2 vols.—Barzun  
Grieg. A Symposium—Abraham  
Georges Bizet—Cooper  
Let's Make an Opera, (libretto)—Britten, comp.  
Bach—The Passions. Books 1, 2 — Terry  
" The Cantatas and Oratorios. Books 1, 2 — "  
" The Mass in B minor — "  
" The '48.' Books 1, 2—Maitland  
Don Carlos, (libretto)—Verdi, comp.

#### GIFTS

Three Choral Pieces for Women's Voices (arr. by Dr. Carl Garabedian and F. W. Ramseyer)—Dr. Carl Garabedian  
Des Instruments de Musique de L'Inde Ancienne by Marcel-Dubois— Yale School of Music  
Irish Orpheus. The Life of Patrick S. Gilmore by Darlington\_\*Charles R. Nutter  
The Research Work of the Foster Hall Collection by Hodges—Gift of Foster Hall

CHARLES R. NUTTER