HOW I WROTE THE SPANISH DANCES.

BY MORITZ MOZERSKOWSKI.

I think it was about the middle of my seventeenth year that, as often happens to both old and young musicians, I was in need of money. I could think of only two ways to get what I wanted: to borrow or to compose something. After turning over, for several days, the advantages and disadvantages of both ways of bettering my circumstances, I concluded I would compose. Therefore, I went to those two of my colleagues with whom I was on most familiar terms, Philipp and Xaver Scharwenka, in hope that I should not find their fortunes so at low an ebb.

Philipp was at home, sitting on a sofa and smoking a pipe. I sat down by him and asked if he had a cigar. He said that he was out of cigars, but that he could smoke a pipe. So I took a pipe and looked around for tobacco, but sought and sought in vain. Finally Philipp said:

"You needn't hunt any longer, Moritz; there is no tobacco here.

Then I began to grow a little angry, and said: "Do you know, Philipp, that is drawing it rather strong? You offer me an empty pipe, let me look for tobacco in vain, and then coolly tell me there is none here, and yet you yourself are smoking. Give me some tobacco."

"If you will smoke what I am smoking, I satisfied," answered Philipp, who emptied his pipe and prepared it anew by drawing out a hole in the sofa some of the sea-grass used to stuff it, which he put in his pipe. For a moment I was speechless with astonishment.

WHEN SCHARWENKA SMOKED HIS SOFA.

Now it was clear that I could not borrow money from a man who was using his sofa for smoking. I went back home, sat down at my table, and began to look through my sketch book. A motive of a Spanish character struck me, and at the same moment arose the thought that I would write a set of Spanish dances. I worked rapidly, and in several days had finished my Opus 12, the Spanish Dances for four hands. I had only the last few notes to write as Philipp Scharwenka stepped into my room.

"Good day, Moritz," he said; "you may be glad that you need not go out, for it is rather weathered.

"Since we are speaking of weathered things," said I, "what are you composing now?"

"Oh, nothing," said Xaver, who was accustomed to this kind of conversational tone from me; "but you appear to be at work; do you need money?"

"Right now," I said, "I have been asked me a service by playing through these four-hand pieces and telling me what you think of them.

We tried the dances, and then Xaver said: "I would rather have lent you some money, so that you would not have had to compose." But that was only a return thrust.

An hour later I called on Simon, the publisher, who promised to let me know in a few days if he would bring the pieces out. When I saw him several days later he said he had shown the pieces to several experienced critics and they had advised him to take them. The question now was what I wanted for them.

"I have a brilliant idea," I said; "I propose that you pay me an exceptionally good price, which will get talked about in the papers and thus make a big stir about the pieces.

But it made no impression on the publisher. He thought that so pretty pieces needed no such advertising, and besides that, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert and others always had sold their compositions cheaply, and as a publisher he felt obliged to accept such a send off. In vain I suggested to change the sound by suggesting that he ought not to compare me with Beethoven; he would listen to no distinction between us in that respect, and paid me a small price, with which I was forced to withdraw, tolerably well pleased."

WHEN DUTCHMAN DIDN'T FLY

BY DAVID BISPHAM.

[Mr. Bispham intended the following amusing anecdotc for the August issue of The Etude, which was devoted to "The Music of Germany." Unfortunately it did not arrive in time.—Editor of The Etude.]

Some years ago when I was singing in grand opera, Mme. Gadski and I made a great success in Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," which was performed many times in America, and subsequently at Covent Garden Theatre, London. In this time-honored temple of music, where I had been singing for years, and where I had previously enacted the role of a Dutchman, I beg of you to believe that during a rehearsal for a French opera, with my ship, I had grave doubts whether this ancient vessel's sailing quarters had improved with time. But I was forced to trust to the good fortune which usually attends me, and upon arriving on the scene I clambered to the deck of my vessel, where I stood in solitary grandeur, as the storm raged about me, and I sailed eerily into harbor. Did I say lonely? well, such was heard. One of the wheels of the famous structure, which was being pushed from below by eight husky Englishmen, became jammed in a wide crack in the stage floor, and I found myself some ten feet from the haven where I would be, while the wind machine screamed in my ears and the stormy main, heaved into billows by numerous small boats, sent the floor-cloth, was folded into fury around me. There I stood in the lightning-streaked air, too far from land to jump off, with the water too deep to wade ashore, while the ship tossed uneasily beneath my feet. Was this the end of the brink deep? No! Twas the husky Englishmen struggling in vain to loose that obstreperous wheel from the embrace of the crack. Dr. Muck, who is now coming to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was directing this memorable performance. He put down his baton perforce, seeing my predicament, and laid his head upon his desk, his shoulders shaking; and the men of the orchestra, one after another, peeped over the footlights, while the audience waited in breathless silence for further developments. These were immediate. The Englishmen, greatly exasperated, let the hull of the vessel rose and fell, ominous grunts and groans were heard from the hold, and suddenly, with a forcible epitaph, not suited to a fashionable Covent Garden audience, "Why, the damnable wheels don't you shove 'er along, Bill!"—to which came the reply after another grunt, "Oh can I when the blasted thing's stuck fast in the stage!"

The Dutchman, of course, was afloat, and the head stage carpenter also hearing it, and realizing my predicament, obtained a great plank, which he brought round his head, and throwing all the weight of the stage, wading, apparently, up to his neck in the water. Then placing one end of the plank upon the ship at my feet, and the other upon the rocky shore, he most affably remarked, loud enough for the whole house to hear. "Now, you can get off, sir!" With a further outburst of mirth from the audience I went ashore, and the "band played on!"

THE EFFECT OF RHYTHM.

Is a recent trial involving musical contestants in a prolonged and somewhat dreary case in the London Court, an experiment, aimed to define Rhythm for the benefit of the court. The witless, Dr. McNaught, thought for awhile and then sang the following melody:

[Music notation]

The court waited patiently for the illustration and Dr. McNaught calmly announced that he had just sung the "King of Love's Sweet Love," God Save the King ("America") with the rhythm changed. Nobody in the court recognized the tune and Dr. McNaught carried his point.

The classic masters were content with a few themes and concentrated their effort on the modification and combination of these, while the invention of a lavish profusion of novel ideas has been the more consciously the aim of the romantic composers.—Dickinson.