

## AMUSEMENTS.

### THE BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC.

The public rehearsal preparatory to the first concert given this season by the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn was held at the Brooklyn Academy of Music yesterday afternoon. The attendance was as large as usual, and the attention accorded the performance, which was quite as finished as to-night's is likely to be, was as close and continuous as in the past. The programme was of somewhat uncommon length, or, to put it more correctly, Schubert's symphony, which was its most important element, being one of the longest written, the impression it produced affected to some extent the impression wrought by the entertainment as a whole. The work in question occupied, with Beethoven's "Ah, perfido!" the first half of the rehearsal, and when the second half was reached many of the auditors were somewhat deficient in the freshness needed to thoroughly appreciate the Wagner music, which constituted two-thirds of the remaining selections. There is no gainsaying the passing loveliness of many portions of Schubert's symphony in C, which was interpreted yesterday. The quaint and melodious andante con moto, with its gypsy theme and delightful instrumental combinations, and the spirited and richly-colored scherzo, are simply matchless in the originality and brightness of their motives and in the composer's masterly handling of the orchestra. On the other hand, the symphony, as a whole, always strikes one as lacking a definite plan and ill proportioned, and as protracted beyond measure by the introduction of rich but superfluous material and by excessive repetition. The requirements of a modern audience would be more satisfactorily met, in our judgment, by rendering the second and third movements only, neglect of the remainder of the composition being justified by its structural weakness and too luxuriant growth. The symphony, however, was listened to with apparent gratification on the occasion under notice, and even the interminable first movement was applauded. The first half of the programme was rounded off with Mme. Fursch-Madi's interpretation of Beethoven's well-known scene, which all the great artists of the age have at some period or other essayed in classical concerts. Mme. Fursch-Madi's voice is not very even, but it possesses a delicious quality, and is powerful and vibrant. Her expression is somewhat deficient in variety, tenderness and sadness being really the only feelings she imparts to her tones. Hence there were no contrasts in her rendering of "Ah, perfido!" yesterday, although the number was given with so much sincerity and vocal charm that it can fairly rank with the best performances enjoyed of late years. The second part of the rehearsal was ushered in with a new "Rondo Capriccioso" by Dvorak. This work, which depends for effect upon the barbaric splendor of its orchestration rather than upon the felicity of its themes or its coherence and dramatic significance, produces upon the listener the same impression an average person experiences when he contemplates Turner's painting of the slave ship. It is fragmentary as to motives; no pains are taken to develop the few phrases that hold forth some promise to the expectant ear, but whenever the interest in the vague and purposeless progressions flags, a spirited dance tune revives it, and the magnificence of the instrumentation spreads its glamour over the whole composition. After the "Rondo" had been played, Mme. Fursch-Madi reappeared and sang Liszt's "Loreley," equipped with English words, which are no improvement upon Heine's exquisite poem. Their bad effect was somewhat attenuated, it should be said, by Mme. Fursch-Madi's inability to make more than one line out of four intelligible to students of the vernacular. Then the orchestra executed the solemn and harmonious vortrag to "Parsifal," and the concert was brought to a close with three pieces from "Die Götterdämmerung"—"Morning Dawn," "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," and "Siegfried's Death." The strangely beautiful if brief and often seemingly unfinished strains in which this music abounds, and the sensuous loveliness of the harmonies have a magic of their own that sways the thoughts and feelings of every listener who has made himself familiar with the lyric dramas they illustrate; what the future has in store for an order of music which exacts a command of a hundred conventional symbols to be fitly understood and appreciated is food for serious consideration, if not a subject of actual doubt. The work of the orchestra yesterday left nothing to be wished for.